

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1001: Awakening Of Madness (3)

Noah Rithmast was there when the Continent of New Hope was destroyed fifty years ago. Not on the continent, a few thousand miles away from it.

As a Deific Ranked Explorer returning from the Plains of Heshkaron, he had always intended to pass by this direction on his way to the Light Alliance, to build up Merit, power, and influence. He was in a hurry because it was a rare opportunity for anyone to be able to gain all three at once.

The continent of New Hope was a new domain that was birthed along the Coast of Perdition, a stretch of land and sea that contained thirty million continents, New Hope as a newly emerged domain was one of the smallest, but there was great potential in this continent because the Calamity ravaging them was at the Glorious Rank.

Noah thought that Hope was a great name for this continent for it was indeed lucky at the hand that fate had given it, when in this Era most calamity began at the higher ranks.

New Hope's weak calamity was not an unforeseen situation, although it was rare. If the inhabitants could crush the calamity over their continent, they would have dozens of Glorious Rank Explorers arising from the ashes, and perhaps in an incredible stroke of fate, a Heroic Rank Explorer could arise from the conflict.

Noah Rithmast was here to purge the continent of the Calamity, for a hefty price of course. He doubted if any in the Continent had surpassed Human Rank, and he could find himself the owner of a brand new continent while boosting his ranking up the Deific ladder.

Ridding the continent of its Calamity would inevitably lead to weaker inhabitants, but that could be easily fixed with a careful funneling of weaker Calamities toward the continent, and he could finally create a base of operation away from the war-torn Heshkaron Plains. Even as a Deific Explorer, he could not guarantee how long he would survive in those lands, and after fighting for so long, Noah wanted a place he could rest and call home. New Hope would be the place where he would do that.

He had been delayed on his journey here because he wanted to avoid anyone tracing him to this continent, and he had been irritated when he had to dodge three separate parties that wished to follow him to this place, but Noah had not lived for so long without understanding how to throw people off his trail.

When he had finally assured himself that he was alone, he sped towards New Hope, in the distance he could see the vibrant continents, its beautiful image was spoiled by tens of thousands of spots where flames and smoke were rising. Like all continents in this world, it was always at war. One that he would hopefully be ending soon.

He was maybe two thousand miles away from his destination that was when he felt it.

Noah was three hundred thousand years old, he was an old Explorer who had clawed his way to the Deific Rank after untold years of hardship and constant life and death struggles, and this alongside his Ranking had given him an uncanny intuition about danger.

He did not know what was about to happen, perhaps a Gate was going to open up in the area around him, and Noah could only prepare himself, as a Deific Explorer, he would be able to easily flee if the challenges turned out to be too much.

Noah did not know what made him look upwards, and when he did not see anything alarming he wanted to look away and then it suddenly appeared.

Whatever it was it must have been falling from an impossible height or traveling at speeds denied to all but those above the Deific Rank for one moment the sky was empty, and then something tore by so fast that Noah could barely see what it was, only brief glimpses of something blue and incredibly massive, the size of a city.

A loud keeping sound entered his perception and he shook himself from his daze and looked forward and whispered, "Of course," before he was slammed by a shockwave, but a quick slice from his Natal Weapon tore the kinetic energy that would have pushed him back for miles.

He could not help but shiver when a wave of frost so terrible it broke through a dozen of the defensive runes over his body and seemed to almost freeze his soul.

The descent of whatever it was had torn through the atmosphere with great force, generating winds that could crush even Glorious Ranked Explorers, and before Noah could wrap his mind around all the strange events happening around him, the impact came.

Once again he had wondered why he did not expect it to happen. Something had been falling, so he should have expected that it would inevitably hit the ground.

There was a bright flash of light, that Noah feared could have been seen by hundreds of continents around. The light nearly blinded him, and the resultant shockwave drove him senseless for a few moments and this state was not helped by the loud rumblings as if an entire continent was being crushed by an angered titan.

This speculation proved to be closer to the truth than he thought for as the chaos around him went down, he was stunned at what he saw in the distance.

New Hope was gone, replaced by.... Words failed Noah Rithmast.

Massive frozen spikes hundreds of miles tall that filled the horizon like sharp spears and numbering in their billions had sprouted from the continent.

For nearly an hour Noah was frozen with indecision, even when the rumbling emerging from the depths of the earth ceased, Noah did not move.

Another hour passed and then he began to slowly travel towards the grim location, a thousand theories abound in his head, most of them not good, but he knew that he could not be the only one to have seen this event transpire, but he was the closest.

This event did not seem like any Calamity Gate or related to a Calamity event, it was most likely something new.

It was this thought that excited Noah and finally pushed him away from his lethargy, making him move faster, his mind began working furiously.

Looking at the spikes of ice ahead, he looked to the sky and frowned in thought. If this object had fallen from the heavens then it was understandable where the chill came from.

No one has reached the heights of the heavens, even Ascended Ranked Explorers, past a level, the chill became unbearable, and could destroy anything. Either the thing that fell had survived passing through that zone of death, or it might even be a piece of the heavens itself, Noah knew that he might have come across a great opportunity.

The loss of an entire continent had been brushed to one side of his mind as the allure of an unexpected treasure filled his senses,

Getting closer to the continent he began to see the full range of devastation and the allure of treasure in his heart faded, replaced by fear. The full scale of the devastation reached his heart, and although he had seen many horrifying things in his life, a continent vanishing from the map in the blink of an eye was not one of them.

Noah did not know how long it took for him to reach the edge of the continent and saw a massive hole in the middle of the spikes that seemed to descend into the depths of the earth.

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Noah Rithmast knew that he should turn back. Everything that was happening pointed to powers that were greater than what he could fathom at his level.

The danger here was palpable, and up close he would have sworn that this hole was the mouth of a gigantic beast, and the icy spikes were its teeth. He did not feel like he was looking down into the earth but into the gullet of a beast.

He shuddered but decided to move forward, no matter what happened he was an Explorer at the Deific Rank, and that meant something. He was someone who would delve into the unknown reaches of the void and seek truth within.

The continents in this world were endless, and it was the calling of every Explorer to search for the mysteries of creation, uncover great secrets, and battle Calamities. He would flee from this place if he saw dangers that he could not handle, but he would be a poor excuse for an Explorer if he never attempted to solve this mystery and the descent of whatever just ended an entire Continent.

The excitement in his heart at the discovery of something new was tempered by the solemn realization that new things in a world like theirs were often dangerous.

He began to fly upwards until he cleared the outer layers of the icy spikes, there were numerous bent spikes within that he had to carefully maneuver himself across so he could reach the gaping hole in the middle.

Noah Rithmast quickly noticed after he lost a hand that the icy spikes surrounding the hole that led to the depths of the earth did not emanate any chill, even when you were a few feet away from them, but crossing a certain point, even by a millimeter would set off an ungodly chill that nearly killed him a Deific Ranked Explorer.

Only his danger intuition had saved him in time, and he sliced off his right hand when he noticed that the chill would have traveled down his body and froze him to death when only a millimeter of his right forefinger had crossed into the space surrounding one of the Ice Spikes. Noah's breathing became unsteady, this was one of the most dangerous places he had ever ventured into, and a single mistake would lead to his death. His green skin darkened to a shade of black and he rapidly regenerated his missing hand before descending into the hole. Even though he hoped this would be the last time he was going to heal himself from the verge of instant demise, he knew that such a thing was not possible.

Noah hated it when he turned out to be correct, especially in situations like these.

This was the first of the dangers he experienced and the weakest of them by far, he could easily avoid the spikes, and drop lower into the earth where he noticed at the bottom was a fading blue glow.

Then the winds came next, equally powerful and erratic, he had to be focused at all times or one unexpected gust could blow him against the spikes and end his life in an instant, the only problem being that every gust of wind was unexpected, but the wind was nothing next to the roving frost bolts.

As always the discovery of this new danger was frightening and almost killed him. An errant frost bolt had shot at him from out of nowhere as the space in this crater generated them out of thin air randomly.

Each bolt was smaller than two inches and traveling at nearly the speed of light, Noah could easily see the bolt because it was surrounded by a corona of frozen blue air.

He kept his focus and dodged a lot of them, but his luck ran out when one of them headed directly towards him and he had to zip to the side where he nearly collided with a frost bolt darting towards him from the side that he had missed because it had been born out of thin air where nothing was before, and he closed his eyes, accepting his death, but was unexpectedly saved from demise when another random frost bolt slammed against the bolt that was on a perfect home run towards his chest.

"This is insane!" Below him, he could see tens of thousands of these bolts roving around, and this was just near the top of the crater, what unknown danger would be found deeper? There was no way he was qualified to explore this place, an Ascended Explorer might be able to do it, but nothing was available for him here but death.

Turning around to leave, that was when Noah felt the breath of Aura descend like a storm. He gasped aloud and nearly screamed out in abject shock when a river, no, an ocean of Aura, both of the Ascension and Corruption Type, flooded the crater, seemingly without end.

Speechless Noah watched as an impossible amount of Aura grew in the crater below, drawn from the depths of the world and brought into reality in such thunderous volume, he thought he might be just hallucinating.

This was so much Aura it could not be explained by the destruction of all the inhabitants of a single continent. Even the death of every living thing in a thousand continents should not generate this amount of Aura. If his Deific senses might be mistaken, his Natal Treasure was screaming at his senses, and he had no option but to believe that what he was seeing was the truth.

Noah was a Deific Rank Explorer, a being that was worshiped as a god across ten thousand continents, yet he doubted he had used a thousandth of the Aura available below to reach his present height, from a mortal. He did not even think so much Aura could be in one place at

once.

Except the Continent of New Hope had ten thousand Deific Rank Explorers and another ten thousand Malefic Rank Calamities below their surface and had been killed off alongside the inhabitants of New Hope, then something very strange and terrifying was happening here. His mind whirled around in a feverish storm as the immensity of the Aura below held him in place. Noah tried to understand how something like this was possible.

Yet when he thought about it, the conclusion was pretty simple. Aura like this could only be generated when it was harvested from living beings who had perished, but the Aura from the newly dead, either from a Calamity, a mere mortal, or an Explorer was intensely chaotic and could not be absorbed.

The world itself took a hefty chunk of that chaotic Aura and rewarded the host with a purified Aura that they could safely absorb.

There were theories about how large the differences were between the chaotic Aura collected by the world and what it gave in return, and it was generally known that the divide was huge, but everyone took it as a fair exchange because no one could absorb chaotic Aura, all who had tried had died in agony or had mutated into an abomination that plagued both Explorers and

Calamities.

However no matter how Noah tried to rationalize what he was witnessing he could not deny that the twin ocean of Aura below him was purified!

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There were many precious things in this world, but undoubtedly Aura, especially the purified variants was near the top of the list, after all it was the only method that a mortal could become an Immortal and fight against the Calamity without perishing under an endless tide of teeth and claws.

This amount of purified Aura would stun the entire world.

So what could it mean? How could such a thing happen?

Noah asked himself these questions, forcing his mind to work logically, because panic was leading him nowhere.

Well if there was an Aura generated after New Hope was destroyed then it means what fell from the heavens was a living being, or was it?

He had not reached the bottom of the crater but as a Deific Rank Explorer, Noah had very clear senses of what was living and what was dead. He had sensed no life when that thing swept past him, and nothing in the bottom of the crater.

That was one part of the reason why he felt that something else had occurred here.

Noah was clear that unless the Hope Continent had increased in Rank from New up to the Ancient Class and was referred to as the Ancient Hope Continent, there was no way this amount of Aura could be generated from its destruction.

Like people or Calamity, Continents could also increase their ranking, virgin continents that were born from the endless ocean were referred to as New, so in the case of the Hope Continent, it was called New Hope.

Each increased ranking of a continent contributed to its overall value and the capacity for it to contain greater land mass and hold stronger Explorers and Calamities. The amount of Aura floating down below would need an Ancient Class Continent, which contained extremely powerful beings to produce.

If he could take a logical leap and follow his earlier deduction that what fell from the sky was a piece of Heaven itself because no living being could survive from that height that could easily kill Ascended Ranked Explorer and the presence of these Icy Spikes and the environment inside the crater, then was it possible that a piece of heaven had fallen to the earth, and could it generate pure Aura when it was used as a weapon to kill?

This was not such a far stretch in conclusion, because Noah realized that if the entire Chaotic Aura was cleansed without any wastage then this amount of Aura below could be explained if every living being had been killed in a New continent.

This conclusion was drawn from random pieces of evidence around him, but the biggest reason why this should be the truth was staring at him, and he could not disregard the fact that after all this time the Aura was still unclaimed!

Purified Aura was immediately absorbed by the body of the living, and for it to lay unclaimed after all this while meant there was nothing living here to claim it.

The light from the twin Auras was bright enough that he could finally glimpse a bit of what lay at the bottom of the crater, many miles below, and it finalized the conclusion in his mind. It appeared as if a large landmass had crashed into the earth, that was not a living thing.

It seemed that Noah had just discovered a piece of heaven.

Noah Rithmast knew the pitfalls that could arise on the path to Ascendancy due to greed, and yet he nearly lost his mind and pushed towards the bottom of this crater without caring for the dangers ahead.

If he could harvest a fifth of the Calamity Aura here, he could become an Ascended Explorer, the peak of life as an Immortal, and then he would have the qualifications to challenge continents that were higher than the Ancient Class and gain his own Will.

Yet something so amazing was just the tip of the iceberg. The main prize was still below and unclaimed. A piece of the heavens that could purify Chaotic Aura.

Noah was a bit scared to even imagine the value of such a thing. This could change the entire power structure across the entire world, and both Calamity and Explorer would go to a world- ending war to claim such a treasure, whoever held it for long would grow so powerful in such a short time, that the endless battle would transform to victory in the blink of an eye.

Such a treasure had fallen in his lap but he was helpless to claim it.

It was one of the hardest things Noah had ever done but he turned away from the crater and left. If he was to succeed, he would not be doing it alone. The dangers below were beyond what he could manage by himself, he would need hundreds if not thousands of Deific Rank Explorers and a couple of Ascended Rank Explorers at the least.

He was not the only one who saw the destruction of the continent, but most would delay their investigation until more concrete proof of what happened here came to light. This would be a chance for him to meet the right people and negotiate his share in this bounty.

A Deific Rank Explorer was not fit to hold any ground in such matters as the management of the piece of Heaven, but Noah knew the price he would be asking.

One of them was that he should be granted the entire sea of Malefic Aura below, this should push him to the Ascended Rank and far past it to the level that only legends aspired towards.

Only at such a rank would he have any say in the way the Piece of Heaven would be used. Noah regretted not being able to reach the bottom of the crater and harvest all those Aura, but the dangers in this place were too much.

Noah left, and although he hurried through the preparation, gathering this amount of powerful Explorers was not easy, but in the end, he gathered a sizable force, and fifty years later Noah Rithmast returned to claim his destiny.

Chapter 1004: Awakening Of Madness (6)

Seventy heavy warships hovered above the remnants of the New Hope Continent, like silent birds of prey.

Most of them were made from the flesh and bones of Glorious Ranked Calamities making them appear like a floating mass of flesh and blood twisted by metals in certain parts to give the ship a standard structure, which was in the shape of massive avian beasts with two heads.

Each of these ships could hold at least thirty thousand Explorers, and they were all filled to the brim. Noah Rithmast had expected to return with maybe a thousand Explorers at the least, ten thousand at the most, it was going to be a large and tough expedition, and he would need numbers if he was going to be making any headway at all.

However, he was returning with more than two million Explorers, the weakest at the Glorious Rank.

Ranking the power levels in this world was simple, from Mortal, Enlightened, Heroic, Glorious, Legend, Deific, and finally Ascended. What comes after that level is unknown. A Deific Rank Explorer was already Immortal, and still, they could not understand the mysteries of what came after Ascended and beyond.

Among the warships was the most distinct one, it was the leading ship that resembled a gigantic open palm which was faced downwards, its six fingers spread wide, and the hand was so massive it covered all the ships below in its shadow and resembled a black umbrella.

This hand was hundreds of miles across, and it could hold an unknown amount of people and cargo, amazingly enough, it was an Ascended Class Warship, a level that was impossible for even a Deific Explorer to comprehend. It carried with it, a shroud of darkness that extended for tens of thousands of miles, covering the nearby continent and the sea in darkness, and only above it would sunlight be seen.

It was impossible for the trace of this warship to be hidden, but none would dare to challenge it. For unlike the bastard amalgamation of flesh and metal below it, this warship was aware and alive, and it was filled with a terrifying Will.

Noah was aboard this ship and was meditating in his cabin when he felt the movement of the ship ground to a halt. He shuddered and had an urge to peel his skin because it was a weird sensation anytime this ship was in motion, it was as if the ship was not moving, instead, it was the world that was moving, and anytime it stopped, Noah would feel as if the spinning world slowly grounded to a halt.

The ship was unshakable and unmovable, it was the world that moved. Knowing the unfathomable powers that the Ascended level held, this could most likely be the truth in some

ways.

Noah sighed and steadied himself against a stirring wall that still felt solid beneath his palm. He hated this ship, it reeked of old blood and power, and even while awake, it gave him terrifying visions, as if it luxuriated in his discomfort.

This palm eldritch warship was ancient, its roots dated back in history and had been mostly forgotten even by the Immortals, but it was said that this ship had been grown from the right hand of the First Explorer, Berrion The Undying, rumored to be the only Explorer that had grown strong enough to leave not just the lower Continent but ascended to a level that was beyond imagination and was directly challenging the peak calamities to control the fate of the world.

Said to be the Greatest Explorer to ever live, Berrion The Undying is rumored to be standing against the entire world and its end, holding back a great host of monsters that would tear the world apart a thousand times over. He had been doing it since time immemorial, and he had rightfully earned his place as the Ruler of this world, and his sacrifice safeguarded existence itself.

This ship was called The Left Hand Of God, and its presence in this expedition meant the greatest force in the world had become interested in this matter, and where this ship went, one of the most powerful beings in the world followed.

Noah Rithmast had spent so much time returning due to an unexpected party that had intervened, the singular greatest power in the entire world, The Council of Nine.

This was an ancient power that had led the Explorers since time immemorial. They had stood beside Berrion when he carved out the first continent from the chaos and had led to a new age, one of Explorers that found new continents in the endless ocean and pushed for the spread of civilization.

During the time Noah had been gathering the relevant Explorers to return to New Hope, the information about what he suspected had impacted the earth reached the Council, and this mission was essentially overtaken by them.

Looking back, it was a foolish thing to think he could have hidden such a thing from their gaze.

Although Noah was angered at the start, knowing whatever benefits he might have received had now been cut short, and he was not wrong, he would be given none of the Ocean of Purified Aura that he had found, because the Council wanted to run these Aura through certain rigorous testing, but he was surprised that he would be allocated a permanent location nearby the Piece of Heaven if it was confirmed that it worked and was able to purify Chaotic Aura.

Essentially he would be sacrificing short-term gain for long-term stable growth. Even if he became an Ascended Explorer, Noah thought it was impossible for him to ever hold the Piece of Heaven for long.

He would be a fool if he refused to take this deal, although his path to an Ascended Explorer would be delayed, it would still be viable, he could slowly accumulate Aura and ascend the Ranks.

Noah nearly laughed when he considered what he called a slow rise up the ranks would be nothing but an impossible speed for him to consider a few decades ago.

However, during the time they traveled back to New Hope, there had been a slight fear in his heart that perhaps what he had seen was a lie, that something that was so ridiculous as a piece of heaven falling from the sky was certainly not possible, he must have hit his head against the spine of an Ascended Rank Calamity, and everything was a hallucination.

This state of mind was not alleviated at all with his time inside this warship, as it preyed on his fears and Noah suspected that it even enhanced it.

This fear increased as they grew closer to New Hope and Noah sequestered himself inside his cabin, and when he heard the summon for him by the new leaders of this expedition, he broke into a cold sweat that stained his green skin, turning it towards a closer shade of purple, and pushed himself to his feet.

One way or another, he would be facing the music in the next few moments.

The journey to the top of the ship where he had been summoned passed by in a blur. Noah was unable to pierce through the permanent Aura that grounded the entire ship, and everything around him appeared to be surrounded by gray fog, even the room he had stayed inside for the last few months resembled a hole cut out of a wall of fog.

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Noah would suddenly see other people appearing and disappearing into the fog, all occupants of the ship yet still separated. None could interact with each other and any instructions were sent directly into their minds.

There were powerful Calamities that could infiltrate the minds and hearts and inside this warship, security was paramount, disaster could fall on any other warship, but not this one, because the consequences would be dire.

Noah followed the path outlined in his mind and tried not to think about the ghostly figure moving in the fog, knowing he was one of them.

It was startling to suddenly see sunlight piercing through the everlasting gloom ahead, and Noah Rithmast suddenly found himself outside in the sun, and ahead of him, blazing against his senses like an erupting volcano were seven figures—seven Ascended Rank Explorers.

There were no words to describe them. If Noah was seen as a god by those below him in rank, to him these Explorers were the real gods.

When Noah left this place, he had considered that he would be extremely lucky to gain the attention of a single Ascended Rank in this expedition, no matter the supposed benefit in it, Ascended Rank Explorers were extremely busy, their attention taken by matters involving higher continents, and for them to be involved in an extremely lowly continent like New Hope was unlikely, yet seven Ascended was before him here, and among the seven, one of them shone brightest, a direct member of the Council of Nine.

In his entire life, Noah had barely seen a dozen Ascended, and that was in a distance. To reach this rank, he would have to fight bitter battles against Calamities for at least a few million years and claim hundreds of Continents, perhaps thousands, details on the power levels of Ascendants were sparse.

Noah barely had ten continents under him, most of them were in the New Class, and he did not know if he would survive the next century battling against Calamities, than the millions of years of battle that would make him an Ascended.

He was standing before Titans. Each of these figures had endured tribulations and battles that had claimed billions and they still stood. Gods, all of them.

An Ascended Explorer had traveled down so deep in the path of Aura that their bodies lacked any frailties of the flesh, they could be regarded as a vast mass of Aura that was compressed into a rough humanoid shape.

Their bodies were ever-changing, shifting as if made from fog, and their heights were in the hundreds of feet. Before them, Noah appeared like an ant. They stood like pillars holding the heavens.

Noah bowed, their presence overwhelming, vast enough that it shattered the growing fear in his heart that he might be wrong in the assessment of New Hope.

Nothing remained inside his mind but these seven terrifying presences and a small hope like a fleeting dream that one day he might stand beside them.

One of the seven gestured a motion his mind barely caught, and Noah felt his body move without his accord, and he suddenly found himself on a massive thumb, his mind dully interpreting that yes he was standing on a thumb, and yes again, it was not that strange because the Left Hand Of God, this warship was literally a hand.

"Let your heart be at peace young Explorer, for your journey was not in vain, and the things you have seen are not untrue. See, there is your sea of Aura, and it is yet unclaimed."

Noah shivered and walked towards the edge of the thumb, forgetting for a moment that he could not fall because he was a Deific Explorer who had claimed the skies.

Below him, at what appeared to be the bottom of the earth, were twin streams of Purified Aura, seemingly greater than what he had seen fifty years ago revolved like two weightless oceans.

Again he was struck with Awe, this was too much power, so much unclaimed potential, and it was just sitting here, for fifty entire years.

"Young Explorer, where is it?"

"What?..." Noah replied distractedly,

"The Piece of Heaven child, where is it?"

Noah looked below dumbstruck, now noticing that the massive stone mountain he saw below previously surrounded by the Purified Aura had vanished,

"I don't understand it was here when I left."

Sigh... "It is as we have feared, what heaven gives it takes away. We are leaving."

Leaving... that word shook Noah out of his lethargy, "Wait... wait, we can't leave, the Purified Aura below is still unclaimed."

"You know nothing young Explorer, the depths of the earth are not a place even we can touch. This Aura has already been claimed. This land would become a forbidden zone, nothing will..."

Noah saw it first, and he was sure the Ascendant saw it shortly after for they became silent, an abnormality, a darkness in space that stood out in vivid details for it contrasted against the red and blue ocean of Aura surrounding it.

"What is that?!" Noah gasped in horror as he noticed the darkness was growing, it seemed to be consuming reality, and then the darkness was no longer darkness but an eye.

The transformation was so fast and shocking that Noah wanted to scream but then he stood frozen in shock as the golden gaze of an alien iris turned and swept past him. His eyes exploded from their sockets, and a thousand bleeding wounds opened all over his body.

Noah was not aware but his bladder broke loose, and a Deific Rank Explorer was not aware that a warm liquid was dribbling down his legs, but that was the least of his problems.

"I...I..." he was not aware that he was mumbling to himself as urine and blood ran down his legs, and then an otherworldly shriek that was in a range that Noah could barely comprehend swept past the Left Hand of God.

Noah could not hear the cry well enough because an illusory barrier of darkness had surrounded the warship and the seventy others below it, but it did not matter, apart from the Left Hand of God, the other warships seemed to lose the ability to remain in the air, and they began to crash.

The Ascended Rank Explorers must have made a move for the falling ships were arrested by large glowing palms, but Noah was not aware of what was happening around him for his endless gaze was still fixed on the Earth below, transfixed by that brief gaze that swept past him.

He could not see but he could comprehend. The Piece of Heaven was returning.

Noah turned and began to laugh, addressing the seven Ascended Explorers behind him,

"I did not speak falsehood, look below. It Comes... Madness... Truth... The end..m comes."

The seven Ascended watched the broken and bleeding Deific Explorer speak madness in a language they did not understand, and he fell to his knees where his blood turned to hissing snakes.

The broken figure struggled to speak before he exploded into hundreds of snakes that soon turned to ash and vanished.

This same thing happened to nearly two million Explorers across the seventy warships except for those in the Left Hand of God that was spared this grim fate.

The seven Ascended did not care about those they lost, their gaze fixed on the earth below and the piece of heaven that had appeared once more.

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It was difficult to tell the differences between the seven Ascendant Explorers, but a clear voice commanded the rest of them,

"Upgrade this entity to a Third Star Ascendant Class Event. Whatever effects it might have is irrelevant before its ability to purify Chaotic Aura. Its ability to hold both Malefic and Ascended meant it was a Hybrid Variant entity. Contact the rest of the Nine, we might have a new Nephilim Entity. The path forward is containment,"

The seven Ascendant Explorers did not descend into the crater, instead, the entire fleet of ships rose into the air, and from deep within the core of the Left Hand of God, in a hall that was deeply concealed and defended by all manners of terrible Runic Treasures, spells and an unknown eighth Ascendant Explorer was a series of large metal jars about fifteen feet tall, and sealed with no visible indentations.

The Ascendant Explorer that resembled a shapeless mass of yellow fog shook as if awakened from slumber, and a formless appendage rose and made thousands of mystical movements with dozens of shapeless fingers, and something inside the hall shifted.

One of the many jars shook before a mystical force lifted it into the air, and then the jar began to vibrate, letting out a loud and grating sound before exploding into nothingness. From the explosion, thousands of tiny strands of Aura that were wrapped inside a tight cocoon of Purified Aura of both Ascendant and Malefic surged out and vanished into thin air.

On the seventy ships that were now a picture of ghost vessels that were filled with nothing but ash—the remnants of more than two million Explorers, the tiny strands of Aura that had vanished in the hidden hall below appeared and scattered all over the ship, they individually hovered in the specific position of some of the deceased and then something miraculous began to happen.

The strands of Aura seemed to locate a scent in the space where some of the previously deceased had once stayed and then it began to rebuild them using that past echo.

The single strand of Aura exploded into a magnificent tapestry, unfurling itself like an umbrella, and began to rebuild bodies, as bones, blood, muscles, and other inner organs appeared out of nothingness. In the bodies that were being rebuilt, it was possible to hear faint screams.

This was the case when three hours after he died, Noah Rithmast opened his eyes on top of the ashes that had previously been his flesh and he screamed and clawed at his face and body, the trauma of having your body transform into snakes had burned its way into his psyche, and even after he was reborn, the mental scar followed him.

It took a few seconds to regain his balance, and he turned and dry heaved on top of the ashes of his previous corpse.

This was not the first time he had been resurrected but it was among the quickest. He had died twice before, and both times he had spent more than a century before he was reborn.

At the Deific Rank, it was possible for pieces of your Core Aura to be split off without destroying your existence or turning you into a vegetable. For the process to be safe and viable, it had to be done slowly, making it a long and painful affair, taking decades for a single strand to be sliced off your Core Aura, but every Explorer was encouraged to split off enough pieces of their Core Aura and deposit them at the Citadels, the only places where resurrection was possible.

In the Citadel, the piece of the Core Aura is stored and nourished from vast banks of Purified Aura that charge them with energy so they can be awakened when the conditions are right.

Usually, the process of resurrection was not always as smooth as this one, and many Deific Ranked Explorers had to wait centuries and sometimes many millennia before their resurrection was processed. Sometimes they are never resurrected and left to remain inside the Citadels forever.

The Citadels were few and far between and they were the prime targets for Calamities, so every resurrection had to be properly documented and researched for an extended period of time to ascertain how the Explorer had died and the situation around the death of the Explorer before the green light was given.

Many Citadels had been destroyed or infected when the wrong Explorer was resurrected.

A Deific Ranked Explorer could be considered truly immortal as long as they could endure slicing off pieces of their Core Aura and storing it at the Citadels. It was the reason that reaching this Rank as an Explorer was seen as the great divide, and would ensure a relatively stable existence in this world.

However, keeping a piece of your Core Aura inside a Citadel was not an assurance that you would be able to survive the unending wars as a Deific Rank Explorer, because Citadels were constantly being targeted and destroyed, and if the Citadel you placed your Core Aura was destroyed you had to quickly find another one, else your next death was final.

More Citadels were being built every time but it was difficult to do so, the core components for Citadels could only be sourced from extremely powerful calamities, vastly delaying the process for the creation of new ones.

On the journey to New Hope, every Deific Ranked Explorer had been encouraged to split off part of their Core Aura, and Noah, understanding the dangers in this place, had been one of the most enthusiastic. Despite the hellish pain.

08:39

Among the many facilities inside the Left Hand of God, one of them was a working Citadel. It was one of the reasons that made this warship so valuable. With enough time on its hand, the Left Hand of God could make every Deific Rank Explorer unkillable on any battlefield.

On the journey to New Hope, every Deific Ranked Explorer had been encouraged to split off part of their Core Aura, and Noah, understanding the dangers in this place, had been one of the most enthusiastic. Despite the hellish pain.

Noah had split off ten stands of his Core Aura, the closest after him had only done it six times. They had other split Core Auras outside this place and it was madness to subject their mind to more torture that would nearly break them anytime they split their Core Aura.

If there had been more time, Noah would have not stopped splitting more Core Auras.

He had been seen as a madman, but with the memory of how he had just perished surged to the surface of his thoughts, Noah had a feeling that the ten lives he had painfully accumulated were not enough to survive this place.

He shivered as plumes of steam escaped from his nostrils, the warship must have gone high up in the sky for it to have become this cold, any more and the chill would begin to kill off his extremities.

There had been more than two million Explorers on this fleet, but only a mere fifteen hundred were Deific Ranked Explorers. Along with the Ascendants, they were all that was left.

Noah felt space vibrate behind him and he turned and saw all the survivors had been brought on top of the Left Hand of God.

With their age and experience, none of them appeared shocked at their unexpected demise, like Noah, they must have easily brushed it off, but unlike him, they had not seen that eye.

The Deific Explorers bowed towards the Ascended and waited for the instructions going forward, it was clear that whatever was happening in New Hope had reached a level where Deific Explorers were nothing but fodder.

Chapter 1007: Awakening Of Madness (9)

1007 Awakening Of Madness (9)

Noah Rithmast joined them in bowing toward the Ascendants, the truth was that even though just seeing and hearing whatever was deep inside the earth had been enough to kill him, there was still a terrible fascination in his heart for him to look at what was happening below.

He needed to see what had changed, even from this high up, he could hear a loud whooshing sound like multiple massive typhoons blowing with fury, and he knew that something had changed, but what? Noah was too scared to find out. He could accept dying, but not due to stupidity.

Noah should be wise enough to keep away thoughts that would lead to bad consequences out of his mind, no matter how much the need arose to peer into the Abyss, yet he was aware that soon, he might not have the chance to choose for himself, they had been resurrected this quickly for a reason. Thankfully they were not kept in the dark for long, but what he heard next made his skin crawl, and made him slightly regret finding the continent of New Hope.

As always, it was impossible to tell which of the Ascendants were speaking,

"What lies below is not a Piece of Heaven, at least, not one that we currently understand, but by some chance that it is... a Piece of Heaven, then it is alive, and what we heard was its awakening cry which has led to corruption in your Core Aura. From what we can infer by peering into your Cores, then it is most likely that you might have to die multiple times before the corruption is eliminated, but you are here for a mission, you are Explorers and therefore you can still be used. There might have been a chance you might eliminate this corruption if you leave now, but you will not be leaving but pushing deeper. Make peace with yourselves."

'Corruption? What corruption? I still feel fine!' Noah scanned his body with a quick mental wave, parsing rapidly through his Natal Treasures and his flesh and he discovered nothing at first, but then he looked deeper into himself, touching his cells and he recoiled in shock and disgust.

His cells were mutating and consuming each other. The mutated cell resembled tiny snakes that numbered in their millions, and although it would take a while, in a few hours, perhaps even less, he expected his body to explode once more into a rain of snakes before he turned to ash.

This would not be a problem if he died a few more times, but the Ascendants wanted them to push deeper into the earth, the chance for corruption was no longer a chance

but an assurance. If they could not find a way to contain this corruption, they were all dead.

You would think after so many millennia of war, Noah should be used to the thought of dying. But he was not.

"As you all should now be aware, the severity of this corruption is unknown, and until the entity below is dealt with, it is unknown if any of you will survive, but we are Explorers of the Unknown and the Wicked, this has always been our fate. One of loss and sorrow, and surviving at the edge of existence. Standing on that thin line hanging over the Abyss whilst in the midst of a raging storm."

Noah had heard many speeches like this before, he had even given it to lesser Explorers, and they never sounded more hollow.

"A thousand of you can be resurrected only two more times, you shall be the first to push below, and begin laying down Null Charges into the crater of New Hope. we don't understand what is down there and so the first thing is to contain it. The rest of you shall follow behind. That is all, go to your positions and prepare for the drop. The entity below is consuming the purified Aura, so there can be no delay, it must not be allowed to grow stronger."

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Noah stood towards the back of the Deific Ranked Explorers, held in his grasp was a special Storage Device that held tens of thousands of Null Charge. Their mission was to drop into the crater and place a Null Charge every thousand feet.

The effects of Null Charges were simple. It was to devoid the surrounding space of any form of energy except for the ones permitted to exist.

A Null Charge was a powerful tool, and Noah had seen it used once, and that was only a single Charge, in total, the Charges all the Deific Rank Explorers held between them numbered in the millions.

The Council was pulling out all stops, such a great amount of Null Charges could seal a hundred thousand continents.

"Begin!"

They had all moved towards the index finger of the warship and Noah watched the first Explorers leap off the ship without hesitation. He knew they could do this not because they did not feel any fear, but because it was their duty.

Quicker than Noah had anticipated it reached his turn, and Noah rushed to the edge of the finger and he leaped off. The winds blew harshly past his ears, as he allowed

himself to be affected by gravity, although the air above the crater that looked like the mouth of a gigantic beast felt heavier than normal, increasing his falling speeds dramatically, it was as if he was being pulled downwards.

It took only seconds, but Noah felt his ears pop as he broke the sound barrier leaving a shockwave behind as he dropped ever faster. Clearing the rim of the crater, the light suddenly vanished, and he was plunged into darkness.

Knowing his eyes were useless, Noah closed them and reached for his Aura senses. The world exploded into color. He could see large red bubbles that were tens of thousands of feet in diameter that were arranged in an overlapping fashion. These were the Null Charges that were stripping space of everything, down to the molecules.

This had stripped the air of the countless dangers that Noah had noticed when he first arrived at the continent and many others he had not seen, but there was a price for this progress.

Noah's falling speed only increased, and before long he began to see traces of ash floating in the air as the first of the Deific Explorers. They were tasked with clearing the way and suppressing the entity below, but they could not avoid every danger before the suppression field was completed.

Before long, Noah saw that he would be reaching the point where there were no longer suppression fields, and of the thousands that had leaped ahead of him, only hundreds remained and they were dropping like flies.

"I am an Explorer of the unknown and the wicked, and this is my fate."

Steeling himself, Noah roared and ejected ten Null Charges, as he plunged into the fray, his surroundings suddenly filled with hissing frost bolts, spatial distortion, and dozens of other weird phenomena. He avoided those that he could and began launching Null Charges at the wall of the crater, he had launched hundreds before his luck ran out and a spatial tear cleanly sliced him in two.

An hour later Noah woke up screaming, and beside him was the spatial bracelet for the Null Charges. Gritting his teeth, he leaped off the ship.

Chapter 1008: Awakening Of Madness (10)

1008 Awakening Of Madness (10)

"Naviir!! Keep it tight, tight! You are straying from the path."

"Damn it, Naviir has lost half his head, Urhos, take his place, we cannot..."

"I am sorry, this is my last resurrection, I don't think I can.."

"We have crossed the halfway point, everything from this point gets harder, but we are nearly there, we are Explorers! We move..."

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There was no need to wait for the corruption to kill him. Noah thought he was dying so fast already that dying from the corruption would be a blessing. The Deific Explorer encouraging the rest had been frozen, then diced before he was crushed to pieces, and somehow his voice still lasted long enough to encourage them all to push forward.

Although for a brief moment, every Deific Ranked Explorer here had seen the ocean of Purified Aura, and they had all understood the significance behind such a thing. For all the many reasons to die in this world, dying for something that could lead to the salvation of your entire world was near the top of the list.

They pushed forward even as their numbers began to drop, making sacrifices that would ensure that their Null Charges reached their destination. They blew past countless traps, and none of them hesitated even till the end.

They fell faster and faster, drawn by an implacable force, and even if they wanted to stop, they could not. Noah had been roaring his defiance since the moment he fell, and alongside him, every Explorer did the same, they roared, and they died, but they never stopped jumping back into the Abyss.

Madness? Maybe, but they were Explorers.

Noah had died three times already and for the fifteen hundred Deific Rank Explorers that began the journey of laying down Null Charges, there were barely sixty of them left. The dangers as they fell deeper into the earth did not reduce but increased with every mile that passed.

They had penetrated hundreds of miles into the earth, and the Null Charges they had dropped along the way had nearly reached a million, the effects of so many Null Charges were beginning to spread ahead of them, clearing everything along their path for miles, making the passage safe from any anomaly, either spatial or otherwise.

Behind them blazed with red, the light from the Null Charges made the passage behind them appear like the insides of a throat and they were falling in its gullet.

The Explorers were a few miles away from the bottom, which in their Aura Senses appeared gray.

"We are nearly at the end, I don't see anything, are you sure that the treasure is below?" An Explorer whom Noah did not know his name called out.

He was in the foremost position and had been leading them all for a while, he was the most powerful Deific Explorer Noah had ever seen, but sadly it appears that he was in his last life, although this did not stop him from staying at the front and braving most of the dangers. Noah wished to know his name,

"We should watch out for the Aaarhhh..."

Whatever he was going to say next was cut short as he was grounded into pieces in midair, flinging blood and gore for hundreds of feet. Noah's eyes widened in realization, he was a few hundred feet behind and was directly behind the crushed Explorer, he screamed, "Spatial Collapse!"

The gray Aura below was not where the descent had ended, they were all wrong in their assumptions, instead, it was an entire section of space that had fractured into pieces, Noah had never seen anything like this before, he had always thought that the space in this world was stable enough that there would be no way for space to be fractured at such a scale.

"Release everything you can!" Noah, roared as red beads were launched from his arms at lightning speeds.

In the beginning, Noah could only activate and release ten Null Charges at a time, but after repeated tempering with death as the prime motivator for him to improve, he was now able to push out thirty Null Charges at once.

However, against what they were about to face, he feared even if they were all able to release a thousand at once, it would not be enough. The next second was consumed by screaming and death, as Null Charges were primed and launched toward the fractured space below. Like pouring water into a vat of boiling oil, the spatial fractures expanded and shattered even as they were dispersed into nothingness.

The agitated space flung out an unknown amount of spatial anomalies that vanished in a short while but did not make them any less dangerous.

In that single second, sixteen Explorers died to these roving spatial anomalies, and the physical and mental weight hanging around Noah's shoulders and the rest of the Explorers increased because a while back the Ascendants had modified the spatial treasures for the Null Charges that they would appear around the bodies of the living.

This became necessary when the number of living Deific Explorers had fallen to the point that it was no longer viable to wait for the death of the rest before assigning the Null Charges to them. They were simply dying too fast, and they needed to finish the job properly and in a short time unless the living Piece of Heaven might acquire enough power to decimate everything.

For Noah, the next few moments that followed went by in a blur, he swerved, rotated, accelerated, and decelerated, he lost portions of his body to the spatial tears when he was too late in his maneuvers or he decided to sacrifice less critical parts of his body to keep himself alive long enough for them to be regrown.

At this point he no longer has legs, he did not waste energy trying to regrow them, he just kept his head, torso, and arms, and except for his arms that were kept pristine, the rest of his body was a picture of devastation.

It was one of the most terrifying seconds in his entire life, and Noah had to use the entirety of his senses and more as he delved deep into all that he was capable of, his experiences, losses, and victories, he pulled every scrap of morale he could gather and continued launching Null charges, disregarding the growing weight on his arm as more and more Explorers died around him without any hope for their eventual resurrection.

He had been the one who kept more Core Aura for his eventual resurrection, and yet it appeared he was the one who had managed to preserve his life more than the others. Noah did not find this irony to be funny.

He had discovered that the one thing that pushed him past his limits was the thought that he was the first to see this calamity descend, and in a way, his destiny was now tied to it, and if it was the last thing he had to do in this life, Noah was going to find the root of this mystery.

His hands were moving in a blur, from a distance it was almost as if he had multiple arms, and then as suddenly as it had begun, it was over. Noah was through. But he was alone, all who followed him had perished.

Chapter 1009: Awakening Of Madness (final)

Noah had no time to think about his situation, he was alone, but his prime objective was before him, he had succeeded but the mission was still incomplete, at least for him, he needed to find the reason for the descent of this thing, and whether it came from the heavens above or belonged to hell below.

Behind him, the Null Field had spread, suppressing all the spatial anomalies and extending past him, where it touched the bottom of the crater, hovering over the target.

Noah only had a few seconds to process what was happening when he saw a massive structure or a landmass that appeared to be made from smooth rock with several openings around it, he was moving very fast, but he was astute enough to observe that the shape of the rock was like an egg, and the last of the Purified Aura had just entered into the structure.

He was too close, his speed was too high and he could no longer observe his incoming death. He closed his eyes because he was about to slam into the rocky egg with tremendous velocity.

He found it funny that although the experiences inside the crater had been horrifying, due to the intense speed that was exerted on their bodies as they fell, then he might not have spent even a minute in total falling, yet for him, it was as if several lifetimes had gone by.

Well, he was about to die, and since the mission of the Deific Explorers was now completed, he wondered when he would be resurrected, as much as he wanted to understand what was about to happen, his role in this affair had come to an end.

Unexpectedly, a formless force wrapped around his body and he was repelled with so much force from the stone egg that he slammed into the side of the crater, crushing nearly every bone in his body, he was about to be swamped by darkness when he roared in his heart, "No!"

There were so many reasons why he should allow himself to fall into the loving embrace of death, after all, he had completed the mission, and the Ascendants should be able to arrive at the center of the corruption and find a way to convert it to their cause.

He could die and then when he was resurrected much later in the future, where he would most likely return in victory, and yet, the prime reason he alone survived till this moment still pushed him with an unrelenting force, he needed to see what had fallen from the heavens.

If he died now, everything he would know would be a watered-down version of events, and might not be the entire truth. Noah wanted to roar, but he could not... his body had begun to heal, but his limbs were frozen in place. Something was very wrong here.

There was no conscious thought process that led him to this conclusion, and yet his entire body was frozen in place. He felt like a mouse frozen in front of a snake, and when he wondered why such odd thoughts would enter his mind, he looked forward and saw two golden eyes looking at him, before glancing away disinterestedly.

Noah's heart and every part of his body was seized by an intense pain, he felt his body was on the verge of an explosive transformation, and he knew the end result of that transformation. It was not something he was looking forward to, and then two equally powerful forces, from above and below stabilized his erupting flesh.

The one above was from the seven Ascendent Explorers who had begun entering the earth. Their Aura erupted from their bodies, unhindered by any disruption, and as this Aura swept past his body it was gripped in a new wave of corruption that threatened to turn his body to the formless state of Aura.

Below him was a third power that he had only noticed because of the effects it was having on his body.

There was a massive outgrowth of flesh that was rising from the earth like the world's largest pimple. It pulsed and stretched forward in a sickening display, and even though it seemed like it should be bursting with every motion it made, it just kept swelling.

This force wanted to make his body explode, as every cell in his body would become engorged with sickly pus, and expand thousands of times greater than their natural limits.

Any of this influence should have killed him, but because all three were acting in his body at once, he was stuck in a weird state as they were all balanced. The only thing Noah could do was open his mouth in a wordless scream.

He had a snake for a tongue, the top part of his head had swollen to five times its size, and his nostrils and the lower parts of his neck were nothing but wispy Aura.

It was funny that he had not gone mad, but Noah believed that it was because his mind had simply gone numb, to preserve any shred of sanity he had left, it simply chose to observe.

The stalemate did not last for long, perhaps it was due to the connection that was created in his body by these three entities, he was able to know the moment when something shifted. Inside his body, the snakes consuming his cells turned to the portion that had been filled with pus, and they attacked.

In reality, the massive egg suddenly cracked in six places, and something emerged from those shattered pieces. Noah's strangely clear mind could not discern what happened at first, but then he realized that something did not emerge from the egg, instead it was those cracked pieces that were moving.

What happened next was too fast for him to truly understand, but the scale of it was such that even if he could not comprehend everything, he could still understand a bit of it.

What he saw was that those six massive pieces seemed to be folding amongst themselves before plunging down into the massive pimple below.

Noah watched in fascination as the pimple stretched and was depressed downwards, and no matter how much the six massive figures seemed to push into the pimple, it simply stretched, and suddenly a portion of it exploded, and the six figures had a path into it and they began to crawl inside.

The Aura coming from above suddenly surged and Noah saw an Ascendant leaving the rest and rushing towards the battle below. A massive hand of fog erupted from the

Ascendant and seized one of the rocky figures plunging into the pimple by its ending that would have disappeared into the pimple, but the Ascendant must have underestimated the strength of this figure, for with what seemed like a shrug, the Ascendant's hand of fog was shattered. This destruction did not stop at the hand, it traveled to the body of the Ascendant, and Noah was unable to close his eyes. It was repeatedly fried to ash as he watched the body of the Ascendant Explorer explode more than ten times before it stabilized.

Anytime it exploded it was almost like a star was exploding. Then he felt a tremor from deep in the earth, and Noah wished he could claw out his eyes as he watched what was revealed

below.

Noah began to pray for death. He no longer wanted to understand. It was too much for his mind to bear.

Chapter 1010: Song Of The Primordial Ouroboros

The Primordial Ouroboros Serpents were creatures of endless hunger with destructive capabilities that were almost unrivaled in all of creation. As 'mortal' beasts, no other known living creature was their equal in this Era.

The purge of the Primordial beasts during the unknown Era in the past had left the crown of the king of beasts to the serpents, and in this land cut off from all reality, the serpents were free to show their brilliance without the eyes of the ancient enemy prying on their secrets.

From the start, Rowan had always kept these beasts on a leash. His Dimensional flesh acted like a cage to contain their power, for as they grew stronger, their growth only added to the weight of his dimension, which ensured that they would ever be suppressed by Rowan.

There was a reason Rowan tried to keep the serpents small, for even he was not sure what it would take to contain them if he allowed them off the leash.

The descent into Doom Star, the transformation of his flesh, and the perils of resurrection upon his partial consciousness had created a strange situation where Rowan was no longer the captain of the ship. The world had suppressed his consciousness and he was no longer following the paths of power that it created, and so Rowan had no way of waking up.

The new purple energy inside of him could no longer be accessed because Rowan had not awakened and his Serpents did not care for the energy, they only wanted more of it,

because although this energy inside Rowan's core was unused, it could affect the structure of the rocky shell, making it malleable, therefore giving the serpents the chance to manipulate it. Giving them an opportunity to make an avatar of themselves using the rocky shell.

This was not an ability that the Ouroboros Serpents originally had or could have ever developed because their power structure was not based on manipulation and energy control, this was an ability from the Sheol Bloodline, but with the aid of Rowan's dimensional flesh and his Titles, they could seamlessly borrow power across each bloodline, creating marvels that should be impossible.

With this new Avatar created from Rowan's new form, the serpents had basically taken control, and this new form now granted them the power to begin the process of consumption, thereby transforming what they ate into power.

Yet they did not consume the purple cube, they were looking to grow it instead. The Ouroboros Serpents had not been fully unleashed, only their Avatar acting with the rocky shell of Rowan.

Luck was on the side of Rowan, this Avatar state ensured that the full power of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents was not unleashed, but without any control from Rowan to check their activities, it was hard to imagine if the end result of what would happen to a reality where the Primordial Ouroboros had been unleashed.

For the seven centuries the serpents had spent inside the Tenebris Armor, they had developed a fondness for darkness. It was the richest source of nourishment that they had gained in their life. A potent source of energy that seemed almost infinite, they would have been content to remain inside the Tenebris armor for all eternity just eating the Primordial Darkness.

Rowan had been in bliss for seven centuries as he comprehended the Supreme Circles, but the serpents were in greater bliss. They had consumed darkness without limits, and because of this, they had gotten a taste for it.

Attacking the flesh below now became something that was borne out of anger and irritation, but hunger, because the serpents could detect large amounts of Darkness buried inside the flesh rising from the depths, although it could not reach the level of the Primordial Darkness inside Tenebris, it was still potent enough that they drooled over it, at the edge of their perception, there was also traces of deeper levels of Darkness energy awaiting them, filling their rocky hearts with excitement.

However this was just the surface level of things, something deeper was awakening inside the sleeping Rowan, something unexpected that arose as an effect of his death and resurrection, and that thing without his guidance was simply a creature of instinct, and its first after waking up was to hide itself.

If the six awakened Ouroboros Serpents were fully aware they would have never allowed the existence of this new thing that was awakening, and so it slipped past them.

Each Avatar of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents was seventy-seven miles long, and due to the restrictions of the present state of Rowan, they could not be separated, so they were joined together at the tail. At that point that connected all of them was a purple cube, and an observer would think that the serpents were emerging from inside the glowing cube. Attacking the rising ball of flesh, the serpents were held back at first by its tough flesh, their might was a fraction of what it once was, and their sharp fangs that could cut through anything had been replaced by stones, and yet the serpents still remembered the taste of darkness, and no matter how deeply it was hidden inside the flesh of this unknown creature, it was there.

The serpents lacked a tongue, they could not speak, but the bloodline of Sheol was connected to the Celestial, and they took from those angelic radiance, their voice.

These beasts were creatures of pure power, never meant to know guile or tricks, but Rowan's Will and bloodlines had changed their nature, and although they were infants, they had learned well from their father.

The Primordial Ouroboros Serpents sang to the darkness. They called towards it, for having consumed the darkness in the Tenebris Armor, they not only understood all the flavors of darkness, but they could also influence it.

Their voice should have been terrible, like a mountain singing, yet even though it sounded like an earthquake, it was still enchanting.

It was not their teeth made of rocks that tore open the flesh of the creature, it was the darkness that dwelled inside of it that rebelled against its owner.

The darkness tore a large wound open and the serpents crawled into it with mouths open, they called for the darkness to enter their new home, and the serpents began to feed as they dug into the flesh of the creature, consuming hundreds of tonnes of flesh in mere moments which rapidly turned into Essence that flooded the bodies of the serpents, and their rocky bodies began to release crackling sounds, and it began to grow.

The cube at the end of their tails no longer dissipated but was kept burning via the vitality and essence the serpents were beginning to attain.

There was a faint tug at their tails but it was dismissed with a minor flick, with the massive opportunity to feed before them, the serpents could not be shaken from their meal. They dug deeper into the flesh, ignoring the increasing vibration of the entity they were consuming from the insides, calling for the darkness within while still consuming everything that entered their mouths, and once again they felt a tug, and this time it was stronger.

The serpents would only give a single instance of warning, and what followed was inevitably an attack.

Chapter 1011: Where Am I?

The Ouroboros Serpents were not willing to delay their feast, so they had an internal debate between all six of them, and a quick game was played, and the loser was sent upwards to get rid of the annoyance. Who said there could not be accord in madness?

The game they played was simple, the six of them had surrounded the most succulent feast they had ever come across, which turned out to be the bodies of Old Man Seed, Elura, Caine, and other higher-level beings that Rowan had come across, these beings had been marinating inside a large vat of Primordial Darkness for Eons.

The rules of the game were that the serpent who could not hold back their appetite and went for the meal first would be the loser.

The unlucky Ouroboros Serpents turned around in fury and headed towards the outside, in a few short moments, despite their rock-like constitution, the Ouroboros Serpents had devoured nearly a third of the mass of the massive swelling from the flesh below the earth, making it deflate like a rotten fruit.

The speed of their consumption only increased from this point. At this moment, a single serpent was consuming as much as all six of them were previously consuming, and this process would not stop. It would keep increasing, and in this world, the thing that it did not lack was high-level energy. The serpents had met a feast, worthy of their appetites.

Unleashing the Ouroboros Serpents was like a wildfire that could not be controlled. Rowan knew it, but no one here was aware.

The unlucky and angered serpent burst outward from the deflating flesh with a roar that released massive shockwaves.

The Ascendant Explorers had seen these six alien creatures burrowing their way into the flesh of the Calamity God, and they hurried down to rescue anything that would be left of them, it was common knowledge that nothing escaped the stomach of a Calamity God intact.

Several of them were tugging at their ends that were entering into the fleshy mound when a massive serpent head exploded the flesh around it and charged towards them with opened jaws, and inside of it was nothing but nothingness.

Now what was important to note was that when the serpents had entered the flesh, they were all around seventy-seven miles in length, far more massive than any mortal creature was supposed to be, they almost resembled mountains in the shape of snakes.

What emerged from the deflating flesh was two times larger than what entered into it. Barely a second had passed!

The Ascendants Explorers had reached a few hundred feet above the flesh, and when the Ouroboros Serpent emerged in its fury, they were so close together, that the distance that separated them was negligible, and they all practically fit inside the mouth of the serpent.

The jaws of the serpent snapped shut around the seven Ascendants, but these were ancient figures with countless battles under their belt. Their bodies were disincorporated, and the serpent jaws closed over nothing. They recreated their bodies outside the head of the serpent, surrounding it, and as one they slammed their collective Wills against the serpent and froze time, locking it in place.

The influence of Time-stop did not end with this single Ouroboros Serpent, but it spread downwards, encircling the flesh of the Calamity God and holding it in place. One Ascendant would not be capable of this, but seven of them had enough power to hold these two powerful entities for a while.

"What sort of anomaly is this?" An Ascendant breathed out in awe, its gaseous form vibrating with excitement, "I can not detect any presence of Aura in its flesh. This is nothing but rock, yet it is still alive, and also without Aura!"

"Fascinating... There is no Aura, but I was severely damaged by the sheer power in their bodies, do you notice it is bigger and stronger, and barely a moment has passed? How can you rate such a growth?" One of the Ascendants moved closer to the serpent and began touching its rocky scale.

The Ascendant traveled to the opened eyes of the serpent that was bigger than a small town, and although it seemed to be carved out of rock, there was no denying the sheer ominous glow that emerged from it. A lesser creature would not be able to look at the eyes of this creature, even the Ascendant shivered and moved ahead, looking for an opening so he could investigate within.

"There is not a hint of damage on this, could this material be immune against the touch of Calamity? We should harvest what we can below and retreat, there is much here to learn..."

"Rhion, get back!"

Rye Ascendant Rhion turned around irritated, he was the leader of the Ascendants here, a member of the Council of Nine, and this discovery would push him towards the

highest seat in the Council, his annoyance at the interruption of what was going to become the crowning moment in his future endeavors, angered him,

"What! We can hold the Time-Stop for long enough to..."

Then he felt the air stir behind him, and his form shook in fear, amazement, and dozens of myriad emotions hard for him to describe, he yelled and dispersed his body, and when he reappeared he was within darkness.

A darkness so deep that his Aura senses could detect nothing outside of it. 'Where am I?'

Rhion shivered, he was suddenly so cold. A sensation he had not felt for millions of years. His thoughts were becoming slow, and it was a struggle to keep them in order.

He summoned every scrap of Aura he had in his core, and in the end he could only create a tiny flame that was not even bigger than his palm, holding it overhead he looked around him, and could not see anything for miles, except endless darkness.

Looking at the ground below, he thought it appeared strange, but he had already begun to forget the reason why it was strange. The only thought he had in his head was to leave this place.

That coldness he recognized. It was one of death, and every moment he spent in this place was stealing everything from him. Rhion stumbled forward, every step was torture, but the tenacity of an Ascendant Explorer was ridiculous, they could push their bodies to heights that defied reason.

He had not even realized that his body of Aura had vanished sometime in the past, and his mortal flesh that had not seen the light of day was all that was left. Rhion green skin and long red hair that touched the ground were slowly losing their color as if the darkness was leeching even that away.

'I need to leave this place... I need to leave this place...'

This mantra echoed over and over inside his head, and he did not notice when his skin vanished, and the muscles underneath, but when he stumbled to his knees when his ligaments simply evaporated, he knew he would never leave.

He lay on the ground, pieces of himself vanishing, and with a last act of Will, he pushed the sputtering flames forward, if he could not escape, at least his flames should not share the same fate.

His eyes followed the flame as it traveled in the air, and as the darkness encroached on his sight, he saw the flames impact against a great shifting mountain and explode, vanishing from reality.

That explosion had revealed the truth to him. Those shifting mountains were teeth, and the earth had felt strange to him because he had been walking on something that felt like flesh but was not.

Rhion finally knew where he was, but he could no longer care. What was left of him was just a rapidly vanishing skull.

Chapter 1012: Immune To Time

The strike of the Ouroboros Serpent was so sudden, despite the evasion from Rhion, it was already too late. He managed to disassemble himself, but the Ouroboros Serpent had already drawn him into its stomach, it was a testament to the power of Rhion the Ascendant Explorer that he was able to appear on the tongue of the serpent after vanishing from its stomach. However, that action stripped him of a greater portion of his power.

This also led to his slow and torturous death, because the Ouroboros Serpent had been a bit curious about how Rhion had been able to survive and escape from its stomach, even if this shell was its avatar, it was still something that should not have happened.

The serpent delayed consuming Rhion and it watched the Ascendant Explorer struggle to his death with disappointment. It did not bother trying to eat Rhion quickly, its interest in the Ascendant already faded.

It was a good thing for the Ascendant that this Ouroboros Serpent was the most impatient one, and had snapped after a few seconds of waiting and therefore only caught a single Ascendant, if it was the others, then they would have patiently waited until all the Ascendants were close enough to swallow in one bite.

"Not possible, this cannot be possible!!!"

"It is not holding it, the Time-fields are still in place but it is moving through it! Fall back!"

The sensation the Ascendants were feeling at this moment was indescribable. Something considered truly impossible was happening in front of them, and they understood that this was not happening because of a gap in their power base.

For instance, a weaker Ascendant could not hold back a stronger one using Will, but what was happening here was different. The Time Stop was still in place, and yet, it was not holding the serpent. They could feel the scales of the serpent slithering through their domain, and it felt wrong, almost as if every motion was raping their mind, it felt distinctly awful, if they had mortal bodies they would be curled up, puking their guts out.

The call for retreat came fast, they would be reconsidering their position and the right method for attack, but the Serpent was faster. Its massive size was no indication of its speed as it surged upwards and curled around the opening in the crater, covering it with all with only three twists of its body.

With the present length of the Ouroboros Serpent, it only took just its neck to fill up the entire hole, and then it looked down at six Ascendants below, and the Ouroboros Serpent... it laughed.

The golden glow from its eyes began to bloom like a smoldering flame that was being fed with kindling.

This froze the Ascendants in place, and they watched firsthand as the body of the serpent expanded, its head already bigger than a small town a few miles across, expanding by another circle, and it no longer needed three twists to fill the hole, only one was enough.

The mocking sound of the serpent grew louder, but this was only a distraction for three other Ouroboros Serpents to attack from below...

The fate of the Ascendants was sealed, only death awaited them, but an unexpected event happened that changed everything, and it came from a party that no one had expected—Noah Rithmast.

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There was something that Old Man Seed and Elura had never told Rowan. They were old monsters and they had realized something fundamental about this child that he was not aware of, like old monsters they kept this knowledge to themselves, knowing that at the right moment, it could become an unexpected bargaining chip.

This trait was bizarre and unexpected.

Rowan was not affected by Time.

Standing beside a higher-dimensional entity was not as simple as it appeared to be on the surface. They were constantly surrounded by countless phenomena associated with Time and other higher dimensional energy. This was a defense every higher-dimensional being began to utilize when they got access to the control of higher dimensions, doing away with the standard energy state defense.

Old Man Seed's favorite was a sphere of Still-Time he kept around his body, making it impossible for any attack below the seventh dimension to reach him. It did not matter how powerful the attack was, if it could not breach his control over time that had reached the seventh dimension, it was useless.

The same way with approaching him, unless he permitted it, no one could stand near him. Having an area of Still Time around him also rendered him virtually untraceable and invisible.

Imagine his surprise when Rowan had not only seen him but perfectly heard him during their first encounter. Old Man Seed had never planned to show himself to Rowan in the manner he did, he had initially planned something more bombastic to showcase his nature as a seventh-dimensional being, but Rowan's unique nature had made that attempt useless.

Old Man Seed was used to throwing his words forward in time after he spoke them, he had to, in order to penetrate the area of Still Time around him, and when he first saw Rowan in the frozen waste, he had thrown the answer to the question in his heart about why he was being rejected by the Primordial Dimension forward in time, and it was supposed to arrive a second later, but Rowan had turned and heard him the moment he spoke and effortlessly pierced the veil he had over his body.

With his character, Old Man Seed had stepped closer to Rowan and was dumbstruck when the sphere of Still Time around his body was dissipated.

When he referred to Rowan as a freak, there was more to his words, and if Rowan had access to the multiple layers of sight granted by the Supreme Circles, he would have heard something different.

However with Old Man Seed's insight he soon learned that this ability did not come from Rowan, but from something that he kept with him.

Rowan did not know how easily he would have been made an experimental lab rat if the discernment of Old Man Seed about his nature had not been particularly thorough. He had also warned Elura about this nature of Rowan and warned her that it did not come from the boy himself but from something truly powerful in his possession unless the first confrontation between Rowan and Elura would have been very different.

Old Man Seed had been waiting for Rowan to trust him enough so he could ask what sort of treasure could resist the touch of time around a seventh-dimensional entity, and he was patient enough to wait.

If only he had known that Rowan was with the eye of the Primordial of Time itself, he would have never been so calm. But of course, how could he ever guess such a thing? As far as anyone knew, there was not even a Primordial of Time in existence.

Rowan could resist the Time Stop ability of Will Holders up to the fourth dimension with no issues, and perhaps he might struggle against the fifth, but he did not have total immunity against time, at least that was what he had first thought.

The Eye of The Primordial of Time and Evil was not a simple item after all, it did not only bring madness to the holder, it ensured that Time had no sway over them. Rowan had not yet had the period to discover this feature, and if he was awake at this moment he would have realized it.

Chapter 1013: Time Wanderer

The Ascendants were unlucky if Rowan did not have the Eye they would have succeeded, and now freezing time was no longer an option against Rowan.

His Ouroboros Serpents, with their new cunning, had waited for the right moment to strike. Acting as if they were under the time-stop ability, the serpent had resisted its hunger long enough for one of its prey to come close enough before it struck.

For its patience, it was rewarded with a surge of Aura that dwarfed everything it had collected from the entire continent of New Hope, ten times over. The purple cube at the ends of their tail began to swell as a massive wave of blue Aura of Ascendancy filled it to the brim.

There were two prime sources of energy in this world, Ascendant and Malefic. When someone earns the qualification to become an Explorer they are granted two options, follow the Ascendant path or the Malefic path.

Explorers that followed the Ascendant path became beings of pure Aura, and those that followed the Malefic path developed bodies that could effortlessly crush stars. Despite the path they followed their overall Aura would still be nourished by any source of purified Aura, whether it came from a malefic or an ascendant source.

There was a slight moment of destabilization within the cube as the energy inside it grew a bit unbalanced due to the influx of a large amount of a single type of Aura, but its state had already transformed twice, to its almost solid form instead of the gaseous nature of Aura and it was easily able to suppress the Ascendant Aura and make it part of itself with no issue. Of course, the serpents did not know about these changes in the cube, they only understood that it was growing, causing the light it shed on their bodies to deepen, and in this manner they could place more of their essence into this stone avatars, slowly transforming it into the real flesh of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpent.

This world might have imposed a leash on Rowan's bloodline and power, but it was impossible to hold back something so powerful. It was only a matter of time before his

bloodline would rebel against the restraints and although the bloodline of Sheol and the Tree of Desire had been out of the game for a while, the increasing purple light was slowly beginning to make them stir from their slumber.

The carefully created cage created by the world was about to be shattered.

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Noah Rithmast could hardly comprehend what was happening in the outside world, but focusing on the battle inside him, he could easily follow its tracks.

When the serpents in his body attacked the engorged cells filled with pus, he had been glad, hoping that these two would weaken themselves enough for the third party, the Ascendants, to swoop in and finish the job.

At first, this was what happened, the fog-like Aura in his body had begun to encircle the two battling parties, and unexpectedly everything changed as the serpents turned around and struck at the fog.

Noah Rithmast's body was frozen unless he would be screaming in pain as a part of his body that had been corrupted by the Ascendant's energy vanished.

Also, something odd happened, perhaps it was the corruption of the Ouroboros serpent bloodline, but he could also resist the influence of Time Stop, and with the unique insight he could gain from the battle inside his body, he saw that the serpents had begun to encircle the area of fog in his body, and in a few moments they would fall like the first one did.

He panicked after all the sacrifices made by the Explorers to reach this point, it could not just end in this manner. More than two million Explorers had died above, except for him, fifteen hundred Deific Ranked Explorers had perished to open the road for the Ascendants, and now it was all about to be rendered moot.

Noah felt an intense urge of helplessness, he could see the trap coming but how could a tiny Explorer like him make a difference in a world of Ascendants? Yet he could not lie down and disregard what was about to happen because time for him seemed to be frozen but he could still experience it.

The three portions of his body were experiencing time in different manners. For the area filled with pus, time stood still, for the snakes, time was only a road, and the fog oversaw time.

His body that should have long perished had been kept far past his natural state and Noah had benefited from this madness, he was now something... different. If something changed this delicate balance inside of him would be broken leading to his immediate demise, but for the moment he was enjoying a privilege that few in creation had ever had the chance to get, if at all.

He had an eternity to comprehend his helplessness, and another eternity to rage against it. He had an eternity to run mad and another to become sane.

Finally with no option but to struggle on in the unexpected hell he found himself in, Noah began to think that perhaps he could make a difference, it was the only thing he had not tried doing after all these eternities had passed.

Looking at the tools he had on hand, all were useless, his Natal Treasures would not even stir the edge of the cloak of an Ascendant, but finally, his gaze settled on his body, especially his arms and what it contained-Null Charges.

With the death of every Deific Ranked Explorer, he became the only one that remained, and therefore the storage Treasure containing the Null Charges was all sent to him.

If he had died the Null Charges would return to the Ascendants but he was kept alive in a bizarre form, and everything remained with him.

There were more than a million Null charges in these storage treasures and for a moment Noah was helpless. Even with these Null Charges, it was still quite useless to him, what could The change with it?

Now knew he had already decided to change something, and if there was anything he did not lack in this present moment it was time. Noah spent an eternity learning, and then another eternity. He went mad many times, making vast leaps in logic that were mostly nonsense but some worked, and his understanding of Null Charges which was virtually nonexistent began

to grow.

He did not hope to understand everything about how this treasure worked, he had only one goal. 'How can I make it explode.'

With a limited understanding of how Null Charges worked, Noah believed they just negated all forms of energy, and that was true to an extent, but what they contained was something far more potent than Noah could ever hope to understand as a Deific Ranked Explorer, but he did not care, two million Null Charges going up at once was bound to change something.

Whether by luck or the fact that Noah had spent two eternities banging his head against a single problem-Make Null Charges go boom! He succeeded.

Noah wished he could laugh, but he also wished he could die, and he thought perhaps since he could not have one, he should not be annoyed that he could not get the other.

He triggered the explosion, and the moment the three Ouroboros Serpents charged out from the Earth, everything flashed red, even in the visible spectrum, from afar it appeared as if a red sun had appeared on the ground, and this sight could be seen for millions of miles, witnessed by a hundred continent, but this was just the beginning.

The Null Charges were not simple devices, for they were connected with a force even the Ascendants could barely understand, Entropy.

Chapter 1014: Sinking Continents

Noah Rithnast survived the explosion, his body was splayed out in midair, untouched, while the bedrock he had been pinned against had long vaporized. The three extra-dimensional energies acting on his flesh gave him a weird sense of immunity over the damage.

This however did not stop the effect of these three strange energies ravaging his body to show any effect, from his covering body with his hand spread wide, a constant stream of blood, pus, malformed snakes, and fog streamed out like rain.

Now he could do one thing, and that was to scream. The sound that erupted from the throat of the once Explorer was like a gong that announced the outbreak of what would be the most terrifying set of events to happen in this world.

His cries were heard across certain places in this world, on the top of a mountain, the bottom of the ocean, on certain roving clouds, in the bellies of pregnant women, in some continents, the rain hitting the ground were his cries.

His madness was beginning to infect reality, and with it was fear. There were countless legends in this world about the End of days, but none came with the signs of cries from an unknown source.

The red sun that arose from the destructions of all the Null Charges did what the combined Wills of seven Ascendants could not do, it froze the Ouroboros Serpents in place, as harsh lines of red filled their bodies that brightened until it nearly turned white, before those lines exploded, drawing loud screams of pains from the serpents as the surface layer of their rocky bodies were blasted into pieces, some of them flung into the sky for tens of thousands of miles!

Exploding nearly two million Null Charges generated so much power in a relatively small area and it was the bodies of the Ouroboros Serpent that soaked a majority of the explosion, and they paid for it. Despite the supernatural density of the rock that had survived the impact from the crash that destroyed a continent and pushed it deep into the earth without a single scratch, this explosion ripped their bodies to pieces.

The Ascendants had primed the Null charges to not work against their Ascendant energies, but this eruption was nearly uncontrollable, but the inbuilt safeguard worked well enough that the damages they suffered were relatively negligible, and several detonations, like stars exploding, erupted from their bodies as they rid themselves of

any influence from the charges, and they collectively breathed a sigh of relief at their near death, and they charged towards the revealed broken serpents in fury.

The two Ouroboros Serpents that were left inside the ball of flesh were spared from the effect of the blast, as the flesh of the Calamity God had received a large brunt of the damage, but the serpents had already dug deep into the flesh and they did not rise from their meal, instead, they dug deeper into it, causing the Calamity God that had not awakened for countless ages to begin stirring from its slumber.

The two Ouroboros Serpents understood that as long as they kept eating, the gain in power would spread equally among the four serpents above. In time, they would eat their way to invincibility.

For a while, the exploded body parts of the Ouroboros Serpents that shot into the skies seemed like mountains falling from the sky.

Clustered around the continent of New Hope, separated by a few thousand miles were seventeen other Continents most of them were of the New variety and there were fifteen of them.

These fifteen New Continents would most likely remain in that state for the rest of their existence, that is unless a powerful Explorer saw promises in their potential and claimed it as their own, adding the Breath of the Continent to their Natal Treasure. The remaining two were called Rising Continents.

In the instance that New Hope became a part of the Natal Treasure of a Deific Explorer like Noah Rithmast, then it would evolve to become a Rising Continent and would be referred to as Rising Hope.

These Continents that were closer to the eventual clash between three extra-dimensional entities, thousands of miles away faced a disaster of an epic proportion.

With the explosion of the Null Charges that shattered the surface layer of the Ouroboros Serpents shooting out nearly a million tonnes of rocks into the atmosphere, they did not rise too far in the air before they began to fall, but they had already traveled for thousands of miles.

The Left Hand of God hovering above the crater had not expected the explosion, no one here had, but it was still able to vapourize nearly eighty percent of the mountains that shot out of the ground, but it missed the rest, and they numbered in the tens of thousands, all having an impossible amount of mass, and moving at ridiculous speeds.

Most of them impacted the oceans, creating large swells and hurricanes that would threaten countless continents in the next few hours to weeks in the future as the massive hurricane-class waves passed through them, but the closest seventeen continents were not as lucky to endure only the rage of the sea.

No continent in this world was at peace, there was a constant battle across their surface between the Explorers and the Calamities, all ranging from large battlefields holding hundreds of thousands of combatants to small brawls between two parties, the stench of the dying and the dead never reduced, and the cry from Rowan's resurrection only paused this endless battle for a short while before it resumed.

However, in these seventeen continents, their battles paused again as the skies darkened before they began to brighten, and their inhabitants looked upwards in shock as flaming mountains descended from the sky.

Even before the first mountain reached the ground, the sight of it caused all those below to run mad. The pieces of a Primordial Ouroboros flesh, even if it was an avatar, broken and without power, were not something anyone could simply see without consequences.

The first 'mountain' that landed crushed a mountain and the town underneath that held millions to nothingness, spreading heat and light that killed many more, and then the other mountains fell. It was a relentless barrage that decimated all seventeen continents, crushing them to pieces and sinking them all into the ocean.

The wails of the dying were mercifully brief.

It was difficult to ascertain the exact number of lives that were lost, but an easy estimate would place them at least three billion.

The areas where seventeen continents once lay were no more, only flames and smoke remained, and even then those were soon swept by the waves, but it was not long before the surrounding ocean around seventeen continents began to shine with such a bright red and blue glow that it painted the ocean for thousands of miles around, and the sea bubbled as from the depths of the ocean, another ocean arose, but this one was Purified Aura.

They rose into the sky, seventeen pillars of red and blue that could be seen for nearly ten million miles and releasing such an intense volume of power that nearly dwarfed anything to ever come out at a single moment in this world.

The attention of every major power in the world was alerted, such a thing could not be hidden anymore, even a mortal looking to the sky knew that claiming one of those pillars of Purified Aura would make them the next closest thing to invincible.

This world went mad.

Chapter 1015: World Ending Battle

Back in the crater of New Hope, a world-destroying battle had begun and the Ascendants had the upper hand, the Left Hand of God had descended into the crater, and from its five fingers it was shooting out streams of a corrosive beam that could slice a star in two, tearing apart any chance for the four Ouroboros Serpents to heal, and unlike their normal flesh, this one of stone was a thousand times harder to regrow.

The Ascendants used this advantage to keep the serpents on a back foot. They summoned gigantic weapons, their Natal treasures, all of whom glowed with various distinct colors that signified the type of powers that they had mastered in their lives, and they tore deep into the bones of the serpents cutting large chunks out of it.

In millions of years of battle, they had learned techniques that utilized all their potential destructive abilities to perfection, and the six Ascendants worked seamlessly as they butchered the serpents.

The terrifying lights, heat, shockwaves, and other mystical phenomena shattered and widened the crater that New Hope had become, and the clash of the Ascendants and the serpents could no longer be contained, as the surrounding ocean began to pour towards the battlefield.

Yet a single shockwave or a flash of light would evaporate billions of gallons of seawater, and instead of the battlefield being covered by water, the opposite was happening as the massive hole caused by the ongoing battle was expanding, evaporating the ocean for miles and pushing them farther back, exposing the bedrock at bottom of the ocean and also blasting those apart until what remained was the flesh of the Calamity God that extended underneath the ocean.

The madness of the serpents increased from the damages they were taking, the unexpected explosion from the Null charges had ripped all the flesh from their bodies, including their eyes, leaving them with nothing but skeletons made from rocks.

These Avatar bodies were not equipped with the necessary organs to extend their senses much further, and only the constant fuel from the two serpents below eating the Calamity god gave them enough juice to heal their bones, yet their enemies were not simple, they had the advantage and they did not let go of it, and before long they isolated a single Ouroboros Serpents and maneuvered it in a position where they could collectively attack it at once.

The six Ascendants channeled all their power to their weapon in a single instant that eruption of power pushed the entire ocean back for a hundred miles and darkened the sky for a thousand more, enhanced by the power of the Left Hand of God, and they collectively created a blade of black lightning hundred of miles long, and with it, they sliced into the neck of the serpent.

The scream of that Ouroboros Serpent was cut short as the blade sliced off its head.

Its massive skull, now measuring more than fifty miles in diameter slid off from its neck, but as the head fell, its body contorted in a manner only their serpentine frame was capable of, and its neck snapped forward and caught its falling head, but it hung crookedly. The power from the blade prevents the wound from closing.

The Ascendants would not allow such an advantage to slip from their fingers, they smelled blood and they ruthlessly attacked, they were going to cut these serpents into manageable pieces.

In the throat of the Ouroboros Serpent with a crooked skull, a white flame bloomed, and in its empty eye sockets a red flame was born, but because its head was facing the ground, this change was not noticed.

The six Ascendants had surrounded it, pushing back the three Ouroboros Serpents that wanted to rescue the wounded serpent with large blasts of force, and once again, the entire battlefield widened with a groan for a hundred miles as they charged their killing techniques, creating three blades of black lightning, and at that moment the ouroboros Serpent roared.

Due to the crooked state of its neck, the sound that came from it was disjointed and eerie, but what followed that roar were two flames, the red flames that signified the Flames of Penalty, unique to Celestials, and the white flames of Lost. The flames burst out from every hole in its head and neck like a thousand exploding stars.

The three other Ouroboros Serpents that 'allowed' themselves to be pushed back also opened their mouths and a mixture of red and white flames that were miles in diameter and burning with so much heat it was as if a star had been born in the world shot towards the Ascendants from behind.

The blade meant for defense was transformed to defense, as the Ascendants stood back to back with the Left Hand of God that had shrunken itself so it was barely a hundred feet was at their center and pushing power into the bodies of the Ascendants.

Yet it was not enough. These two flames contained properties that were alien to this world and it tore their defenses to pieces, and the world around them began to shatter to pieces, and the ocean dried up for a thousand miles, and the clash was growing hotter.

From the Ouroboros Serpents, the flames they channeled seemed unlimited, and with the trait of the flames of Lost, the first fire in existence, its heat only grew as moments passed and the defenses from the Ascendants began to shatter.

The battle had suddenly shifted and in the moments where the flames were supposed to wipe out the Ascendants, something else occurred.

The Null Charges explosion that Noah Rithmast had induced was not yet over, the first explosion was only the start, the root energy of what made Null Charges possible suddenly manifested itself. The possibility for this to occur was slim, nevertheless, at this moment that possibility occurred.

Tiny holes in reality were ripped open, they were countless, and they existed in barely a fraction of a second, but in that single second, everything, even reality, froze, shattered, and vanished, leaving billions of tiny voids in the air that became equal to billions of black holes appearing in a space of barely a hundred miles.

The flames from the Ouroboros Serpents vanished, sucked away by the black holes, and their bodies were shattered into pieces as millions of black holes erupted from all around their bodies, even the Calamity God below was not spared, as its flesh was left with millions of massive craters.

The black holes vanished, leaving the Ascendants Explorer unharmed but the Ouroboros Serpents in pieces.

The Ascendants had no time to catch their breath however because at the moment the sky turned blue and red, and a flood of Purified Aura slammed down from the sky. The broken bodies of the Ouroboros Serpents were not enough to consume this energy, but the purple cube at their tail was strong enough to attract it.

The cube began to draw in the ocean load of Aura and as it grew, its influence over the Ouroboros Serpents increased.

In a corner of the battlefield where the stone eye of a Primordial Ouroboros Serpent lay, something changed as the stone eye developed fine cracks, and within was a golden glow, as the iris of the serpent, transformed to flesh.

Chapter 1016: Who Eats Who

Scattered all across the battlefield were the shattered pieces of the bodies of the Ouroboros Serpents. The implosion that ripped them apart, had sucked almost ninety-five percent of their body mass away.

If it were not for the constant influx of energy by the other two Ouroboros Serpents relentlessly feeding on the Calamity God below, then the fragile avatars of the Serpents would have been thoroughly destroyed.

Despite this fact, the Ascendant could have been the one to win this battle, with the bodies of four of the serpents all but destroyed, they could have been easily contained, and with the dangerous nature of the present battlefield, they would have fled this place with their price, these serpents would be taken apart and understood, their powers

suppressed, controlled and of possible, duplicated, but the scales once more tipped away from their favor, for a deluge of Purified Aura slammed into the earth, and sank deeply into the body of the Calamity God.

The ends of the Ouroboros Serpents never left the flesh of the Calamity God, and despite the terrifying battle ongoing, the serpents had never revealed more than twenty percent of their entire length. They were just too massive, and unlike their normal bodies, these stone flesh could not accurately channel the impressive powers of their bodies, but that was all about to change.

"These creatures are not dead." An Ascendant Explorer watched in fascination as the rocks on the ground began to vibrate, "Take what we can contain, and let's leave. This site deserves to be treated with utmost importance and priority."

He pointed at the seemingly unending flood of Purified Aura entering the ground, "Look at all this Aura, our battle may have shattered nearby continents, but the amount reaching this place is almost as if ten thousand continents were destroyed. This is the final proof we need."

Even as thy Ascendant Explorer was speaking, they were already making motions with their gaseous bodies, linking up with the ship and readying the containment unit that would ferry the pieces of the serpents they could gather."

In a part of the battlefield that was not yet within the gaze of the Ascendant, a piece of rock which turned out to be a broken piece of an Ouroboros Serpent's eye saw what was transpiring, and its cold gaze was replaced by cunning. Scattered around the battlefield, four small pieces of rock in the shape of a heart began to glow. This caught the attention of the Ascendants. Gathering the parts of the serpents left was ultimately a result of them failing their mission and wanting to flee this place with something to show for it.

As far as they could tell the entire bodies of the stone serpents were still deep inside the flesh of the Calamity God and without enough of it, they would never be able to duplicate the ability to purify Chaotic Aura that these serpents had shown.

The presence that suddenly erupted from these glowing pieces drew their attention, and they did not even need to deliberate among themselves before they shot towards the pieces, all of them separating to claim them.

This could be the central core of the serpents or if not, it was important enough that leaving with it could change the direction of this conflict, and they would not be leaving without tangible results after losing an Ascendant to this mission.

The stone flesh that they discarded, chasing after the glowing hearts began to bleed. One golden drop at a time. The greatest volume of blood emerged from the eye, and

this blood, apparently having a mind of its own, began to pool together, but all these changes were hidden.

The Primordial Ouroboros Serpents finally had enough influence from the unknown purple Aura to begin the next stage of their Avatar transformation, and they began discarding the flesh made from stone.

The Ascendants seized the glowing hearts and hurried back to their ship, and as if in further confirmation of the rightness of their actions, the pieces of stone flesh left behind by the serpents began to crumble to dust.

Hurriedly beginning containment procedures, the Ascendants were sealing the glowing hearts while also ascending out of the crater when the situation unexpectedly changed once again.

The figure of Noah Rithmast hanging over the battle and still mysteriously undamaged through all the devastation had been screaming all these while, and suddenly he stopped, and he began laughing,

"hahaha... who eats who... who eats who... who eats who..."

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The Calamity God was nameless, it was not even aware that its name was called a Calamity God, and although it was ancient beyond reckoning, in the scale of time where the age of Calamity gods was measured, it was barely an infant.

Like all infants, it mostly slept, and for most newborn Calamity God, their slumber was eternal, no matter how much they ate, the threshold for awakening to a higher state of being was so high, that few ever made it, and they would slumber to save every single iota of energy, for the eventual hope that they would evolve.

In this world, everything struggles in their own way. Calamity Gods were born with near omnipotence, but their power kept them shackled to the depths of the Earth till perhaps the end of all things.

A Calamity God could withstand a lot of punishment and choose to remain in slumber, due to the fact that regenerating its flesh was a simple thing, and no matter how much it was injured, it could heal from nearly any damage without using any of its stored energy, because it stole essence from the world itself. No, the right word was given. The world gave the Calamity God an infinite pool of essence to build their flesh, it was the reason their bodies could extend for miles, even at birth.

However, today the damages this Calamity God was suffering were different, the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents were not just consuming its flesh, they were directly consuming its energy stores—Darkness. This world was steeped in darkness. It was a

power that the Calamity God possessed that gave them the right to be some of the most powerful creatures in existence.

The Ascendant Explorers rarely tried to destroy young Calamity God because destroying their flesh was useless, and although they were aware of the energy stores of these creatures, they rarely attacked those stores because a young Calamity God was protected by the Will of this world, and they were granted powers beyond their limit in order to protect them when they were yet vulnerable.

For this reason, attempting to kill a young Calamity God was forbidden, due to the fallout from such a thing, and if they knew that there were two other Ouroboros Serpents inside the body of the Calamity God that were actively draining it of its energy stores in stupendous amounts, they would have fled in fear a long time ago.

There was an unwritten rule; it was forbidden to awaken a young Calamity God. The last time it happened, it took the descent of several High Tier Ascendants that left their Ancient and Primordial Continents just to quell the chaos, because of something terrible that happens when a Calamity God is awakened... it does not rise alone.

Chapter 1017: Throne Of Stars

The size of an infant Calamity God may vary, but when asleep, their entire bulk would be spread for hundreds, even thousands of miles.

The Calamity God below Hope Continent was on the larger size, and it had been stirring for a while. The last time it opened its senses to the world, it was many minor Eras past, and its threshold for the amount of damages taken had long been exceeded. When the decision to awake was reached by it, from a state of deep sleep to awakening, it was instant.

The Calamity God had no eyes, yet it could see everything, it had no mouth or lungs, but its cries of awakening thundered for a million miles. The surrounding seas for countless miles turned to blood and pus. Every living creature in the sea was transformed or they perished.

The few creatures in the ocean that survived, rose to become twisted monsters, and a billion mouths opened and screamed in adulation of an awakening of a Calamity God.

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The battle between the Ascendant Explorer had reshaped the earth for thousands of miles, and this was in a higher dimensional world, where its laws and structure were far more powerful, in an ordinary universe, the power from their blows would have ended a thousand galaxies.

This sort of battle in this corner of the world was uncommon. Ascendants rarely walked among the lower continents, even Deific Explorers would not come to these places. Noah Rithmast saw a great deal, and that was the reason he came to this location, and now it had become the site of a battle that was shifting the direction of this world.

The seas for thousands of miles had dried up, exposing the bedrock at the bottom of the ocean where light had not reached for countless Eons. Through the cracks in the ground, it was possible to see the flesh of the Calamity God, and in the instant it awakened, the sky turned red and yellow, and the earth exploded, as the surrounding flowing sea turned thick like mud when they transformed into blood and pus.

Then the dimensional entities may have affected this world in a startling manner, but the Calamity God was the child of this world, and its cries evoked its entire power.

The explosion of the earth was not a simple eruption, it matched nearly all the power produced throughout the entire clash between the Ascendants and the Serpents. Billions of tonnes of lava, and other earthly minerals shot out from the ground, reaching nearly a hundred and twenty miles into the air. It was as if a volcano that measured the size of a Minor World erupted.

A few moments before the battle began as their warships surrounded the crater of the New Hope continent, none of the Ascendants had expected that there would be such great changes in the events that ensued.

From the loss of every single Explorer with them to the explosion of the Null Charges, the strange and powerful serpent entities who could process Chaotic Aura without any waste, and finally culminating in the awakening of the Calamity God, no one here had expected these series of events.

They had been skirting along the jaws of death for a while now, and only chance had kept them alive. As far as they could tell, they had not even reached the baseline for the Calamity God to even stir from its slumber, and with this awakening, they knew that whatever miracle that had kept them alive all this while was over.

The instant the earth exploded, the Left Hand of God collected all the Ascendants and its fingers clenched themselves, making a fist. This was its defensive mode, as the Warship weathered the violent undulations, heat, and pressure that came from the unreasonable explosion. Darkness and fire covered everything, despite that calamitous explosion, the loud cries of the Calamity God could be clearly heard.

Inside the Left Hand Of God, there were now seven Ascendants, the last Ascendants who were charged with taking care of all operations of one of the most important treasures of the Council of Nine, and the true leader of the expedition, calmly spoke,

"The Calamity God had awakened, and we would not be surviving what is to come. Everything that has been happening here has been forwarded to the Council. You have all done well."

The exploding earth, carrying flames and darkness suddenly paused in the air as if time had gone still, and suddenly it vanished as the eyes of the Calamity God opened.

The Left Hand of God did not last a few seconds after the Calamity God created its eye, like the earth, it was also wiped out. The Ascendant Explorers all perished in an instant.

The Calamity God was no longer in the earth, the exploding ground was the result of a creature with a body mass that could be measured in the billions of tonnes and beyond pushed away from the earth.

It rose up into the heavens and looked below, a being of countless tentacles and darkness that covered the earth for thousands of miles.

Its gaze destroyed the world, reducing everything to nothingness, and then its cries went silent and the Calamity God hovered alone in the heavens, and below it was nothing but darkness.

With the power of the World Will inside a young Calamity God, awakening it was similar to challenging the world itself, and its cries of rage were the same as the world's.

The Calamity God looked around a bit confused, although ancient, it mostly survived using its instinct, and lashing out was a way to erase whatever had caused it great hurt, and according to the memories in its blood, nothing should survive its awakening, but the earth below was not empty, and the pain it was feeling inside of itself had not ended, it was growing.

In the earth below, there was nothing, no matter, not even space remained, just a void, but the void was not empty, a golden river flowed, and in its center was a purple cube.

The golden river began to vibrate and bubble, and from its mysterious chanting began to emerge. The Calamity God knew that something was not right, and it released its cries again, decimating space until the golden river began to vanish under its relentless onslaught, but its cries of rage were transformed into one of pain when a portion of its body containing thousands of tentacles exploded, and for a brief moment, inside the wound was moving form that dug its way deeper into the body of the Calamity God.

The Calamity God went insane and began digging into its body with its tentacles, finally realizing the source of its pain.

This made it ignore the pool of gold that was slowly solidifying below, and if it had looked down, it would have seen the golden pool smoothen to become something like a

mirror, and in that mirror was a man with long hair like diamonds who sat on a throne made from stars, with his eyes closed.

Behind the throne, wings of flames began to arise, and they were countless.

Chapter 1018: Are You So Foolish, Little Thieves?

The two Ouroboros Serpents inside the body of the Calamity God were luxuriating in the body of their prey. The awakening of the Calamity God led to its demise far more quickly than it should have been, due to the fact that the energy circulating inside the God went into a frenzy, and if previously the serpents were eating one part darkness to ninety-nine part flesh, now it was twenty part darkness to eighty part flesh.

The cries of the Calamity God no longer held fury, they held panic and fear for although it was plunging more tentacles into its body to fish out the deadly occupants eating it from inside out, they proved to be a slippery foe, any portion of the perpetrator's body that it touched were discarded and left behind, and with the nature of the Ouroboros Serpents, their growth and appetites never tapered, it increases with every second that passes.

With so much darkness now flooding the body of the Calamity God, the Ouroboros Serpents disregarded the flesh of the god and focused on the darkness. Multiple parts of the body of the god shriveled and exploded into decaying flesh.

The golden mirror below was free to grow as the Calamity God focused inward with maniacal intensity as its fear increased to a feverish pitch.

The visions in the golden mirror were changing subtly, the purple cube changed its state allowing it to enter into the mirror, and slowly drifted into the man on the throne of stars and settled on his opened right hand. The man who appeared to be asleep twitched, and his hand squeezed the cube tighter.

Purple veins began to grow within his hand, outlined on his skin as they moved towards his head and heart, and before long the cube vanished, its energy drained, but the man still slept, but the glow from his throne of stars brightened.

The body of the Calamity God above had shrunken, from its lofty shape that covered a thousand miles, now it appeared sickly, and barely ten miles in length, its great body of chaos and darkness was failing, and its influence over reality was breaking apart, no matter how much power that world granted it, there were limits, and if the devouring of the Serpents had remained constant it would have had the chance to survive the ordeal.

Its weak cries now no longer held fear, but sorrow, its core which resembled a black sun was torn in two by the serpents and was devoured in a single gulp, the last of its

darkness was gone, and its massive body could no longer stand in the heavens where it stood above all creation, and it fell.

From its single eye, a massive black teardrop fell and a hand appeared out of nowhere and caught the teardrop.

The hand had eight fingers that ended with sharp green claws, and it brought the tears up to a humanoid face mask with four empty eye sockets that had green flames burning within as if the mask did not cover flesh, but green fire.

"Sleep my dearest one, your cries have reached my heart and my fire has been kindled again."

The hand squeezed the teardrop until it collapsed into black smoke, "Who dares hurt my kin?"

The body of the Calamity God shuddered for a final time, and it shattered into a cloud of ashes. From within the roars, two triumphant roars emerged as two golden Ouroboros Serpents barely a mile in length emerged from within, they had down away with their flesh of stone, and this new body resembled a golden liquid than flesh, but its tenacity was a hundred times greater than the flesh of stone.

"Get over here, Worms!"

The two hands with eight fingers seized the two triumphant serpents by their neck and drew it to him. The serpents wanted to roar with fury, but the hands holding them by the neck were unshakable, and they could as well be two tiny mortal snakes held in the hands of a giant. The full figure of the being that held two Primordial Ouroboros Serpents was fully revealed. It was a relatively small figure, not even a hundred feet tall, but at the moment he grabbed the Ouroboros Serpents, although the serpents did not shrink, reality itself had been altered, and the space surrounding the arms of the figure had collapsed into itself, thereby shrinking the area the serpents occupied and ultimately making the Ouroboros Serpents appear like little snakes.

With a muscular body, cloven hoof, and green fur scattered in patches all across his body, the muscular figure with a humanoid half-skull mask that covered the top part of his face but kept the bottom open, revealing black lips with hints of sharp fangs within, he would have painted a grim figure similar to a demon, but behind it were seven large green tails like those of a fox.

He had long green hair that appeared to be filled with dirt and pieces of dead flesh congealed all through its length, as if he had just left a battlefield.

Drawing the serpents closer to his face and making the space around his hand collapse until the serpents were now as small as six-foot snakes, he grinned, showing fangs stained with old blood that reeked of foul power,

"The things you stole from my kin. That darkness that shines with such a potent glow. It is not something the likes of you deserve. Spit them out."

The serpents struggled for a while in his ever-crushing grip, helpless, a large cracking sound constantly escaping from their bodies, as all the bones in their bodies were crushed to powder repeatedly.

The creature who held the Ouroboros Serpents looked at the sky and sighed, the breath emerging from his mouth extended for a supernaturally long time as if its lungs could hold a hurricane.

It looked down at the struggling snakes in his hands and growled,

"Be quick with this act, so I can personally thank you for the grace of making this day possible. You have no idea how long I have waited for one of my kin to die, but I never wanted their darkness taken without a chance for them to speak their light to life. I am now free to wreak havoc on the guilty, but the taste that should be divine now feels like mud on my

tongue!"

The eyes of the serpents suddenly flashed with intense fury, and their heads exploded from their bodies, as they chose to tear themselves in two rather than remain trapped.

The heads of the serpents turned in midair, mouths opened and about to sink their fangs in the arm of their attacker, but quicker than what should have been possible, the two fists closed over the heads of the serpents and crushed them.

The bodies of the Ouroboros Serpents left behind began to twitch as new heads were regrowing from the stump,

"Healing is denied to everything in my gaze. Are you so foolish, little thieves that such a wisdom was denied you from birth?"

Something that Rowan would have considered nearly impossible happened, the serpents stopped healing and their golden blood turned red, the massive gash in their skull that held nothing but golden energy transformed into flesh, and the pulsing brain within shivered before going still.

The Primordial Ouroboros Serpents were dead.

Chapter 1019: Why Cling To The Darkness?

The man in the golden mirror still slept, and the figure who just crushed the two Ouroboros Serpent sat down cross-legged in midair and waited patiently.

The area where the Calamity God had vanished vibrated as a weird scream emerged from space, and it shattered. From within that space, a tiny red flame that resembled blood appeared and began to drift toward the golden mirror.

Although this flame was tiny, the presence of the Aura it carried was so dense that it defied meaning. Its passage left destruction in space and time, and it seemed to be everywhere and nowhere at the same time.

The fire was about to enter the golden mirror when the figure sitting down cross-legged made a gesture, and the flames paused, and no matter how it struggled, it was helplessly dragged towards his palm,

"How interesting, your hand also knows the touch of True Flame, how else can you tame the Chaos inside this cage? I should deprive you of this flame, but whether by treachery or thievery, you have stolen a spark of darkness, and perhaps it is fit that you should feel it touch like a newly born."

Unexpectedly, the figure released the flames and allowed them to drift into the mirror, "Take the darkness and face your judgment. I hope you shall allow your light to be engulfed by it. Many fear its touch, but only within darkness can true light be found in... Gaah!"

A hand pierced through the back of the figure and in it was a strange heart, because the heart had a face,

"Do you... talk this much?"

The man sleeping in the mirror remained, but a careful observation would show that it was a mirage, he had quietly appeared behind the figure and attacked. That man was Rowan, and outside the mirror, his flesh turned to stone, but it still held the power and flexibility of the previous Avatar bodies of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpent.

If the act of having his heart violently ripped away had any effect on the figure it did not show it, instead he looked at the golden mirror and sighed when he noticed that the mirage sitting on the throne of stars had vanished.

He turned his large head and looked at Rowan who was behind him, due to the constraints of having a flesh made from stone, Rowan was unable to shift his body to the configuration he wanted and was barely twenty feet tall, the entity who he had just taken their heart from was a hundred feet tall, only his head was nearly as large as Rowan's entire body.

The giant shrugged, the movement holding so much power it pushed Rowan backward and ejected his arm holding the large heart from his body, but Rowan as if expecting such a move, stomped the air, making the earth below explode for hundreds of miles and providing a counter force that bounced him back towards the giant, and this time went for the head.

His fingers nearly closed around the neck of the unknown entity where he would tear its head off, but a gesture from the still-seated figure held him in place, dissipating all his momentum, and trapping him in space like an insect in amber,

"Oh, how I relish the sky, I luxuriate under its light, I bathe in it. Do you not feel the same way, Eulxhu Thyak?"

Of course, Rowan could not reply since he was frozen in place, but his silence was almost like an acquiescence.

He did not know what this entity was, but he knew that perhaps it was one of the most powerful foes he had ever met. Rowan's true name was hidden by , and to all of reality, his name was Rowan Kuranos, and only those who knew him would know his other name Romion.

His true name was a secret known only to him, but this entity had effortlessly plucked it away from nowhere, and Rowan was trying not to think about the silence that two of his children had once filled.

The giant sighed, "It would seem that I expected too much from you after all. Fade into the Embers of Light in peace, perhaps I shall mourn you, but you are too far beneath my flames, and the heat it provides is enough for only one."

The giant held up his right hand and the world responded, a spear that drank all the light in creation appeared and he pointed it towards Rowan, and immediately the instinct that always guided him throughout his life told him one thing only, that this spear was death.

A part of him recognizes certain features of this weapon, from the glass blade wielded by the Third Prince to the many visions he had of the Primordials, and without a doubt, he knew that this weapon was a Primordial Weapon, not the knockoff version wielded by Third, but a true Primordial Weapon.

This weapon would disregard all his powers, his resurrection abilities, and his bloodlines and it would tear everything of Rowan to nothingness. This was the end.

The giant thrust the spear, unerringly at his forehead.

There was no fear in his heart towards his impending demise, but Rowan called for that fear, and his heart went cold. He needed every ounce of advantage he could bring to the table.

He pushed against his confines, his Spirit writhing and screaming against the invisible and invincible bonds that held him in place. The spear grew closer to his head, and Rowan's entire body developed cracks, but nothing gave.

The golden pool in the distance suddenly surged ahead and formed a shield in front of him, but the spear sliced through it with ease, the delay was barely a fraction of a moment, but in that fraction, a tenth of his Angelic hosts perished, and the number of living beings holding his bloodlines that died could not be counted, but half of them withered to nothingness.

In the space where the last four Primordial Ouroboros Serpents remained, there was nothing but silence.

Despite the fact that he was made from rocks, tears of blood still poured from his eyes and the spear ripped through the last of his defenses and entered his head, crushing the top part of his

skull.

Rowan did not die instantaneously, his eyes still bleeding blood held on to the face of the giant with maniacal resolve, and the giant cocked his head to the side in thought,

"So you have seen it, the light that shed on all things. Tell me, what is it like? My brothers tore me to pieces before I could find it, and I have remained locked here, broken, ever since."

The giant drew back his spear and finally Rowan was released of his bonds and he collapsed to his knees, the giant looked at him like a child observing an insect whose wings had been

plucked off,

"Why do you cling to this darkness too strongly, when the light beckons?"

With another flick, he buried the spear through Rowan's heart, and Rowan shuddered, the last of his vitality leaving him, but since he was free of his bonds, Rowan brought his hand forward and touched the spear, a bluish light emerged from his hand and wrapped the spear before the giant could retrieve the spear it shot into the heavens in a streak of light and

vanished.

Rowan looked up at the giant, and he grinned before whispering, "Fuck you Nemesis." Only the heels of the giant responded to him as he was crushed into dust.

Chapter 1020: Remember Who You Are

There were no thoughts in this place except his own, and that one was slow, like the movements of a mountain. It took a while for him to recognize himself, but his awareness was limited, almost like that of a baby.

Nothing else could exist here, it almost seemed impossible for such a thing to happen, there was only darkness and the solace of it. Its warm embrace kept him... content.

That was the only word he could find for it, it was a state of being where nothing mattered and he could remain like this, unchanging, silent... dead. Something told him that this was his natural state, the way things were supposed to be.

Yet his contentment never lasted for long. A nagging voice, or maybe just a simple thought, or an idea, drew him away from his contentment.

However, the nagging thought did not take long before it dissipated, and the first few times he noticed it, he had forgotten about the thought, it took a while for him to finally acknowledge that there was something disturbing his peace, but he was left alone in his contentment, and thus he was satisfied to remain in this manner.

It did not seem like such a long time would pass however and the thought would return, it always faded away, and then silence... peace...nothingness, this is how it should be, nothing should be here but silence and peace...

I have earned this rest...

No, you have earned nothing! Your life is not yours alone!!!

'What was that?'

A troubling thought had flashed through his mind like lightning, but with the speed of his thought process, it was impossible to know what it was. The only thing that he could recollect properly was the intrusive thought that returned every now and then, and it did not fail. It returned and it left, leaving contentment, silence, peace...

The thought returned... the thought returned... the thought returned...

Stand up, weakling!!! How much more of this can I bear... You disgust me! Say your True Name and Rise!

At first, he was content in waiting for the thought to pass away, it always did, and although its return was always irritating, it ultimately did not linger for long. However, it did not take long for him to discover that it was not his imagination, but an underlying

fact that every time the thought went away, it returned louder. The sanctity inside his darkness was broken.

Remember... Remember damn you. How can it be so easy to give up your duty? No matter how much it hurts, have you forgotten all who have sacrificed and have been sacrificed... by your hand, for you to be here?

He could no longer ignore it, even inside the haze of contentment that the darkness brought him, he could not help but anticipate the thought that would inevitably return, and return much louder than before.

We do not surrender, not unless it is on our terms!

This inevitably corrupted his peace and contentment, for he could no longer rest, he could no longer leave the pain.

Pain? Where did such a thought emerge from, it seemed alien, what was pain? As a matter of fact, what really was peace or contentment? And why have I been ignoring this intrusive thought for so long knowing it would never leave but come again and again?

'I will not run anymore, this thought that does nothing but linger, let me see it. I want peace, no more pain, no more blood and bodies, no more... no more... these things I don't want, what are they? Even though I don't know what they are, I am tired of running away from this thought.'

He no longer rested, the contentment returned but he turned away from it, there had to be something more than this, this endless cycle of peace and unrest. The thought came again, and he did not run from it, he accepted it and became confused, and the thought was only a word.

'What did Wish mean?'

The thought lingered. His Wish... waited, but he could not understand what it was, and so it went away like it always did, and silence returned, but he knew it would not last.

I fall deeper into darkness, but my hands are too weak to hold on to this thread of hope. How could I ever have been this weak?!

What was a Wish, and why would it come to him, again and again?

He pondered, his thoughts slower than the breathing of stone held onto this concept with a tenacity that was inestimable and inexhaustible, he wanted to know what this Wish was, and he waited, and the thought came again, and this time he reacted instead of observing,

"What are you?" he waited, but nothing happened and the thought vanished once more, but his action triggered something and a dim sort of understanding entered his heart, and he held on to this instinct, he was on the right path, he only needed to dig forward, but this instinct brought pain and sorrow that he flinched and let go of it.

Yes... finally, after all this time, you hold onto the thread, don't you dare leave it behind again, I am tired of drawing you back, again and again. I want to live! Father, I want to live! You can not leave me alone... Please.

The thought came again, and he did not pursue it, he let the Wish linger and vanish.

He did not know why pain and sorrow hurt, but they did, and he wanted none of it. Even if the only thing he had was a brief moment of contentment in this darkness, it was enough, why should he go for the pain, when he finally had solace?

He hid away from the Wish, and it came again and again, and again, but the shell he had over his solace had been built to withstand whatever fury it threw at him, and in the darkness he dwelled, hiding away from the pain, from the sorrow, from the... Wish.

You are strong... We are strong... Do not hide from who you are!

He did not know how long he hid inside the darkness, the concept of time was also a new thing that had grown as he ignored the Wish, and whatever it may signify, he only knew that it brought nothing but pain and sorrow to him.

But the Wish was no longer an intrusive thought, it was now screams, and no matter how much he wished to hide from the screams, he could not, and although he did not want it, a part of him rebelled.

Have you forgotten who you are, Father? If you see what you have become, you will weep in shame. You cannot be content in this darkness, because it has not earned you.

A growing discontent in his heart arose that was appalled by the thought that he would remain in this darkness for all of eternity, and although he tried to fight it, but this part of him resisted with frightening intensity, whoever he was before, it was not someone who was willing to allow himself fall without fighting.

Yes father... Arise! Death would have you, if it deserves you! These thoughts seemed to have a Will of their own and they seized the screaming Wish, and Rowan awoke choking and screaming.

Chapter 1021: Circle Of Life

Rowan could not recall the last time he had felt this weak, not even when he was transmigrated into the body of a child back in Trion. He hated this weakness, but it was something he was accustomed to once more. This world had done more than enough to showcase his weakness to him, time and time again.

'Now, where am I?'

He felt as if his entire body was squeezed into a cold and decaying sack that was filled with fluids that contained maggots and other vermin that crept and crawled.

He choked as it filled his mouth and nostrils, but his supernatural willpower held back his disgust, he had touched worse and felt worse, but this body he was in was now clearly mortal, and if he did not escape the cage that held him, he would drown in what felt like shit.

He had died in various unexpected ways since he entered Doom Star, but drowning in shit was not one he wanted added to his record. Rowan clawed his way through it, his new body seemed incredibly fragile and weak with an incredibly limited range of motion, but his eyes were closed and he could not see his body or surroundings.

Whatever he was pushing through must either be soft, or must decayed extensively judging by the smell he was perceiving, or he underestimated his strength for he pushed his way through it in a short while, and he gasped as air entered his lungs, and this triggered the urge for him to vomit.

Instincts born from many years of battle and enduring dangers silenced the further sounds that wanted to escape his throat, as his stomach and lungs filled with foul fluid strained to disgorge their content, but he kept still and analyzed his surroundings, starting with his body. 'Fuck!'

The reason he was so weak was simple, Rowan was a fetus. A fetus who just crawled out of the womb of a dead mother. From his size, he should not have come to term.

Rowan shrugged and opened his mouth, allowing the sludge to run out of it while pressing on his large stomach with his chubby arms. He could not make any loud noises, so he had to be patient, he needed to breathe, but any loud noise would draw the monster above him.

He did not need to look up to feel the pressure as it moved above. At first, he thought it was a single monster, but as his senses adjusted itself, he was now hearing others not far away. Rowan massaged his stomach, pushing out the last of the foul liquid he had swallowed, while he began pulling details of his surroundings. His now-dead mother had the top half of her body crushed, a bit lower and her stomach would have been crushed as well, and she had been laid on a pile of bodies that should number in the thousands.

He wished he could have seen her face, his rebirth was due to her influence after all.

It was unknown how long she had lain here, but she was already decaying, when Rowan touched the stomach he had crawled out from, it surprisingly still held a bit of warmth.

Was it possible that even in death, this woman had kept a spark of life inside her body to nurture her unborn child?

Rowan notices the bodies of those around him, and his own, and catalogs the alien nature of his current body and theirs. Although humanoid His skin was light green with various exotic tattoos stretched across it that he could not fully analyze because of his limited range of motion, and the other bodies around his own were black and he could not pick out any more details from their skin, but that was due to them being decayed.

He noticed that the bodies that had decayed extensively had signs of being devoured. It was a grim sight, for the bodies appeared to have been chewed and every moisture sucked out of them before they were discarded.

They were like dry balls of bones and brown withered muscles. Each ball must hold at least fifty dried bodies, and he could not count the number of balls in his vision, they must clearly stretch far.

Looking around him, he noticed that with the state of his now-dead host and those around, this mound of flesh would soon be next to be devoured and spat out.

'I seemed to have overstayed my welcome. I think it's time to leave.'

Slowly pushing himself out of the dead body, Rowan nearly stumbled when his birth cord wrapped around his legs.

His fragile body lacked fingernails or teeth, but the strength in his muscle was enough to pull hard enough to tear off the endings of his birth cord from the body of his host, her decaying body was the first to give and holding three feet of his placenta, Rowan slowly tied it around his waist and began to slowly crawl away from the mound.

This action was uncoordinated for the first few seconds, but he rapidly got the hang of it. All this while, the sounds above had been increasing in intensity, as waves of air that carried a dense smell of decay nearly blew his tiny body away, but the strength in his body was slowly increasing, and Rowan knew that this strength would make no difference if he could not find a place to shelter before he was noticed.

Among the mounds of the dead, he was the only moving thing, and although he was small, to the senses of the supernatural, he could be easily found.

This made his next series of decisions easy for him, and instead of crawling across the mounds of the dead, he began to dig himself into the bodies. Slowly shifting bodies to the side, and allowing his all frame to glide in between their decaying flesh.

All this seemed so familiar to him, but at that time in the past, he was digging his way out, but this time, he was digging his way in.

'circle of life, hahaha...'

He had barely made it more than eight feet into the pile of the dead when he froze, the sound above had quietened, and he barely had the time to curl around his limbs when he felt an ungodly pressure surrounding him and his body and those around were compressed and a sense of movement reached him through the pressure and he knew that he had just been carried from the ground alongside other dead bodies.

He should be inside the mouth of the beast, and that means... it may soon begin to chew.

Not caring if his movement may trigger the beast, Rowan began to claw his way out through the press of bodies, but it was too difficult, his growing power was not enough to push against the pressure and no matter how much he struggled, he could hardly move his body more than an inch.

'Not again!'

The pressure increased and perhaps more due to the fact of his tiny body than luck, he was sheltered between a dense knot of bones and escaped the height of the pressure, and then what followed was a gentle bobbing motion, and a sudden halt.

'Am I in the stomach of the beast?'

Chapter 1022: Pushing Through The Darkness

With his senses trapped inside this mortal flesh, Rowan could not truly ascertain what was happening outside, but he was not focused on knowing what was happening outside, for he finally had time to breathe without the fear of being crushed in the next second.

Although he was in the stomach of a beast, this was the least danger he was in since he had awakened. He was not out of the woods yet, death was at his doorstep, and what held it back was a flimsy door with a broken lock, only a slight breeze would crush the door.

Rowan closed his eyes and tried to shut out the world. He tried not to think about the fact that he had another chance at life.

He should not be alive. The weapon that killed him was a Primordial weapon, and although Rowan suspected that the unique nature of his soul might have kept a part of

him alive, the only reason he could imagine for his survival was that his killer could not control this weapon effectively.

That mad creature had somehow gotten his hands on a Primordial Weapon, but it had used one of the most powerful weapons in existence as a glorified spear; he had not even activated any of its powers.

Perhaps he might have thought that Rowan was not deserving of such considerations, or like he suspected, that creature was the Will of the World, but its consciousness had been fractured into many pieces, and if at its full power, he was equal to an eighth-dimensional entity, he would be able to squash old man seed like a bug.

Although Rowan understood this clearly, a part of him was still annoyed that he was killed with such a method.

It was like using a nuclear missile as a hammer in order to kill an ant. The ant would be crushed to pieces, true, but the effect was drastically different than exploding the nuke directly on the ant.

With a primordial weapon, he should have been able to direct every single bit of force, heat, and radiation on that single ant, and no matter how powerful the ant was, there would be nothing left of it, but the action of this mad Will had left traces of Rowan in reality, and that was enough to bring him back from death.

'It was not enough... Something.... Someone called me back.... Which of my children survived my doom?'

He could not find answers anywhere but inside himself.

Accessing his consciousness was far more difficult than Rowan anticipated, previously with his tremendous consciousness it was as if his entire body was made from the stuff of thought. His dimensional flesh had seamlessly blended all his powers and bloodline, and he was as much flesh as consciousness.

This not only made accessing his Mental Space effortless, but it also granted him a tenacity of spirit that made his willpower unbreakable. Without such willpower, there was no way the fragments of his consciousness left in reality would have been able to reawaken. It would have just drifted for eternity, alone, until the end of time.

In this mortal body, he had less consciousness power than what was available to him when he entered Doom Star. Barely stronger than an adult mortal.

However, this did nothing to deter him from pushing into the darkness of his mind to find his Mental Space. His consciousness might be weak, but its quality after all the repeated tempering was extremely dense.

Rowan's frail mortal body although squeezed in an uncomfortable position was still growing stronger, it was as if every breath he took filled him with vitality, but he did not know if this effect was due to the constitution of this body or if it was the effect his consciousness had on the body after possessing it.

However, this process was incredibly slow, it was enough to maintain the fragile flame of life inside him, but it could not give him the strength he needed at this time.

Around him, there was a hissing sound as if he had been dropped inside a vat of hot oil. The digestion process of the beast must have begun, and his time was running out.

Shoving that thought away from his mind, he sank deeper into himself. First, he isolated all the surface layers of this body.

The tiny lungs that calmly drew in the last few air that was left inside this ball of corpses, the frail heart that struggled to beat, the two cracked ribs, three dislocated fingers on the right hand and a bent thumb on the left, the eyes that were filled with yellow pus and dozens of tiny worm-like parasites swimming in them, and dozens of other maladies, from diseases, parasites, and bodily trauma that would kill a healthy adult...

Rowan acknowledged all of these parts of the body and pushed them aside, going deeper into himself yet still holding all this surface layer of his body in a part of his consciousness.

It was difficult, but one thing that was not denied him despite his frail consciousness was the tenacity born from challenging the impossible, over and over again. This task was not impossible, just difficult, and like every difficulty he had faced in the past, it would not break him. Nothing can.

In his frail perception that had gone deeper into his consciousness, everything went dark, and he did not stop, he pushed into the darkness, he was accessing the unconscious thought of this body, it was empty, as an infant, there was nothing inside here, no experience built up. This child had been destined to perish but was brought back to life by his consciousness, a blank book.

This made it easier for Rowan to punch into the darkness, with his weak consciousness and the limited time he had to work with, if this child had been even a few months old, it would not have been this easy.

With an audible snap that made blood run down his nose, eyes, and ears, he broke through the darkness. A portion of his brain was damaged, but nothing that he needed critically, a sense of taste and the ability to feel a portion of his toes were parts of his body that he could do without for the moment.

Beyond the darkness, Rowan saw light. Tiny pinpricks of it were zooming past at ridiculous speeds, but inside this place, speed and distance had no meaning, and he

could easily trace the paths of the light, although they seemed chaotic, there was an overall pattern here that revealed the order within the chaos.

This was a Nascent Mental Space, all sentient and sapient beings in creation had one, but usually, they needed to walk on a Path of power to be able to access them. With his experience attaining the Supreme Circles, Rowan was able to reach this place using his frail

consciousness alone.

Rowan sighed, reaching this place was just the first step, this Mental Space was unformed, and without cultivating a path of power it would have otherwise been impossible to actualize this place, but Rowan did not need to take that route when he could just mold this mental space with his consciousness.

The only problem was that with his weak consciousness, this would take him at least a year, but he did not have an hour before he was killed inside the stomach of this beast, and instinctively he knew that if he died this time, it would be his last.

Chapter 1023: First True Step

Rowan opened his eyes, and he saw the flesh around him was beginning to turn gray. He did not have one hour, he barely had one minute. Yet he had to survive a year before he could access the mental space of this body and with it, connect to the remnants of his own.

The portion of him that was alive at this time was a fragment of his overall being, and without access to his mental space, Rowan was nothing but a mortal with a dense consciousness. In any other situation, this would be annoying but workable, but not here where he was at death's door.

The words Old Man Seed spoke to him a while back returned,

"I ask only this of you. You don't stop moving forward, there is a weight to power that few in creation can bear, and nothing is heavier than the powers of the Prime.... Nothing! You shall be tested beyond what you think possible, your mind and body taken to the limits and beyond that limit, only for you to discover that beyond your limits was just the starting point of this road."

"You shall break, again and again, painfully and in ways you cannot comprehend Romion, no number of words can show you just how much you shall hurt, and I expect you to pick up the pieces of yourself and rebuild it stronger than before while knowing that the torture would never end..."

And then he had whispered,

"...and when the pain gets too much when the weight becomes something that your mighty back cannot endure for a single moment more, I shall ask you to add more load to it. I have asked you this before and I will ask you once more. Can you do that Romion, can you take the load that no one else in creation can carry?"

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'Can I take this load? What a dumb question... hahaha. Who am I without the load I carry?' Rowan grinned, his mouth opened in a toothless facsimile of a smile, and he began to laugh aloud, but in this place where there was hardly any air, the sound was like a wheeze.

"Watch me..."

An infant, and one that had not even reached the appropriate time to be born had no reason to be able to speak, but he did, and the sound was frightening.

This world had spent enough time knocking him down, and Rowan did not doubt that there were more tribulations ahead, but he had endured enough, it was time to take the battle to it. His disadvantage had always been a lack of information, but he had experienced enough to pick up traces of the overall state of this new reality, and since Rowan now had a foothold in this world, he would no longer be denied his prize.

At first, Rowan had been content to harvest what he needed from this place and leave. This was no longer the case. This world had drunk his life twice, it had brought him to the brink of death and beyond, Rowan was no longer satisfied with a minor harvest, he was coming for it all.

His deep introspection to find his Mental Space was also the chance for him to truly understand this body, and for Rowan, knowledge was power.

His consciousness was weak, but the body of this infant was weaker, and getting feebler by the seconds. The dozen parasites in his eyes had laid their eggs, and the multitude inside his flesh was propagating. In a while, even the constant stream of vitality entering the flesh of the infant would fail before this onslaught.

Rowan's consciousness retaliated. These parasites in his body were vicious, able to infect, propagate, and consume their host, but ultimately they were mindless, their tactics guided by instincts alone.

It was a simple thing for Rowan to transform a small portion of his cells and allow them to be consumed by the parasites. These cells after being consumed took over the genome of the parasites in his body and rewrote it to fit his needs.

These new parasites were a thousand times more dangerous than what they previously were and they turned around and attacked the unaffected parasites, spreading his manufactured genome into their bodies, in a short while his body heated up and cooled rapidly before heating up again as his insides were transformed to a battlefield.

The body of the infant began to twitch and then convulse, from every pore in his body, even from the umbilical cord tied around his waist, tens of thousands of tiny red worms emerged.

Although the parasites in his body were diverse, these new ones all belonged to him after they had killed and transformed every invader in his body. The last of the worms slid out of his eyes and Rowan opened them.

Directing a portion of the parasites to the bodies around him, they began to infect and consume the few active cells and parasites within them, and instead of creating more copies of themselves, they began to create air from the things they consumed.

These parasites were linked to the cord around his waist, and Rowan stopped his act of trying to breathe with his lungs as his blood was now being oxygenated.

The rest were focused on consuming and replicating, and in a short while the tens of thousands of worms had reached a hundred thousand and their number kept exploding.

Free from fighting these invaders, Rowan set his broken bones, waiting for the stream of vitality to heal his injuries, idly noticing that the process was getting stronger.

Something was happening that was leading to this growth in vitality, but without access to his mental space and a weak consciousness, he could not tell what was happening. Not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, Rowan finally stood on his feet after thirty minutes.

He tested his balance. A child was not meant for walking, even the act of standing was already putting an excessive amount of pressure on his spine and crushing his internal organs, as they had not developed the right amount of musculature and internal systems to handle the weight of their organs.

Rowan called back eighty percent of the parasites, and like an army of red, they flooded towards him and entered his opened mouth, and then they began to dissolve, transforming into nutrients and other essential building blocks necessary for the growth of life. Channeling all of this to specific parts of his body, he began to grow his body, from that of an undeveloped fetus to something stronger. He did not change anything about the body's genome, the growth was following a natural path, albeit one that was greatly accelerated. The strain on the body of the child was minimal, Rowan's understanding of life, especially that of a mortal, had reached perfection, and before long, the fetus was bigger, now closer to the body of a one-year-old.

Rowan stopped growing the body at this stage, to survive inside here, he would have to keep the body small. This would ensure his limited energy stores could be used more effectively, and his future plans required a small body.

With green skin that was glowing with health, and a small mop of red hair escaping from his scalp, Rowan stamped his feet, and this time they were steady.

"Now, I have taken my first true step in this world."

Chapter 1024: Growing Luck

The stamping of Rowan's foot shattered the ball of flesh that had been drained from outside and within. Outside by the least, and within by him.

Rowan hung in the air for a single second, he had noticed that the gravity inside the stomach of the beast was weaker than what was available outside.

Before his feet touched the surface of the stomach of the beast, in that brief moment when he was in the air his eyesight perused the overall state of the stomach.

Unlike the stomach of a mortal creature that usually contained some sort of fluid, and was constantly in motion, the stomach of this creature was bone dry and looked like a cave with hundreds of glowing crystals scattered around, and it was cold, enough that Rowan had to begin diverting a lot of resources to keep his organs functional.

From the size of the stomach which resembled a fairly large cave, he could estimate that this creature must be around a hundred to three hundred feet in height. However, it was difficult to judge the exact size of supernatural beasts using their internal organs due to various reasons, from fewer or more organs in the body to more exotic reasons like spatial expansion. Before Rowan's feet could touch the insides of the stomach, thousands of tiny worms emerged from the pores of his small feet and wrapped around his feet encasing them in a mesh of wriggling flesh. Rowan was surprised at what happened next when he immediately detected hundreds of worms began to swell up before violently exploding.

What had happened was unexpected, every parasite was linked with him, but when outside his body, as a security feature they could not transmit whatever energies entered their bodies back to him, but he could understand everything that occurred inside their bodies.

The moment the parasites had touched the walls of the stomach, they had been filled with so much vitality, that they had simply exploded.

He squeezed his eyes in thought for a moment before he understood what was happening and he nearly smiled. Even if the Will of this world was moving against him in earnest, his luck was beginning to turn the table.

This beast was a carrion, it did not feed off of life, but from death. In fact, he suspected that life was poisonous to this beast, and the dried ball of flesh he had seen outside was filled with expelled vitality from the stomach of the beast. Was this why he was being fed with vitality? No, Rowan quickly decided, the clear stream of vitality entering his body from a mysterious place was far more dense and pure than what was available inside the body of the beast.

"How very interesting, I never expected to come across such a creature like this."

Rowan's plan before was that he would leave the stomach of the beast and crawl towards its spine or the area closest to its brain, and from there he would find ways of killing it quickly or if not, slowly and in a manner that the beast would not easily detect his presence, but this surprising ability it had demonstrated had given him a new idea on how to proceed forward.

Why should he kill something that had what he wanted? This beast fed off death and produced life as its waste, without a stronger consciousness to investigate how this process was occurring, Rowan could only act using intuition and his understanding of mystical energy manipulation.

He might not be able to understand the process but he could easily hijack it to serve his purposes.

Rowan marshaled half of the parasitic worms inside his body and he pushed them out from himself with tremendous force. From his tiny body of around thirty-five inches, a red wave of parasite that should have been nearly ten times his body weight shot out from him and splattered against all the surfaces of the stomach.

He was able to contain this amount of parasites by compressing them onto every single cell in his body, this made him extraordinarily dense, acting as a natural inner armor. When he needed the parasites he could eject them from his body in the blink of an eye.

These parasitic worms flooded the entire stomach of the beast, and before long they all gruesomely exploded, Rowan turned his head to a portion of the cave where the parasites had perished the most quickly, this was his target.

Creating a spring using the parasites wrapped around his feet he was launched towards that corner of the stomach, and in mid-air Rowan wrapped parasitic worms around his umbilical cord, making it stretch forward like a whip and pierce into the wall of the stomach before retracting, pulling him directly towards his target.

This part of the stomach he discovered led to the throat, and there was a large cluster of corpses that had been drained of every fluid and death energy they contained; they were bleached and pale but contained an enormous source of vitality.

Rowan turned around and sat on the pile of dried corpses, he relaxed as if he sat on a throne, and groaned softly as dense waves of vitality flooded into his body, and he closed his eyes and began to channel the surge of vitality into his blood.

He did not allow this vitality to run unrestricted inside his body, if he did this body would begin to grow unchecked, he was not concerned about cancerous growth, but upgrading this mortal flesh in an overall manner was not yet his priority, it was the brain and the nervous system that was important.

Rowan wanted to access his mental space quickly, to do that he would need a stronger consciousness, and to attain a stronger consciousness he needed a stronger body to house that consciousness. That was the long-term goal, to quickly access his mental space in less than a year, he needed more mental prowess.

Channeling the dense wave of life, he melted all the parasites in his body except a few that he kept near the wrists, forehead, and knees, those were for his offense, defense, and movement, the melted parasites became the framework he used in supporting the expected growth he was planning.

Rowan would not change the outer portion of this body, even his internal organs would largely remain the same, but that would only be on the surface, within would be something else entirely. The body of the child would be his shell and within he would be growing the true framework of his power.

Concentrating on the spine of the baby, he hollowed it out, making sure the outer portion of it had enough ligaments and cartilage to support the locomotion of his spine, and with that out of the way he began to build. In every inch of his spine, he began to create small seeds.

He had to pause this operation now and then because he consumed the entire vitality inside the belly of the beast and had to wait for it to generate more, and the beast promptly did so by swallowing another batch of corpses.

Weeks passed in this manner as he continued creating the seeds in his spine, and when he had created a hundred of them he rested for a few hours. Creating these seeds had not been easy at all because of what they represented-All these seeds were the Nascent states for new brains. What Rowan had been doing for the last few weeks was creating a hundred brains inside the body of this infant.

The spark of consciousness that ran through his body like lightning as a hundred brains ignited in his spine was a spectacular sight.

Each brain was smaller than a mustard seed and was shaped like a triangle, they were crystalline and had no outward resemblance to a brain, but they were all functional organs, although not one that should ever appear inside the body of a mortal.

Rowan arched his back as his consciousness linked to the brains in an ever-increasing cascade and his consciousness although did not grow now had more infrastructure to work with. His consciousness had been like a powerful supercomputer that was stuck into an analog calculator, he needed an upgrade of his hardware to ensure a smoother operation of his -consciousness power.

Rowan had spent almost two years building this new neural architecture, a far cry from the single year he would have taken to access his mental space, but he deemed that such an action was worth it because it would be more beneficial to him in the present and future.

He had lost a year building up this neural network but he had gained far more. With his mind free of exerting greater control of himself and the reality around him, Rowan had easily noticed that the stomach of the beast had begun to grow increasingly larger, as it was able to devour more death energy due to Rowan consuming all the vitality its body produces.

Rowan had unexpectedly created a symbiotic relationship with this beast, and it had benefitted greatly. This became apparent when in recent months, the bodies entering the stomach of the beast were now different.

Before they were all humanoid, but now most bodies this beast was consuming were insectlike, having multiple limbs, chitin, and other unmentionable appendages. Rowan's perception spread outside the stomach of the beast for the first time.

Chapter 1025: The Shiik

The beast had grown, and its taste was no longer limited to waiting for the dead to decay, with Rowan's unceasing draining of the vitality it exuded, the appetite of the creature exploded. No longer a carrion it became a hunter. To sustain its size which was increasing daily, it needed nourishment.

With its great size which was currently three times bigger than the rest, the beast claimed all the corpses in the area for itself, and for a while, it reigned over this area, but its appetite never diminished but continued growing, and soon its existence could no longer be tolerated by the others.

One by one the others began to attack the ravenous beast, but its size had granted it great strength and it easily overcame the opposition and devoured them, not even

waiting for them to decay, because it knew it was now somehow capable of eating all the death energy without being poisoned by life.

It was even beginning to develop an appetite for hunting and killing instead of waiting and now it attacked any other beast closer to itself.

However, everything has a breaking point. Inside this place, resources were getting limited, and the beast not only took over all the available corpses but was also killing the others, this situation could not go on for much longer.

On this day they all began to attack, and coincidentally, this was the moment when Rowan's enhanced consciousness was completed and released.

The world slowed down in his perception and he finally observed the place he had been resurrected.

Similar to the New Hope Continent after he descended into this world, this place was a massive crater that extended for miles into the earth, and the light of the sun could not reach it, leaving it in a perpetual state of darkness.

From above, there were corpses falling from the sky constantly, mostly humanoid and all sporting various gruesome injuries, making it clear that this place was a garbage dump made for the disposal of bodies.

He finally had a clear look at these creatures at the bottom of this crater, and they resembled large spiders that had been crossbred with a crab and a crocodile, black chitinous armor-like scales covered the top half of their body while below were filled with a brown saggy skin that scraped the ground as they skittered through the blighted landscape with more than thirty thin limbs that ended at a razor-sharp point.

The head and thorax of these creatures were nightmare fuel, for they had faces of people, but these faces were now diseased and rotting, with bones thick with diseases and rot showing through. From their gaping mouths that stretched open to their ears they released mournful howls as if they were in constant pain.

Each of them was as large as an elephant, and they carried their bulk very easily, gliding across the landscape like ghosts.

Because he had been inside the stomach of one, he knew that these creatures were mostly made of nothing else but this large organ that processed all the death energy they needed to survive.

There were thousands of them inside this crater, and although the beast he now inhabited had killed nearly a hundred of them over the last year, it had never been more than three at a time, it might be impossible for it to survive the onslaught that was coming.

The beast he inhabited had now become a monster, nearly four times larger than its counterparts, and its armor was thicker and now had streaks of red running through it. The armor that covered only the top of the body of this creature was slowly growing to cover the entirety of its body, giving it the appearance of a tank.

However what was amazing was its head and face, unlike the others, it was no longer decaying but it was whole and appeared lifelike. Currently, the face was that of a sleeping woman, with growing red hair. It stood over a pile of corpses and raised several of its front limbs upward, these ones were not only pointed but were thickened, made for slashing as well as thrusting attacks.

Seemingly not caring about the horde bearing down upon it, the monster only widened its stance and silently waited. Unlike the entirety of the army nearing down upon it, this monster no longer made a sound. It appeared to be asleep.

The first carrion beast to reach it howling like a bat out of hell was sliced completely in two, same with the three others behind it, the motion of the beast was so fast it was almost a blur. Its size does nothing to slow its speed.

Greenish-black blood spewed out from the bisected bodies and the beast used its other limbs to push them aside and receive the attacks of those behind, its limbs rising and falling like multiple reaper scythes.

In a short while the beast was covered with shrieking bodies, but it silently continued its slaughter.

With his consciousness now free to wander to an extent, another of its functions activated and he instantly understood the name of these creatures. They were called Shiik. When Rowan killed anything with a soul, except for Immortals with dense soul power that could form Soul mountain in his primordial seas and he could not read their memories instantly, mortals were a separate case, their souls were completely digested by him in an instant, granting him access to all their memories and knowledge that had acquired in their lives.

With the pathetic state of his consciousness, Rowan could not access all his memories, and only with the growth of his body was he able to finally access parts of the knowledge he must have gained after killing all the mortal beings on New Hope and beyond.

Although his consciousness was still weak, he was able to access part of the collective pool of knowledge instinctively, and while he had been referring to these creatures as beasts all this time, he was wrong, they were worse than beasts, they were Calamities.

From the limited knowledge he could gain from mortals, he knew that the great enemies in this world were referred to as Calamities, these creatures had been around from time immemorial and they had plagued this reality for that long, destroying countless lives till

this moment it was generally accepted that the Calamities were winning this endless war.

From the memories of mortals he knew there were many levels of power in this world, but he only knew of three presently, the Mortal level, the Enlightened Level, and finally the Heroic level.

The mortals had their champions, titled Explorers, these were the lucky few who were able to access the power of this world which was surprisingly Aura and with it, they could walk upon the ladder of power.

The Shiik were Calamities that barely reached the Enlightened level, and they were considered fodder in higher-ranked continents, but useful fodder nonetheless, due to their unique ability, which was not the consumption of death, basically, All calamities were capable of this feat, no it was the fact that they could generate vitality out of death.

This crater was not a stronghold of the Calamities, instead, it was the opposite and was a resource site preserved by the Explorers, in this place they harvested the vitality-infused corpses that the Shiik discarded.

Chapter 1026: Silent Battle

The massive Shiik beast butchering its lessers had finally been overwhelmed, it was inevitable that this would occur. Although it was strong and fast, able to kill its opponents with a single swing or thrust of its powerful limbs, the bodies around it were beginning to pile up and the space for it to maneuver was reducing.

The Shiik should have been able to last longer but it stubbornly refused to move from its position. Although powerful, its growing instincts as a hunter at the top of the food chain were dominating its thought processes and the ground it had claimed would never leave its grasp.

Plus Rowan suspected that its state was peculiar, the fact that it was quiet was suspicious, and if he was not wrong this beast was about to evolve from an Enlightened Calamity to a Heroic Calamity. From the memories Rowan had access to, he knew that this should be impossible.

The Shiik was a valuable Calamity, but the trait of creating life was anathema to their bodies, and they never survived past the Heroic Rank. The process of harvesting the vitality from the waste of the Shiik was convoluted and difficult, but Rowan could effortlessly consume every drop of vitality created by the beast, and give it the opportunity to reach higher levels not deemed previously possible.

Its attackers thrust their razor-sharp limbs at it, but its armor was many times tougher than normal, and the limbs of the attackers could only leave tiny scratches on its armor.

The giant Shiik was not even pushed back by their assaults and it retaliated fiercely, Its limbs which had no more space to slash, turned to spears and it tirelessly tore its enemies to pieces.

From the growing mounds of bodies around it, a river of greenish-black blood began to flow, and after a while the sounds from the attacking Shiiks also stopped, perhaps it was the silence of the giant Shiik that influenced them or the hundreds of their brethren that had perished, or the instincts hidden in the blood of Calamities, but the only sounds now emerging from this battle was one of flesh tearing, bones and armor breaking and blood flowing.

The silence enhanced the grimness of this battle and the madness of those participating in it.

The aggressors had begun to climb a wall of bodies and they could now assault the giant Shiik, and since the giant Shiik could not easily push through the mounds of bodies enclosing it, it only had two limbs to defend itself, but it was not enough, and it was covered by dozens of Shiik Calamities, and soon that number ballooned to the hundreds.

The giant Shiik remained silent as its armor began to creak as cracks were slowly emerging across the joints in the armor, it struggled to arise and continued its slaughter but the weight over it was pressing it down to the earth and crushing it.

The attackers may not be able to piece its armor, but they could crush it, even if they had to sacrifice the many hundreds that would be crushed alongside it as the weight of more bodies kept adding to the pile.

Rowan sighed and prepared for the eventual destruction of his host, he did not want to take any actions that would reveal himself to the Will of this world, although it might seem that certain criteria would have to be met to summon the being that killed him, it did not mean that his presence would not be detected once more if he was too overt.

He already had the tools he needed to access his mental space, and the death of this creature was not his problem. Closing his eyes, Rowan waited out his last few moments of peace as he had been creating a pathway to reach his mental space all this while, and unlike the last time he tried to access his mental space, with a hundred more powerful brains he reached this space effortlessly.

Despite the fact that he had not been accessing his mental space in the last two years, his presence had been unconsciously shaping it and it would not take much for him to complete the process.

If his weak mortal brain could finish the task of forming his mental space in a year, then a hundred more powerful brains did that task in a single instant, and the flashes of light that had been shooting about chaotically resolved themselves into a large blue sphere.

It was a marvelous sight as millions of shooting lights that did not stop their motion were able to curve in a manner that aligned all their direction to create this sphere that was brimming with power.

Rowan's mind seized the mental space and entered it. There should have been a safety feature by the World Will to test anyone who would have wanted to access their mental space, but Rowan had developed this mental space without using any resources from the world itself, so none of its influence could reach it, giving him unrestricted access to this place. Inside the mental space of this body was a barren landscape, barely larger than a full hundred feet in circumference, and possessed to shred of power. Just the presence of his weak consciousness inside of it was causing a large part of it to collapse, and Rowan had to assign consciousness nodes in the task to soothe the effects of his presence on this place.

He would not be staying here for long, he only required this place in order to summon the rest of himself that had been shattered all across the world.

With his dimensional flesh, Rowan's consciousness was the same as his flesh, so bringing back his shattered consciousness was the same as gaining back his body. With that, he has the greater portion of his strength restored and has access to all his abilities once more.

What was required of him was to begin the summoning of himself.

This process could be very problematic if he did not have the right tool for this job, and that tool was his True Name. At the moment he was about to begin his summoning, his intuition warned him of danger. It was formless and ethereal, and Rowan had to pause for a moment to access his surroundings properly for him to understand the root of this problem.

He groaned in annoyance with the realization that the mental space of this child was still too weak to handle the summoning of his true name, and despite the fact he did not need this body and was ready to destroy its mental space in a heartbeat, it would all be useless if before he had uttered the first syllable of his name the entire space exploded.

It would seem he would have to ride inside this body for a while longer, and if that was the case, then he needed more vitality. Rowan's consciousness emerged from the mental space, expecting to find a dead giant Shiik beast, but unexpectedly the Calamity was still holding on, and it was performing a surprising action even though it was about to be crushed to pieces.

It was eating.

Chapter 1027: Reforging Armor

The end inevitably arrived for the Calamity that fought against all of its kin alone.

The giant Shiik beast was at the edge of death. A dozen of its limbs had already been crushed, while the others were misshapen. It would not be long before it flattened to a paste, but it did not give up, instead, it began to activate a trait that it did not understand but which mysteriously appeared inside it a few months back-it began to feed.

The instinct to feed had become ingrained inside it after two years of growth and unchecked hunger, and at the end of its rope, it turned to this new instinct.

There was no problem with acquiring prey at this time, and it was being drowned by bodies, it only needed to open its mouth, and blood, bones, and flesh would fill it up. The struggle only arrived when it wanted to open its mouth, but the overwhelming pressure had solved that problem for the giant Shiik, because its face had been squashed flat, crushing its jaws and opening unrestricted access to its throat and therefore stomach.

Its stomach was nearly full but without the intervention of Rowan, its digestion which was previously insane had slowed down to a crawl. No matter the amount of death energies it could acquire from the bodies inside its stomach, it was useless when an almost equal amount of vitality was being produced as waste.

It would not be long before it was drowned in food and then it would be momentarily crushed into nothingness.

The Shiiks that survived this massacre, would thrive as the competition in the basin would be reduced and perhaps in the future, a Heroic Ranked Shiik would be born.

Rowan's anger at his present weakness was a bit overwhelming, and he watched in idle boredom as this silent Shiik was about to die, he had been receiving souls from the dying Calamities but without access to his true Mental Space, he could not do anything with it.

An idea occurred to him as he watched the dying Shiik and he frowned as he considered the validity of it. After a short while he understood that although difficult it would still be possible, however, he would need to understand the character of the Shiik first. It was not every creature that could handle the weight of power.

Taking his time to observe the dying giant Shiik he noticed that although it did everything by instinct, there was no denying the pride in the bones of this creature, it refused to give up even at the edge of death, and although the prospects for its survival was dim, it did not stop its relentless action.

For Rowan this was enough, he did not care for any other trait from this creature, and he would accept pride and tenacity. Pride would ensure it was not easily cowed by pressure from

higher beings and tenacity to handle the strain of becoming powerful and the dangers that would follow.

Rowan sighed and drew all the vitality being furiously produced in the stomach of the creature and in the process, the dense energy of death was given the freedom to sink into the body of the giant Shiik. The body of the Calamity grew colder than before as the energy of death flooded it, and it was possible to see faint shadows arising from the stomach before being sucked into every part of the giant Shiik.

With the influx of the energy of death, all the food it had eaten vanished. Rowan was such a clean processor of energy that the giant Shiik did not need to spit out any leftovers, leaving its stomach in a constant state of emptiness and hunger.

With the new wave of energy, the giant Shiik's body began to continue the process of its evolution. It was unknown if it was to be the first of its kind to ever ascend past the Enlightened ranks, but its birth to the Heroic level was nevertheless considered a miracle among their kind.

The wave of death energy allowed the giant Shiik's wounds to begin healing and its armor began to thicken, opening its mouth more food entered its stomach, the Shiik fought against its healing, as it wanted more food to enter its stomach.

Rowan drained the incoming flood of corpses of their vitality as soon as the digestion process began, and the Shiik ate the death energy. Their symbiosis entered a new gear and accelerated, but Rowan soon frowned when he understood that this process was still too slow for what he intended.

He was still unwilling to openly display his presence, yet he knew he had wasted too much time when he died both times, he did not know but he suspected that the time that had passed would shock him.

Rowan needed a way to deceive the Will of this world, and if he had learned anything from the last two times he had been killed then it was that the path of Calamities was the best method he could use to stay under the radar, for they were the present winner in the eternal war and the favored children of the World's Will.

However, to deceive the World Will Rowan must also be strong while still not calling attention to himself.

His memories were not what it was, but Rowan knew he had created a brand new pathway of power in this world by combining Ascendancy and Calamities, and although he was willing to explore this path, he needed a sturdier constitution to do so.

A plan was being created inside his mind, and a minor part of his concentration was focused on consuming the vitality from the giant Shiik. No longer willing to restrict his growth, Rowan began to channel the vitality into rebuilding and growing his body.

His fragile mental space meant he would need to begin walking down a path of power to strengthen it, and this power would have to follow the pathways of this world, at least on the surface, and he no longer intended to do this alone.

With time not having much meaning to him, Rowan sank into a semi-conscious state as he monitored the progress of the giant Shiik.

It was no longer at the edge of death. The weight on its body did not reduce despite its consumption of the surrounding bodies, no matter how much it could eat, there were still thousands of Shiik suppressing it to the ground, but its healing kept a steady balance between its destruction and reconstruction.

Slowly but surely this began to change and the advantage began to shift towards the giant Shiik.

No matter how much damage the giant Shiik was receiving from the weight on its body, the continual infusion of death energies healed it, and as its evolution to a higher ranking continued unhindered, its armor began to thicken, as the pressure exerted on it acted as a sort of crucible.

Its armor which should not have evolved to such a state upon its elevation to the Heroic Rank received a sizable boost from this intense pressure, and as its size was supposed to grow larger with the elevation was being stifled by the weight upon it, the elevation of the Shiik became more difficult and the resources it needed escalated.

Like a metal being repeatedly reforged, the armor of the giant Shiik continued to be strengthened to resist the weight.

Chapter 1028: Burn To The Foundations

If the armor had previously been like the bark of a tree, now it was titanium.

It was a good thing that the giant Shiik had Rowan inside of it that could process all the energy it required, and before long its armor thickened to the extent that it could move a single inch before it was suppressed once more, but that singular inch was terrifying progress, at this point the weight on top of the creature would have cracked a mountain.

The giant Shiik consumed unceasingly until a threshold was reached, and Rowan felt the pulse of energy congregating throughout the body of the creature, from its pattern of movement, this energy should be heading towards its head, but Rowan had lived for too

long inside this Calamity and understood all its physiology, so it was not difficult to divert that stream of energy towards himself.

If his plans ahead were going to work, he needed this creature to survive for as long as possible, and although he could not interfere with its development too brashly, he could make minor changes that would create a compound effect superior to the many minor changes he had made when viewed as a whole.

From what he understood about the Shiiks, and at this point he understood nearly everything, their greatest weakness was their head, and if he had allowed the normal path of evolution to follow through in this giant Shiik, it would have mindlessly created its center of power in its head in order to lessen the weakness of that particular organ, but that would be a waste of resources, and Rowan would never choose to allow such an obvious display of vulnerability. Rowan who was growing all this while, was now in the form of a two-year-old child, with bright red hair and green skin. He was sitting cross-legged in the center of the stomach of the giant Shiik when the ball of energy signifying the evolution of the giant Shiik came to rest and he picked it up.

The ball of energy that resembled red fog and filled with a dense Aura of death struggled a bit before settling down and revealing all its secrets to Rowan, it contained all the evolutionary pathways for the Shiik, and for the Shiik, it turned out to be a short one because its evolution ended at the Heroic Rank.

"Now, this would not do... not at all,"

Rowan muttered and began tweaking the ball of energy, he manifested tiny tendrils that he inserted into the ball of energy, they shriveled not long after, but he constantly recreated them.

He could not do much without learning more about Calamities, but what he could do was tear open up the ends of the sequence governing the evolution of the Shiik, stopping at the Heroic Rank was useless for Rowan.

To access his mental space and begin manifesting his Supreme Circles, he needed this body to become immortal.

Rowan intended to reach the immortal rank with this beast not in centuries but in a far shorter time frame, a year at least and two at most.

Tweaking the energy ball further, Rowan frowned in concentration as he went deeper. If the beast reached the end of the Heroic Rank with such an opening in its evolutionary path, it would die in a very spectacular manner, as its body would seek to evolve but lack any direction for it to follow.

With Rowan inside it, however, it would suffer no such problem, because he intended to weave the path forward for this beast from this rank onward. Whatever was to come after the Heroic Rank would be built by him from the ground up.

With that out of the way, Rowan began to tweak the abilities that the Shiik was supposed to gain at the Heroic Rank.

A normal Shiik would gain a paltry increase in its armor and size, and gain the ability to spew out potent acidic saliva. Its stomach would also surprisingly reduce, perhaps to reduce the damage it suffered from the vitality generated from its stomach. This ability was quickly pruned off by Rowan.

Rowan could not do much to change the state of the rest, but what he could do was boost them to ridiculous heights.

It was not that he could not give the Shiik more abilities, but if he excessively changed the abilities of the Shiik, it might easily draw the attention of the World Will, and another visit from the deranged monster, so he was not going to change the abilities, he was only going to boost them.

From the incredible height a World Will used to look down on the earth, especially one as broken as this world's own, then such a change would not be even a blip on its radar. A bigger ant was just an ant, but if that ant grew eagle's wings, then that would be something to call its attention.

A Heroic Ranked Shiik would grow to be at most five times the size of an Enlightened Shiik with proportionate strength in their armor. Already the giant Shiik that was not yet a Heroic Ranked Calamity was four times bigger and its armor had reached more than twenty times stronger than an average Enlightened Shiik.

There was no way Rowan would disregard such an advantage. Pushing a mental slider to the max and a bit beyond that maximum load, Rowan pushed the armor and the size of the Shiik beyond any of its natural limits.

He smiled at this change and focused on the last ability, which was something Rowan had to place a lot of his concentration on.

As the only true offensive ability of the Shiik, it needed more of his attention because he intended to push this ability to the limits of this world.

With the review of its physiology and fighting style, Rowan disregarded creating the organ of this ability near the mouth of this creature, instead, he moved them all to its legs... all thirty of them.

The Acid the Shiik could spit out was potent, able to effortlessly melt through steel, but Rowan found it almost useless. It might be useful in lower ranks, but in Rowan's sight who watched the world from a height above even immortals, such ability would not do.

He began channeling the stomach's ability to manipulate death and left pathways to all thirty legs. The Acid now would have the energy of death, creating a potent mix whose potential was nearly incalculable, and as the Shiik grew stronger in the future the Acid mix would grow more destructive until every single leg it had would be the reaper's scythe.

The last change he made was to create an enhanced growth ability in this beast that would boost its growth further but place more emphasis on its brain.

Instincts were all well and good, but Rowan treasured intelligence, and this Calamity would not be dumb.

With all this finalized, he left the ball of energy and allowed it to sink into the flesh of the Calamity. At first, there was silence as the Shiik continued eating and then it froze before giving out an unearthly shriek that penetrated through the mound covering it. Rowan grinned, "You will need help little girl." he stretched forth his hand and long tendrils of parasitic worms surged out from the open mouth of the shrieking Shiik and plunged into the flesh of those around it and drew them into its stomach, and Rowan took charge of its

digestion.

"Grow big and strong, for you will burn this world to its foundations for me."

Chapter 1029: Regulations

Despite the ongoing battle, dead bodies continued falling inside the crater sporadically in their hundreds.

In a world of endless conflicts, the bodies produced were also endless, and these bodies were not a waste, they could serve as a source of food, used for experiments, and hundreds of other possibilities, and in the instance of this crater, life itself... The Chaotic vitality harvested from the Shiik was purified and compressed into life-saving pills that aided Explorers in the war effort against the Calamities.

These pills were popular on countless continents and were one of the foundations that held up the war effort. The humble Shiik Calamity beasts, known as one of the weakest Calamities in existence, made such a thing possible.

Things had remained relatively stable inside the crater for the past tens of thousands of years. It was a new pit and there was no reason why a Heroic Ranked Calamity should appear inside for another hundreds of thousands of years, thereby making the supervision of the crater to be quite lax. Today was the day when the supervisors of this pit descended into it to harvest.

It was a normal procedure and they had performed it dozens of times in the past, and thereby they anticipated that nothing out of the norm would occur. Although there was always a degree of danger to this procedure.

Three people, two males and a female, wearing large suits of gray with glass covering over their faces that would remind Rowan of the Hazmat suits from his previous universe descended into the crater using a large platform that glided downwards using an unknown forcefield application.

The three people were Heroic Ranked Explorers, and with their power, they could enter the crater and escape with their lives if they did nothing to trigger the horde below, nevertheless, Shiik beasts were known to be fairly docile and preferred eating the dead than hunting the living.

If they followed protocols then they had nothing to fear. They descended in silence for a while before it was broken by a voice,

"Every time I come down here, I don't know why I always expect something different, but nothing ever changes. I really hate this place," the female Explorer sighed and squeezed her fist tight as she watched bodies falling past them and descending into the darkness miles below.

The male Explorer by her right side shrugged, "Eeh, you get used to it after a while. I have been doing this job for thirty years, longer than both of you, and the most danger I have ever gotten into was being crushed by a falling body," he chuckled weakly but was smacked by the last male Explorer beside him,

"she was not referring to the nonexistent dangers here fools, only the tainted Aura that remains and twists the mind. There is no reason life should be found in this pit of corpses, but even from up high, you can feel it and it's sickening. Besides you only have a few months of experience over the two of us, and that was because you were lucky to have a faster transport that brought you here."

The Explorer who was smacked frowned, before retorting,

"I never knew you became a mind reader, why should it be one thing and not the other."

"Because it's pretty clear what she meant... not about your..."

A flurry of words was exchanged between the two men and any observer here would understand that both men were hopelessly infatuated with their female partner and were always looking for an opportunity to grandstand in front of her. Well they could not be blamed, they were the only three Explorers for hundreds of miles around.

However, they were both good friends and the spats between them were friendly and would never lead to blows.

"Quiet both of you!" the female Explorer snapped, silencing the two men, "Something's not right."

The two men went solemn and listened when they detected the note of panic in their companion's voice, who among all three of them was the most steady,

After a while, the Explorer beside her spoke up, "I cannot..."

"Shh... listen, how close are we to the bottom of the feeding pit?" the woman interrupted,

"Maybe a mile. I think I know what you mean. These platforms need maintenance, we should have been at the bottom by now. Is there something wrong, this is quite normal." the male Explorer asked skeptically,

The woman frowned, "No, Listen! At this level, what is the first thing we usually notice?" Not waiting for a reply she continued, "Sound! We should have heard those damned beasts shrieking at this height, why is there nothing but silence?"

The three Explorers went quiet and suddenly the atmosphere around them transformed with the silence, and the awareness that they were entering into a pit filled with Calamities inside the darkness struck them.

No matter how docile a Calamity was, they were still the creatures that were responsible for the death of countless people, and no Explorer ever died in their beds, they all knew that their death would be painful and come in the hands of a Calamity, and they were descending into a place that held thousands of such monsters.

The only sound was their breathing, and then the female Explorer began to fumble at her side, trying to pull a latch when one of the men held her arm, and he harshly whispered,

"What do you think you think you are doing? Are you about to illuminate the area? Shiiks hate light, and any sort of light would cause them to rampage. We would not survive it, not at this level."

The other man interjected, "Then we don't descend lower. Stop the platform and let us see why they are quiet. There are regulations for any pits ever failing but they are long

buried in dust, but from the little I can remember, handling situations like these are all beyond our pay grade."

"This is not the time for you to disagree with me about everything." the first man whispered angrily, "We cannot have any light here, and you know I am right. That would be madness." "So you expect us to descend into whatever we are entering without knowing the situation?" the first man shot back,

"No fool, you are not listening to me. I am expecting us to return and review the regulations properly before making any rash decision like using light in a pit where no light should ever be shone!"

"Stop it you two," the woman whispered slowly, "I have read the regulations. Do you ever wonder why we have the ability to create light while inside this pit is a feature attached to our suit? The moment I trigger this light, we are beginning a recording that will be sent to the headquarters if we perish here. We are dispensable and were meant to find out what went wrong so it could be easily identified and fixed before it gets worse."

The two men went silent and as the woman fumbled for her light switch with shaking hands, the two looked at each other and began activating their light. They all looked at each other, and as one they activated the lighting on their suit.

Chapter 1030: Revelation

1030 Revelation

Three long beams of white light emerged from the chestpiece of the Explorers, and with it, they began to peer around the gloom. The eyes of the Explorers closely followed the path of their light, and their demeanor went grim when they noticed that the grounds were mostly empty, it was the first male Explorer who saw the cause and he shakenly pointed his hands towards it,

"Wha....what is that?"

The two others saw his reaction and pointed their light beam towards the source and they all went pale with fear, staggering backward and nearly falling off the platform.

At this time they were a few hundred feet away from the bottom of the crater since the descent of the platform was never paused and the light revealed something out of a nightmare.

From the last census conducted inside the crater, there were 11,347 Shiiks inside the crater, and from what they could see, every single Shiik had compressed themselves into a large ball of flesh that was stacked nearly a thousand feet tall.

The sight was ghastly, as the ghastly and decaying faces of the Shiiks were all persons downwards and although their mouths were all opened wide, no single sound was escaping from them.

The panic of the Explorers soon diminished when they discovered that although the eyes of the Shiiks reacted when the light passed over them, they did not move from their weird position. They were Explorers and their mental resilience was greater than the average mortal, and soon they could look at the pile of monsters with a clear eye. "What is happening with these monsters? Have you ever seen anything like this or is there any record that shows the Shiiks behaving in this manner?" one of the male Explorers whispered, This question was directed towards the female Explorer who had shown competence in the area of research, "I have never come across anything like this," she shrugged, also replying in a whisper, "I have read about the evolution of the Shiik to the Heroic Rank, but it is nothing like this. How could they compress themselves in this manner? Surely hundreds of Shiiks below would be crushed to death."

"I don't think they are worried about that," the male explorer who had been firmly against their descent into the crater moved back a bit, "We have seen what is happening here and we cannot understand it, we should leave and bring this information to the relevant authorities."

"You are right. We don't know how long they will stay this way. We have the recordings, begin the ascent." The female Explorer sighed and began the procedure for the ascent of the platform.

"did you notice that there are very few vitality-infused remains?" "I don't care if there are a lot of these remains, there are strange things going on in this place that we have no business dealing with. I suggest we...."

An absolutely unearthly shriek the likes that none of the Explorers could have ever imagined emerged from within the mound of Shiiks that seemed to freeze time itself.

The sound blasted past the Explorer and traveled up the crater and it was as if the heavens above were angered or saddened by this cry for a massive thundercloud filled with red lightning began to descend the crater.

This sight of the approaching thunderstorm and the previous sound stunned the three Explorers and only the jolt from the platform as it began to ascend shook them away from their shock for a while, and they pointed their light beams to the pile of Shiiks, and for a moment it was as if nothing had changed but then the mounds of bodies began to vibrate as a massive swirl appeared in the center of the pile.

Another shriek resounded and the Explorers screamed alongside it because it was now louder, reaching such an extent that their eardrums had exploded.

This staggered the three Explorers and one of them that was closer to the edge stumbled and fell off the ascending platforms, it took the other two a while to notice what was wrong and before they turned around to find the missing person, the platform was nearly a thousand feet in the air, and its speed of ascension was beginning to increase.

The Explorer that fell off was one of the men, and the two remaining rushed towards the edge to find out if they could save him.

A fall from this height would not kill a Heroic Ranked Explorer and they looked below and saw a strange sight.

The fallen Explorer was beginning to rise. In the darkness below they might not have seen him, but from the light beaming out from his suit, they could easily track his ascent.

They both watched in stunned silence as the Explorer rose up to their level and continued rising. No Heroic Ranked Explorer was able to fly, and this one was no different, the reason he was rising into the air was simple, he was being carried by a single massive claw whose size staggered their imagination.

The claw was nearly a hundred feet long and it glowed with a red light as if it was made from smoldering ember. The tip of this massive claw must have caught the Explorer in the back as he fell, nearly splitting him in two and bringing him back to the platform.

The ascending platform impacted against the edge of the massive claw and it was nearly sliced apart before it got stuck. Everything they were witnessing was so surreal, that they equally both thought that they were having a nightmare. The body of the Explorer hanging on the tip of the claw seemed to combust and collapse into ashes.

It was unknown when the two Explorers began to hug themselves, and suddenly everything went silent as a shadow covered them. They looked at each other and drawing a bit of resolve from each other's eyes, they turned around and they fell into madness.

Behind them was the massive face of a woman, as big as a hill with long flowing red hair and closed eyes. What the head of this woman was connected to was a Shiik that was larger than a mountain.

Short Chapter. I have stopped self-medication and going to the hospital tomorrow, cos my symptoms are not reducing. Chapters may be delayed, but I will write if I can. Cheers guys.

Chapter 851: One Blow

Chapter 852: Immortals Falling

The shockwave that had shattered the galaxy had spread faster than even light, and it could almost be said that it happened in an instant, but that was far from the truth, calculating using the mortal standard of time, the galaxy was destroyed in a twentieth of a second.

When the galaxy-wide destruction ceased, it left a perfectly round sphere of nonreality. A space that was not filled with anything, because every single essence had been stripped away. If the universe had been alive, its blood would have flooded out of this grievous wound, and reality would have slowly begun to heal itself, but now, this region would remain in this manner.

Although this universe was young, barely seven billion years old, it had faced its share of war and destruction, but none could match this scale.

The shockwave as it turned out was not a byproduct of the attack from the Power against the Third Prince, it was deliberate and strictly controlled, the fact that only Trion survived the destruction was another testament that everything that perished was according to the Will of the Creator, and this was just a means to an end.

The shattered galaxy was a hundred thousand light years in circumference, this scope of distance was impossible for a mortal mind to encapsulate and the amount of death and destruction that had swept through such a wide area in a brief moment was deeply unsettling... at least for a mortal or a god.

For a being like Rowan, he knew there were more than three trillion galaxies in this universe alone, and although destroying a single galaxy was a feat impossible for most gods and mortals, it was just a small part of the overall equation of creation.

Just like his enemies, the pieces they controlled were no longer small. Worlds to them could as well be dust, and their armies viewed the universe as the size of a large field.

The Power roared, the sound could not be heard in any auditory spectrum, but it could be felt in the soul, its form was invisible, another of its terrifying aspects, and apart from Rowan, his creator, Malik, the power that had just destroyed this galaxy could remain invisible to everyone else, except if he wanted his prey to see him.

He had shown the Third Prince its claws before shattering his body until there was nothing left, because the Creator wanted him to see his death, although he feared that this opponent was not dead, only subdued for a while.

Meanwhile, Malik curled around a hard lump of essence that would make adamantite resemble a ball of cotton. Shattering the galaxy was just the first part of its attack, its purpose was for Malik to gather every single Essence of Creation in a hundred thousand light years radius, his attack had not ended, he proceeded to compress it using nothing else but strength alone into a fifty-foot lump of gray metal.

As ridiculous as it sounds, the Power had squeezed an entire galaxy into a fifty-foot nugget.

His multiple wings spread wide and yellow beams of Celestial spells poured down on the compressed essence until it glowed as brightly as the sun, but because Malik had wrapped his body around his creation, like him, it was still invisible to everyone.

With a flourish, he scratched the final pattern on his creation and he blew on it, making it vanish as if it had never existed.

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The Universe Will was located millions of light years away from Trion, and when the Third Prince struck Rowan, he had not bothered to control the path where the Universe Will was launched.

At this moment the green sphere was surrounded by several powerful figures including Tower Masters, and the newly emerged Demon Kings, there were also shadowy figures in the area who stood in front of the gods, and even God Kings had to stay behind them. These figures should be the elusive God Emperors who were said to be more legends than truth.

Three of these legends were here, along with four Tower Masters and three Demon Kings, they had all been preparing for the battle that would decide the owner of the Universe Will, and behind them were thousands of powerful figures, Archmages, Demon Princes and God Kings, all of whom had carried their armies along, the least powerful here were High Gods, Demon Generals, and Rank 5 Archmages.

They had all felt the surge of Soul Energy erupt from Trion, and they had sent their representative over to confirm what new treasure had been born in that strange world when it happened.

Even for beings of their power, the destruction of the galaxy happened too fast and the manner it occurred was so strange because none of them had detected any movements of energy. It was as if the galaxy had just chosen to vanish by itself, only a few limping God Kings and a Demon Prince who survived showed that indeed the galaxy had just been crushed.

They had barely begun ascertaining the reason for a galaxy-

wide destructive event when a faint ripple enshrouded the Universe Will and it disappeared in its place was a glowing rock that was emitting so much gravitational pressure it was similar to a black hole.

They had all covered the Universe Will with their Auras, and it should not have been possible for the treasure to have been taken in front of them, but their opponent seemed not to be playing by any known rules.

Hundreds of Rank 5 Archmages, Demon Generals, and High Gods who were carefully following behind their superiors were dragged screaming towards the glowing rock and although they used various spells and techniques to escape the pull from it, one of them, an Archmage was too slow, and her body touched the ground yellow rock.

The rock vibrated and turned from yellow to a brilliant white. Silas Black, one of the Tower Masters that entered the universe muttered to himself in shock, "Celestial Descent?" he jammed two of his fingers together seizing reality in between them, and covered himself with it like a cloak, it was just in time as the rock turned black and imploded.

The implosion was like the descent of multiple supermassive black holes, creating such intense suction force that it could be seen from every corner of the universe, as a space more than five hundred thousand light years in diameter, rippled and was drawn towards the center of the implosion.

From afar it resembled a large eye blinking.

Luckily the Universe Will was in a barren corner of the universe, yet several surrounding galaxies were affected by this suction force, breaking their pathways through the universe as they were drawn towards the implosion which had claimed the lives of every Immortal surrounding the Universe Will that were below the God King level.

There had been several tens of thousands of Immortals that had surrounded the Universe Will in the hopes of acquiring any benefits by luck or opportunity, and when the implosion ended, leaving a harsh scar in reality, only fifty Immortals were left.

This death toll was incalculable, in less than a second, more Immortals had died here than in the last three billion years.

Malik grasped the Universe Will in his claws, looked around the universe one last time and he vanished. The presence of Rowan on Trion had also vanished as well.

'If the Creator wanted to complete his Ascension,' Malik thought, 'Nothing in the universe or outside of it would stop him.'

For a moment, the universe was silent, before cries of rage filled it.

Chapter 853: Andar and Nivi

"Shielding Module at 75%. Multiple Sources of Level 9 and greater threat detected. Recommend immediate evacuation. Spirit Matrix Warding Zone reduced by 1.002%. Recommend Spatial Minutiae movements. Triads..."

"Why should I leave when things are just getting interesting?" Andar sarcastically interrupted his CSA (Companion Spirit Artifact) – Nivi. He already knew most of the information she was about to give him, and it always irritated her that her usefulness was relegated to an unwanted announcer, although Andar felt she was closer to his family member.

One of the many offerings given to him as a sign of his present station, one of them was of his first experiments with his master even before he became an Acolyte, Nivi, his CSA.

Andar had created this CSA with the hopes that one day he would become a powerful mage who would build his personal Magus Tower and one of the essential pillars of any Magus Tower was the Spirit Artifact that managed it. They would grow alongside the Mage, although most Mage choose to build their CSA at Rank 7 because they would have access to more specialized materials, Andar had begun his own even before he unlocked his Spirit Matrix.

For that reason his CSA acquired certain odd traits, in their inexperience they made his CSA too sentient, giving it all the characteristics of a young girl. Andar saw no reason why this change was unwelcome, but Nivi began to change after seeing how other CSA behaved, deciding to speak in a more robotic manner.

Andar lets her do her own thing, knowing she will soon grow bored with it and choose to remain herself when she understands that Andar would never have any reason to change her. Why would he ever want to do that?

Creating Nivi had been his attempt to fight against his despair from the fear of never attaining the esteemed station of a Mage, and he was surprised and incredibly when the Governor of the region where he was born had brought the entire Spirit Module that had kept this CSA before fleeing for his life with his master, he had thought it would have been destroyed by the angered Mages chasing them.

Although Nivi was a rather rudimentary CSA with weird behavioral fractals grafted to her Core, Andar had spared no expense in creating a specialized Aether merging fractal for her that could merge her with his revised Aegis Rune that held his Cloud Whale.

Cloudy was now happy that he had a new neighbor, a rather sharp-mouthed CSA. But the Rank 7 Cloud Whale was a gentle giant and was quite unflappable. Andar's ever-

growing essence and Aether had pushed the evolution of the Cloud Whale to a ridiculous degree, and only a vast amount of stabilizing essence treasure fed to the Cloudy had ensured that it had not mutated into an abomination with his insane rate of growth.

The greatest Cloud Whale on record was a Rank 5 beast. Cloudy would soon reach Rank 8 and there was no sign that his ascension was slowing anytime soon, Andar's essence and Aether were so pure and powerful that it was almost as if the beasts were merged with a powerful Archmage.

Many things had happened to Andar after he was chosen to bear the fate of the Mages in the universe, the primary one being that Andar was now a Rank 4 Mage in less than six months.

Given the vast resources of the entire Magus World, he had been able to collect extensive amounts of Vitality Sources, and with nothing holding him back, Andar began his elevation as a Mage in rocket speeds, averaging an increase in Rank every two months.

The Light Devourer inside his Spirit Matrix was nearly insane with happiness with the sheer amount of Vitality Essence Andar had been ingesting, and it actively assisted Andar in merging with the Endless Vault, increasing his efficiency in unlocking higher floors and the creation of more Spirit Matrix Tiles.

With all the resources he was now able to collect, he was capable of pushing his Meditation Art to heights never seen before in the Magus World, and as a Rank 4 Mage, Andar's sparring partners became Archmages, they were the only ones who were capable of pushing him to the limits.

Time and time again they all reminded him about how special he was, even compared to the scale of every universe in existence. The so-called divine geniuses could maybe fight two or three ranks higher than their own, and for this reason, they had specialized groups and rankings devoted to the showcase of their talents.

None of them could ever imagine fighting an opponent that was a Higher Order than them, every common sense instilled in them knew that it was impossible, but creation was vast, and there were outliers.

Every single Archmage was once one of those frightening geniuses and they had been repeatedly humbled by Andar's progress and power.

The stars all mourning for a mysterious figure had shaken Andar from whatever pride might have been sneaking into his heart and the sudden call for war on a strange planet called Trion had pushed his focus into overdrive.

He had traveled with such mighty forces that Andar had grown a bit suspicious, from the information that he had received, this planet had barely been surviving against three Archmages and two Demon Princes along with their small forces for the past million years, what could warrant such high levels of deployment against them.

With his status, he had discovered that this order had been given by an esteemed Tower Master, Silas Black, master of the Black Tower.

Knowing there was more to this battle that should meet the eye, Andar had become careful in his actions, while taking this trip as a valuable training exercise. Mira and his mother had followed him on this trip, and he had made sure Mira who was a Rank 2 Mage stayed behind in the safety of an Archmage Tower that would be floating outside the planet for the duration of the battle.

Andar had felt the wrongness when he had neared this world. It was easily the biggest planet he had ever seen, and in the distance, it glinted like ruby, but he knew this was not the color a healthy planet should carry, and he was not wrong.

When they got closer to the world, he discovered that the shiny red was nothing but clouds that were filled with blood. Weaker Mages could not sense it, but the moment Andar entered Trion he went white, as the most intense feeling of disgust ravaged his senses.

The Light Devourer inside his Spirit Matrix was going crazy with equal amounts of dread and disgust. Whatever was inside this world was beyond wrong, it was an abomination.

That sentiment was proven to be correct when he saw their enemy. Dominators. He had read about this glorious race and its immense power, but what he saw was nothing like that.

They had their power, but they were no longer people, they were living aberrations that had no right to exist in a sane universe. Their gods were worse, shining beacons of depravity and madness that made even the Demons from the Abyss appear to be tame.

Andar had despaired when he saw their enemies, he was not eager to fight them as he almost felt they should be cleansed from orbit rather than engaged in close combat as the Tower Master had insisted.

Chapter 854: Aharis

Andar had become suspicious of any activity from this Tower Master after he had compared the appearance he had now and the vision shown to him by Rowan, plus the lies he told everyone about the origin of this universe made Andar walk around the matters of the Tower Master as if the floors were made from eggshells.

Everything inside him was pointing towards this terrifying planet, somehow he knew that everything was tied up in this world of monsters.

He could not refuse the orders of a Tower Master and he went below. He had never fought in a major battle such as this, but he had partaken in many simulations of warfare that had transcended the universe that he was born into, but nothing prepared him for what he would discover on Trion.

Dominators were stupidly powerful, and what was most shocking was that all of them had the impossible Rank of Earth god, billions of Earth gods on a world was shocking but not too terrifying after you consider the effect of time and preparation but that was different when every Earth god was equal to a Rank 9 Mage!

An average Earth god outside this planet was similar to a Rank 7 Mage or even a Rank 6 Mage if the bloodline of the Earth god was poor, and so a Rank 9 Mage was considered invisible in the universe below an Archmage, but every Dominator here threw such concept aside like thrash.

What amazed him further was that if not for their nature that had reduced them to a race of bloodthirsty fiends they could be stronger, nevertheless, he was not disappointed in everyone he found on the planet not living up to their full potential.

Their six most powerful Earth gods which should be equal to Rank 9 Mages, had battled him to a standstill. Their bloodline power and control stunned him, and he almost felt as if he was fighting against six Archmages with different specializations.

They were old monsters having lived for tens of thousands of years, and had a seemingly inexhaustible amount of Aether and fanciful weapons and techniques.

Andar wondered in dumb shock if every single Dominator on the battlefield had been able to access this amount of power without the weight of madness and bloodthirstiness on their mind what would have been the outcome if they were allowed to spread outside Trion? Was this the reason the Tower Master wanted to destroy this world?

From the files he had read about this planet, it would seem that there was a bloodline lock on every Dominator apart from the six here fighting him, and Andar wondered if the price for breaking that lock was the madness of their civilization.

He needed answers, the curiosity burning in his heart had gone beyond the machinations of the Tower Master, and now he needed more data to work with.

Andar silver eyes shone like a star and a gargantuan pulse of pure Aether erupted from his body shattering every technique from the six Ancestors that surrounded him and pushing them back for miles.

A long gray staff emerged from his sleeves around eight feet in length and impossibly thin, not measuring past three inches in circumference. The head of the staff was in the shape of a Light Devourer, resembling a shrieking raven with wings folded around its body.

The entire length of the staff was made from the tentacles of the light devourer erupting from the back of the raven and curled around its legs, descending below and twisted around in a mystical fashion that boggles the mind, but still unerringly maintained the shape of a straight staff

Andar named this staff Aharis, which means Light Bringer in the ancient language of the Titans after he discovered that the Light Devourer was from the bloodline of Titans.

Unlike every other Mage who made their staff from the most powerful mystical item they could find that could fit their specialization, Andar did not need to look afar to discover his own.

When he reached Rank 3 as a Magus, he developed the ability to begin materializing part of the Light Devourer into reality, and like all good Mages who love to cheat the system, Andar found a way to make this process a semi-permanent affair that would let him control the powers of the Light Devourer without losing his still fragile mind when using the powers of an extremely powerful Outer Universal creature like the Light Devourer.

A Magus Staff was one of the powers unlocked by the Spirit Matrix when they reached Rank 3, but none of them had ever constructed their Staff using the essence of their Meditation Art, it was not considered to be even possible.

His staff was still so thin because he had to be careful about the amount of the materialized Light Devourer he was bringing into reality, and at Rank 4 this was the most he could control. He should be able to fully materialize the Light Devourer in reality after he became an Archmage or perhaps even before then, Andar did not truly know his limit.

Also, due to the unique nature of a Magus Staff, he was essentially duplicating his Light Devourer inside his Spirit Matrix and was not truly pulling out the essence of his Light Devourer, and so by the time his Magus Staff was completed, Andar would essentially be controlling two Light Devourers.

The moment he brought out the staff from his Endless Vault, all light disappeared from hundreds of miles as Aharis laid claim to it, and the six Ancestors were frozen in place not even capable of moving a finger, six impossibly thin strands of winds, lightning, and darkness, moved around their bodies and squeezed them right, as Andar cast the Rank 2 Low Order Spell, Storm Clasp with a single word

This Spell, disregarding the low ranking that should not have been capable of holding individuals with the power of Archmages, was not even meant for the battlefield, it was built for the laboratory to assist the mage in holding several volatile materials in place while interfering with their makeup as little as possible.

Andar was a scholar at heart, and the few spells that were at the tip of his tongue were all related to studying reality and its mysteries, only he could use them as battle spells effortlessly.

Andar felt he had learned everything from these Ancestors, their moves were powerful but lacked originality or depth. They were used to being the hardest hitters on the planet and they never learned to fight with any degree of creativity, but they were oh-so full of delights, and he could not wait to unearth the mystery in their bloodlines.

Andar waved his hands dragging hundreds of Dominators from the six bloodlines on the battlefield towards him, already he had created a platform of ice and was incredulously going to begin experimentation on the Dominators.

Above him reality shook and shattered as the Gods of Trion battled against Archmages and Demon Princes, and below him were the cries of Mages and Demons battling against Dominator, and in their midst was Andar, who began his experiments.

Chapter 855: She Is Beautiful

A world-ending war was ongoing and Andar knew he did not have much time to experiment, but carving just this small amount to satisfy his curiosity was viable.

With his position, he did not need to be here and he could retreat and advance whenever he wanted. He judged that the danger for him was still within manageable levels and he could proceed without much interference, the darkness that Aharis created around him should shift prying eyes away for the time.

It was a simple thing to wrap all the abducted Dominators with the Storm Clasp Spell that he expanded to hold all 653 Dominators he had taken including the six Ancestors.

He frowned in irritation when, unlike the captured Ancestors who were silent and attempting to break out of the spell which they would find to be futile, they had power but it did not equal to his own, the rest were screaming crazy obscenities, their red eyes filled with nothing but madness, Andar sealed their entire heads with ice. Earth gods do not require breathing to live.

If possible, he wanted to take these Dominators with him to figure out further secrets behind their powerful bloodlines that could stand toe to toe with a Magus Supreme bloodline.

He sliced through their chests with scalpels of wind and extracted all their hearts. He remembered to apply anesthetics before beginning his experiments, so none of them were even aware that their hearts were gone until dozens of seconds later. Andar had never luxuriated in pain.

Nivi had gone silent when Andar had easily imprisoned all six Ancestors and when he took out the hearts of hundreds of Dominators and began taking them apart as he fell into deep deliberation while muttering to himself, the CSA shrugged, now fully accepting that her master was a monster and began humming a popular mortal song, "You're a heart stealer, a home wrecker...", and cursed aloud when the Cloud Whale began humming along with her.

Andar slowly dropped a heart and a portion of the brain of a Dominator aside and paused in shock as he discovered that every bloodthirsty Dominator here indeed had the capability of reaching the Earth god level and a shackle had been created to stop them from becoming gods, he shuddered, thankfully that did not come to be as their essence had become corrupted, mixed with tens of thousands of similar essences that were compatible only on the surface level.

Every individual is unique even though they have the same bloodline. Merging all their essence in one person was the most wasteful and brute-force method to increase their powers, it was as if the gods of Trion saw their children as expendable pawns.

Andar saw Dominators as similar to Dreadbeasts which were occultic creations by a Foul power outside the universe, and if his discovery was correct, they forcibly reached the Earth god level in less than a month after they cannibalized the essence of their fellow Dominators. Andar recoiled in shock, and the wrongness he was feeling from this world only increased in intensity.

He knew that such a technique was not available inside this universe and was even rare considering the scale of the many universes in the Great Darkness.

"What the fuck is going on here?" in one of the few times in his life, Andar cursed aloud.

He suddenly felt a sudden wrench on his insides and the Light Devourer in his consciousness screamed as every sense of danger in his heart multiplied by a million fold and his gaze was dragged towards the depths of the universe.

He had experienced this feeling before, so he knew when Time had stopped and resumed. The last time he had felt it left him in awe, he had felt nothing but a sense of idolization before the figures who could control a supreme power over a concept as ephemeral as time.

Andar discovered that what he had tasted back on the Black Tower was nothing. It had only focused on the Black Tower and if he was not wrong, what just happened here had frozen Time around the entire universe!

'Something has changed, the universe is no longer the same.' Nivi was screaming inside his consciousness but Andar could barely hear her.

His body acted before his mind caught up, Andar needed to see what could command such great powers, and he could sense a tremendous amount of vitality deep in the universe that was calling him.

His eyes were too weak to see such an incredibly far distance, and he borrowed the eyes of the Light Devourer using his staff. He closed his eyes and the frozen eyes of the Light Devourer flared silver and Andar could see into the depths of the universe.

He saw a green sphere that was throbbing with an impossible amount of vitality. He could barely even look at it and only observed its Aura, and just from looking at the Aura, he could sense the vitality in his body beginning to overflow, pushing him toward the next Rank!

Andar forcibly looked away, the astonishment in his heart reaching a feverish peak, he had read about the Universe Will, and if he was not wrong...

"Andar.... Andar, are you seeing this?"

Mira's excited voice broke him from his reverie and before he could reply, he felt another pulse of power, one that was much closer to home.

Andar shivered and fell to his knees, it was impossible to describe this power he felt erupting from the surface of Trion, but it had shut down all his senses. Andar prided himself on being able to accept every input and stimuli from reality, but this power had overloaded this ability, and he knew he had to shut off his senses or he would perish.

He began to bleed from all his orifices and he collapsed on his ice platform. He could hear the frightened cries of Mira as if in a distance, but everything seemed as if it was covered in deep fog.

Andar could not stop his body from sensing this power, and he realized that it was killing him, his talent had flown him too close to the sun and he was going to melt. If nothing changed then in sixteen seconds he would die.

He was surprised that at this moment he did not feel fear, only an odd sense of peace. There was something about this power that made it seem all right that he was dying to it. It was as if among all the ways he wanted to die, this one would be his choice.

He could hear Aharis cry in sorrow, or was it Mira?

"Andar, baby, please stay with me, I am coming for you..."

please..."

The screams of Mira came slowly, he could hear in the background her cries of anger and shock, she wanted to come down to Trion but she was being restrained.

Andar struggled to tell her it was okay, but his blood had filled his lungs and he could only turn and look at the skies. His eyes were too weak, so he borrowed the sight of Aharis, and he could pierce through space so he could see Mira, and she felt his gaze making her stop fighting, she turned towards his presence and she smiled.

Andar smiled back, "By the seven towers, she is so beautiful." He wanted to tell her that she was the most beautiful woman that he had ever seen. That he would hold her smile dear in his heart even in death.

There was a sound that was impossible to describe, but he saw in clear detail the Tower carrying Mira... he saw hundreds of millions of Mages that should have been safe outside Trion.... He saw... He saw...

He saw it all end. But it was just the beginning, the entire galaxy followed.

Andar never knew that you could feel it... the weight of death.

Chapter 856: Ruler Of Reality

Rowan estimated that he had forty-seven seconds before he found himself adrift outside this universe, and all around him, reality screamed in rage to express his anger, although he remained silent as he sank deeper into Trion.

He did not find such an outcome to be strange because he had always maintained a balance between his bloodlines to prevent such an event from occurring, at least he wanted to be the one to make the decision when he leaves the universe, and this moment was not a good time in the slightest.

It was the reason the first action he took after completing the elevation of his Angelic Hosts was to command Malik, his Power to bring back the Universe Will, crushing the physical shell of the Third Prince to nothingness was just a welcomed bonus.

The blow from Malik was not simple and the Third Prince would soon discover the reason Powers were feared throughout creation.

Rowan willed his body to slow its descent into the earth but it was difficult, like trying to row a boat using a spoon, but with his plentiful consciousness he had many spoons, and he was able to delay this process of expulsion for a while extending his time by two seconds.

The bloodline of Sheol was a power that should not exist inside a material universe, and he had been containing it with his Ouroboros bloodline which shared a strong link with the material universe, after all, it was a bloodline born from Chaos itself, and the universe could tolerate its existence better than Sheol.

With the complications arising with his Ouroboros bloodline and his transformation into a dimension, he had no choice but to continuously boost his Sheol bloodline in order to attain more power, although he had always understood that if he wanted to remain inside the material universe for long, he would need balance.

According to his previous plans, he should have gained a measure of balance when he evolved to a third-dimensional entity, but the Third Prince had shattered those schemes, and Rowan had to adjust.

It was a painful setback, but it was rare that his first plans ever came to fruition the way he wanted, he just smoothly adjusted his plans as the situation progressed and continued.

His Power Malik had not only retrieved the Universe Will, but he also killed two-thirds of every Dominator on Trion, killing two birds with one stone. This should be enough Aura for him to be able to enter the real Trion with part of his consciousness to further his bloodline growth.

He had thirty-nine seconds left.

The Sheol bloodline gave him a body that he referred to as his energy form which resembled a gigantic humanoid figure that was pure darkness and contained millions of stars inside of it. His energy form could be mistaken as a piece of the starry sky if he stood still.

That should be the form he should have taken after becoming an Immortal with the bloodline of Sheol, but due to interference with his Dimension which remained at the second level, he resembled an enormous shapeless purple blob, as large as a mountain range and heavier than anything this universe could support.

The universe was already dead and it could not expel him, but he was too 'heavy' to be carried by it.

His body sank into the depths of Trion, this was all according to his calculations, and he had to struggle to remain inside the universe for his ascension to be complete.

His many consciousnesses worked in tandem and he released thousands of amorphous tentacles that drew upon essence from the material universe to create sharp tips that he could plunge deep into the earth slowing his downhill slide outside the universe, but every move from him was crushing reality and Trion alongside it, even though he was

trying to keep the destruction to a minimum since Trion was the only planet in the universe that could barely support his weight.

Rowan body broke through a certain portion of reality and a deep groan echoed all through Trion that was transmitted deep into the universe which shook the foundations of the universe. From all around his massive amorphous flesh, massive geysers of black decaying blood erupted hundreds of miles into the air.

This blood was like the most potent acid that had ever existed and in less than fifteen seconds, it had eaten through the planet, and from afar Trion now resembled a donut made from rocks and magma, it could barely be regarded as a planet.

Rowan grunted in frustration as more of his tentacles shot out from his body and began to encircle what was left of Trion. He just needed to reach the Rune to connect to the Nexus.

Part of his body blocked the tear leading to the deeper corners of the universe to stop its dead blood from spewing out and shattering all that was left of creation, poisonous as it may be, but it was very useful to him.

As he struggled to keep himself inside the universe, part of his body broke through its reality and he saw the outside of it. He released multiple tentacles with large eyes to expand the scope of his vision and once more he saw the Great Darkness.

The last time he was here, he was barely out of the second Supreme Circle, and his senses were not capable of understanding everything that he saw and it had appeared to him like a space that was almost solid but was filled with endless streams of Primordial energy, the most prevalent of course being that of Chaos.

Rowan had drunk from that energy of Chaos and set off a chain of events that led to him becoming a Dimension and coming across new enemies and treasures. No matter what happened that day, he did not regret his decisions.

Now he understood that what he had seen at that time was just a tiny slice of the iceberg. His body had protected his fragile consciousness. With his new eyes, he could finally understand to an extent the essence of a Fourth dimensional space.

He could also see beyond that, glimpses of dimensions beyond the fourth, but it was still too much for him and he shifted his consciousness back to observe what he could see in this dimension and he finally understood why every Third Dimensional universe was sought after and the unique protection they all carried, and the answer boggled his mind, almost distracting him from the ongoing war.

The entire Fourth Dimension outside the universe belonged to Chaos. He could see multiple universes floating inside the Fourth Dimension, and with his new sight, he

stopped counting when he passed fifteen million. So many universes and all are contained inside the Fourth dimension of Chaos.

The Fourth Dimension of Chaos was not at peace. There were multiple Fourth dimensions that due to the imprisonment of the Primordial had been able to attach to his dimension and like ticks, they latched onto it, consuming its resources.

These various Fourth Dimensions could only harvest unique resources that were born inside the Third Dimensional universes of Chaos, and they all carved out a portion for themselves.

The reason for it became clear to Rowan in a short while. Mortal life could only be born inside a three-dimensional space, and Chaos was the ultimate ruler of Reality itself, and his presence has forbidden anyone else from creating their own Third Dimension.

Chapter 857: Inestimable Loot

When he considered this thought for a moment, it finally solidified the reason even his Dimensional Fabric had to consume a Universe Will in order to be able to evolve to the Third Dimension.

Rowan would be doing something that everyone else thought would be impossible, and he would be stealing a Dimension from Chaos itself.

It was not hard for him to see the root of this ability when he looked deep into his powers. The Chaos Engine that allowed him to harvest Worlds was an ability given to him by Chaos himself, and after Rowan wiped away his Will, this ability no longer had any barriers stopping it from achieving its full potential.

This was what led to the surprising event where Rowan was going to be consuming a World Will and stealing a portion of Chaos's Dominion.

That thought had barely crossed his mind as he looked at the vast array of various Fourth-Dimensional powers that were feeding off of Chaos energy, and he felt a bit of pity for this shackled Primordial, but this did not stop him from quickly analyzing everything he was witnessing.

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Rowan had once thought he had seen multiple infinities when he exited the universe for the first time and now he realized that this was just one small series of infinities, hidden inside a larger Fourth Dimensional Infinity of Chaos that was surrounded by multiple infinity infinities!

The multiple streams of Primordial power he had first seen were because other Fourth dimensions belonging to Primordials and different powerful entities were connected to Chaos Fourth Dimension, and it was the reason the power of Chaos was so prevalent inside the Great Darkness.

Rowan now understood that The Great Darkness was the name of Chaos's Fourth Dimension. This was the Dimension where every Third Dimensional universe existed. Outside the Great Darkness, there were no more universes.

Perhaps this was the reason the Chaos Blood, or the Children of Chaos had been able to survive all this while. It was because they were shielded by their father's Dimension, this also solidified the final portion of the mysteries behind Trion, the Nexus, and the so-called resurrection of the Primordial of Evil.

It was complicated and still extremely simple, but Rowan realized that for a plan that had been ongoing for many Eras, it was not too surprising that they could pull off miracles.

And as interesting as it would be to spend time taking apart the mysteries behind Dimensions, another pressing matter was upcoming.

The death of this universe was like a dead body that had gone ripe in the heat, and like all putrid carcasses, it had begun to attract flies and carrions.

Every major power outside the universe was always waiting for moments like this when Chaos Third Dimensions became vulnerable, and they would strike. Rowan had previously thought he had more time before more parties could interfere, but as it turned out, he would have to revise that number to something smaller. Fuck.

At this moment the powers assailing the universe came from Demons and Mages, but it would not remain this way for long. The death of the universe was open season for all, and more powers than he could count alongside their armies had begun to descend on this place like an unstoppable storm.

Rowan would have to finish his business inside the universe before they arrive, or with the chaos that would ensue, he would not be assured that he would destroy all the Reflections of the Primordial of Evil and shatter all their plans.

Inside the universe, his tentacles had fully covered Trion, giving him the appearance of a freakish thousand-arm octopus, this much support finally gave him enough leverage to push himself out of the depths he was sliding into and steady his massive body, he slowly pulled his bulk out of the tear in reality and began maneuvering his way to the Rune to open the Nexus, which to the Rowan was just a few inches away from any direction.

An armored figure appeared in front of him, but compared to the present form of Rowan, it was as tiny as an ant, and only Rowan's vast consciousness allowed him to notice that it was the God King, Golgoth.

He was wrapped in dark lightning arcs and held his terrifying weapon the Gaping Undoer, even though he was fully armored, the rage could be easily felt.

The God King pointed his weapon at Rowan and roared, "Who are you and wha..."

Whatever the God King was going to say turned out to be meaningless as Rowan slapped him away using a single tentacle, and he breathed a sigh of relief as another of his tentacles touched the spot where he had first infiltrated the Nexus.

Aura Field Claimed: 1.00897222100%

A little over one percent, but it was enough. Rowan pushed multiple consciousnesses into the Rune surrounding it with the energy he had gathered from killing billions of Dominators. It was barely enough to hold three of his consciousness, but he would have to make do, the majority of the Aura was housed inside the bodies of the Gods of Trion.

Fifteen seconds left.

Inside his Dimension, another massive change was happening as the Universal Will was wrapped with hundreds of massive purple hands that took it deep into the foundations of his Dimension, and for a short, while everything remained quiet, and then there was a bright light flashed and Rowan who was struggling to remain inside the universe settled and his amorphous body began to take shape.

With the help of the Universe Will, he was finally completing his Third-dimensional body.

A vast amount of information was streaming into his Dimension, and his entire Dimension began to expand so quickly that his Consciousness was left behind for a fraction of a second.

His Dimension had previously been the size of three hundred thousand light years in circumference, a majority of those spaces were unused and empty, and with the current expansion of his Dimension, that space had multiplied to three million light years in circumference and it was still growing.

Countless vortices began to arise inside his Dimension, and they all led to darkness, like fireflies, millions of blinking lights began to arise inside the vortices, and Rowan realized that those lights were all stars.

His Dimension was beginning to consume this universe!

Rowan's multiple consciousnesses calculated the present expansion rate of his Dimension, the amounts of vortices being created, and the amount of Universal matter they could absorb, and he discovered that even with all these advantages, it would take him at least ten years to consume the entire universe.

Obviously, he could not wait for this amount of time to pass, he barely had a single day to finish his battles before the rest of creation descended on this universe.

The universe contained trillions of galaxies, and unaccountable amounts of stars and worlds, and those were just the treasures at the surface. There was greater bounty beneath, like its Isle of Rest that contained Bloodline Sources and so many more mystical locations.

This amount of loot was nearly inestimable.

So Rowan did what he was increasingly becoming good at. He decided to cheat, but he needed his Ouroboros bloodline to be at the Immortal level first.

Chapter 858: Changing The Game

The vortices that appeared inside Rowan's Dimension also appeared in the outside universe as their roots were connected with the universe from which they all their essence into his Dimension, and as Rowan feared, it not only collected the stars and other heavenly bodies, it was also a direct passage to his Dimension.

A passage that he had no control over, and anyone could easily enter. For the first time since this battle began, Rowan had become truly vulnerable, and if his enemies were in any shape competent, this would be the right time to tear him to pieces.

The shock from Malik's raid would not last before they would venture inside this vortices that was consuming the universe and all its wealth. It would not take a genius to figure out the connection between the stolen Universe Will and the ongoing events.

Rowan's consciousness whirled around furiously, this was the time to control the actions of his enemies and buy every second he could for his Ouroboros Bloodline to be Immortal, only then could he fully be complete.

His advantage was that none of the invaders currently inside the universe, the Mages, and Demons knew who he was. Even the God King must believe that Rowan was dead, due to the fact that when Rowan had made a move and destroyed two-thirds of every mortal on Trion, Golgoth had destroyed the last head of Rowan in fury before coming into Trion where Rowan had blasted him deep into the universe.

Except for the Third Prince and the last mysterious Reflection, no one else should know that Rowan was the mysterious entity behind all the deaths and destruction. Although there was a chance the Reflections would reveal his status to the Mages and Demons, that possibility was rather slim, there were secrets here on Trion that they would like to keep out of the eyes of a third party.

Yet he was aware that if the Reflections knew the true depths of his ambitions they would cast away all forms of civility and attack him with every weapon in their arsenal. All the years he had spent investigating Trion and staying undercover was finally paying off, his enemies still did not understand who he truly was.

With this in mind, Rowan knew the greatest method to delay their actions was to keep himself shrouded in mysteries for as long as possible, it was a shame that the levels of his enemies were rather high and therefore their experience was vast, so he would not have as much time as he would like.

'No matter,' Rowan thought, 'I have always swum against the tides.'

The first unwanted visitor he had inside his Dimension was an Archmage. The female Magus fought her way through the heavenly bodies shooting into his Dimension and looked around in avid curiosity and a healthy amount of fear.

Rowan had begun to cover his entire Dimension even as it expanded with great amounts of fog that was so thick it was almost solid. He did this by vaporizing a vast stretch of his Primordial Sea of Darkness.

His Dimension was now incomparably cold and shrouded in mysteries, it would easily kill a Minor God who did not focus on their defenses.

The Archmage was at Rank 5 and she was covered by dozens of powerful defensive artifacts and spells, some of the spells were far more powerful than she was capable of making by herself, of course, it did not help her when a Sovereign appeared beside her and drove a massive flaming blade through all her defenses. Stabbing her more than ten thousand times in a fraction of a second.

Any form of defense she had over her body was destroyed far more quickly than she could recover them, and she could barely rotate her Spirit Matrix to block the attacks before they turned her to ash leaving her haunting screams behind.

The Sovereign was very efficient, each stabbing gesture he made might seem simple but he was shattering all the barriers and artifacts that had shielded her body, and since they were plentiful and very diverse, he had to use different methods to ensure he destroyed them as quickly as possible.

The Sovereign vanished from this position, flapping his wings with such power that he reappeared millions of light years away almost instantly and began to attack a new intruder.

The Archmage was not the only one that entered into his Dimension, presently there were more than fifty-three million vortices that were open all over his Dimension, and in the first fifteen seconds, there had been well over seven hundred incursions.

His enemies might be unaware of who he was, but they were trying to reverse that oversight as quickly as possible. Rowan thought that he had killed the scouts they sent quickly enough, none of the scouts lasted past a second before they were all destroyed by his Angels but Rowan knew it was just the beginning.

Like him, the Mages and Demons were under time constraints as well, they were the first comers into the universe but before long, other powers would be descending into it. He could imagine the anger and desperation in their ranks as an unknown third party was gaining all the benefits while they were played like children.

Rowan expected that they would start releasing their big guns soon. They should understand by this time that he was a threat that required an extreme amount of power to face.

He felt his bloodline of Sheol shiver in excitement and Rowan was shaken by what happened next inside his Dimension.

Since he upgraded his bloodline of Sheol to the Immortal level, he had quickly checked its properties and although there were a lot of changes and improvements in his powers, he had judged that it did not bring any new card to the table that could rapidly shift the battlefield in his favor, but it turned out that he was wrong.

And the implications for this new ability of his was far more terrible than he had imagined.

Inside his Primordial Sea of Darkness Rowan was surprised to see several hundred Soul Mountains appear as Sheol consumed the souls of every Immortal that was slain inside his Dimension.

He knew this should not be possible.

Rowan had begrudgingly accepted that he could not take the souls of any Immortal that was born from a Supreme World because they had tied their souls with the Will of their World, and if he killed them he was only destroying the corporeal flesh and not the essence of their lives as he could easily do with any god born inside the universe.

He had been able to harvest the soul of the Demon King Ohrox because he had taken his Soul Origin away from the Great Abyss to perform his experiments on enhancing his talents and none of the Archmages or Demon Princes he had killed had truly been slain.

Of the many Immortals that were slaughtered by Malik in the outside universe, Rowan had only harvested a small portion of their Souls, these souls were most likely from the unlucky gods who had ventured into this conflict where they were nothing but ants, but the rest that died were only banished to the Great Abyss and the Magus Supreme World and he knew they would return in a short time.

However, the presence of his Dimension and an Immortal-level Sheol bloodline had just changed the game.

Deaths for these Immortals from the Supreme Worlds used to be a game while inside the Third-Dimensional Universe.

Well, it was no longer.

Chapter 859: Bargain And Answers

Any Immortal that was killed inside of it, no matter if they were members of a Supreme World or not, would all perish inside of it.

This change brought about an increasing level of stakes that was not previously present in this world. The threat he represented had just escalated from annoying to fatal.

Rowan had not expected such massive changes so suddenly, but he adjusted his plans, what would come next would be a far different battle, but it should buy him a little more time.

His perception swept past the expanding Dimension and frowned when he noticed that although the materials being sucked inside of him were precious, they did not fit in with his overall essence, that should not be a problem because, after a short while inside his Dimension, every essence would become converted to his own.

However, at this moment it would cause nothing but chaos and interfere with his ability to smoothly channel his power throughout the Dimension. Already he could feel his Sea of Ambrosia and Sea of Darkness slowing down as millions of chaotic essences began to mix with them.

The battle that was to come would no longer be fought with kids gloves and these new changes would complicate his ability to channel his power as effectively as he wanted, Rowan immediately channeled a lot of his consciousnesses to find solutions to this issue.

This chaotic essence was Aether from the universe. A million or even a billion Immortals put together would never have even a billionth of the Aether present inside a universe, and this universe had hundreds of times more Aether than an average universe.

For anyone else, this amount of Aether was a blessing as the universe's unique Aether was extremely nourishing to life, and was a valuable source of currency. Rowan had Soul Energy, and he did not need such a secondhand form of energy, it served as nothing but an unneeded complication that could be fatal if left unaddressed.

Rowan as a Dimension could hold this amount of Aether if given the time to digest it, but he did not have that time. This could end up benefiting him in the long run as his Primordial Seas would expand quickly enough to fill up the new size of his Dimensions.

Previously Rowan wanted to keep his bloodlines and his Aether to be extremely pure, but he had seen the end of that path. had shown him that no matter how pure he kept his bloodline, he would still be stuck as an Eight-Dimensional entity in the future, he would be above everyone else, but still beneath the Primordials, bloodline purity was necessary, but it was not the answer.

However, it did not matter if he had changed his mind if he did not find a solution to the hindrance caused by this unneeded Aether entering his Dimension.

Also, Rowan feared that even if his Angels had been able to kill the intruders quite quickly, they should have been able to send enough information to the outside world that would show that survival was possible for a brief moment, and if that was the case he should be expecting company.

He was not wrong, as the first of their heavy hitters smashed his way into his Dimension. Blowing apart hundreds of stars and thousands of worlds, this being did not hide as the others did before, why should it?

It was a Demon King.

"A new domain of Chaos?" the voice of the Demon King rumbled, "Impossible! Of all seven hundred fractals of demarcation and separation placed by the Celestial Court, nothing should escape their shiny gaze."

Rowan rolled his eyes, 'Great, we have a historian.' Then he paused as he contemplated that perhaps information had not spread as quickly as he had presumed.

This Demon King was too brash, and almost every Immortal that had just died inside his Dimension were Mages, if he knew those sneaky bastards, they would have withheld the true deaths of their Archmages from the Demons in order for these savage beings to test the water for them.

Even if the Demons suspected that something was wrong, a Demon King was supposed to be invincible, even death was difficult to come by for a creature that controlled Will.

The Demon King inhaled and dragged a vast amount of cold fog with his many heads and coughed in irritation as they irritated his throats and vanished from his chest to reappear all around him, blocking his vision, but he must have noticed something as he chuckled,

"Oh, but I see your shiny wings hidden inside the veils of darkness. Does the Celestial Court wish to go against their ancient pacts? If that is the case I want to know the Creator who goes against the Absolutes, you should come to the Great Abyss, you would make a fine Demon. Trust me I can get you a good deal." the Demon King crooned.

He had the shape of a gigantic eagle with eight heads and three serpent tails. He had no feathers on his body and his skin was pale and filled with sores. His cunning eyes looked around him with avid lust and growing expectation.

There was no fear in his eyes and Rowan became amused. He would not refuse the meal that entered his mouth, he was an accommodating host but he had his limits.

"What do you say?" The Demon King shrieked, irritation beginning to paint his tone, "You are surrounded and you know it, soon every force in Creation will descend on this place and take it apart unless you bow."

Hearing no answer, the Demon King sighed and spread his featherless wings, wishing to explore more of this place before others swarmed into it and then he screamed in pain as three Sovereigns appeared around him and they attacked.

In a flurry of moves too fast for him to properly react, they pulled off his wings and sliced off one of his heads. Only his speed and intuition as a Demon King after many Eras of conflicts had saved him.

However, that was the most he could achieve before he lost this battle.

What followed was a butchery. The Demon King was powerful, but against three Sovereigns, he was helpless, the Angels all worked with seamless cooperation.

One Sovereign blocked, diverted, and canceled all the spells the Demon King created, and another used multiple large flaming blades the size of buildings and sliced through the body of the Demon King, prioritizing the tails and the heads, the last stopped his mobility, even without wings the Demon King could still fly, but he could not run for more than a few miles before he was butchered, his body parts were scattered for miles and his dead eyes could only roll around in a daze before the light of life left them.

"You are making a mistake. I will return..."

Rowan's consciousness seized his Soul, "No, you will not."

Another massive Soul Mountain grew inside his Primordial Sea of Darkness and with the lessons learned from killing Ohrox, Rowan began sealing the Soul Mountain using the dead blood he had harvested from the universe.

Special Soul Mountains like this that contained Will was far too valuable and should contain resources that could enlighten his path in the future.

He dedicated a dozen Consciousness to sealing the Soul mountain and he watched his Dimension finally reaching its full size of half a billion light years in circumference. Still far smaller than a universe but larger than any living being supposed to be.

Others controlled the power of a Dimension, but he was the Dimension itself.

Chapter 860: Come Forth My Children

If killing the minor Immortals that entered his Domain did not alert his enemies to the inherent dangers that were present in his Dimension, then the disappearance of a Demon King would do the trick, and they would not know what to expect. This should buy him a little time to push events forward.

He expected that there were extremely few methods to destroy a Demon King, and those of equal powers in the Great Abyss would have surely sensed the disappearance of such an esteemed figure. There were a limited number of such valiant powers in the Great Abyss, and the death of a single one would shake the Great Abyss.

He suspected that most would believe that the Demon King was trapped because he was not truly dead but sealed. It was the reason he did not go out of his way to kill the Demon King at the moment. Unlike any Immortals that he had slain, killing a Demon King would cause so much commotion that he feared it might attract the attention of a Primordial.

It was a delicate dance to find the right balance between causing just the right amount of damage to be effective and not overdoing it and outplaying his hand

With the inevitable descent of his enemies into his Dimension, he would first need to set up his defense and then plan how he should handle the chaotic essence flooding his Dimension. If he wanted to win this war, he could not be held back by such a crutch.

At this moment too much of his consciousness power was focused on filtering the overwhelming amount of Aether flooding his Dimension and separating them from his Primordial Seas.

He could not pursue the issue of his defense and concentrate on finding the solutions to this problem at the same time. It was a good thing that as a Dimension, he had residents, and all of them would arise to defend their home when he called for them.

"Come forth my children."

His voice rippled through his Dimension. Rowan's consciousness assumed the form of a gigantic golden eye that was as large as a star. With the expected birth of his physical body, he loathed to assume any humanoid form at this time, if he was going to appear before his children in his true body, then his form would be one that would no longer change.

At this time, they would all have to see one of his eyes.

His call pierced through his Dimension and shrouded the tens of thousands of worlds that had been born inside him. He could see that his children had been preparing for war for thousands of years.

He had given Eva access to his three Chambers, and she had not disappointed him. She had copied the features from the most powerful weapons and armor he had gathered and with Knowledge Well she had taken the best parts from those weapons of war, and using Hollow Forge, his armory was filled with unique weapons that would shake creation.

Although all his worlds were kept in a state of peace, martial might was respected as one of its foundations, and he had birthed mighty warriors and heroes without numbers. They heard his cries as a glowing pillar of white and blue light slammed against the surface of all his worlds.

Like ants, his children raced towards the pillars of light, entering it, and being transported before him. Even though they were in haste, they still matched with singular intent and harmony, their discipline born from having Angels as teachers.

In the blink of an eye, hundreds of millions of beings were arranged before him, their numbers stretching deep into his Dimension, the bright light of his Astrolabe flashed as millions of beings kept adding to their number until they reached half a billion, and still, his children were arriving, drawn from every world he contained.

The most powerful among them, all their preparation for the day they were called for the defense of their Primogenitor and their home.

Rowan was not an entity that craved the suffering of others. His Worlds were powerful, but they were also a paradise that could never be found in a normal material universe. His children came to defend him as well as their home.

At the front of this army wrapped in cold darkness and purple fire was the Lady of Shadow Eva, her presence was not loud, but it was everywhere, weaving through the darkness and complementing his light.

Rowan immediately felt a large amount of the load he was holding fade away as she took charge over a large portion of his Dimension, aiding him in filtering the great amount of Aether flooding into his Dimension, and by her side was the smiling figure of Lost, who after all these years remained a child.

He had a necklace made from large beads, each of these beads was the compressed essence of the Lost Flames. Due to certain complications in this Omnipotent Aspect, Lost could not grow stronger, and he made do with gathering his essence and compressing it with the knowledge he learned from the Great Sages.

On the other side of Eva was Diane, who after all these years had become a fully actualized Spell Weaver of the Seventh Weave controlling a Power that was similar to that of a God King. She was the shiny star amongst Rowan's children, catching up to the strong and exceeding them and everyone else.

Of all the Spell Weavers, she was the strongest, reaching heights in a short four thousand years that had stunned his myriad worlds. As the handmaiden to the Creator, her light was further enhanced, and in her golden armor, she glowed like the sun.

Standing beside Diane was Maeve whose green wings were open wide and shimmering with emerald lightning bolts and a shell-shocked Circe, whose eyes scanned behind her as millions of powerful beings were added to the army.

More than ever she questioned her presence in the midst of this Divine Army, the power she felt erupting behind her kept growing until her heart stopped beating in fright, and she could only watch in shock and horror.

Cradled in her arms was the sleeping Lightning Kirin, who was no longer black but now snow white, with large Runes of lightning on her forehead.

This was the vanguard of Rowan's army, Eva presence was a firm rock that everything revolved around, and behind them were the three Great Sages from the Mountain and Sea Realm, their bodies which formerly contained vast amounts of their homeworld essence were now different, over the thousands of years they had begun exchanging their essence for Rowan's golden Eruption ability.

The Three Great Sages, Han Li, Ni Tian, and Sparrow now had a golden glow surrounding their body, as his Eruption essence pulsed inside them, creating images of both destruction and creation.

They assumed their full stature, standing hundreds of miles tall, but their presence could not overshadow the Lady of Shadow whose darkness continually grew until it created a massive rune that expanded with the arrival of every soldier. Their feet rested on the massive purple rune that throbbed with power, imbuing everyone who stood upon it with the strength and fortitude to stand before the might of Rowan's gaze.

With the Will of the Lady of Shadow, all of Rowan's children would be able to stand before their creator.

Chapter 861: By The Creator's Will

The Great Sages looked at the expansive Dimension in awe, but their gaze could not help but fall on the Eye of Rowan. The power they could sense from inside of it was terrifying, vast, and boundless, and they knew that they were lucky to be here.

This was a power that was worthy enough to fight for and to die for.

Rowan scrutinized these Sages, it would seem that his Eruption ability from his Ouroboros Bloodline was more in line with the Cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm for they alongside his children of the Ouroboros pulsed with this power.

There were already twelve gods born from this bloodline and they stood beside other powerful members of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Previously there were three, but with the onset of the war, those that had been holding back their realm decided to break through.

Rowan's single eye shone in satisfaction as his children exceeded a billion in number and more were still being added. The defense of his Dimension was no longer a fool's hope.

The majority of his army came from the Mountain and Sea realms followed by his Children of the Ouroboros from the thousands of worlds he had seeded. The gods he created from the bloodlines of Trion were behind and they swallowed in awe before the majestic sights ahead of them.

They knew their new master was a powerful figure, but knowing and witnessing this power was something else entirely. The weakest members of this army were them, and they were all gods!

When Rowan's Children reached more than a billion, the Dimension shook as the lights from Astrolabe increased in intensity, and from it, the massive beasts and Spirits born from his bloodline who had inhabited all of his worlds began to appear. Like their humanoid relatives, they all exited in an orderly fashion, like a true army.

Their sheer numbers crushed the billion humanoids that came before them and their sizes were colossal. Billions upon billions of beasts and spirits of the earth, air, water, fire, and thousands of diverse elements, of all shapes and sizes appeared, and the lights of Astrolabe were shining so brightly that its glow filled more than a hundredth of his Dimension.

Standing in front of this enormous army with their number nearing tens of billions was a gigantic white dragon the size of a moon, Vraegar. Rowan smiled internally, this dragon knew how to make an appearance.

Vraegar was hungry for fame and the recognition of his father, and for the past four thousand years, he had not relented in his efforts to grow strong, and with the strength of his back and the sharpness of his claws and teeth, he had conquered all the beast in the realm and he was granted the title of their ruler. The Dragon God.

Vraegar's mighty head looked around, smiling when he saw the size of his armies compared to those of Eva; he spread his wings that were so massive they could hold hundreds of worlds on it and he roared.

The sound wave traveled for millions of miles, crossing across endless armies of Rowan, ruffling feathers, scales, and armor. Boosting the bravery in the hearts of everyone and imbuing them with his unique gift of plunder.

Anyone with his gifts would not only harvest the lives and vitality of those who they fought, and there was also a chance to steal their wealth and resources, regardless of where it was hidden. As a tiny dragon, Vraegar had even stolen from Rowan, and as a Dragon God, his rascal traits had multiplied to the extent that they became part of his powers.

Even Eva dreaded fighting this dragon, for its gift of plunder was so annoying, that it could anger anyone to death. When it seemed as if the gathering had reached its peak...

There was a loud trumpet and above his armies, millions of Celestial Suns appeared.

"Vrooshh!!!"

Celestial flames rippled through the ranks of Rowan's children as millions upon millions of Angels, the weakest among them being Archangels appeared overhead, with wings spread wide and glowing like stars.

They all held spears of flames and their armor radiated such great Celestial Light that it illuminated the billions of Rowan's Children, creating a diorama where the darkness of Eva's Rune was below the army, and the Celestial light of the Angels was above them.

A weight settled on the entire Dimension and then,

"BOOM!!!"

The massive Celestial Suns of his two Powers appeared and painted his entire army in a shade of scarlet. Creating a trifecta of colors, white, red, and black.

Their gigantic form appeared beside the eye of Rowan and they bowed to him before they rose up to their feet and their voices rippled before the gathered army.

"All Worship The Creator!"

The sound of the army falling to their knees resounded throughout the Dimension.

Except for Eva who Rowan had told never to bow to him, nevertheless, she bowed her head before his glory, and her eyes twinkled. Lost did not bow, he was attempting to climb on the bodies of the Powers and he was failing, his body was reported to a random part of the Dimension anytime he reached a million feet near the Powers.

If the Powers noticed this rascal, they gave no indication.

If Rowan had the eyes of a mortal, he would be sure that he would feel them tearing up. He was no longer a mortal, but his feeling of joy and satisfaction rippled out from his eyes and it touched every one of his children, and they could no longer hold back the fervor in their hearts.

As one, they slammed their right hand to their chest, "BOOM!!," Then they cried out their love to the Creator,

Malik frowned and wanted to stop the rabble but he was nudged by his brother to allow it. The cool voice of Nakir entered his consciousness, "Leave them be brother, it is a good thing they stand before the presence of the Creator. It will be the greatest honor in their life, let them savor it."

Malik sighed in irritation, "But their voices... There is no melody or rhythm to it. Their uncultured screeching is an affront."

"On that brother, I agree with you, but you can also hear it, can't you? Even in this rabble, their love is pure, they would gladly lay down their lives in defense of this Haven."

Malik's gaze swept through the Dimension, "It is a paradise alright, even if it is the beginning of one, the promise is here. They would fight for it, for I know no other Creator who would give any boon to his children without asking for everything in return."

Nakir smiled, "Although I admire their optimism, don't you think it is time to show them what a true cry to the Creator is?"

Malik was silent for a while, "No, let us give them this day, the battle ahead is long and hard, and when it is over, it will be the voices of Angels that signal its end."

"By the Creator's Will," Nakir whispered.

Malik also whispered, "By the Creator's Will."

Chapter 862: Understanding The Enemy

Like a wave that continuously rose without falling, the voices of the Children of Rowan rippled throughout the Dimension and escaped through the vortices into the material universe where it transformed into a horrifying sound that swept through the cosmos.

This should not be possible, the vortices were meant to collect the essence of the universe and not release anything in return, their makeup should make such an action highly improbable, but the Lady of Shadow had reviewed all the details of this conflict, and she knew what Rowan needed was time, and she could buy time by making the dead universe sing.

Her Will had seized partial control of the vortices and she channeled the roars of the army, merging them with the death cries of the universe that had lingered unheard, perhaps a part of the Universe Will still held its grief, it gave out all its pain and joined the voices and what emerged from the Vortices was a dreadful sound that led to madness to anyone who chooses to listen closely.

The Third Prince had just materialized his body and he cursed as he was promptly turned to ash by a burst of red flames that seemed to have merged with his essence. This had happened well over thirty thousand times and when he remade himself for the 30,001 times, a hint of fear and anger had begun to stain his gaze.

Then the sound that could shake the soul of anyone swept past him, that built and built... any sane person would close their ears and block their consciousness, but the Third Prince listened closely and underneath the screams of the universe he heard the roars from countless throats, this distracted him and he collapsed to ash once again.

He remade himself with a cry of bitterness, gritting his teeth against the flames and suppressing them deep in his soul, for this flame could consume the body, but not his

immortal soul, it could only cause him pain; however, this pain was not enough to distract him as he surveyed the present universe and watched with wide-eyed astonishment at the absolute spectacle Rowan had created,

This horrifying sound seemed to be increasing in intensity as if challenging the Third Prince, this distracted him and his flesh exploded, the flames leaking out from his soul.

The Third Prince shuddered, his body slowly getting back the flesh over his flaming bones. He now understood this flame and could easily dispel it, but he wanted to feel it... he needed to feel this pain.

This sound was like a knock to his head, telling him how much he had miscalculated, Rowan was not the prey to be toyed with, he was the predator here. His foolishness allowed the snake to transform into a dragon.

This realization made him grin and then he beat his chest and howled like a wolf, all the setbacks he had faced in the hands of his errant child did not fill him with despair but excitement. It was not every day that the threat of failure and death was presented so starkly before him.

The Third Prince had lived his life in a constant state of daze, bored and unfulfilled no matter how much he craved for something more because in time he knew he would still win, it was impossible for him not to win... but now he could almost feel it, a fear he had not felt since the day that he was born.

"My dear boy... I can't wait to kill you! I Can't! Wait!"

He vanished into the universe his eyes focused on the vortex and then he paused, "I will need something bigger to kill you though, I can't make the same mistake twice, no, no, fool me once Rowan, and you escaped Jarkarr, hahaha, and yet you fool me twice and you gained the universe. What sort of father would I be if you fooled me for the third time?"

"Why can it not be possible you imbecile?" Golgoth suddenly appeared beside the Third Prince, his armor was battered and he held his sword with so much force that the blade was bleeding from his grip, "Your useless fascination with your son has led us to this disaster, and even now your madness has not ended. You conspired and killed our Great Sword Fourth, how are we to fight in against this enemy without his great strength?"

The Third Prince cocked his head in surprise, "Golgoth, surely you don't think the state of this universe is of my doing?"

"Here me brother, your time of reckoning is coming and it will be by my hand," The God King swiped his hands in dismissal, "But it is not now, at this moment I don't care for your madness or your betrayal, because there is something worse out there. I have

killed Rowan so forget your fascination with that bastard and focus on whatever this entity is, it is not in our plans. This problem resulted from your actions Deceiver, and you shall help me fix it."

The Third Prince looked stunned for a moment and then he began to laugh, "Even you? Hahaha... you would think that someone who had the raw power of creation in his hands would be more flashy, but he is more like a snake than a god, hahaha, I want to kill this child even more Golgoth! Can you not realize what he has done to you? He fooled you and led you like a dog on a leash, and yet you believed something else. Damn, I should not have killed you, death has done you no favors."

The Third Prince stopped and scratched his head, "Perhaps I have judged you harshly, did he not fool me as well?"

Golgoth dead gaze went cold, "Explain yourself well brother."

"Don't mind if I do..." the Third Prince crooned and then sent a burst of knowledge toward Golgoth who assimilated everything in less than a second and then he froze.

"We have a problem," Golgoth spoke slowly.

The Third Prince threw his hands up in the air, "Now he gets it."

"No, you fool. He knows. I allowed him access to the vaults. I thought to trap him but..."

The mirth in the eyes of the Third vanished and he went cold, dispelling the flames of the Power in his Soul and then he screamed, "What!"

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The cries from the vortices were touching every corner of the universe, the sound was like the dirge of the dead emanating from an endless field of corpses.

Every Immortal who heard this sound went pale, even the screeching demons grew quiet. The sound escaping from the vortices rose to a fever pitch and then it abruptly disappeared.

The silence that prevailed was even worse, it felt hungry.

At this moment, in every world in the universe, the living creatures entered a stasis-like state and were sucked through the vortex. Only a mortal would enjoy this benefit, every god born in the universe could only watch as their worlds were sucked away.

The universe was not just losing its Aether and mass, it was also shrinking. Such an oddity was fantastic to witness, for even a dead universe did not shrink but usually broke apart, and was harvested for scraps.

The call for retreat spread around the ranks of the Mages and Demons, and Gods as a quick plan for their next actions was being formulated.

Chapter 863: Understanding The Enemy (2)

"Have you seen anything quite like this before?" The Watcher frowned, her eyes flickering from one position to another, trying to come to terms with the new changes they were witnessing.

Three Tower Masters stared at the bodies of hundreds of billions of people, who stood in silence, only their breathing indicated that they were alive, but everything about them was dead, their glassy eyes would give a dead fish a run for the money.

They were all naked, and despite their bodies glowing with a robust vitality, the cold air of death around them was so strong that even the void seemed to freeze.

Silas Black a Tower Master of the Magus Supreme World, twisted time to return to the moment before the unknown entity had first struck, around Trion and the location where the Universe Will was taken.

He was strong enough to reach through the shroud of time and reverse it even inside a material universe and it helped that the universe Will was dead and nothing could hold him back.

As a Tower Master, his reach was not strong enough to reverse time for an area as vast as this calamity had imposed which was almost a hundred thousand light years in diameter, he could barely reverse time over a space that was a million miles in circumference, a pitiful number but creation was always harder than destruction and going back in time was ten times harder, but with the assistance of the two other Tower Masters with him, he could expand that reach to seven million miles.

They began to fish through time in an attempt to resurrect the mages that had fallen. They did not need to resurrect all the dead, but they should be able to resurrect all the Mages that had died, especially the Archmages. Although an Archmage would be reborn inside their Tower when their mortal bodies perished, it would be quite difficult to transport all of them to this universe.

At least that was the plan, but when they turned back time to naturally start the resurrection process, the result was as expected, the Archmages had all returned alive but every mortal was lost

Ignoring the fact that trying to rewind time in the area of the universe that was destroyed by the mysterious being was harder than it should have been, the people who came back were empty vessels, all hollow, rendering their efforts futile.

To understand more of this strange occurrence, the Tower Masters kept resurrecting the dead until they had collected billions of people, but they could only bring back their bodies from the hands of time, their souls were gone.

When the vortices appeared in the universe, in an attempt to learn something about this new entity, they sent a portion of the newly resurrected Archmages, which turned out to be a mistake.

Silas Black drew one of the bodies forward, this body was an Archmage and was one of the scouts sent into the unknown vortex to investigate what was happening inside of it. Andar would have recognized this Archmage, it was the two Star Archmage Lucius Gyfron The Pioneer of Treasure, one of his teachers.

He was not the most powerful Archmage Andar had come across but he was one of his favorite teachers due to the manner he chose to instruct his disciples.

He had died from the unknown attack in the universe that had stolen the universe's Will and he had been resurrected without any problems and was tasked to investigate what was happening inside the vortex, the Three Tower Masters had discerned when the Archmages they sent all perished barely bringing back any valid data, but this was a normal occurrence when trying to deal with the unknown.

From the pulsation of power they had felt alongside the Universe Will, they knew they were dealing with something that was both incredibly precious and also dangerous and the Tower Masters had expected that they would be resurrecting their forces hundreds if not thousands of times before they could pierce through the mysteries behind this unknown entity.

This was the normal pace of battle, however, what was not normal in the slightest was the fact that every Archmage sent into the vortex could no longer be resurrected, their bodies became nothing but empty hollows, all signs pointing to the true death of their souls.

Aeris the Tower Master in white took the body of Lucius Gyfron from Silas and pressed her sharp fingernails into his scalp, ripping off the top of his head to expose his pulsing brain. The eyes of the Archmages twitched, it would seem that without souls their bodies still responded to external stimuli.

She pushed a finger into the brain and fished for his Spirit Matrix, slowly withdrawing it to reveal a strange fleshy item that resembled metal and was vibrating with energy and an eldritch glow.

The Watcher gaped as she saw the Spirit Matrix, "That is impossible, his Matrix had already merged with his Tower millions of years ago, what could reverse this process?"

"This is getting more interesting," Aeris giggled, "Let's find out."

Throwing away the body of Lucius, her eyes which had no pupils inside them but were nothing but a blank white seemed to penetrate the Spirit Matrix of the Archmage

It did not take long for her to sigh and place the Spirit Matrix into a specialized storage device and she dragged a dozen Archmages to her side and performed the same ritual, extracting their Spirit Matrix from different sections of their brains. She became more confused and excited with every further experiment she was making before she discarded the final body and smiled with fascination,

"I will need to return to my Tower to confirm all my findings, but I think I know what happened, but what I can't tell you is how it happened. It is like seeing a fish grow wings and fly, I can tell you..."

"Stop with your meaningless dribble Aeris," The Watched chided, "If you have not noticed, the Demon King has not emerged from the vortex also, if this is not a plot from the Abyss, then that means a similar fate might have befallen him, and if his soul was also shattered it would take decades for him to reforge himself again. I don't know about you but the last time I checked, we are not more durable than a Demon King."

Wrenching the souls of Immortals from the grip of a Supreme World was not unheard of, but it would require a power that transcended the material dimension, but they were inside the material universe

Aeris rolled her eyes, for beings of power that had lived as long as they did and controlled Will, death was not strange to them, it even fascinated them, and Aeris was a long lover of death. What was happening here was not supposed to be possible and this did nothing but thrill her senses, but she also understood the concerns of the Watcher and promptly gave her findings.

"The souls of every dead mortal here are gone, but that is normal for an attack of this scale to shatter the soul of a mortal to nothingness alongside their bodies, but as you all saw this attack was quite useless against our Archmages until they entered the vortex."

"The how of their deaths is not possible for me to discover at this moment, we could barely discern anything in the final moments of their lives, but what I believed happened to them was that their Souls which had already melded with their Towers were drawn away from the Magus World and destroyed somewhere that this vortex leads to, the time reversal only showed us the intrinsic state of their being after this process has already been completed, they are truly dead and there is no way to reverse this process."

Chapter 864: Time To Harvest

Aeris's statement was met with silence before the Watcher frowned before standing to her full height, her appearance was of an older woman with white hair, but at this moment there was nothing frail about her, she appeared to have made up her mind and she began speaking unhurriedly,

"We have been looking at this whole thing through the wrong lenses all this time. This universe was never ours or the Demon's. We were meant to believe that it was. It is clear that someone else had acquired a Nemesis Plate long before now and created deep channels in this universe that are now coming to fruition, and sadly we have all been playing catch up. I am sure the demons would be coming to the same conclusion soon, and so we have limited time to act before the full gaze of the Abyss falls on this place."

Silas Black blinked, "Surely you cannot mean..."

The Watcher nodded, "I do, look around you, remember how strange this universe was from the start. It had too much essence, so much I likened it to the mythical Super universe," she gestured around, "These portals most likely lead to an unknown Supreme World. I don't believe anyone can simply set up such a passage inside a Third Dimension, it would require many Eras of work and a knowledge of the Third Dimension that trumps any I have ever known."

She began to count on her fingers, "The death of the Universe, the appearance and collection of its Will by hidden forces, that energy surge from that cursed planet, this unknown enemy with the ability to break through the barrier of our Magus World's Will and forcefully merge the souls of our Archmages to their bodies. We are in over our heads, and we should call for the Supreme one. I should have taken this matter to Endirius billions of years ago when we detected how strange this universe was. This calamity could have been avoided."

"Hold on Watcher, you forget that the call to the Supreme world is a decision that was always mine to make," Silas Black retorted, "All of us have enjoyed the bounties from this universe, especially you. Don't think I don't know of the vast amounts of Primordial Aether you have harvested from its Isle of Rest. Disregarding that fact, this is a pivotal juncture and at this time, it is still contained, any word from you could shatter the opportunity we have here."

Aeris joined Silas and spoke out, "I have to agree with Silas. The battle has barely begun, and bringing this matter to Endirius would strip us of any ability to profit from this disaster, and it is a disaster, the death of these Mages would raise a lot of eyebrows in the Supreme World and your ability as a Watcher would be called into question on how such a threat was allowed to grow inside this universe unchecked."

Her eyes shone with greed and excitement, "But there is also a great opportunity to be found here. Don't forget the second source of energy we feel inside this universe, the key to becoming Supreme is here Watcher, don't you also crave it? Even if you don't,

fleeing to the Supreme Magus without more information would only lead to punishment. Think about it Watcher, we have access to more armies far beyond what is present here that are not Mages, we can control and slow down any ongoing operation here and when we meet Endirius with this news, we will also have results in hand, don't allow a moment of panic strip you of the gains we have made inside this universe for the last six billion years, and a monumental surprise that could be found here in the future."

Aeris grasped a portion of reality and showed it to the Watcher, "From my calculations, this universe can still hold on for another decade. We still have time to take appropriate actions and deal with this new threat."

The eyes of the Watcher gleamed, as she addressed ignored Aeris and addressed Silas,

"Before now the only thing you wanted to do was run, but now you crave this power? Putting that aside for the moment, if I remember correctly I paid for my watch over the Isle of Rest to you and Aeris with a vast amount of elemental resources and the multiple keys to the Labyrinth Space. I have not taken more than I should have and I have no problem with greed, a trait I see that you lack. Your ambitions are self-destructive at best."

Turning to speak to Aeris, "You speak of armies, but you forget something important, no matter how many armies we bring into this problem we are still playing catch up against an unknown force, that is likely a Supreme one. Understand this, for I don't say it lightly, we have lost Aeris but it is not too late, how can you not see it?"

She gestured to the shrinking universe, as more and more of its essence were siphoned into the vortices,

"This universe has no defense against Endirius at this point, withholding information from the Supreme Magus because of greed is beyond stupid, and you all forget something, this universe is dead, thus my watch has ended. It is time to return home and create my Great Tower, but not before this enemy pays for the death of all our Magus. Or have you forgotten how many of your Mages have been slaughtered this day, Silas?"

Silas scratched his head, "Eeh, I was hoping you would have forgotten that part, it's always strange the attachment someone like you can have against mortal creatures. You are also right, your watch has ended and as you and the rest of this rabble have proven to me, your usefulness is now redundant. I selected you because you were always quite docile and agreeable, but I see that you have grown full of ideas and flavor Megit the Watcher, I think it is time to harvest."

The Watcher's eyes slowly widened and then they stopped, only her eyeballs could move as the rest of her body was frozen.

Aeris had appeared behind her and wrapped her arms around the body of the Tower Master and this act froze her in place, yet she struggled to speak, "How... is...this... possible?"

Silas shrugged and looked away, seemingly concentrating on something else, by the way, his ears were twitching he was receiving a message, he turned back to the Watcher and beheld a grisly sight.

The body of Aeris had melted all over the Watcher and sprouted hundreds of mouths which was beginning to chew through the body of the Magus, brief bursts of Aether flared from wounds that were so strong it could crush a galaxy, but they were greedily dissolved and absorbed by a hundred cackling mouths of Aeris.

The Watcher was constantly regenerating and this kept the destruction of her body to a stalemate even while all of her powers had become bound and in her fury, she saw that the root of this poison had been slowly fed to her over the course of billions of years as she stayed inside the Isle of Rest.

Despite all her disadvantages, the Watcher had indeed gathered an enormous amount of Primordial Aether over the years and it would take millions of years to reduce her to nothingness.

That stalemate soon ended when Silas walked up to her and his black robe flared up like the hood from a cobra, and from his stomach, several massive black tentacles erupted and began digging into the body of the Watcher pulling out large chunks of flesh and bone and transporting it into a large mouth that appeared on Silas Chest.

Chapter 865: Losses and Despair

The death of the Watcher was not peaceful, or quick.

For a long time, the sound of feasting continued as the Watcher, a powerful Rank 9 Archmage, a step below the Supreme Magus and holder of a powerful Will that should have guaranteed her forever immortality, was slowly devoured, body, spirit, soul and Will. Nothing was being spared.

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A teleportation wave brought Andar and Khasos to the field of unending bodies resurrected by the Tower Masters.

Andar had not recovered from experiencing the strange energy that had rippled through the universe and his skin was red as if he had been boiled, and pain filled every inch of

his body but his pain-filled eyes looked around in search, and paused when he saw her. It became the only thing he saw.

Mira hung naked in space as if held by an invisible hanger, her limbs were splayed outward and her eyes were vacant. Her beautiful black hair that she had allowed to grow out surrounded her body, giving her a hint of decency.

Flashes of memory from the moment they met until this moment blasted through his mind, and with his perfect memory, he could recall everything in aching details.

Andar choked back the cry that threatened to escape from his chest. He wanted to go to her but was stopped by a hand on his shoulder. He looked up in confusion at Khasos, the Warden of the Black Tower, who shook his head and motioned to the three Tower Masters ahead, who seemed to be in deep discussion.

"Hold on until they are done with their deliberations, I know you wish to see her, but it would be foolish to distract the Tower Masters, their powers are mighty and if anyone would be able to save her, they would be among them. You should take the time and heal, don't forget, we are still in the midst of a war, and as this present event has proven, none of us are safe."

Andar nodded stiffly, his mind racing as he allowed himself to see the full scale of the devastation before him, he did not care about healing, his body was far more potent than it appeared on the surface. There were so many horrible events happening around him to consider pain as important. Although the Tower Masters had resurrected only a few of the casualties, they still numbered in the billions. He shivered. How could life be so cheap?

Growing his power as a Mage had always been fun and challenging to him, and even though he knew that such abilities could be incredibly destructive, there had always seemed to be enough safeguards in place to prevent something like this from ever occurring. How did it all go to hell so quickly?

The guilt in his heart could no longer be held back. He should have never allowed Mira to follow him on this expedition to madness. Although Andar knew denying the fierce Mage was most likely a journey of futility, he could have easily placed her to sleep before he left. Why did he ever think she could be safe in a war zone?

He sat and waited for what seemed like hours as the Tower Masters were deliberating, his mind going through various scenarios as he debated what had happened and what would be coming next. His only hope was that Mira could be saved by the Tower Masters, it did not matter the sacrifices he had to make for them to push more resources towards her reawakening.

His body had recovered but there was an echo of that energy inside him that he preserved with a fierce madness, this echo was his inky connection to the bastard who butchered Mira, and by the looks of it, was also killing the entire universe.

"Andar Erikson, come over here!" The voice of the Watcher broke him from his reverie and he looked at the surprised face of Khasos who nodded to him.

Andar thought he saw a hint of desolation and hope deep in the eyes of this Archmage, and he realized that he had lost Mira, but Khasos most likely had lost dozens of friends and disciples and millions of his students, that he might have known for millions of years. The weight in his heart must be a million times heavier than his own, but Andar had been blind to everything else but his grief.

Did death ever get easier to handle? Or was the solution to such grave losses to become indifferent?

Andar reached the Tower Masters and bowed deeply, his gaze shifted to the bodies of several Archmages, most of them he recognized they had been his teachers and had guided Andar with care and consideration, every one of them geniuses of their generation, and now they lied here like refuse, their skull had been split open and their brains tampered with.

This was an odd sight, Archmages were immortal, and even if their bodies were destroyed, they would be reborn inside their Tower, there was no reason to desecrate their bodies in this manner... unless. Andar's heart grew cold, surely it could not be possible...He looked at the position in the brains and he sensed the fleeting energy of a Spirit Matrix.

"Look at the way his little mind works Silas, he is surely an odd one. How he is able to pierce all the small clues is astounding, and his talents...hahaha."

"He is special and should be kept intact until it's all over."

Andar went quiet as he stood straighter, before the gaze of the Tower Masters he felt like an ant, but he had become used to being so weak before these titans, something else deeply disturbed his spirit, if Aeris had been the one to comment about his observation on the Archmages, he would have not been surprised, but those words had emerged from the mouth of the Watcher.

Andar had not forgotten the vision Rowan showed him, and the suspicion that everything, this war and the unexpected deaths of immortals, was tied up with Silas and Aeris, and now every fiber of his being was telling him that the Watcher had become compromised.

No matter his speculations, he was too weak to do anything. He could only accept whatever was coming.

"This war is not going the way that it should." The Watcher spoke to Andar and she smiled as if that thought was amusing, "We cannot let the talents of our next generation go to waste. You shall return to the Black Tower and further instructions will be given, you are to leave this universe, but other preparations need to be accomplished before you leave."

Andar's mind was working a thousand miles a second, fear and desperation clouding his thoughts, he felt as if he was being pushed towards death, but he had no way to stop or resist.

The moment he argued or resisted this order, Andar knew he would be killed immediately, this was a truth he felt deep in his spirit, and the only thing he could decide was if he was going to die now or later.

He opened his mouth and said, "Thank you for your consideration Tower Master, but I hope to ask for a favor."

The eyes of the Watcher tightened for a fraction before she smiled, "Of course child, what is it you want?"

"Can I bring her body with me? Mira, she was my companion."

"Oh, that, sure... with her physique that lump of flesh can live for another four hundred years. I know how you young things are still ruled by the urges of the flesh."

Andar gritted his teeth and he bowed towards the Tower Master, and he waited for a few seconds before turning and leaving.

If his senses were more capable, he would have seen that at this moment, Silas and Aeris were not even focused on him, but were busy devouring the Watcher, who had begun releasing cries of pain.

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The three consciousnesses of Rowan appeared inside the Great Nexus of Trion. Like every time he entered this space, he always appeared in a new location. He had not figured out how that was possible, but this space was indeed strange.

It had all the appearance of a three dimensional world and yet it contained an unknown number of beasts that controlled Will and the red moon overhead was a dead Supreme World.

Chapter 866: Journey To The Red Moon

Rowan called the Red Moon a 'dead' Supreme World but with further observation, he thought the best term to use was Nascent.

Like a body without a soul, this Supreme World was empty, and whatever purpose it was created to serve did not matter to him, he was taking it, and he had no guilt about stealing such an inestimable treasure.

All was fair in war, he was sure even his enemies understood that concept.

The Red Moon was a certain distance away and even though his consciousness was invisible, he could not risk traveling to it without cover for it would agitate the intense soul energy present inside this place. He was suppressing his presence but he would not want to leave anything to chance.

Rowan looked around him and saw a large number of beasts and his attention focused on a particular herd of giant creatures that resembled elephants, with comically large ears that when spread out turned to an organ that allowed them to achieve flight.

It was a bit amusing to see an animal evolve to this extent due to the influence of Aether and their surroundings. This herd was herbivorous but in this harsh environment, they needed to evolve in order to survive.

He saw this change as the ultimate truth to reality. Like himself who had to evolve into the creature he had become due to his surroundings, anyone who could not change fast enough would perish, even if that change meant you become an abomination.

There were dozens of different herds of animals of all shapes and sizes, and they obviously gathered here together to protect themselves, strength in numbers multiplied by a factor of several dozen, since they were all herbivores or generally peaceful creatures who did not need to hunt to sustain their existence.

He eliminated any of the animals that could not take flight, and those that were not sufficiently powerful, and his final selection fell on the elephant-like beasts. They possessed all the traits he required and he immediately took action.

The time it took for Rowan to review and decide on his actions took such a ridiculously short time it could almost be considered instantaneous.

Rowan's consciousness flowed through the selected herd, they were more than a thousand in number and he reached the leader. A massive creature that was well over three hundred feet tall with twin trunks instead of the single trunk possessed by the rest of the herd.

Taking over the beast was a simple affair and he also read all its memories to increase his understanding of this unique space. He had all the major pictures, but some details still needed to be filled out.

"Vrroooooohhmmmm...."

He made a loud call with his trunks that shook the rest of the herd from whatever activity they were into and they assembled behind him, stirring a large amount of dust and agitating the remaining animals here who soon rested when they saw no threats, and spreading out his large ears, took flight, he was followed by the rest of the herd.

The beast he possessed had the power of a Major God and the weakest of the herd here were Earth gods. If this was out in the universe, although this would not be considered a powerful group, they would have had enough power to slice off a corner of reality for themselves.

In this place, they were at the bottom of the food chain, only slightly better than carrion and vermin like the rats Rowan had encountered when he was a mortal. These herds usually did not live long and were slaughtered.

Rowan did not need the power of this herd, their powers played no part in his selection process, he only needed them to get to the Red Moon because it was along their migration route. They did not reach the Red Moon, but they frequently flew close to it. These beasts were going to be his designated driver, and he was going to step off when he came close to his target.

The large ears of the herd leader flared open to its greatest extent and began to glow with a soft blue light as its speed increased, Rowan making sure he was pushing the herd to the limit but leaving none behind.

The blue light emerging from the ears of the herd leader began to spread to the rest of his herd, boosting their speed and endurance whilst actively decreasing their fatigue. It was an interesting Aura, and before long, the beast herd was approaching the speed of light, and the red moon loomed ahead, slowly growing larger in his vision, greater than every world in the universe including Trion, he pegged it to be almost a thousand light years in circumference, an utterly ridiculous size.

No material inside a Third Dimension could expand to this size without being crushed by its own weight, this Supreme World would never exist inside a Third Dimension, and this begged the question, what dimension was he inside of?

The journey should take him a few hours and Rowan began to ponder the abnormalities of this space, and before long he discovered another peculiarity of this world, and it was the absence of Aether in the air or the environment for that matter.

This lack of Aether was baffling, this space was not dead and contained a vast and varied amount of life, how could anything exist here without Aether?

For beasts of such great power and varied abilities to arise in this land was certainly a great mystery but there was a simple solution to this quandary when he factored in the lack of Aether inside this place.

Every creature here was not born, they were grown.

This was not an answer he saw inside the memories of the beasts he was presently inhabiting, since he quickly realized that they all had manufactured memories, he was able to come to this conclusion by analyzing their bodies and the age of their memories, and the differences were astounding.

Take for instance this herd leader he was possessing, the creature believed it was born three million years ago on the tip of a wind-swept mountain, Rowan wanted to roll his eyes when he saw that particular memory, someone had a lot of time and too much imagination in their head when they were making it.

But from the physical composition of the beast, Rowan had come to the conclusion that it was barely four hundred years old.

Anyone else would be confused as to why these creatures were given memories that did not fit their bodies, but Rowan was in a special position to answer that question. His many consciousnesses had analyzed this puzzle and had come to a conclusion.

The expected answer was so shocking, that he needed to confirm it, and if he was not wrong, he would be getting those answers overhead. If it turned out his speculations were correct, it would change his entire thinking about the Soul!

The herd of beasts flew fast and before long Rowan had reached the midpoint of his journey. By now the red moon had filled the entire horizon, leaving a gap to see the heavens and painting the surroundings in red.

Rowan looked below and observed the ground, from this elevation he could see the entirety of this space, and for a moment he was struck by its surreal nature.

Chapter 867: Time To Make You Mine

Rowan had seen many monumental vistas in his time, some were so horrifying like Limbo that it could break your mind, and some were so beautiful that the sight would remain in your soul forever, this land below was a mixture of both.

It was a vast land filled with ruins from bygone Eras, and it held an uncountable number of beasts, some of them were so enormous that even from this height he could see them, this meant these creatures were most likely bigger than entire solar systems.

The light from the red moon was reflected in an array of dizzying colors when they reached the ground, causing this entire space to possess a unique beauty that would make any poet weep. Ethereal colors and sounds that could not be fathomed by a mortal mind bled and combined in such stunning colors that only a being such as Rowan could appreciate. A god would run mad if they saw it.

Yet this beauty was part of it all. Rowan expanded his vision and he could see the edges of this land, its four edges.

This space was not shaped like a planet or any other heavenly body but was a flat square, like a two-dimensional space. It was as if a portion of a much larger dimension had been sliced off and placed here, which should not be far from the truth, for surrounding the edges of this space was the Sea of Destruction.

Rowan had to ascend higher to confirm that the source of the Sea of Destruction was emerging from this land. It was not bleeding, but its presence alone was causing an Aura of destruction that was so potent it created such great forces that could create its dimension.

This concept was so fantastical Rowan could only liken it to seeing a completely normal egg that somehow weighed so much that it could bend reality.

Looking at this land below, Rowan knew he was far too weak to understand everything that it contained, but he knew certain secrets that made it possible for him to make an educated assumption. This was only possible because he knew the answers already or part of it, and with it, he could derive the process by which it transpired.

This land was square, and it appeared to be sliced off from a larger piece of land but what if it was not a piece of land, what if it was an eye?

The eye of the Primordial of Time and Evil.

Such a conclusion was virtually impossible for anyone else to make this connection, but Rowan had seen the body of the Primordial of Evil and Time.

He was humanoid with tentacles erupting from his face, and one of his defining traits was his eyes. It was not oval but a square. Rowan did not know how the Reflections had been able to acquire an eye of this creature but they had managed it, and from it, all this madness originated.

The herd was making quick speed and soon reached the zenith of their ascent before they began to turn and Rowan excited their bodies and watched them disappear into the distance and he looked up, or rather down.

In space, there was no up or down, and it all depended on your perspective, and now the Red Moon was below him and the land of monsters was above, and this simple perspective change transformed this whole space.

The world below him was no longer red but white, the pale white of bone, real bones, for what was below him was now a skull. This change was so jarring that Rowan paused in appreciation. The so-called Red Moon was not emitting light, all the light had been coming from the land 'above' him and it was distorting the perspective of anyone from the ground until they reached a certain point and the truth of the moon was revealed.

Rowan shrugged and rocketed downward toward the skull, he was in unknown territory and anything was fucking possible.

He was analyzing the skull via all the knowledge he knew and he could not find any match to it. The skull had the basic shape of a human skull, except for its two canines were extended like fangs, and whoever this creature was in the past, it was so powerful that its skull could become a Supreme World.

As Rowan's consciousness grew closer to the skull he began feeling endless waves of incredible power that was so potent it would kill anything, even those with a Will, but he slammed past it, this energy attached itself to the soul and destroyed it, he had no soul.

Passing this zone he saw where this attack was coming from, it was a massive array that held trillions of Soul Origin!

Rowan already guessed something like this would be found here, he blasted past it, descending towards the eye hole of the skull.

When he realized that the creatures below were not born or created he was puzzled, but when he realized the impossible amount of Soul Energy present here, he instantly realized what was happening.

Someone was farming Soul Energy.

Rowan was a Nascent Primordial that could control the power of Soul to an extent that this universe had never seen before, but he was too young and before him, other powerful beings who did not have his advantage had been able to investigate the mysteries behind the soul and what he was seeing here was a successful branch of that experiment.

They had gathered Soul Origins and had created all those beasts below and gave them false memories, yet those memories were not truly false. Those memories came from the owner of these Soul Origins and Rowan would bet that every creature here was exactly in makeup with whoever those memories came from.

When they assumed the memories, their Soul Origins would be deceived and pour Soul Energies into their bodies creating a new soul once more.

Someone had cheated reincarnation and deprived these poor souls of the freedom to become something new, they would only repeat their previous lives forever. Anytime they were killed their Soul Energy dispersed into the surrounding and a new body was created with the same memories, and the Soul Origin would pour their power into these bodies creating new souls.

This idea was both genius and mad, and it required so many parts working together to manage it, but Rowan felt that there was something missing.

All this harvested Soul Energy was not going anywhere it was just accumulating. It was as if the final part of whatever equation was being created here was missing and so the energy was just left to build up and after all this time the amount of Soul Energy here was stunning, but not necessarily alarming.

Rowan had noticed that although the beasts here were powerful, their soul energy was weak. Whatever this person who created this place intended it to be, it was not to be a Perpetual Soul Engine, and their experiments with souls must have hit a roadblock.

From what he could see, the Soul Origins were still blazing with power, but the energy they were releasing to each new generation was becoming weaker.

Rowan reached the massive eye hole that was hundreds of light years in circumference and entered into the skull and he was instantly covered in darkness.

"Time to make you mine."

His consciousness slammed together and transformed into the largest World Seed he had ever created.

Chapter 868: Daring Acts

The first thing that erupted from this World Seed was Rowan's light. This light represented his Will and was a method to spread his perception, for the darkness inside this place was so deep only such a thing could reveal what was hidden inside of it.

Rowan's ability to seed worlds had been restricted to Minor Worlds until he grew stronger, back when he was still a Chaos Blood. As he broke the Will of Chaos in his blood, he now has access to all the unlocked abilities of his enhanced Ouroboros bloodline without restrictions.

His abilities to seed worlds were no longer gated behind his level but only required that he had the power and knowledge to unleash it to its maximal extent.

Rowan had theorized the amount of power needed to Seed a Supreme World in the event that he ever came across a world like that during his travels and the projection had been astonishingly bleak.

It would require an enormous amount of power, more than even his Primordial Seas were capable of giving, but since he had plentiful Soul Mountains from the immortals he had killed, power was not the problem, the other criterion was the Will of the Supreme World, this would be testing his knowledge.

At the time of his theorizing, Rowan had expected that he would have grown strong enough to be able to overpower the World Will of a Supreme world if he ever reached a point where seeding such a world became an option, and the revelation of the Red Moon being a Supreme World was a temptation he could not resist.

Rowan had always been looking for options to evolve his Ouroboros Bloodline past its limit so it could equal his Sheol bloodline and Seeding a Supreme World would catapult his Ouroboros Bloodline from his weakest to his strongest bloodline, he chose to proceed with the plan to take over this Supreme World because he discovered that it was empty.

There was no Will to fight, he only needed the power to take it over. Still, this did not mean that he would succeed, at the end of the day, a Supreme World was a power that he had not fully grasped.

The transformation to a World Seed inside the skull of this unknown entity was like the birth of a star. Rowan's three consciousnesses expanded and transformed into a large golden orb that resembled dandelions with numerous glowing tendrils, and his light shot across the dark expanse.

This bright light uncovered the internal area of the skull, and what was revealed inside was the ruin of a destroyed civilization. Rowan knew that this skull was not a construct but the remains of a once powerful being, the presence of a city inside the skull indicated that when this being was alive, its inside had contained a vast number of living beings.

Rowan could immediately trace the connection between these ruins and the ruins dotting the eye of the Primordial of Evil above, and he inferred that the ruins he had seen had fallen out from this skull. This was not a speculation because he could see that just the disturbance he had created as he unleashed the World Seed had dislodged the resting place for a lot of ruins and they were beginning to drift towards the enormous abyss of the skull's empty eyes.

It would take time for them to fall out, so he was not alarmed.

His time here in the dark would soon come to an end when the shattered buildings began to rain out from the skull, but he expected that the commotion of seeding this world would alert the Reflections soon enough, but they would be too late to stop him.

Even with the bright light from the world Seed his perception still struggled to reach all the corners of this gargantuan metropolis, but his light was slowly but steadily growing brighter and expanding his perception along with it, revealing more and more of this place to him.

With his experience from the transforming cities of Sheol, Rowan had been able to see thousands of metropolia of various nature, from ethereal and haunting to Sci-fi and prehistoric, but he had never seen a city quite like this.

It seemed to be covered with a supernatural haze of dust that even his light struggled to break through and from its diverse buildings, to its sheer size, this city must have held trillions. Its inhabitants must have also favored the skies for every building here, no matter how massive was built on incredibly long stilts, some of them as long as a thousand miles, making each building from afar resembling a flock of birds with thin legs.

At the base of these stilts must have been a body of water of some sort, but whatever it was it had long evaporated. Rowan found it a bit odd that some parts of this being were almost similar to his own, was there a connection here?

Whatever caused the death of this civilization, it did not come quickly, every single inch that his light crossed bared marks of battle. He soon figured out that this was not just a city, it was a stronghold, he had had noticed it when he uncovered enough of the city as the designs were quite ingenious.

All these marks told a story, one that was disjointed but could fit together quite easily when looked at from a distance, it all pointed in one direction. A single person had entered this place and battled everyone.

Maybe battle was the wrong word, there was resistance, sure, but they were all swept away like wheat before the farmer's scythe. From the battle marks, Rowan saw that this person did not retreat once, he ended this civilization and continued heading deeper into this fallen stronghold until...

Rowan saw the bodies.

From the marks of the battle, they were the last to fall, he did not know if this was by accident or design. They were seven gigantic bodies without their heads. They were not the biggest creatures he had seen, humanoid, and their bodies measured around ten thousand feet in length.

Rowan's senses quivered and a familiar hate bubbled from deep inside of him as he recognized the essence emanating from these bodies and realized that these were Primordial Keepers.

The problems he had with the Primordial Keepers had not vanished, but this universe had been protecting him all this while from their hands, and Rowan had expected that they would become a problem in the future, but he never expected to find the bodies of these elusive figures in this place.

The threat of the Primordial Keepers had always been on his mind but as he grew stronger and evolved past his root bloodlines, their influence in his lives and decision-making had almost vanished.

Another piece of the puzzle clicked into place and he was startled when he realized the roots of this place came from someone hunting these Primordial Keepers, and the reason for this crazy action was obvious, it was to gain Soul Origin.

Rowan could find methods to gain Soul Origin but he had the Sheol bloodline that made all that possible, someone wanted to create this place to harvest Soul Energy and they had gone to the source.

Although this action was made by his enemy, Rowan still found himself grinning. What could he say, Rowan always appreciated outlandish acts like these that could shock creation.

Chapter 869: Inferior Stock

Rowan had reached the end of this space and he had time to check out the bodies in detail, wondering why it was left behind and not taken like everyone else and he soon had the answers.

The heads of the Primordial Keepers were missing so he could not see their facial features, and their bodies were wrapped in black robes, even in death, their ethereal nature was still present as now and then, their bodies seemed to fade in and out of reality.

He had never expected to find dead Primordial Keepers inside this place, and it strikes Rowan as amusing that at the same time, the Primordial Keepers came to collect his soul when he was a mortal beneath the light of the Red Moon, someone else had done much worse and they had been inside their domain, perhaps if they had not been so focused on him and they had looked up, they might have seen the dead bodies of their kin.

Nevertheless, he was not here for the past, he would understand it and learn from it, his goal was for the future, and his light had reached the end of this land. Nothing was stopping him from claiming it, his abilities to seed worlds came from a Primordial, and like everything those beings were capable of, it was mighty.

Taking time to consider what he was about to do would only cripple his decision-making. He might be making a terrible mistake connecting with this skull, but Rowan was ready to destroy the three consciousnesses he had placed inside this World Seed if he came across a problem he could not control.

With every new revelation about the power and the resources of the Reflections coming to light, he knew he had limited time to act before they became aware of the full nature of his power and responded appropriately. With the time he had bought for himself, if he did not make this move, then the advantages that he paid for would be lost.

The World Seed that had been rotating shuddered before releasing thousands of tendrils, each one stretched for hundreds of light years before burying themselves into every corner of this city and digging towards its foundations which was the skull.

Rowan immediately felt the strain of power consumption, every inch of the skull that his tendrils dug through called for an enormous amount of energy.

It was a good thing then that he had too much Aether from the universe assimilation than he knew what to do with.

Inside the skull, the light of Astrolabe shone bright and connected to the World Seed as vast amounts were siphoned into it.

The World Seed vibrated and then began to shrink as it glowed brighter and with a dull roar, the number of tendrils he released increased from a few thousand to a hundred thousand, at the same time the World Seed expanded to three times its previous size and its sheen changed from gold to a purple gold.

The entire skull shook as the assimilation of the World Seed accelerated.

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Circe watched as Eva, a woman who seemed larger than life began directing her troops. Beneath her fingers was a large hologram with billions of blinking lights and connected to those lights were tiny purple tendrils that led into her shadow, a shadow that covered the entire ground for endless miles.

The feeling in her heart had transcended awe when she noticed that every blinking light was linked to every troop and the Lady of Shadow of connected to all of them. It was as if everyone here was an extension of her Will.

"Precisely," Eva said and Circe jerked in shock and looked at the Lady of Shadow, was she listening to her thoughts?

Eva's gaze traveled to Circe's shadow and Circe followed it, seeing a purple thread linked to her shadow, and understanding washed through her. The Lady of Shadow looked away but Circe could still hear her clearly inside her head.

"Circe, according to Lord Rowan, you are not to participate in this battle, you are here as an observer."

Circe jerked again, not used to hearing the cool voice of this woman in her head and she frowned in annoyance, although everything she had seen here had thrown her off balance, she was not a coward and was willing to do her part. She was the most powerful member of her family that still lived and it would be shameful that in the battle that would decide all their collective fate she was to be nothing but a bystander.

She closed her eyes and preserved any negative emotions downwards until they were smaller than dust, being emotional was not welcomed at this moment, so organizing her thoughts she responded aloud,

"I beg to differ, Lady of Shadows, you know my capabilities and I would be a useful asset in this fight that is coming. This battle is one that I deserve to fight, and I will not be left behind. If Rowan knows me at all, he would understand that there is no way I would be willing to stand at the sidelines."

She did not receive any replies for a while and when she wanted to argue her stand further, she heard the cool voice of Eva in her head, "I understand as much, stand beside me, I want to show you something."

Circe nodded and hurried to her side, swallowing when she came close to Eva. From afar the Lady of Shadow was magnificent, and Circe had never seen a woman more beautiful, her long black hair and purple eyes that briefly flashed with hints of blue lightning were stunning, and her physical appearance was not even the most attention-grabbing aspect of this figure.

It was her Aura. Besides Rowan, she had never felt something so deep. It was like staring into an abyss. You could only see the darkness above, but you knew there was an endless depth inside that could swallow eternity. It was scary and humbling and even with her godlike physique Circe nearly stumbled as she walked up to Eva.

If the Lady of Shadow noticed her misdemeanor, she gave no sign, she simply tapped the air, and Circe began to see images of countless demons and mages, from their weapons to their spells, it swept by so quickly that she had to take some time to process everything she had seen.

"What do you think about the forces of the enemy that I just showed you?" Again Eva spoke directly into the mind of Circe, but she was already getting used to it, and she imagined that perhaps the Lady of Shadow was communicating with billions of troops at the same time, and it was foolish to think that she would devote more of her attention to her preference.

Circe swallowed and began considering everything she had been shown. She had watched the battle between the dominators, demons, and mages before Rowan arrived and shattered everything as if they were nothing but squabbling children.

She would not deny that she felt this army Rowan was putting together was overkill, could he not simply wipe out all opposition as easily as he just did a few moments ago, surely there was no need for all these troops when their leader could end the battle with a snap of his fingers?

"That is where you are wrong," Eva spoke into her mind, "Everything you had just witnessed was not the true force of the Abyss. These were just the armies they bred inside the Third Dimension, they are inferior stock. The Demons that are coming are the true enemy. You have not seen the true capabilities of the Gods of Trion, or the Mages, plus there is another hidden hand stirring all these elements together. Rowan would be very busy fighting their leaders, we are here to make sure he is given all the support he needs."

Chapter 870: War Begins

This was it...

This is how the universe ended.

The attacks against Rowan's Dimension began with little warning, three days after the Demon King fell.

The number of vortices in his dimension linking to the universe had stabilized at ninety-five million. This meant that at this juncture Rowan had ninety-five million points of entry into his dimension, and he had no way to close them.

His Dimension was covered in black fog, and even the lights from the incoming worlds and stars entering into it from rye outside universe did little to lighten up the environment. Since he began channeling the Aether from the universe to feed the World Seed he had been able to allocate far more attention to this battle, but since he was not the most experienced when it came to large-scale warfare of this sort, he left it to the Lady of Shadows.

She was born to fight wars like this. Even in her apparent somberness, Rowan could still detect the excitement flowing within her veins. For the first time in a long time, the Lady of Shadow was truly alive.

The Demons attacked first and began their assault using more than a million points of entry. They came silently in numbers that would baffle the imagination, and against any other opponents, this number of demons ready for war would stagger them, their opponent however was the Lady of Shadows.

Each vortex was massive, enough that planets and stars could easily be sucked into Rowan's dimension with little hassle, and the Demons entered his dimensions by hitching a ride through the descending planets.

They had not learned much in the failed scouting mission previously, but they had learned that every vortex led to a different part of the Dimension, and so the demons had carefully spread themselves to different entry points, digging into a random planet or moons and allowed themselves to be sucked into the vortex.

Led by five Demon Princes and a million Demon Generals scattered amongst the horde, the plan was to hide inside the worlds until they had fully breached into this strange dimension and do what demons did best—Wreak havoc.

Each planet held hundreds of thousands of demons who had all masked their Aura, even the planets the Demon Princes had hidden themselves in were inconspicuous, and in a single concerted rush using a million points of entry, more than a hundred and fifty billion demon kind flooded into his Dimension.

To put this number into perspective, the War on Trion had been ongoing for a million years, yet the number of demons that had been fielded in the entire battle, accounting for both the living and the dead, did not number more than twenty-two billion.

Lesser universes had been crushed by a lesser number of demons. Yet this one was led by multiple Demon Princes and unlike how Demons usually went about their warfare, they had chosen to be silent and cunning.

It did not help them, Rowan's consciousnesses had now freed themselves of enough load to thoroughly monitor his dimension, and his great eye saw everything, and channeled it towards the Lady of Shadows.

Eva gestured, behind her were a hundred thousand Spell Weavers took a step forward and released their radiance, merging it with Eva, the Spell Weaver with the highest rank here was at the fifth weave, they were all wearing long flowing robes of gold and silver, with a blank full-face mask on their faces, and they bowed at the gigantic eye of Rowan, this gesture was the sign of the first salvo.

Rowan had given Eva permission to all his three Chambers, Astrolabe, Knowledge Well, and Hollow Forge. The Lady of Shadows knew the importance of these tools, and she used them effectively, as invaluable as they were as utility tools, they were also quite deadly in battle, and with the advent of Rowan's bloodline to the Immortal Level, their powers had multiplied exponentially.

Linking herself to the hundred thousand Spell Weavers, she channeled the light of Astrolabe to the million points of entry chosen by the demons, Knowledge Well made sure she could accurately pinpoint the planets they were hidden inside even when the worlds were shooting by with speeds far faster than light and covered with millions of other passing heavenly bodies, and she connected all these worlds to the Hollow Forge.

Eva collected all the light from the Spell Weavers, allowed it to run from her feet down to her right hand, and finally settled on her palm, and then she snapped her fingers.

There was a bright flash of bluish-white light all over the dimension as Astrolabe activated and drew a million planets chosen by the demons as their vehicle and sent them all into Hollow Forge, and in an instant, all the planets were vaporized to their tiniest components and stored inside the Hollow Forge, alongside it were the fifty billion demons.

None were spared even the Demon Princes. None made a sound.

The voice of Eva rang in the mind of Circe, "They had chosen to enter battle in silence, is it not fitting that they also die in silence?"

Circe shivered.

Eva looked away, already focusing on other tasks as her purple tendrils vibrated as she began to move the troops to the areas she anticipated the incoming assaults would be focused on. She sent a message using one of her tendrils placed deep inside the darkest parts of the dimension, in the depths of the Primordial Sea of Darkness.

"Reaper... Wake up."

That first assault lasted for barely a second, but it had already shattered nearly all the demonic presence bred inside this universe for the last six hundred million years.

This signified a vast amount of resources, and Eva channeled all those resources to a single presence.

The battle was just beginning, and it was her duty to make sure that every resource used was utilized to its utmost. Logistics could make or break a war.

"I walk in the shadows of despair and extinction, but I know no fear.... Anarchy is my blood... I am its blade, and now I am free to eat."

Tenma's eyes opened. He now had seventy-two of them. Two were on his face, but the rest were clustered closely on his back, running down his spine.

The multiple eyes in his body held a chilly gaze that stank of madness and despair, and another chilling quality, hunger. They were all dead, but were still frighteningly alive.

The words he spoke came not from his mouth, but from the many eyes he had in his body, this was a truth he believed in above all because for the last four thousand years he had never stopped fighting.

He shrugged his wide shoulders and stood up and kept rising and rising... until his present form was revealed. He still had his humanoid shape, except he was now tens of thousands of feet taller. His skin was pale, and his long black hair had been cut short so it stopped just below his neck. From all visible appearance, he looked like a man, except for his size and long black claws in place of fingernails.

Temma was shirtless, wearing only knee breeches made from the feathers of Angels. He looked at the world around him and saw anarchy and the onset of a battle so great it almost defied anything he could have previously imagined and his soul throbbed in happiness.

- Chapter 871: The Reaper

Chapter 871: The Reaper

Merging with Kohron did not bring Tenma the expected sweetness of peace and victory but a life of endless battle.

A Demon was an entity of anarchy, and a Demon Prince magnified this trait by a million times. Kohron was the Prince of Strife, his essence craved disorder, for without it, he would wither away. His soul might not be present, but his body was an extension of his soul, and this was the body that Tenma had possessed.

Tenma was just a High god, powerful when placed on a galactic scale, even a power to watch out for when placed against a universal scale, but the heights that a Demon Prince stood at meant he could as well be an ant before a mountain.

The body of Kohron in this universe was just one of many places in many different universes where the dominion of the Great Abyss held sway. Their bodies and essence were nothing that a god could conceptualize.

Without the aid of Rowan in breaking the mind of the Demon Prince, Tenma would not have been able to possess the body of Kohron, he had spent centuries before the merger was complete, and through all that time he had to battle with such primal essence that he had repeatedly gone mad, only the firm container he was stuck in with the Demon gave him the chance to succeed.

Every time he failed, he lingered and healed, drawing from the experience of living for millions of years and pushing through all the tribulations that had felled both gods and men, and eventually overcoming them.

The ordeal before him was brutal, anyone else would have begged for a release. A god was not meant to inhabit the body of a Demon Prince, the sheer madness of that concept was absolute.

Tenma would not have it any other way. The greatest of wins came from the most difficult undertakings.

He looked down at his massive body as the black waters of the Primordial Sea ran down his frame, the coldness of this sea embracing him as one of their own and he clutched his left hand, missing the grip of his familiar weapon, but it was okay, he had so many new toys to play with.

Tenma allowed the power from Eva to fill him until it almost felt as if he was about to burst and more kept coming, there was not just power here but essence from a million planets and a hundred and fifty billion demons, including Demon Princes.

Even with the body of Kohron, there was no way he could have handled all this power, but he was not a Demon Prince, the time spent in Rowan's dimension had enabled the possibilities of certain upgrades that necessitated his advancement to a special class that Eva had termed... Reaper.

Tenma grinned and began channeling all the power to the seventy-two gates in his body.

The eyes in his spine began to close. Each eye on his back came from an Angel, a dead angel. These eyes were gates.

As it turned out, merging with the Shell of a Demon Prince as a god was an astounding feat, but Tenma was left helpless, all his attention was spent battling against the essence of Kohron and he could not move a single finger.

If he had been able to conquer the mind and soul of Kohron then he would have been able to have the capabilities to control this body, but that was a task that was too complex for his fragile mind. He was like an ant placed inside the body of a man, no matter how hard he tried, utilizing the body of Kohron was beyond him.

Rowan also realized this problem and saw no promise in this experiment and placed him aside, but Tenma never stopped fighting, his stubbornness had pushed him beyond his station countless times in the past, and he would not stop until he made a breakthrough.

He failed many times, until everything changed when Rowan began to create his Forge and met Caine.

The battle against that entity for the first time led to the death of Angels, not one Angel, but thousands. Their Celestial Suns were snuffed out and they lied broken.

Tenma learned something that day when observing Angels after that battle—They did not mourn their dead.

The bodies of the Angels were treated with respect, but they were left to lie where their bodies had fallen. To them this was an honor, in death, their bodies shall guard the grounds they had defended.

Tenma had been experimenting with demonic spells for a long time, and although he could not truly control the body of Kohron, it granted him a high infinite amount of demonic essence and the ability to easily comprehend and extrapolate new demonic spells.

In the battle against Rowan, he had used a unique spell that had summoned True Demons from the Abyss, and this was the reason Rowan had seen promise in Tenma. With enough time on his hands and with the talent of a Demon Prince body, he had explored deeper into this power and it had borne fruit, giving him a direction to evolve past his limitations.

A flustered Tenma had contacted the Lady of Shadow and informed her of his new spell, but for it to work he needed something special, the bodies of Angels.

The Lady of Shadow had listened to him and she surprised Tenma was amazed that she did not only accede to his request, she aided him by giving further assistance by granting him limited access to Knowledge Well.

Tenma was blown away by how much his processing capabilities increased, and he refined the spell to such an extent that from the pathetic three gates he previously planned, it ballooned to the impressive seventy-two gates.

These gates were so balanced it could accept more Celestial bodies and expand its power base, and so it was that Tenma was given the privilege to be the container of all the bodies of every fallen Celestial.

This was the first part of this spell. The second part of this spell was the ability for Tenma to link to the dimension of the Great Abyss where he could summon and control an army of True Demons.

"My gates are opened, and my hands are filled with weapons. Point me to the war Lady of Shadows."

The next waves of Demons did not enter through a million vortices, but from ten million, and this time they did not hide.

Eva may have butchered billions of them a moment before, but those had just been bred in the last six hundred million years, the demonic presence had been inside this universe for six billion. This was enough time to create horrors that could end existence many times over.

It was useless to count their number, as they descended into the dimension without numbers,

"Open your gates, Slayer."

Tenma roared and the seventy-two eyes opened wide, releasing beams of black light that created massive portals in the air, and from those portals, an old man stepped forth, wearing a faded robe that seemed as if it was on the edge of fraying apart.

Behind him, similar-looking figures emerged, both male and female, until they numbered in the billions. Their eyes were red like flames and in the darkness created by the black fog of the Primordial Sea of Darkness, it was as if a billion burning lanterns were floating in the void.

The demons Tenma could control with his gates were called Akashic Trell. In the Great Abyss, their entire race had been exterminated, because of all demons, they were the only ones whose primary sustenance was feeding on demonic energy.

Tenma was called the Reaper because the Lady of Shadows gave him the life goal to end the Great Abyss for their Lord.

Chapter 872: Akashic Trell

Rowan's dimension was half a billion light years wide, you could fit five billion galaxies inside or two hundred billion trillion stars, this detail was significant because to understand the scale of this war, size was an essential component.

At this scale numbers became almost meaningless, what was critical was who held the most power in the battle and the precise control of resources.

Rowan understood that for the issue of resource allocation, Eva was better than him, so he was not leading the war and he was watching the Lady of Shadows, and when she placed Tenma into play, he realized that Eva was still playing to their advantage, as she was hiding Rowan's true capabilities behind the demonic armies of Tenma.

Rowan had speculated that there was a gap in information between all the parties that were attacking him, one side knew an aspect of his powers and the other side knew nothing, but he did not know how long this situation could actually continue.

If he was not sure that the Third Prince already knew that he was the one behind this dimension, he would have been able to trick the entire universe, and no one would know who he was or his capabilities.

Eva was banking on using misdirection to limit the power of their enemies' forces for as long as possible while reducing expenditure to a minimum.

The Akashic Trell created by Tenma numbered three and a half billion when completed, a stunning number, but against their attackers, it was a drop in the bucket, and when spread around the entire battlefield, they essentially vanished, after all this battlefield was vast.

From afar the demons pouring through ten million vortices were like dust, their numbers unending, they crushed the stars and every heavenly body in their way, leaving a trail of destruction that extended into the outer universe.

Apparently, someone out in the universe had begun destroying the stars and the planets so that he could no longer consume them. For anyone else, this would be a loss, but Rowan did not care for the surface resources of the universe, its true treasures were yet to come. Although these losses irritated him, in the larger scheme of things, they were meaningless to him at this point.

Most of the demons pouring into his dimension were Demon Spawns, wretched creations that could be as weak as Earth gods or grow strong enough to rival even Major gods. Their shapes could either be animalistic, humanoid, or any variation in between.

They usually had limited spell-casting abilities but tyrannical bodies that could survive in the void of space and fight even without their heads, it would take shattering their bodies to tiny pieces to finish off one of them.

Limited but also in greater number than could be counted were the Demon Knights. Typically on a mount or possessing a far larger physique, the weakest Demon Knight had the strength of a Minor god, they were usually the strongest amongst their ranks, and they were just a step below a Demon General.

A Demon General were creatures that had survived endless battles, some of them were graced with bloodlines from Demon Princes and above, and they were merely a step below royalty.

However, Rowan wasn't concerned with this rabble even though they numbered in the billions, he was only looking at the shining light amongst them.

His seemingly arrogant perception was born from the fact that Rowan had never spent a lot of time weak, his ever-

evolving bloodline meant he had skipped billions of years or more of growth, compressing all that time into three short decades, and so he had no real understanding for the weak and their struggles, he had eyes only for the strong.

In these armies of demons, he saw eleven shiny lights, all from Demon Princes and sadly no Demon Kings, he hoped one or two might be foolish enough to present their heads to him, he could have crushed and halted the entire Demonic assault if he had killed two more Demon Kings, but they were all old monsters who had learned not to overreach.

It would seem that the apparent death of the first Demon King inside the Dimension had made the rest wary and they were sending fodder. Shame.

The Demon Princes were hidden amid the horde and they were subtly releasing large bursts of power to push back the black fog that filled his dimension; they would soon find out that their efforts were useless as Rowan was actively creating more fog to block the sights of anyone who entered here.

This was also not adding the debilitating chill that came with this fog that was causing the demonic horde to slowly collapse given enough time, except for the Demon Princes, every demon that entered his Dimension would be frozen into a block of ice, but the Lady of Shadows was not giving them that time, she could not afford to, the Demons could travel quite quickly, and if they were not stopped they would find their way to the center of Rowan's dominion, which was not as far away as they might think.

The vortices had spread all over his Dimension, and some of them were clustered around his emerging City of Sheol, its form had not yet solidified, there was something missing and Rowan had a hint of what it might be.

Rowan suspected that of the six hundred thousand vortices around his seat of consciousness, the reason that no demon had been able to come through any of them was down to luck. He was sure if his Tree of Desire bloodline had eyes, it would be winking at him, "Luck, yeah right. It's all me baby."

The summoned Akashic Trells seemed to merge with the darkness and when they reappeared they were deep within the ranks of the demons, and for a short while their presence was undetected, lost in their vastness.

Unlike the hulking brutes that most demons' physiques favored, this race was tiny, the biggest amongst them barely six feet tall, their bodies shrunken as if they were a single step away from the grave, and the passing demons ignored them, they had immense demonic essence inside of them and they fit in with the crowd, this ignorance of the threat in their midst would turn out to be costly.

The first Trell that was summoned sparked the war, he negligently held out his hand and grabbed the leg of a passing Demon General. This monstrosity was almost five hundred feet tall, with bright red skin that could barely hold the tons of muscles about to burst out from his body, horns that could pierce through reality, and he held two large axes.

The Demon General was mindlessly breaking off pieces of black ice that were growing on his body when an ungodly force grabbed him by the leg.

He paused and looked down and nearly laughed when he saw the old man holding on to his shin. Only the vice-like grip on his leg made him wary and he noticed a red light shining in the hands of the man that he had missed at first because of the color of his skin, and immediately his instincts screamed 'danger.'

The Demon General had fought wars for millions of years and knew not to doubt this set of instincts that had saved his life far too many times to count. He flipped the axe he was holding in his left hand and swung it at the old man.

Chapter 873: An Endless Army

The Axe blade was more than fourteen feet in length and carried enough force to split a continent in two parting the fog with a loud whooshing sound that could be heard for miles.

Slamming into the body of the old man, it vaporized the entirety of his body leaving tiny quivering flesh behind that soon froze into black ashes, the Demon King sneered and continued brushing the black ice off his body as he tried to penetrate the despicable fog in this place with his perception, and then he stumbled.

He looked around confused, he was still in midair and there was no obstruction anywhere around him, it was impossible for him to even know the ground from the sky and he was just selecting a direction and pushing forward until he found something to kill, and then he yawned.

The urge to sleep overwhelmed him and he fell to one knee, dropping his massive axes that disappeared into the gloom, his large cat-like eyes began to droop, and he noticed a few meters ahead, one of his Demon Knights, a Dulahan, a headless horseman riding a decaying horse had been reduced to bones, an old woman was hugging him to her breast.

"No, this is not right," he growled and tried to return to his feet, but everything was so much harder to do, even lifting his fingers was nearly impossible, and when even breathing felt like the most difficult thing he had ever done, he dimly noticed that the old man holding his legs had returned, and he was no longer tiny.

His figure had filled up, and he stood straighter, now filled with vitality, his eyes which were previously dull embers had begun to glow. The Demon General released a small groan as he noticed that his legs had been reduced to dry bones and the destruction was moving up his body, before his life faded away, he saw that perching on his once magnificent body were six other figures, the last one had been hugging his neck.

The last thing he heard was his neck snapping like a dried branch. He idly wondered why he had felt no pain.

The Akashic Trell was a silent assassin, and except for enemies like Demon Generals with enormous amounts of essence, any Demon usually fell within a second, unable to even scream, and even if they did, there was no one here to hear their cries except darkness and the endless cold.

Nyrroth the Mind Flayer was the first Demon Prince who noticed their presence. He was in the midst of the demonic horde pushing away the fog for miles, he cursed when he looked behind him and noticed that the path he had opened had become filled once more with fog.

Like a blanket surrounding him, Nyrroth could feel the presence of his demons around him and then the blanket began to grow holes. A bit of cold touched his senses where there should have been warmth.

His eyes tracked through the fog trying to find out what was happening but he could only see dim flashes of red, whatever was happening outside his perception, the perpetrators chose to remain far from him, but since they were hunting so close to him, it meant they did not really fear him. They were fools.

Nyrroth continued forward, moving faster and pushing the fog aside in an erratic manner, hoping he could catch the ones who were stealing his warmth, but after a while, the Demon Prince thought he could hear the cheeky laughter of a child. He knew when he was being mocked. In the last few minutes, he had not counted but he must have lost hundreds of millions of demons, indeed he was being mocked.

With a roar of anger he dispelled the fog around him for hundreds of miles, "Show yourself!"

That turned out to be a mistake as a blurry figure that was moving so fast it was impossible to accurately see his form slammed into Nyrroth and took him into the fog, he never emerged.

The rabble was for Eva to contain, the Princes on the other hand, were for Rowan to hunt, and his Sovereigns were his hands. The hunt continued in the darkness, the Arkashic Trells growing larger and faster as they consumed more demons and after reaching the peak of their growth from feeding from so many demonic essences, they began to evolve.

Their human shell tore apart revealing a smooth chitinous shell that was black like midnight, multiple arms and tentacles burst out from their bodies and they shot into the darkness looking for more prey. The Trells gave out invisible cries that stunned and placed every demon to sleep around them before they began feasting.

The slaughter escalated, almost matching the number of demons pouring into his dimension at every moment. Rowan's stores of Soul Crystals began to multiply faster than he could have anticipated.

In three hours, all the Demon Princes were dead, but the flood of Demons continued pouring in, unending, and even with the power of an Akashic Trell, they began to fall against the weight of endless numbers. A surprising amount of them died due to self explosion, they had eaten until they burst.

This was not altogether a bad thing, for the Trell that died in that manner had a chance to split into smaller copies of themselves, restarting the circle all again, but it was clear that in a while, even the Akashic Trell would not be enough, there were just too many demons to kill.

Rowan was not focused on this dilemma, something else was calling his attention, he just had a new discovery on the bodies of the Demon Princes that was a cause for concern.

Rowan had noticed that the essence of the Demon Princes was weaker than normal, he had killed enough Demon Princes to know the amount of demonic powers that should be present in their bodies, not wasting time to investigate every single facet of their corpses he hastily located the Soul Mountain of one of them and crushed it to pieces, not interested in the Soul Crystals, he was here for the memories.

The slammed into his mind, different from any memories he had ever read before. These were reaching for him. There was no cognizant structure to these memories, only a voice, and the first thing he heard was the voice of the Third Prince,

"You can eat souls boy, then that means you might hear my voice, surprise! Well, don't say I don't give good presents, and since we here are all in the spirit of giving, here's another one!"

His entire Dimension suddenly lit up with a supernatural glow that chased away the fog, a loud groaning sound rang out that caused ears to bleed, and as the light vanished, an endless army took its place.

Endless was not a word that Rowan used lightly.

This army did not just hold demons, but mages and so much more. Rowan's great eye had been exposed and could see the Third Prince and Golgoth standing side by side.

The Third Prince was grinning with his hand spread open, revealing his powerful physique, his face that so closely resembled Rowan's own was warped in a manic excitement. Golgoth held Gaping Undoer with both hands and lightly tapped on the hilt with his fingers, his body was vibrating as if he was holding himself back with every willpower he had.

The voice of the Third Prince rippled through his dimension, "Surely, you don't think you are the only one who likes giving out surprises, or did you think this battle was going to only play by your rule...boy?"

Chapter 874: True Daughter Of Old Light

Rowan's army was so massive that a mortal could spend his entire life walking past their seemingly endless rows and he would not be able to see more than ten percent of the entirety, especially for the Spirits and beasts like Vraegar who were so massive they were the size of worlds. Only a battlefield that could cover light years across could hold this army.

When Eva had sent Tenma to attack the demons, she had begun posting everyone to different positions, different members in the army all had their strengths and weaknesses, and sometimes the best way to employ them effectively was at specific places and moments, and she would ensure that everyone here performed to the best of their abilities.

With the surprising descent of their enemies into the home field all those plans had to be scrapped, a unified front was better than one that was scattered, especially when their enemies already filled up a greater portion of the battlefield, with a gesture she drew back everyone from where she had sent them to encircle the growing city of Sheol.

They stood like an unbreakable wall around his city, their faces were hard and their eyes were sharp, none of them felt despair, only the crazy will to battle until none of their enemies were left, and the invading army gave them nothing but endless motivation.

Although the invading army did not attack, they began to encircle them, and now it was clear that a majority of their numbers were not demons, mages, or gods, they were beasts.

Rowan could see the similarities between these beasts and the ones from the Eye of the Primordial of Evil, but unlike the living beasts there, these were dead. Massive wounds that rent their flesh to the bones adorned their bodies, but they had been fused together in a garish manner that made the beasts even in death feel pain.

He could see the fruits of the Abominations in the body of these beasts, the experiments with Lamia had borne fruits for the Third Prince, he must have used the essence of the Abomination to create an army that could flood multiple universes, and with the virulence of an unstoppable plague, every person that fell to these beasts would rise as one of them, an unending army of the dead.

The Third Prince must have realized Rowan could harvest souls from his enemies and made sure that the bulk of the attackers had no souls they could give him. He had created the perfect weapon to counter Rowan, an army of the dead that could only grow stronger during battle.

The mages, demons, and gods stayed at the back, allowing an unending mass of flesh to crash down on Rowan's position. The Third Prince, Demon Princes, Archmages, and God Kings stayed behind, whatever deal had been struck between them must have been strong enough that they chose to work together as one.

They were assured of their victory, they only needed to wait and observe as the endless tides of beasts washed out the opposition and they would mop up what was left.

The riches of this unknown dimension were theirs to take.

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Eva's memory had not fully returned to her but she felt she had stood here before, countless times in the past as an unending flood of enemies poured down on her fortification. Especially towards the end of her life, where nothing was left but endless losing battles, as she fought to survive not just to the next day, a prospect that seemed almost impossible sometimes, but to the next minute.

Yes, she had stood here before and weathered the gaze of a thousand stronger foes as they called for her blood and the blood of all that she held dear.

The Lady of Shadows did not need to sleep, but sometimes when she closed her eyes in contemplation, she heard a voice, a sound that had plagued her since the moment she gave birth to her Will, that voice had always been inside her head but she could not hear it clearly, but as she returned to her previous heights of power, it came more clearly, not everything, but enough that she could sense the Will of the speaker,

Eve! True daughter of Old Light thou art!

Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.

Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,

Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?

That voice was the last thing she heard before she died, taunting her ambitions, and shattering her dreams. The voice seemed to merge with those coming from the Third Prince. His taunting voice was a reminder of her death.

She must have given an outward sign of the turmoil in her heart for Circe looked at her in concern, and Eva nodded at her and then she smiled because she was unexpectedly happy as a realization came to her.

Eva gained her Will two decades ago, and since then she had been tortured by this voice, but now, the Third Prince had given her a venue to channel all the rage and frustration that had been building inside her all this time.

It was difficult sometimes to remember that she was not alone anymore, and the entity she served was not one to be looked down upon. Rowan was extremely dangerous when he was nothing but a mortal, he had several powerful gifts that he could not unleash due to the frailties of his flesh, what more now that he was Immortal his gifts had grown to heights unseen since the beginning of creation.

She could sense the Will of Rowan, it was strong and steady, and he was not afraid or panicking, it was a cold and calculating presence that filled her heart with strength, she could feel that above everything else he wanted to kill this creature whose face was a mockery of his own, and in an instant, everything aligned in her consciousness, and the Lady of Shadows gave Rowan's response for the entire battlefield to hear,

"Reaper!"

A cold voice replied, "Your command my lady."

"Hold them back for as long as you can."

The old voice burst into laughter that could be heard throughout the entire dimension,

"All that entered your dominion shall die, my lady."

Eva had noticed that although the Third Prince had entered into their Dimension with fanfare, it did not come without a cost. From all outward appearances, they were filled with exuberance, as if their victory was assured, but was it that easy to teleport into Rowan's dimension without any repercussions?

Admittedly the holes poked into his dimension by the vortices must have gone a long way to alleviate the incredible strain that must have occurred when they teleported in, but the effects must still be wearing down on them.

The Third Prince had truly picked the right army to counter Rowan, the strain of teleporting into this dimension was useless against the dead, but Eva saw the opportunity here and would not miss it.

The Akashic Trells gave out haunting howls that although could not be heard, could still be felt, and even though their numbers had been cut short, they still numbered in the billions. They appeared around Rowan's army, and even in the light it was difficult to see their true form and with a soundless shriek, they pushed forward towards the descending army of the dead.

Chapter 875: Annihilation

The Akashic Trell's cries only grew louder as they neared their prey, yet their screams did nothing but irritate the dead beasts, these creatures were dead and in pain, the cries from the Akashic Trells only exacerbated their agony and they snarled in anger before pushing forward, these dead beasts also gave out cries of battle that were horrifying to hear, for they sounded like what they were—dead.

The moment they were about to slam into each other, The Akarshic Trells vanished into black smoke, and what slammed against the tides of beasts was an enormous tide of divine lightning. The switch was so fast that it was disorienting, and the army of the dead could not adjust.

This lightning came from a hundred thousand Spell Weavers who had been subtly gathering power for days in a massive spell formation that ringed the entirety of Rowan's army. The connection Eva made with them was also a path to send power to them, and at this moment Eva was giving them as much power as they could hold without burning them out.

The lightning burned so hot and bright that it practically melted the front lines for miles, reducing beasts in their billions to less than dust, the weakest of these beasts were Earth gods, with countless at the Major God and even the High God level.

Their powers served for nothing as the lightning that was as condensed as a river and hotter than any star in the universe burned through their ranks. The light and the sound from that attack were so bright and loud that many had to shade their eyes.

The resultant shock wave from this move crushed hundreds of millions, folding great beasts the size of cities into little clouds of ash, and then in the midst of the army that had been situated comfortably in the back, the demons, mages, and gods began to silently fall, turning to dust before they could even cry out.

Many of them had become excited and had pushed themselves closer to the front lines, confident in the nursing walls of flesh in front of them, and now they were paying the price.

This created a commotion in the midst of the army as the charging Akashic Trells had been a diversion at the start, they were assassins and there was no way Eva would be using them to charge the front lines, she just needed the focus of their enemies on them.

It was the reason she so loudly announced the Reaper, making sure the enemy had been focused on Tenma and his minions. In her first life, she did not necessarily employ tactics like these, but she had learned the art of theatricality and deception from Rowan. He was someone who would loudly announce something and in the next moment do something else.

The Akashic Trells were not a good matchup against the dead, but living flesh was their domain, their cries could lull even the toughest of opponents to sleep and their touch would drain every bit of life inside of them.

Endless ranks of the enemy were stunned by the lights, sounds, and cries from the dying, and before they could respond to the silent assassins in their ranks who were slowly killing their way toward the center of their line where the truly powerful were waiting, another wave of lightning impacted their front lines, vaporizing enemies and unlucky demons, mages and gods caught in the blast zones for miles, another devastating shockwave followed that flung bodies for thousands of miles.

This lightning was the top killing weapon of the Spell Weavers when they worked together in a formation. Eva had drawn inspiration from Tribulation Lightning and fused into it, thousands of Intents that were skewed towards destruction. The result was a force that could chew through anything, plus it was an effective counter against the dead.

Eva knew that to kill the dead infected with the curse of the Abomination, there must be nothing left of their bodies, and of the billions dead, none of them left any fragment of their flesh behind.

With only two of her weapons, Eva had killed untold billions and was pushing the lines of the enemies backward, causing disarray in their ranks, and she was just beginning. She made a gesture and Heavy Runic Cannons began to rise from the Primordial Sea.

Before the strain of teleportation vanished, she wanted to deal as much damage to this army as she possibly could.

With Knowledge Well, Eva had been able to theorize powerful weapons and Spell Formations, but it was unfortunate that the materials to create those weapons and formations were almost impossible to acquire inside the dimension, she would have to find them outside the universe or use Hollow Forge to create them from a vast amount of ordinary materials.

Whatever Rowan had done, he had brought the entire universe here to him, trillions of planets, stars, and all sorts of heavenly bodies had flooded into the dimension and Eva had everything she needed to bring her weapons of war to life.

The true might of Rowan's chamber was beginning to reveal itself; if he had enough materials on hand, Rowan was the sort of enemy no one in their right mind would ever want to challenge.

The Lady of Shadows fell into her creation with gusto, taking inspiration from the massive cannons used on the wars in Trion and the many other wars in her memories, and she began crafting tools of annihilation.

At this moment a hundred cannons were rising from the sea, and each of them was the size of a planet. Their shapes were sleek, resembling silver spears, they were cannons but there was no visible hole at their tips, their mode of fire was a mystery.

The surprise ambush from the Third Prince had halted her plans to create a million of these cannons, but for now, a hundred would have to do. With a million of these, the Lady of Shadow would fear nothing inside this universe

The Akashic Trell were still wreaking havoc amid the army and another wave of lightning poured on the army, allowing Eva enough time to activate her cannons and make the first shot.

Every cannon she created was primed with the Intent of Destruction and Unraveling. This was the truth behind these cannons, they did not fire a bolt of force or energy, but something far more powerful, they fired Intent.

The hundred cannons encircling them fired at once, their tips exploding into pieces as a visible wave of force erupted from them that was directed outward and away from their army.

The leaders of the opposition had clearly seen the cannons rising from the Primordial Sea and as many hands rose up to create spells to block the expected fire, the Akashic Trells still battling in their midst, glowed red-

hot and exploded.

Their death released endless waves of silent screams that battered the minds of the living, stunning and distracting a large wave of the defenders, and as they reeled from the mental blow, the tides of annihilation swept through their ranks, traveling for millions of miles before it dissipated.

The battlefield was silent as untold lives collapsed into dust. Eva gestured and the Cannons began charging up again. They were disposable treasures and could only fire seven shots, she had to make them count, after all, building each cannon required the resources from a dozen galaxies.

The great eyes of Rowan blinked, 'So this is what Eva is capable of if you gave her enough time to plan.'

Chapter 876: Breaking The Rules

Rowan's consciousness passed through the long stretch of decimated undead and the unlucky mages or demons who were struck by the cannons; he could feel his pile of Soul Crystals swell up from the death of hundreds of millions, including dozens of Soul Mountains.

This wave of destruction had reminded him of Telmus, each of these cannons could be said to be a Mini-Telmus, capable of unleashing a potent wave of destruction with a single move using Intent as its vehicle, although it lacked the sheer control needed to weave all this destruction in a focused direction, leading to a wide dispersal of its energy, it was still more than enough to kill even a Demon Prince and any Immortal below.

Originally such a blow should do nothing but shatter their bodies and would be nothing but an annoying inconvenience, inside his dimension, every death was permanent.

If not for the tight grasp their leaders had over them, he doubted that any immortal would ever want to enter his dimension. Rowan could imagine that it was not really difficult to push demons into this battle, but for extremely conservative figures like Archmages, what could be the reason that they would choose to fight a battle with such a steep margin of error?

Demons were primordial beings to whom the concept of death did not truly matter, but mages were different, unlike demons whose growth was also dependent on bloodline, a

mage struggled from a mortal to become an immortal Archmage, they treasured their lives, and dying here for an unknown benefit was madness.

He detected the hands of the Reflections inside this matter, and for a moment Rowan wanted to pursue this line of thought and figure out how to cause a disunity in their ranks, but he tapered this thought. It was unlikely that he would be able to present enough evidence to cause a rebellion, and besides it was not as if the mages here were not guilty.

Intruding into his home and dimension only meant one thing, that would be thorough elimination. No one here would leave alive. Two of the Reflections were already inside his dimension, including the one he could not wait to kill, but before then, this war was just beginning and there was much to learn about their enemies, every moment spent here was another moment gained in his digestion of the Supreme World and elevation of his Ouroboros bloodline.

The unstable situation of Sheol was deliberate. His city was still in flux, it needed a shape, and it needed Soul Energy, but Rowan was holding back, because its current appearance made the shape of his bloodline to be unknown.

The Third Prince was cunning, and he would not allow him any chance to gain information that could shift the course of this battle. His father had been a great teacher, and Rowan would show him everything he had learned before he killed him with his two hands.

A major part of his attention was placed on the Third Prince and Golgoth, there were several other individuals with them that were hidden in a strange darkness, it was most likely that the third Reflection was hidden inside that darkness, alongside other powerful figures like Demon Kings, Tower Masters, and God Kings. Rowan had easily noticed that among all the immortals on the battlefield, the highest were High gods, Demon Princes, and Archmages below Seven Stars.

Like him, the Third Prince was keeping his powerhouses behind to recover and also tease out his capabilities. Rowan could see the grin on the face of the madman, he was thoroughly enjoying himself.

Rowan contemplated sending his powers to attack him immediately, but he held back, it was unknown the preparation his father must have made around him, the fact that he revealed his presence so early meant he was confident enough to survive whatever Rowan had thrown at him previously.

If he was confident in waiting, Rowan had no problem with it, time was also what he needed at this time.

'Wait a moment longer, dear father.'

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The cannons released their charges another two times, spreading shockwaves of destruction deep into the lines of the enemy. The number of deaths was getting ridiculous, but it was muted by the fact that ninety-nine percent of the dead were already dead, and were simply meat shields soaking up the damage, however, the third wave of cannon fire was blocked as the enemy began to strike back.

Whatever disruption caused by the teleportation had not truly subsided but the enemy weapons were not only in their numbers but the armament that they also carried as well. They came with many weapons and they began unleashing them.

From out of nowhere, massive ships that were thousands of miles long and equally as high, numbering in their millions pop into view, crushing beasts and any unlucky magus or demons who could not move out of the way, all the ships were identical, having the shape of a triangle, like massive pyramids.

From the tip of the ships, a bright yellow light erupted that created a dome of bright energy that connected all the ships as one. The dome expanded quickly and shielded a greater portion of the army behind them, blunting the wave of Intent. The shield vibrated loudly, its lights dimming, but it sprang back up once more, far more quickly than the cannons could fire another salvo.

Eva noticed that although the ships were blocking the destructive wave, they also suffered damages as well, massive chunks of their infrastructure were shattered, but they still barely held together. If she fired two more shots from the cannons, the ships would be destroyed, but that would be wasting the shots from those cannons when there were cheaper methods to bring down the shields.

The three blasts from the cannons had chewed through a sizable portion of their forces and she needed to make every shot count and was a bit irritated that she had missed the subtle shift in energy that hinted at the emergence of these ships.

As she feared, a greater portion of the army was recovering faster than she had anticipated and the lights from billions of various spells and techniques were beginning to smolder inside their ranks.

Eva gave another order and the Spell Weavers who had been charging up another wave of lightning, seamlessly switched to a different spell, and she did not even have to turn to her left when Diane spoke up, "They are made of metal, but I need a little gap through their force fields to destroy them."

"It will be done," Eva responded as the Spell Weavers released a wave of negation energy. This was not a spell that was considered almost impossible to cast, because it was the antithesis of magic and energy, but somehow, Eva had found a way to make her Spell Weavers unleash such a power.

As if that were not enough, the speed of the spell casting was so fast that it was disproportionate to the power of their spells to such a large magnitude that the enemy magus could only gasp in shock.

Three impossibilities wrapped in one. This was the basis for a Taboo Spell of every Magus discipline, the domain of an Archmage, the dream they all pursued, and on this field of battle, they were beginning to see a demonstration of it.

A Taboo Spell was supposed to break a single impossible rule, but this massive spell of Energy Negation was breaking three impossible rules. Which the mages considered to be well.... Impossible.

Chapter 877: New Crew

The Negation Energy had the color of a green mist, that shot across the distance, faster than a lightning bolt, quick bursts of spells and energy blasts were aimed down upon it from the opposition, even though most of the enemy had not recovered from the strain of teleportation, their enormous numbers were an advantage as millions of spells and energy bolt impacted against the Negation Energy.

The green mist dispersed most of the spells and energy bolts, but its volume began to decrease as it tore through wave after wave of spells that hindered its movements, but enough of the green mist went through to splash against the shields, creating minuscule gaps that most would not even notice.

The shields had been strengthened dramatically before the Negation Energy had reached it, and although it quivered, or still held, the tiny gaps were closed in less than a second, a time that was short enough for none of the green mist to flow through or any other harmful spells.

But for Diane, this short period of vulnerability was enough.

Her senses had been primed for the moment she spotted a gap, and when it emerged, she seized it. A golden glow that was virtually undetectable during the chaos slipped through the gaps in the shields and touched a single ship.

Diane's abilities were similar to those of the Volgim family, but what separated them was her reach and power. These series of ships were called Horus Crest, a unique line of galactic crusher ships employed by the Magus Supreme World.

Every Horus Crest had the power to police an entire galaxy and contained proprietary technology unique to mages. A million of them was enough to control a greater portion of the universe, but there were close to nine million of these ships here.

This was a power that had been carefully built up during the last five billion years by The Watcher, harvested from resources from this universe, these ships would have solidified her position beside the Supreme Magus and expanded the reaches of magus society across dozens of universes, but they were all deployed to this field of battle.

Diane was not just a Spell Weaver, she was one of the lucky few who had been transformed by Rowan's enhanced Ouroboros Bloodline directly from the source which was his scales, and that gave her certain unique properties that made her a terrifying prospect.

One of her special abilities was a unique form of resonance, she had touched and understood the composition of one of the ships, this made it possible for her to connect to every ship in the fleet that shared the same material, and this link disregarded the influence of space, and perhaps if she grew strong enough, it would be possible to disregard time.

What this simply meant was that connecting with one ship here meant that technically Diane could connect to every single Horus Crest in existence, that is if she was strong enough.

Connecting to all the ships here would test her powers to the limits and beyond.

Her golden eyes lit up as if there was a star inside her head and she raised her hands, her legs leaving the ground and she screamed, for a moment it was as if nothing had happened, and then the entire fleets of Horus Crest, all nine million, shuddered, and they began to turn around slowly, this shattered all the shields they had created and their weapons began to hum to life.

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Six Star Archmage Ventus Ezeh was not having the most pleasant day, and after experiencing some of the worst moments in his life during this short year, this was saying something. For the last few minutes, he had been pushing out the fog that shackled his Spirit, Soul, and body, and he was barely halfway done when commanded to block the attacks from the enemy.

The fleet of Horus Crest that he was leading should have left this doomed universe months ago, but administrative delays and other unforeseen developments delayed this process. He was used to situations like this and considered it one of the pains of magus bureaucracy, something he was also guilty of.

He had spent tens of millions of years dedicated to this esteemed project, and he was one from a long line of successors who was heading the creation of these Galactic Destroyers, he could boldly beat his chest and affirm that he was among the most productive of commanders to ever sit on this chair.

In the short millions of years he had been with this project he had been able to develop a whopping 563 Horus Crests, a record he was sure would be challenging to beat. This universe was bursting with untapped resources and he had not been as frugal as his predecessors, and it showed.

The call from The Watcher to assemble before a gigantic spell formation three days ago was unexpected and if he had the capability to refuse, he would have gladly taken it, whatever conflict that was ongoing in this universe was not something Archmage Ventus felt he was capable of dipping his fingers into. He had lived long enough to understand the meaning of Will, and the monsters who controlled the power of higher dimensions.

Even if he lived till the end of creation, he doubted if he would ever touch the realm of Will, and like ninety-nine percent of every archmage, he would be stuck at the limits of Intents. This realization made him develop a healthy fear for the users of Will, for them, eternity was assured and everyone else was dust by the roadsides, even the so-called Immortals like them.

Archmage Ventus had hoped that the summoning was the final confirmation he needed to leave this universe because he knew that although the Horus Crests were powerful, they were missing several valuable components and Spell Arrays that could only be fitted in when they reached the Magus Supreme World, and it was not advisable for them to participate in this conflict.

With his power as Commander of the fleet, it was his right to at least delay any order that was given until it could be reviewed but he did not have the chance to exercise that right. The Watcher who should never have let such a blunder happen, gave her consent to it.

There was no discussion, only orders and instructions on what was going to be happening next, apparently, the three Tower Masters had made a decision about the direction of this conflict, and Archmage Ventus did not have the time to wrap his head around the orders when he was warped from his position into this unknown dimension.

Inside every Horus Crest were ten thousand crew members, a skeletal force that could barely run the ship. Blocking that perverse blasts of Intent was possible only due to Archmage Ventus's direction, as he had fought through the paralysis afflicting him to ensure that his Horus Crest fleet responded as they should to their tasks.

It was the reason why he was baffled when the number of crew members in his ship that were barely above a thousand in number had suddenly ballooned into a million with more life signatures popping out with every passing second, and from his readings, this was happening on all Horus Crests.

It did not take long for him to see who these unexpected visitors were, and they were parts of his ships.

Chairs, pillars, control terminals, Spell Arrays, Weapons, even entire rooms, and halls... all of them had been animated, they tore their way out from whatever position that they were placed, and before the gaze of the stunned Archmage, they began to crew the ship as they slaughtered the previous crew members.

He was flung away from his throne as it stood up, assuming a humanoid shape, before launching itself at the Archmage.

Chapter 878: Golem

The animated throne bellowed with a scratchy metallic tone, "Stand still for assimilation before our glorious lady of gold."

Archmage Ventus promptly vaporized it with a flick of his finger, he may not be able to fully control his powers, but the myriad wards and spells he had woven around him were more than enough to take care of any intruders.

He was furious. Never before in the history of the glorious Horus fleets had such great acts of sabotage performed on it.

"Damn this fucking war, nothing would block me from getting this fleet back home. I swear it in the name of Endirius."

It was a simple thing to expand the first layer of his defensive Taboo Spell to sweep through his entire ship holding all the rampaging elements together and freezing his Horus Crest in place, his Spirit dug deep into the fabrics of the ship and he gasped, "This should not be possible."

There had been attempts in the past to control a Horus Crest by outside forces, anyone who seized one of these ships would have enough power to control a galaxy, and to ensure that this sort of thing did not happen, every Horus Crest was fitted with state of the art Defensive Scripts, that even Archmage Ventus could not even decipher after spending tens of millions of years studying these ships.

These safeguards were put in place to deter the actions of other Supreme Worlds from stealing the powers of the magus worlds and adding them to their domain, some of the greatest and the most bitter battles outside the universe were for protecting the intellectual properties because it represented the strength and capability of a civilization.

If Ventus allowed his Horus Crest to be infiltrated, even if they win this war, his future prospects would be bleak, a permanent stain on the record of an immortal did not just go away with time.

The Archmage realized that whatever took over his fleet had not performed these egregious acts by going after the spells, wards, scripts, or the million other components that made it up, but they had controlled the structure of the ship itself and gave it a weird form of life.

They essentially made his ship a gigantic golem. Archmage Ventus knew about the acts of Puppet Making, as it was a major magus discipline but he had never known of anything quite like this. For a brief moment, he felt an alarming surge of greed in his heart for whatever technique or ability that could make such a thing possible.

Perhaps he needed to devote more of his attention to not just survival but winning this battle so he could begin to uncover the tantalizing secrets this unholy place held. If he could understand this power, perhaps it would forge his path to the creation of Will, if not, the ability to seamlessly control his entire fleet was a game changer that would resound all through the universe.

He was distracted from his thoughts when he felt an endless series of vibrations pushing against his wards and spells, in addition to that there was a stunning upsurge of power around him that shook him to the core, fighting through the fog chaining down his Spirit, Archmage Ventus spread out his perception and noticed that the fleet had turned around and opened fire on their allies, except for his own that he had frozen in place.

The Archmage's face went pale, the greatest weapons of the Horus Crest were still offline, not yet fitted in until they returned to the magus Supreme World, but there was enough minor weaponry in the ships to raze entire star systems to ash.

Whoever had taken charge of the Horus Crest fleet was not holding back in the slightest and was pushing out so much firepower as if it was going out of season, and the energy erupting from all the ships was like a thousand supernovas, going off at once.

'My life's work!' He howled inside his head, seeing his prospects as a leading power in the magus world ruined before his eyes, there was even a possibility he would be punished for an eternity after this battle was over, his eyes bugging out of his skull as the weapons fired again and again.

Even with all this sheer devastation unleashed by the Horus Crest, the trait of the Magus Weapon showed itself, which was precision. Every weapon that was fired was not targeting the undead but tracking all the living signatures on their side and pouring down so much firepower it was destroying the barriers and killing even high-level Archmages.

The panicked screams of his crew all over the Horus Crest fleet had been cut off a while ago, their ships most likely devoured them all, only to be replaced by cries and curses from other Archmages outside as they screamed for Archmage Ventus to take control of his fleet. Unlike the Intent Cannons, these weapons were far more devastating against their army.

Eons of learning how to control every facet of himself gave him the ability to suppress a greater part of the debilitating effect on his body and mind, silencing the unneeded emotion and he began to assert himself, as he called on his Tower Spirit, "Give me something Charri!" He weakly called out.

His Spirit, mind, and Soul might be suppressed, but his Tower Spirit had enough autonomy to work without his supervision and was one of the reasons he could fight through the strain of teleportation.

"I have connected all Spell Fractals linking the entire Horus Crest, master Ventus, unfortunately, I'm locked out from accessing the Power Matrix of the Horus Crest fleet so I will need the power from your Spirit Matrix to push for harmonization between the fleet to achieve..."

"Take it!"

"With your condition, it could break your Spirit Matrix."

"Charri, don't make me repeat myself."

"Affirmative, Opening Sequence to exploit... Warning, Incoming wave of Level 9 Destruction Level fields, composition 3,765 Intent of force, 5,332 intent of Fire, 3,221 intent of..."

Archmage Ventus cut out the panicked cries of his Tower Spirit, as his Perception swept behind him, he had forgotten for a brief moment the reason they shifted his Horus Crest to the forefront was to block the wave of Intent from the cannons, and now their shields were down.

He watched the nearly invisible wave of force reach the edge of his fleet and expected his fleet to be crushed to nothing, but the waves parted around them, bypassing millions of his ships and passing by. His ship was situated at the back of the fleet, and so he saw that no single ship ahead was damaged.

Archmage Ventus's heart settled, it would seem that the Tower Masters had finally recovered and were ready to break the control the enemy had over the field of battle. He straightened his shoulders and watched as the wave of Intent drew nearer to his ship, he was already calling for his Tower Spirit to begin purging the unknown influence from his fleet.

Archmage Ventus brought out a new throne so he could be in a good position before his Tower Spirit began pulling power from his Spirit Matrix; he would rather not be caught flopping on the ground like a fish out of the water as his power was extracted.

Unexpectedly, reaching his ship, the wave of Intent that was supposed to pass by his ship suddenly closed the gap, Archmage Ventus's eyes widened in realization that the

Tower Master had never been in control of the Intent Wave, and they were taking care of him personally, the image of an enigmatic woman entered his mind, "clever bit..."

Then he knew no more.

Chapter 879: Forgive Me, Brother

The tendrils from the World Seed had been digging through the core of the unknown skull for hours, and the energy Rowan had expended would have lit up a billion stars, even though his consciousness and the World Seed were a perfect conductor of energy, his consciousness had begun to feel raw.

He had never channeled and processed such enormous amounts of energy for such an extended amount of time. He could feel fatigue beginning to build up, and he simply rotated this worn-out consciousness to a fresh one. Rowan had been able to bring three consciousnesses with him to this place, and it was already showing its advantages.

The build-up of stress was a minor setback however and he felt he could handle a thousand times more power, the war inside his dimension was enough motivation for him to go beyond his limits and push for more, he would rest when he was dead.

Rowan pulled on more essence of the universe because as the universe was shrinking, the rate it pushed its essence into his dimension increased, this made Rowan reevaluate his timeline and increased the pressure on his dimension, but he should be able to take it.

The increased essence absorption in his World Seed led to a doubling of the tendrils he released from the World Seed and pushed it closer to success. Already he was perceiving a building connection with this Supreme entity and he began to brace for it.

He was in unknown territory here, and if he was not careful, his daring would lead to his destruction.

Rowan instinctively felt that the first roadblock in claiming this Supreme World was coming up, and before long he slammed head-first into it. He felt the familiar tug of a memory, but this one was so strong and complete, it could as well be a new reality.

It was with avid fascination that he allowed himself to be pulled into it, as he realized that if he wanted, he could choose to live inside this memory, for it contained everything that reality should hold.

'Was this the power of the Will of a Fourth Dimension or higher? The capability to keep a moment sacred in time and preserve it for all eternity.'

There was light and then darkness and he felt as if his mind had been stretched into opposite directions, this memory... This moment in time tested the strength of his soul, and Rowan held under its power before he seized it and drew himself into it, and everything snapped into place.

His consciousness pierced through a darkness that seemed to extend for an eternity before he reached his destination and he opened his eyes.

Rowan found himself standing in the body of a child wearing a silver robe, he was inside a palace made from gold, and then he frowned as he closed his eyes. He pushed deep into his consciousness and his breath settled when he noticed that although his progress into claiming the Supreme World stalled for a moment, his other consciousnesses had taken charge and began to push deeper into the skull.

If Rowan was like everyone else with a single soul, and therefore a single consciousness, a vision with the power of Will behind it would have taken all their attention, and their progress into claiming this supreme world would have stalled. It did not matter if they had the ability to separate their consciousness into many different strands, since they had a single soul, that soul would be totally occupied.

If there was a test inside this memory and he failed it, then it would still not matter to him, because he was already pushing ahead behind the scenes. Rowan was claiming this Supreme World and nothing would be stopping him, whatever Will was left inside of it would soon be understanding the type of person he was.

He felt the vision waver and he smiled, he knew this roadblock was supposed to stall him, but it was okay, it could hold one of his consciousness, and the others would simply go around it.

Rowan felt the roadblock silently melting away, and the hold of the memory over his consciousness ceased. He felt the memory trying to eject him but he refused to budge, there were secrets here that he wanted to know.

His eyes opened once more inside the throne room and even though he knew no time had passed, the entire place was now devastated, as if a giant had flattened the entire place, and the ravages of time had also taken hold.

Rowan looked up and saw the stars and he instantly knew that this place was another universe. The stars were unfamiliar.

When he called for Tribulation in his ascent to the Third Dimension, he had seen the entire stars in the universe, and he knew their shapes and position in the void, but these stars in this memory, he knew none of them.

Four mighty figures clashed overhead, the lights from their battle so bright it eclipsed the brightest light in the universe, and he recognized two of them.

With a cry of pain, one of the mighty figures was cast down, his body torn in two, and he fell beside another figure that was on the edge of death that Rowan had previously not noticed.

"Fourth you bastard, why did you not protect me?" The figure that was cast down gave out long cries of pain as his body and essence were shattered to pieces, releasing so much power from his shattered body that it stunned Rowan.

That power swept through the universe, shattering galaxies without numbers into ash, and nearly tearing this universe in two.

Whatever wound that was inflicted on this person was so severe that it nearly killed him and he lost a majority of his power. The body that crashed was the size of a galaxy, but when the power that emerged from it dissipated into nothingness, the broken figure of the Third Prince was revealed.

He looked at the figure beside him who must have suffered the same fate, but Rowan did not recognize who they were, and he hypothesized that this second broken figure must be the unknown last Reflection.

The Third Prince retired his gaze to the battle above with anger, and Rowan followed his stare. He wanted to know who they were fighting.

A massive clash separated the combatants for a while and he saw them clearly. The second person he recognized was Golgoth, he was wearing golden armor and held two greatswords, unlike the battered figure that he was at present this figure of Golgoth was radiant and powerful, beside him was a large worm that hovered above Golgoth.

Opposite them was a figure covered in blood, but in no way did this reduce the inherent might and nobility he carried. On one hand was a bright silver light and on his other hand was a bright golden light.

"My brothers, why do you fight me so? Golgoth, I gave you a name, and I would do the same to all of you. Do not listen to Third, his path is madness."

The figure of Golgoth trembled, he seemed to be in anguish, but whispers drifted from the Third Prince into his ears and he straightened, "I wish I could follow you brother, but Third is right, we can bring him back, even if the chance is a single percent, we owe it to our father to pursue it."

Golgoth pointed one of the Greatswords at the bloodied figure, "I am sorry, but you have to die for our dreams to live Erohim. Forgive me, brother."

Chapter 880: We Are Connected

The words from Golgoth hung in the air, and something seemed to shift in the atmosphere, Rowan saw the stars turn red and the world came to a standstill. Even from the ground, he could feel the pain and the rage coming from the body of Erohim.

"So be it," Erohim smashed the two orbs of silver and gold together, and the entire universe quaked.

A burst of gray force erupted from his body that smashed against Golgoth, shattering his armor and would have annihilated him, but the worm who remained unharmed drove down and wrapped itself around him.

The burst of gray light faded and a surprising scene appeared before Rowan. Erohim was on his knees, and the Third Prince was behind him, holding his beating heart, on his face was a familiar grin, before seizing the hair of Erohim and whispering in his ears. Perhaps it was because of the nature of this memory that Rowan could hear what he said,

"You were always so arrogant, keeping us in your shadows as you hold all the light, I know you never expected this, but the heights of my ambition were too great for your tiny mind to accept, and so you fell just like everyone who stands against me. Yet your name will not be forgotten, I will make sure that every story that is known of your name until the end of time will show you for what you truly are... a coward and a slave. Oh Erohim, how I wish I could show you the future and my victory."

The memory froze in place, Rowan felt the earth tremble and reality seemed to fuzz at the edges and then time reversed and the battle began again, the memory replaying from the start.

Rowan watched this play out two more times, watching the Third prince's great body being shattered alongside his Will. Yet even with this grave injury, he was still the one who struck the greatest blow and ended the battle.

Stroking his chin, Rowan considered that perhaps the Third Prince had allowed himself to be grievously injured in order for Erohim to shift his focus away from him, allowing for the killing strike to happen.

If it were anyone else, Rowan would think it was an accident, but he was like the Third Prince in a manner, that they would make great sacrifices for their cause. Even if this injury had stripped him of a greater portion of his power, he had still succeeded.

When the memory began playing again for the third time Rowan looked away as he perused the surroundings, he could feel the earth begin to shake underneath him and the groans of pain from this reality, and he knew there was not much time before this place was destroyed, the progress of his World Seed tendrils was bringing it down.

If that was the case there was a last curiosity he wanted to be satisfied, even though he felt he already had a ninety percent assurance of who they were; he wanted to see the true body of the last Reflection.

The battle began again in earnest and Rowan began to walk towards the first collapsed figure. He had to be careful because this memory was so complete that the combatants here may be able to notice him, and he would rather not face the Third Prince at his full strength.

Suppressing his Aura to nothingness, he began to push his way through the ruins, he did not need to get close to the battle, nor could he send his perception over to see the first fallen figure, he just needed to find the right angle, so he could see into the massive crater.

Rowan had seen the right place for that, and at the seventh repetition of the memory he was able to reach it. His eyesight could peer across the galaxy, and although the crater where the first Reflection had fallen was hundreds of miles deep, he could still see it clearly.

Like the Third Prince who was to follow, the blow from Erohim had stripped him of a great portion of his power, but his injuries were not as serious as the Third Prince. What Rowan saw inside that crater was not a man, or a woman, but multiple bodies fighting to merge as one.

The power of this last Reflection must involve splitting his body into separate bodies, and at this moment, a majority of his body was dying and transforming into a stinking black liquid.

Rowan observed that he was trying to save himself as before any of his body fell apart he would remove his heart and give it to the next until there was a large pile of beating hearts on the ground. There were two bodies remaining and like starving animals, they descended on the hearts and began to devour them.

This grisly act was what saved them from death. Rowan saw their faces and he was satisfied that his speculations were correct. In the advancement ceremony of Andar atop the hand of the Chained God, he had seen a powerful mage killing the god.

With his present experience, he knew that this Chained God was a God Emperor, and although he saw two bodies here, it was not difficult to see that they were the same person. "Silas Black, you are the last Reflection."

Rowan sighed, perhaps he had placed Andar in far more danger than he thought, he believed in the ingenuity of a talented mage like Andar, but Reflections of a Primordial were not enemies he could face.

He had seen everything he needed in this memory, perhaps if he infiltrated deeper into the skull, he would see more of the story behind Erohim, he suspected that the skull he was occupying now belonged to him. The only puzzling thing to Rowan was that Erohim did not feel like a Reflection but something else.

The fact that it had taken all four Reflections to fight him, and the power he wielded meant that Erohim was something different.

Rowan was about to eject his consciousness from this memory when a silver and golden light appeared in front of him and began to swirl around, before coalescing into the shape of a man. He stood as still as a statue and his eyes looked at the battle being fought.

Erohim as it turned out was bald, his eyes were brown and filled with a sharp light like a bird of prey, and even his hooked nose lent to that image, heavily muscled, he was the spitting image of a powerful warrior, only his demeanor that was filled with a sort of melancholy and tiredness gave him the aura of a scholar.

'This man is an enigma,' Rowan thought, he could feel a darkness inside Erohim that reminded him of Limbo, that land that was filled with nothing but evil, but that darkness had been carefully placed on a leash. It was like looking at a person who had every reason to be evil, yet he was an avatar of good.

The memory had reached the portion where the Third Prince had stuck his hand inside through the back of Erohim, and the man beside him sighed and looked at this scene,

"See the prison of my own making." he said, "Viewing my shame over and over again so even in death I don't forget my fate. After all this time you would have thought the pain would have ended, instead, it only grows. A fitting punishment, I think."

He turned to Rowan, his eyes filled with pain, and said, "You can understand this fate, after all, you are me and I am you. Our essences are... connected. Meeting you was always inevitable, even death could not stop it."

Chapter 881: A Doomed Plan

Rowan's heart was shaking and the final piece of the puzzle clicked he stumbled backward, and Erohim smiled. Rowan found it odd that his teeth were stained with blood, but he knew that it was just a distraction conjured by his tumultuous emotion.

When he first heard the tale of Erohim, he had felt a connection with this noble warrior, and after he learned more and more about the secrets of the Reflection, the mysteries behind the presence of Erohim had been placed to the side, he had felt it would be one of the things he was destined not to know about.

Fate thought differently. Erohim had told him, they were connected, and even if the path to reach him was convoluted, it still brought him to this place in the past, and in another universe that no longer existed, where they stood together.

What could be the odds of something like this ever happening?

He had so many questions about the past, and Erohim did not keep silent, he folded his hands behind him and looked at the memory that now appeared faded, the rumblings from the earth increased to such an extent that this memory would soon be gone.

Of course, Rowan could choose to slow his infiltration of the skull and preserve the memory for a moment longer, but he was not a sentimental being any longer. Whatever answers he could not find here, he would find inside the screaming souls of the Reflections.

Also, there was a discrepancy inside this memory that Rowan had noticed because of his multiple consciousnesses, but he kept this observation in his heart and listened to the words of Erohim.

"Third does not have the ability to create life, none of them do. They are powerful, yes, but they are still nothing but shadows, unable to create light, only darkness and death. I do not blame them, their nature has left them incomplete, they chase after a privilege that they shall never have, and the fruits of their labor would only be failure and death, surely you have seen this? What else do they bring to every reality but its end?"

The memory was not discordant, freezing and skipping ahead, and it paused at the scene where the Third Prince was cursing at the skies after he was cast down and wounded, "He is not your father, he never was, he took my heart, gave it to Elura, and they made you."

Rowan regained his composure quite quickly and his eyes narrowed, "You are not like them, a Reflection."

"Is that what you call them? The name is rather apt," Erohim shook his head, "No, I'm not a shadow, I was the only thing left after the fall, and I preserved the shadows of the past, hoping to keep them safe, but they betrayed me. You have already walked on my body, at this moment you are digging through my skull, and you should know who I am."

Erohim paused as if what he was about to say held great weight, "I was the last living eye of He who holds Time. I was the one who kept his shadows safe for many Eras until Third went mad with greed and ambition. I preserved the peace until all was stolen from me."

Rowan was silent, his perception sweeping through this body of Erohim, if he was telling the truth then the massive four-sided eye below was the body of Erohim, and if that was

the case who was the one who created the Soul Machine outside, and how did it connect to the so-called resurrection of the Primordial,

"Tell me everything," Rowan said.

Erohim shook his head, "I don't think this is the right time for it, you should be running, if the shadows find you, they shall steal your light."

"I fear it is already too late and I no longer have the option to flee. The Reflections and I am in battle, just like you were in the past, and at the end of the day, only one of us would make it out alive, everything I learn from you would aid me in this battle."

This time it was Erohim who retreated in shock, his eyes widened and unexpectedly, he began to laugh, "Of course you are, only someone like you would have the capabilities to fight and kill them. You are their light and no matter how hot you burn, they cannot help themselves, they would try to claim you."

Rowan folded his hands, "I will kill them, but they seem to be doing that task themselves, that great worm, the one you called Fourth is dead, killed by Third, Golgoth is now a walking dead creature, by all evidence he was also put in this state by Third, but I don't know the status of the last Reflection, who is he?"

With every word he spoke Erohim's eyes widened and then he looked away, Rowan did not know if he was trying to hide his pains, and he remained silent, when Erohim spoke again, almost thirty minutes had gone by.

" I have lived too long already and languished in this awful memory for far too long. Whatever is happening in the universe outside, it is not as simple as it comes across."

Erohim rubbed his chin in contemplation, "It would seem that his plans are coming to a head. You are in grave danger. You have to listen closely to what I am about to tell you, only with this can you prevail over Third."

He suddenly turned towards Rowan and held out his hand, "Take my hand, it would be faster if I show you."

Rowan looked at the offered hand and his eyes slightly tightened, and he said, "I would rather you tell me. I am a good listener."

Erohim paused, and he smiled warmly, then began to speak, his words coming out very fast, "The shadows betrayed me because they were looking for a way to resurrect my main body. The one who holds Time. There are many things you don't know about him, and I cannot speak of, but he died in a manner that would make his resurrection impossible."

"I knew that such a venture was madness and for a long time, I had preserved the peace, kept the shadows in check, and gave them a life of plenty, and Third broke that peace, he whispered betrayals in the ears of his fellow shadows and they ambushed me. You need to stop them, for if they succeed with the ritual of resurrection, it would surely fail, yet the backlash from its failure would lead to the end of everything."

"What do you mean when you say the end of everything," Rowan asked.

"My main body was the Primordial of Time. He is the glue that keeps reality afloat, even in death, his essence is frozen and preserved across all facets of creation. They sought to resurrect a portion of his essence, with the hope of triggering an event that would lead to the overall awakening of his entire essence. That is nothing but madness, they do not have enough power to do it, even with my light."

"Their failure would trigger a catastrophic Time Expulsion Event, where Time would go out of bounds, merging the past, present, and future into one unholy combination that would lead to the destruction of everything. I know a part of them knows this road leads only to death, but they are nothing but Shadows, their fruit is nothing but death and despair, and nothing would dissuade them from this path."

Rowan's breathing slowed and he asked, "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to free me. Together we can stop this madness from happening."

"You are dead, how can I free the dead?"

Erohim smiled, "You are forgetting the power my Main Body controls, it is Time and with it, you could... what are you doing?"

Rowan stepped back, "Oh, you noticed, I have been killing you."

Chapter 882: The Game Our Family Plays

There was something strange about this memory that Rowan had been able to quickly pick up on because he had multiple consciousnesses. He had detected the earth rumbling and the memory glitching, but what was strange was that the consciousness inside this memory was not experiencing this change.

To the consciousness inside this memory, everything was playing as it had always been, the battle between Erohim and the consciousness was repeating itself and the mirage had been perfect, for a while at least.

The moment Erohim had detected the change in this memory, his consciousness inside it had also detected the change. Rowan saw no reason to lie or twist his words to fake his intentions, he would never be able to deceive Erohim for long.

Rowan suspected that this memory had been carefully hidden by Erohim, a backup against his eventual demise, and when Rowan first entered the memory, it was supposed to trap him, so as to give Erohim enough time to deceive or compel whoever entered it.

He had not forgotten that this memory was so powerful it was real in every sense. This could only be a power that came as a result of Will. Rowan had been careful to hide himself from the gaze of the Reflections, and when Erohim found him, he instantly knew that the hidden battle had begun.

The reason was simple. In this memory, Erohim was still all-powerful, he was able to fight against four Reflections with the power of Will and was able to win. He might have presented himself as a faded memory, lamenting his loss and betrayal but that was a lie.

Rowan was not deceived, the truth was that he was already in the belly of the beast, but Rowan was not an easy prey to swallow. Erohim had been fixated on this consciousness here with him, unaware that Rowan also had two other consciousnesses outside that were controlling a World Seed.

The moment he opened his eyes inside this memory and realized the depths of its makeup, Rowan began to make changes. In a reality where Erohim was all-powerful, his memories were not safe.

Scrubbing this consciousness of any relevant memories, and planting just the right ones to deceive whoever chose to read them had become an art form. Rowan knew to give enough where nothing was missing, but take out essential pieces so that the overall picture becomes something else entirely.

One of the most important things he took away from his memories was his experiences with other dimensional entities like Caine and , his multi-consciousness ability, and the true scale of his power.

It was a careful balancing act, but it was the only way that Rowan could set traps in his mind that would be impossible to be detected by anyone quickly enough. His traps were perfect, nevertheless, Rowan did not doubt that if he gave Erohim enough time to truly peruse through his memories, he would soon detect something off, but luckily time was not on his side.

This change to his memories was performed instantaneously as soon as he detected he had entered another reality, and it turned out that his fears were correct, because as much as he tried to find it, he could not detect Erohim's touch in his memories.

Unlike Caine, Erohim had taken apart all his memories and learned everything that he could from Rowan, and yet he had not felt anything. It was from this memory that Erohim had crafted the stories he told him, and the funny thing was that Rowan had no true evidence to back this up at first, but like all prideful bastards, Erohim had revealed several discrepancies in his stories, and he had played his part too well.

Erohim's tale was very persuasive, his acts and his demeanor were truly convincing, but his story was not complete. Certain minor parts were taken out that if it were left in, would show his story in a different light.

The first and easiest indicator was simple, the full name of his main body was not only the Primordial of Time, he also controlled another power which was Evil. In his memories, Rowan had changed the method he learned of the Primordial existence.

In his doctored memory, Rowan got this knowledge from Golgoth, and he was unaware of his second Title, Erohim was aware of this change, and he made sure that he only referred to the Primordial as He who holds Time.

There were thousands of other minor changes he had made that Erohim had built upon, and Rowan was only aware of them because he was the one who planted the roots of those narratives.

The second reason Rowan had known that Erohim was playing him was simple: he had seen Primordials. Not many in existence would ever claim to have seen these esteemed entities, even great powers that have lived for countless Eras might never see a Primordial even till the end of creation.

Rowan had seen Primordials, perhaps more than anyone else in creation, and he knew that their nature could not be changed because they were the essence of their name. A Primordial of Fire could not change into a creature of water, because every intrinsic part of it was of flames.

The same with Evil and the Primordial that controlled it.

A mortal could change, an Immortal could change, but a Primordial was eternal and unchanging. They were the pinnacle of a concept, and their nature was rigid to the extreme.

Rowan recognizes his roots. He knew that a part of his nature was evil, and he accepted it, his lack of remorse, or his apathy towards life was born from that evil, his essence was born from Evil, it was something that was never going to change but he also had good in him, and he also accepted that good.

Erohim on the other hand showed himself to Rowan as a being whose core was evil, but every action he took was righteous and selfless. He painted the Reflections as the

villains, and himself as the defender of life, telling Rowan that he was the one keeping them in check until their betrayal.

His demeanor was solemn, melancholic, filled with pain and loss... such a perfect picture of despair that Rowan wanted to puke in irritation.

One of the entities that Rowan truly hated was Caine, he was the creature who wanted to take over the Will of Chaos and was the first to harm his Angels, now Erohim had been brought to stand beside Caine in his head.

Rowan never thought he would ever be glad that he had once met an entity like Caine, but if he had met Erohim before he had met Caine, then he would have never understood the cruelty and nature of those with power.

Rowan looked at the expression of shock on Erohim's face and he shook his head in irritation, "You can stop the act Erohim, I have seen better. This game our family plays with each other has only one rule, the winner takes all, and the loser dies. Did you think of all us, that I was the easiest prey?"

Erohim went still and then he grinned, his expression warping from one of grace and confusion to a look of sheer madness that would frighten a god,

"What gave me away, Romion?"

Chapter 883: I Want His Head

Rowan noticed that even his voice had changed, becoming something scratchy and deep, like a talking disease. The Erohim in this place had not spoken to anyone for who knows how long and it showed. Trapped in a prison of his own making, this creature's hold on sanity was nonexistent, but he could fake it well enough to appear normal and deceive his prey.

Rowan shrugged, "Nothing, you played your part well, and it is hard for me to find fault in anything you have said, I'm impressed Erohim, truly, you don't know how hard it is to impress me."

Erohim bowed, his grin not leaving his face, but his eyes were cold and empty, "Thank you for your praise Romion, it means everything to me, yet I still find myself waiting for the but,"

Rowan took another step back, looking around him before answering, "But you are family Erohim, I will believe a demon can become an angel before believing that a member of our little family can be like you. Our nature cannot be changed, and the fruit of evil dwells not only in the shadows, but in you as well, and I think perhaps you are a

hundred times worse than the shadows. I have been with them, and they never disguised themselves as a being of light."

"Aah, I see the shadows have taught you well."

"They gave me scars that would never fade. It's a good lesson to learn."

The grin on Erohim's face faded away and his features went slack and he scratched his bald head in confusion, "Forgive me if I'm wrong, but how are you this competent? Unless... Aahh, I see, I have been played for a fool. I should have expected that anyone who could reach this place would have made adequate preparation, but surely Romion, you cannot fault me for trying. As you say, this is the game played between us—family."

Rowan shrugged, "I also told you how the game would end."

Erohim waved his hands dismissively, "Forget all that nonsense Romion, you should know that at the end of it all, what transcends all this unnecessary strife is profit, and what you want is not necessarily what I want, and at the end, we do not need to fight each other, let me make a deal with you, one that would be more profitable to me, than to you."

Erohim spread his hands around, "I have power, and this skull is just a portion of it. You are in a war and the enemy of my enemy is a friend Romion. With my aid, we can shatter the shadows once and for all. Granted my power is locked inside here, but I only need to emerge and connect with my body below and resurrect my eye once more and you shall have the eye of a Primordial as your ally. What do you say Romion, release my essence and I shall help in crushing the shadows and bestow upon you all the riches and power I kept away from the shadows."

Rowan cocked his head to the side as if he was thinking and then he shrugged again, "Eeh... I will pass. The moment I entered this place, you were already attacking me, I see no reason to join with you Erohim, the only reward I shall get would be a blade in my back. There will be no deal or negotiations between us. Unlike you, I do not mince my words so listen closely, I am going to wipe out all trace of you and the Reflections from reality, there is nothing you will be able to give me that would supersede my need to see all of you become less than a memory."

Erohim vanished and he appeared beside Rowan, he wanted to touch him, but Rowan had somehow shifted his position the moment Erohim vanished so his hand touched empty air, instead of showing any indication that he had just been caught trying to ambush Rowan he grinned.

Rowan could see a hint of frustration growing inside the dead eyes of Erohim. Every time he stepped back was due to his attempt to counter Erohim's intended assault. Like a patient predator, Erohim had been waiting for Rowan's vigilance to fade a bit before he attacked.

It was a dangerous game, and if Rowan missed a single step, his consciousness would be taken over. He had experienced his consciousness being devoured and tortured countless times in the past, and Rowan had discovered how to govern his mind.

Erohim sighed in frustration before he seemed to have come to a realization and he snapped his fingers, "Don't be too sure of that stand of yours Romion, you are not seeing the entire picture here, let me tell you another tale."

Rowan grinned, "Then you have to be quick, because by my estimation, you will be dead in eighteen seconds, well, this part of you anyway."

"Oh you naughty child, you have no idea of the changes you are about to wrought with your decision to kill me, do you know of the Primordials and their fate? The shadows are too powerful to stop alone, only I know the method to strip them of their Will, without me, you cannot win, I am..."

Rowan looked at the crumbling reality around them, "Sixteen seconds,"

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Inside Rowan's dimension, the slaughter continued. The Lady of Shadows still holding back a majority of her forces was using a combination of her Spell Weavers, Diane's metal dominance, and Tenma Akashic Trells to wreak havoc on the enemy line, reaping billions of lives with every moment that went by.

Still, even with the rate of slaughter, the army before them was mighty, but they had reaped more than fifteen percent of its entire volume, which considering the size of the army was nothing short of a miracle.

"How long has this child been alive Third? How is he able to do this? Are you sure he is not Erohim reborn? You never really told us how you were able to take his heart."

The Third Prince seemed to consider the words from Golgoth for a while, for the first time, true doubt and fear began to flicker through his heart,

"No, I'm sure that he is not Erohim, I broke the spine of that madman. What we have here is the unexpected culmination of random events, held together by unholy luck to bring forth this glorious madness."

"I find it strange that you can acknowledge that someone is mad when knowing that you are mad as well,"

The Third prince snickered, "Cheap shot, I know I'm mad, but there is a method to my madness, same as you, Erohim is just... wrong."

Golgoth brought his right hand forward and began to caress the reality around them, "It's so strange, the time inside this place flows hundreds of times faster than what the essence of our main body decreed unto reality, why is it still so stable?"

The Third Prince muttered, "Unexpected coincidences held together by dumb fucking luck."

Suddenly the Third Prince stood straighter, "Hey, do you feel that? The shackles are broken and our synchronization with this dimension is complete. A shame Rowan did not attack us during the past few moments, that child is too smart for his own good."

Golgoth cracked his neck, "It's about time, don't hold me back Third, I'm going to crush him."

The Third Prince giggled, "Wait a moment," he snapped his fingers and time seemed to reverse, all the destroyed undead beasts, except the unlucky mages, gods, or demons that were alive before dying inside the dimension, returned to the battlefield.

It was as if the heated battle that had led to the death of hundreds of billions had never happened.

"Now you can attack as you see fit Golgoth, I just want his head."

Chapter 884: Mortal Layer

"Five seconds left..."

The memory was crumbling, and the destruction had reached such a profound level that a vast stretch of its vista began to vanish, replaced by darkness. It was almost as if Rowan was watching the tiny neurons and sparks of light inside a brain go out.

Galaxies above disappeared leaving spots of nothingness and of the combatants in the memory, Golgoth had vanished leaving only his left leg behind, he had been caught in one of the memory wipeouts and his body and a greater portion of this world disappeared.

Erohim's seemingly dead eyes had begun to show more light of activity, as the inevitability of his death became more assured as Rowan's countdown continued.

Yet something was troubling Rowan because he could sense that deep within Erohim was not fear or detachment, but pleasure and expectation, and a sort of morbid fascination with him. Rowan doubted that Erohim was aware that his inner thoughts had been noticed by him or that such a talent was even conceivable.

Up till this moment, Rowan did not understand where he acquired this skill of deep discernment that could pierce through the haze of any falsehood, at this moment that was not the issue, Erohim must know something that he didn't that should assure his survival, and that troubled him.

Nevertheless, Rowan had done everything that could to manage the situation, anything that came up would be dealt with.

Erohim shook his head, "I would not continue with the path if I were you Romion,"

"Three seconds left..."

"You are indeed family Romion, this vicious streak of yours, informing your victim of the countdown to their demise..." Erohim smiled, "tsk, tsk, downright diabolical. In that case, there is no need to play with kids' gloves any longer, I have given you a wonderful deal Romion, something that you should have cherished and grabbed with open arms, but my goodness has been thrown away like thrash, you spat on my face Romion, and for that, the next deal would no longer be favorable to you."

Dreadful threats to be sure, but Rowan was only half listening to Erohim, his focus was on the considerable changes happening to his consciousnesses as the infiltration of the World Seed reached an advanced level. He had already cleared a majority of the skull and what remained was unlocking its core and merging with the skull.

"Thump!..

Something was stirring inside his consciousness linked with the World Seed and it was distracting, like an itch he could not scratch. Could it be? Rowan did not dare to hope, because it was too early, he expected their awakening when he merged with the Supreme World not before.

"Thump..."

It would seem that his first children were about to be awakened. Most likely influenced by the fact that the merger with the Supreme World would soon be complete.

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The amount of energy he had used to reach this point was ridiculous, every energy from the dead universe was being diverted here, although he was still surprised that he was able to advance quite quickly through the Supreme World, he had estimated weeks not days, and he pegged this progress to be as a result of the makeup of this Supreme World, and his relation with it.

If it was true that he shared a connection with Erohim then his assimilation with his skull was a byproduct of that connection.

His perception was digging deeper into the core of this skull and with it came roadblocks in the form of knowledge checks. Rowan's breathing settled, no matter what Erohim had planned he had reached the final checkpoint, and he estimated that although what happened next would seem like it would take a long time, with his perception, barely a second or two would go by.

Linking with the core of the skull was like allowing his consciousness to dissolve inside a serene lake until he became one with it, and then the World questioned him.

Mortal Layer/ Material Composition Analysis — First Layer

What is the compensation point for Ethereal lightning in a vacuum traveling under 0.6 Ohn, factor in spatial arrangement and aspects...

Bloodline convergence on a series of Gray Apes with an evolutionary tendency to self-isolate on conception, outlines the necessary resources needed to complete a standard evolution, Prime evolution,

Wind speeds over a million-mile crater on the impact of a gale technique caused by a sectional technique of Earth-

level impact...

Thousand-mile imprint on the surface of the third revolving moon around...

Clouds movement with pulse of...

Earth crust movement in a supermassive volcano....

At first, Rowan was a bit confused before the onslaught of unending questions that slammed into his consciousness, but when his World Will began effortlessly answering these questions he understood that he was seeing the inner workings of a World Seed taking over a planet.

He had never merged himself with a World Seed before and he did not realize certain steps that had to be taken to complete the process. When Chaos was in control of this ability, he did not have the authority to understand how merging with reality at this level worked, but now it was different, he no longer had the knowledge and power of a Primordial backing these abilities, and he would have to make it work using his power and wisdom.

Rowan felt a bit of doubt in his abilities to succeed, but that sensation was brief, if there was anyone capable of doing something like this, it would be him.

Focusing on the gigantic task before him, he followed the activities of the World Seed closely.

What was happening now was the skull querying the World Seed on its capability to manage its mortal layer functions, from wind speed to sunlight, to the birth and evolution of the creatures that were born on the planet. All the trillions of activities that would occur to ensure life and the standard progress of a world were shared with the World Seed and it had to ensure that it was answered correctly.

If the World Seed was incapable of understanding and solving this problem, the merger with the world would most likely fail, and even if it didn't, what would result from it would be a failed world on the edge of destruction.

At first, the questions were easy, and solving them was barely a challenge, however, this did not last for long. The questions began to increase on a scale of complexity that caused his World Seed to stutter in confusion, reaching levels of impossibilities that could not be easily derived from any prior experience, after all, Rowan had no preliminary knowledge of a Supreme World, or did he?

The benefits of having multiple consciousnesses came into play as he began digging into the roots of his dimension, to the portion where he had fused with the Fragment of a Supreme World—The Mountain and Sea Ruin.

Rowan had never bothered to truly understand all the tiny details in his realm, although doing something like this was on his agenda later in the future, at this time all his consciousnesses was dedicated towards battle, plus he did not have access to this level of information before and had not realized how much of it he could now access.

Digging deep into the roots of his dimension was no easy task, as the amount of information contained in a tiny strip the size of the head of a pin would fill a library the size of the moon.

The challenge here was to find the right information, and Rowan spent a few moments sorting through an ungodly number of unneeded data until he struck gold.

Chapter 885: Eruption

A Supreme World was quite different from a Major World or a Minor World in startling ways, one of which was its completeness. In other words, a Supreme World can accommodate any sort of life, both mortal and immortal life, no matter how alien, its laws and environment could accommodate everything.

If there was any possibility for a creature to exist, it would always find the right conditions inside a Supreme world.

Unlike smaller worlds that were affected by external factors, like their location in their solar system, the stars, and countless other factors, a Supreme World did not require

external aid like nearby stars to ensure the life of the mortals on its surface, because it contained its stars and moons, its size was both infinite and limited, and any wonders a mind could conjure would be found somewhere inside a Supreme World.

The easiest way he saw to describe a Supreme World was a mini-universe. Its size was dependent on its Will, so a Supreme World with a Will at the fourth dimension would be smaller than one with a Will at the fifth dimension. Of course to a mortal or an immortal without Will, a Supreme World would be infinite in their senses, only transcending space and time and acquiring Will would give one the ability to measure infinity.

The fragment of the Mountain and Sea Ruin came from a Supreme World that had a Seventh dimensional Will and its laws were more complete, if Rowan had acquired a larger fragment, there was a real possibility that he would have not been able to assimilate it.

The information he gained from assessing the Mortal Level of this fragment was more than enough to satisfy his need.

Linking the World Seed to the data hub he opened up, the stuttering Seed transformed from a sputtering flame to a raging fire, in mere moments it crushed the entirety of the first layer and the tendrils of his World Seed dug deeper until reaching another barrier.

Immortal Layer/ Energy Design and Array Trials — Second Layer.

The challenges here were no longer focusing on the world above but on the connection beneath the surface. This was a layer that would be the pillar of this world, and without it, the world would not have the status to become even a Minor World.

Design for Ascension of a Class 1 to a Class 10 Novitiate of an energy class, incorporating any fluid physique dynamic...

Influence the growth of a Sapient fauna to an Immortal State while enhancing its environment in a relatively mild pattern over a time frame of eighteen million years.

Manage the Aether distribution between sixty trillion inheritors while factoring talent, location, appearance, disposition,.....

The list continued unending, and Rowan did not leave the work of the World Seed alone, aware that it was not capable of tackling more than twenty percent of the tasks here.

The questions seemed to be unending and would have frustrated anyone else, but Rowan knew that power without knowledge was useless. To reach the limit of his potential and exceed it, he must understand everything.

It was a good thing that his dimension had been growing and evolving for four thousand years, making it possible for him to draw from a wealth of knowledge, and the progress into this level was surprisingly quicker than the first.

"Thump..."

Rowan thought he could hear roars emerging as if from an unfathomable distance, he felt his World Seed stretch as if something was gestating inside of it, and he was surprised when he felt a hint of pain.

His consciousness could feel pain in a sense, but it was not true pain. It could not be equal to the pain born from the flesh. After decades without his real body, Rowan was not ashamed to admit that he missed the feeling of pain.

"Aahhh... my children, life has been so dull without you. My rage... My fire... My passion... I miss the fight!

The tendrils from his World Seed blasted past the second layer and Rowan's excitement grew when it reached the zenith, and then nothing...

There should be a third and final layer, but what was here was a void.

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Rowan's countdown paused and the destruction of this memory ceased. His eyes were filled with confusion as she glanced around,

"Looking for something?" Erohim grinned, he opened his left palm, and on it was a swirling orb of power that was similar to Soul energy.

"I could feel you digging through my head, looking for the core of my being, and even if I don't understand how you are able to do something like this, I only keep it away from you to frustrate your ambitions. Hahaha Romion, I told you, that you cannot succeed without me. You should have taken the deal I once gave you, but now, I have changed the terms."

Rowan's eyes focused on the gleaming energy rotating in the hand of Erohim, his awareness was drawn to it like a moth to a flame, why did he find it so familiar, as if he had touched it a million times before?

His mind was swirling around in a million different directions, the feeling that he was before a great truth bombarded his consciousness and he only needed to look at it from another angle and everything would be revealed.

"I see that you are silent. No matter, I have always appreciated a man who can take his losses with his head held high. This would be the new deal... Hey, Romion, are you listening? I shall not be repeating myself."

Rowan was lost, Erohim could as well be speaking to a wall as his mind was captured by the glow.

Why was this core so familiar? Perhaps instead of trying to pick it apart with his eyes, he should follow the familiar aspects of it. The question he should be asking himself was why this core reminds him of Soul energy.

Rowan was so deep in thought that even the growing roars inside his consciousness failed to drag him out of it, and when he began to feel pain in his chest as if something was trying to tear its way out of it, he was still captured by that glow.

"The first thing obviously is to open your mind to me, revealing your true self and memories, I don't know about you but being deceived like that left a bad taste in my mouth, obviously I have been out of the loop for a long while, seeing as I am dead and all, and severely lacking information, you know that this condition is a must, the next thing..."

"Silence!" Rowan roared, and it was as if six other voices spoke with him, "Let me think. Your endless prattle annoys me. One more word and I shall tear out your tongue and feast on your entrails until the end of time."

Erohim's dead eyes widened in rage and he looked at Rowan's face and he went mute. Rowan's eyes before were a dull brown, like the earth that was filled with vitality and potential, but now those eyes had changed, becoming something... else.

Cold and golden, slit like a serpent, those eyes were filled with the glow from an apex predator.

Beneath his skin, came several bulges, as if something was moving underneath. The sight was horrifying.

As if this terrifying eruption had not happened, Rowan's eyes transformed back to his previous dull color and he continued muttering to himself.

Erohim looked at the hand holding his core and it was filled with goosebumps.

Chapter 886: The Power of Will (1)

Eva felt reality reassert itself and expand to create space for a series of gigantic presences a second before the Third Prince and the rest became free of their

restrictions. Their presence was like ink dropped in clear water, and before long, their Aura filled the entire dimension, shattering any fragile hold she had over the battlefield and transforming the heavens above into a lake of destruction.

Above, countless planets and stars began to detonate, shattered to pieces as the great presence of their enemies filled the entire dimension, leaving only the spot around Rowan's city and army free of the corrupting influence.

The users of Will were forbidden from stepping foot inside a universe because their powers were absolute, but they were facing multiple enemies with this power, and Rowan's dimension was tested to the limits, the Aura of destruction spreading above was tearing his dimension apart at the seams.

It was no longer about winning but doing it in a short amount of time, if they remained inside this dimension for long, Rowan would perish, he could not contain all these powerful enemies inside his dimension for long. He could barely hold two Powers, and even they did not control Will.

The light in the eyes of the demons, mages, and gods lit up in exultation, for a moment at the beginning, they had been afraid that something might have gone wrong, but with the restrictions holding them back from vanishing, they were free to destroy and plunder this dimension.

The power of the endless undead in their ranks began to swell, and their terrifying cries increased in intensity, this was matched by the cries of the living as weapons were pointed at the pitiful number of opposition before them.

The Lady of Shadow's presence touched everyone to whom she was connected and she sent a pulse of encouragement toward them all, the Aura from their enemies was like anvils tied around their necks, even with the dangers before them, their morale remained firm, and addressing them one last time would only cement their resolve before the battle began.

Her words were without any fluff, she addressed their primary fears, and left them to concentrate on what was to come,

"Remember, when you die, your soul is safe with your Creator. Fight for your home, fight for your family. Although they come to us in endless numbers, you shall crush them all!"

The roars that erupted from their side were spine-chilling, although their numbers were smaller, their cries eclipsed the armies of the dead.

A shockwave erupted from below the feet of the Third Prince silencing everything on the battlefield, and the undead rose again, but Eva did not despair, they were never her target, and the tens of millions of living mages, demons, and gods she killed were worth

the price she paid, but it was also something to note that the undead would always be a factor in this battle as the Third Prince could always resurrect them.

Which simply meant the true enemies to beat were the ones at the top, killing fodder was useless when they could be brought back in a blink of an eye. Yet the presence of these endless armies could not be discounted, for a billion ants would be able to take down an elephant.

The Lady of Shadows had been trying to pierce the barrier behind the Third Prince since the moment they entered the dimension without any success and with the shockwave eruptions below his feet, the barrier was shaken apart and she could see his hidden pieces. Eva scowled, her worst fears had been realized.

Not counting Golgoth and the Third Prince, there were eight more figures she saw with the light of Will burning around them. It was amazing that Rowan Dimension had been able to withstand the presence of ten enemies who were all users of Will inside it.

Behind these monumental entities were dozens of powerful figures that although had no access to Will, were also powerful in their own right. The weakest among them were Demon Princes and God Kings.

Six of the Will holders were God Emperors, this number amazed Eva, it was remarkable that for such elite and singular figures, there were quite a lot of them inside this universe, just these six God Emperors alone were more than half of the enemy's main power.

She had never expected this number of high-level gods in this universe and one reason for oversight was that they did not have an opportunity to investigate the Supergalaxies at the center of the universe with the richest concentration of Aether.

When Eva and the Angels were locked inside Rowan's dimension, the chance to investigate the entire universe was lost, if they had more time, she would have found out about their presence and set up a way to either neutralize the God Emperors or convert them, clearly they were all born inside this universe.

This line of reasoning did not go on for much longer before Eva realized how unlikely their presence was in this universe, especially one that was this young.

A God Emperor was a rare individual in any universe, most times there would only be a single one of them born to a universe, and this would usually occur at the end of the universe where every great power in the universe contests for the Will of the universe in order to attain true immortality and escape the hold of their dying home.

To become a God Emperor without the aid of the Universe Will was so difficult it was considered impossible, even with the aid of a Universe Will, the chance to become a God Emperor was slim.

This universe was barely seven billion years old, young beyond all measures, the fact there were already five God Emperors inside of it was a clear sign of an outsider's hand in all this.

Eva knew that one thing that had always troubled Rowan was what the Third Prince had created for billions of years when he was outside of Trion and the truth should be standing before them now—God Emperors. The method he used for such a miracle was unknown, but the result was apparent.

They all wore full-body armor revealing no single gap for their eyes or nose, not that they would ever need such a thing to function, another peculiar feature was how their armor was so similar to those of Golgoth, further cementing the shared origin theory. They resembled metallic statues, but the power of Will erupting from their bodies was undeniable.

The last two were Demons, most likely Demon Kings. The first was a Demon King who resembled a fifty-foot statue of a man that was made from blue ice, on his head was a crown of green flames, his arms were folded on his chest and his extremely handsome face was twisted in a frown, bright blue eyes roaming the battlefield and mostly focused on her.

He must be searching for the first fallen Demon King. They had been lucky that whoever that Demon King was, it did not use the power of Will, most likely because it must have sent a small portion of his essence into this dimension expecting it to perish; he would have never expected that the death of that avatar would lead to his soul being taken.

None of the users of Will here was making that same mistake, their bodies here were most likely filled with the majority of their essence and power, and they would not be easily taken down.

Chapter 887: Creating A Core

As they were gathering info about the enemy, the enemy was also doing the same to them.

The second Demon King even with her changed state was still recognizable—Minerva. Her top half remained the same, a woman with black skin and white hair, but everything below her waist was a giant arachnid form.

Her abdomen was armored, with her eight legs ending in sharp spear points that tore holes in the dimension, another noteworthy thing about her appearance was a centipede around her waist like a belt, like her companion she was looking around this dimension with curiosity, and her size was bigger than before, she was almost the size of a small mountain.

However, at their level of power, they could easily expand their bodies until they could be as large as a star or smaller than an ant.

For a being as powerful as Minerva to remain as a vassal of Trion for so long showed her patience and wisdom, she would be a dangerous opponent, equal perhaps to the Third Prince in some manner.

Eva's mind touched Rowan's consciousness and she smiled when she felt his Aura, it was just... steady. There was a calm reassurance that surrounded him that made Eva feel that everything would turn out to be okay in the end, it did not matter what the future may bring.

The Lady of Shadows understood that if they all died in this battle, it would be okay if they gave Rowan the time he needed to complete his plans. He was the one who could end this battle, they just needed to give him the opportunity.

With enemies of this caliber, it was a foregone conclusion that many of Rowan's children would perish. With the power of Will, the Soul could be crushed to nothingness, this effect could reach across time and shatter all fragments of their Soul energy, and it was unknown if Rowan would be able to collect their Soul Origin, although the chances were great, it was still not foolproof.

The space above Eva shivered and Golgoth appeared like a specter, with a cruel laugh he plunged his blade into her chest, and dragged it upwards, severing the Lady of Shadows in two.

A loud snap resounded in the battlefield and the charging undead, alongside millions of demons, mages, and gods suddenly appeared directly above the armies of Rowan as the Third Prince teleported his army instantly on them disregarding the space separating their armies.

They crashed down like black tides, their numbers in the hundreds of billions, so thickly clustered together that even light could not find a gap between their bodies.

The five God Emperors shot for the changing city of Sheol, only to be intercepted by an angered white mountain as Vraeger unleashed his dragon flames, but the God Emperors summoned blades that cut through his flames and impacted against his gigantic body, sending waves of force that swept through the battlefield alongside Vraegar's pained roars.

Despite their blows, Vraegar's scale resisted the blows from five God Emperors! His wrathful cries of disbelief at the death of Eva caused his Aura to rise to titanic proportions and he swept the five God Emperors with his wings, carrying them all to the heavens as he held them back with his body alone.

The Ice Demon King brought his hands forward and pushed his Will forward, and the entire ground below the battlefield was frozen, a space billions of miles in diameter turning into an icy hell, and from the frozen wastes, massive demons erupted from it, pinning the armies of Rowan beneath.

This Ice field was a direct channel to his Abyss Level, and the armies he could summon were virtually limitless.

Minerva tapped her waist and the centipede curled around it loosened itself and began to move towards the battlefield as its size began to balloon, she stayed back observing the entire scene.

Space shattered in the midst of the army as the Third Prince appeared before the Eye of Rowan in a burst of red light and summoned his poisoned blade, with a grunt he swung it downwards.

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"I have it!" Rowan gasped aloud, his understanding of the Soul reaching a new dimension by watching how the Will of Erohim worked with the core of this world.

There was a reason every dimension was connected to Chaos Third Dimension—The Great Darkness, it was not because of the resources, although that played a great part, it was also because it contained the framework to push for higher dimensions.

Erohim was wasting his time trying to draw his attention to whatever deal he was proposing, no matter how favorable it would be to him, he would be foolish to consider it.

Rowan was about to make a bet, he needed the core of the Supreme World to complete the assimilation with his World Seed. This alone would give him the Will of this world, but as it turned out, the Will of Erohim had already merged with it, but did he truly need this Will?

Taking over the World Engine from his Chaos Bloodline meant Rowan had all the framework he needed to build his own core inside this planet.

He lacked a Fourth Dimensional Will, but he still had access to a Will of his own. The challenge was to weave his Will with the essence of this world creating a new core. He guessed this was the method all Supreme Worlds were created, but their creators would usually have to be

extremely powerful holders of Will, but he would have to manage.

were created, but their creators would usually have to be extremely powerful holders of Will, but he would have to When the blade of Golgoth pierced into Eva's body Rowan

shivered, and his eyes began to transform as deep growls emerged from his body, but with a decisive move, he suppressed his emotions and placed his palms together, closing his eyes.

He had no time to contemplate the battle ongoing in his dimension, he wished he had more than three consciousnesses here with him to accelerate the creation of his World Will, but for that, he needed more Aura. At this moment Rowan regretted not hunting the Gods of Trion and harvesting their Aura when he had the chance, but they had all mysteriously vanished from the battlefield after he created his Powers.

Rowan needed a base, and it was his Will, although this would lead to a weakness in his consciousness inside his dimension, Rowan began diverting his Will of Truth and pushing it into the World Seed.

The World Seed began a dramatic transformation as more of the Will of Truth poured into it, no longer having the shape of a dandelion, it transformed into a lidless eye, and the tendrils now resembled veins.

Rowan pulled Soul Energy and he began to weave, the two layers, Mortal and Immortal into the World Seed, using his Will as a glue holding it all together.

At first, he thought his conjectures were wrong, and that there was no connection between Soul Energy and Will in the creation of a World Core, but then with a click, the first portion of the process merged.

Knowing there could be several problems he could not anticipate ahead, Rowan drove deeper into his work, trying to ignore the cries of his children, as they fought to give him the time he needed and suppress the growing rage in his heart that was threatening to shatter his sanity.

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Erohim watched Rowan and he chuckled, finding a comfortable position and sitting down. If he was not wrong, things were not going well for Romion, and he only needed to wait for him to come crawling, and at that time, he would not offer any deals, the boy would either become his slave or parish in the hands of the shadows.

Erohim knew which one he would pick. He laughed silently as he closed his eyes and waited.

Chapter 888: The Foundations of A New World

This could be one of the most important things he would ever do, Rowan thought, and it made it important that he was not distracted, his rage was boiling, although he had

made certain decisions when it came to defending his dimension, he began to wonder if the trade-offs were worth it.

His consciousnesses inside his dimension were calm and collected, influenced by his Sheol bloodline, but the emerging power of his Ouroboros bloodline was tainting his perception.

They claimed everything under creation as their own, and the loss of any of his children was like driving pins through his eyes, and for a moment he was on the verge of failing when his consciousnesses inside his dimension sent over a surge of strength and advice.

"Don't fight the rage, use it. It is yours, and it works for you, it is your Light that can never be extinguished!"

Rowan shuddered, how could he have ever forgotten? His bloodline was filled with rage, but it was also cold. His heart which was beating a thousand times a minute, settled into a slow and regular rhythm.

The emotions in his consciousness were channeled towards his creation and his mind went still, sinking back into the cool ocean of thoughts, where the work that transcends the gods and immortals was created.

He found that he liked it here, as he sank deeper into this ocean, and his creation revealed itself before him.

Rowan had once watched the entire life cycle of a Dragonfly when he was a mortal on Earth in a shallow swamp behind his home. From its egg to its nymph stage and finally as an adult. Unlike other insects that go through a fourth state of metamorphosis, a Dragonfly would skip the pupae stage and become a full adult after leaving the waters of their birth.

He thought this example was rather apt because he could feel the same transformation happening inside his World Seed as he grew closer to completing the Core of this world. His children, the Ouroboros, were skipping the long line of evolution and transformation, emerging even before the Core was complete.

The transformed World Seed that resembled an eye began to bleed, as the six sinuous bodies pushed against the membrane of the eye, a haunting cry emerging from them that spread until it reached the Eye of the Primordial of Evil below.

On the ground, Silas Black and Aeris, who were creating a massive Spell Formation to begin the transformation of this place, looked up in curiosity at the Red Moon above.

Silas frowned, "Is that normal?"

"How should I know? Complete the Scripts so I can leave this place," Aeris grimaced in irritation, "Being so close to him, I can barely keep my mind straight, if I spend another hour here I shall be sacrificing myself to him!"

"It is tempting," Silas sighed, "Dropping all our burden and returning to him."

"Focus Silas, that is not the plan, without our direction, there will be no Focus for the event, no matter how much we want to rejoin with him, we are Shadows, and our essence would not feed him." Aeris snapped.

Silas shrugged, "That should have been the truth before, but you know that we have changed, we now have souls Aeris, even you, we can bring him back with our sacrifice, all this battle between us all is useless."

Aeris looked at Silas with hate, "Don't talk to me about sacrifice. If you want to die, then complete your part and I will gladly merge you with him. As for me, I have lived for too long and paid for the privilege of existence!"

Silas looked away, "Our lives were never ours, we should have awoken him when we knew we were no longer empty, Erohim was correct, we are all traitors."

Aeris grinned, "You speak so much nonsense, Silas, here... I will leave the Scripts, you can jump in and sacrifice yourself to him, it should be enough to allow him a single dream."

She waited for Silas to make a move but he remained still, "See, you are just like me, you are just like the rest of us. Silence and dreams are no longer enough, the demise of Fourth was inevitable, and we would follow his doom if we don't focus on ourselves first!"

Silas sighed and snapped his fingers, bringing the sleeping true bodies of the gods of Trion to their side, and he methodically began his sacrificial slaughter of the gods on the six edges of the Scripts.

Aeris nodded, "There is so much power here that even if shared among us all, we would be below the Primordials only, who then in all of creation could stop us?"

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Rowan grimaced in pain and euphoria, not focusing on the peculiarities of this new creation, for it was creation, but unlike anyone he had ever done before, for he had never been so involved.

This action of creating the Core was stripping all his knowledge and experience, placing everything of him to the test. He felt as if he was on a cart moving down a mountain, he had to maintain precise control as he descended faster and faster and any single

mistake would have it all crash down, yet there was no path for him to descend, and he had to chart a new course as he made his way down.

Everyone had teachers, but Rowan had always trodden the path to the future alone. At first, it was because he had no choice, he could not find a teacher who was powerful enough to teach him without robbing him of his gifts, and now after making his way through life alone, he would have it no other way.

This was the path of the Primordials, the first in creation, who took power for themselves out of nothingness.

Rowan had answered all the theories about running a complex entity like a Supreme World and now he had to build the base that could support that theory.

His consciousness whirled around in a frenzy, he needed to make the right choice as he would not have a second chance if he failed in any step. Rowan became thankful for the baptism of his consciousness he underwent when showed him the battles between Primordials, without that event, his consciousness would have never been able to support this level of concentration.

After parsing through trillions of options, he smiled to himself as he returned to his root and everything inside him told him he had made the right decision.

He used himself as a blueprint to support this world, and unlike any World Creator, Rowan did not just start with the Soul, but with the Soul's Origin. He wondered how others created their World Core, but he doubted anyone else before him had used Soul Origin as a foundation, for the Soul was uncharted Territory, and even Primordials had not fully understood its workings.

Rowan had seen the shape and form of his Soul Origin, the white that represented Rowan Carter, the green of Rowan Kuranos, and the gold of Erohim, all these came together to create something new.

From this Soul Origin, he drew out a portent mass of Soup Energy and he dragged it into a world that he was creating alongside this creation. Proceeding through the growing fragments of the World Core and giving it light, heat, vitality, Aura, and millions of other components necessary to hold life.

Chapter 889: World Bearer

There was a long sigh and a giant ripple in creation as he made his first life, not through any technique or ability, but with his knowledge. This first step was important.

The child was born.

Yet he was the first to be born of this world and his conception was special, after all, there was no mortal flesh to be found here, and so the light from the moon was his blanket, the sun was his heart, the earth became his bones and the trees became his flesh, the first ocean that developed entered his body and became his blood and when he opened his mouth needing to cry out, the first breeze became his lungs and was the spark that ignited the forge of his life.

This concept seemed simple, but Rowan had drawn from all the immortal and mortal power systems he had ever known to create this firstborn.

The mysteries engraved in a single inch of his flesh would satisfy the cravings of a thousand Archmage for an eternity.

The birth of the child solidified the Core of the world, and his cries ignited it, bringing forth the birth of light and the stars.

Life, light darkness, erupted from the child, spreading with speeds beyond comprehension, weaving and wrapping itself into a purple-white and purple Core that hovered in front of the child.

From the distance, he could hear barks, hoots, and twitters, as a world filled with life erupted, time speeding along as he solidified the concept of a mortal and immortal.

The child slept for a million years and when he woke up, he saw that on his belly was a great city filled with mortals, and he watched and he learned, their antics making him giggle, this created great earthquakes, and the natives of this city learned of his great presence, and with time they knew how to pacify the earth below them, making the child slumber for decades at a time.

The people who were able to learn this skill became the first Shaman, as the merger between the mortal and the immortal solidified.

The concept of godhood was whispered quietly in the dark of the night, and the flames of ambition were born in the hearts of the mortals.

Since Rowan built this world directly from a Soul Origin and linked it to its core, it developed peculiar traits, in which every part of his body could grant a boon. Everything that happened was in his control and also not, and he only needed to steer the Core to its optimal conclusion.

The mortals that settled on his arms and fists became great warriors and berserkers, channeling endless might through their bodies, they constantly broke the shackles of their flesh, and they were the first to start the great wars that erupted all over his body, but life was cycle of light and darkness. Their rage served a purpose and it enhanced the merger between the mortal and the immortal. The World Core grew.

The mortals that settled on his legs became Nomads, they became the first Windrunners. Traveling around the entirety of his body and even beyond, exploring new lands that appeared out of thin air outside of his body as the World Core grew stronger.

The Windrunners showed him sights that he could have never seen as he lay there on the earth, nurtured by the Shamans, who had begun drawing strength from his body, enhancing their lifespan, and creating means to fight against the Berserkers that wished to dominate the realm.

It was a certain group of Windrunner that discovered his eyes. The Shaman kept him asleep for decades at a time, but sometimes he woke up, and those Windrunners were there to see his eyes open.

He did not know what this sight might have seemed to their senses, but he imagined it must be like seeing a vast pool appear out of nothingness. Seven among them fought their fears and braved the pool, dipping themselves into its cool waters.

There seemed to be no effect, as their bodies and talents remained the same, although they lived multiple times longer than their brethren, this alone gave them esteemed status, but the true change happened when they died.

Unlike every world he knew, Rowan had formed the base of this world from the energy that he understood the most and also the least, Soul Energy, and not just Soul Energy, he went to the roots and created it using Soul Origin, and his eyes were connected to it.

The seven Windrunners that entered his eyes died and unlike every other mortal, they were born again in the body of a child.

These seven Windrunners had achieved a strange form of Immortality, for they kept all the skills and memories of their previous lives anytime they died and were reborn.

These seven led their tribes to greatness, and slowly their nature as Windrunners began to change as time pushed inexorably forward. They saw that the Barbarians and the Shamans would not end their battle and they sought ultimate power.

Their long lives and endless wandering led them to his chest where these seven having learned the abilities of both the Shaman and the Berserker found a way to connect to his heart and they gained power, becoming the first gods and rulers of this land.

This act completed his Core. Once more, he had ventured where he was not supposed to have the ability to reach, and he had succeeded.

It should be everything he needed to finish connecting with the world, but Rowan felt that there was something missing. His instincts informed him that there was still a step.

Rowan was confused, although this Core carried a Third Dimensional Will, it was complete, and then he saw his mistake. For anyone else, this Core was perfect, because this power was theirs but also separate from them, however he was different, he could not just create worlds, he could become them.

He could not just create dimensions, the dimensions could become his body. His Core could not be like everyone else, because he could become the Core itself.

The child for the first time since his birth, opened his mouth and he swallowed the Core, becoming one with it.

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In the memory of Erohim, Rowan had no idea a tear was running down his face as he opened his hands, revealing a mass of energy that was smaller than that of Erohim but pulsed with such life and vitality, that the memory began healing itself, being subverted by his Will that began to spread over everything.

This time it was not Rowan's order that made it so, but the sight of this core drove Erohim to speechlessness.

Something shifted in creation, and reality opened, Rowan's eyes looked upwards and he saw a gigantic Steele begin to descend. Covered by lightning and fire, it reminded Rowan of and when he felt the Aura erupting from it, he knew he was correct. This was an unknown Singularity!

Rowan was speechless, he had no idea there could ever be another type of Singularity in existence.

Erohim's eyes widened until they began to bleed, he screamed, his words were unintelligible, but Rowan understood him,

"No, no, this is not possible! How can you summon a World Bearer test inside my memories? This is not right, you have to be a..."

The Steele erupted, shattering this entire reality and using it as fuel to drag Rowan's consciousness into it.

The voice of the Steel entered his mind,

"Honored One, You Are The 117th since the beginning of existence to Summon a World Steele. Take your first step as a World Bearer and engrave your name!"

Chapter 890: True Name

Rowan was silent as he observed the Steele, aware that he was standing before one of the most powerful entities in existence, in their own right a Singularity should be equal and also lesser than a Primordial.

He had no way to compare their powers at this time, but he knew that combining with had given birth to an entity with the power to surpass the Primordials, what powers would this Steele hold, and did it have an owner?

Apart from and this Steele, were there other Singularities, or were they the only two in existence?

So many questions he wanted to ask, but he felt an overbearing Will urging him to touch the Steele and engrave his name, without it, his World Core would still become complete, but he would lose out on something so incredibly precious that in all of creation, barely a hundred plus individuals had succeeded.

The odds of this occurring and receiving the title of a World Bearer were almost equal to receiving when placed against the entirety of time and the number of beings who dwelled in creation.

He did not know this would happen when he completed the World Core, but it had already shattered the domain of Erohim and the man who was left was barely a threat. The power of the Steele was undeniable, appearing in this broken universe that was nothing but a memory of Erohim and seizing control of it with no issues.

The decision had been made already, and Rowan would not deny himself the privilege to become a World Bearer, although he knew that with benefits, also came a hidden cost; new and unknown enemies, and an unknown path ahead.

Rowan walked towards the Steele, observing its shape, it was the size of a small hill, and etched onto it was the types of Scripts that Rowan saw inside, except there were subtle differences that made it appear alien.

Whatever language this was it carried power and it was still unknown to him, the only thing he had that was a bit similar was the Words of Enoch, now transformed into the Breath of Enoch in his dimension.

This power was the only one that was closest in shape to this mysterious Scripts and Rowan had studied it for a long time, discovering new mysteries inside of it, and he had held back against using this power until he was sure he understood its full potential.

Rowan understood that whatever he used this power for must be multi-universe breaking. Anything less would be a waste.

There was a subtle force erupting from the Steele that pushed him backward as he stepped closer, but he knew that this was not a sign of rejection, it was only the innate

power inside this Steele that was so massive, that anything not worthy would not be able to reach it.

He was worthy, but it was also difficult to complete the ritual. Difficult, not impossible.

Pushing through the barrier of repulsion that created a shining corona of force around his consciousness, Rowan stretched forth his fist, he was a few inches away from touching it, but he opened his hand, and his index finger touched the Steele.

A bright purple light shone in the spot where his finger made contact and it spread until it covered the Steele. A slow hum began to arise from it, and suddenly as if time was reversed, the purple light flowed back from the Steele and smashed into Rowan's consciousness.

He stepped back and squeezed his head, his mouth opened in a silent scream as he froze in position, on the surface, nothing had changed, but beneath, was something different.

Rowan felt a cold Will, powerful beyond measure, take hold of his consciousness and his memories were riffled through, his defenses crumbled like paper, as the Will bore deeper into him. Rowan could not fight it, and he could only delay it by pushing all his important memories deep into the Core of his being. The Will reached his core and before Rowan could abandon hope, it was rebounded by an equal force—.

He had been growing distant from when he saw that the Singularity did not truly believe he would prevail over the odds of ascension to a Primordial and when he knew that the origins of could be troublesome. His trust in this treasure had begun to decrease over time. The Singularity demanded too much of him, and Rowan would not lose itself to its vision, no matter how grand it was.

Rowan had begun using it less and less, depending more on his knowledge and Will to push himself forward, after all, he had made a bet with this treasure that he would not only become a Primordial in his own terms, he was also going to exceed that level.

Yet Rowan found himself glad that he had here with him at the end, despite its alien nature, this treasure had chosen him, and when push came to shove, his Singularity was by his side.

He had secrets that would follow him to his grave and no one would take it away from him, not even a Singularity. His helplessness against this Steele was unexpected and unpleasant, and he was glad at this time he had by his side when he had failed to stop its incursion.

The Will of the Steele paused at this unexpected barrier in his thought, yet Rowan sensed no anger or ill intent from it, having being denied, it simply took a different approach and spoke to him,

"The First Boon cannot be granted for there is a failure to assess your true nature. You shall not be named by the Steele. This event had occurred only eleven times in history; therefore you shall be the one to make your True Name. I should warn you, this act would make it impossible for your true rewards to be calculated in its entirety and only an estimate would be given, is this acceptable to you? Without your True Name, your World Bearer Title cannot be granted!"

Rowan did not wonder for long why he chose to protect his memory so fiercely, even from something that might be beneficial to him, he figured out that his memory was all he truly had, and except for his enemies and in rare cases, Rowan did not try to read the mind of those around him, he had an uncommon respect for this.

Everyone had the privilege of keeping something of themselves away from the world, and he had plenty he did not want the world to know.

Rowan felt his heart seized, although in this body he did not have a heart, he could feel a surge across all his consciousnesses in acknowledgment. Finally he was going to take a step that he had planned for so long, but he never wanted to use for various reasons.

His True Name might seem to be a small issue, but since the moment he defeated Caine and took control of his bloodlines, he knew he was not complete, not without his name. It may not look like it, but this was something that Rowan had dedicated a majority of his consciousness power in trying to solve.

Chapter 891: Time, Come To Me!

A True Name would follow him until the end of his path, and so he had made preparations for it, and over time that preparation had been evolving into something different with every event that was taking place in his life, and now it would seem that he had to finally take this measure.

Rowan took a few steps back from the Steele and whispered to himself, "My True Name, how odd that after all this time, I have considered what to call myself and received no good results. Yet who knew that the one who gave me my name would turn out to be her? It is time to go back and claim it."

There was a gamble and an opportunity for him in the claiming of his True Name, if he succeeded it would shake all of creation, if he failed he may never recover.

This plan came to him like a fever dream, borne by circumstances and coincidences, and it was something he was sure did not even know about, he created this plan during the times was in slumber, and he had allowed this plan to sink deeply into his consciousness.

He had too many enemies and their reaches were almost boundless, he would only win by not just staying one step ahead, but in his battle with the Reflections, he had to stay a hundred steps ahead if possible.

Such an idea was madness, but Rowan had the tools and he thought it could be done.

Yet it was so outlandish that he needed confirmation from something that was close to All Knowing and he showed his dreams to and it was shared with the Steele as well. Rowan was willing to share his dreams and memories, but it was on the condition that he was the one who made the choice.

It did not take long for the verdict to reach him.

"This cannot be done!" spoke.

"Creation would be fractured!" The Steele agreed, "There is no past inference to draw upon."

Rowan smiled, "Not all creation, only a small part of it. Just here, and in a universe that is dead."

The two Singularities were quiet for a while, it would seem that Rowan's idea was so outlandish that for them it took time to contemplate, his heart was in his mouth as he waited for the verdict, he had run all the numbers, and technically it should work, but he was still willing to listen to the wisdom of the Singularities, after all, what he was planning was sheer madness, but every genius was once thought as mad.

It was that first broke the silence,

"This could... work, but it would be too much to hold, even for one such as you. Yet knowing who you are, I can see you doing nothing less." Rowan could almost see shake its head.

"I will hold, nothing can break me."

There was a longer pause and then spoke, "If you succeed, then I shall believe in your dreams in the future."

Rowan smiled, this was all he needed. He was surprised when the Steele spoke next,

"If you do this, then you would be the first in all of creation..." The Steele mumbled, "Your title shall be unique, and I shall have to deliberate long on it."

Rowan nodded at the Steele and he sighed, "Everything that was happening has been leading to this moment, then let it be so."

Closing his eyes he reached deep inside of him, the preparation had already been made long ago and he was reaching inside himself looking for strength, although he told that he could hold, he wondered if perhaps today would be the day that going beyond his limits would not be enough.

Not bothering about the risk, he drew the power from all his consciousnesses leaving them with less than twenty percent of their overall strength.

This consciousness now bloomed with power and light that tore through the darkness, illuminating the shrunken form of Erohim in the distance who was frozen in awe at the sight of the Steele, and he turned towards Rowan and gasped.

Rowan's consciousness had previously taken the form of a child and now it grew until it was a man, but the light shining from it was so bright, that in the entire lifespan of this universe, there had never been a light that shone brighter, or will there ever be.

Rowan drew upon the BREATH OF ENOCH, a power that he should only use when he wanted to break every rule and he roared, "Time, come to me!"

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His roar held the darkness, the sound filling the void, having the weight of Will behind it and something more.... Something indescribably ancient and sacred, whose roots could not be named.

The Darkness held for as long as it could, but Rowan's cry could not be denied, and it cracked open, this memory of a dead man in an empty universe that should not exist... opened.

Erohim saw all this and he fell to his knees, and then he screamed as he fell through the cracks that shattered the darkness, plunging into a zone of unreality and madness, which even he could not comprehend.

He seemed to fall for an eternity, but Erohim was a monster that had lived for countless eternities and he reoriented himself with difficulty. This place was not suitable for life, and he had to get out or he would be imprisoned in this limbo forever, a fate that was far worse than death.

Something screamed past him, and it was so massive that he could not comprehend it for a moment, and so fast that to his senses it was nothing but a blur. The speed of its movement caused this space of null reality to splinter into shards that nearly tore him to pieces, and Erohim, knowing it was his only chance for freedom and survival, seized the blur that was still hurtling past him and was yanked upwards with bone-crushing force.

His body slammed against a hard surface and pain like he had never known flooded through his body, he nearly let go in shock when he discovered that he was bleeding,

and his immortality had been stripped away, leaving him in a powerful body but still mortal, even in his disbelief he held on as leaving it would mean his death, and that was how he saw he was holding on to a massive chain that seemed to have no beginning or an end.

The chain was flying towards the bright light ahead like an iron filling attracted to a magnet, and even though he had fallen for an infinity, the light was still so bright it illuminated this space, and his mouth fell open in shock and horror when he saw that more chains were piercing through the void and flying towards the light.

The echo of Rowan's voice that was holding so much power filled this entire space and repeatedly swept past him and Erohim in his madness began to weep, he had never seen anything so magnificent and terrible after his main body fell.

The world of Primordials had been hidden from his sight and now he was seeing it being resurrected.

Erohim cried out in adoration as his flesh was minced to the bones and his skeleton grew mouths and sang Rowan's glory, for they were the first to witness it.

In the depth of his fading mind was a thought; what sort of monster had the Shadows created?

Chapter 892: Deadly Dance

Inside Rowan's dimension, the battle to decide its fate had suddenly shifted to an unfavorable one with the inhibitions blocking his enemies from acting with their true power.

Their attacks were sudden and devastating, clearly planned, and effortlessly executed. The Third Prince was aware that Rowan was not an enemy you handled with half measures. He had lost so many times to the tricky bastard because he had not given him his complete attention.

The order he gave had been simple: use your most devastating ability at once and crush him and his forces, anything less would only give Rowan time to adapt, and that was a terrifying prospect. In a short period of time this child had performed miracles after miracles, from a nuisance to one of the greatest threats he had ever faced in his existence, Rowan had proven beyond doubt that he was not to be taken for granted.

The only problem was that...

"Boom!!!!!"

Their combined attacks landed with devastating consequences, hundreds of millions of lives were snuffed out in a blink, and even the massive body of the white dragon crashed to the earth, his head nearly shattered to pieces. It was surprising that a creature without Will had been able to hold back so many God Emperors for as long as he did.

Rowan's great eye was sliced in two and it fell apart in a golden spray that blasted for miles, the rest of the eye began to collapse into a heap of rotten slime as the poison of the blade consumed its remains, and as Golgoth stomped on the head of Eva while howling in glee watching the armies of Rowan melt between the unfathomable bulk of the undead above and the frozen demons below, reality shuddered and their prey collapsed into bubbles.

The body of the Lady of Shadows vanished, same with her armies and the remnants of the great eye of Rowan dissipated, transforming into billions of shiny bubbles.

For a brief moment here, the entire battlefield was transformed into a space that could be considered almost beautiful, as the bubbles shone with all the light of the rainbow, and the undead army and demons stalked through the fields of battle confused, one moment that had been tearing their enemies apart and the next... shiny bubbles.

The Third Prince frowned as he looked around him, the feeling of irritation that was in his heart began to grow, and he cursed in anger when Golgoth in his anger began to scream and lash out.

His cries of rage and his weapons decimated their armies for miles as he tore through their ranks looking for the enemy, he wanted to call him to order as his actions had killed multiple living fodder when Golgoth howl stopped and his armored figure bent down and picked up a bubble, in his rage he had destroyed a majority of it, he brought it close to his face and then squeezed.

Suddenly jerking his head to the left as he watched the distance, a few million miles away where space trembled and the armies of Rowan reappeared intact, the same with Eva and the great eye of Rowan.

Golgoth's gaze turned to the Third Prince, who nodded at him, an assurance that what he saw was not a mirage and their prey was not able to escape their hold,

"How far can you run, before your tiny hearts give out?" Golgoth laughed aloud, before tearing his way through space, hunting.

With Ascension so close at hand, Golgoth would make sure any barrier was laid low, even if he had to do it with his two hands.

"Did you get it all? I'm not sure whether we can repeat that maneuver. This Spell was one of the ultimate moves of our Primogenitor and it has taken the last of his essence to pull it off."

The three Sages, Han Li, Ni Tian, and Sparrow had the surging golden glow surrounding their bodies diminished, as the spell that had conjured from their unique heritage had given Eva the details about the hidden might of their enemies' forces.

The Sages shivered internally, as they watched the Lady of Shadow close her eyes in contemplation. This woman was truly ruthless and her cunning was without equal. She had been willing to bring their entire army to the verge of death just to discover the hidden hands of their enemy.

War for the Sages had involved tactics, but not to this level, they usually settled battle in great frontal affairs, where two armies clashed until the stronger came out on top, but Eva was not treating this battle like that, to her this battle was more like a deadly dance. she wielded the entire army like they were a part of her body.

Vraegar shook his large head, his eyes were filled with such great rage, that red burning light was erupting from them, his anger spread to the spirits and beasts in the army and their bodies shook and began expanding. Although he knew the plan was to draw as much attention as possible, his pride as the Dragon God stung that he had nearly been killed. He wanted blood.

Beside the raging dragon was the tiny body of Lost looking at the Great Eye of Rowan, he was connected to it more closely than any of Rowan's children and he had felt the pain and the sense of loss as the blade from the Third Prince had torn the eye in two.

His eyes went red and he gnashed his teeth together, as his breathing became heavy, for the first time in his life, the little boy was experiencing true rage.

He could not comprehend why someone would enter their home and seek to destroy his creator, this war had been fun all this while, as the boy did not truly take it seriously, his nature was one of a wanderer and everything in creation was an endless source of delight, but his beautiful world was shaken and Lost was angry.

Lost began to slowly finger the beads in his chest and looked towards the army of their enemy that had turned and was speeding towards them with supernatural speed. His eyes burned with white flames, "They are not gonna hurt you again!" he whispered.

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The Lady of Shadows nodded at the three Sages, their exclusive spells borne from their unique heritage as the last Guardians of the Mountain and Sea Realm had served their purpose, "You won't have to perform the spell again, prepare for battle, I have everything I need."

She knew the capabilities of every facet of Rowan's army and she understood the best time to use their expertise. The entire purpose of this battle was to buy time and unearth the abilities of their enemies. The Third Prince had showcased a lot of his powers in his bid to crush them, and she had taken notice of them all.

Eva suddenly felt the consciousness of Rowan becoming dim, any panic she may have felt was assuaged by his words of assurance, his battle was not only being fought here and he had to move his energy to various places at the same time.

'Leave this one to me,' She projected her thoughts towards Rowan and turned towards the section of the army that contained hundreds of millions of Rowan's children, she sent forth her Will and also cried out, "Children of the Ouroboros... Ground Them!"

Chapter 893: Dusk... Dawn

Eva's order rang out like the crack of a whip, and her orders were answered with unrivaled fervor.

"HAAH!!!"

The roars from the throats of hundreds of millions could shatter continents, the Children of the Ouroboros had multiple gifts, but their most dominant trait was strength. They were mainly predisposed to become close combat fighters, but they had certain bloodline powers that made them deadly at range.

What Eva did was find a way to make all of them unleash that talent in sync. It was the only way to create a proper army out of them, their collective ability unleashed as one was far greater than any of them could ever unleash individually.

Clad in heavy armor that weighed hundreds of tons, the children of the Ouroboros dropped their weapons and slammed their palms together, the golden glow of Eruption began to emerge between their palms and brightened dramatically as if they were holding a star between their palms.

This light was so bright it hid their bodies beneath the glare before the light vanished.

Their bodies were covered with steam that rapidly dispersed, displaying their transformed bodies. The hands that were slammed together were still in the same position, but two more pairs of golden energy arms had appeared below those arms.

This was the unique talent of the Ouroboros bloodline—Hands Of Force. To be considered a candidate for this army, one must be able to summon two pairs of Hands of Force, it was the threshold to be able to summon the greatest area technique of their bloodline.

Those golden energy limbs slammed into the earth and overhead like massive stars blinking to life, massive golden palms appeared overhead each of them was well over ten thousand feet in diameter and nearly numbering a billion, they perfectly covered the entire army of Rowan like a massive golden umbrella.

From those palms, golden rain began to fall, each drop of rain was as heavy as a mountain, but their weight was not the issue, it was the special properties of their Eruption ability that had the capability to freeze space that made this technique truly dangerous.

Each drop of golden rain caused space to solidify and as more rain fell space became increasingly compacted until the air was denser than diamonds as the rain kept falling with no hint of stopping, the space grew increasingly compacted, but this ability did not affect any of Rowan's children.

The limits for this Space freezing ability were unknown since the summoner would usually run out of energy after a while, but it was one of the most terrifying abilities of the Ouroboros Bloodline because this golden rain was permanent unless forcibly dispelled.

Golgoth who had been piercing through space was forcefully ejected, and his movement which was supposed to be so fast that it should defy imagination could now be easily traced using eyesight.

He looked down in anger at the warriors who remained in a crouching position as they channeled their ability; if he was not shrouded by his Will, it would be impossible for him to even move past the speed of a snail. Swerving towards them he grunted in pain as multiple purple arrows embedded themselves into his back, looking back in anger he saw the Lady of Shadows dropping her hands as she held a massive bow.

He ignored her and focused on his target, his 4th Dimensional Will of Rending made him the best candidate to dispel this technique, he lifted his blade and Eva made him pay for his negligence.

The glowing arrow shafts that were still embedded in his back unexpectedly began to vibrate and push themselves into his body before exploding, blowing out fist size chunks of his flesh and crushing every bone in his torso, Golgoth shuddered, his undead state made it difficult for him to heal his wounds, and his combat capability for a short while has been reduced.

Screaming in rage, Golgoth channeled his Will into Gaping Undoer and threw his Great Sword at Eva. The sword tore through the golden rain, shattering multiple barriers created by the Spell Weavers, and slammed into Eva, causing a massive explosion in her surroundings as the force carried by Golgoth's blade was so terrifying it could shatter multiple galaxies.

The eruption of force ended, and Golgoth chuckled, expecting to see the pinned corpse of Eva, and the sight that greeted his eyes made him growl, "Impossible."

Eva's hands surrounded by purple light had clasped the blades between her palms, halting its momentum. The tip of the Great sword was only a single inch away from her forehead.

Slamming the sword into the ground, she retrieved her now and in the space of a second fired hundreds of arrows into the hilt of the blade. The shriek from the weapon as pieces of it began to fly off defended everyone around her for hundreds of miles.

Golgoth held his head and screamed in rage, holding out his hand, he summoned his weapon and it reappeared on his palm, and it was nearly broken in half, bleeding and screaming in pain, Golgoth echoed its cries as his helm exploded open revealing dozens of tentacles from his nightmarish mouth as he revealed the true corruption of his being underneath the armor.

"You will pay for that!" his shrill scream did not sound like it came from a man, but a corpse.

The rest of the Will holders slammed against the barrier of golden rain and although it slowed their movements, it could not stop them. They began to move towards the Children of Ouroboros, they needed to break apart this technique or the rest of their army would be incapacitated.

"Defend them!" Vraegar roared and beating his massive wings he headed for the Will Holders, the rest of the army roared and followed him as they unleashed brilliant bursts of power that traveled unhindered through the golden rain, slamming into the Will Holders and pushing them back.

Eva nodded at Diane and the three Sages beside her and they threw themselves towards the Will Holders. The golden rain would ensure that their endless armies would be held back and they could focus on the ten Will Holders. They might not be able to kill them, but they would hold them for as long as necessary.

She frowned and looked around her noticing that Lost was missing, and before she could trace him, her attention was drawn by a voice.

"This is futile Rowan," the voice of the Third Prince echoed through the battlefield, "surely, you know you cannot win this fight, and watching you struggle with your games and tricks, why son... it breaks my heart. Did you not promise that you will kill me on a certain day? I don't know about you, but that day was seven days ago and yet, here I am standing, face it boy, you have lost. The moment you showed me that you were going to be a nuisance, you should have known that this would be the result. Now would you settle down and accept your death with grace?"

"I DID NOT FORGET."

A voice that sounded like Rowan and yet not like him as it sounded as if multiple people were speaking at the same time, and it was so loud it silenced the entire battle.

The dimension suddenly quaked and with a disgusting sound as if flesh was being ripped apart, the entire dimension was sliced in two, revealing the dead universe outside and something else.

Chains... Impossibly long chains and a figure that was glowing brighter than any star in the universe.

The figure pointed his left hand and it seemed to cover the entire universe and the broken dimension, "Dusk."

Half of the chains extended and wrapped the entire universe and the dimension. This sight was so astonishing that in the silence that shrouded the universe, you would be able to hear a pin drop.

These chains were as massive as planets along their width and thousands of chains that seemed to have no end wrapping around the entire universe were mind-

numbing, of course only the Will Holders could see the true extent of this move and it shocked them to their core.

Everyone else only saw massive chains that penetrated deep into eternity with no end in sight and covered the entire horizon.

Rowan pointed his right hand upwards and said, "Dawn!"

Chapter 894: Shrinking Reality

In a battle of this nature with combatants that could move at speeds closer to light and even exceed it, time was a malleable factor and in a single second, many actions could be taken.

Rowan had just cast the first part of his spell and its effects had enthralled everyone on the battlefield, his right hand was rising to cast the second part of his spell, but the shock of his arrival could not hold his enemies in place for long.

Golgoth hastily blasted the waves of abilities that had reached him from the armies of Rowan who at this time could not truly understand what was happening, not just them, except for several powerful demon princes, Archmages, and God King who had

specialized surveillance spells or devices, ninety-nine percent of the combatants inside the dimension did not understand what was happening.

Recall that Rowan's dimension was half a billion light years in diameter and even when it split apart, most of his children could only see a fraction of this amazing phenomenon, due to the size of his dimension and the universe at large, the disturbance of the split and the chains did not truly affect them.

It was the difference between dropping a rock in a pool and an ocean. In a pool, one could easily notice the ripple that came from the stone from the edge of the pool, and in an ocean, one could not even notice a thousand boulders falling into it.

A mortal could barely see beyond his little town, a god could barely see outside his solar system and nearest groups of stars, a God King could barely see beyond the galaxy, and Rowan's dimension could fit millions of galaxies, it was not strange that most would not understand what was occurring, except for the lucky ones who were in a certain position to see the full extent of the dimension, thereby noticing the glint from a massive black chain, the mortals proceeded with their battle.

It was a good thing that the perception of most of his children could not see the full scale of his spell, or it was inevitable that most of them would go mad at the least, but only the slight fraction of his glory that was manifesting was enough to bolster their spine and inflame their hearts.

The true difference between the strong and the weak was revealed here, when the strong displayed their power, the weak would not even have the capability to understand it.

The flood of inconsequential spells washing over Golgoth shook him from his shock and horror at the power of Rowan's spell, and pooling his Will of Rending around his armor, he zoomed towards Third, and he seized his throat, "What is happening?! You told me we had everything under control."

The eyes of the Third Prince were hazy, his mouth opened in shock as he stared at the massive chains encircling the universe, but even while distracted, his body flowed around Golgoth's grasp and he looked at the distraught fake God King in annoyance, "This is not part of my plans, like you I'm also surprised, but let us watch, I don't care how quickly he can grow, there is no way he should be able to pull off something like this without negative consequences."

The two Demon Kings push their way through the golden rain and Minerva questions the Third Prince in dissatisfaction, "You, this is not what we bargained for, we are pulling back from this battle. However, we expect full payment for our services, seeing that a majority of the mortal life in this universe is no more."

"Ease your mind, Minerva, you cannot leave this battle even if you want to," the Third Prince chuckled, "You should know the character of the enemy we are facing, is this the right time for our forces to be divided? I don't need to tell you that he would hunt you to the depths of the Abyss if he is given the chance to grow stronger. Besides, as I told Golgoth, a spell like this would drain even an Eldritch being with control of high-tier dimensions, even feeding on the energy of ten universes would not be enough, we just need to find a slight chink in his armor, and this house of cards he is building, would crumble."

Golgoth gnashed his teeth in anger and frustration, but his mind began to whirl as he considered the ongoing spell from Rowan, "Do you think it's a mirage? Surely the breadth of this spell is impossible, it's almost equal to our..."

The Third Prince arched an eyebrow at the near slip of Golgoth, their plans could not be revealed to a third ear, he looked away in irritation, "Strike a chain and see for yourself."

Golgoth looked up and raised his sword, and then when he felt the sheer power imbued inside each link in the chain, he slowly dropped his hand, and the Third Prince snorted.

"Whatever he is doing, this boy is taking a great risk," The Third Prince grinned, "That means the chance for failure is truly high, any chance we have to shake his mindset would be valuable. Do what you do best, Golgoth, kill his people, starting with the creators of this domain!"

Golgoth sneered, "Beneath this accused domain, my Rend is diminished and my blade is damaged. That woman also possesses an unknown form of Will, they have seen our abilities and the wisest choice is to attack together Third, with the onset of this spell, even you cannot choose to stand behind."

The Third Prince smiled, "You will not be alone, the rest will follow you, and you can have this blade." He gave Golgoth his poisoned blade, "It should serve you well enough without me, I need to stay behind to counter any hidden plans he might put into play. For this task, I'm obviously the one who is most suited for it."

"DAWN!!!"

Rowan's voice shook creation and the Third Prince and the rest were shaken from their deliberation, even though their entire conversation took place in a fraction of a moment, Rowan's casting was still too quick for them to counter.

From below the black sea in Rowan's dimension massive booming sounds that unleashed shockwaves erupted from it as something terrible and extremely powerful began to arise.

The Third Prince went pale as he saw what was arising from the sea and understood the depths of Rowan's preparation, his plans for attacking Rowan's children were placed aside and he screamed at his allies, "Stop him from unleashing them!"

Eva's voice coincided with his cry, "No one reached the creator!" From her bow, she unleashed thousands of gleaming purple arrows towards the Will Holder, as the battle began to heat up to a feverish extent.

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Dawn did not bring any chains, only light... golden light.

The golden light erupted from Rowan's raised hand carrying an inestimable amount of force that pushed against reality, and whatever force that erupted from him was so massive that reality quaked, bent, and then shattered and everything in the direction his hand pointed turned golden.

With a massive groan, the chains binding the universe and Rowan's dimension began to contract, pulling them to what Rowan perceived to be the left, which was dusk, painting the entire universe and his broken dimension with a red glow and giving space for the golden glow in the direction he perceived to be his right, to expand, taking over the vacated space.

Chapter 895: Unleashing His Might

At this moment the chained universe and his dimension occupied more than ninety-eight percent of reality and as the chains contracted and pulled, they shrank to the side, leaving more space for the golden light to fill.

Rowan's consciousness began to shrink, the bright glow eruption from his body fading to a smolder, this spell he was attempting, had strained him to the limit because it was creating a series of impossibilities and making them possible to such a massive extent that even the Taboo Spells of an Archmage would be nothing but a faint breeze beside it.

No man, god, mage, or demon could ever have the energy to sustain this spell, even Rowan could not, but he could cheat.

In the battle with the Reflections inside his dimension, the true benefit he had gained was a bounty of Soul Energy. Tens of millions of immortals had died inside his dimension and hidden at the bottom of the Primordial Sea of Darkness were millions of Soul mountains.

Not wasting time to check the level of the Immortal souls, he began crushing them en masse, channeling all the Soul Energy that should be equal to billions of crystals into his Consciousness Pillars. All of them.

The expansion of Rowan's Consciousness Pillars had not slowed as he grew more powerful, in fact, the opposite had occurred and he gained access to an increasing amount of Consciousness Pillars as time went by.

At this time the number of Consciousness Pillars he controlled was a stunning 702 pillars.

Since the beginning of the battle and his ascension to the Third Dimension, Rowan had barely used the resources from fifty Consciousness Pillars, due to two reasons, the first was they were his ultimate trump card after their baptism in the fires of the Primordial battle and the second was because consciousness like any other power had its meta spiritual weight, especially his own, and if he had unleashed all his Consciousness Power, even if his dimension was still intact, the weight of it would ripple all over the universe.

This was Rowan's greatest hidden hand and the source of his confidence that was akin to madness when it came to the completion of this task.

Not even Eva knew the extent of his consciousness power, and Rowan began to slowly activate and release his entire consciousness power.

From the depths of the Primordial Sea of Darkness, his Consciousness Pillars began to arise, every one that rose over the ocean brought a massive shockwave that rippled through his entire dimension.

When he first received his Consciousness Pillars, they were barely taller than a hundred feet, now each smooth golden pillar that arose from the ocean was hundreds of miles tall and they emitted so much power that even the mortals could feel it.

On the top of the Consciousness Pillars, a golden figure began to coalesce as 702 figures of Rowan stood upon the pillars, and they raised their right hand and channeled their strength into the consciousness unleashing the spell who was at the edge of dissipation, and it suddenly shone brightly as power flooded it.

The movements of the chain surged on strength and the spell of Rowan became supercharged, the universe and Rowan's dimension shrank further, as the area the golden glow occupied increased from one percent of reality to ten percent... fifteen percent... eighteen percent.

The Third Prince and the rest of the Will Holders were going crazy with fear, the amount of consciousness power radiating from Rowan dwarfed them all by an order of magnitude, and in a normal circumstance they would not really care if Rowan was able

to control this enormous amount of consciousness power, he would only be seen as a bigger freak than he already was, but now he was using this power to unleash this unknown spell.

Every indication was pointing to the fact that if he was not stopped in the next few moments he was going to succeed.

The eyes of the Third Prince shook, after all this time, he had not unleashed the entirety of his might, because he did not want to scare off the rest of his allies, especially Golgoth and Second, he would be killing them after the debacle with Rowan was over, but if they knew his true might, they would fear him more than they feared Rowan.

With rage in his heart, the Third Prince exploded his Aura, revealing not one but three Wills! Golgoth looked at him with shock and horror as he detected the Will of Erohim and the Great Worm inside the body of the Third Prince.

"BOOOOM!!!!!"

A red lightning erupted from the body of the Third Prince shattering the entirety of the golden domain like it was made from glass, and the Third Prince made his hand into a claw and he swiped.

Rowan's dimension shrieked in pain as four massive slashes that were sharper than any blade in existence streaked toward the pillars. This blow released a shock wave that blasted Golgoth and the rest of the Will Holders billions of miles away, one of the God Emperors was unlucky and he was crushed into nothingness.

Defenses after defense were brought to bear as Eva unleashed the talents of the entire army to block the streaks of force unleashed by the Third Prince, but it tore through all defenses, and below, millions of Rowan children exploded into ash as the reverberation from the blow shattered their bodies. Vraegar, Diane, and the three Sages were blasted away before they could even near the slash, their injuries nearly killing them.

Eva opened her hands and digging deep into her Spirit, summoned every single drop of her Will and slammed against the slash.

Another massive crack resounded in the dimension as Eva clashed against the move from the Third Prince and she failed to hold it back, her broken body missing her arms, and half of her skull was blasted into the ocean below with so much force that millions of miles of seawater were turned to steam and her body nearly blasted through the dimension, it was unknown if she was alive.

The move from Eva slowed the attack and dissipated one of the slashes, but it was not enough, as the three remaining slashes still bore towards the Consciousness Pillar of Rowan, he did not look at it but focused on channeling his might into the single consciousness that was powering the spell.

His golden glow had filled up thirty-five percent of reality and was still growing, even if some parts of his Consciousness Pillars were destroyed he must complete this spell.

He had been keeping his Angels away from the battle and now he manifested them all to stand against the might of the Third Prince led by the Powers.

With great cries of rage, they unleashed such massive celestial spells that brightened the entire dimension, but the move from the Third Prince was not simple, no being could possess more than a single Will, but the Third Prince had found a way to break that rule, and the combination of his three Wills brought about a power that was extreme in its sheer might.

His Angels, even his Powers failed to hold back this blow, they fell, but they shattered two of the slashes, leaving the last.

Rowan braced himself to receive it, but suddenly a small form appeared before his Pillars of Consciousness and cried out, "You shall not hurt him!"

Lost pulled out the beads around his neck and with determination in his eyes, he tore it apart.

Chapter 896: Might of Lost

When the Lost Flames reached the peak of Tier 5 which was the Transcendental Grade, it could no longer attain the next step of his evolution which was to be the Immortal Grade (Tier 6) where he should be able to call on his Tribulation and become a full Immortal Aspect.

At first, Rowan had found it odd, but he recalled the message had shown him of the Lost Flames when he activated this Omnipotent Aspect.

The Lost Flame: Before Time and Space was born, Asteraoth claimed Light from the First Flame and he left the burning flame to be without light for countless eternities.

Asteraoth became Light.

In the twilight of the Primordial Era, Endirius stole what was hidden deep in the bowels of the Primordial, and claimed the Flames itself.

Endirius became a Ruler of Fire.

Yet Endirius saw something more in the Flames, a hidden spark that was once thought to be lost, ignored even by the Primordial, but Endirius saw promise and great power in this spark.

To hide this great discovery Endirius Separated this spark into six forms. You now control the first of that form.

Take heed, Endirius gaze searches for you.

From this hint given by , Rowan knew that the Lost Flames were not complete, Endirius the Supreme Magus had separated these flames and without the rest of them, Lost would be stuck at Tier 5 forever, remaining a child.

Rowan had no problem with this, not everything around him should be geared towards the pursuit of power. The Lost Flames brought light and laughter and healing wherever he went, and Rowan would not push him beyond his limits.

He was surprised that the Lost Flames had begun to learn how to manage his abilities in new ways while learning from the Sages. His two abilities Divergence and Convergence were extremely versatile abilities and even though Lost was not entirely focused on exploring the depths of his abilities, he had been able to learn some truly powerful applications of his flames.

Shattering the strings of beads around his neck, Lost held the forty heavy beads in front of him, and then he spread his arms apart, dispersing all the beads so they would touch all corners of the incoming slash attack, and when the beads impacted against it, Lost applied Divergence and he exploded the beads.

The slash that resembled a black scar across reality turned white as the Lost Flames surrounded it, and Lost thrust both his hands forward and yelled with all the strength in his small body as he applied Convergence to his flames.

The Lost Flames could feed on every sort of energy using Convergence and then store that energy inside of him but stuck at the Transcendental grade, he had a limit to the amount of energy he could store, and the technique he learned from the Sages was the ability to slice of the energy inside of him when it was full into the large beads he hung around his neck.

The beads were produced by the Sages using a hollow essence, as it was the inky material that could store his flames for an extended period of time when maintained by Lost.

The second part of his ability Divergence, released all the stored power, and depending on its application it could be used to destroy or to heal.

After four thousand years, Lost had created forty of these beads, just enough for him to wrap the Lost flames across the entire slash that stretched for more than a million miles in length.

Convergence pulled energy from anything and imbued it inside the body of Lost, and that was what he did against the Third Prince's attack, Lost pulled and took the energies of the attack inside himself.

It was too much.

Whatever method the Third Prince had used to hold multiple Wills inside his body, it meant he could not easily unleash it, but when he did, the destructive potential was ridiculous, even releasing this attack had killed a God Emperor that was close to him at the point of release, and that was a holder of Will!

The divide between Will and Intent was such a massive gulf that could not be easily described, even Telmus, a man who could be referred to as the master of Intent, could not survive a minor slash from a Will-infused weapon, and the Third Prince had combined multiple Wills in an impossible blend.

Of the four slashes, Eva had been able to destroy one and it was unknown if she had survived the impact, his Angels, of which two Powers, 3,088 Sovereigns, and tens of millions of Archangels, all placed together had been able to destroy two of the slashes, and it came with disastrous consequences, an unknown number of Angels had perished.

Lost chose to accept the last attack on his lonesome, and on this battlefield, technically, this child was the weakest here, but like his creator, he was stubborn.

The energy that Convergence drew from the slash in a fraction of a moment was a thousand times greater than all the energy Lost had stored inside his forty beads.

He screamed as he tried to channel Divergence, to push the energy out of his body, but it was so difficult, almost impossible.

Time had slowed down in his perception and with every fraction of a moment that went by he attempted to push the energy away from his body, but it was too much for him, the pain and the pressure were enough to make him explode to nothingness, and he wanted to give up and cry but he remembered the pain Rowan had felt, and all his friends that he had made for the last four thousand years perishing in the claws of the enemies, and Lost, well lost it.

His eyes had been closed tight and he opened them, they were cracked like shattered glass and oily white flames fell from them as if he was crying blood.

Perhaps it was the impossible amount of energy ravaging his body, but Lost Perception further slowed and also broadened, and for the first time he could see the true scale of the battle.

He saw Rowan tearing reality in two, he saw the entire universe bending to his Will and he saw his enemy streaking toward Rowan with murder in his eyes.

Lost looked at his creator with awe in his eyes, he saw as his father held reality apart with his two hands and the desire to be like him blossomed in his heart and he knew what he had to do.

Lost called on everything he had inside him and closed his left hand, in that single instant all the load of Convergence was borne by his right hand, and his body began to shake to pieces, beginning from his fingertips, but he had enough time.

He shifted his left hand, imitating Rowan but he could not stretch it apart wide enough, but it was angled directly at the incoming Third Prince, and Lost shot a thick pillar of white flame that slammed against the Third Prince, it halted a few inches away from his body unable to touch him, but the pressure from the flames slowed him down.

Lost screamed aloud and opened himself up to Convergence, enveloping the entire slash of the Third Prince and in a single instant drew everything inside of him, not holding it for a single moment but channeling it to his left hand.

Lost entire right hand disappeared, and his chest cracked open, down to his left hand, following the trail of energy that was passing through his body.

The pillar of flames that surrounded the Third Prince multiplied a hundred times over, and the entire dimension was painted white with the glow from the flames of Lost.

The Third Prince pushed through the flames that were slowly burning through his barrier, and as the brightness of the flames increased to an impossible luminosity and heat, a tiny spark of the Lost flames touched the Aura of the Third Prince and Lost grinned.

With his childish voice, he screamed, "Witness the power of the First Flame in Creation."

Lost applied Convergence through the spark the instant it touched the Third Prince and his body slammed to a halt, as the impossible happened.

The Lost Flames began to consume the energy of the Third Prince.

The two Powers who had collapsed turned their gaze to the confrontation above as they fell silent, this silence rippled across the entire dimension, as a Transcendental State being, someone that was barely at the Earth god level, held back an abomination that could shatter a universe.

"What madness is this?" Minerva growled, her massive spider body retreating further into the darkness.

Eva at the bottom of the dimension, feebly opened her single eye and she gasped, "Foolish child, what are you doing?"

In her ears, she heard a soft voice that she strained to listen to, "Protecting all of you from the bad man."

Chapter 897: Nature Of The Serpent

Memories streamed past Eva's mind in a flood, four thousand years might be a blink of an eye to an immortal, but it was enough to make many unforgettable memories.

She remembered losing him for months on end in a far-off world where he became lost, and she found him stuck at the top of a mountain, speaking with birds.

The winter had been hard on that world and the mother of four baby chicks had nearly died protecting her babies from the cold, so Lost placed the birds on his stomach and lay there for weeks, slowly giving the family heat to survive the winter.

That particular bird was fairly aggressive and Lost had suffered from countless pecks and scratches but he was still laughing and conversing with the disgruntled mother.

She remembered teaching him how to channel his powers, but he was too unfocused and lacked discipline to be a competent fighter.

Eva recalled giving him a task to subtly kill off a herd of corrupted leopards over the course of a day, but he instead unleashed his flames and turned them all to ashes at once before trying to run away to another world to play, she had called out in anger,

"Lost, what did you do?"

"Well, I cast fuck everything... in that general direction."

"Language!" and she seized his ears, "Who taught you to speak like that."

"Ow, ow... please, I can't say or I would be betraying my friend."

Although Eva had failed to admit it, in a lifetime of endless war and death, Lost was the only one who could make her smile.

The voice of Lost reached her, broken, "You.... Know what to do when the... time is..."

Eva opened her mouth in a silent cry.

The flames of Convergence held the Third Prince for two seconds, as it consumed even his momentum and cries of anger before another eruption of red lightning tore it apart and the figure of Lost glowed so brightly it almost equaled the consciousness of Rowan who was tearing reality apart.

A purple light covered Lost and he vanished, before appearing by the side of the Third Prince and he exploded.

The explosion was not spread out but was focused, resembling a large palm, pushing the Third Prince back for hundreds of miles as he fought against it while screaming obscenities. With a cry of rage, the Third Prince plunged his hands into the palm and tore it apart.

The flames of Lost vanished.

With an angered shout, the Third Prince screamed, and the power that erupted from his body was a thousand times more powerful, in a brief moment, he wiped out every one of Rowan's children, including Eva, and Rowan's consciousness pillars began to shatter under his unshakable might.

The end had come for Rowan, and his dominion fell under the tyranny of the Third Prince.

Then a bell tolled in the heavens as Rowan's Spell became complete. It was too late, the Third Prince had failed and he looked up in horror and expectation at what was to be unleashed, and at first, he was puzzled.

Above him, reality had been divided equally, one part was the universe along with this dimension which had been squeezed to occupy one area, and the other side was nothing but an expanse of golden light.

He muttered to himself, "dawn... dusk, what could it mean?"

It did not take long for the truth to be revealed and the eyes of the Third Prince glinted.

He may pretend to feel this certain emotion several times during his life, but he knew that he could not understand it, he had only pretended to feel it, and like all good actors, he could pretend to an extent that he could actually convince himself for a short while that he was feeling it, but that was a lie.

Nothing of what he felt now was a lie, and the Third Prince found out that he hated this emotion. He hated the feeling of fear.

"Rowan... What did you do? What diabolical madness is this?"

Rowan had not expected Lost to be able to hold back the attack from the Third Prince as well as he did not expect that the Third Prince might have the capability to hold on to multiple Wills at the same time.

He had always thought he would be the only one who should be able to achieve a feat like that using the help of , but the Third Prince had found a way to succeed.

Anyway, it no longer mattered, Dawn and Dusk was completed.

Rowan flexed his right hand and the golden light began to disperse and it carried with it a heavy wind, he chose to call this wind, the Wind of Time.

This wind blew away the golden light and revealed the result of Rowan's Spell. A new universe, and not just any universe, but this same universe that was already dead.

Rowan had torn reality in two, on his left was the dead universe, and on his right hand was a living universe. This living universe was vibrant and full of life, the same as it was five years ago.

This scene was hard to describe, but Rowan had managed to merge the present and the past and placed them in the same time continuum.

The perfect analogy for this was eating your cake and having it.

Yet this madness was just beginning.

"No no no no... this is not real... this is a fucking mirage." Minerva screamed, "I can sense myself in this other universe! How can there be two of me, existing at the same time continuum?"

Every Immortal on the battlefield immediately sensed their counterpart in this other dimension, and the same thing happened vice versa. Every living immortal present in the past universe could sense their selves across space and time.

Although for most of them could not understand what they were sensing because this split was on a universal scale.

Rowan looked across the two universes and he nodded, he did not forget the reason he made this spell, and it was for a single reason, to collect his True Name.

The process by which he created Dawn and Dusk came from his long contemplations on the mysteries of time, his bloodlines, and his understanding of how the relationship between time and space was linked.

Ascending to a higher Dimension meant a deeper understanding of time and its mysteries, but unlike everyone else in existence, Rowan was not just ascending to a

higher dimension, he was the dimension itself and he had far more tools to investigate the nature of time.

This was also not adding the fact that he was linked to the Primordial of Time, meaning that mysteries of time were easily deciphered by him, and his addition to his experience using a time-attributed treasure like the Tower of Greed and his Ouroboros Bloodline and Rowan had all the tools he needed to create miracles unlike no other.

His eyes pierced across the distance and watched the Third Prince and all his enemies. He would also be collecting some overdue debt.

Inside the dead dimension, in the skull of Erohim, the World Seed exploded as the Ouroboros Serpents were reborn with a roar that echoed all through this unknown dimension.

At the same time, in the living universe, a stream of light was heading towards Trion, carrying the Will of Rowan who was at that time a one-dimensional entity.

His descent into Trion had brought disaster as he dragged the Aether from across the universe into the planet, and as he fell, the unique nature of the Ouroboros Serpents that had been reawakened took hold.

"They would not release anything that they had possessed, not in the past or the future!"

Chapter 898: Correcting Mistakes

Inside the dead universe, in the strange dimension where the dead eye of the Primordial of Time lay, the massive skull of Erohim, now the foundation for the rebirth of the Ouroboros Serpents began to collapse, drawn into the world seed accompanied by frightening roars from the growing serpents.

In the living universe, Rowan broke through the atmosphere of Trion, his one-dimensional body began to crack open as frightful powers earned from the future, that was now in the present poured into his body, but something was different about this process because change that was taking place was two-way.

Rowan aimed to accomplish more with this spell than just to harvest power from the future and bring them into the past, he was aiming for something much more ambitious.

If he wanted to become a being who could ascend to become a Primordial and even exceed that level, then he needed a foundation that was so solid and colossal that no one else in creation could ever imagine replicating.

The Foundation would be his True Name.

In the beginning, Rowan had not understood what it meant to own a True Name, but as he grew stronger, he realized that names and titles had far more importance than was let on. Perhaps if he had teachers, they might have told him of the importance of names, nevertheless, he was a quick learner and nothing went over him twice.

During his ascension to a dimension and his battle with Caine, he had given up the titles and the names given to him by others, and from there he began to gather hints about what it entailed, and the benefits that came with it. This was the moment he had gained his freedom and was given the chance to write his story and chart the course for his future.

It would be a future that was not determined by but something of his making. If he now had the ability to choose what he would become in the future, then with all the talents and abilities at his fingertips, it was either he went big or went home.

The cracks on his one-dimensional body increased and he was on the verge of explosion, such a move would shatter the entire galaxy and Trion along with it without creating a Forge to contain him, and for an inexperienced Rowan this would have most likely been the case, but he had become something much more in five years.

The explosion did not happen, instead, the silver line began to weave itself, as Rowan used a different method to become a second-dimensional being. Like a thread under an invisible loom, Rowan weaved himself into a second-dimensional entity.

His previous ascension was flawed, his essence should not have dispersed as it did. This dispersion even though contained by the Forge was what enabled tiny imperfections to be created all over his dimension, giving space for the Third Prince and other entities to teleport into it.

The true path of ascension was not crushing his one-dimensional body, but instead using it as a foundation to create his two-dimensional body.

Rowan descended past Trion's upper atmosphere and reached the clouds, but this time he was not a line but a shiny silver page. His foundation for the future could not be firmer and with a single move, he has cleared the mistakes he made in the past.

His multiple consciousnesses were powerful, but not infallible, he had made the best decision with the knowledge he previously had, but Rowan would loathe to repeat a mistake twice.

He slowed his descent a bit, allowing the Aether that followed him to shoot down before him, but unlike before, he channeled it all in a tiny region, making sure the concentration of Aether in that tiny spot expanded to a ridiculous degree and sparing the majority of the continent from needless deaths.

Rowan began weaving his Third-dimensional body. Now that he knew what a third-dimensional body should look like, he could do it using his second dimension, and he also had help, from six very eager volunteers.

On the surface of the silver page, six tiny snakes, barely larger than threads, began to encircle the page and with supernatural strength, they began to fold the page into a large ball, and from there, a shape began to emerge from the ball... it was a heart.

As this process continued, Rowan began to meditate on the lessons he knew about names.

He understood that names were power, and this was confirmed by when it told Rowan that every Title he had received on its page was supposed to give him certain perks and attributes, but Rowan's identity had not been fixed, and so he could not enjoy those benefits.

Rowan was a bit annoyed at missing all the benefits his various Titles should have given him, but he knew he was also missing other functions of that should have given him much more power since had agreed to fully support Rowan if his plans worked, then he should be expecting the full benefits of owning a Singularity... that is if he succeeded.

His journey all these while had been one of self-discovery, and over time he began to find moments where something was triggered inside him, certain events that resonated with who he was, and certain actions he took that aligned with the person he wanted to make of himself.

All this new knowledge began to come to light when he freed himself from the Wills holding him bound, like a newborn baby, Rowan was now free to become whomever he wanted, no longer bound by the Wills of others in his life.

He had confirmed this speculation when the Steele had chosen to rifle through his memories when it wanted to give Rowan a name, but Rowan did not want to display his secrets to an unknown power, and he already had a name... She unknowingly gave it to him, Circe.

Now he was here to make sure she was guided to complete the process. Circe at this moment was extremely weak, but she was no longer alone.

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The heavens fell, and Circe tried to protect those around her, but she failed. Her eyes rang with the howls of winds strong enough to carry mountains and her eyes watered with the flashes of bright lights, disoriented, she tried to marshal more of her powers, but a massive Crystallized Aether meteorite buried her and Archimedes deep inside the

earth, and for a moment everything was covered by the cold hands of darkness as she sank into unconsciousness.

'Surely this was punishment from the gods when she had harmed so many innocents with her rash actions, if only she could go back and redo the things...'

"COME TO ME..."

She groaned in pain as her eyes were forced open without her volition, her body responding to a voice, even before her mind had come to terms with what she was hearing.

Her body sprang upwards, pushing against the earth that held her bound, unerringly focusing on the direction of the voice, she began to claw her way upwards. The journey seemed to take forever and a moment, her mind still in a state of fugue, and her heart confused, because she felt everything was so familiar as if this was a path she had taken before.

"Come to me, daughter of Lightning, Frost, and the Wind... Let your Soul speak to me once more."

Chapter 899: Whole Again

Circe labored through the earth, pushing her way through large pieces of crystallized Aether and rocks with a singular intention—Answer the call.

Breaking out of the earth like a chick escaping her shell for the first time, Circe's gaze was inexorably drawn to a pyramid made of Aether crystals. It glinted with every color she could imagine and more that she never could.

A fleeting thought came to her, 'I have been here before, have I not? I stood before a throne and I said my oblation to the...'

Pain consumed her and she fell to her knees, dimly realizing that her left knee had been shattered in the previous crash and she did not want to even guess how many bones were fractured or broken inside her body.

A cool wind blew across her body, but it did not bring relief, instead, she nearly collapsed on her face.

"I have forgotten what it is like to have a mortal body, and I apologize for your pain, but for the moment I cannot touch you Circe, your soul must be pure..."

That voice... she staggered to her feet and began to climb the pyramid, leaving pieces of her flesh on its cold, sharp edges.

Drawn like a moth to a flame, she climbed higher, even though every move she made caused pain like a thousand hot needles poking through flesh, she still pushed to climb higher. Her motion had gone beyond drive, it was her purpose, her entire reason for existence was to be at this place, at this time.

"When the world was young, at the time a babe is born, they are anointed with the oil from the hair of the mother, the father would touch their brow with his finger as he instills his blessings and the elders of the tribe would give them a name... I have no father, my mother has fled to places unknown, and my elders, well... They are dead. It would have to be you... my kin."

The words she was hearing had a meaning which she could not discern, but her soul could understand every word, and she could not understand why this brought great joy in her heart, so much so that Circe forgot the pain, and her back straightened as she ascended faster, no longer crawling, but standing on her two feet.

At this time she painted a frightful image, Circe barely had any skin left, except for bleeding muscles and tissue, held by a tattered blue dress that was now red with her blood.

Her skull barely had any hair left, but her blue balls that peered from within the bloody sockets were filled with the light of madness and something indescribable.

The blood that streamed from her body began to rise and follow her, as she climbed closer to the top of the pyramid and then when it seemed as if the journey was still longer, she reached her destination and beheld the creature seated on a throne of Aether.

Like her, he had no skin, barely any muscle or bone, he had no eyes, and he did not bleed, by all indications, she was looking at a corpse that had been left in the sun for months, but that was not what she felt standing here.

All she felt was life, a sort of aggressive vitality that seemed almost impossible to be snuffed out.

The reason for her ascent was here, at the back of her tongue, but for some reason, she could not speak, the words were a burden to her, residing inside her breast, but her lungs were too weak to push them out,

"The Mortal Body and Soul you possess is pure enough to see the real me, but it is too weak to give voice to my name. You have been baptized by death and crossed the threshold of life many times, and I have seen all the depths of your Soul, and you have seen mine. Fear not Circe, I shall give you your voice."

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Inside Rowan's broken dimension in the dead universe, Circe dwelled in the depths of the Primordial Sea of Darkness, held in safety by two Sovereigns who watched over her.

Her breath suddenly quickened as memories she did not have entered her mind, and then she learned the truth that Rowan had kept from her for so long because she was to become the one who was to make him complete.

She saw herself in another time that happened and yet did not happen, she had been a mortal who stood before the throne of a being who was meant to rule over all that was, is, and to be. Circe saw all that glory and she acknowledged it, the hands of fate or greater powers that she could not understand placed an unknown language at the tip of her tongue.

A purple light covered her body and she vanished, crossing space and time she appeared by the side of her broken mortal body, who was struggling to speak.

It was a simple thing to merge with herself, like a river entering the ocean, the purity of her mortal soul and the strength of her godly body gave her the power to say his name.

Going to her knees she took one of the shrunken hands of Rowan, nothing but bones and red pieces of stringy muscles and she kissed it, the words that came from her mouth should not be uttered by either mortal or immortal, she did not understand them, but her soul understood...

Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr... Desolator of Universes...

Eulxhu Thyak...

The Silent Epoch...

Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehhirk...

The Infinite Soul

Wvryyrl Eerkhar

Maker of Truth

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The hand she held suddenly moved in her grasp and she felt the flesh begin to squirm and grow. Where she felt coldness before, a pleasant warmth emerged, and then she

heard a deep but pleasant voice, it was the sweetest baritone she had ever heard, carrying an authority that made her soul shiver,

"I accept the truths of my nature that you have seen," the voice said, and then it took a playful tone, "But it's a bit too long, how can I introduce myself to anyone who asks?"

Circe looked up and she saw the most beautiful being she had ever seen. Lips as red as sin, eyes that glowed with every color in creation, and long hair that resembled woven diamonds.

On his head was a shifting crown, that seemed to be peeking at her with curiosity and she could not help it, she began to laugh.

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Truly at this moment, Rowan was speechless. He knew of long names, but he had never imagined his True name would be such a mouthful.

Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr Eulxhu Thyak

Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehhirk Wvryyrl Eerkhar.

He rolled the words in his tongue, tasting each word and sensing the enormous powers inside them, he knew he could not speak them lightly, for these names came from the Enochian tongue.

A cool air entered Rowan's lungs and he smiled, he could feel this sensation, more deeply than his consciousness could translate it to him, and he touched his chest where he could feel his heart beating... his mortal heart.

This body he was inhabiting was his new Ouroboros bloodline that was created from devouring a Supreme World, and even at the mortal level, it was powerful enough to contain his Sheol bloodline that at broken through the fifth Supreme Circe and was now an Immortal level bloodline.

He could detect the presence of the Gods of Trion stirring as they raced to reach his side, cupping his jaw on a single hand, he opened his left palm, and the air over it fuzzed as reality reasserted itself and the last page of appeared before him.

Chapter 900: One More Memory To Make

This page of was covered with black blood as if it had been placed inside the body of someone, and Rowan knew that this speculation was most likely the truth. Minerva must have placed this page deep inside her body, and even though she would not be able to

access the power of the Singularity, she must have received several unexpected benefits.

Rowan briefly considered Telmus and his inconceivable talents, was it possible that Minerva was able to give birth to this great champion because of the page of she had kept inside herself?

During the million years of torture under the Third Prince, Rowan was not aware of the precise moment the pages of had been stripped from him, and Minerva might have had the page providing her with unknown benefits over all these years.

Rowan's head soft hisses of pleasure from his crown, his Ouroboros Serpents were quite pleased that he had finally been able to complete his birthright treasure and Rowan agreed with their emotions, truly it had been too long, and yet obtaining the last page of from the clutches of Minerva was quite simple.

His spell was powerful, and bringing the past into the present, while maintaining their unique position in the time stream had gone beyond what most could comprehend and displayed a level of power that would shake creation, but still, there were some things he could not change across Reality.

One of these was . As a Singularity, it could not exist in two places at the same time. It could either stay in the dead universe or the living universe, and so the Singularity was with him here, but there was still a piece of it that was missing and that was the last page with Minerva.

The Demon King Minerva was holding the last page of , both in the past and the future. Using the same concept that guided a Singularity, there was no way the page of the Primordial could exist in two separate time continuums, and Minerva had no way to choose where the page of the Singularity should manifest itself, effectively robbing her of the control over the page.

With Rowan's increased control of , he simply summoned the unshackled page of to his side.

Before the red page settled on his hand, his Aura burnt the black blood of Minerva to nothingness and Rowan finally held the last page, there was no distinguishing mark on this page, except for some faint rune markings that he could not decipher.

buzzed inside his consciousness, wishing to merge with the last page, but Rowan chuckled, "Why would you want to do that? I have not lost my second-dimensional body after all."

In the creation of his new body that perfectly merged all his bloodlines, and his dimension as one, he had learned the lessons from the past or in this case the future, and Rowan had not just made sure he did not repeat them, he had improved on them.

He knew the way he ascended his dimension was fraught with hidden dangers, and he was not using his dimension to its fullest extent.

Why should he destroy his previous dimensions in order to ascend to a higher one? If he used this method to ascend his dimension then it was inevitable that when he became a fourth-dimensional being, it would require him to break apart his third dimension in order to fit in the concept of infinity.

Yet if he made this action, then he would fall into the trap of every other great power and would have to depend on The Great Darkness, which contained all the Third-Dimensional universes of Chaos to nurture his mortals and gain resources that could not be found in higher dimensions.

Why should he need to follow this path? Unlike everyone else who controls dimensions, he was the dimension itself, and the rules he followed should be different. Why should he not be able to contain the previous smaller dimensions inside himself and build on them?

He would not need to shatter his Third Dimensional body to ascend to a higher level, the moment his Will ascended to the Fourth Dimension, the rest of his body would evolve alongside it. Rowan would effectively become a unique dimension whose powers could not be shared or corrupted by outside influence.

There was also another reason why Rowan strived to follow this path. He did not forget the vision showed him when his two-dimensional body merged with .

In that instant, he had seen a power that was greater than the Primordials, and although the result of that merger was harsh, Rowan always strived to have a backup.

Rowan believes that the reason the merger between him and was so drastic was because his state of being was too low, but what would it be like if he allowed himself to ascent to say, the seventh or eighth-

dimensional level while still keeping all the previous dimensional states in his body and then, he merged with the second dimension inside himself?

Such a grand plan would surely come with many hidden implications, but Rowan was positive that if he could reach the right dimensional level, he should have been able to gather enough power and knowledge that he should be able to flawlessly merge with without ending all the dimensions in reality and creating a hellish landscape like Limbo, and drawing the ire of every Primordial in existence.

went silent before its excitement made it vibrate so rapidly that the sky went dark. 'Oh, that was not 's doing,' Rowan realized, 'the Gods of Trion had finally arrived.'

They were not alone, with them was the God King and Minerva, and a surprising new addition, Telmus.

Rowan felt heat rush through his spine, but he suppressed his impulses, the time for killing was upon him, and he was going to make sure it would be complete.

The God King drew his blade, "What are you?"

Arching an eyebrow, Rowan sighed in irritation, he blinked, and this entire Reality grounded to a halt. Everything in the universe except him went still. He could do this because this reality was in part a creation of his Spell, giving him greater control over this new time stream than would have been otherwise possible.

Despite this, Minerva and Golgoth were still moving, although their gestures were extremely slow, and if they wanted to blink their eyes it would take a million years. He could also detect all the Will Holders present in this universe reacting slowly to this change because unlike the powers present in the dead universe, the ones in the living universe were not aware of these great changes.

In fact, only the living beings present in the dead universe were able to sense their counterpart in the living universe, and those in the living universe could not sense their counterpart.

Rowan felt the touch of the Steele in his consciousness, its intention to announce his title, but once again Rowan stopped the Singularity, "My story has not ended, and I have one more memory to make."

He could feel something that was not anger but close to it emerging from the Steele, but his next words silenced its growing consternation, "In this body, I'm still a mortal, tell me Steele, has there ever been a mortal since the beginning of creation who could kill a Will Holder?"

Chapter 901: Twilight

The Steele replied to Rowan, "There had been precedents in the past, but none had succeeded. Your Title is already unique, are you sure you want to push for more?"

Rowan nodded, "I am not at my limit, and my dreams are grander than anyone else in existence. I shall always push for more."

He thought he detected a hint of amusement in what the Steele said next, "Like a snake, you want to devour existence in a single mouthful. I will watch your trial."

"I will be honored," Rowan replied and his gaze went cold. The time of reckoning had begun.

Rowan stood up, rising to his full height, eight feet tall, he gasped in surprise as purple light rippled across his body, and he was encased in powerful armor that could equal the defenses of his Powers, likely crafted by Eva as a safeguard the moment he took flesh, Rowan smiled and he shrugged, discarding the armor.

Allowing the glorious armor to fall to the ground, he was left with leather knee breeches and a simple belt, leaving him naked from the waist up. He had simply retrieved this clothing from a mortal city, it had no defenses or spells attached to it.

This clothing was made by an elderly woman, who patiently stitched every single thread and worked on the leather for decades. Her only child went off to war, and she was going to give it as a present to him when he returned. He never did, but she did not stop maintaining it and making sure that on the day he returned, it would be waiting for him in perfect condition.

In accepting this clothing, Rowan also accepted the Soul of the child who lingered beside his frail mother, and he showed her the peace her child would enjoy in his care. In death, she smiled, and her soul and its origin entered his grasp.

The powerful armor made by Eva may interfere with the Title he was hoping to gain, it was the same reason he was not going to summon his Destroyer, but his first mortal weapon Envy.

Although a powerful weapon, its roots were still shrouded in mysteries and its potential was not all the way unlocked, for this battle, it would do. His Destroyer was too efficient in what it did, Rowan wanted something more... primal.

He began walking down the Aether pyramid, as a loud crack like thunder echoed on the horizon and his Great Axe flew in from the depths of the universe and hovered beside him, exuding a red and green light that shrouded his body.

Glancing at the weapon, he saw that Envy was no longer the same weapon as before, her large Axe head was red like blood and it was broader, and her shaft was no longer a single piece of metal, but resembled the handle of a guitar, with seven green strings that ran from the base of the Axe, all the way to the head.

Rowan's nose twitched as he detected a new smell from the weapon, and when he heard the new voices in his head, he grinned,

"I am here to serve..."

"I offer my strength to you... I am Pride."

The first voice was recognizable, it was like two metals rubbing together, and Rowan easily recognized it as Envy's. The other was different, like the sound of a tambourine, a high-pitched rattling sound that sounded sweet to the ears but still held a note of wickedness underneath.

This should be Tenma's weapon and it would appear that Envy and Pride shared the same roots leading to this unexpected merger, Rowan was eager to find out their abilities, but before that, he truly needed to complete his spell and finish his plans.

Grasping the handle of the weapon, the Great Axe shivered, and Rowan rested it against his shoulder and continued his descent.

He looked directly across Reality to the dead universe where the Third Prince watched him like a hawk, his gaze measured, most likely attempting to decipher his spell. Perhaps given enough time he might succeed, Rowan knew not to look down on this tricky foe, but he would not give him the time.

"Twilight!"

Rowan gestured with his right hand, and his shattered Consciousness Pillars in the dead dimension rose up and began to fly toward him, when they reached the dividing point between the present and the past, they slammed down with a resounding boom, creating a golden bridge that spans from the present to the past.

The Twilight Bridge straddled the present and the past, providing a road to move across time.

This completed his spell and opened it to the gaze of everyone in his shattered dimension, and even the weakest among them were granted the ability to see the full scope of his spell. Rowan waited for a few minutes in silence as the full weight of what they were witnessing sank into their consciousness.

The growing uproar among their number was silenced as with a single step, Rowan crossed the gulf of space and arrived at the middle of the bridge, he pointed to his shattered dimension, his finger encompassing all his enemies, "I give you the greatest boon you shall ever receive in your life if you are strong enough to take it."

His voice was powerful enough to spread throughout the shattered dimension, enrapturing everyone in his sight and pulling their gaze to him. There was a supernatural charm to Rowan's voice that could even bend the dead mind of a stone.

Rowan pointed at the living universe behind him, "That is a fully contained past reality of this dead universe, Amy changes you make within it would not be reflected in the present because what has happened cannot be changed, but it presents you with the opportunity to take from the past everything you do not have in the present. This

includes seizing the powers from your past and adding them to your future. Even from yourselves."

Rowan waited for what he had just said to sink in, "This is a fully contained universe that holds all the resources you need and they can be plundered without consequences. If you have a powerful weapon without equal, then congratulations, a second pair of that exact weapon now exists in the universe behind me, free for you to take. You shall face no opposition as everyone behind me cannot retaliate, even if you collect their lives. There is only a small catch you see."

His Great Axe was more than seven feet tall, and he slammed the hilt on the Twilight Bridge below him, "To gain all this benefit, you would have to cross this bridge you see, for it is impossible to reach across the past and take from it without consequences. Therefore a price must be paid that is steep to ensure that such a miracle is possible."

He looked at the eyes of his enraptured audience, not only the Will Holders but there were still countless sentient creatures from gods, demons, and archmages who had survived up till this moment and Rowan smiled, "To achieve whatever you desire, you will need to cross this bridge and battle me, if you slay me, a universe and all its riches are yours, but if you die, then nothing of you shall remain, even the memories of you shall be no more."

Chapter 902: Mortal Blood

Rowan stopped speaking and for a while there was silence, his words remained in the space around them, tempting them and revealing the tantalizing possibilities of a future where power like no other could be harvested.

Everyone here had that unique spell, weapon, resources, and myriad of other exotic materials that were invaluable, for the Archmages here, what would it be like if they could have an extra Tower? Or the material they had been saving for advancement suddenly doubling?

This was the least of the possibilities, the greatest treasure would be merging with themselves, since their powers and essence were practically one and the same, then merging with their bodies in that universe would not double their power but multiply it exponentially, they could reach heights that they would have never dreamt of touching.

Among the Will Holders, they were all aware of the ultimate strength revealed by the Third Prince and they all feared for their safety, they were also greedy in their heart as they contemplated the possibility that merging with their Will once more could lead to an elevation in power. There had never been a situation like this where they could have unhindered access to the past with no repercussions, and the desire to seize this prospect filled their hearts.

It was only natural that the commotion that erupted shook Rowan's broken dimension. If what Rowan spoke of was true, then this was a chance for them to gain power and resources beyond their wildest dreams.

There was no doubt that what Rowan spoke of was the truth, somehow it seemed impossible for any lie to emerge from his lips, and it was strange that no one here thought of this peculiarity, it all seemed natural that everything he said was the fact.

Rowan's Will of Truth was slowly revealing its insidiousness as he grew stronger, at the Third Dimensional level, across space, anything he spoke was automatically taken to be the fact. If Rowan were to say the sea was made of fire, then the sea would become flames.

As the Will of Truth developed in the future then it would be possible for Rowan to rewrite Reality as he saw fit. Another aspect of this Will was that his words were easier to be believed by any sentient being. The irony of the Will of Truth was that it made Rowan the best liar.

Yet he truly did not need to lie, because Rowan understood that doing so was going against his Will, but he also knew that Truth was malleable, he would not lie, but he could also select the words he spoke, and would leave it to the interpretation of his audience.

Unlike everyone here charmed by the promise of power, the Third Prince felt the opposite. He could feel the words of Rowan warping the reality around him, and the fear he had been feeling had not died down, it was the opposite. There was something extremely diabolical about Rowan, he appeared like a being of light, but inside him was nothing but darkness, and it would seem that he was the only one here who could tell that something was wrong.

The eyes of the Third Prince narrowed and his voice broke through the hubbub, even some weak immortals and Archmages were already gearing up to cross the bridge, they wanted to reap as many benefits from the universe before the bigger players entered the game,

"Your words are extremely sweet Rowan. Tell me, boy, if this is the case, why should we follow your rules, we still hold all the cards." the Third Prince's voice silenced the crowd, he gestured behind him, "In case you are forgetting something we are fighting a war, and in wars, there are no rules or bargains, we are here to take! You make mandates but where are your armies? You have no privilege here but to be plundered, and we shall not follow your rules to do so."

Rowan nodded, "Plundering the spoils of the fallen is your right, for this is war, but as you should have inferred, your war has already been won and lost. Look around you Third, there is nothing but death and ruin. The power you seek to plunder from my dimension is gone, and it can only be found on this other side of the bridge. I know what

you seek Third, and you shall not find it inside that ruin." Rowan noticed that the eyes of the Third Prince twitched when he referred to him as Third, he smiled internally and continued,

"I don't need to remind you that this spell of mine has a limited lifespan, you should understand that a spell of this magnitude would require an unbelievable amount of resources to maintain it, and I will not be able to hold it for long, if you don't take this opportunity before you, then you will regret it, all your life."

His words drew a fresh gasp of anxiety as many here including the Demon Kings and the Will Holders began to consider his words in Ernest, only the Third Prince smiled and interjected,

"No matter how many benefits we stand to gain, the price is too much, we here have not forgotten the hefty toll we paid just to break through your dimension Rowan, tens of millions of Immortal have died true deaths, why should we risk it all again, we shall wait for your spell to end, and we shall make do with what we have, believe me Rowan, killing you would be the greatest reward, remember, I still know you have something extremely precious inside your body."

He turned to the rest of the gathering, "Do not forget that we paid such a hefty price to get to this point, and many friends and families you have known for an eternity had perished in this place, never to see the light of the day anymore, and we were only fighting the servants of the castle! How much more terrible do you think the master of the castle would be? How much sacrifice would we need to make to cross this bridge that leads to riches we would never grasp? Banish the light of greed from your heart, and know that the Chalice of Salvation that he offers contains nothing but poison."

Those words from the Third Prince, a powerful Will Holder and the strongest in the army advising caution were enough to break many of their greedy thoughts, and away from attempting to fight for the benefits present in the other dimension.

They all watched as millions of their brethren were shattered before the might of his armies, why would they think they could ever benefit from crossing the master himself? They should be grateful for what they have and lick their wounds, looking to the future for any other opportunities.

"Oh, but that is where you are wrong Third," Rowan replied and brought the head of his Great Axe to his left palm and squeezed, opening his palms he presented it to the crowd and cries of shock and amazement rippled through them.

Rowan's palm was bleeding, and this blood was not the blood of an Immortal that meant nothing but a loss of energy and could be rapidly recovered, no, this was the blood of a mortal, precious because of its incredible fragility.

- Chapter 903: A Closer Bond

Chapter 903: A Closer Bond

Rowan did not let the shock settle in the mind of the audience as he proclaimed,

"Hear my words and know this to be the Truth. I am not a God, nor a Demon, I am not an Archmage not the Scion of a Divine, I am not an Empyrean nor a Titan, the blood you see is the red blood of a mortal, and I have a limited amount of them that I can lose before I perish. Third you are wrong, you have beaten the greatest of my creation, and this spell is the only method I can use to win this battle. So my question to you is simple, would you watch as the greatest opportunity you would ever come across pass you by because you were scared of fighting a mortal? This bridge would merely equalize the field of battle, and the bounty behind me would be the reward for the winner."

Rowan knew in his heart that he would never win a contest of words with a duplicitous entity like Third, he could only make his case impossible to be denied. The Third Prince would always find a way to wiggle out of anything, but an absolute justification. Rowan was mortal and vulnerable, if he could not fight a mortal with all his advantages, then he would lose his armies.

Even with all his advantages, Rowan knew that it would be almost impossible to perfectly destroy all the Reflections, one instance would be Erohim, even after he was killed and his Will stripped away, he was still able to survive inside a memory he had hidden, Rowan could not ignore the possibility that even if he succeeded in killing all the Reflections, that some part of them would remain, and so he created Twilight Spell to resolve this issue once and for all.

Using the impossible concept of placing two separate Time Continuum in one space, he created a power that would shatter all forms of life across time. He had drawn concepts from the Lost Flames, and Sheol, among other powers to create the inspiration for this spell. It was hard to say if he would be able to duplicate this spell ever again, he was lucky that all the right conditions were in place to make it possible.

To truly win this battle against his ancient enemies, he would have to funnel the Reflections into this bridge. The only way he would ensure that they would cooperate was to make sure that he bore an equal amount of risk. At least on the surface.

Rowan knew that his other two bloodlines were immortal, but no one here was aware of that fact, he had made sure that he did not finalize the final form of his Sheol bloodline, and anyone who had seen his other bloodline inside his dimension would not even understand what they were looking at. After all, he had never seen anyone whose bloodline was a city.

The Third Prince laughed bitterly, "Well played Rowan, well played, the entire universe is our witness, you shall stand before the might of the entire forces that we have arrayed

before you as a mortal, and just as we shattered your Dominion, your mortal blood shall paint the skies red. On this bridge will your fate be decided and it would be a grim one for the ages. Believe me boy, I have had a million years of practice when it comes to torturing you."

Not waiting for a reply, the Third Prince gave a chin nod, and the vast army of the undead raced towards the Twilight Bridge, from afar they were like a dust storm, trillions of beasts of all sizes surged towards the golden bridge.

The eyes of everyone here turned red with greed and anger at the despicable move by the Third Prince, many of them on learning that Rowan was a mortal wanted nothing more than to be the first one to test the bridge. Who knows they might be lucky and be the one to collect his head.

If the Third Prince succeeded in pushing through the bridge, then he would be the one who would gain all the benefits, but no one here could challenge him, the power he had shown was enough to destroy them all, and in their hearts, some of them had begun to plan the best method to plunder the universe after the Third Prince has had his fill, it seemed inevitable that he would win, after all, their mad opponent was just a mortal.

Although he did not mention it, they all believed that Rowan's mortality should have come about due to him creating such a Taboo Spell, and his last stance was just the final flickerings of a spent flame.

Everyone was tense as the army of the undead shot across the dead universe, moving faster than they should due to the interference of the Third Prince, he was pushing the infinite amount of beasts he controlled towards Rowan if there was ever any fight left in him, he intended to bleed it all away using an army he could effortlessly resummon.

If Rowan thought that this battle would go according to his plans, then he was sadly mistaken, because the Third Prince had no intention of stepping foot on that bridge, at least not before Rowan had only a single breath of life left in his chest, and even then, he might still choose to kill him from a distance.

This child had shown him enough reasons not to ever take him lightly.

Rowan watched the entire visible space around him, both the heavens and the earth filled with undead beasts, their red eyes focused on him with such an avid lust for his flesh and blood that their Intent was written in reality.

He grinned and closed his eyes and he rested, his consciousness began to descend into his dimension to access his Primordial Record, not taking to mind the near-infinite amount of descending on his bridge.

Their roars that could be heard from all corners of the Universe carried by Intent could not reach him here, and spoke to him,

"You bring me to the best places Rowan, such an adventure I have had with you."

Rowan smiled, had begun to reveal more of itself to him as he grew stronger and picked his own path, its words were no longer cryptic, and Rowan found that he actually liked this new side of the Singularity, "You have seen nothing yet, stick with me and I shall bring you to the end of creation."

"I will hold you to that," , chuckled? "Without merging with my final page I will not be able to give you the entire benefits that you should enjoy, are you okay with this development? Why do I even ask, your mind is firm, uey don't you want to deal with the army that is a single second away from burying you?"

Rowan shrugged, "They are already handled, show me what I have to work with."

The endless undead had slammed into the bridge, burying it in its entirety under an impossible mound of flesh.

Silence prevailed in the universe as everyone was on the verge of breathing out a sigh of relief in expectation of the death of their enemy and then the Third Prince shuddered and stepped back, before hacking and coughing out blood and pieces of his internal organs.

The endless armies of undead silent turned to ash, starting from those touching the bridge and traveling to every last one of the undead. The Ash was so thick it shrouded the entire dimension and began to fall like the universe's worst rain.

Rowan's voice touched the entire dimension, "Third, I thought you were smart. Did you not remember the nature of this bridge? It is the final resting place of all life. Nothing of the dead can cross it."

Chapter 904: Unlocking Titles

Rowan knew his Twilight Bridge would handle any sort of undead that entered its bounds, so he was not worried about Third using it against him, on creating the bridge he knew that it should have the power to deal with the undead or Third would be able to grind him to death.

More than anything he was focused on the changes that had happened inside him after he had changed the direction of his evolution and recreated his Ouroboros Bloodline without the influence of Chaos Blood.

At this time his Ouroboros Bloodline was undoubtedly the strongest among his three bloodlines and although he had expected something amazing, it took a while before he reconciled what he was seeing with reality.

Rowan knew that he had become powerful, but he did not expect that he would grow so much, and he was glad that took the time to develop his abilities in the direction he wanted them to grow. Sheol who was once a Nascent Primordial Bloodline and his strongest had been dethroned.

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranesh(Visible- Edit?)

True Name: Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr Eulxhu Thyak

Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehhirk Wvryyrl Eerkhar. (Suggested Will Bound Name - Eulxhu)

Age: 38/1,999,000,000

Strength: 11,110,110

Agility: 11,110,110

Constitution: 11,110,110

Class: (Compiling— Ascend All Bloodline to the Immortal Level to gain a Class)

Title: [Activated]

Plane Walker: (Unrestricted access to any dimension at your present Will Level— Can access all 3rd-dimensional universes without a Nemesis Stone.)

Note: Talent can be upgraded by increasing your Dimensional Will.

The title has been upgraded once by your actions.

Chaos Breaker: (Deal Increased damage to all members of the Chaos Bloodline, with a great level of resistance against all Chaos forces.)

Note: Talent can be upgraded by destroying and consuming the Wills of Chaos.

The title has been upgraded three times by your actions.

Reality Butcher: Grants enhanced dominion over Space and all Space-related abilities. Intentions can be mastered extremely quickly.

Note: Talent can be upgraded by destroying and consuming all forms of creation.

The title has been upgraded twice by your actions.

Creator: Grant the ability of the Creator Class Holders, (Note: All creators must be at the 7th-dimensional level at the least.)

Note: Talent can be upgraded by consuming and creating the Akashic Imprints of Dominion level creatures.)

The Creator Title has been upgraded six times due to your various creations.

Primordial:Increases insight into all forms of creation. Enhancing your control of all esoteric forces beyond the ken of Immortals. Present Insight Limit (5th Dimension.)

Note: Talent Can be upgraded by acquiring Primordial Bloodlines.

Living Dimension: Meld your being with a Dimension granting increased control over all Dimensional-related abilities.

Note: Talent can be upgraded by increasing your Dimensional level.

Destroyer: Enhances All forms of attack, granting an Aura of destruction to even your mildest of actions. Enhances the might of your subjects.

Note: Talent can be upgraded by causing destructive events.

First Born: primogenitor. Your presence is unique in all creation. Grant enhanced defenses against all forms of mental manipulation and enhances all your Titles.

Aspect:

Berserker (Tier 7— Completed)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 5— Completed)

Light Devourer (Tier 0)

Skills:

BERSERKER BLOOD (Origin — Level Completed)

Bloodline Skill: Eruption (Stripped/ Evolving) → Ascension.

Absolute Body → Dimensional Flesh

Aspect Skill: The Lost Flame (Tier 5— Innate Convergence and Divergence)

Passive:

Decipher language (complete)

Berserker Intent (Silver)

Records:

PRIMORDIAL **OUROBOROS** Level 0 - Mortal [100,000]

SHEOL - Level 7 completed[500,000]

TREE OF DESIRE - Level 7 Completed

Territory: Primordial Sea of Darkness

Primordial Ambrosia

Dimensional Fabric [First Dimension Completed - Seed?]

[Second Dimension Completed - Seed?]

[Third Dimension Completed - Seed?]

Bloodline Ability: Purgatory Gate Unlocked

Dimensional Skill: Dimension Engine [Minor— Completed] Unallocated Stat Point - 9,990,009

[Major— No Seeded World] Unallocated Stat Point - 0

[Supreme — Completed]

Dimensional Absolute Skill: Breathe of Enoch X2

Dimensional Fabric Skills:

Astrolabe

Knowledge Well

Hollow Forge

Dimensional Flesh

[Dimensional Fabric expanded — Minor Worlds — 24,780

Awakening Primordial Bloodline [Sheol]

Bloodline Upgraded:

Six Headed Ouroboros → Primordial Ouroboros

After the Age of Nothingness, at the Dawn of Time, The Primordial rose to power and made their dominion from nothingness thereby creating gaps in this new reality where miracles can flourish.

The Primordials claimed to be the first being in all Creation, existing in the nothingness for countless Eras, but that was a lie, there were others who drew breath from nothingness. Powers who existed outside the bounds of the Primordials.

Amongst the first of that miracle is the Primordial Ouroboros, a being that was born from the end of Nothingness and the beginning of Time.

It straddles the line between reality and non-reality. Like all creatures born at the birth of miracles, the Primordial Ouroboros could not be tamed by the Primordials, and would not acknowledge their dominion over creation.

The war that raged between the Primordials and their counterparts the Primordial Beasts shattered creation for many Eras until the last of them fell. Yet it is said that their downfall came as a result of betrayal, accurate lore from that Era is lost for it transpired before even the esteemed Era of Primordials, except for the Primordials, no one in creation knows of the Primordial Beasts.

The Primordials shattered the bloodlines of the Primordial Beasts, ensuring that there would be nothing in creation that could challenge their rule, but Chaos seized a small portion of the bloodline of the Primordial Ouroboros and added it to his bloodline and filled it with his Will.

You have resurrected the long-dormant bloodline of the Primordial Ouroboros, and your Will would be unbound for all eternity.

WILL GAINED: Will of Truth [3rd Level Completed]

WILL GAINED: Will of Elder [Level 0 - Activate(0/7)]

The Primordial Beasts were not feared because of their power, but their potential. Their bodies were powerful enough to shatter all of creation, but their true strength lay in a collective Will titled the Will of Elder, that grows stronger with every living Primordial Beast in existence. You are the last living Primordial Beast and this Will is dormant.

Combining the power of a Primordial Beast and an evolving dimension has resurrected this ancient Will, but there is something different about it. Something heretical.

WILL GAINED: Will of Soul Origin [1st Level Completed.]

You have delved into the mysteries of the Soul and reached its Origin, yet your ways would be barred from Ascension. Ancient powers have carved the powers of the soul into various camps for fear of such a powerful force remaining in the hands of a single individual. Growing your Will of Soul Origin would be a quest of both deep introspection and conquest. Tread wisely.

Bloodline Skill Evolved: Absolute Body → Dimensional Flesh

You have merged the Absolute Body of the Ouroboros Bloodline with an evolving Dimension unleashing a flesh that can hold an Epoch and rend Dimensions. Your Dimensional Body is linked to every world you have contained inside your Dimension and you receive a constant stream of Attributes that can be dispensed as you see fit.

Your body is immune against all forms of damage up to the 7th Tier.

Unallocated Stat points: 9,990,009

Bloodline Skill Evolved: Eruption = Ascension.

Your Dimensional Flesh and the purification of Eruption by the bloodline of Ouroboros have evolved this heretical ability to new heights. Burn your endless vitality to increase your attributes. A small chance of making a portion of the Increased temporary attributes become permanent.

SOUL ORIGIN GAINED: Undetermined

SOUL CRYSTAL GAINED: Undetermined

Title Gained. Territory Gained, Minor Worlds Gained, Will Gained.

Remark: First Born

Warning: Current Path not accepted by . Evolutionary direction cannot be simulated and corrected. Dimensional Fabric is an unknown mutation.

The merger of Primordial Bloodline, Celestial Destroyer, and evolving Will inside an unknown Dimensional Fabric is unprecedented.

Chances of Self Annihilation: 25%

Chapter 905: All Roads Leads To Death

There was too much new information for Rowan to process at this time. His mortal flesh forced him to a singular consciousness, but he had a way to get around this limitation by

rapidly swapping consciousnesses. He knew the moment he began upgrading his bloodline this limitation would be rapidly left behind, but for now, he was left with one consciousness.

At this time what he needed to figure out was his present body capabilities, and he was glad with the result, it floored his previous body's power by such a large margin it was ridiculous.

At his strongest, right before he became a dimension, his body had barely two million points in each attribute and that was after he was baptized by the essence of Chaos outside the universe, and now a single attribute of his dwarfed his entire previous combined attributes.

He knew that this massive gain in attributes was born from the merger of the World Seed with the Supreme World, although he had not lost his previous attributes, they were still available for him to allocate to whatever trait he desired. With nearly ten million extra attributes he could choose to push towards any stat he desired at a moment's notice.

What made Rowan's eyes light up was the fact that at this juncture he had not activated his new Primordial bloodline, it was at the mortal level and he was already this powerful. He had no idea how many attributes he would gain by upgrading this bloodline by a single Circle, but it must surely be stupendous.

His mind could not help but recall his previous starting point when he awoke on Trion, thirty-eight years ago. He barely had a total of twenty points across all attributes, with a lifespan that was measured in days, and now, he could live long enough to see a universe perish.

After all the trials and tribulations he had gone through, using all his experiences and resources, Rowan had forged a new body, and now he was making his path forward using his Will. It was a new beginning, but before his journey would begin, he would need to bury the past.

There were so many revelations on the page of his Primordial Record hinting at matters on a grander scale, but for now, he just wanted to slaughter. His Sheol bloodline made him disdain battle, he fought through proxies and soldiers, but as a Primordial Ouroboros, his fist was his greatest weapon.

There was no concept of fear in his heart, he would not leave here until one here was dead.

His prismatic eyes opened and he looked down at the Third Prince and he grinned. It was the final straw. The Third Prince saw the future that was promised in those eyes and he did not like it. Not one bit.

The words that emerged from the mouth of the Third Prince were like a growl from a beast, "Kill him!" as he declared open season on the thorn inside his heart.

The first to race toward the Twilight Bridge were the demons, who had edged toward the bridge as they were following the Undead beast behind. At the forefront was a lucky Demon Knight riding a panther-like beast whose fur was like smoke and eyes yellow like pus, racing across space to be the first to claim Rowan's head.

As the pair reached the bridge, flying tens of thousands of feet above it and scoping the lone form of Rowan below standing at the middle of the Twilight bridge which was precisely twelve thousand miles long, hardly a large number considering the scale they were working with, suddenly an intense gravitational force drew them down to the bridge and they slammed on its surface with bone-breaking force. The panther-like beast howled in pain, and the Demon Knight urged it to move forward but it was maimed, unable to recover from its injuries.

Normally, an injury like this was not worth mentioning when it came to the healing power of Abyssal Flesh, and a Demon Knight to boot had a more enhanced healing factor, but this bridge made healing a million times harder, not because of any specific feature put in place, it was simply the absolute nature of death surrounding the bridge that made healing abilities to be nearly useless.

The Demon Knight howled in rage, and he smashed the head of his mount with a large hammer, peeling himself away from the dead beast with a grunt. It was unknown how long he had been sitting on this beast but his body had become fused with it, and tearing himself away from the beast caused him to lose a sizable portion of his flesh.

Not caring about his grievous injuries, he strode towards Rowan, hefting his hammer, and spat out in the harsh abyssal tongue, "I shall eat your heart before you die, mortal. Urukjal shall claim your throne and all its riches. Hear me and despair."

A few feet before he reached Rowan, he collapsed to his knees, his eyes widened in surprise, before face-planting on the bridge, dead. Behind him was a long trail of black blood that led to his dead mount.

Not used to the absolute nature of the bridge, the Demon Knight had seriously injured himself and bled to death.

After fighting for unknown millions of years, the concept of bleeding to death was understood but a powerful Demon Knight would have to suffer an injury that was a thousand times worse than what he had endured and for a prolonged period of time, likely millennia before a Demon Knight should bleed to death.

It was no wonder that the Demon Knight only realized it was dead the moment he was at its precipice. The Twilight bridge flashed and the body of the Demon Knight and his

mount was consumed, leaving behind two drops of blood that was trapped inside the bridge. He was the first.

Rowan's eyes were fixed on the Third Prince as above him, hundreds of thousands of demons were slammed into the bridge drawn from the air by an inexorable force, they were crushed into pulp and their bodies vanished soon after, leaving behind drops of blood.

It took a short while for those approaching the bridge to realize that it was impossible to fly over it, but by then nearly a million demons had perished and Rowan had not made a single move. The lust for his power had blinded them, and demons were creatures of desire, it took a while before the massive toll of death registered and order was restored.

Of all the deaths from the fall, it was a particularly robust Demon General that survived the drop from the sky as he was cushioned by a mountain of bodies below him, his left leg was broken by the fall but he was not bleeding, his tough skin and muscle holding his broken bones in place. His large body which was more than fifty feet tall was suppressed by the bridge, shrinking down to less than twenty feet, but he still towered over Rowan.

His goat eyes were fixed on his prey with unshakable focus and he dragged his broken feet toward his target, not minding the pain. A dozen feet away from Rowan he swung his large Axe whose head was nearly as large as Rowan's entire body.

Rowan swayed to the side like a leaf, dodging the blow, and he watched the Axe pass by as if it was in slow motion and then he punched the head of the Axe as it swiped past him.

The force of the blow ripped the Axe from the hand of the Demon General, crushing his limbs as the Axe reversed its course and sliced the Demon in two. He screamed in pain and clawed the ground for a brief moment before catastrophic blood loss and his insides pouring out like a river led to his death.

However the force of the blow was so great the Axe did not stop after slicing the Demon General, it continued down the length of the bridge cutting through hundreds of thousands of demons before blasting off the bridge and flying towards his broken dimension.

Ten seconds later the Axe impacted against the dimension and it detonated like a nuclear bomb as it slammed against the earth. At the location of its descent was a gathering of hundreds of thousands of mages and demons.

They all perished.

It was at this moment that the full realization of their situation entered their mind. Although Rowan's dimension had been broken, it still maintained its property that made any immortal that died inside it perish permanently.

Either on the bridge or on the ground, the only road out of here was death.

Chapter 906: Make Me Bleed

The bodies of the dead painted a grim sight, the explosion had ripped their bodies apart in a gruesome display, and they bled and died like mortals. There was nothing noble about their passing and if not for the strength of mind born from living an extremely long time, many of the mages and gods here would be sickened to their stomachs.

This battle was supposed to be the same as the many they had fought countless times before, and now the threat of death was before them in all its glory and horror. More than a few of them began to go mad.

Before in the rush of battle and the frenzy that came with it, the thought of true death had not settled into their Spirit, but now it had, and few liked it.

Oddly this realization did not deter them, in fact, it was the opposite. When placed against a wall with no chances of fleeing or salvation, anyone would fight back. Most of them realized that if they stayed back on the dimension, they would be kited to death, and only embarking on the bridge would grant them the possibility of slaying their foe.

Of course, there were a few cowards whose fear of death took over their common sense. They did not last long.

Any Will Holder here was an accurate judge of emotion, and they could easily see the minds of their lesser swaying towards undesirable paths. A swift cleansing was undertaken, killing hundreds of thousands, the message was clear, fight for a chance of survival, or die.

Any rebellion ended before it could begin. It was a solemn army with thoughts filled with darkness and fear that flew towards the Twilight Bridge.

With the dissipation of the endless army of the undead and the frightening toll the previous battle had taken on the group, their numbers were no longer endless. The most populous were the demons, holding more than ninety-nine percent of the entire number, then the gods, and finally, Archmages, who barely numbered a few thousand.

In total, they barely amounted to a hundred million troops left. It was shocking that the might of the entire universe had been reduced to this extent.

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"It was never supposed to be like this, we fielded an Immortal army that should be able to resurrect from their ashes a thousand times if needed. How could all this go wrong?" the armored figure of Golgoth squeezed his hands right, his thoughts in disarray, he turned to his left and snapped at Minerva, "Organize your ranks better, every moment that abomination lives is another chance for something to go wrong. So much of our troops wasted on unchecked barbarity."

The Demon King snorted, "Barbarity? You are one to talk Golgoth, you whose entire path is nothing but barbarous." the milky white eyes of Minerva were filled with anger before a sort of calm entered them and she spoke softly to the disgruntled figure,

"They are demons, they would battle the way they were born to battle. Besides, among all of us here, we are actually the party with an army to field, your so-called undead horde is nothing but ashes, so I would mind my words Golgoth. Your bargaining chips get increasingly light and your allies... hahaha, do you even have allies at this point?"

"You..."

"Silence," the Third Prince snapped, "They can battle the way they want Golgoth. It is clear that by the end killing him would be the task for the Will Holders here. I have analyzed the strength of his blows, and they are stupendous. Let the rabble drain him to nothingness, if we are lucky... no, he would inevitably get injured or grow tired, and then we would have our chance."

Minerva glowered at the Third Prince, "You would use my demons as fodder."

He replied, "Yes," without blinking an eye, "In a battle like this they should be grateful they were able to be of use. Still don't let their lives go away for cheap, you have permission to take any resources left on the battlefield and increase their odds of survival."

Turning to Golgoth he whispered directly into his consciousness, making the armored figure cringe, the words of Third in his mind were an unwelcome invasion "Summon Second, he should be done with the rituals, we would need his powers here."

The armored figure shivered in disgust, "Is that necessary?" he fingered his broken blade which was slowly healing as it spat out the streams of purple light infecting it, "Second would be needed to ensure the direction of the transfer goes smoothly. Whatever happens here, at least our primary aim has been satisfied."

The Third Prince turned to Golgoth and then smiled, "As you would have noticed..." he allowed the lights of three Wills to stream around his fingers, "We have no need of a controller with the powers in my grasp, I rather we have the presence of one more Will Holder than a Controller we don't need. Also don't for a second think we can succeed

without killing that bastard, with your negligence he has seen the vault, and even if he does not understand everything, he knows enough to be dangerous. His death is not one for consideration, it is a necessity."

Golgoth cursed internally, he was hoping that with the assistance of Second, he might be able to claw his way towards salvation. The feeling of being between two unstoppable forces filled his dead heart and he nearly choked.

"I will summon him this instant."

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Rowan looked at his fist, it was unmarked, and he had barely felt any sort of sensation when he punched the weapon of the demon general. That was him barely using ten percent of his strength. The blow might seem simple on the surface but Rowan had wrapped the weapon in an Aura of Ascension so the Axe did not shatter into nothingness when he punched it.

He had only released the Aura of Ascension when the Axe had nearly reached the surface of his broken dimension, or the weapon would have just continued pushing into the earth, before breaching his dimension.

He had noticed that wielding Ascension instead of Eruption was a thousand times easier, whether it was a result of his Titles or the evolved ability itself, the power was not fighting him for control, it was yearning to be used.

Without even activating it, Ascension had wrapped around his body, enhancing his innate forcefield that had grown to incredible heights, still, his forcefield was dormant, and before he could activate his Telekinesis ability, he would need to become more than a mortal.

'Not yet,' Rowan thought, 'the big fishes have to smell blood in the water before they move,' looking at the enemies arrayed at the edge of his bridge, Rowan's beautiful face suddenly looked crestfallen, 'With such weak fodder, how am I expected to bleed?'

At this time, the Archmages and the gods had reached the edge of the Twilight Bridge, and a form of arrangement was swiftly being implemented. The mad rush that announced the onset of the battle had been discarded for a new approach.

These were immortals and Rowan did not have to wait for long before the first series of heavy steps fell on his bridge. His eyes widened in interest as what was being brought forward to challenge him.

"Perhaps, this battle might hold unexpected surprises for him."

This was all warm up before his fight with the Will Holders below, but there was no reason he could not enjoy the fight itself.

"Come for me... Try as much as possible to make me bleed!"

The madness of the Primordial Ouroboros was beginning to manifest in his heart and Rowan's smile transformed to a grin.

Chapter 907: Fire In The Hole

The first individual to step on his bridge was a Demon Prince, this one resembled a man but his feet were those of a bird, his skin was blue, and an Aura of intense chill surrounded him.

Wearing heavy demonic armor and carrying a large Tower Shield he carefully stalked forward across the bridge, behind him were hundreds of thousands of soldiers, both demons and gods, decked in the same heavy armor and shield, and they moved concertedly towards Rowan, their synchronized steps rumbling through the bridge.

All the Demon Princes he knew were loud and arrogant, almost cartoonish in their escapades to inflict horror and shock in the hearts of their prey, but like every immortal here, even the Demons had to bow to the might of Rowan's spell. Games this war no longer was, and dying would be permanent.

Perhaps for the first time in a lower dimension, a Demon Prince could no longer cut loose. It made them quite a terrifying opponent.

Halfway toward him, an intense Aura of frost radiated off the Demon Prince and encircled the army behind him and their armor thickened with blue ice, the sound of their tread grew deeper as if each of them were walking mountains. The collective might radiating from the army had transformed into something massive, even space seemed to stretch around their advancing forms as their power was announced to all of existence.

This was not the end, from various locations in the army, spells began to fly out, beefing up their defenses until their bodies gleamed like stars. This spell comes from the mages and the gods, arcane secrets that had been left in ancient vaults were unearthed and displayed without any inhibitions.

As expected it did not take long for them to adapt, with the display of Rowan's strength, they knew quantity was useless, what was needed was quality. An elite army that could face and defeat him, a single mortal.

Although a Demon Prince led their rank he was not the only one here, hidden in the army were three other Demon Princes, and if Rowan's calculations were correct, this was all of them in the Demon Horde. Hidden among them were several God Kings, and they did not display themselves in a flashy manner, choosing to walk in formation alongside the army and silently contributing their strength.

An endless number of domains covered the army as the power of countless Divine Kingdoms covered them. Everyone was giving their all, it was stupid to hold back your power or secrets when death eternal faced you.

Every Archmage embedded in the army was among the most powerful Archmages present, and before the battle began they had been casting countless buffs across the army. Steel skin, Goliath Constitution, Arcane Reflection, Damage Null, Armor Increase, Power Up.....

The total size of the approaching army was 333,000. This number was not random and was the basis for one of the most powerful formations in existence, Enders Lament. Forged at the end of a great war that consumed countless universes, this formation was made to slaughter Outer dimensional entities who controlled higher dimensional powers.

The approaching army was wearing some of the best armor available to them, and the spells imbuing their bodies would have made any of them walk through an exploding star with no damage incurred to them, not counting the countless buffs shielding them from harm.

Behind the army were long streams of light connected to every single living individual below, and Rowan could likely guess the purpose of the light, as his eyes easily deciphered the spells that were being slung around.

To confirm his hypothesis, his finger lightly brushed across the strings of Pride and in the approaching army a hundred heads exploded, yet the stride of the dead warriors did not falter and in a single breath, their heads returned.

Rowan did not fear that the absolute nature of his Twilight Bridge had been dispelled, although they tried to hide it from him, he saw the light strings connecting the army to the ones below flicker a hundred times in a fraction of a moment.

What it meant was that although his spell had not been broken, his enemies had found a way around it. They could not dispel the absolute nature of his bridge, but they could transfer the damages. A hundred souls had perished below, but this army remained strong, their formation unbroken.

Rowan began to laugh, they had found a way to compress the might of their entire forces into these elite and this had led to their effectiveness in battle to be multiplied.

That tune he played on Pride should have destroyed millions of them but barely a hundred died, their defenses had multiplied exponentially.

He even noticed that his sound attack was already being analyzed, and no doubt an effective counter was being made against it.

"Thank you for making this battle worth it."

Rowan had seen everything he needed, he did not wait for the army to reach him, he attacked.

His body blurred along the bridge, leaving ghost-like figures behind and as he neared the army traveling at intense speeds, his eyes revealed millions of invisible floating lines ahead like spider silks. The Archmages had laid traps before them.

Wards! His new intuition screamed at him, he could do many things to break them but Rowan chose to bulldoze through it. On the surface of his skin, he rapidly created millions of countering scripts that analyzed each line of Wards and took control of it. He did all this with a single consciousness.

His body impacted against the Wards and of the countless terrifying attributes they could release, none of them operated, instead, the Wards wrapped around his body like clouds.

With the first layer of defense not making any impact, the one thousand Archmages released a combined Taboo Spell fueled by the essence of a hundred million immortals. The night turned to day across the entire universe as the brightest fireball in creation that resembled a screaming skull roared across the bridge toward Rowan.

This fireball was nameless, containing nothing but the pure power of endless heat, even a God Emperor would flinch before this flame.

Rowan grinned and gathered all the Wards on his skin into a small ball in his left hand and he thrust it forward to impact against the Fireball. There was a silent hum as the two opposing forces clashed and then a loud thump as they exploded, flinging horrifying flames hotter than anything in the material universe toward both sides of the bridge.

Rowan gave a loud cry and his voice tore the flames racing towards him in two and he proceeded through the middle. The army on the other side raised enormous ramparts of light to shield against the flames that flowed through their ranks, burning through their defenses like a hot knife through butter, and in an instant even with all their defenses, half of them turned to ash, but they returned a moment later as their deaths were exchanged.

This did not stop the Archmages from pulling essence and releasing another Taboo Spell, Light of Destruction. A single target spell that resembled a thin beam of darkness.

This beam was traveling faster than the speed of light and approached Rowan so quickly that it was almost like teleportation. A few inches away from his chest, Rowan bent backward, his motion still carrying him forward.

His long air flowed behind him like a cloud and he reached across and seized the beam of destruction in his left hand.

Approaching him were hundreds of similar beams, and he ducked, rotated, swerved, leaning his way through the destruction bolts, and faster than the army had anticipated he reached them and swung his Great Axe, on his left hand were hundreds of beams of destruction.

His Axe tore a slight gap in the formation and he lobbed in the beams of destruction he was holding in his left hand.

Rowan laughed aloud, "Fire in the hole!"

Chapter 908: A Story Written In A Song

Rowan had not just dodged all the beams of destruction he had gathered and squeezed them in his left hand, his ability to understand and process energy heightened to a ridiculous degree with his Primordial Title and others working in sync. He had created a volatile gray mass that exploded inside the formation before it could be nullified.

The mass of Destruction did not explode, it was more like it snatches, it scattered everywhere, creating large pale blots that resembled portals that sprang throughout the length of the bridge like eyes, and anyone unlucky enough to fall into it was grounded into pieces, destroyed in both body and soul. A single drop of blood entered the Twilight bridge for any one of them that fell, and before long, the pale golden color of the bridge began to turn reddish gold like a beautiful sunset.

"Push him back!" The Demon Prince who was the herald of the army slammed his tower shield on the bridge, releasing a massive surge of kinetic energy fueled by the collective power of the entire army pushing Rowan back for thousands of feet, even though the destruction blots was ravaging their ranks, they were still stable and their mentality was not affected.

The Demon Prince had reacted quickly enough for Rowan was about to bring Envy to bear on the opening he had created and if he had faltered for the barest of an instant, then Rowan would have been wreaking havoc inside their formation at this time.

The distance they created was almost useless, thousands of feet was even less than an inch with the speeds Rowan was capable of moving, but the Immortal army could also react quickly.

Noticing that Rowan was a bit vulnerable to the kinetic push, they unleashed hundreds of them in a second, pushing him back further and further. Rowan's feet that were dug into the bridge released bright sparks and flames as his leather boots although imbued with Ascension still possessed enough mortal materials, making it susceptible to friction.

Rowan shielded his body with the broad Axe head of Envy which had expanded to nearly cover his entire body, hidden in the kinetic waves were tiny sneaky spells that would chew through galaxies, he did not want to test them on his skin unless they earned the right to injure him.

He suddenly vaulted to the right leaving a fading shadow of himself behind, as a beam of purple lightning that took the shape of a serpentine dragon swept past his previous position.

The dragon was a combination of divine, demonic, and magical energies compared to the might of a hundred million immortals with powers that eclipsed even a God-King, its roar of rage was silenced as it turned to attack Rowan from the rear but its massive head fell to the bridge, cleanly sliced through, Rowan's blow disrupting the carefully balanced energies inside of it.

He had not just dodged the attack, his speed meant he had killed the dragon as he was dodging the attack.

Another wave of Kinetic push surged toward Rowan, but a second had already passed, he already understood the energy of this force and they washed over him like a harmless breeze as the strings of Pride played a countering note dispelling the kinetic force a millimeter away from his skin.

Moving forward, he suddenly felt tingles surging through his spine and his intuition gave him an overwhelming feeling of his dying, his heart beat faster in anticipation of his incoming demise and Rowan laughed. He contorted his body into an impossible shape, his bones curving and even flattening in some sections, narrowly dodging an impossible move as seven black spears appeared around him—The power of the Formation Enders Lament was finally unleashed.

As a single target formation, it could release attacks that were supposed to be unexpected. Each spear could easily kill a hundred God Kings, and the attack was so fast and traveled across space without leaving any discernible mark making this formation a terrible weapon against any foe.

It led to the death of countless Outer dimensional creatures who could not anticipate or dodge a weapon that targeted their vitals without any indication. Yet its greatest strength turned to its weakness, if they could be anticipated, then even a mortal can dodge their attacks. Although they would have to have the speed and reflexes ghag would make even Light ashamed.

Even during the attack of the formation, Rowan was already moving, he rotated his upper body, cutting the spears around him in two, and the broken weapons shrieked in pain, instantly tens of thousands exploded in the formation, and this damage was persistent, and for the next few moments, hundreds of thousands died from the backlash, but as quickly as they perished, their deaths was transferred.

Deciding not to push forward towards the army, Rowan slammed the bottom of the Axe on the bridge and the weapon began to expand, the shaft spreading out and in a few instants, the Great Axe now taking the shape of a demonic-looking Harp.

Wiggling his fingers to warm them, Rowan settled the head of the Harp just below the nook of his neck and he closed his eyes, beginning to play.

Rowan had not taken the time to study music, but his Angels were a creation of harmony, this meant their talents were his to command, and with the nature of his Titles and his inherent nobility and near perfection, his music... was haunting.

Existence faded to silence and the first string was touched. It brought out a range of melodies that was impossible for any mortal instrument to create, and the universe seemed to hold its breath.

Spells rained down on his position, enough power to scour all the life from the universe a hundred times over, and Rowan did nothing but play. His music sliced across all the dangers as easily as it sliced through the minds of the immortals.

Since he stopped moving it gave the army an opportunity to focus all their energy on a single section of the bridge and for a moment the amount of destructive forces ravaging his position was so intense that reality disappeared leaving a lone figure standing on a bridge of sunset.

Rowan gritted his teeth, his concentration nearly shaken as the endless waves of powers inched closer and closer to his body, his hair seemed to catch fire and his body hummed with energy, the heat and pressure around him had gone beyond what this third-dimensional universe could hold.

In the midst of the chaos, Rowan caught that thread of enlightenment, and his song bloomed. His harmony resisted the power shrouding his body and he pushed.

At first, he wanted a simple offensive move to tear apart the waves of spells bearing down on him, but as he started his music, it resonated with a deep part of him that he had not touched for so long and he lost himself to it.

The complex interplay of harmony, rhythm, tempo, melody, and emotional resonance in the music created a song of battle like no other. Yet it was not just a song of battle, it was more.

It was a story, of a million years of pain and lies, of standing against insurmountable odds and with the might of a single spirit crushed the plans of the wicked that had grown and festered for many eternities.

Chapter 909: Defiance Of The Fall

It was Rowan's story told through a weapon of battle, and Pride did not disappoint, the sentient weapon from an unknown age served as the instrument of Rowan's heart, and she gave it her all. Pride became an instrument of his Will.

The song continued, rising higher and higher, and then ebbing until there seemed to be nothing but silence and then growing again.

It was Rowan's tale that was told in a manner that resounded in the bones of his enemies and crushed them all from within.

The screams from the dying and the dead increased in pitch, but they were added to the song, becoming part of its unique flavor. A song that has never been heard since the dawn of creation was born here.

Only a being like Rowan would make a song like this. It was a shame that only his enemies could hear it.

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The Demon Prince at the forefront of the army had died dozens of times, and every time he was resurrected, thousands of lesser Immortals died to take his place. His Tower Shield which could bear the weight of a million galaxies had cracked and was at the edge of destruction, held only by the stubborn Will of his lord, the Winter King.

He roared as he took a step forward, that single step was as if he was pushing against an entire universe. He felt his Spirit break and shatter before the might of the mortal in front of them, and for a moment he was drowned in darkness before he felt the shift in his soul and he was reborn.

Dying was never easy. Dying like a mortal on this bridge was a thousand times worse, and the strength of mind and spirit that had grown with him over the endless Era was tested like never before.

His bright blue eyes looked past the myriad of flashing lights, calamitous explosions, and screams, it gravitated to a single figure wrapped in a golden and black corona of destruction and creation.

His hair which seemed to hold every color in creation flew in a tempest of energy, his eyes were closed and he seemed to be at peace. In the midst of the hell of his making and theirs, this mortal was at peace.

The Demon Prince roared his fury, but it did not last, even his fury broke before the might of this song and only his conviction made him take the next step. He was the Herald of the army, and every step he took carried the rest of the army behind. Without him, they would be ground to pieces.

He channeled the power of frost, boosted by the essence of the most powerful immortals in the universe and his steps steadied and he pushed forward. Through all the chaos, he could hear it, the melody that broke his heart a thousand times in every moment.

It was a hollow-sounding tone, with harmony that shifted unexpectedly, sometimes rising to the heavens and then descending into hell, underneath all that, there was a soft, almost wistful melody that seemed to have wrapped around his consciousness and it was all he could do to not scream.

His rage had failed him, his hatred had fled, and his only savior was his realization that he was hearing a song that he was not deserving to hear. This was a song that a King would ransom his kingdom so he could be part of the audience. How lucky was he and everyone here that they were going to battle a being that could perform such a miracle?

They never stood a chance, but it did not matter, he was a mortal, and no matter the strength of his Spirit or the miracles it could conjure, he would fall.

He released all his frustration, anger, and fear as he screamed, "Push Forward!" their only hope lay in reaching that enigmatic figure and going into close combat, this mortal had shown that with his music alone, he could silence all of creation. In close combat, perhaps they could turn the tables.

The next thousand steps were the longest in his life, he stopped counting how many times he died. His blue eyes only on the visage of Rowan, and it was then that he noticed something else. Rowan's eyes were closed but something still watched him... with amusement.

His eyes, which felt as heavy as mountains, struggled a bit upwards and he saw the crown of shifting gold on the head of the mortal and the six pairs of cold eyes that watched him.

The next few moments passed as if it was a fever dream, lights, sounds, sensations, they all flowed past the Demon Prince, and then as if he had fought for an eternity, he stood before his enemy and raised his blade, and he pushed it forward until the tip rested against the heart of Rowan.

The song came to an end and the Demon Prince saw the eyes of this being slowly open. His prismatic eyes peered at him, and it was filled with a strange emotion that vanished a moment later.

Those strange eyes looked at the Demon Prince and he nodded. With a cry of determination, the Demon Prince pushed his blade with all the power he could muster and then he fell to his knees. He was spent, but he has succeeded.

"Is this what it feels to be mortal?" The Demon Prince was born in a line of royalty. From the moment of his birth, he had never known weakness like this. "How odd that I am at peace. I thought I would rage... I was supposed to be everlasting."

Pushing his tired eyes to look at the body of his fallen enemy he nearly laughed when he saw that Rowan still remained on his feet, his body still as powerful as ever, on his chest was a slight tear, nearly invisible, and on it was 03:08

a single drop of blood.

his chest was a slight tear, nearly invisible, and on it was a single drop of blood.

The Demon Prince heard the voice of this mortal and he shuddered, it was filled with power, charm, and horror.

"Of all the Immortals, only you stand before me, I shall have your name, demon, for you deserve to draw my blood."

The Demon Prince shook, and then he struggled to look behind him, the mighty army that he expected to stand behind him was all gone. The last of them vanished in a pile of ash as he watched.

As he had struggled forward through the maelstrom of death, it would seem that the toll of pushing towards the mortal had drained the life of the hundred million immortals left in the dead universe. Every god, demon, and mage had perished... except him.

He could see his steps that had scorched themselves in the ground fading away on the bridge. He had burned through his entire immortal lifespan to reach their enemy. He was their herald and he had upheld the might of his brothers in battle.

He turned to Rowan and bared his teeth in defiance. In death, he would remain nameless, and his victory would be complete.

The eyes of Rowan widened in surprise and he nodded. "I will keep this scar in remembrance of the valor of this army."

The Demon King sighed and his head dropped to his chest, and blue flames covered him as he turned to ash.

Rowan was quiet as he watched the death of the noble demon. The Twilight bridge rumbled and fully turned blood red.

He looked up at the figures that had reached the edge of his bridge. Their individual Auras eclipsed the immortal army that had just perished by an inestimable amount.

Shaking himself from his melancholic mood, Rowan returned Envy as the primary component of the weapon and he seized the Great Axe and stepped forward.

"Let's end this."

Chapter 910: Final Confrontations

Lightning flashed overhead in the void, the last remnants of his song rippling across creation.

Rowan began walking towards his enemies, his footstep eating the miles, the Twilight Bridge underneath pulsing, as if it was a beating heart. Although he was aware of the position of all of them, his focus was on Third, the demented Reflection that had posed as his father for so long, and twisted Rowan into the direction he found himself in today.

Although his present state was a result of his decisions, it did not take away from the fact that the road towards this moment was paved by the hands of Third. His only consolation was the understanding that no matter the plans Third had made, there was no way he would have anticipated the ending would be like this. Rowan was eager to reveal more surprises to this creature.

The eleven Will Holders stayed at the edge of the bridge, none of them stepping onto it, the emotions on their faces were difficult to read, but there was confusion on their faces, and no matter how they tried to hide it... awe. Rowan might not understand the significance of the song that he had created, but he had an inkling.

After all the time that has gone by since the beginning of creation, it was rare for something of such monumental power and beauty to be created, and by a mortal for that matter. However, anyone who treated Rowan as a mere mortal was a fool.

There were two new additions to the ranks of the Will Holders, and Rowan grinned inside his heart as he recognized Silas and Aeris, the Tower Masters of the Magus Supreme World, and the last two pieces of the puzzle, the Final Reflection, Second.

He stopped a thousand feet away from them, a distance so close, that every single detail of their bodies could be seen.

Golgoth encased in his dead armor, the confused eyes of Minerva who seemed to be searching for something inside her body, the furious look of the Winter King, whose mantle of frost was rotating around him like a buzz saw, and finally the Third Prince, who out of everyone here bore a startling resemblance to Rowan, except his hair was black and he wore a red robe.

It was as if he was assisting his body in tiny parts to resemble Rowan. This was most likely the case, for Third was covetous of power, and the power that Rowan had displayed made his greedy hearts filled with unrest, he had begun devouring Rowan inside his head, so his body could not help but mimic the form of his desire.

Rowan's prismatic eyes analyzed each of them in detail, noting their bodily structures and weapons, this battle would require careful planning and focus, he could not just depend on his attributes to allow him to win any challenges, especially with the presence of the Third Prince who controlled multiple Wills.

The sound of the Third Prince clapping his hands resounded in the void between the dead and the living universe, "Here he stands. The Emperor of mortals. Such a Title, I believe you deserve, for have there ever been a mortal like you since the dawn of creation? Curse me all you like in your hearts Rowan, but your existence is very much a work of my hands. I have to congratulate you, child, truly in all my years, I have never seen anything quite like that... your music would put those of the Celestial Court to shame."

"Then you will enjoy this even more," Rowan smiled and he stretched forth his right hand, he seized something behind the Will holders and pulled.

A deep groaning sound reverberated through the cosmos as the heavy chains binding the dead universe suddenly contracted, destroying that portion of reality in its entirety.

The Will Holders looked behind them with shock and Silas muttered to himself in fascination, "How many parts of that spell did he split to make this single massive spell? How can anyone control such massive energy so intricately? Could he be a reincarnation of our maker?"

His inward deliberation was cut short as the vanishing universe left a space where nothingness took its place.

The wave of nothingness spread to the Will Holders and Rowan smiled when he saw the intense look of rage on the face of the Third Prince as they were all forced to step on the bridge or fall into nothingness.

This was the same sort of nothingness that Rowan summoned the Chains of Time from, and anyone who fell into it would spend countless eternities plunging into that darkness as their essence was slowly stripped away and they became a part of the nothingness.

It was a fate that was worse than death. The last fragment of Erohim had fallen into this nothingness, his last fading cries of despair did not last.

The living universe, the red bridge, and the nothingness behind the Will Holders were all that remained in this space, and for a moment silence prevailed, as Rowan upped the stakes once again.

"You have us on your bridge Rowan," the Third Prince smirked, "but do not think this fight would go as..."

"You talk too much," Rowan interrupted as he seemed to vanish and reappear within their midst.

He appeared in a crouch, and when he rose, his upper body rotated, Envy trailing behind his motion as the Axe head slammed against them, flinging their bodies for hundreds of miles, and drawing cries of pain from Minerva as Envy had sheared through one of her spider legs at the joint, and a howl from Silas as Envy went through his stomach and burst out from his back, flinging him away for nearly a thousand miles.

In this bridge where any injury was nearly permanent, it was a devastating first blow. Rowan had learned from the battle in his dimension and knew that he should never give the Third Prince a chance to be settled or he would find a way to twist victory into his grasp.

At the peak of his rotation, the Axe head was caught by a pair of glowing blue fists and forced to the ground. In less than a moment, it was frozen to the bridge as the Winter King drew his face closer to Rowan and roared, "You killed my son!"

Rowan's reply was a punch to the side of the Demon King's head that sounded as if a planet exploded as a massive shock wave rippled along the length of the entire bridge, "I gave him the honor of making me bleed. Do not look down on his achievement foolish king."

The Winter King took a heavy step back, nearly dazed from the blow. Rowan pushed essence into Envy which made the Axe scream in pain and pleasure as power like it had never known filled it to the brim, her vibration shattered the ice holding her to the bridge and Rowan brought the Axe up and slammed it against the chest of the dazed Winter King.

A frozen fist slammed against the side of the Axe Head diverting its momentum and instead of caving in the chest of the Demon King, it sliced off his left arm. The Axe head of Envy was frozen in space as the blood of the Demon King which was so cold it defied meaning held it bound to space.

Chapter 911: Make It A Challenge

The Demon King gasped in pain, and a blue halo surrounded his body as he began calling upon the power of his Will, he was going to freeze the entire bridge and break this mortal into tiny bits of icy shavings.

However, Rowan did not stop moving, his left foot flicked up the sharp spider limb of Minerva that he had sliced off into the air, and as it was rising, Rowan's fists were busy.

He feinted high but he went low, moving so fast his afterimage that remained in the air was still lifelike, the Winter King swinging in the direction he expected Rowan to be in with a massive blast of Will roared in frustration as he missed the blow and froze Rowan's afterimage and a large portion of the Twilight bridge for hundreds of miles.

Rowan punished him for that wrong move with a hundred-punch combo to his torso.

His attacks were heavy and accurate, pushing all the might of his unreasonable strength, agility, and Constitution into his blows, thereby creating dozens of cracks in the nearly invulnerable skin of the Demon King that spread throughout his body like spider webs and bled rays of frozen light.

The Winter King roared in pain and from his mouth a heavy blast of his Will of frost erupted that would have frozen Rowan in place like it still did Envy, but Rowan had already retreated and as he was moving backward, he caught the falling spider leg, and he threw it.

The barest instance between when the spider's limb of Minerva touched his fingers and when he threw it, Rowan engraved millions of spell formations from his Angelic roots—Flames of Penalty, the Celestial flames created to kill demons, and against a foe like the Winter King, he was extremely vulnerable towards it. It was a good thing that the Demon King had chosen to attack first, giving him the opportunity to have a few moments alone with him.

The black limb turned a heavy shade of red that glowed like lava and moved so fast it seemed to vanish before impaling the Winter King through the heart, the Winter King roared in shock and pain and was about to drag out the limb from his chest, and then it unexpectedly flashed and exploded as a pillar of red flames that rose to the heavens erupted from inside his body as the flames of Penalty was unleashed inside the heart of the Winter King and spread through every single part of his body.

Part of the formation engraved on the limb of Minerva was a formation of seeking. Rowan had analyzed the internal makeup of the Winter King from the limb that he had sliced off the demon and knew how its internals were ordered, so he made sure that the flames of penalty were channeled to every important organ in the body of the demon.

In a normal situation, such a tactic was useless as no matter how grievous the wounds he inflicted on a Demon King, they could shrug it off and heal in a moment, but on this bridge, everyone was mortal, and attacking weak points... hurts, a lot.

The cries of anguish from the Winter King shook the entire bridge and caused the pillar of red flames to waver, but it still burned strong. The pillar of flames outside that stretched to the heavens was only a small part of the flames tearing the Demon King apart, a greater portion was inside his body.

Envy had finished breaking out from her frozen status after cooperating with Pride to shatter the frozen space holding them bound and quickly zoomed into Rowan's hand, who had already arrived a few feet before the screaming Demon King for the finishing blow.

He leaped into the air, positioning his Axe to cut the Demon King in two, and then he suddenly threw the Axe towards the pillar of flames and brought both of his palms together to catch a sword, stopping it an inch from his forehead, his legs slamming onto the bridge as he braced his entire body to hold back the sword that carried the Will of Rending.

With his bare palms, Rowan held this sword and it slowly pushed towards his forehead, millimeter by millimeter as harsh smoke and sparks erupted between his palm and the sword. A fraction of a moment passed and something seemed to change and Rowan grinned and began pushing the sword back.

The sword holder who was Golgoth growled in annoyance and he wrenched his blade away from Rowan's grip and slammed him with a word of power that erupted from his tentacled face that he had suddenly revealed which threw Rowan back for thousands of feet.

Webs of power from the word surrounded him and Rowan tore them off from his body in distaste, the sensation of the webs felt almost the same as when Golgoth was devouring his consciousness.

When he was free, the situation had returned to the way it was before the fight started, but there was a change. The Winter King was down on his knees, his mouth opened in a silent scream as steam and blue light spewed from his mouth.

He resembled a half-melted man made from blue ice, his body had nearly been torn into two places as Envy that Rowan had thrown before he was attacked by Golgoth had sliced from his shoulders down to his waist. The Demon King who was being tortured by the Flames of Penalty was too distracted to notice the Axe until it was too late and he had paid the price.

The insides of his body were filled with bubbling lava that dripped from every orifice in his body. The Demon King gave a final shudder before he perished, even his Will could

not fight against this level of injury that came so fast he could not react properly against it. It was worthy to note that this entire battle took place within less than a hundredths of a second.

Rowan opened his palms and Envy zoomed towards him, on the head of the blade of the sluggishly beating heart of the Demon King.

Rowan pulled it off the blade, the heart making a weird sucking sound as it was pulled off Envy and he held it to his head as six serpentine heads rushed forward from their still position and began biting and devouring the heart, in a moment it was all gone and they purred in pleasure before returning to their previous configuration.

Rowan pointed his weapon to the Will Holders, "Let's do that one more time. This time, make it more of a challenge."

"You..." Golgoth growled and sped towards Rowan as he released dozens of Words of Power that slowed him down and wrapped him in a weird web of flesh, but they did not hold Rowan for long, dripping down his body as he was already immune to it.

The God King was already close and he swung his greatsword, Gaping Undoer, Rowan retreated just enough that it missed his throat by a hair breath, and he threw a punch with his left hand that rocked Golgoth to the right where the blade of Envy was waiting and it took off Golgoth's right leg just above the knees.

The God King fell forward with a cry and Rowan's knee was waiting for his face. His helmet was shattered to pieces and his body arched backward, giving Rowan prime real estate to assault his chest and torso, raising Envy he swung down.

"Third!" Golgoth screamed in despair.

Chapter 912: Elura's Gambit

Golgoth eyes widened in fear, and Rowan could see the disbelief inside them, the Reflection had seen his power but he could not understand how deep it went. Rowan's strength did not just come from the powers of his flesh, which was quite substantial, but also from the fact that he was a dimension.

As a mortal, he could not yet access all the powers from his dimension, but the thing he could briefly access was his weight.

Although the passive field of energy around his body made Rowan virtually weightless, if he wanted he could access his true weight, he had stopped measuring when only his arm weighed a quintillion tonnes. How can you measure the weight of a dimension?

And not just one dimension but three dimensions in one, because Rowan had preserved his first and second-dimensional body.

Even with his unreasonable strength and constitution, if Rowan wielded his full weight with his present power, he would tear himself to pieces, but he could apply that weight in the right places making his attacks truly devastating. The nearly indestructible nature of Envy and Pride made them the only weapon that he could use without holding back.

Golgoth armor was also supposed to be nearly indestructible, likely made from materials sourced from outside the universe. Rowan's strength and Envy's edge made sure that he could tear through this armor while they were on this bridge.

An inch from cutting into his chest, a pale red glow surrounded Golgoth's body and blocked the blow, it shattered a moment later but it gave the false God King the chance to thrust himself backward, but his screams of fear and for aid had also alerted Rowan to the possibility that he could be saved and he shoved his left hand forward, grabbing the fleeing Reflection by its only leg, halting him in midair, and slamming him into the bridge with so much force, Golgoth's armor nearly exploded and black blood shot out from every opening, the screams from the Reflection grew more shrill.

Rowan brough Envy upwards to split Golgoth in two, but in a stunning move of desperation, tentacles erupted from the mouth of Golgoth and severed the limb in Rowan's grasp, and like an undead insect cut in half, he scuttled away to safety, pulled away by the tentacles in his face.

Looking at the limb he was holding in slight disgust as it was still struggling, filled with a perverse life force despite the absolute nature of the Twilight bridge, "Oh well," Rowan muttered, "Waste not, want not," he tossed the limb to his crown and it was devoured in two quick bites.

He dismissively slapped away a bolt of Necromantic energy that surged from Silas who was still moaning in pain as his left hand went through the hole where half of his stomach was missing as if in disbelief. He stood over the broken body of Golgoth, seeking to protect against further aggression from Rowan as the false God King strived to heal himself and failed.

In the eyes of the Reflection he could see fear, however such an emotion in the heart of his enemy did not trigger any sort of fulfillment, he just wanted them dead, so Rowan stepped forward. The plan was to kill them one at a time, but he was not against killing more at the same time if the opportunity presented itself.

Once again a premonition of death overwhelmed his senses, a thousand times stronger than what he had felt from the formation and Rowan gasped as the expected weapon the Will Holder would be using against him presented itself.

Rowan knew that the Will Holders, especially the Third Prince must be looking for a method to beat the Twilight Bridge and kill him, and he had shown them enough of his capabilities for them to guess the fact that he was able to adapt to nearly any forces brought against him, and so they needed something he had never seen before, something truly powerful.

A wave of red lightning that covered every avenue of advancement blasted towards him, at first he was disappointed, he knew the familiar form of the Third Prince's power but then he focused on the energy, his eyes read all it contained and for the most part he could understand most of what it contained, it was a stupidly complex spell backed by the power of Will, and then mixed inside this energy, he saw something he could not understand, and instead of attacking he defended himself with Envy and retreated, and that turned out to be the only thing that saved him.

Like a hungry void, the right red lightning burned and consumed reality, branding a path of destruction through the bridge. In a moment Rowan had retreated thousands of miles but he still caught the tail end of the blast and his body stiffened as pain and destruction ravaged it from the inside out.

Rowan gritted his teeth in pain, feeling several of them cracking and healing before he fell on his back, his legs no longer able to support him.

Growling in anger he tried to stand but a surge of red lightning would burst out from his body incapacitating him with endless waves of pain and stiffening in his muscles. As far as he could tell, the damage he was receiving from the bolts was easily healed but its ability to incapacitate him was the problem.

The pain was not the problem, Rowan had reached a point where he could no longer even estimate how high his pain threshold had become, but the red lightning was a chain around every single strand of his muscles, holding him down.

He still attempted to move, although the energy of the red lightning seemed to be infinite, holding a creature like Rowan bound for long would require more.

Even as a mortal, Rowan found it ridiculous that anything could hold him bound, after all, although he had the shape of a man, he was a freaking dimension. A quick look into his dimension revealed it was covered by red lightning.

The red lightning contained potent energy, but it was not enough to incapacitate him, what made it truly powerful was the form it took. It was strange, reminding him of the energy inside the Eld Seed Elura charged Maeve to give him that he had refused to open.

He frowned, knowing that the mysteries behind his Third bloodline gained from Elura were vast and most likely linked to a Primordial, he wanted nothing to do with this power for the moment.

The reason he could fight against the Wills of the Primordials holding his blood and his fate bound to their Will was because one of them was dead and the other was incapacitated, he doubted that this mysterious third Primordial that was linked to his Third Bloodline was in the same condition.

At this time, his last bloodline was free of any Will, but something told him that the moment he ingested the Seed, his bloodline would no longer be free from manipulation.

It seemed he was in an impasse, and somehow Elura must have known that he would come in contact with a form of energy that he could not understand, and in order to save himself, he would have to make a choice.

Even faced with this unknown form of energy that was ravaging his body, Rowan felt no regret for not opening the Seed, at that moment it would have led to unintended consequences, and although this decision was coming to bite him in the face at a crucial moment, all Rowan could truly feel was excitement.

Chapter 913: Do Me A Favor

Death no longer scared Rowan, just the possibility of failure. For so long he had lived a life devoid of choices, where he would have to bend to the whims of others just so that he could survive.

The Eld Seed pulled his attention, promising him a solution to all his problems, and he knew if he allowed himself to assimilate the Seed, an understanding of this new and alien form of energy would become available to him, and with his adaptability, the greatest weapon that the Third Prince had against him would be nullified.

His path to victory was right there before him, he only had to accept.

Elura might have given him the Eld Seed due to goodwill, having an intuition about the troubles he would face in the future, and seeking to aid her child, but Rowan did not trust it. He could trust his mother, but not her powers.

This settled the decision he was about to make in his mind, although this power was unknown, Rowan had not given his all, he had not even scratched the surface of what he was capable of, and he was willing to find out if there was anything in existence he was not able to crush.

He groaned and opened his eyes, this minor action causing a vast release of red lightning from his body that traveled deep into the cosmos, twisting reality to shambles, and he discovered that in the period he was indisposed, he had become surrounded.

On his right were five God Emperors arrayed in heavy mystical armor that left their features a mystery, these silent powers each held a sword that was burning with a scarlet light that was pointed to his vitals, which were his head, heart, liver, skeleton, and blood, if they attacked, they would be focusing on these parts of his body, dividing to conquer.

By his left were Minerva, Silas, Aeris, and Golgoth, whose two shattered legs had been replaced by two massive pale tentacles, he could not heal, only replace, finally standing in the air above him, carried by red lightning and breaking the gravitational hold of the bridge was Third, he was struggling to remain in the air but his vicious expression showed nothing but glee.

All of them held bolts of power that held powerful spells and techniques, and woven into the spell was red lightning that contained that mysterious form of energy that no matter how hard he tried, he could not break, he could only wait for his body to slowly consume it, somehow he knew his enemies would not give him the time to do such a thing.

"Awake Rowan?" The Third Prince smirked, his white teeth flashing from the lights of the red lightning bolt he held in his right hand that was wiggling like a snake, "Now die!"

Reality burned to ashes as ten bolts of power slammed towards Rowan the greatest of them emerging from the Third Prince.

Rowan grinned, intense premonition of death filled his heart, but it did nothing but heighten his focus, he had proven his point as a mortal and had already killed a Will Holder, and technically he could begin upgrading his Primordial Ouroboros bloodline, but why stop at one, he had not reached his limits as a mortal.

Perhaps in the future, someone might be able to kill a Will Holder as a mortal, but he doubted they would ever be able to kill ten! He did not know how rare a Will Holder was in all of creation, but he did not doubt that their numbers must be extremely small, he would never get this chance again.

At that moment his mind analyzed all the powers streaming towards him, of the ten bolts of power, he could easily decipher those from the five God Emperors first and he seized this opportunity, his new perception pierced into the hail of death pouring towards him and entered the energies of the God Emperors.

He discovered that what rushed to devour his body was potent divinity wrapped in a ridiculous amount of Spatial Essence Will, the technique was crude in comparison to what he might be able to unleash if he put his mind towards it, but such a blast would shatter a hundred galaxies, not including the power of Third mixed within it.

This was the most he could analyze and counteract, he managed to bring his left hand up to brace against the spells, drawing a host of defenses on his skin before forces that could shatter a greater portion of a universe slammed into him.

Rowan's hand buckled as it was pressed against his chest, he pushed back manipulating the energy of the God Emperors to shield him for a while and give him the barest moment to activate Ascension.

Third began to laugh, "Do not let up, I want nothing but ashes behind!"

The powers slamming into Rowan's prone body increased in magnitude, so much power that the Twilight Bridge began to crack as the area around Rowan's body slowly turned molten red. The tide of energy built and built, emitting a loud shriek until the Will Holders had to move back and brace themselves as the energy reached a critical limit and exploded.

The energy rippled through the entire Twilight Bridge, shaking it to its foundations and causing portions of it to shatter.

The wave of energy dissipated and Rowan's body was revealed, he seemed to have been driven unconscious, but his eyes opened with a snap, he looked down at his left hand, and the eyes of the Will Holder followed his gaze.

He had lost all his skin and a greater part of his muscle had turned to ash, but he could still move the limb and he tested it experimentally. Envy lay by his side, the weapon glowing red hot as if it was about to melt.

"That is it?" Minerva groaned in disbelief.

Silence covered the entire bridge for a moment before the Third Prince bellowed, "Release all your powers inside you and attack, I will kill anyone who holds back!"

The red lightning that erupted from his body was tinged with three different subtle flavors, as he no longer held back, the rest of the Will Holders began to pull everything they had and the Twilight Bridge began to collapse with the power that was gathering here.

Rowan grunted and began to struggle to his feet, even though red lightning poured from his body in ever-increasing waves, he was still standing. The Third Prince's eyes widened in disbelief and with a cry, he slammed down the gathering power on the body of Rowan, and the rest of the Will holders followed.

Rowan was slammed back to his knees, and the left hand he raised to defend himself began to slowly disintegrate.

The Third Prince roared, "Do you know how hard I strived to make sure that only a certain amount of information entered this universe? Blocking every source of higher knowledge because I feared that for any reason something like this might occur?"

Increasing the power that he was blasting into Rowan, "I made sure this universe had only the races that were acceptable in my plans, if that Black Book was going to empower you with power, then I would take away your wisdom. It is a good thing that my preparations were not in vain!"

Rowan's left hand suddenly exploded and the blast of power slammed into his chest, pushing him deep into the collapsing bridge.

"Now, do me a favor and die... just fucking die!!!"

Chapter 914: Becoming Mortal (Bonus)

About thirty percent of the Twilight Bridge had collapsed and even the Will Holders were shuddering from the effects of their techniques. The shockwaves and the blowback of energy erupting from the spot they bombarded Rowan from was so strong it was stripping away their defenses, but they did not dare let up, for Rowan was not dead.

Minerva's mind was breaking down with what she was witnessing, if not for their Wills and the blasted Aetherium energy from the Third Prince, they would not be able to scratch him, and he was still a damn mortal!

What unearthly abomination were they fighting? In her head, Minerva had begun to unearth frightening ancient tales about abominations and Eldritch beings who rove the depths of reality, whose powers were so abominable that their presence shattered everything and caused unchecked destruction, creatures that even Demon Kings feared--Old Ones, often thought of as myths than living creatures.

Many things began to make sense, she knew that the creatures she dealt with; the Third Prince and his cohorts were related to this entity, and she could not wait for it to end. Minerva wanted to retreat into the Great Abyss and slumber for the next hundred Eras until this day became nothing but a lost memory.

'Please die... I will never deal with matters of the Old Ones again. Nothing is worth it.'

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The Ascension technique was at the edge of Rowan's perception, a single thought from him and he would activate it. At the mortal level, this was the only technique he could wield with a degree of safety, and it should be strong enough for him to be able to fight back, but he found himself hesitating even as his body was torn apart... something was missing.

The unrelenting waves of energy slammed into his body, and he felt his spine begin to creak under the stress as his left hand exploded into ash, giving the energy the freedom to ravage the rest of his body.

At this time he had begun to acclimate to the Wills powering the techniques and if that was the only issue he would be able to fight, but the red lightning was like an annoying and persistent blockade to his senses. He should be able to move, he already understood the energy ravaging his body, but he could not counter it when his consciousness was trapped in a mire.

Ascension was the key to freeing him. In an instant, his Stats would balloon to unreasonable heights, giving him enough of a buffer to push past this barrier.

His body was beginning to take catastrophic damage, but for some reason, he refused to unleash Ascension. The cold hands of death grew tighter around his throat and Rowan's mind went still as he chased for the reason he did not want to fight back.

Rowan trusted his instincts even when it felt as if they were bringing him to his death, there was an opportunity here that he was missing and for some reason, he felt he would regret it if he just powered through this crisis and missed the chance to learn.

He delved deeper into his consciousness, disregarding the pain and the terrifying powers ravaging him as his profound mind searched for the clue that stymied his resolve.

He disregarded the cries of adulation from his enemies as his body broke down further and when his heart began to beat faster as death drew near, he saw a hint of what he sought and he pursued it.

The answer that came to him was so simple, but because of who he was, it would have been incredibly difficult, if not impossible for him to realize it if he had not placed himself in this situation.

Fear... he needed to feel fear.

'My strength has made me weak. I am a Mortal yet I have forgotten everything a mortal is. How we rage against the endless dark. Sometimes weakness can be strength if channeled properly.'

The Third Prince had underestimated Rowan in his fury, his misplaced statement about depriving Rowan of wisdom and leaving him with just power struck a chord within him.

Just like the pitiful gods of Trion with the potential to become Outer dimensional beings but were stuck with being nothing but disposable gods due to deliberate gaps placed in their knowledge base, Rowan had also suffered the same fate.

Every knowledge he had was those he had painfully derived from observations and experimentation, and even though his talents were ridiculously high and he could make almost a hundred percent accurate inference when he solved the riddles of reality, the fact of the matter was that he was still too young.

The universe alone was vast and contained countless numbers of mysteries, and the dimensions above it would contain countless more. It was no wonder that he could be taken down with information he had no access to, anyone else would fail if they were placed in his position and had to figure out everything from nothing, but Rowan was far from normal and the reason he could make such massive leaps in power and knowledge was his outrageous temperament.

Rowan had learned many methods to tackle problems, but there was one method he had disregarded; it was the tenacity of a mortal. They performed great deeds and felt deep fear and turmoil in their hearts, but it did not stop them from pushing ahead when a challenge emerged.

There was a magic here that he had not discovered, and this opportunity came to him again as a mortal.

His mind reached the period of time he had watched mortals in millions of worlds, and he mixed it with the memory of his previous mortal body as Rowan Carter. In his previous life, he was a fighter, and he knew how hard it was to reach a point where his fist was as hard as rocks and he could run for miles, despite the pain of a broken body.

The resolve to know you were going to experience deep pain but still push past it, knowing you had a purpose and needed to get the job done.

Along the way, many others who started the journey of progress to become strong with him were left behind, they abandoned this path, for the journey of self-improvement for a mortal was difficult. Their bodies were too fragile, never made to reach for more, and yet they still fought.

To grow stronger, their bodies would have to break, they could not Will energy to life and imbue them in massive spells to shape reality, or slowly gather experience over millennia, they had to accept pain and suffering to grow, knowing that their time was short, and it was easy to give up and enjoy the few period they had on the earth.

Only a mortal would understand this struggle.

This realization hit him like a brick, he had all the tools he needed, he just needed to know he day them. 'This new energy, I can only understand it if I accept it. Allow it to break me, and rise from it. It will hurt me in a way that I don't know if I will be able to recover from, but this is my fate. I am a mortal.'

Something broke apart inside of Rowan and he allowed himself to finally stop looking at this power from a distance like a Primordial and accepted it. This was his fate.

Rowan began to scream. It was a raw and unfiltered cry of pain, as the barriers in his mind that he had painfully created over the years were placed down and he took in everything. The pain, fear, power, everything... he allowed it to run unchecked inside his dimension.

Slowly breaking all he had rebuilt to pieces.

Death had never been so close, but so also was enlightenment. Rowan's screams began to transform, and he suddenly pushed himself to his feet.

"Fuck!" Minerva jumped back, nothing should survive this level of destructive powers, and this was with blasted Aetherium imbued with it, the next words from Rowan made her doubt her senses, but she did not mishear him, he was crying out for more.

"More, more, more, more... Give me more! Do your best my nemesis, try all you can to turn my mortal flesh to ash."

Chapter 915: Reality Is Nothing But Emptiness

Rowan was being broken, but the damage was not enough, he was a mortal, yet his foundations were ridiculously vast. If he was a mortal then the attacks were like needles poking holes through his body. It was devastating for sure but it would take too long for him to bleed out.

The Third Prince shook his head with pity, "You think you can survive this?"

Rowan's deranged cry echoed from the devastation, "What are you waiting for my nemesis! Is this the best you have got?"

The Third Prince sneered, he did not reply but the power behind his attacks increased until once more it reached a limit and exploded. This time it took a while for the reverberation to settle as the Will Holders tried to marshal their energy and brace for what was coming next, although most of them would like to believe that Rowan was dead.

The smoke and lingering powers cleared out revealing the devastation, a massive crater was revealed, and within that crater was Rowan who was standing on his feet. He looked more dead than alive.

His left hand was gone as well as most of his skin, and his two eyes had exploded leaving a gaping darkness in his skull, through the holes in his chest, you could see his

heart beating and blood pooling around his feet. Red lightning shot out from his body and struck the earth around him, leaving small craters in the bridge.

Somehow his present state did not make the Will Holders feel any sort of reassurance. Of course, it looked as if he was about to die, but why was he on his feet and muttering to himself?

Golgoth nudged one of the God Emperors forward and the armored figure nodded before stepping towards Rowan with his sword raised.

"What is he muttering?" Aeris who was beside Silas and had been silent all this while said.

Silas cursed in anger and irritation, "What does it matter the mad nonsense that comes from a mind on the edge of death?"

Minerva was the one that answered, the frown lines on her face deepening, "He is saying; Pain is a fine instructor. I needed it, you see, to learn. To grow."

They all started at Minerva, even the Third Prince, surprised that out of them here, it was this Demon King who had been able to hear what Rowan was saying.

The sudden sound of tearing metal resounded and they all turned towards Rowan, at first it seemed they could not understand what they were seeing but the grim gaze of the Third Prince was evidence enough.

The God Emperor had fulfilled his duty, he had reached Rowan and had swung his blade to decapitate him, but Rowan had moved and had caught the blade with his teeth, and using his only hand, he ripped off the head of the God Emperor.

Pushing the body to the side, he tossed the head to Will Holders and before the body of the God Emperor could fall, his hand pushed through the armor around his chest and dug out the heart.

Crooning to the shrieking Ouroboros Serpents in his crown whose scales had been burnt off and were in pain. Rowan fed them the heart and they settled.

Rowan gestured and they crawled towards his missing left hand and they extended their tails inside his wound before they began to weave themselves together, until they formed a new limb, each of his now six fingers ending in hissing snake heads.

The right hand opened and Envy which resembled a half-melted piece of metal rested gingerly on his palm, his eyeless face peered at the Will Holders and he clenched his jaws, shattering the blade in his mouth to pieces, and he gestured with his shattered weapon, a challenge.

"How is he moving?" Minerva muttered.

"He shouldn't," the Third Prince growled, "Look at his body, the only thing holding him together is just stubbornness and stupidity," Rubbing his eyes he sighed, "he does not know when to die. This fool thinks he can master Aetherium by opening himself to it, and even though he failed, he can still perform. I should have known. A child who knows not his limit would exceed them with ease!"

"What should we do?" Silas hissed in shock.

"We finish him, he is on the brink of death and although he may have other hidden cards, I have mine too. Are you listening, Rowan? Don't think you can exceed your limits and I will not tip the scale once more?"

Opening his hands he revealed four glowing seeds. They looked similar to the Eld Seed that was in Rowan's possession, but these were different, they were smaller and the energy they contained was chaotic, but they still stank of Aetherium.

"Take it!" The Third Prince tossed the Seeds to Minerva, Golgoth, Silas, and Aeris.

Minerva went still in shock, "Are you sure about this, a Seed of Aetherium is..."

"Priceless, I know." the Third Prince smiled, "But I know my foe well, and if I ever hope back, I will lose so resoundingly, until death I would be left wondering how it all happened. He has exceeded my expectations time and time again, and I assure you, I will not be played as a fool for the third time!"

Golgoth did not hesitate, he swallowed the Seed of Aetherium and gasped in shock before standing straighter and allowing his essence and Aether flood out of him like a tide of darkness, and as the rest of the Will Holders watched in fascination, his essence and Aether began to fuse.

Once like smoke, the power that now flooded out of his body was now a liquid, black and rotten and stinking of old chaotic power.

The false God King roared and he did not wait for the rest, he attacked Rowan. Charging Gaping Undoer with his Aetherium, his abominable blade shrieked in pleasure and pain as the power it controlled exploded in all parameters.

Rowan brought up Envy to block the blow and he was pushed back, the reverberation from their weapon clashing was so devastating, Envy which was supposed to be near indestructible had pieces of it chipped off.

Golgoth laughed, the two massive tentacles that were in the place of his legs pushing him at greater speeds as his blade blurred, slamming against Rowan who resolutely defended against the crazed attacks as pieces of Envy flew off in ever-

increasing chunks.

The Third Prince chuckled, "Rowan you have chosen the wrong method to learn how to access power and you will understand that Reality is nothing but emptiness and pain for the weak."

The rest of the Will Holders, glimpsing the new strengths of Golgoth, did not wait and swallowed their Seeds. Such an opportunity to access Aetherium was priceless, only a few Primordial powers in all of existence had access to Aetherium and even the Great Abyss did not have this resource.

"I don't want him to live past the next moments," The Third Prince growled, "Kill him, make it hurt, but make it fast."

As the rest of the Will Holders attacked, he began to gather power, he would not let Rowan have a moment to catch himself.

He saw Rowan's mouth moving as he whispered something, he wanted to call Minerva back and ask her what he said, but he squashed that desire. He had the winning hand here and he would not give Rowan the chance to change that with any unknown tricks.

Chapter 916: Moving Forward Despite Pain

Rowan's mind was in a daze, yet his perception had never felt clearer. It was as if he was looking at the world through a new set of eyes. This should not be far from the truth, as he had gained access to a new way of approaching reality, one that he had forgotten, and he had also learned the name of this new form of energy that was killing him.

"Aetherium... So that's the name of this unknown form of power. A merger of Essence and Aether, seems simple on the surface, but how do you merge two opposite concepts? Like merging life and death, and there is something... else hidden inside this merge, something even more unnatural. Haaa, this is so fun and challenging, but I better get serious now, I think I'm about to die. It would be a shame to mar my Title with failure. I am already so close."

If not for the hatred he had for the Third Prince he would applaud the foresight of this wily creature.

Rowan had always wondered why in the entire universe the majority of the population was humanoid, he had not come across dragons or Empyreans, Titans or Wereneasts, and the nearly infinite amount of races that should reside in a vast universe. Why were there only two Supreme Powers inside of it, the Demons and the Mage? When in the

immensity of creation there should be at least hundreds if not more Supreme existences that should have laid root inside this universe.

Even the gods themselves in the outside universe were nothing but puppets, their Emperors' slaves, and every piece of knowledge they owned was most likely corrupted.

There was also a deeper layer to this mystery because Rowan would bet that Aetherium was a power that was not easily acquired or not even available to Demons and Mages making them a prime choice to be seeded in this universe. Perhaps there were hundreds of other powers and abilities and common knowledge that he lacked, because like the Nexus he escaped from outside Trion, the entire universe was also a minor Nexus.

It was no wonder the Third Prince was so arrogant once, with all the advantages he had stacked against Rowan, he did not fear any sort of rebellion, and this had given Rowan that chance to surprise him again and again.

All of this extensive preparation was done in order to blind Rowan to the fact of certain techniques or truths, and it had worked. Even till this moment, there were certain terms that he had come across inside that he did not know their meaning.

Although without the advantages of , even if he was given a billion more years of life, he would never have escaped or even understood the intricate web of deception that the Reflections had wrapped around the universe. The last six billion years have ensured that they could twist reality the way they saw fit.

If Rowan had not fused his Soul Origin with another being from outside this universe that granted him a bloodline outside the control of the Third Prince then even if he had a thousand times more luck he would never have escaped the machinations of the Reflections. Indeed the Third Prince's preparations were so airtight that when he noticed the changes in Rowan, it made him curious instead of afraid, a mistake Rowan was sure that Third regretted with all his being.

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Rowan was being attacked by Golgoth alone and his Will of Rending that could have left nothing but scars on his skin was now tearing through Envy and gradually eating through the exposed muscles of his right arm with the power of Aetherium behind his blows.

Envy and Pride could have been crying out in pain all this while but Rowan soothed the weapon, this was a chance for it to ascend and if they could survive this clash, they would be worthy to be imbued with his true might. Fighting a Will Holder was never going to be easy and with the power of Aetherium added to the mix, the Infernal weapons were struggling.

Rowan understood that the other Will Holders bearing down on him would crush him in an instant if he did not change the dynamics of this battle, but he had several short moments to prepare, he had deliberately given ground as Golgoth attacked him in his crazed excitement and bloodlust. The false God King felt invincible, his strength had multiplied and he could almost taste the dying cries of Rowan on his tongue.

Inside his helm, his dead eyes were shining with an awful light that had not been seen for nearly a million years as the Aetherim in his system was finally reversing his undead nature and he slowly came to life. If not for the absolute nature of this bridge, he would have shattered this undead curse over him and would finally reach the peak of his abilities and beyond.

Golgoth could see himself as he once was, golden and powerful, his blade strong and his strokes, immutable. He would be that again, and even Third would not be able to stand against him. First, he just needed to rid reality of this abomination. A deep laugh rumbled in his chest and he pushed his assault.

A wicked combination by Golgoth where he flicked his blade across all sections of Rowan's body caused his foe to lose a portion of the shaft of his annoying weapon as Gaping Undoer sliced off a portion of Pride. Every time he struck this weapon it released a vast amount of vibrations that was only offset by his Will, but it blunted his assault by nearly a third.

Rowan's weapon looked more like a staff than an Axe, but he judged that it bought him enough time.

Rowan had failed to master Aetherium, not because he could not do so, since with the amount of data he had retrieved from experiencing Aetherium tear through his dimension and watching the Will Holders convert their power into this new form of energy, he could simulate maybe thirty percent of it, and with his attributes, he should be able to overpower anyone here, but a part of him rebelled against following this path.

He had escaped one trap from a Primordial, he was not going to fall into another. Previously he had evolved his dimension using the configuration of Chaos, he had exploded his previous dimension to level up to the next one, and if he had followed that path, when it became time for him to ascend to the fourth dimension he would have to shatter his third dimension.

Not only that but following the path of Chaos revealed holes in his dimensions that he might not be able to ever close up again. It was for this reason that when he had remade his new dimension, he did not use the Universe's Will in doing so, this was possible because he had the experience of building a Supreme World and accessing all the information hidden inside the Universe's Will.

He would no longer need to shatter his dimension to gain access to a higher one when it came time for him to evolve.

If he did that he would be forbidden from existing inside a Third Dimension as he would become a true outer dimensional entity without any hold on the Third Dimension and in order to access a material universe he would have to link his dimension to the Great Darkness, thereby tying his fate to that of Chaos forever.

Chapter 917: Golgoth's Fall

Rowan would never be beholden to any powers again.

This was what everyone else did when they advanced to a higher dimension, but Rowan knew the dangers of that path. It might be safer for anyone, but not for him, his abilities made him a threat to the Primordials.

Although he doubted anyone else besides him had the choice to choose whether or not they had to connect their dimension to the Great Darkness, to grow their Will and still have access to the Third Dimension, they had to fuse a portion of their power to the Great Darkness, after all, mortals and other scarce resources could only be born inside a Third Dimension.

Rowan had not confirmed this but he was about ninety-eight percent sure that it was the case and this was the feeling he got when he thought of learning about Aetherium.

This power seemed to be the logical next step in the evolution of power. Enhancing his might with Aetherium would grant him intense powers, but it would create a link to an unknown entity. If Aetherium was this important to get stronger, it was no wonder that a Primordial would decide to control it.

This seemed to be the modus operandi for Primordials, they gave great powers and convenient abilities to lesser beings, but their gifts always had a hook attached to them.

Aetherium was no different from the trap that was the material universe, he wondered how many people knew of this and even if they did, would they really care? He doubted anyone else had the ambition of becoming a Primordial or even had the thought of exceeding them.

Rowan sighed, the Third Prince was right he had failed, but Rowan knew the truth was that he had also succeeded because he was chasing another goal. The entire purpose of learning like a mortal was for him to have the capability of pushing through obstacles, despite knowing they would break him. It was a mental shift that allowed him to do this...

Rowan had been blocking with his right hand ever since, he was experimenting with his movement whilst suffering under the hold of Aetherium, and he felt he had gathered enough data. Aetherium was still killing him, but it could no longer hold him. Like a

mortal, suffering was only a part of the growing process, it would not stop him from moving forward, he had accepted this truth and this changed everything.

Rowan's empty gaze glanced across to the incoming Will Holders who would be close to them in the next few moments and he acted.

The next swing from Golgoth he did not block, instead he swerved around it, earning him a nasty cut alongside his shoulders that nearly shaved off a portion of his neck, but it meant he was suddenly behind Golgoth and their backs were against each other, nearly touching.

Golgoth gasped, the sudden change made an intense feeling of doom pervade his heart.

Rowan's right hand, which was made from his Serpents bent backward and snapped across his head to clamp around Golgoth's neck, the six serpents' heads chewed through the heavy armor nearly instantaneously, digging into Golgoth's neck and nearly chewing it off.

Golgoth choked and screamed in pain, he pushed power into his weapon and attacked, attempting to swing his blade behind him to bisect Rowan in two, but Rowan applied force to his sinuous right arm, picked up the panicking Reflection, and lobbed him at the incoming Will Holders with all his strength.

What happened was a grisly sight, Rowan threw the Reflection but the heads of his serpents were already chewing through Golgoth's neck and holding onto his head, and with the force of his throw, his head was torn away from his body, held aloft by the greedy serpents, while his body flew towards the Will Holders.

Golgoth's last panicked attack was still ongoing when Rowan threw him, and when he landed amongst the charging Will Holders, his blade carved a line of destruction among their ranks.

Minerva who was among the most cautious among them had easily leaped past the rotating torso of Golgoth, but the gravity from the bridge slammed her back down not long after and she narrowly missed her abdomen being sliced open.

Two of the God Emperors were not so lucky. Golgoth's blades were imbued with Aetherium and it carved them into pieces that exploded into shrieking fragments, their body and soul were thoroughly destroyed. For the next few moments, the body swung its blade around like a crazed marionette, unleashing a wide area of destruction and shattering the spells being conjured by the Third Prince.

A massive river of rotten darkness flowed out from the headless body and the Aetherium wreaked havoc, creating a storm of darkness that swept throughout the

bridge and into the Nothingness at the other end of the bridge, making that darkness rumble as it was fed with great power.

Everyone except Rowan hunkered down to weather the tide of chaos and destruction, and Gaping Undoer in the hands of Golgoth began to scream in pain and misery as power without limits poured into it, without Golgoth to hold back his might, the living weapon that never got the chance to evolve to a higher state could not hold it back.

The shrieks of pain from the blade reached a feverish peak and then it exploded into fragments, slicing the body of Golgoth into tiny pieces and carving lengths of destruction through the bridge, newly forty percent of the bridge was almost shattered.

Silence soon prevailed after a while and the choking voice of Golgoth could be heard, "Rowan... please, don't kill me. You and I... are kin."

The only sound that was heard after this plea was the voice of Golgoth could be heard, "Rowan... please, don't kill me. You and I... are kin."

snake heads chewing through the helm of Golgoth to finally reveal his face.

Rowan brought his eyesless face closer to the head, the holes in his skull seemed to be a passage to nothingness, and something inside them made the eyes of Golgoth widen in realization. There was no pity in that merciless darkness, no anger, for all his powers, Golgoth could as well be an ant. In his heart the false God King understood that he was only a minor hindrance in Rowan's path, the person he wanted to kill was Third.

"I wonder," Rowan said in his deep baritone voice, "When Erohim stood at this place you are standing, what went through your head? Did he not beg you for his life?"

Golgoth gaped, "No... How can you know what happened on that day, inside that long-dead universe? Are you him? Are you our..."

A snake head plunged into his mouth silencing him and digging into his skull after chewing past his tongue and the softer portion of his throat. The eyes of the false God King widened in pain, fear, and desperation as tentacles burst out from his jaw as he attempted to pull out the serpent chewing him from inside.

The tentacles squeezed the snake, and struggling with the strength born from desperation, he partially succeeded as they slowly pulled the chewing serpent out of his mouth, but another serpent head joined the fray and plunged into Golgoth's mouth, his screams were muffled but it was impossible to hide the degree of torture he was suffering.

Two other serpents came to his ears and he only heard their dull hisses before they plunged into the side of his skull digging their way into his brain. His eyes bulged out.

Suffering this pain was terrible enough, but doing it when you have been reduced to a mortal and feeling this amount of pain, knowing you were irrevocably marching towards your death was a torture that most immortals could not comprehend.

His crazed eyes saw two more snakes hover above the delicate orbs, and they slowly opened their jaws which seemed to lead to a place filled with coldness and silence. At the precipice of madness and fear, Golgoth discovered that the eyes of the serpents were closed, it reminded him of an unborn infant whose eyes were still not mature enough to see the skies.

He did not know why this realization that the entity he fought was barely a newborn almost broke his soul to pieces and the slowly descending snakes were the last thing Golgoth would ever see as his existence was plunged into darkness and pain that seemed to extend for countless eternities.

"Who are you.... Who are you... Who are... Who..."

The last fragments of his skull exploded in Rowan's hand and his serpents hissed in satisfaction.

Chapter 918: A New Birth

The Will Holders were still digesting what just happened, especially the Third Prince whose eyes were opened in shock and horror, not for the death of Golgoth, but because of what Rowan had said before he killed him.

"Who are you?" He screamed, "You cannot be him, you are not Erohim!"

Rowan remained silent, if he said a word it might clue the Third Prince that he was indeed not Erohim, but the battle was as much psychological and physical. He had been able to discover a hidden haven where the last of Erohim Will had hidden away from the Reflections, and with it, he was able to strike a blow against the mental state of the Third Prince, and when his head was filled with doubts and questioning the decisions Rowan had been making all this while, Rowan attacked.

From eleven Will Holders, Rowan had shrunk their numbers down to six, and while the Third Prince, Silas, and Aeris were still reeling from the apparent revelation from Rowan, with Minerva sliding backward, the two God Emperors left behaved like the machine they were and did not stop attacking Rowan.

Sadly they had access to only a basic form of Will, which should just be a Will of Force Amplification, an extremely powerful Will to be sure, but against a power factory like Rowan, it was a bit too basic.

Rowan did not move quickly, like the mortal he was, he sought to conserve his energy, as the two God Emperors were rapidly closing the gap. Both of them leaped towards him, shooting across the distance and Rowan met them head-on.

He angled his weapon sideways and caught the descent of both of their blades. Powered by the Aetherium from the Third Prince, their weapon bit deep into Envy, nearly cutting the weapon in three places, but it trapped their blades inside Envy and Pride.

Rowan twisted his weapon, pulling the sword away from one of the God Emperors and making the other one stumble as he stubbornly held his weapon. Not giving them the chance to recover, Rowan's right hand spread out like six massive tentacles and slammed into the bodies of the two God Emperors, and lifted them in the air.

His serpents wasted no time in tearing through the armor and in the next moment, blood began to pour out from the gaps in the metal as the sound of chewing increased and Rowan walked past the Emperors hanging in the air held aloft by his serpents.

It was the Third Prince who shook himself from his shock and regarded Rowan with hatred, "Well played... Rowa..." he choked, not knowing how to complete his words. He had promised Erohim on that day to wipe his presence from all of reality and there should be no way that Rowan should have learned of that day when the plan to create the living being that stood before them began in earnest.

The Third Prince vowed, "It matters not what you know, or how you are able to push past the barrier of my Aetherium curse, you are still dying on this bridge you created."

Rowan remained silent, the only thing he did was to slowly cock his head to the side and then he vanished. The Third Prince's eyes widened and he opened his mouth to scream, but it was too late.

Rowan appeared before Silas and Aeris like a phantom, his body was vibrating rapidly as if he was not truly present and was a figment of a mad god's dream. For the first time since the battle began, Rowan called upon the power of Ascension.

He swung Envy at the Tower Masters with such speeds that even in this slow reality where this battle was fought, where a single second could be stretched for hours due to the speed of the combatants, Envy still appeared like a blur.

A pale blue shield like a dome appeared around the two Reflections that shimmered and flared brightly as a star as it blocked the blow from Rowan. It had managed to block a blow that would tear a thousand galaxies in two, but it could not block the next hundred that hammered into it in a fraction of a fraction of a moment.

The battered form of Envy and Pride could not handle this force and as the shield shattered into pieces, so did they, but their pieces were like guided missiles that

shredded the bodies of the two Tower masters into paste, leaving a small handle in Rowan's hand, the only evidence that these glorious weapons existed.

The shredded Tower Masters had not perished, they screamed in pain from a hundred mouths, as in their quest to survive, they burned their Aetherium, releasing vast amounts of green lightning that shrouded their battered bodies, rapidly fusing their scattered flesh together with no rhyme or reason, the goal was only survival.

They slowly began to rise, an abomination made from a thousand mouths and a hundred eyes. Silas and Aeris had eaten a lot of people in their time, only selecting the best and the most powerful to consume, and they called forth the multitude sleeping within them, dragging them to the surface, not caring if their actions were destroying their bodies, they only needed to survive.

The true creators of Abomination, the Second Reflection, arose, a gigantic mass of flesh that soon sprouted a hundred arms that began making arcane gestures, its thousands of mouths opened and screamed words of forbidden spells.

Rowan seemed not to be aware of the changing state of the Reflection, his empty eyes were only focused on the handle of the Pride left in his hand. He had reached for the shattered weapons and picked a fragment of Envy and he held them both.

"You have done well, Envy, Pride, you have drank the blood of true Immortals and have fought by my side as a mortal. Don't fear, for although you stand at the edge of the darkness, I shall not let you fall. You are granted this grace, come fight by my side once more, for the battle is not over."

The Third Prince roared, "Minerva, don't you dare stand back. We go all in!"

For the first time since the battle began the Third Prince began to step forward, no longer willing to stand behind, he clasped his hands together and when he opened them, he was holding a greatsword. This blade was more than nine feet long, and it resembled glass and had hundreds of cracks running down its length.

This weapon that once belonged to Erohim was a true fragment of a Primordial weapon, "I don't care about the secrets you are hiding, your existence ends now!"

The forbidden spell from Second hundred towards Rowan, in addition to Minerva thrusting forth a demonic enchantment that was powered by nearly ninety percent of the Aethruim in her body, Third was a few feet away from Rowan as he swung his blade to tear him in two...

Rowan smiled as he channeled his Destroyer into the fragments of his weapon. The fragments shuddered and a new life erupted from them.

Everything went white.

Chapter 919: Take My Light

As a mortal Rowan could not wield his Destroyer with the degree of competency that he might crave, but that changed when he channeled the power into a vessel, he should be able to direct at least a single percent of its power.

This was all the power he could afford to unleash. With the nature of a Destroyer, if he unleashed more, it would simply shatter his entire spell, and such an uncontrolled wave of destruction may hurt him alongside his enemies, it simply meant that anything over seven percent release of this power would kill him.

His Destroyer was born from Angelic roots, which meant it had a close relationship with Light. This was what manifested when Rowan linked the fragments of Envy and Pride to his Destroyer, a bright white light of a manner that had never been seen inside this universe.

He did not push power into the fragments because with only a single consciousness it would be too difficult, what he did was allow the weapons themselves to take the power they could hold.

It was a shame that even Envy and Pride together could only hold a single percent of the power of his Destroyer. Then, it would have to suffice.

The light that erupted from his hand that held the fragment did not dissipate, it was seemingly permanent, and the entire Twilight Bridge and the surroundings were blocked from sight, it appeared as if they had all been transported to a white room, although what was especially notable about this place was the fact that the light had weight.

Unleashing the power of his Destroyer, even a single percent automatically created a Domain where he was the king.

It slowed the movements of everyone to a crawl and aided his actions. Rowan had the time to look at his enemies bearing down on him in excruciating details, he saw Minerva with her heavy spider's body leaping towards him, the tips of her seven feet were covered with glowing demonic enchantment that stank of a fatal sort of poison that could turn his entire body to a puddle of stinking liquid if he allowed it to touch him.

The Abomination that was Second had unleashed a thousand green lightning that in this white space was slowly crawling towards him, and a few inches from his neck was the blade of the Third Prince that was bearing down on him faster than anyone here.

Around the bodies of the three enemies that were left was a sort of distortion. This distortion was the Domain of his Destroyer melting through the Wills of the trio. If not for

the Aetherium supporting their powers, they would be left helpless, nevertheless, it dramatically reduced their abilities.

Rowan roared, "Take from my Light and be reborn anew."

The fragments of Envy and Pride shattered, as the Weapon Spirit they contained began to build a new shell, one that was not made from metal but from light, and in a moment, the weapon in Rowan's right hand coalesced. It was made from the light of a thousand stars, and it seemed as if he was holding a bright galaxy the shape of a massive Axe.

The cries of Envy and Pride were silent, they showed their frenzy by exploding their stars, and the lights emanating from them reached a feverish intensity, "Use us!" they cried.

The blade from the Third Prince was an inch away from his neck when Rowan nodded at his weapon of light, and he moved.

He let the starry shaft of Envy run down his hand until its glowing Axe Head reached the ground and he took a step back allowing the blade of the Third Prince to graze his neck, before pushing all the powers of Ascension into his body and reversing that step, with that single smooth motion he slammed Envy into the forehead of the Third Prince.

The sound was not loud, and the power of a Destroyer was efficient, every single energy, including heat and any kinetic energy, was channeled into the cut. Yet the weapons Rowan wielded were petty and Pride released a sound wave attack to accompany their blows.

"Boom!"

In this place where light held his enemy bound, Rowan had enough time to slam the Axe multiple times onto the head of the Third Prince.

"Boom!"

On the tenth blow, he tore through the tough skin that was blocked by a barrier of Aetherium and Will, on the thirtieth blow he had cut through the thin muscles on the forehead, on the fiftieth he had begun to crack bone, chips of it flying into the air like tiny meteors.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

All this while the furious gaze of the Third Prince was stuck to Rowan's face, his body unable to move, stuck on the ground as Rowan hacked his way into his skull.

On the hundredth blow, the top half of the Third Prince's head was sheared off revealing a strange pulsing red brain.

Unlike a normal brain, his brain was visibly sectioned in three parts as if three different brains had been forced together into his skull, on the surface of the brain were hundreds of tiny tentacles that wiggled like tiny worms, and from the tips of the tentacles a membrane of energy were emitted that blocked the next blows from Rowan.

Since the moment the Third Prince came into existence, he had never suffered a near death wound like this.

A roar had been building inside the chest of the Third Prince for a while now, and when the membrane blocking Rowan's weapon from reaching his brain became alarmingly dim after suffering dozens of hacks, the roar exploded out in the shape of a massive bolt of red lightning that blasted towards Rowan, shattering this domain of Light holding him bound.

Even though it was one percent of his Destroyer's power, it was still amazing that the Third Prince had been able to shatter its hold over him.

Rowan suddenly reversed the edge of his weapon, turning it into a massive shield of stars, and even as he was pushed backward his right hand thrust forward. The six Ouroboros Serpents merged as one, for a moment multiplying their powers to unknown heights and plunged into the head of the Third Prince, digging into his exposed brain that was shielded by a dim red glow.

A shrill scream emerged from the mouth of the Third Prince as the Ouroboros Serpent bit through the barrier and reached his exposed brain and they scattered into six individual serpents and struck at his brain.

In his fear and anger, the power pulsing from his body made a strange sound akin to the explosion of a supernova, and what emerged from the body of the Third Prince defied understanding. It was power unleashed in its purest form.

The Shockwave alone shattered ten percent of the Twilight bridge and when it reached Rowan it tossed him tens of thousands of miles away tearing away the serpents feasting on his brain. It crushed Minerva, shattering her shell and throwing her towards the same direction as Rowan, Second was flattened into a paste.

Then the red lightning that shot from his body was so devastating it eclipsed the glow of the entire universe, the only entity closest to him, Second, could only give a small cry of despair before he was shredded to nothingness, and the red lightning reached and

swept past Rowan and Minerva pressing them down for what seemed like an eternity before it subsided.

Chapter 920: I Will Live With It

The Twilight Bridge groaned, having lost more than fifty percent of its total mass, this Spell was ruggedly built but it was reaching its limits, although it had forcefully reduced the power of the combatants, the beings fighting on it remained extremely powerful, it was a testament to Rowan ingenuity that his spell had withstood all the power unleashed on it.

Rowan arose, he had lost more of his body mass, because he landed on his front from the blast he had suffered extensive damages in the back, his latissimus dorsi, trapezius, rhomboids, posterior deltoids, and erector spinae were almost nonexistent.

He stood a creature of bone and Will, and the few smattering of flesh on his body quivered with an unnatural vitality. Any mortal would be dead, talkless standing, but Rowan abused the so-called tenacity of a mortal, pushing it to unnatural limits.

Ahead of him, the Third Prince also stood up, releasing himself from the enormous blast that had emerged from his body.

It became quickly apparent that he had also suffered terribly from this eruption of power. His torso had been blown open, and his three beating hearts could be easily seen, although the most terrible of his injuries was around his head, or what was left of it.

The Ouroboros Serpents were greedy creatures, and when they sunk their fangs into the skull of the Third Prince, it had taken a considerable amount of power to pull them off, but they had taken a great chunk of him before they were blasted away.

Rowan brought his right hand forward, and held by the six Ouroboros Serpent was a quivering brain, before they were blasted off, they had taken a portion of the Third Prince's brain, and under the eyeless gaze of Rowan, they feasted, tearing into the quivering red brain whose tentacles tried to push them away with little effect.

"Bassstarrds... I will kill you!" the horrifying visage of the Third Prince was revealed, the top part of his head had vanished entirely, revealing his pulsing brain that was missing a third of its volume. His left hand rose and touched his brain and he moaned in horror, "You fucking abomination, how dare you!" parts of the Third prince's face had been chewed off, his left eye was gone, a greater portion of his cheeks and the ones beneath and his upper lips.

He took a step forward and then he unexpectedly giggled, "You have taken a portion of my power, but it's a good thing another one was right beside me." a brain appeared in

his left hand that was pulsing with green lightning, he jammed it into his skull and the thrashing tentacles inside it drew the brain and began to slowly fuse it into the overall mass.

"Where were we?" The Third Prince crooned, "Oh, I remember now, we were on our path to killing each other. Let's go."

Rowan pointed his weapon of stars at the Third Prince, and then he charged at him. Laughing like a maniac, the Third Prince unleashed red lightning in his left hand and straightened his Glass Sword on the right and he also charged forward. Both of them covered the distance in less than a moment and they clashed in the middle of the bridge, generating massive shockwaves that began to shake the bridge to pieces.

The Third Prince usually attacked from a distance, but it did not mean that his close combat abilities were lackluster. With his greed for power, he had long devoured owners of some of the most potent close combat abilities that he could come across, and at this moment, he unleashed everything without holding back.

His blade was like a piece of shivering light, assaulting every single inch of Rowan's body and his left hand threw vast bolts of red Aetherium bolts that tore existence to nothingness.

Rowan did not take a single step backward, held upwards by Ascension and wielding a weapon of stars, he clashed against his nemesis, disregarding small wounds to strike at any opening he could see, but the defenses of the Third Prince were airtight.

Their clash generated so much energy that it released several pulses of power that continually shattered the bridge. Minerva who managed to survive the eruption of power from the Third Prince found herself at the edge of death as the waves of power erupting from the two minutes ahead was crushing the last bit of life left inside her.

And monsters they were, in her buffed state as a result of the extensive damages she had taken, Rowan and the Third Prince revealed their madness, they resembled creatures from the depths of time who fought beyond what anything should be able to.

Minerva moaned in horror and struggled to crawl away from the battle, but it was unknown if she would be able to survive as tides of shockwaves struck her, crushing and scraping away at her body.

"You have caused me enough problems to last me until the end of time." The Third Prince screamed, "I have visited death and suffering on uncountable trillions, why must your case be different? Why would you choose to defy me!"

He slammed against Rowan with a surprising move that combined his Aetherim with his Glass Blade, pushing him back for hundreds of feet. Not letting up the pressure, he slammed into Rowan again a few moments later and hastily retreated screaming as an

Ouroboros Serpent, quick beyond reasoning surged forward and dug into his stomach, pulling out his liver.

"You seemed to be forgetting something," Rowsn spoke for the first time in a while, "this is not a battle."

He had allowed his weapons to collect the power of the Destroyer they could handle, and he had judged that they were now durable enough to handle more of his Destroyer and he pushed the entire seven percent he could presently withstand into them.

The weapon in his hand did not explode in light, but it was instead the opposite, it went blacker than night as it was no longer stars that filled it up, but blackholes!

The eyes of the Third Prince widened and retreated further as Rowan increased Ascension to his limits and he vanished from his position. The first blow against the Third Prince cracked his Glass Blade, pushing him down to his knees, where six Ouroboros Serpents were waiting for him.

The Third Prince screamed and retreated again, but he left more of his body parts behind, the serpents were striking so fast and digging into his body pulling out organs before he could bring up a solid defense.

Taking a step back, he fell to his knees, for some time a moment back, the Ouroboros Serpents had devoured his kneecaps.

"No... no, Impossible, I can not die like this. This damned bridge. I cannot be beaten!"

Rowan surged forward, driving his weapon into the right arm of the Third Prince, cutting off the limb that still clutched the Glass Sword, "You can die even worse."

His right hand whipped him, his Ouroboros Serpents moving lightning quick and chewing through the body of the Third Prince and driving him to fall on his back.

Stepping on the struggling body of the Third Prince, Rowan lifted Envy and Pride, "Wait... wait," The Third Prince screamed, "You are making a mistake."

"I will live with it." Rowan swings down his weapon.

Chapter 921: Realization And Fear

The Third Prince did not die easily. The struggle that resulted as he fought for his life was not pretty or noble, it was not a glorified thing when dealing with death, and when you added Rowan's bitterness against the Third Prince and his wish to end the great

weight hanging over his neck since the time of his birth, it did not create a bearable sight for the weak of mind.

Rowan did not find back, millennia of anger and suffering were returned, all of which was channeled under a cold rage that meant every single move he made was perfect.

Reduced to a mortal by the bridge, and overwhelmed by Rowan's power and weapons, the Third Prince was slowly worn down. With a single arm and lying flat on his back, he fought with a skill that defied meaning, his arsenal of weapons was seemingly endless, but Rowan at this moment had gone insane.

It was a cold sort of insanity where he no longer cared what weapons the Third Prince could pull out from his endless vault, or the might of his Aetherium bolts, he simply batted the weapons aside, powered through the Aetherium blasts, and kept hammering down.

Ascension ensured that he would remain at his peak and slowly but surely, even with his devastated body, Rowan began to slowly gain the advantage as Ascension began to compound his powers with every moment that passed. Previously, Rowan had to use a couple of moments to tear off the weapons and divert the spells and techniques unleashed by the Third Prince, but shortly the duration he used to break the power of the Third Prince continually reduced, and soon his weapons began to tear into the flesh of the Third Prince.

Despite all this, it was a close thing keeping the Third Prince down, as he erupted with varied abilities and there was a particular trying moment where Rowan had seemingly been overwhelmed by the number of abilities the Third Prince had unleashed, pushing him back a couple of steps and it seemed that his foe was about to escape his grasp but then Rowan snapped his fingers and a bright white flame consumed the Third Prince slamming him back to the ground and allowing Rowan to press him again.

This white flame was the Lost Flames. When Lost had seemingly sacrificed himself to hold back the Third Prince, his flames had been able to touch the Third Prince, albeit briefly, although his power was shattered moments later, a dying fragment of Lost still hung around the body of the Third Prince.

Rowan had detected the Lost Flames a while back but he chose to leave it as a trump card, and he began to repeatedly play this card against the Third Prince, detonating the flames of Lost and consuming his techniques leaving him open to his attacks.

Try as he might, it was almost impossible for the Third Prince to destroy the Lost Flames that had corrupted his Aura when it was being actively fueled by Rowan's Ascension technique. This turned out to be the final stroke that broke the Third Prince. The Lost Flame had quietly dug itself into the depths of the Third Prince Aura, making it quite impossible for him to predict when there would be a flare-up.

It was a miracle that the Third Prince had resisted for so long, but he was stubborn, fighting to the last. Nearly all the bones in his body had been shattered, his essential organs including two of his hearts were gone, and the last had barely half of itself remaining. His madness and disbelief that his life could ever be threatened held him steady and he seemed to be pulling from the same source of motivation that Rowan was drawing from.

This motivation did not help him, it only extended his suffering far beyond what any mortal creature should endure. Rowan could have ended it earlier with his Ouroboros Serpents, but he was wary of any last desperate move from the Third Prince and he made do with his weapon. After a while his arsenal of tricks ran dry and his weapons were broken, to fully empower his techniques and spell, he needed his Immortal body to be functioning at a hundred percent capacity. It was difficult enough to keep himself alive, he could barely unleash a single percent of the power he was able to.

Realization and fear continued building in his eyes, as the form of Rowan shrouded his vision and took the place of the heavens. Rowan in his mind had transformed into an Avatar of destruction and death, raining down fury unending on him, the world reduced to fighting for every second, hoping, even praying that a single space would open for him to take advantage of.

He screamed inside his head, 'I have lived for too long. I have fought for many eternities, it cannot end like this. I was destined to be the head that wears the crown. It cannot end... it fucking cannot end here... all my glory and light, to be snuffed out in the hands of a... pup.'

It seemed to take hours, with the Third Prince defending himself with everything in his arsenal, but soon, he was left with only his head and a small part of his chest. He was spent, in the end, fighting back with only small strings of muscles, he had defended his life with everything. Rowan nodded his head in acknowledgment to his Spirit, he would have been disappointed if, at the end of everything, the Third Prince had not fought with a rage that defied meaning.

Knowing that he was finished, the Third Prince chuckled, "Aahh... I should have seen it earlier... in your eyes. You never had a doubt about your eventual victory, every moment you have lived was in preparation for this day, this moment where you stand before your maker, and strike him down. I wanted to create something special, but it turned out that I underestimated my creation, I think I might have created a monster that defies any sort of meaning in the grand scheme of things."

Rowan's eyeless face regarded the Third Prince and he brought forth his hand and collected the fragment of the Lost Flame which had taken the shape of a small tongue of white flame with two inquisitive eyes peering from it.

As Rowan drew the Lost Flames to his side, the joyful flame looked upon the horrifying visage of Rowan and cringed in fear, and he closed his eyes tight but the gentle touch

of his creator made the Lost Flames open his eyes and he purred in contentment when Rowan placed him on his left shoulders.

Turning to the Third Prince, Rowan remained silent; instead, he poured another percent of his Destroyer's power into Envy and Pride, deepening the darkness of the weapon.

The head of the Third Prince panicked, "Wait... wait. You should stop doing this Romion, surely you should know that your birth came by my hand, you are killing your father."

Rowan stopped and the Third Prince's eyes opened in disbelief, he gasped, the only eye remaining in his ravaged skull looking around in panic, a million thoughts running through his mind at every moment,

Chapter 922: His Call Grows Stronger. (End of Vol.)

The desperation in the eyes of the Third Prince was visceral but also was that little hint of cunning, where might had failed, perhaps the power of words would prevail. To survive the Third Prince would have to reveal their greatest secrets and shame, but he was willing to do so.

"You are truly wise Rowan in holding back your wrath, surely you must have known the consequences of killing the last of us, Shadows. With every one of us that falls you must have felt his gaze solidifying on your skin like cancer, his undead Will crawling in your head and digging into your mind. His voice of madness is always calling... screaming. Let me live.... Let me live... How can anyone live with such torture all these endless years and not seek release?"

"I have wronged you. This I know well, yet I beg of you, no matter your hatred for me, it is not worth it Rowan, you will surely go mad just like the rest of us, allow me to leave this field alive and I shall swear an oath to your name, that I shall bear this madness for the rest of my days. I swear to be your shield against his influence until the end of time. I will not falter, I have kept his madness for a thousand Eras and I can do the same for a thousand more, of all my brothers only I have the strongest of Wills, and I give you my strength for the rest of time."

Rowan cocked his head to the side, and finally, he spoke, "I have other curses laid on me, and my path ahead will not be one of peace, why do you think one more curse would break me?"

Bending down, Rowan pushed his fingers into the brain of the Third Prince and dragged the screaming head up,

"Don't kill me Rowan, you cannot understand the burden you will be laying on your shoulders. Trust me, I am smart enough to understand that the only thing that can save me would be giving you indispensable and correct information. I wager someone like you must know how to separate truth from falsehood, and you know that I am not lying. I am not just begging for my life here Rowan, I'm making a case for yours. Killing me would only make you become me, don't do this... don't become a Shadow like me."

The endless abyss of Rowan's gaze regarded the Third Prince for a while before he answered, "There would have been a time when your pleas would have fallen on listening ears. The man of that time had a beautiful heart, untainted by pride or ambition, he would have listened to you and feared for the future... That man is dead, all I am now is a blade. Perhaps there would have been a time when I would have craved peace and quiet, but the flames of ambition have arisen in my heart. You have tasted my edge, and you shall not be the last, before my endless hunger, even Primordials would fall. Unlike you and your fellow Shadows, I do not fear the cries of the dead Third, it is only a beacon that would lead me to him, if he is wise, he would keep silent or I shall come for him."

The endless heavens above rumbled at these words and declarations. The Third Prince sputtered, the last of his arguments dying in his lips but he wanted to say more,

"You should be quiet," Rowan said, almost in a gentle manner, "You need to appreciate what is to come, of all my enemies, as hateful as you are, you are worthy of seeing my glory. Besides in this universe at least, they are all dead."

Rowan began walking to the end of the bridge, he extinguished Ascension and allowed Envy and Pride to form around his body like a cloak as an intense sense of tiredness covered his senses, Lost peered around in fascination, wanting to open his mouth to speak but after thinking about it, choose to stay silent.

"A mortal life is not an easy one," Rowan grumbled and he slowly walked, "Their pains... linger."

It was unknown if he was speaking to the Lost Flames, the Ouroboros Serpents, or the dying Third Prince. The battle had been tough and inside his battered body, he had less than eleven drops of blood left. Rowan considered this a solid victory, he had expected that he would have not a single drop of blood left after this battle, but he had underestimated the strength of his physique, in this universe when placed on equal ground, his body was matchless, even as a mortal.

He reached the spot on the bridge where Minerva had fallen. Her body had been dragged and pressed against the bridge for thousands of miles, even with the tough constitution of a Demon King, as she had been reduced to a mortal, Minerva was on her last breath if Rowan had not come across her at this point then it was most likely that in the few moments, she would be dead.

Rowan looked at her in disinterest and he walked past. This demon was among those that tortured him for a million years and she was paid substantially for her efforts in desecrating his flesh and spirit. The page of that she held all these years had granted her enough benefits, but the truth was that even if she did not die in the hands of Rowan she would have been killed by the Reflections.

He should hate her, but Rowan was simply tired, his eternal anger and drive required a body that was beyond a mortal, and for all their tenacity, a mortal would inevitably reach their limit.

"Hail... the conqueror..." her broken voice whispered from what was left of her body, "I have a bargain..."

Three Ouroboros Serpents suddenly turned around in irritation and they descended on her body. She did not scream for long. If she had been quiet, she might have lived for a few moments more, Rowan saw no need for killing someone already on a path towards death, but his Serpents were more irritable, there was no bargain that Minerva could give him that was worth it unless it was on the level of a Singularity and Rowan doubted that even Primordials would be able to easily grant such a wish.

The Third Prince had gone through all five stages of grief and had finally reached a state of acceptance, Minerva was more slow, still choosing to negotiate. Pity.

With Rowan's speed of movement, it took a while for him to cross the creaking bridge that was at the edge of destruction and he reached the other side and looked at the universe below.

His Ouroboros Serpents pulled away from his body and hovered around him, their quiet hissing was a poor indicator of the hunger inside of them,

"It is so beautiful... the universe, when you can see the entirety of her. The subtle lines of order and chaos woven around her entire body can only be appreciated by a Creator who knows what it takes to nurture the breath of life. Somewhere inside me, I know that I should appreciate such a sight more. Yet at this time, all I see is food. It is time to leave my mortality behind. Look at the universe for one last time, Third, see its beauty and understand for the last time what is forever denied to us."

The Third Prince was quiet, he watched the universe for what seemed like forever, Rowan stayed by his side and when the six Ouroboros Serpents encircled his head and began to feast, the last thing he said was, "With every Era that passes, his call grows stronger."

Rowan had kept the promise he made to the Third Prince, he had stood on this bridge for five years until the moment he had promised he would kill him, and then he let the Ouroboros Serpent devour the meal they had waited so long for.

"Anything for you, my beloved Nemesis."

Chapter 923: The Sirens Of Thenos

On an endless field of frozen bones, seven travelers trod through it, their bodies were fully covered with a cloak woven out of the hair of the only indigenous species of this area— The Frost Giant, for it was only their fur that could protect against the chill of this place that attacked you not from the outside, but from inside. Although this land appeared to be frozen, this was not really the case for if you wanted to, you could choose to walk bare-chested and the frozen air would not affect a single hair on your body, that is, unless you heard the songs.

Only a fool would walk through this land without the skin of a Frost Giant, but this creature could only be found inside the frozen waste and if its skin was carried outside of this place, it would rapidly decay, so there was no means to store this skin for new travelers that would be walking this road.

At the beginning of the journey that was when most of the people attempting this journey perished. It was a horrifying sight to see millions, perhaps billions of diverse creatures of all shapes and sizes, rush into this land of frost and fall to pieces, frozen from inside out as they hunt for the elusive Frost Giants in order to wear their skin.

In the strange heavens above was the cause of these deaths, six heads the size of multiple universes. All of the heads were of beautiful women whose faces were twisted in a rictus of pain, and now and then, in a manner that was impossible to predict, one of the women would scream.

It was a piercing and haunting cry that would bring death to those who heard it. Although what was peculiar about the cries was that hearing it was no assurance of death, there were multiple accounts of people surviving the cries for years and unexpectedly falling to its cold embrace, others did not survive the first wails.

Stories about the origin of these six heads had prevailed for years beyond counting, and their origins were unknown, although every traveler had come to call the heads, The Cold Sisters, or the Sirens of Thenos. Thenos was the name of a Supreme Titan, who was said to have fallen in love with the sisters, and endured their cries for many Eras; he had hoped that if he showed his devotion to them, they would give him their hand in union.

Yet even a Supreme Titan fell, and it was said that the land beneath the feet of every traveler was the bones of Thenos, for even in death, he still waited for their hand.

For the untold number of creatures that ventured past this land every year, it was not a matter of choice but of necessity. Unless one was connected to a Supreme power, this

land was the only road that led out of the Great Darkness. This road was connected to every Supreme Power in existence, and anyone who could brave and survive its dangers was given an automatic admission to the Supreme World of their choosing. There were greater places and dimensions beyond the Great Darkness, but to reach it, one must cross this land. It was the reason why an endless number of creatures threw their lives into crossing this path. "Is it just me, or are the blasted sirens singing more frequently?"

A gravelly voice from one of the figures trudging their way through this frozen waste resounded in the silence, it was a man's, the voice was strong and carried for miles, yet it was still possible to detect the undertone of tiredness in it, after all, these people have been walking on this road for a hundred thousand years, and whether by luck, coincidence or the fact that most of them believed they were nearing the end of their journey, these travelers had met each other sixty years ago, but at that time there were not seven of them, but a hundred and fifteen.

Another figure manifested a map made from the hide of a Frost Giant, the only material that could last under the cries of the Sirens of Thenos, and traced their fingers through it,

"I believe we are near the end of this particular section of the wilderness, at least the map says so, although it was the most expensive map I could buy at the mouth of the frozen waste that leads to the Land of Miracle, the damn thing is still a billion years out of date and in this place... well, we are lucky we can have something that can give us hope. Those damned Walker Guilds have made a fortune out of travelers, you would expect they would try to update their maps more frequently."

"Why should they bother, they make more than enough from our sorry asses." Another grumbled, but they moved a bit faster as the hope of reaching their destination neared.

A mousy voice whispered, their voice was heard by the only two other travelers who stayed beside them, "I don't need hope, I just want this trial to end,"

These three had been journeying together from the start and met the group a while ago and stuck with them, although they still held themselves distinct from the rest "It will my dear, you know that I would never let anything bad happen to you, to either of you. We are nearly at the end."

The former was a feminine voice, she was smaller and holding the hands of a much larger figure, it was the latter that replied and her voice was also female, of the seven of them here, she was the most powerful, she had to be in order to protect her two young charges, but even a God Emperor had limits and she feared that she would soon reach hers.

Nudging the other silent figure that also held her hand, the God Emperor whispered, "After this long stretch that is almost at an end, you both would be free from the hands

of Fate and pursue your destiny outside the bounds of the kingdom. When you return, it will be as heroes and kings. This I promise you, my beloved."

The silent one nodded, "Empress."

"Do not call me by that title any longer, until we return, you shall simply call me mother."

The seven travelers remained silent for a while as they focused their gaze on the ground below, the sight of the frozen bodies and bones had become something they had become used to after all this while, bones had simply become dirt. It was better than looking at the heavens at the heads of the Siren whose cries could end your existence at a moment's notice.

"Is it true what they say about it," the silence was broken by one of the cloaked figures, "that in that Land of Miracle, any dream and goals you seek can be given."

"That and more," it was the Empress who replied, "your luck can even be transformed and like a fish turning to a dragon, your path shall be one that would rise to the heavens, every struggle you face shall simply be a stepping stone for you to reach your goals."

"I still think it's bollocks, I'm just here for the chance to be able to reach a higher level without the Tribulation from my universe tearing out my soul."

The Empress sighed, "There is nothing fake about the Eldar, and in your heart, you know that to be true. The boon they give is indeed mighty, but the price to be paid is not for the faint of heart. I should know this to be true because I've seen it."

Chapter 924: Man And Grass

Chapter 924 Man And Grass

The words of the Empress froze the rest in their strides. As the strongest among the group and the one most responsible for their collective survival, she had easily hunted enough Frost Giants for their continual survival, for the skin of these Frost Giants was like ice and it did not last for long before melting, without a powerful presence among the travelers to locate and dispatch these giants, they would all be dead, her words naturally carried weight among everyone here.

"Mother, you have never told us that story about the secrets of the Eldar."

"I have never done so, because you also know a part of that story, and perhaps it is time for me to complete the gaps in your knowledge. Do you know of the disaster that has led us to flee our kingdom child?"

"Of course mother, it was Nethis the Butcher. He... butchered a million worlds before breaking into the Home World and placed it to the sword."

The Empress slowly nodded, "What you don't know is that he was a slave. A damned slave, born without the hope of ever advancing in his path to immortality, before he came across a long-lost Artifact of an Eldar, and from that moment he became a dragon that grew wings, he was careless in the early days of his advancement and let slip the reason he was able to gain power so quickly,"

Her increasingly quick breathing could be heard over the sound of her words, "So much power that he broke our empire in just a short million years, and the only price he had to pay for such powers was an unquenchable appetite. A relatively minor price to pay for such a boon. Imagine if a lost Artifact of the Eldar can cause such a change, how much more would we gain if..."

"What is that?!" one of the travelers gasped and pointed at a mountain a thousand miles away. It was unknown the true power levels of everyone here since most of them kept their true abilities under wraps but everyone here could easily see an ant crawling in the grass ten thousand miles away. They were all Immortals, only this level of power could take you across the frozen waste.

"Is that... a man? How could he survive without any sort of protection?"

"Surely it must be a mirage, a phantasm born from the Siren's cries."

"That is no phantasm, we should run, whoever can survive this place without protection must at least be an Outerdimensional entity with power over higher dimensions," the Empress whispered in shock, "with my Will, I don't think I can survive without any sort of protection for a few seconds, how long has he been standing there?"

"The Creator watches over the frozen waste for a thousand years, I know not what he seeks. He no longer listens to his council. He watches only." A deep voice sounded within their midst making the seven figures turn around in shock and fear, but they could not see anyone around them, their fear heightened when they looked across to the mountain and the man standing there was gone as if he had been nothing but a shared dream.

"We should hurry, this place is not one we should linger for long." one of the frozen figures panicked and began to run. There was a power in this place that could break the minds of Immortal, this traveler had been broken.

"He is right, let us move ahead, but don't run like the fool ahead, he would lose his strength before long and be consumed by the Siren."

Keeping a watchful eye on the surroundings they began to move ahead with as much speed as they could manage, and according to the Empress's prediction, they soon

found the frozen body of their companion ahead. He was frozen in mid-run, his position meant that death had arrived quickly.

The most likely reason for this was that in his panic a gap must have appeared in the skin covering his body, and the voice of the Siren had then reached him.

"Strip him, and let us hurry, this spot should be a hot zone for Sirens. They call louder towards the end."

Like a pack of hyenas descending on helpless prey, the seven travelers all descended on the frozen corpse of the dead and began stripping him of the skin of the Frost Giant, before long he was naked, but for his Spatial Ring and Amulets, but none of them tried to touch those treasures.

There was something in the chill of this place that sought to keep any treasure that was in possession of the dead, if a treasure was removed from the body of the dead, the chill would pass on to the person who collected the treasure, many among their numbers had perished due to greed after retrieving the treasures from the dead.

This road was among the greatest treasure zones in all of existence, yet no one knew how to harvest its bounty.

The face of the frozen man was not warped in fear, only a weird look of expectation, it would seem he had no idea he died. His death had been that swift.

As the six travelers began to stitch the skin of the Frost Giants to their cloaks, they watched as the skin and muscles of the dead man shattered into frozen dust leaving bones behind that collapsed on the road, becoming one of many.

A decade later the travelers reached the edge of the frozen waste, and their journey ended, but there were only two of them left, the Empress and the quiet child, whose twin sister had perished alongside the other three travelers with them over the years.

Ahead was a massive tree the size of a star, they had reached the portal to the land of the Eldar.

"Hold your head steady child, beyond all odds we have arrived, remember the suffering we went through to reach this place, and let it be the fuel to your ambitions. We shall return conquerors."

The boy nodded, following his Empress Mother out of the frozen waste, this journey had been one of an intense physical, mental, and spiritual ordeal, and he would rather die than subject himself to the strain of such a trial again in his life, he would keep this pain close to his heart and when the time came, he would return it a thousand fold to the slave who destroyed his world.

His heart lightened as he took the next steps to the future, yet in the back of his mind, in a place that he feared to touch was the image of that man on the top of the mountain and the voice that called him Creator.

Among the endless mysteries of creation, this was one he was not willing to touch.

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The seven travelers who passed him a decade ago were one of many that he had seen over this thousand years of watch. Rowan did not care for them, like most of everything in reality, they were fleeting. Most of them did not make the crossing, this land of death bore a great toll, although it was a fantastic location to farm Soul Energy.

Over the last thousand years, Rowan's coffers of Soul had swelled to ridiculous heights, and yet he still gathered more.

His companion for the last thousand years was a small silver grass. The only vegetation in this place of frozen death that spans the length of a thousand universes.

This plant was doomed. It should have died long ago, but it was a miracle, a confluence of so many impossibilities that would never occur again.

After it appeared this small grass should have lived for the barest of moments before vanishing. No one in creation would have known it had ever existed, for its life would be shorter than a flicker of a star's light.

Rowan by chance was there when it was born, and he sat and took care of it. He watered the ground, cleaned the frost from its blue leaves and when the cold seemed to want to overtake the last fragile life it contained, he hummed gently to the leaves.

Although there was no magic in his voice, he had forbidden himself from using his powers over this fragile miracle, the grass drew something for it and stubbornly fought for its life. Both of them had been here for a thousand years, man and grass.

Chapter 925: Super Consciousness

Chapter 925 Super Consciousness

After a thousand years of relative solitude, Rowan felt that his time in this land was coming to an end. This would be the single most time he had spent in a single location, and he came to find out that he ended up appreciating his time alone.

Of course, with the nature of his powers Rowan could never truly be alone, his plentiful consciousness pillars meant he could be focused on a million other tasks at the same

time, but he had discovered a method over the long years of silence to create a master consciousness.

Every being had a single soul, and after collecting the souls of so many mortals and immortals, he discovered that their greatest challenge when climbing up the paths of power was their ability to multitask.

Greater spells, abilities, and techniques required a powerful soul that could hold multiple components at the same time and manipulate them effectively in order to work, and the techniques or abilities that could boost the power of the consciousness were one of the most sought-after techniques in creation, as wars were fought over a single technique that could boost consciousness power.

His problems were different, he had more than enough consciousness power, far greater than anyone he had come across, although this was advantageous to him, enabling Rowan to perform impossible feats and wield abilities like Ascension among others that would stagger the mind of anyone who found out, Rowan had begun to find out that he was losing himself.

This was not a dissolution of his Id, ego, or superego, rather it was an increasing sense of apathy to all of existence. If Rowan wanted, he could choose to sleep for a trillion years or watch the dance of the stars for as many eternities as he craved, he would never feel any sense of boredom, he would simply exist.

His powers would never stop increasing, but it would be relatively slow, and perhaps after countless Eras, he would naturally find himself ascending to a higher dimension as his present state would reach complete sublimation.

He would naturally ascend from the Third Dimensional State to the Fourth Dimensional State. Rinse and repeat five more times and he would basically become a Primordial, of course, such a path would take so much time, it was almost inconceivable to think about it.

Rowan estimated that perhaps to become a Primordial, using his current status as a Dimension would take at least ten trillion Eras!

He did not know how old creation was, but he knew that ten trillion Eras was not a small length of time in any capacity and should possibly match or even exceed the amount of time that reality had been in place, Rowan also wondered if chose this path if reality would even be present after such a long span of time after all an Era was a billion trillion years.

There was something incredibly attractive about this idea, to sleep the sleep of a Primordial and wake up in a future where he was now omnipotent. Rowan could currently understand the reasons why creatures like Primordials would seemingly forsake all of reality as they sleep away the Eras. Existence was simply... mundane.

Why should they care about the affairs of ants, whether mortal or immortal?

The Primordial would be ever powerful, it was their nature and birthright, with nothing to challenge their rule.

They could also not grow any stronger, and so the desire to manipulate the small affairs was meaningless.

It took a merger of Rowan and that led to the end of all reality before the Primordials could be roused, and now Rowan understood that concept and a part of him feared that state.

Unlike a normal immortal, Rowan had more traits of a Primordial, just a single Title of his would elevate any Immortals to the heavens, and he had several of those, and he could acquire more in the future.

So it was naturally easy for him to become exactly like a Primordial and lose himself to time, but unlike a Primordial, he was far too weak to be this laid-back.

He might hide himself for a while, but he would be found out in time, it would take too long for him to be omnipotent and he had enemies. Rowan might have defeated the present threat but along the way, he had come into the sights of others, and after the ending of the universe, he was now free game.

To solve this problem of his increasing apathy for existence, Rowan chooses to create a Super consciousness. This consciousness was an amalgamation of fifty percent of each of his consciousness pillars, and it finally granted him a singular consciousness that could oversee his entire smaller consciousness pillars.

This reduced the power of his consciousness pillars, making them extremely efficient administrators, but it stopped his descent into apathy, and if he wanted, he could easily reverse the process and gain control of his entire consciousness power. Although Rowan expected that as he grew stronger, he would go back to the state of unlocking his entire consciousness power to handle greater tasks.

This became the reason Rowan could seemingly enjoy a thousand years of isolation and introspection. In his subconscious, he could feel the activities of his children, but it was no longer foremost in his thoughts. He was no longer in a billion places at the same time, and he could focus more on the present because the challenges he was going to be facing in the future would be a thousand times more severe than the affairs with the Reflections.

This frozen waste was the perfect place for him to spend this time, for it protected him from his enemies at least until he left it. If Rowan remained inside the Great Darkness, he could hide for a while, but its connection with every single supreme power in existence meant he would sooner be located.

No one would choose to stay for long in the frozen waste, it was devoid of Aether or any form of essence, and the cries from the Siren would soon erode the defenses of most Immortals. This was the perfect place for Rowan to gather himself, but it was also not the safest, he could only remain here for so long before his presence would be found.

Rowan sighed and rested on his back as he gazed at the heavens. He had not sat here with the blue grass for a thousand years without a good reason, although he would like to think that it reminded him of Eva whose roots were also that of a Bluegrass before she gained Sapience, the real reason was the fact that the birth of this grass was linked to his third bloodline. His thousand-year boon.

Tree of Desire: Controls the flow of luck. Once every year collect lost treasures and dreams, once every Century collect lost wishes and Destinies once every Millenia grants a wish. Once every Era grants an Impossible wish.

When Rowan came across this blue grass a few moments after he entered this frozen waste, he saw that with all his powers he would be unable to stop this grass from fading away in the blink of an eye, and that was in his perception which would make a single second seem as long as a month or even a decade if he applied more of his consciousness power.

A mortal and even a god might not have seen this event occurring, it would have gone by so quickly, for all intent and purposes, it would seem as if it had never occurred.

Chapter 926: The Thousand Year Wish

Chapter 926 The Thousand Year Wish

Rowan's great luck had brought him to the side of this grass and it would seem that he would have to watch the grass fade.

At that time Rowan had almost walked past it, this grass was nothing among the billion other tasks he was pursuing at the same time, but something about the fragility of this grass and how lucky he was to be here at just the right time to find it was the trigger that shook him from his apathy.

It was at this moment that Rowan decided that he would have to change. When he was inside the universe, a mind that could cover a billion places at once was needed, but outside the universe, he would have to focus, no longer at the top of the food chain, he would have to be careful, his Hive Mind gave him a sense of power that was just not the case when he came out of the universe.

He needed to save this grass.

His consciousness went through a million options that might have had the chance of saving it, but all would require more time than the fragile lifespan of the grass was willing to give him. He had barely lived past forty years at that time and his Thousand Year Wish was still centuries in the future and was not even among his considerations, but then he felt a brand new connection with the bluegrass.

Something about its nature was synchronized with his bloodline and for the first time since he came into contact with this mysterious bloodline, it reached across to his consciousness and he heard its voice like the whisper of the breeze through the leaves of a tree. It spoke of desire and the wish to save a life that should have never existed. This was extremely important to the Tree of Desire because events like this were the only way to evolve this bloodline, even with all of Rowan's power, he could not manufacture moments like this, and anyone he came across was special.

The desire for this miracle pushed his bloodline to alter a portion of its ability to suit this event.

Rowan's thousand wishes could now be used in advance, but as a price, the power of the wish would be cut in half, and he would never be able to leave the spot he made the wish from until the duration of the thousand years had passed. This change alone transformed the utility of this ability, as he could now technically use this ability anytime he wanted, and the only price was a reduction in power and loss of mobility.

It took a moment for him to think about his choices. A thousand years for him was no longer such an extended period of time, barely a blink in his total lifespan.

He had lived a rather hectic life since the moment he had Transmigrated into Trion, battle after battle he had fought with no space to find himself, no time to look inside his being and examine all the consequences of his actions.

Sitting here for a thousand years beside a grass he was not sure would survive for that long after he had saved it with a precious wish seemed foolish, but somehow Rowan found himself drawn to this choice.

Beyond the fact that his bloodline needed this plant to evolve, for him this was a choice that was not steeped in deception or one where he sought to make a profit, he was just keeping alive a miracle that would most likely never be repeated until perhaps the end of time inside this place of death.

There was a possibility he would find other such miracles in the future, and if he wanted he could ignore this plant and move on, but Rowan decided to stay put.

Rowan had made his choice and the sight of his Thousand Year Wish being realized was one he would not quickly forget. The first time he used an active ability of this bloodline amazed him.

Behind him, a massive tree that seemed to scrape the heavens and whose roots bridged a sea of darkness and light appeared, and a glorious ray of light that was more like an expression of an unknown dream or a figment of a god's imagination that had been forgotten swept past him emerging from its uncountable leaves, and Rowan had shuddered. He had never felt anything like this before. Luckily he had covered the entire region for millions of miles with a Ward to block out sight or sound, or the Tree of Desire would have been seen throughout the frozen waste.

This light... This expression of a forgotten memory had entered the wilting bluegrass and it gave it new life. Making an impossibility to become possible.

The memory of that day played through his memory and Rowan smiled, it had been a while since he was able to reflect like this on a memory, his previous Hive Mind made such a thing impossible.

Looking at the heavens, Rowan saw the mouths of the sisters moving, he called them sisters because they looked alike but did not have exact features, this was always the case for family. Where were their bodies, he idly wondered.

Although others may hear screams from the sisters, what Rowan heard was a message. It was jumbled of course at best and indecipherable at worst.

His gifts of tongues helped him to understand the language spoken by the sisters and with his many consciousnesses he had taken the time to piece together the cries of the sisters during the last thousand years. It was a dull and thankless work because he suspected that maybe the sisters were once sane before, but after such a long time, they had truly gone mad, and judging the intent of madness was a difficult undertaking. He had listened and deciphered their words, and he did not know if what he learned was important, but it was knowledge of a time ancient, and Rowan's Will made him understand that the sisters spoke truth.

After the first century, he thought that he had understood all that the message was going to deliver, but then he noticed that after a while, the words changed and a new message was sent forward, and this new message was replayed again and again in their cries, and Rowan now used to their madness deciphered it more quickly, then it did not take long for the pattern to change and a new message was given, this time it took eighty years.

As time went by, the frequency by which this message changed increased and after a few more centuries, Rowan was receiving a new message almost every decade. Thirty years ago, the messages were complete, and the sisters began their story from the beginning.

Rowan would like to believe that the sisters having found a listening ear that could understand their cries after all these endless years took the opportunity to converse with him, although as a result of this change, the past thousand years had become one of

the most dangerous years in the entire frozen wastes as the cries of the sisters having increased caused the dangers of this road to be multiplied a dozen times over.

He was sure he was not the first to hear the message inside the cries of the sisters, but he doubted anyone would be able to decipher the meaning within due to certain unique properties that he controlled.

Rowan had chosen to create a book from the processed skin of the Frost Giant, as he found it a stimulating challenge to make something that would survive both in the frozen waste and outside of it, he partially succeeded.

He ended up making something that should exist for millions of years outside the frozen waste, and when he began to record the message of the sisters on its page, a change happened in the book. Its essence transformed. Every word he wrote of the sisters transformed the blue hide of the page into metal, and when he was done, he had a massive metal book with a thousand pages. Beside the body of Rowan was the book, and only its last page was still made from flesh. He had an intuition that if he recorded those last words, the cries of the sisters would end and they would finally be free to enter into the silence of death.

Many a night Rowan agonized about writing these final words, doing so would change the frozen waste forever. It would no longer be a land of death, but a place that would connect the many universes and all the higher dimensions. For the first time for who knew how long, the road to eternity would be open for all.

Such a decision would have far-reaching consequences for all involved.

Chapter 927: A Place To Call Home

Chapter 927 A Place To Call Home

Rowan acknowledges that his presence was a destabilizing factor in any environment, where others struggle all their lives to make a tiny splash in a pond, he had to be careful not to cause a tsunami just by dipping his toes in the ocean.

With the amount of change his actions can create it was almost funny how weak he was, relatively, but that was what came when he was comparing himself with Primordials and creatures that were incredibly ancient.

With no barrier between him and his Ascension except for the matter of ascension towards higher dimensions, Rowan was determined to complete his entire Supreme Circles in his three bloodlines.

There were nine Supreme Circles of ascension, and when an Immortal reached the peak of the Supreme Circles, the only path upwards was the path of Will i.e higher Dimensions.

Usually, an Immortal would have to reach the limits of their 9th Circle before they would begin to search for the path towards Will, a majority of immortals would never find this path, and if they were not affiliated with a Supreme World ensuring their immortal souls could be preserved for eternity, they would perish with the death of their universe.

Rowan did not follow the accepted pattern, when he was barely in the fourth Supreme Circle, he already had access to Will and was battling those who had completed their Circles and attained Will.

The quickest way for him to get powerful now was to push all his bloodlines to the peak, if he did so it would aid him in upgrading his Will, after all, an Immortal was supposed to attain Will after the 9th Circle because of special abilities they obtained after they reached that level. He had paused the ascension of his Ouroboros bloodline to the Immortal level with the advice of , because the moment he made his last bloodline Immortal, he would be granted a Class, and according to , he needed to be in an Established Space with a greater dominion over space-time, that meant he needed to be on a fourth-dimensional space or higher to be granted a suitable class. The higher the dimension he chooses to gain his class, the better it is for him.

This plan coincided with his wish to locate a higher dimension so that he could begin his path toward power with as little obstruction as possible. That left him with an enormous decision to make. Outside the Great Darkness, which was the Primordial Chaos Fourth Dimension that contained all the third-dimensional universe in existence, there were numerous Supreme Worlds, all connected with it, most of them were limited to the Fourth Dimensional level and would never ascend higher, and few Dimensions could reach a truly high level.

Yet if Rowan wanted a Class, he would prefer if he gained it at the best possible location, that means he would have to locate a dimension of a Primordial which went as far as the 9th level.

At this point he knew of only four Dimensions with this capability, the first was Chaos, although he was imprisoned, his higher dimensions still existed, ruled by the children of Chaos, but with the presence of Caine, Rowan could not enter that Dimension.

The second was the Great Abyss, and for a while, this location seemed the best option for him, he only needed to enter any level of the Abyss and ascend his Ouroboros Bloodline to the immortal level to trigger his Class, but at this point the Great Abyss should be in turmoil, three Demon Kings had perished alongside numerous Demon Princes.

The entire Abyss was in a state of war and any disturbance, no matter how minor was to be investigated, and if Rowan was following the rumors correctly, the death of three Demon Kings had reached other ears, and one of those parties was the Celestials, and there were rumors that the armies of heaven were about to move against The Pit.

This led him to his Third Option, the Celestial Dimension. Rowan was a Creator, and according to the information he had gained from his Principality, he was not the only Celestial Creator in existence as the Primordial of Light gave this power to his most able agents, although there was no one could create such powerful Angels such as Rowan in so little time.

If he wanted to begin his journey to the top, then The Heavens should be his best option, a Creator like him would be welcomed and cherished, except there was a small snag, the origins of his Angels were problematic.

If Rowan was correct in his assumptions, his Angels were technically dead, killed in a distant battle between the Great Abyss and the Shining City, their souls imprisoned in darkness for all eternity. One of the Creators of Light that died in that great battle was a being called Eve, which Rowan resurrected as his bloodline evolved from a Soul Seizer to a Soul Seizer, to Avatar of Eve, and then Sheol.

The root of his Sheol bloodline shared a foundation with the demonic when Rowan had harvested the Anima of a goddess when he was inside the Nexus which went on to influence his bloodline as he evolved it higher. It was later that he discovered that this 'goddess' Minerva was not a God of Trion but a Demon King.

If Rowan entered the Shining City, they would later realize that the roots of his Angels no matter how noble they were, were steeped in the demonic. He doubted that he would be able to convince them otherwise.

The last option was one he came across recently, The Eldar. The Primordial power who gave him the power of his Third Bloodline, the Land of Miracles.

Out of all the options above, this one strikes him as the best option, due to several factors, and the most important was that of all the other Primordial powers he knew, the Land of Miracles was famous for bringing in a diverse group of people into their fold and they did not particularly care about their previous history. It was a land that dealt mostly with the power of exchange. If you have the right resources to exchange, then you could live like an emperor among gods. Also, Elura his mother should be present there, at least according to Maeve.

Rowan did not fully trust his mother, so many mysteries still surrounded her, but he knew that he could work with her given the right conditions.

All this while as he was thinking, a frown had been slowly building up on his face, something he wished not to happen was about to and he could only sigh and accept the consequences.

"I told you I saw he was not a mirage, he is really surviving here without a skin suit. The wind may obscure his presence sometimes, but my Eye of Gold can piece every obstacle in existence and he could not hide himself from it."

Twelve figures materialized around Rowan, they had cloaked themselves and crawled towards him, Rowan had noticed them a while back, and although he had placed Wards of deterrence around this mountain, it did not stop some stubborn individual from trying to reach him. Over the years, several individuals had broken through his Wards, but what happened next was always extremely disturbing.

Chapter 928: Curse Of The Eye

Chapter 928 Curse Of The Eye

Rowan groaned and closed his eyes, he could use a stronger Ward, but those left signs behind and it would do nothing but draw more attention in the long run. He decided that anyone stubborn enough to investigate a Ward placed in a dangerous location like the Frozen Waste partially deserved what was coming to them.

Trying to settle back into his thought process, he knew there should be other Primordial factions, like the power in charge of the Exchange Space where Labyrinth coins were used, and...

"Greetings, my name is Jeren, and I am the leader of these bands of gods who are here to seek fortunes in greater lands beyond..."

"If you treasure your souls, don't speak one more word. Leave this place, and do not look back," Rowan interrupted his introduction as he cracked an eye open and looked at this Jeren, he was a mighty God Emperor covered in a heavy robe of Frost Giant skin and he was leading eleven God Kings, most likely the strongest in their universe, they were on a path towards a higher dimension.

He could easily notice the confidence in their demeanor, this was a group that chose to tread through this icy hell instead of easily submitting themselves to a higher power. Their confidence in other circumstances would be accommodated, but not here, the only result would be disaster.

"Why would you say such words, stranger," one of the God Kings spoke loudly, his irritation evident in his tone, "If you know a method to survive the frozen waste without

fear you should share it. Crossing such a land of peril, any help to your fellow traveler is something that is beyond noble."

"What Eliza means..." the God Emperor cut off the annoyed God King with a cough, "Is that we are willing to pay heavily for the method you are employing to resist the cries of the Siren. We know such a thing must be precious, but don't fear, we are willing to pay twice the price for it."

Rowan sighed, he noticed that the gaze of these gods was lingering on the large metallic book by his side. The Aura emerging from this book was extremely special and carried a unique resonance with this Frozen Waste, it was easy to see that they were connected, and these gods must have made the conclusion that this treasure was the reason he could stay inside this land with no problem.

If he refused to give them this book, Rowan could already see the intent of violence that was slowly brewing in their hearts. No one who reached such a level of power was innocent. Unlike Rowan who could substitute for almost any resources with his Soul Energy, everyone else would have to fight for limited resources, stealing and killing was an accepted method of getting what was desired. Greed was a curse to both mortals and immortals it would seem, and yet Rowan tried to warn them, perhaps if they left quickly enough, their lives might be spared,

"If something like this truly existed I would be shocked. After all this time, you would think that a technique like this would be well known, or perhaps, if it had existed for a long time and few know of it then the logical conclusion you should be making is that any idea of this particular technique is snuffed out before it can spread."

The twelve gods looked at each other, a silent message passing in between their ranks, and then the God Emperor chuckled, "I am sorry stranger, perhaps you mistake our intentions, we are willing to trade, yet you are implying that you will kill us to keep your secrets?"

"Not me," Rowan closed his eyes, "Your minds will. You should say your final words and think thoughts of happiness, perhaps it might make your passing easier... although I doubt it."

"Why are we wasting time with him? He is bluffing. Let us grab the treasure and leave. He cannot be that powerful, I cannot sense any danger from him, and if he tries anything, we can kill him."

More similar words followed but it did not take long for the screaming to start. Hellish screams that should not emerge from the mouths of any living being. Rowan ignored the cries for help, at this point they were beyond saving, even their souls had become corrupted and were unable to reach Rowan. What was killing them was truly vicious.

After a while the screaming stopped, and Rowan did not bother opening his eyes. The only thing he could hear was the harsh cries of the wind blowing across the frozen waste, but it did nothing to calm the fury inside his heart, "This should be enough sample, I can attempt to seal it again," he muttered to himself.

Beside him, he heard breathing, and the left side of his body went cold. This was a strange chill that was hard to describe because it did not affect the body or spirit, he only felt it in his consciousness, that is, no one except him could feel it. It was the last reason why he had decided to live alone for the last thousand years.

He was being haunted.

Rowan sat up and opened his left hand and a black cube appeared on it. The cube resembled a box that had been soaked inside a jar of black oil, for it dripped with a black substance that evaporated before hitting the ground.

With a gesture from him, he dispersed the black coating over the cube, and the contents of the cube were revealed.

It was the Eye of the Primordial of Time and Evil that had been shrunk. This land contained the entirety of the Reflection's endeavor and had been kept by Rowan. It was surrounded by the six souls and complete Divine Kingdoms of the Trion gods and further bounded by the three souls and four Wills of the Reflections before being encased by a nearly indestructible glass cube made from the light of his Destroyer, yet even with all his precautions, the influence of the Eye still leaked into reality.

Rowan cursed the Third Prince in his mind, if he had not killed Fourth, the Great Worm, perhaps with his soul, he might have constructed a suitable prison that would erase every influence of the eye over reality and properly seal the eye, as it was he would have to look for alternatives.

He had been working on containing the Aura of the eye that drove anyone beside him to madness, if he wanted to leave this place then he needed it to be properly sealed, or else the chaos it would bring was nearly inestimable.

Its effects on Rowan were mild in comparison to what it did against anyone else.

Apart from the sudden temperature spikes, and the occasional errant whispers that sounded like fingernails scratching on a board, Rowan felt no other effects from holding the Eye.

What it did to anyone else was simple, first, they would go mad as their mind would be subjected to a space where time becomes meaningless, and their consciousness would be shown the sight of the eye of the Primordial, without fail, all of them killed themselves, their bodies soon shattering into black smoke and absorbed by the eye.

But first, they would scream and scream, such deep animalistic screams as if the sights they saw in that eye were so incredibly horrifying that their sanity fled and only horror remained.

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Rowan knew what was happening to the victims of the eye but he did not understand the process, and he had carefully observed the Eye kill hundreds of immortals before he could begin to find the methods it used to bypass his Seals, it was with Time itself.

Chapter 929: Benefits of the Bloodline Of Time

Chapter 929 Benefits of the Bloodline Of Time

Rowan understood that although in the greater schemes of things, the Reflections were weak. Like him, they had grand roots, but the circumstances they found themselves in were incredibly poor, it would have to be, because they were the survivors of a Primordial onslaught, it was a miracle that they existed at all.

Despite all this, killing the Reflections came with consequences that he was willing to accept, the alternatives could not be considered. One of the consequences was his haunting by the Eye, and to suppress this unwanted affliction, he had to seal the Eye, at least until he became strong enough to decipher all its secrets.

Sealing the Eye of the Primordial had prevented Rowan from accessing the souls and memories of the Reflections, depriving him of the pieces to the puzzle that was his past. It was an annoying setback, but one he knew would not last for long, with the deaths of the Reflection, time was on his side, and he would unravel the mysteries that were buried in history.

There was a vast amount of information and resources hidden in their memories, but at this moment accessing them was nearly impossible without exposing the Eye of the Primordial.

Questions about the origins of the Reflections, their true purpose, the knowledge they knew of reality and the past. So much knowledge was right at his fingertips but he could not access them because he had to Seal the Eye.

For a moment he had debated his actions in sealing the Eye with such powerful souls that would aid his understanding of the past, but then he compared both treasures and realized that he would have to forego discovering the secrets of the Reflections for now in exchange for keeping such a magnificent power like the Eye of a Primordial with him, and he would prefer if the only side-effect he was experiencing was just a mild chill, an unsealed Eye may affect him in ways he could not understand even though the Eye was not truly present here with him.

The things he could learn from the Eye were incalculable and in time it may prove to be one of his most valued assets if he could control and understand it, and so, he would rather suffer the inconvenience of losing the advantage of accessing the memories of the Reflection and keep the Eye, no matter how dangerous it was to have it around him. He doubted he could easily pick up an Eye of a Primordial, dead or otherwise.

Rowan sighed and pressed his fingers against his eyes, he could feel the beginning of a phantom headache building inside his head at the thought of the heights he would have to exceed in order to contain a Primordial's eye, but something exceeded that headache, it was excitement.

Rowan did not know what other people might be thinking if they were in his shoes, and he did not care about it that much, all he knew was that the thought of dominating a

power that was considered to be supreme, even if it was only a small piece of it, was a challenge that made his blood boil.

Although he had faced harsh trials throughout his journey, there was always one constant thought at the back of his mind, and that was he was privileged to be in this position.

No matter the trials in the past or the future, he would rather be here facing it, standing against the might of a Primordial, than sitting inside a home in peace. He did not know when this transformation had occurred, but Rowan had begun to love these moments.

His life may be nothing but endless battles, but even in the darkness, there could be moments of extreme beauty, at least according to Rowan.

Perking himself up for the challenges ahead, he reviewed the knowledge he had gathered about Time, Will, and how it could be used in the sealing of this eye.

Rowan did not fully understand the true powers of the first and second dimensions, so he did not know how to use them effectively, but he knew that the Third Dimension was basically the power of Space, and the Fourth Dimension was Time, those who had the power to control fourth-dimensional abilities were known as Will Holders, as the power of time was available to them to control to a limited degree.

They could not perform crazy feats of impossibility with this power, but it ensured that even if they existed outside the influence of a Supreme World, they were eternal. The effect of time on their consciousness was virtually non-existent and to a limited extent they could reverse and freeze time in an area, but that change was not permanent.

Will Holders with the power over the Fourth Dimension could only control time in a small area and reverse or freeze time for a limited duration that depended on how deep their control over the Fourth Dimension was. This time frame can be as limited as freezing time for a few seconds to a few years, for even within the ranks of fourth-dimensional Will Holders, there were clear gaps in their abilities.

Against other Will Holders of the Fourth Dimension, the time freeze or reversal power had no effect on them as their Will could personally counter any such intrusion against them, but that was different against a fifth dimensional Will Holder who could control Space-Time.

Rowan had a peculiar relationship with the power of Time, his heritage meant he had a unique perspective on time that others could not match. A relationship that was so powerful that he had previously performed miracles and he has no idea the entire ramifications behind his actions.

It could be said that perhaps one of the reasons he could easily attain the power of Will was his relationship with time, and his other actions, like the creation of his massive Dawn, Dusk, and Twilight Spell was a result of this factor.

The first time Rowan wielded the power of Will inside the Underverse against Archmages, he did something quite unexpected with that power using his instincts alone, and although it was because of the peculiar situation that he found itself that made such a thing possible, nevertheless it was quite special.

He had possessed the body of one of his Berserker Clones and with it, he had been able to assess both the possible past and the future of that clone and wielded the abilities that were linked to that clone in all its possible past and future with no issues.

Rowan was not able to employ this power again because the Berserker Clone was born from his fleshy body, and without a body of flesh, his consciousness could not power this ability, making Rowan's unique ability to reach far beyond time no longer available to him.

It was when the newly awakened Principality informed Rowan that the power he had wielded at that period was impossible for those who wielded a Fourth Dimensional Will, or even the fifth, and only a sixth dimensional Will Holder was capable of wielding the power of the past and the possible futures with such ease.

Chapter 930: Live

If Rowan's ability to access powers of higher dimensions was also due to his status as a dimension was unknown, but it must surely play a great part in it.

According to the Principality, the fourth dimension gave one the capability to control Time, the fifth dimension was Space-Time, and the Sixth dimension was Space-Time and MInd-Memory.

This was the highest knowledge known to the Principality, for the Wills of higher dimension was a secret known to extremely few individuals in all of creation. Rowan considered how lucky he was to come across the fragment of the Mountain and Sea Realm, and wondered what sort of war was responsible for shattering a world that was controlled by a seventh-dimensional Will Holder.

All the Reflections that Rowan fought a thousand years ago had Wills at the fourth dimension, this was expected because, the Reflections for an extremely long time were entities without Souls, and the development of a Soul made them automatically rise to the heights of Will Holders, which was a testament to the strength of their foundation.

Their new souls were also responsible for the dissolution among their ranks and the rise of ambition in the heart of the Third Prince, but everything that had an advantage also had disadvantages. The Reflections had gained great power and the potential to ascend to higher dimensions, but they had also been given the poison in the heart of all sapient beings—The quest for power.

Rowan was lucky he fought the Reflections at a point in time where there was division in their ranks and they had not begun striving to attain higher dimensions.

The greater portion of their lives were one where they did not have a soul and therefore they did not have the time to develop themselves to a higher level. Rowan suspected that even if they wanted to, they were not able to do so, because of the presence of this Eye and the influence it had on them, but to know the entire story, he truly needed to scour their souls.

Rowan had only been with the Eye for a thousand years and as a side effect, he already isolated himself from all his children.

As much as he would like to think that the decision to create a Super consciousness was because he wanted to avoid the pitfall of apathy that was slowly creeping into him, he also knew that this Eye might have been a subtle contributor to his decision as he wanted to have a powerful mind to fight against any yet unknown influence of this Eye.

However, what he did not like to think about was the fact that he did not even have a choice when it came to keeping the Eye with him.

After the war ended and all the Reflections were killed, the Eye had become attached to him, not in the sense that it followed him everywhere physically but something more uncanny, because up till this moment Rowan had not yet discovered the location of this eye.

It was not on Trion, or anywhere inside the universe, with the death of the Third Prince, a sort of gateway had attached itself to Rowan, this gateway led to the Eye, and technically what Rowan was attempting to seal was this gateway, not the Eye itself.

With all this in mind, the last part of what he needed to complete the seal was inferred and Rowan immediately went to work. Creating a Berserker Clone was a simple process, and because what he intended to do would be considered quite cruel, he deliberately stunted the mind of the Clone, leaving nothing behind but a powerful killing machine with no intellect of its own. Driving his Will into the Clone to reach its destiny, Rowan frowned when he discovered that the past and future of this clone were empty. Without a mind of its own, it could not form any decisions and was left a blank slate. It would simply remain this way until the energy of its constitution ran out.

Rowan sighed, he feared something like this could happen but he just had to make sure, nevertheless, he needed to seal this gate to the Eye, and so the next Berserker

clone he created he made them complete. With his control over Intent reaching a staggering level, he simply breathed out, and the air from his lungs that was filled with his Aura created a Berserker Clone. He did not create any clone from his blood, that would be overkill, his present bloodline was quite terrifying.

He watched the Berserker Clone sit in a daze for a moment before his eyes came alight with life. It was a fascinating sight.

At his birth, the Berserker Clone appeared to be a perfect copy of Rowan, and when he came to, he bowed towards his creator, his forehead touching the ground. The body of the clone shook, and Rowan's eyes held a complex look when he discovered that the clone was crying.

He did not need to ask the reason for this change, it was not every day that one would see their creator.

Rowan's eyes that held a bit of regret formed and he ordered the Clone to his feet, and standing the Clone created an armor of blood to cover his nakedness, a burst of Will delivered Rowan's instruction in the mind of this Clone, 'Live.'

He gestured and the body of the clone began to shrink as it was drawn towards Rowan, a few feet away, the Berserker clone was already smaller than a grain of sand and he continued to shrink until he was almost impossible to be detected by any visible means.

In the perception of the Berserker Clone, Rowan's body had begun to dramatically expand until it became bigger than a planet, bigger than a star, greater than a galaxy, his size seeming unending until he could hold a hundred galaxies on one of his fingernails.

The Berserker Clone fell into this vastness, and he felt the reality around him shift countless times and then a new universe was opened to him, one that was vast with no limits, he looked around at the countless worlds and stars and detected a world that seemed to be filled with battle, the Berserker Clone launched himself towards it, moving at speeds many times faster than light.

He was free to find any purpose in life, but his roots were of a Berserker, and the call of battle drew him as surely as a firefly to flames.

Rowan did not watch this Berserker Clone find its purpose, instead, he continued creating more, he had plans to create more Berserker Clones in the future when he had learned of the unique possibility he could accomplish with them, but since they might be a solution to this seal, he had to accelerate the timeline for their production.

A few hours later, he had created ten thousand Berserker Clones, aware that he would be subjecting most of them to a hellish fate in the future, he did not rush in their creation, making them as perfect as he could manage, perhaps it was this action or the

increased amount of his Sheol bloodline at the immortal level, but all the ten thousand Berserker Clones were born with a soul.

All of them were subtly different, and although a majority of them chose a life of battle, few went on different paths, some chose to become farmers, bakers, adventurers, soldiers, and various random professions, one even became a healer.

Ten years went by but a hundred years had already passed inside his dimension. Rowan looked inside himself and began drawing out the Clone, he selected randomly, but the Clone that emerged was the healer.

Rowan sighed.

Chapter 931: Laughter and Resolve

The time dilation inside his Dimension had changed after he used a new method in creating his body, instead of shattering his previous Dimensions for a higher one, he decided to weave it.

From the materials of his single dimension, he created a two-dimensional universe, his dimension was the material and his Will was the loom, and he also built on that foundation, folding his two-dimensional universe into a three-dimensional one.

Like a pyramid, he had managed to rebuild himself from the bottom up, at the base was the one dimension, in the middle was the second dimension, and on top of it was the third dimension.

Among the many changes that occurred due to this change even after a thousand years that Rowan was still researching and discovering, one of the more mysterious changes was that on each dimension, the time dilation was different.

The first dimension had a time dilation of 1:30, that is for every single year that passed outside reality, thirty years went by inside this dimension, the second was 1:20, and the third was 1:10. He might have sat here for a thousand years, but in his third-dimensional space, ten thousand years had gone by, and in his first-dimensional space, thirty thousand years.

Rowan suspected that the ratio of time differential was related to the number of dimensions he had, so it was possible that when he achieved a fourth dimension, then the time differential in his first dimension would increase to a ratio of 1:40, his second dimension 1:30, his third dimension 1:20, and the fourth dimension now being 1:10.

If this trend continued then in time, a single year outside reality would yield nearly ninety years inside his first dimension, giving him an unmatched advantage over everyone

else, as he could develop his abilities and forces countless times faster than anyone else.

With the Primordial of Time dead, he was unaware of how time dilation worked for other powers, but he would bet that no one had this insane capability that he had. One of Rowan's main focuses was trying to figure out how time was being accelerated in his dimension because accelerating time was not something even a 6th-dimensional Will Holder was capable of. He wondered if this was a power that those on higher dimensions were capable of, or if it was unique to him due to his roots.

However, it was a shame that his second and third dimensions were difficult to access for his children due to the increased pressure inside the dimensions.

A diamond would be crushed to dust inside his second dimension, and this pressure only increased in the first dimension, except for the elite among his children, most of them could manage to live in the second dimension for an extremely short amount of time.

The benefits of the time spent inside his lower dimensions were unmatched as the richness of Aether and essence in his lower dimension was ridiculous and for those that managed to stay a bit in his lower dimension, they swore that their comprehension rate multiplied.

Those who managed to stay inside longer found out that difficult techniques or spells that were hard to comprehend became easier, and although except for Eva who now mostly lived in the first-dimensional space, none of his children was able to last more than a few months in the second dimension.

Rowan felt no different while inside his lower dimension, even the first, his comprehension talent was unmatched and it would take something much greater than this to affect him, but he was expectant of the changes that would occur in his lower dimensions when he increased the number of dimensions he controlled.

The Berserker Clone he summoned appeared drastically different after living a century inside his third-dimensional space, not wearing armor or resembling Rowan any longer, now he took the shape of a bald middle-aged man, with fine wrinkles at the side of his eyes and prominent laugh lines around his nose and mouth, and it appeared that he had a rather high affectation for the sweets and the fine things in life because his waist size had doubled.

Holding a spoon that he had just brought down from his mouth with a bit of grease staining his lips, it would seem that the Berserker Clone had been interrupted from his dinner.

The Berserker Clone paused, looked at Rowan, and slowly continued chewing what was inside his mouth.

Rowan was a bit stunned when he saw the Clone, he made sure his presence did not check up on these clones because he did not want to interfere with their developmental process when his mere attention was capable of twisting reality inside his dimension.

Indeed over the years, of the ten thousand clones he created, 2,347 clones had already perished due to various factors, but chief among them was the propensity for the clones to throw themselves into danger and their unreasonable fearlessness in the face of peril. Rowan was fascinated, 'What could have caused such a vast change to occur in the mindset of this clone? Unlike his fellows, he was different.'

"Creator, um... sir, can you bring my food with me... you see, I spent a lot of time preparing the perfect seven-decade dry-aged steak and I have almost perfected my formula for the most delectable Roasted Garlic Parmesan Baby Potatoes. ..."

'Oh, here is the fearlessness, he is not so different after all, he just chooses to battle in another manner.' Rowan had a small smile on his lips as he brought the dinner of the Clone to him and was silent as he watched the Berserker Clone eat.

The Clone was passionate about cooking, and the next several hours were spent with him telling Rowan about his various recipes and the highlights of his life. Beneath the brash exterior and loud voices was a child that wanted to be acknowledged by his father, and Rowan listened to him talk, for many more hours.

At his request, Rowan created all the ingredients exactly the way he wanted, even those that did not exist, but had been fantasized over by the clone. With his power over the basic structures of life, Rowan easily made everything the clone wanted.

As the Berserker was busy preparing the meals of his dreams, Rowan watched him with his hand cupped around his chin, "What is your name child?"

The Berserker Clone paused and for the first time a blush broke out underneath his cheeks, he had been so excited meeting his creator, he forgot to introduce himself properly.

Rowan's prismatic eyes twinkled as he watched the clone stumble over his words, and he could not help himself he laughed.

The clone paused in awe, watching his creator laugh, and he coughed and looked away, trying to hide the tears that wanted to escape his eyes.

What the Berserker Clone could not see was that there were seven thousand similar mountains that were arrayed side by side, and on those mountains was Rowan with different Berserker Clones as he listened to the life tales of all of them. At first, Rowan had smiled and nodded at their words, and soon he began asking questions, sharing personal jokes, and asking for a demonstration of their favored abilities, and before

long, the seven thousand mountains were filled with an Aura of life and happiness, that soon began to die down as all the Berserker Clones slowly fell asleep.

Rowan was silent for a long while, and then he projected his Will into their bodies.

Chapter 932: Web Of Destiny

His Will gingerly touched the Berserker Clone as Rowan searched for that ephemeral connection that he had once felt. He descended past their flesh, spirit, and soul, searching for something more mysterious, something so deep inside them that most would never be aware of its existence.

At first, there was only darkness, and then his perception lit up as he saw the glowing tendrils of the past and the future of the Berserker Clone. It was like a glowing road in the darkness and his Will proceeded below until he merged with it, and then he understood.

For every Berserker clone here, multiple possible variations of their futures were revealed to him, some of the Clones had few branching paths in the future, and a couple of them had only a single branching path. This meant that throughout their lives, they stuck to a single path and they never changed, a warrior remained the same until he died, a baker never left his bakery, while some of them had dozens of branching future paths leading to a myriad of futures.

A warrior in a potential future became an artiste whose works were seen as the pinnacle of Abstract art. Another became a dreaded cultist that raped and pillaged across a thousand worlds before he was executed by Angels, and so many other divergent paths in the future.

He could only see snapshots of their lives, but when combined, it was a vast number of experiences that were fascinating to sturdy.

It was amazing to Rowan that when he first used this technique he had not realized how utterly broken this ability was.

To be fair, at that time he was barely awake, all his actions were mostly due to instincts and if he had his full faculties, he would have never used such a power because he would be unaware that such a thing was even possible.

This present batch of Berserker Clones had more potential than the previous ones he had created and the weakest of them in their greatest possible futures were no weaker than God-Kings, and one of them amazingly reached the state of becoming a Will Holder, but the situation that led to that future was so drastic that Rowan almost blanched in shock.

This Berserker Clone had been able to reach the level of a Will Holder because, in that future timeline, Rowan had perished. This dragged his attention from what he wanted to create for a moment as he thought to investigate this future timeline closely, in his heart there was a rising expectation that perhaps he might have found an unexpected method to search the future.

However he discovered that this technique did not work in the manner he was expecting, outside knowing the future selves of the clones, it was impossible to see their surroundings or even question them, the decisions that were made to reach that point could be inferred, but the state of their environment at that possible future was unknown.

It was like he was a blind man touching only a part of an elephant, his senses were unable to pierce through the fog outside the known state of the Clones.

The only thing he could comprehend was a rather vague sense of the Aura surrounding the clones, and that was how he was able to detect that in this future he had truly died.

Perhaps knowing more of the future surrounding the clones was a power he might unlock as he grew stronger, and that thought made him wonder, if there were ways to see the future then surely the Primordial of Time itself must have had this power, if that was the case, how was it possible that he could have ever being blindsided and fell to the hands of death?

This was only small speculation in his mind before Rowan recalled that all Primordial also had a firm grasp over time, and with their varied abilities, even if the Primordial of Time was aware of the future, he would not be able to change it when every Primordial in existence was gunning for his head, it was like a mortal with the power of foresight who was living on an airplane that was about to crash, no matter if he knew the future, there was no way he would be able to change it.

It was similar to the first vision that had shown him of their merger when he was attacked by the Primordials, even though he knew the future there was no way to change it because the Primordials were truly invincible, the only way to change that future was to not embark on that path and something told Rowan that a being like a Primordial would never change their mind when they placed it on something, it was like telling a mortal man to grow wings and fly.

Dismissing the thought of his potential death in that timeline, Rowan began harvesting the entire future of his Berserker Clones, stripping them of their varied potential. In essence, he just rid them of their destinies. No matter who they could have become in the future, that potential was no more because such a future could no longer exist. Rowan had taken it. It did not take long for the first of the Berserker Clones to begin falling into death.

The loss of their future meant they were now without purpose, it was as if Rowan had scrapped their soul raw, ridding it of its lights and potential, leaving only husks behind.

Doing something like this did not please him at all, for he was deeply connected with these Berserker Clones, and with every hurt he inflicted upon them, he could feel it a million times more deeply because his senses were broader in scope than the clones and therefore he could feel things that they could not even conceptualize.

If pain was a song, they heard only a single note, while Rowan experienced an entire symphony, and for every Berserker Clone, that symphony was different.

Rowan... hurt.

More deeply than he had ever thought he was capable of hurting, but he did not stop his actions, and when he was done, all the Berserker Clones were dead, and on his hand was a swirling ball of destinies—Countless potentials held on the palm of his hand. Looking at the bodies of all the Berserker Clones, he sighed and waved his hand, dispersing all of them into the wind.

Over his short life in this universe, he had killed countless people, and Rowan found it poignant that by his own hand, he made himself feel a level of hurt that everyone he had ever killed could not even imagine, even if they were all combined.

If there was ever a hell that could punish someone for his wrongdoings for eternity, Rowan had just experienced it, and not just once, but thousands of times. This experience left a scar on his mind.

Shaking himself away from this melancholic mood, Rowan brought out the Cube that held the gate to the Eye of the Primordial and he began to weave a cage of destiny over it. He could not be sure, but Rowan suspected that the higher dimensions controlled the power of Destiny and other ephemeral concepts like this.

It did not take long before the web of destiny he had spread all over the cube began to steam as portions of it dissipated, Rowan nodded as he felt an unknown weight that had been pressing over his body subsided. His back straightened and for the first time since the war ended a thousand years ago, he could breathe a bit easier.

Investigating the cube more closely, he inferred that from the rate of dissipation, it would take at least a few decades before the web of destiny was destroyed, and that should give him enough time to pursue his goals without the thought of madness hanging over his head.

It was time for him to leave the Frozen Waste.

Chapter 933: Unexpected Family

Rowan stayed on the top of the mountain for the next few weeks, his eyes closed in deep meditation as he attempted to handle the damage in his psyche. Instead of attempting to suppress the pain, he was doing the opposite and taking it apart.

Suppressing the pain would be like looking away from a raging fire in one's own home and expecting it to vanish. No, if Rowan let this pain linger, it would fester and in time, he would become corrupted, his very Aura and Essence warped by this inestimable torture.

Shattering the destinies of his clones might seem incredibly harsh, but Rowan was not someone who would hold himself back from taking drastic actions if it was needed, even if it would hurt him.

He analyzed the damage in his psyche like a large painting, as he slowly observed every single shade and color that made it such a terrible malady, he engrossed himself in understanding how this hurt had manifested and engraved itself in his consciousness, and as he slowly understood it, the pain began to fade. Rowan sat there for another week before he opened his eyes.

His actions had reduced the impact of the psychic wounds by about ten percent, and if he sat there for a year or less, he might be able to eliminate the full effect of this wound, but Rowan saw no need to do such a thing, he wanted to live with this wound for a while longer.

It was inconvenient, sure, but he could learn a lot from this Painting of Pain. It was not every day he came across something that could hurt him this badly, and if it could do this to him, then he imagined it would be as effective against other higher-level opponents. If he could figure out the entire framework behind this pain, he would have another powerful weapon in his arsenal.

When he understood the pain completely, he would eliminate it, before then, he would just have to live with the pain.

Rowan stood up and was about to step off the mountain when he heard a tiny scratching sound, and he turned to look at the Bluegrass in surprise.

This bluegrass had manifested a consciousness hence gaining a soul when it was less than three years old, and so Rowan knew it had awareness, but for the last thousand years the plant had never tried to communicate with him, and Rowan was grateful for the silence.

However, it would seem the prospect of Rowan's departure had shaken this bluegrass and for the first time in a thousand years, it moved.

The tiny plant that was not more than seven inches was waving at him, bending its stalk in a manner that should be impossible for a normal plant, Rowan's gaze detected the grass releasing a faint blue mist, and it was not hard for him to decipher its meaning.

The bluegrass was attempting to communicate with him using chemicals and pheromones, the tiny burst of mist that it sprayed out contained nearly all the information about its structure, evidently, this grass trusted him and was revealing all its essence to his eyes, and also an urgent message that it blasted over and over to Rowan; it wanted to follow him out of the Frozen Waste.

Bending down and touching the bluegrass, he inspected it more closely. Rowan had not bothered to thoroughly investigate this grass for he had only been willing to preserve its existence and did not care what special attributes it might carry, now his curiosity was piqued and his eyes lit up when he saw the full structure of this grass.

What was revealed above the ground was just a small portion of this entire grass, over the last thousand years, the bluegrass might have grown only a few inches, but underneath the ground it had grown roots that spread out for tens of miles, penetrating through the mountain and into the frozen plain below, and even as Rowan observed the plant he could see its extensive roots still visibly growing a few feet at a time.

After a while Rowan stood up and spoke to the bluegrass, "I know you intend to leave this frozen waste by my side, but you are a unique lifeform that is born from this land, uprooting yourself and departing at this time would stunt your growth, and so, there is no way I would allow you to leave at this time."

The mountain began to shake, and the valley below as well, the bluegrass cried out in grief releasing a frantic burst of chemicals.

Rowan frowned when he noticed that the grass was about to tear itself away from its roots, its message was simple, since the moment of its birth Rowan had always been beside it, protecting, nurturing, and in the cold evenings when an unknown chill would assault its green heart, Rowan would hum to it, his voice and song was a miracle that was almost impossible to describe.

Enhancing the wisdom of the plant and granting it solace, also Rowan found it amusing that the bluegrass believed that it was a sort of relaxing totem for Rowan, and if it remained by his side Rowan would not feel sad.

The bluegrass does not care about its potential, as far as it could tell, Rowan was its only family, and it would rather live a life of an invalid while remaining at his side than live another year alone in this waste.

He almost rolled his eyes in astonishment, 'Why would the bluegrass believe that he was sad?'

Nevertheless, Rowan paused in contemplation of one statement this bluegrass had said, it was about the unknown chill that it occasionally felt. During his thousand years on this mountain, no one beside him had been able to detect the influence of the Primordial Eye, and although he had observed the bluegrass shivering sometimes, it was always seemingly random, and Rowan did not ascribe this action from the bluegrass to be related to the Eye.

If this bluegrass had the talent to detect an ephemeral force like the Primordial Eye then its importance had rapidly shot up, and it also meant that Rowan could not allow it to destroy its future just so it could follow him. He could pull off this entire grass, roots included, and take it with him, but without the unique environment of the frozen waste, there was no way it would ever be able to develop itself effectively.

And so, over the next few minutes, he began negotiating with the bluegrass, and finally, a bargain was struck. Rowan would come to visit it every century, and he would leave a guardian behind to stay by his side, someone the bluegrass could interact with.

With this satisfactory deal cemented between them, Rowan left an esteemed Sovereign behind, to watch and protect this bluegrass, and because the bluegrass was quite intelligent, the Sovereign was to be its teacher. Inside the frozen waste, nothing was powerful enough to suppress a Sovereign, so the bluegrass was safe.

With the direction he was heading towards decided, Rowan began to walk towards the Land of Miracle, the birthplace of Elura, where he expected to develop himself to a higher level, obtain his Class, and finally hear the side of his mother's story.

Learning about his third bloodline would also be easier, and he could finally begin to integrate himself with reality.

Chapter 934: Titans

Rowan was determined to rid himself of his ignorance of the true nature of reality, if he did that then half the battle was won already and he would not be easily deceived by others.

He understood that there was information, some common and others more necessary that he was missing due to actions of the Reflections, and although over the last thousand years, he had learned a lot from the travelers' souls he had acquired inside the Frozen Waste, they could not satisfy him, for most of them were even more ignorant than him, having lived in a third-dimensional universe all their lives.

Rowan did not rush his journey towards the Lands of Miracles, walking relatively slowly, yet he was traveling at speeds even gods would consider blistering, by his estimation he would be in the Lands of Miracles in two months, which was enough time for him to plan for any eventualities that may arise, after all, he was entering an unknown land with unknown dangers.

Avoiding any travelers he met on the road, Rowan arrived at the end of the Frozen Waste two months later and beheld the massive tree ahead of him that was as large as a star. On the branches of the tree were countless green, swirling portals where a constant stream of lifeforms was entering and exiting. Rowan surmised that this place was not the Land of Miracles, but a waypoint, from here it was possible to be transported to the land of the Eldar.

He did not move forward, instead, he stopped and observed this place for a while.

On the base of the tree was a palace made from wood, its shape was distinct, yet it was almost familiar, the wooden palace of Golgoth should have drawn inspiration from this one.

However what drew most of his attention were on both sides of the palace, two massive wooden titans, they were beings that could be considered humanoid trees, each standing hundreds of miles tall, and their large green eyes peering at everything that was transpiring below. Both the titans were wearing robes of vines and flowers, but this did not detract from the sheer power and sense of viciousness that emerged from their bodies, no one would ever mistake these creatures as beings of peace.

The fact that it was possible to see their mouths were filled with sharpened fangs only lent to this image of cruelty. Rowan suppressed a shudder in his heart when he noticed that these creatures were Will Holders and they were not even fourth-dimensional Will Holders but higher. Not familiar with individuals with higher levels of Wills, Rowan was unable to determine their level only that it was greater than the fourth.

Inside his heart he could feel the Ouroboros Serpents stirring, they had been asleep for centuries, recovering from the shock of every birth and attendance, and sensing the presence of these titans, they were beginning to wake up.

If he used his entire resources and abilities, he could hold his own against one of them, but fighting two would be risking death. Rowan removed his gaze from the two titans and looked at the palace where a constant stream of people were trooping in, all travelers who had managed to reach the Land of Miracles. What Rowan considered noteworthy was the diverse array of personal adornment and garbs worn by the individuals trooping into the palace, from flowy robes, tight robes, cloth tunics, artsy smocks, hard-boiled jerkins, suits of armor, and that was not even mentioning the various species he could see.

From lizardmen to Beastfolks, walking stones and metal spirits, and several species that stretched his idea of what life was supposed to be, he saw a sapient mirror, living painting, and other stranger sights, all of whom brimmed with power yet held their heads down in subservience. Only the barest hint of power emerging from the two titans beside the palace had cowed them all, these were beings who could effortlessly crush a universe, and they were here, standing guard. Rowan could easily imagine the thoughts running through their minds as they stepped towards the pinnacle of power—A Primordial's domain.

Peering at his feet Rowan noticed that the edge of the Frozen Waste ended abruptly as if there was a straight line or barrier demarcating the Land of Miracle from the frozen waste. He was stepping on snowy ground, but if he moved his feet a few inches forward, he would be on lush green grass.

Rowan raised his foot up, hesitated for a single moment, and then crossed over before he froze as the gaze of the two titans by the side of the palace became fixed on him. In a move that drove the entire waypoint to silence, the two titans began to stride forward.

It was unknown how long they had stood there but it was long enough that they had developed roots, and when they moved, they tore out their roots from the ground, causing the entire area to shake as if a magnitude ten earthquake was occurring. Cries of astonishment and shock came from the travelers heading into the wooden palace as they all cowered in fear, beings with the power of God Emperors trying desperately to push themselves into the ground and become part of the background.

This fear was instinctive, like a mortal seeing a mountain walking toward them, they all knew that they could be easily crushed to nothingness, and the Titans would not even be aware of their passing, for they were less than bugs in their sight.

The two titans reached Rowan, and they suddenly knelt, their heavy bodies shaking the ground. Their heads dropped until they were only a few inches away from the ground and their large eyes were focused on Rowan like lanterns.

Rowan frowned, this close he could begin to detect something unexpected from the bodies of these titans, and his suspicions proved to be correct when the foreheads of the titans squirmed and bulged forward before vanishing exposing a large gaping hole.

From the hole in the heads of both titans, two figures wearing green armor emerged, and Rowan sighed when he realized that this titan was not alive, it was simply a puppet.

- Chapter 935: Sanctified Scion

Chapter 935: Sanctified Scion

Rowan observed these two figures that emerged from the head of the titan, clad in green armor that appeared to be made from stacks of metallic leaves, they were tall, around eleven feet, and their body even under the armor appeared to be quite lean, and their movements was like a panther, all grace and speed. In a synchronized motion both of them removed their helm revealing their features to him.

He was surprised by how closely their features resembled the Dominators from the Bacchus Family, under the Pathway of the Wanderer. Which spoke of the clear relation between his siblings and the Eldar, and he wondered if every single bloodline of Trion was somehow reflected here.

They had long blond hair that was almost white, and their features were elfin, with large eyes blazing with the green of life, a prominent nose, and thin lips. Although they were handsome, almost beautiful, there was something that suggested great age in their demeanor.

Rowan was used to seeing old things, yet these two before him carried the aura of ancientness easily around their bodies like a cloak, making him wonder how old they were. The number he was sure, would boggle the mind.

These two were also Will Holders, but they were at a level he could understand which was at the Fourth Dimensional level, and he was astonished that their power could be boosted to such a ridiculous height with the aid of these titan puppets.

He would have to be careful, acquiring a Will seemed to be easier for members of powerful Supreme Worlds but it also required enormous talents, and no one who could acquire a Will was a simple character, their background also gave them frightening authority and power.

They were both males, but it would be easy to mistake them for members of the fairer sex, and due to their close resemblance, it was not difficult to infer that they were related, likely brothers, or perhaps father and son, maybe something even more stranger, like an ancestor with his descendant. At such high levels of power, time and age become almost meaningless and power was the only currency worth noting, so a talented youth could climb as high as his ancestors who may have lived for many Eras.

This event was more likely to occur than even two siblings reaching such a high level, and when you consider that most Will Holders would never surpass the Fourth dimension the possibility increases that such an event would occur.

As Rowan observed them, they did the same to him, in their eyes a complex look of astonishment and suspicion, and it would seem as if their staring competition would not come to an end before Rowan cleared his throat, and as if a spell that held them bound had been removed, the two Will Holders shook themselves, and they inclined their head a little, a clear sign of respect that left Rowan baffled.

He had interrupted their staring contest because he feared for beings with such an air of ancientness around them, that they could stare at him for decades, what he had never expected was they would acknowledge him with deference.

At this moment, his Primordial Ouroboros bloodline was at the Fourth Supreme Circle, which should equate to an Earth god, he was not even an Immortal by all outside appearance, and although his two other bloodlines were at the Immortal Level, his Ouroboros Bloodline was now so domineering that it suppressed their combined Auras, and it was impossible to detect the power of his other two bloodlines.

He had to force the Aura of his Tree of Desire bloodline to the forefront, yet the Ouroboros bloodline still suppressed the power emanation from the third bloodline, reducing it to the level of an Earth god.

He had decided to showcase his third bloodline because he wanted to easily integrate into the Eldar society, but if he had known that it would draw such attention, then maybe he should have not used it.

These two were Will Holders, and with the power of their Titans, they could easily crush him a thousand times over. Why would they acknowledge his presence with any form of respect? Was there something about his bloodline that was unique? Was Elura more special than he had given credit to?

What they said next only served to increase the questions in his heart.

"Greetings Sanctified Scion, is there a reason you tread the frozen road unaccompanied?" One of the Will Holders called out. His voice was deep yet strangely resonant, and the language he spoke was unknown but filled with an archaic charm that strangely warmed his heart.

Rowan had noted that the vast majority of the universe inside the Great Darkness spoke Medan, a language that was twisted by the Reflections of the Primordial of Time as they took out certain phrases and intonations, most likely a plan from Third to deny Rowan the possibility of gaining wisdom, it ultimately turned out to be useless against him because he could easily understand any language spoken, his skill seemed not to be listening to the words but the intent they portrayed.

Without this essential skill, Rowan might have never won the battle between him and the Reflections, for the truth would have been whatever they had told him. He later learned a more comprehensive version of Medan after he left the universe and he knew that this language was born from Chaos, and due to the fact that every dimension seemed to be connected to the Great Darkness, Medan was a language that was spoken by all, but this did not mean that every faction did not have a unique language of their own.

As he had come to learn, language was powerful, more so the language of higher dimensions that seemed to come with unique properties, Medan made spell casting and the transmission of information seamless and encompassing, as unlike a mortal language, Medan could not just transfer words but also Intent, so a story told in the complete language would transfer over images, sounds, tastes, and even emotion.

Speaking a high-level language was also a skill on its own, as it would take an extremely long time and talent to master such a language. The extent of Medan he had learned was only a reflection of the level of the language spoken by others around him, and his understanding of this language would increase once he was exposed to a more complete version of the Medan language.

He wondered if every high-level language had a limit, and if so, what sort of power would they command at their most complete state.

The words spoken by the Guardian were from a different high-level language, and although he did not understand the purpose of this language, only knowing it gave him a weird sense of contentment, he could effortlessly speak it, understanding would have to come later.

The question they asked him might appear simple on the surface, but Rowan detected an undertone of concern and wariness that they might not even know they were giving off, his weird intuition deciphering the truths behind their shielded disposition.

His response must be important to these two, and Rowan did not have to think about it much, he would figure it out as time went by, and so he had to be careful with his words. The title they gave him—Sanctified Scion, clued him to the fact that his bloodline might be more unique than he had given it credit for, making it a bit easier to formulate a suitable response.

His reply was simple and open to many interpretations, but he ensured that he spoke the same language that they did.

"I have seen the world outside, and I return home."

A certain tension in the bodies of the two disappeared and their eyes brightened, Rowan suspected that it was because he easily spoke their language and not necessarily his response that triggered this emotion from them. Whatever the significance of this language he just spoke, it made him appear more trustworthy to them and he wondered if perhaps only the Eldar race could speak this language.

Rowan felt a wave of Will wash over him from the two figures and then their eyes widened in surprise and a new wave of suspicion. The one who first asked Rowan who he was, wanted to speak out but hesitated and looked at his second who nodded at him before he turned towards Rowan,

"Forgive my audaciousness, Sanctified Scion. You are... yet mortal. How could you survive through the waste? unless...Are you going through your Mortal Trials?"

Cocking his head to the side, Rowan spoke, "Will my answer in any way affect your responsibilities as guardian of this place?"

"No, Divine Scion, we are just concerned you see, someone of your status should have never been allowed to roam the waste without supervision."

"Oh, why would you think I don't have any supervision?"

A myriad of emotions played past the eyes of these two before they bowed, "Apologies if we overstepped our position, it is rare that a mortal Sanctified Scion leaves their enclaves, especially in times like these. Will you need any assistance from us, we would be honored to be at your service?"

Rowan smiled, "Any assistance?"

They hesitated, "Well as much as we can accommodate Divine Scion."

Rowan looked around at the crowd gaping at him and he frowned, "We are holding up these folks, find us somewhere quiet for us to talk."

Chapter 936: Ancient Traditions

Rowan felt a pulsing surge around him as space began to shift, his senses immediately identifying it as a teleportation effect, and he enhanced his perception, slowing down the rate of time to a crawl in his mind as he began to investigate where the teleportation would be taking him to.

He was a bit annoyed that the Will Holder here had just begun teleporting them the moment Rowan had asked for their position to be changed and he wondered if it was due to the fact that he was a Sanctified Scion and his orders must be abruptly attended to, or the Will Holder was way too enthusiastic about his job but Rowan did not trust anyone outside his children, and any action, no matter how benign must be thoroughly investigated.

The board was now different but the stakes were still as crucial. Danger and death were on every corner and Rowan still wanted to see the end of everything. Dying, especially for stupid reasons, was not anywhere near his agenda at this time.

With the unlocking of his Titles and the unique abilities that came with it, especially one like Reality Butcher, he could trace the path of the teleportation as his understanding of

space was enhanced even past how his Primordial Title and bloodline power already did.

The direction of the incoming teleportation was revealed to his sight like a glowing road which showed that the Will Holder wanted to take him to the peak of the gigantic tree, hundreds of millions of miles from here. He tried not to distract himself with the unique pattern the Will Holder used to bend space, it was different from anything he had previously seen and he quickly stored the processes in his memories for later dissection as he focused on the destination of the teleportation. Rowan's perception quickly spread through the peak of the tree where he saw a rather simple cottage, and with the personal effects he could see around the place, this area was the personal dwelling of the Will Holders. There were certain unique Wards and barriers around the cottage that blocked his sight, but with his unique Title, he could feel his way through the barriers.

Reality Butcher: Grants enhanced dominion over Space and all Space-related abilities. Intents can be mastered extremely quickly.

Note: Talent can be upgraded by destroying and consuming all forms of creation.

This Title was powerful, and with the enhanced dominion over space that it granted him, it not only made exploring the secrets of space extremely easy for someone like him, but it also essentially made Rowan almost impossible to be displaced within any space he contained except if he permitted it.

In the Metaphysical realm, it made Rowan to become extremely dense. If a god was a feather inside this realm, then Rowan would be a mountain range. The difference was that stark.

If he resisted then the Will Holders would be very surprised when his body would reject all forms of spatial movements, but as for now, Rowan saw no reason to think he was heading towards a trap and he allowed the spatial energy to wrap his body, suppressing hundreds of innate barriers around his body so the spatial energy could reach him.

The second thing he had to do to make teleportation possible was he adjust his weight to a substantial degree in order for the spatial movement to work on him at all, due to his incredible weight which was increasing with every moment as his dimension grew. New planets and stars were added to his dimensional flesh as time passed, and this added to his weight.

It would appear that he was walking on the ground but that was not the case, a constant stream of Telekinesis was holding his immense weight, and constantly dispersing the incredible gravitational force around him, or else he would be a walking Superblackhole.

The Will Holder was attempting to teleport a single individual not knowing that Rowan was a dimension, even if he did everything right and did not fight against the

teleportation, his weight would make moving his mass across space nearly an exercise in futility.

In this brief moment, Rowan had to suppress nearly 99.9999999999999999%..... of his weight, and he was surprised at the burst of irritation in his heart when he did this action from the Ouroboros Serpents.

One of the reasons they were lethargic was that his Serpents were carrying his entire dimension in a manner of speaking. This was an unexpected benefit of merging his bloodline with his Dimensional flesh.

An Ouroboros Serpent was a force of destruction whose savagery and barbarity knew almost no limits. The Primordial Ouroboros was different but its nature was still primal and untamed. If Rowan had no dimensional flesh, then it would be nearly impossible for him to sit down for a thousand years on the frozen road because his powerful bloodline would rebel, their urge to devour and fight against their ancient enemy, the Primordial.

They would push him to pursue power without ceasing, and at this moment he would most likely be in the midst of battle, consuming universe after universe, but the extreme weight of Rowan's dimension acted as a leash on his bloodline, and the Serpents spent most of their time in a daze, adapting to the strain of carrying a dimension.

If Rowan did not progress his strength forward, increasing his dimensional size and tier, then in time, the serpents would be strong enough to easily carry his weight, then the urges would arise and he would become a Berserker that devoured universes.

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The three of them reappeared in front of the cottage on top of the massive tree and Rowan could see creation unfold before him, he did not distract himself with this sight but focused on the actions of the Will Holders.

A wave of a hand brought out comfortable chairs, tables with steaming wine, and a large green orb that hovered a few inches above the table, precisely at its center, Rowan looked at this floating orb in surprise before looking around him.

A single lead from this tree was as large as a mile and was so thick it could support a mountain even without adding any of its more special properties.

The moment he stepped foot on the leaves, a vast glowing pattern appeared around his feet, it was incredibly complex and was more than a thousand feet across. Rowan also noticed this pattern appear around the feet of the Will Holders, but theirs were more basic and far smaller.

With the appearance of this pattern around him serving as a sort of final confirmation, the Will Holders bowed deeply,

"Welcome Sanctified Scion to our humble dwelling, I hope you will be open to the small offerings we offer. On the borders of the kingdom, we are pledged to a humble and simple life, as our duty gives existence meaning."

Detecting the undertone of pride in those words Rowan nodded, "A minimalist living, that is something I can appreciate, when one can have all the excesses of life and yet choose to focus on the necessities only, it is a path I fear not many immortals take. The great heights you have reached are a testament to your perseverance."

They both seemed to be pleased with his words, and Rowan smiled as he sat down, taking a large drink from the offered wine, it would seem that some tradition was multiversal, perhaps for good reason, as Rowan recalled the vision he saw on his Spirit Matrix Gate on the death of the Primordial of Time and Evil.

Chapter 937: Everyday, An Adventure

Traditions were a weird concept that Rowan was exploring at the side as a sort of hobby. It was fascinating to see the things that last over the ages, those that were discarded, and the erratic reasons for the preservation of some ideas where others were forgotten.

He had seen that on the table the body of the Primordial of Time lay in death were cups of wine. That means in that distant time, the Primordials had sat at a table and discussed the future over wine, and if such a tradition had been present in that period of time that was beyond living memory, then it was a bit believable that its influence had been able to spread, especially if this was a tradition from the Primordials themselves.

However, he wondered if for beings like Primordials, the concept of the future and the past existed at all. At the sixth dimensional level, one could begin traveling through the strands of destiny, what more would a Primordial be capable of at the 9th dimension?

These thoughts flew through his head faster than the speed of light, and not even a single moment had passed. The wine hit his tongue and a flavor as dense as the earth spread through his senses, tantalizing his spirit and making the Ouroboros Serpents roar in pleasure. What a wine!

He doubted that such fine drinks could be found in a lesser dimension, it was almost as if he just drank a flavorful brand of Ambrosia. This wine seemed to massage his consciousness, and if he had a soul, then it would have most likely enriched it, allowing his soul to advance to great heights in a single bound.

Dropping the wine jug with a sigh of pleasure Rowan introduced himself, "I am Romion, and I am pleased to be in your company."

The value of the wine they had given him was not to be underestimated, he did not know its source, but anything that could affect the soul in such a positive manner must be truly expensive, and Rowan would always repay good gestures with great ones. Inside his dimension Knowledge Well was already deciphering the content of the wine.

The two smiled at his introduction and compliment, and for the first time, the second Will Holder who was silent all these while became the one who replied to him,

"You honor us Sanctified Scion. I am Mirthal Elnorin Fourth Rank Elder of the Grehn Pathway and watcher of the Cyan Titan, and this is Kymil Elnorin, my descendant, he is also a Fourth Rank Elder of the Grehn Pathway and an esteemed Watcher of the Cyan Titan, we have served on this post for twelve Eras, and we would continue for another twelve before our watch is done. What is it that you need from us, we pledge to do all that is within our reach to satisfy."

"Ah, of course, I shall not take too much of your time, I know your duty watching over this post is important," Rowan was a bit distracted by the familiar terminologies from Mirthal Elnorin, especially when he said the words Pathways and Ghren.

"Before I tell you of my purpose, it would be remiss of me not to present a small gift of wine as a meeting gift. Mirthal, Kymil, please join me,"

Saying this he waved his hand and a large bowl of clear wine appeared on the table. He manifested three large cups and poured the wine for all of them. The gesture seemed to shake the minds of the Will Holders and they bowed in appreciation.

Without any effort, Rowan's demeanor was like that of a Divine Emperor, his grace and power were impossible for him to hide as the smallest move he made contained the nobility of his bloodlines, and his act of serving these men caused their hearts to shake, and when they caught the attractive scent of the wine that made even their large and tough souls to quiver in excitement, their eyes lit up with a cyan glow.

The first sip of the wine surprised Rowan as the taste was a hundred times smoother and richer than the wine he had just drank and the sensation of it touching his consciousness was both a euphoric and a sublime experience. Rowan's eyes had unconsciously closed after taking a sip from the wine and he opened it to find the two Will Holders seemingly in a state of enlightenment. Their eyes were closed and a green glow surrounded their bodies, Rowan could feel their large souls pulse and surge as the glow from it began to increase in intensity, this change was slightly... unexpected.

His Knowledge Well having taken apart the components of the wine, he found that he could source for about eighty percent of the materials used in making it inside his dimension, but an essential part of it, which was the part that was responsible for enhancing the soul was missing, but Rowan knew he had a better source—Ambrosia.

Taking a single drop of his Aether sourced from the City of Sheol, Rowan diluted it to its basic level and used it in the creation process of this wine. The first iteration of this wine came out as sparkling as rainbows and its scent had spread for millions of miles.

He knew he could not serve such a wine here and he began to dilute it, creating dozens of lesser variants until he created this clear wine that was the least potent of all the wine variants he had created. He was surprised at the taste and sensation even this lesser version had shown him and he wondered what his first creation would taste like.

Rowan did not rush the Will Holders, and he calmly took another sip and closed his eyes, his thoughts for the moment were silent, content to sit here and feel the pulse of the souls from the men across him.

He felt the motion of their soul before the men moved, and he was a bit surprised at this change, he had never felt this before, was it because he had fed them a bit of his Ambrosia? He had almost sensed the intent to move in the souls of these men even before their spirit captured the signals from their souls... How interesting. Kymil muttered, "I have... no words to describe what I have just experienced. Sanctified Scion, I am grateful for this mighty gift you have given me and my ancestor."

Rowan smiled and waved his hand, presenting the two Will Holders with two small jugs, "It is my pleasure, please accept these small gifts from me, and we still have more wine at the table, surely you will not let me drink alone."

The Will Holders look at each other and Mirthal bursts into laughter, he quickly retrieves the two jugs, giving one of them to his descendant Kymil and taking the other, "Let me have the honor and serve this round, esteemed Scion."

He stood up and took the large bowl and poured the clear wine into the three cups, and a peaceful atmosphere emerged inside the clearing and Rowan watched the Will Holders with a twinkle in his eyes. Indeed since the day he left the universe, every day seemed to be a new adventure.

"I have been away from the Land for many centuries and I don't know its present state, tell me as much of it as you can."

Mirthal nodded, and he paused for a while in contemplation before he spoke, "Forgive me Sanctified Scion, I'm willing to tell you everything I know about the present state of the Land of Miracle, although we here at the border of the frozen Road do not have the most robust information about the Land, we still gather enough through the vines, but you are yet mortal, and I wonder if you can comprehend some of the information I carry without risking corruption to your essence."

Chapter 938: Everything I've Promised

'Corrupting me? That is a funny thing to be worried about,' Rowan sighed internally, 'Here I am struggling to keep my power hidden to not corrupt you all, and you are worried about my welfare, I really need to gain my class and push my levels to the peak, I have a feeling that this appearance of outward weakness can become an irritating source of misinformation in the coming days, and I would rather not have weak fools plotting my downfall when there are larger troubles that should be holding my attention.'

Rowan paused as if in contemplation and then beamed, he made this a habit to habitually pause because the power of his perception was so powerful, that he could process information and arrive at a decision nearly instantaneously in real-time, but since he was still in the form of a mortal, he needed to follow certain annoying rules,

"Your concern is admirable, and I would be foolish not to heed them. I would rather propose an extra step to this, if it is possible, then split this information into two parts, one would contain all the mortal-level affairs you are aware of—I want everything, even if you feel it is not important and is a general information that is known to all, it doesn't matter, and the other part of the information would be focused on the immortal, I'm sure my guardian would be grateful for that information. I hope this request will not be problematic."

The body of the two Will Holders froze for a fraction of a moment at the mention of a guardian, while he was not aware of what a Sanctified Scion was, he had been able to gather clues from their short conversation and he suspected that these group of people were at least royalty, and in their eyes that should make him at least a prince, it was common sense that whoever was to guard a prince while he was still mortal would be extremely powerful.

"No Scion, this request would not trouble us at all, and we would share all that we are permitted by the law."

Rowan nodded his thanks and settled and sipped his wine. All of his actions these past few moments were carefully orchestrated to show a degree of competency in the affairs of this world that he otherwise did not have, and it was not that difficult when he had to basically just maintain his silence and make open-ended statements to appear more competent than he appeared. It also helped that the wine he gave them had increased the power of their soul by more than five percent.

The Soul of a Will Holder was incredibly powerful, and anything that could increase the power of their soul to such an extent without any visible drawbacks was a ridiculously powerful treasure. Only Rowan knew that imbibing Ambrosia could leave you open to his manipulations but that was something he would be investigating later, but for all intent and purposes, he had just given them a priceless treasure.

Ambrosia had little visible effect on him, and he had been imbibing the pure stuff for centuries, but using the methods from the wine he had just imbibed, the efficacy of his

unique Aether had just multiplied, and he knew that he could increase the potency of this wine when he became familiar with enhanced brewing and distilling processes.

Mirthal did not take long to consider Rowan's words before he began the process of sharing his information. He gestured towards the floating green orb at the center of the table, which was called an Ori, a unique Eldar device with multiple uses, he parted his fingers, and the orb separated into two smaller orbs, and from his eyes twin streams of cyan light emerged and sank into the obs.

Rowan sat in silence as he watched the lights from the orbs get brighter and gradually expand in size, he could detect faint visions, and if he concentrated he could read all the information entering the orb, but Rowan decided to not take any action that could destabilize the process, whatever technique Mirthal was using appeared to be something that should be a circumspect method of transferring information, and it would be suspicious if Rowan could easily break it just by looking at it.

The green orb began to transform itself into something that resembled a planet, and his interest arose when he realized that this was an application of the unique language of Eldar, it was creating a unique form of life right before his eyes. What Rowan was getting was not just information, but living information. Mirthal was not taking his gifts for granted, he was giving Rowan far more than he expected.

Rowan felt an itch at the back of his spine, he would have dismissed it but he had been feeling that itch since the moment he crossed the Frozen Road and entered this Eldar outpost, after sweeping his perception throughout his body hundreds of times and detecting nothing, he settled into his chair as he sipped his wine and waited, now and then, his perception continued sweeping through the entirety of the outpost.

Not one to leave anything to chance, he was already calling forth various methods to tackle it, and some of the extreme ones involved destroying these outposts and killing these two Will Holders.

Rowan's eyes were smiling, but a blade was already held to the throat of everyone here. It was a good thing that his Primordial Record and his lack of a soul made detecting Rowan's intention extremely difficult if not nearly impossible.

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Across a distance that could span multiple universes, two figures watched Rowan. The power that shrouded the body of one of the figures was so great it was difficult to comprehend, dwarfing even the power of the two gigantic guardians outside the Eldar outpost, and it was the gaze of this figure that Rowan had been sensing like an itch since the moment he left the frozen road, but his perception range had been too limited to understand what his senses had been indicating for him.

It was not his fault, for all of Rowan's strength, he had not truly understood the scope of power when it came to individuals of this level.

His perception which was extremely powerful could cover the scope of a single universe, which was considerable considering the size of a universe could be seen as infinite, yet the eyes that watched him now were covering multiple universes.

Rowan could perceive multiple infinities the same way a mortal could look at the sky and see multiple stars, but his perception could not wrap around all those infinities. The eyes of this figure could not only perceive multiple infinities, it could understand them all, and no matter Rowan's previous experiences, he could only perceive a small portion of the power touching him and so he did not understand that what he was feeling were eyes.

The second figure that stood a bit behind the one with apparently supreme power cleared its throat and a lovely voice filled with fondness spoke,

"So what do you think of him, father, is he not everything I've promised... and more? See, he even likes to drink just like you."

Chapter 939: Mantle Of Prime

If Rowan was here he would be shaken, the first person who had just spoken was someone he recognized and was one of the reasons he had headed towards the land of miracles in the first place. His mother, Elura. Since learning of the famed power behind her and the many subtle manipulations she had made behind the scenes to ensure his survival, he craved answers. Surely if there was to ever be a place that could be considered sacred, it must be beside his mother. But he knew that reality could impose harsh lessons on the ignorant and the meek, one thing Rowan vowed not to be.

Elura's present appearance was similar to her previous self when Rowan met her, and he would recognize her with a single glance, but she had changed in certain subtle and dramatic ways. If the aura from her was previously like a fading smoke, now it was a bright moon. Her long green hair that reached her feet was filled with vitality, and hundreds of green stars rotated around her head like a crown.

Inside those green stars floating around her head were tiny sitting figures, and if one's perception were to scrutinize those figures closely, they would discover that all of them were clones of Elura.

Some of the clones appeared faded, some were asleep, some were awake with watchful eyes, and some were dead. It was only when you came this close that you could feel the true scale of Elura's power, amazingly, she was a Will Holder with powers

that were far greater than the Fourth Dimension, but she had wrapped that power so closely around herself it would be difficult to detect it at all.

"Drinking? Yes, but when I was his age, I appreciated treasures more and was more shrewd with my resources. Do you realize how wasteful your son has turned out to be? How much of your resources did you pour into his emergence."

The man she called father was a lesson in contradiction, standing almost ten feet tall with white hair and a beard that reached his waist, his face was lined with the signs of great age, and his eyes that were entirely white seemed like those of an old man that had gone blind, but his body would even put those of Rowan to shame, it was incredibly muscular, his muscles brimming with vitality, and even under his threadbare robes, it was still noticeable.

The Eldar were a race that had a close resemblance to the Elves in Rowan's memories, but there was nothing Elfin about this man, he was more of a Demon than an Eldar.

"You have my report father, I took a gamble with one of my shades and it paid off spectacularly."

"Your carefully edited report... You still hide yourself, even from your own father, and your secretive nature has been impacted onto the boy. Look at him! He dithers and makes concessions like a Devil."

"He makes the best decision with the resources he has. I see nothing wrong with his actions, or do you want him to brashly reveal himself to all, and be cut down by our enemies as they know our Sanctified bloodline has finally gained an heir?"

"I would rather he be cut down, perhaps dying would build up his spine, I can easily fish his soul from the sisters, no matter how weird the Aura emerging from his soul is appearing to me."

"You know he can be rescued from death, but your grandson does not know this, and you look down on your enemies too much father, I doubt they would leave a remnant for you to resurrect."

The old man sniffed in anger and looked away, focusing his gaze on Rowan, he did not dog into his body, only casually sweeping his perception around him, with his level of power, a direct gaze from him should tear Rowan's mind and soul to pieces and shatter his mortal body to nothingness, even bringing him back from the dead would leave a permanent scar.

He might be saying harsh words, but in the depths of his heart, there was a bit of happiness, but he would never allow Elura to know this.

"So, this is my grandson, hmph, I thought he would be taller, and why is he moving through the world so softly? Elura, I will blame you for this debacle, he has the might of a Titan, yet he walks like a damn mouse. Why does he slowly negotiate his footpath when he can seize it?"

Elura frowned, her impatience beginning to grow, this was not the reaction she had expected when she sensed Rowan touch the shores of the land of the Eldar, her father could be stubborn, a side-effect of his bloodline and the fact that he was a direct descent of the Prime, but still, he could be truly annoying to talk to,

"Have you gone blind old man, can you sense his bloodlines?! He has not one, but three 9th-rank bloodlines, and he is still a mortal, even the lost Bloodline of Desire has been resurrected in his veins. Any single one of these is enough reason for him to be crowned a Scion, can you imagine the changes he could bring when he is finally among his peers, he would be unstoppable."

The old man roared, "It is precisely because of this reason that I'm so angry. What fucked up situation did you place him, that a child of such promise, whose arrogance should reach the heavens has begun skulking like a mouse? How am I sure he would pursue the limits of power and not languish in eternal contentment after he becomes immortal? You promised to create a warrior beyond compare, I see potential, but his attitude is lackluster, he should have long reached the 7th or 8th Supreme circle at this time. He is a fucking million years old mortal with the potential of multiple 9th-rank bloodlines! You have created a failure Elura"

He slowly turned towards her, "I will be investigating his spirit towards the paths of power in the future, but what I see gives me nothing to celebrate over Elura. He is too gentle, even as a mortal, with such powerful bloodlines he would have faced little challenges reaching here, I fear he has grown too soft and fearful of higher realms, but no more, I shall break his spirit and show him that power is everything."

Elura seemed to be stunned for a long period of time and she unexpectedly burst into laughter, "I wanted to show you the situation surrounding his conception, but this is good. I believe actions would speak louder than words. You have looked down on my son and doubted his Light and for that, you will have to pay. If he breaks your silly test then I want you to give him the Mantle of Prime."

The old man paused and then it was his turn to laugh, "hahaha... silly girl, hahaha, the Mantle of Prime?! Even I am not capable of wielding such power and responsibility, and you would grant it unto this child? Hahaha, what do you think he is? A primordial in disguise."

Elura was silent, her eyes were serious, "I will reveal the secrets of my shades to you Father if you accept this bargain... All my shades."

The old man slowly went quiet and he frowned, he glanced again at Rowan and saw how he sat with an easy grace, a smile decorating his beautiful face, and the Aura of peacefulness and serenity surrounding him and he gritted his teeth in anger.

"Fine... I have always wanted to know your secrets daughter, you have a deal. If you want to break the soul of your son, who am I to stop you."

Chapter 940: Potent Poison

The transfer of information was successfully completed and Rowan took a while to discuss with the duo about random matters about their lives and their duties as guardians of this outpost, perhaps it was the wine but the two spoke easily with Rowan, telling him tales that had occurred countless trillions of years ago.

With the lives these two had lived, they could speak for a million years and their tales would not end, but it was a good thing that a higher-order language was a great tool to manage tasks like this, as Rowan heard millions of years of history in the span of a few hours.

The higher-order language of the Eldar was called the Orighin Language. With a history that Predated the Primordial Era. The Orighin Language had various levels, and although the guardian had reached a high level of understanding of the language, they admitted that they were still a long way from mastering the language.

They believed that Rowan had mastered Orighin to a more profound degree than both of them combined, because Rowan's words were delivering far more information than they should, and they marveled for a mortal of less than a thousand years of life to be able to master such an intricate language to this extent.

Rowan felt a bit of shame from their praises, his language comprehension was something that he was born with, and this accomplishment was not his own.

They soon both stood up to leave, but not before showing him a 'Master Portal,' inside their cabin that should be able to bring him to anywhere of his choice that this outpost was connected to, a game changer for Rowan because if he had followed the traditional method of portal travel, he would be sent to specific temples where his background and powers would be intensely scrutinized.

He waited for a while before bringing the two orbs to his eyes and closely observed them for a bit, he kept the orb brimming with immortal information to the side for layer viewing outside the gaze of the duo.

The immortal info orb was quite easy to differentiate because it resembled a ball of burning hot plasma. The mortal orb took the shape of a planet with a swirling view as if the time flow on the planet was a thousand times faster.

Rowan clutched the mortal orb in his hand and squeezed, a moment later the orb vanished and he remained in that position for nearly three days, seemingly absorbing the vast amount of data inside the mortal orb.

Of course, this was all for show, he had been able to absorb all the dense information inside the orb in about three seconds, but he was mindful of what a scene like that could appear to anyone else so he made sure to meditate for a few days before standing up and setting out. Idly scratching the itch in his neck in annoyance, knowing it was not a physical symptom but a mental one, perhaps if he left the outpost this irritating sensation would vanish.

With the information about the Land of Miracle in his head, Rowan now had a vast map that could cover several universes in his mind, this map included the location, culture, and millions of other affairs concerning the region. The guardians had not shortchanged him and the true picture of the Land of Miracle was beginning to unfold itself before his gaze and what he saw stunned him.

It would take a while for him to wrap his perception around all he had learned so he decided to head for the first location he had selected. It was one of the most isolated spots in the Land of Miracles and that would be the place he would ascend his Ouroboros bloodline and claim his class, after that Rowan intended to leave the Land of Miracles.

The persistent itch he was feeling was a warning sign that something was not right, and for him to feel assured, he would gain his class, leave, and upgrade his three bloodlines to the peak of the Supreme Circles, at that time his powers would be countless times more potent than before and then he could return.

Heading to the Master Portal which was a spot that was nothing but an oval gap in reality, Rowan paused and dropped two more jugs of his modified wine before bringing his hands up and speaking aloud, "The Kaelid Forest," he waited for another second as the void in reality swirled before it regained its previous calm, before he stepped through and he vanished.

A moment later, a large pair of hands appeared and seized the two jugs, faint muttering could be heard from space, "... wasteful descendant,"

Suddenly the entire outpost froze, even the guardians inside their Titans could not feel this change, because the authority over this Time-stop was greater than theirs, and although the Titans they rode could detect this time freeze, the authority of the wielder was greater than the guardians and so they were not alerted to this change.

"Why do you seek to violate the gift my son gives to a helper? I don't care about your sentiments Father, but you shall not dishonor him."

"I do not seek to dishonor him, dear daughter, I will be replacing this treasure with an equal one, ok, a better one, but first I would like to know what sort of a treasure this wine is. Boosting the power of the soul is a unique power that is difficult to achieve, but he easily uses resources that should be used to gain kingdoms and better it for mere information about paltry issues."

Elura snorted, "I am sure you know the reason he did such a thing, he did not just obtain information, he gained loyal allies, and if the time comes for the pitching of tents, I see no reason why the guardians of this outpost would not flock to his banner. Say the truth father, you just seek to taste it for yourself."

"Oh, Elura, your wisdom is sharp but brittle, be silent while I investigate this wine, a treasure like this should not be found in a mortal universe, I wish to find out the waters my grandson has touched."

Bringing the jug to his lips, he was about to let a single drop of the wine touch his tongue and then he suddenly recoiled as if it was poison. He looked at the bottle in surprise and fascination and tried to bring it to his lips once more and his hands jerked by themselves, preventing it from touching his lips.

Even Elura looked at her father's action in surprise and scrutinized the wine, "I can detect nothing harmful in it."

The old man grinned, "yes, and yet, my bloodline is screaming at me that this is a potent poison that can even affect me. Elura, are you sure you don't want to tell me about the true origins of this child, how could he acquire so much beyond the scope of our bloodline."

Elura smiled, "Are you thinking of backing out of our agreement father?"

The old man's eyes twitched in annoyance, and he did not reply, he looked towards the area where Rowan was headed and then his eyes widened in astonishment and he dragged Elura and vanished, a moment later Rowan returned.

Chapter 941: Freak

Rowan observed that the teleportation, if that was what just transpired, was quick, it felt more like stepping from one room to another and that was what struck Rowan as odd, he knew he had crossed an incredibly great distance that should measure hundreds of universes in width, but it was almost as if to this portal, all the space in the Land of Miracle were one.

This should be a unique trait of a higher dimension where space, no matter how vast in length could be reached at any moment. It was similar to how a two-dimensional being would have to move across from point A to B but a three-dimensional being could see both points at the same time and reach across both points with no issues whatsoever. This portal must be using the same trait.

What this meant for Rowan was that in the Land of Miracles, except he placed certain powerful restrictions around his location, then distance was not a factor, if anyone knew his location, with these portals they would be able to reach him instantaneously, perhaps they might not even need the portals if they were Will Holders at the fifth-dimensional level.

Rowan had no more chance to deliberate on this oddness when he found himself a few thousand feet in the air and then his body was slammed into the ground by a force that was beyond imagination.

His eyes widened in shock and he slowed his perception to a crawl, it was as if time had stood still, he felt the earth begin to release loud groans that could be heard for millions of miles and in that instant he came to an awful realization, catching the last hint of the portal energy that was about to disappear overhead, Rowan seized it and was teleported back to the Outpost.

Rowan appeared on the floor, his appearance was in disarray, and he chuckled to himself for a moment before standing to his feet and slowly making his way out of the outpost, he left a message behind for the guardians that he would be back, and then he returned to the Frozen Waste.

He made no sign but he detected that the jugs of wine he had left behind were gone. Odd, when he left the guardians they had returned to their titans, perhaps they had a self-cleaning puppet inside this cottage, but this observation was not crucial to him at this moment, so he left it to be handled by one of his smaller consciousness pillars as he proceeded to leave the Eldar outpost.

The two guardians hailed him and bid him a safe departure, although they tried to hide the laughter in their hearts. When they had not detected his protector leaving with him, they had guessed something like this might happen.

There were reasons why it was impossible for a mortal to roam around in the Land of Miracle without staying in an enclave or with the constant protection of a higher power.

The weight of a higher dimension would crush them to nothingness, just as it tore their souls to shreds, a mortal soul could not comprehend existing in a fourth dimension, only an Immortal soul that had been touched by higher forces like Intent or Will could exist here.

A Sanctified Scion's bloodline was so powerful that they might live in a higher dimension without the fear of death, but they would certainly not be comfortable. This Scion seemed not to like the prospect of his soul straining at the edges of dissolution.

Both of them thought that the protector of this Scion might have wanted to teach him a lesson, so he was not protected when he entered the Land of Miracles. Nevertheless, they knew the power of Sanctified Scions, and they understood that it would not be difficult for them to reverse the problem, this was a matter beyond their level, and they settled to their duties as guards, but their minds were not far from the divine wine inside their storage treasure, and the nearly unbearable itch to drink from it.

Mitral vowed to take only a drop and leave the rest to his descendants who might have the slimmest of chances of ascending to a higher dimensional state and a powerful soul was needed for such a thing to be possible.

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Rowan returned to the Frozen Waste, and if he knew of the thoughts in the minds of the guardian duo, he would be shaking his head in frustration. Contrary to their thinking, he was not about to be crushed under the weight of the higher dimension, in fact, it was nearly the opposite. His body was about to pierce its way through the dimension!

The moment Rowan entered into the land of miracles, he could immediately feel an attraction between his dimension and this higher dimension that acted as a sort of magnet to his body, filling him with uncontrollable bursts of higher dimensional energies, and in an instant, his weight multiplied by a factor of thousands, and even with all his strength, he could not support such a weight.

In a moment he was about to be driven deep into the earth where his perception had quickly penetrated and he learned that if he entered into the ground, he would not be leaving it.

The attractive force on his body would be multiplied every million miles he penetrated the earth as the deeper into the ground he traveled the more higher dimensional energy would be poured into his body, and that means in less than a few minutes, Rowan's dimension would become so heavy it would be millions of times heavier than he could carry and this weight would not be decreasing.

As a last-ditch effort, he had spread his telekinesis for millions of miles to absorb and spread out his weight, that action was what had led to the earth groaning and he had discovered that his weight would have to be spread out for trillions of miles to make any meaningful differences, so he quickly gave up before his efforts could lead to a stupendous amount of destruction as his weight would crush everything for millions of miles.

This would lead to a situation where instead of him leaving a small body-shaped hole in the earth, he would have left a hole millions of miles in diameter that would lead to the unknown depths of this dimension, and Rowan took the rational path and teleported away.

He never knew his dimensional flesh would react to a higher dimension in this manner. There must be a vast amount of power fleeing inside a higher dimension, especially a dimension that was linked to a Primordial, and he had been connected to that power the moment he stepped foot on the Land of Miracles.

The problem was that he could not isolate this power away from his body, because it was connecting to him in a manner he could not yet control, which was across time.

Rowan grunted in frustration and closed his eyes in thought, brainstorming the methods he could use to pierce through this barrier.

The itch he was feeling increased and Rowan's eyes snapped open, a few feet away from him was a giant, an old man with long fleeing white hair and a beard with the body of a Greek god. "You will need to plant a seed in the Nothingness to survive up there."

Rowan blinked, "Excuse me?"

The old man rolled his eyes, "You are a freak are you not? Possessing a Third-dimensional level Will, I am giving you the answer to the problem that ails you. To exist in a higher dimension, you will need to plant yourself in the Nothingness.... Freak."

A sharp voice called out, "Father!"

"What! Only Old Ones freak me out, I'm complimenting the boy."

Chapter 942: Disappointment and Sorrow

Rowan froze, his breathing emerging faster, that voice he heard was so familiar, but yet it was different, inside the warmth in that voice was a regal tone that was quite impossible to disguise, this was a voice that would bring a dimension to its knees, soft and feminine, yet filled with an implacable power.

His memories were perfect, and his feelings had not changed, but why was he no longer detecting that... warmth?

"Look at him Elura," the old man snickered, his large beard shaking with his mirth, "look how well the freak plays at being mortal, it is so perfect it's almost sickening. Just the right amount of movement here, a slight darkening in the eyes and a flare on the nose, his heart beating at just the right tempo. It's almost art. I can now truly see a part of your

nature in him, yes, but there is something more... oh, my spine tingles and it all comes from a mortal being, how ridiculous."

Rowan's gaze returned to the old man who was looking at him with solemn consideration and a weird sense of annoyance as if he was displeased.

His actions had become quite instinctive, of course, he did not need to freeze up or allow his breath to quicken, these were all mortal considerations that he had perfected along the way, he needed it to function in the outside world as he evolved far past what was commonly known.

By all outward appearance, Rowan was humanoid, his charisma and beauty unmatched, he would be able to join any group of people with no outward problems, but his flesh and bloodlines would suggest otherwise. Rowan was a creature that could no longer be understood, even , a Singularity, still found it quite difficult to analyze his physique, and at the end of his life, the Third Prince had understood the Abyss that had taken his life.

A dragon or even a stone would have a closer relationship with life than Rowan at this point in time due to the fact that his extreme bloodlines and physique had made him something unique. It was easy to forget that of everything living being in reality, Rowan was the only living creature that lacked a soul.

Disregarding physique or any other factor, his soulless nature meant Rowan would forever be different, and he sometimes considered it odd, for someone who may ultimately have the highest authority over the soul, to be soulless.

It was rare that someone was able to pick up this trait from him, although Rowan had no idea that Andar had once glimpsed a fragment of his true nature by the memories he left behind.

What this trait meant for Rowan was that it was quite difficult for him to feel a sense of connection to those around him, this effect was multiplied by the increasing number of Consciousness Pillars that arose in his dimension, but this signified that whoever Rowan came to love and created a unique connection with, would form a bond in his memories that was hard to dispel.

To put it simply, it was hard for Rowan to love, but once he did, it was eternal. In his life, he loved his children, and they felt the weight of that love, and it was what humbled the spirit of those around him, and gave them a sense of fulfillment beyond common sense.

It was impossible to feel the love Rowan had for them and not fall in awe at the purity of it. It was no wonder that the mental anguish that came from shattering the souls of the clones nearly rendered his mental space to madness.

For everyone else, Rowan was a perfect pretender to an emotion that they would have to earn before he could feel it, and his smile and laughter were only skin deep. Unlike everyone else outside his children, Rowan loved his mother.

The voice of the woman now took flesh and Rowan saw Elura again, he did not imagine that their reunion would be this quick, but if he considered their powers and the nature of a higher dimension that made traversing a large swatch of space almost negligible, he would have realized that except Elura did not wish to see him, it would be difficult for her not to find him when he reached the Land of Miracles.

There were so many things he wanted to say to her because, in the depths of his heart that had become as cold as the void, this figure still held a warm spot inside of it, and although his experiences and tribulations he had faced had made it almost impossible for him to let down his guard, he still loved his mother, but there was something... different about her.

And now, this act was not feigned for Rowan began to feel pain in his heart, and what happened next, confirmed his greatest fear.

"You are right father, he is nearly perfect, but the lack of experience means he is far too brittle, he could easily deceive most immortals, but not those who matter. Well, it is nothing that experience cannot fix, he is just the perfect diamond in the rough. Father, are you regretting your bet against me?"

Her words were a confirmation of his fears, this woman might look like his mother, sound like her, and have everything of his mother, from her soul to her Aura, yet she did not feel like her. Elura was a bastion of warmth in the storm, this woman here felt like an insult to her memory.

In the depths of his heart, a rage he had not felt since the day he felt the machinations of the Third Prince over his life erupted, but this rage could not hold a candle to the sorrow he felt in his heart. A promise he had kept that was lost to him.

'I guess, this is another of the punishments I shall have to face in my lifetime, due to my appetites.'

With all these thoughts in his head, Rowan's features did not change, these two claimed he was not a particularly great liar, and their observation carried merit, everything he had learned was just inside a single universe, and there was still more for him to understand and explore, and like the Reflections who looked down on his ignorance, they had no idea how quickly Rowan could learn, and how cruel his rage could make him.

Elura looked at her father in smugness before turning to Rowan, "My dear son..." something in his eyes made her freeze, inside those eyes she saw nothing, and then

she looked with surprise at her chest where a sharp blade made from ice had settled just below her collarbone,

Rowan growled, "I will only ask you this one time, where is my mother?!"

"Hahaha... this is getting good!" the old man laughed, the anger in his brows disappearing and a sense of acknowledgment emerged in his heart for his grandson, he had thought that he had inherited only the slinking nature of his mother, but there was fire in the heart of the body, oh, there was fire, "how I wished I brought some snacks, this is prime entertainment."

The eyes of Elura widened in shock, then pain, and suddenly it warped to fury, "How dare you child. How can you raise your blade against your mother?!"

Her weird greenish gold eyes flashed and the blade held by Rowan crumbled to dust, the wave of force that erupted from Elura left no traces behind, but it slammed against Rowan's body with the force of a hundred universe, he was driven to his knees, and the Rowan that fell to ground crumbled into ashes before Elura's dumbstruck gaze, "What..."

"Above you," the old man chuckled, his gaze alight with excitement, he was enjoying every single moment of this day.

Elura looked up and her vision was covered by a giant palm, as Rowan appeared above her and seized her face, his large hand nearly covering her entire head before she could wrap her mind around what was happening, he slammed her head to the ground, once, twice, shattering the earth for miles before tossing her into the air.

The roar of disbelief and rage that erupted from the body of Elura as she was thrown into the air resounded throughout the Frozen Waste as the heads of the Sirens above opened their eyes.

Chapter 943: I Am Sorry

The moment Rowan threw her to the heavens, a frightening wave of power erupted from her body, but this was all under the calculations of Rowan, who in his cold rage had a deep connection with the tempo of battle. He sliced his way through space, something that was considered to be impossible inside the Frozen Waste, but after spending a thousand years here he was intricately familiar with this region, avoiding the greater brunt of the shockwave, but he did not wait before it ended and revealed himself.

Anyone else would have waited for the wave of force to end, but if he did that he would be falling into the rhythm of the enemy, he grunted as a majority of his bones and flesh

were crushed to a pulp for a brief moment, and in a blink of an eye the injury vanished as his unnatural vitality healed him from the blows of a Will Holder whose cries of rage had attacked him across time.

The only problem was that Rowan had been truly reborn a thousand years ago, and even the rage of Elura could not find much to damage but flesh that had been baptized under the unnatural powers of the Primordial Ouroboros.

Her rage, although unfocused, was enough to crush every bone in his body, and Rowan's body was not the weak mortal body on the Twilight Bridge, but his full-dimensional flesh, held together by a Primordial Ouroboros bloodline at the fourth Supreme Circle.

Crushing him meant shattering an unknown number of worlds and stars, but Rowan had already moved the majority of the inhabitants of his dimension into the depths of his dimension, placing them beside the city of Sheol for safety.

The quick healing of his wounds might seem simple on the surface but in his dimension, countless worlds had returned to life and stars blazed anew in a stunning process that was almost as if time was reversing, and due to the fact that time ran faster inside his dimension, this also quickened his healing, and unless one watched closely, it would seem as if he was never hurt in the first place.

The old man observed this healing process, and he saw how Rowan's body repaired itself so quickly it was almost as if his body had already finished healing before it was hurt in the first place. His eyes shone with a glow that would drive fear into the heart of anyone who knew him, and the plans he had for his grandson were reevaluated, for he realized he had looked down on his talents.

Rowan's movement had brought him within a few feet of Elura, where he attempted to stab her with a short blade of ice, she caught his hand with a dismissive flourish, her nose raised in the air with annoyance, just perfectly in line for Rowan's headbutt fuelled by the power of Ascension to connect.

The old man winced when he heard a crack, and the howl of Elura as she was crushed into the earth. His daughter was many things, but a warrior she was not, after all, some of her shades could become great warriors and so she did not bother, finding the art of battle to be beneath her. This attitude had inevitably caused a rift between father and daughter Rowan dived downwards, his eyes focused on the woman buried hundreds of feet in the icy ground, on his hand was a massive hammer made from ice.

Quicker than Elura could anticipate he slammed the hammer to her skull. She was rising to her feet and this blow pushed her on her face. The sound and the shockwave that erupted from this single blow spread out for millions of miles and generated so much heat between the point of contact of the hammerhead and Elura's skull, that it was almost as if a supernova had gone off.

The hammer shattered to pieces smaller than atoms, and considering that this hammer was forged from one of the hardest substances in all the known third-dimensional universe would attest to the sheer might in Rowan's blows.

His stats after all these years had reached a terrifying level, that anyone who thought he could be challenged without consequences was in for a nasty surprise. Rowan seized her by the neck, a part of him knowing his actions were a bit foolish, but the sorrow in his heart needed to be quelled, and combat was the only way to soothe the ache in his heart.

Elura's eyes were filled with fury, and a single strand of hair from her head was dislodged from her skull, it seemed this was the final straw. She no longer thought about holding back her rage, and for a moment here, it had reached a point where the next move she was about to make would erase Rowan from reality.

Feeling the impossible wave of power building in her body that threatened a level of destruction that was shocking to his senses, Rowan simply inhaled and reached across his entire dimension, he gathered the power of frost from the void and his Primordial Sea of Darkness and channeled it through his mouth, he blew.

A black flash that would fry the eyes of anyone who saw it for millions of miles appeared between them and Rowan stepped back, leaving Elura a block of ice. The old man folded his arms nonchalantly but internally he was screaming, 'What in the.... What in the highest heavens is this ridiculousness, that breath could freeze an entire universe. He is a mortal universe killer! Not even a hundred 9th-level bloodlines would give you such a power as a mortal. Elura, you foolish girl, what in your arrogance have you unleashed? This is not a genius, this is an abomination.'

If his instinct was right, the Elura that he met was a skill similar to a Reflection, but unlike the Reflections she was unlucky and her maker was not dead, so it was possible that she was assimilated back when her task was completed.

Rowan turned around, the short combat had torn all the robes in his body, leaving him nearly naked, he cupped his hand, gathering the fabrics, and they transformed into a large Axe.

In his heart Rowan knew that the Elura he called mother was gone, seeing this woman before him, he was reminded of the Primordial of Evil and his Reflections.

If his instinct was right, the Elura that he met was a skill similar to a Reflection, but unlike the Reflections she was unlucky and her maker was not dead, so it was possible that she was assimilated back when her task was completed.

Knowing this fact, Rowan's anger was meaningless, he perfectly understood that the Elura he knew was simply playing a role that she was created to serve, and the woman he was pouring his rage towards did not truly deserve it.

At least that was what his common sense was telling him. His heart was saying something else. He didn't care about logic, she killed his mother. What sort of a son would he be, if he could not make her pay?

It did not matter if Elura was royalty from a Primordial Bloodline, she needed to pay for stuffing out someone he loved.

Ridiculous, sheer madness, but Rowan's love was not bound by rules.

He could hear a dull cracking sound emerging from the ice, he had a fraction of a second when the ice shattered before he could retaliate, and Rowan began filling his Axe with the power of Ascension.

"I would not do that if I were you," the voice of the old man made him pause, "whatever love or plans for you that she has if you take another step then she would burn you from reality."

Rowan frowned and took a step back, retreating for dozens of feet, and the old man smiled in appreciation, "So you can be taught."

Then everything turned a sickening shade of green as the cries of rage from Elura erupted. Her hair blew up in the breeze and dozens of black holes began to surround her body, her rage had reached such a profound point that the entire Frozen Waste began to melt.

Suddenly Rowan dissipated his weapon and raised his hands up in a placating gesture and he smiled, "Mother, I'm sorry, I was struck by a spell of madness. Can you find it in your heart to forgive your dear son?"

Elura, who was gathering potent forces of destruction, paused and she screamed, "What!"

Rowan grinned sheepishly and looked down, "I'm sorry mother. The air of the higher dimension affected my feeble mortal mind."

Chapter 944: Unreasonable Affection.

It was not an easy thing to drive a being like Elura to speechlessness, but the extreme shift in Rowan's actions nearly gave her whiplash. A moment before, there had not been true killing intents in his blows, but they were close as if he was almost punishing her.

For a while, there was nothing but silence, but the boisterous laughter of the old man broke it, "How long has it been since I have seen you, surprised daughter? You know when you woke me up from my Era long sleep, I thought that reality had nothing to

reveal to my gaze, and... hahaha, your hair, your perfect hair, you look like a hamster, hahaha..."

Elura turned to him in anger, but the old man raised his hand in a harsh swipe, his mirth vanishing instantly and his tone carrying a tone of majesty, it was as if his emotions were nothing but a tool, he allowed himself to truly feel them, but he could easily place them aside, this observation made Rowan's eyes to light up, there was something here for him to learn,

"You have forgotten something essential in your anger daughter," the old man's smooth voice did not only caught Rowan's attention but also Elura's, who frowned and waited for him to continue, "and your son has revealed it to you, he is still a mortal, and we were both wrong!"

'Wrong?!' this word drew Elura's full attention, it was rare that this old man would ever admit any failings, whatever he had seen in Rowan was so precious enough, that he was willing to brush his ego aside and speak candidly to her. This change was surprising, to say the least.

Noticing that he had her full attention, he continued, "Previously I thought he was just the normal heartless monster that we have flooding around reality, with every thought in his heart only for the pursuit of power, a side effect of acquiring tremendous power as a youth, but we were wrong, he was just protecting his fragile core with an armor of cold and thorns."

Rowan blinked, 'Oh, but I think I'm just the normal heartless monster who knows nothing but the greedy pursuit of personal power, why would you ever think anything else?! It would seem attacking Elura brought about an additional benefit,' A small part of Rowan's Consciousness gave an over-exaggerated fist pump. He had been willing to shed his disguise of a soulful being before the eyes of these people who could read the depthless emotions he carried when he noticed that they could see the traits that came from not having a soul.

Nevertheless, the fact that he was Soulless was not something that was known to them and was easily the last thing that anyone would guess, and this might have led to a surprising misunderstanding, Rowan had forgotten that unwieldy emotions as he had displayed could be perceived in a different manner when it was looked at from a different point of view.

It could signify that one was a master manipulator who played everyone around them, his emotion as fickle and changeable as the wind, or it could be the sign of an overwhelmed mind trying to find a way to stay above the waves.

If he was still a mortal in the eyes of all and possessed a mortal soul, then no matter how powerful he was, certain events would overwhelm his soul. This was a perfect description of the Rowan who transmigrated into the universe a thousand years ago.

The man at that time was confused, thrust into the body of a child with a sapient book inside his body, filled with frightening bloodlines and a messed up situation happening all around him, the only option for Rowan at that moment was to lie, and pretend his way through life, adopting various disguises to aid him as he maneuvered through a world that had gone mad.

No matter how strong his strength of mind turned out to be, Rowan had been broken, the madness of a world filled with real gods and monsters, warping him into a monster that he would never have comprehended he could become. It would seem that in a twist of fate, the old man thought that Rowan here was experiencing such a mind break.

When he lashed out against Elura, a being many times more powerful than him, it was a sign to them that his carefully constructed visage of an omnipotent being was cracking.

Rowan sighed internally, 'In the end, it would seem that allowing the weakness of my heart to dictate my actions was the right move, who am I deceiving, even if Elura turned out to be a Primordial, I would have attacked. I am a soulless monster, but when it comes to the things I love, I am unreasonable. I don't care if this is Elura, she is not my Elura, and for that reason, I'm sorry Mother, but you would have to change for me. No one else should wear that body.'

In that moment before he conjured the ice sword and placed it on her chest, there had been a brief period where his mind was empty, free of nothing but rage and sorrow, he had nearly conjured his Destroyer, but his cold intellect had fiercely intervened. If he had drawn his Destroyer, then someone would have perished today, and it might not be Elura.

Rowan was amazed at the lengths he would reach for those who have touched his frozen heart, and he did not care, if not for the cold rationality in his mind that would make him torture himself and wait for the right moment, he would be fighting at this time. Elura paused in thought, seemingly taking deep heeds of the old man's words, "If you don't believe me, why don't you ask him, he is right there beside you. Or... you know I could just be wrong and your child is a lost cause, but this time, weirdly I don't think so." the old man smiled.

Turning towards Rowan who stood awkwardly, she looked into his eyes and although his long lashes shaded those windows to the soul, she could clearly read the pain and sorrow inside of it, which was odd, her Shade was tasked with making a weapon, yet she wondered why it became so successful in creating such a bond, which was something that could not be easily faked, how could the mortal ties binding them become this strong?

This needed to be investigated, as soon as she returned she would be thoroughly investigating this Shade, but for now, she would rather hear the answer from him, her rage was still hot, and depending on his answers he would be made to pay a price.

Elura was a being that was worshiped by countless universes and in the Land of Miracles, her mere presence held great weight, it was almost impossible to reach her normally, and after the many Eras, her influence and prestige had only grown, and all the seeds she had planted over the Eras, Rowan was looking to be the most promising, but things could change anytime, she had lived long enough to know this.

"Why would you attack me, Romion?"

Rowan did not hesitate in his reply, "Because it is what she would have wanted,"

Chapter 945: Pay The Price

Rowan thought there was no reason to lie at this time. He was affected by many things, but he was not ruled by fear, he was sure that Elura and the old man had seen through his actions when he had attacked and knew that he lacked fear even when facing a being as powerful as Elura turned out to be, although he did not go all out and call forth the full breadth of his powers, was it not the same for Elura?

It was a delicate balancing act, to show his true self while keeping the rest of his nature under wraps. It was a good thing that Rowan had truly once been mortal, and he knew that one trait of mortality was imperfection. He did not have to be perfect, only passionate.

Elura frowned, pondering on his words before asking, "What do you mean by saying; what she would want? Am I not your mother Romion?" gesturing to herself, "Is your memory of me so corrupted that you cannot recognize my Aura?"

Rowan considered his words for a brief moment and he chuckled, "The fact that you asked me that question should tell you everything. The Elura I knew understood that true connection did not lie in the surface, but here," he pointed towards his heart, and for a moment Rowan thought he felt a terrible storm brewing inside the eyes of Elura

"Easy with him Elura," the old man called out, "Remember his roots and his age, there are many things he would need to learn about beings of our level, and how difficult attachment is to form and maintain after the weight of time had scrubbed our memories raw, he does not know this aspect of you, so, be patient, give him the time to learn and appreciate this facet of your nobility. He has only known a loving mother, he has not met the Empress, and something tells me that you don't know his entire story either."

Elura snorted in irritation, "You seem awfully eager to defend him, and I did not forget your enjoyment at my humiliation."

"How could I not, it is not every day you see your face slammed into the ground by a mortal, and one that turned out to be your son. You have always lived a life of supreme

control and it was not your humiliation that made me laugh, it was the fact that for the first time in a long time, you reminded me of the time you were a whelp, a memory that I feared had been lost in the deep bowels of time. Oh, daughter, the look of sheer surprise on your face! I would burn a thousand universes to dust just to see it again."

"Lovely," she muttered, before addressing Rowan, "Your actions against me were uncalled for, raising a blade against me without any prior justification is a deeply unfilial act, and you have stepped out of your bounds attacking an Eminence of my station, an act that would lead to an eternity of mortal punishment, for such a violation, the price you shall pay will be dire,"

Rowan shrank back before he squared his shoulders, and he nodded in acceptance, if there was a punishment to be dealt out, he was willing to take it, there should always be a price for thoughtless actions, even though he did not regret a single thing he did. The only regret was weakness.

Elura paused for a while, seemingly judging the manner Rowan handled her words before she continued,

"I have heard your words and those of your grandfather, and I am not thoughtless, at the end of everything you should know that I still remain your mother and I know that you did not act out of malice or the desire to truly do me harm, your actions, no matter how unwise, were borne from love, and although this love should have been directed towards me, I can understand the reason why it has been skewed. By the saints, I have seen greater acts of madness because of love."

This word she spoke seemed to surprise her, and her eyes finally firmed, Rowan knew that she had come to a decision,

"Romion look into my eyes as I tell you a great truth going forward, this is something that I suspect you know yourself deep in your heart, but sometimes, a truth is not acknowledged until said out loud. Just as a mere mortal possesses many facets to their character. A man can be a lovely father on one hand, and then becomes a fearsome warrior on the battlefield, slaughtering his foes without blinking an eye. How much so me, the first daughter of Miracle."

Her voice went soft like a breeze and it touched Rowan's ears, as if what she spoke was only for him alone, "I possess such an aspect, in ways you may find it difficult to accept. I am a queen yet a mother, I am a killer and a healer, I am light and I am darkness, I am Elura, and you my son shall know all of me and love all of me. I don't care if you love only one part of me, I shall make you love the rest. This is the price for drawing your blade against me."

Rowan went speechless, 'Something is wrong here. This is not how it should work. Damn it Elura, I am supposed to be the unreasonable one.'

The old man sighed, "And you wonder where his madness comes from daughter."

Elura turned her nose up and sniffed, "I have spoken, and so my will will be done."

Turning to her father, "So you have seen his display of power, the reach of his potential, and have acknowledged what I told you. Of all my seed, he stands above them all, peerless. Tell me he does not deserve to be Prime."

The old man paused before frowning in deep thought, "You have truly placed a challenge in my path Elura, such powers he wields are nearly unfathomable, for the first time in my years, I am left wondering if it is possible to find the limit of a being."

Elura frowned, "Are you going to be backing down?"

"Backing down? That is a foolish thought" The old man waved his hands in annoyance, "No, this child is a masterpiece, and he will be treated as one."

Looking up at Rowan his eyes brightened, "Disregard my advice on planting your dimension in the Nothingness. That is a path for Kings and Emperors, but you have exceeded those limits, and doing so would be an insult to your potential. No, we forge your Circles!"

Elura's eyes widened and she went pale, she wanted to open her mouth to protest and then she fell deep into thought, but whatever was going on inside her head was so tumultuous, that she was biting her lips unknowingly. "Forge my Circles?" Rowan muttered in confusion.

"Your Supreme Circle child, what did you think the term came from? Since the beginning of creation, it is something that has been postulated, but considered impossible, because how could there ever be a mortal with a foundation solid enough to make their Circle come to fruition?"

"I don't understand."

"Of course you don't," the old man laughed and tore reality with a gesture, "Follow me, I shall take you to the end of the Primordial Era, and the birth of the Supreme Circle. Your training has just begun."

"Training?"

Sigh, "Did my daughter Aura shatter your mind? If you are not aware, you have no right to refuse, that is also my price."

"Price of what?!" Rowan cried out as he was dragged back in time to the end of the Primordial Era.

"For being my grandson."

Chapter 946: Cravings From The Blood

In his short thousand-plus years of life, Rowan had seen numerous visions of the past and some of the possible futures, but he had never physically been taken to the past, making him wonder which dimension this unknown old man controlled.

At first, with the Tower of Greed, he was able to bring his consciousness back to the past, and after summoning the Twilight Bridge, Rowan did not truly move from the present to the past, his consciousness pillars of the present were sacrificed to create a bridge that linked the past, while the nature of the Ouroboros Serpent made it possible for him to steal the gains he had made from the present and bring it to the past.

So you see, his 'first' true sojourn to the past was leaving him with a lot of questions, since he was not traveling to the past using his consciousness but his entire body. How can a feat like this even be possible? Would he be truly returning to the past, and if that was the case, could he change the present by the fact that he saw the past?

The questions in his mind were legion, but Rowan did not need to ask anything at this time, he would rather observe, and when the opportunity came for him to ask his questions, he must ensure that at least they were important.

Rowan did not need to actively observe his surroundings because, with the effects of his numerous titles and his unreasonable perception, everything he saw was being analyzed and recorded, but yet it was a bit too... little.

The path they traveled on was both familiar and strange at the same time. Although they moved at blistering speeds even for Rowan, he could recognize bits and pieces of the road they traversed.

A flash of chains, he identified as the Chains of Time by their strange dark coloration, apocalyptic scenes of past tragedies that boggle the mind but flashed by so fast it almost felt like a mirage, massive colossi that made a galaxy feel like a grain of sand, fantastical wars of such epic proportions, kept flashing by so fast that reconstructing the scene in his consciousness was a feat of Supreme computational capability, and somehow Rowan understood that he was seeing only a fragment of the true glory of this road, the old man in all his so-called wisdom was shielding his sight from this path.

Rowan wanted to curse out aloud, there was so much he could be learning, so many mysteries just right beneath his fingertips that could propel his spell proficiency to ridiculous heights, and it was being shielded by this damned old man.

This action from him was most likely commendable, this old man may appear to be rash, but he was not stupid, even a god or a weaker dimensional Will Holder might have gone mad when traversing this path, and he was thinking he was protecting Rowan from harm.

'What an amazing saint!' Rowan wanted to roll his eyes, the problem was he wanted to see, he was not like everyone else, and the mysteries to time were buried in his blood, 'Show me the madness old man, show me the mysteries, I don't care if it burns my eyes or scorch my soul, I have no soul, only an endless abyss that craves to be filled.'

However, he could not protest too much, or the old man may come to understand the true depths of his soul or lack thereof. He almost revealed his true nature so the veil over this road of time could be unveiled to his sight, and he had to constantly suppress his urges. There was something about this road, a tantalizing mystery that scratched at the doors of his mind. **HERE IS POWER, TAKE IT!!!**

Rowan knew that this urge was not normal, no matter how much he craved for power, it had not reached such an extent where he was about to lose control of his senses. This road... being this close to the power of Time, was affecting him far more than he expected, and now he was grateful for the veil this old man was using to cover the road, if that was not the case, he would be lost.

No longer focusing on the path, Rowan turned his perception within, seeking the origin of these cravings in his consciousness, but it was like trying to find a grain of sand on a beach. He felt that he lacked some necessary tools that he would need to decipher the nature of time.

The answer was evident, he would need to ascend to a higher dimension and unlock the power of Time, and perhaps some truths that elude him would be revealed. However, this did not make Rowan stop trying to locate the source of that craving in his blood that was threatening to drive him mad.

As it was getting abundantly clear with every day that he lived, although he might not have a complete bloodline of Time, the effect of time on his consciousness was proving to become a nuisance. Was this one of the side effects of being the only living bloodline relative of the Primordial of Time?

"This is a place for a being of my station to reside, but I rarely walk down this road, too many memories, and most of them bad, and so much more of it is... worse" the solemn voice of the old man dragged Rowan away from his introspection, something in his voice dragging him from his dark thoughts, "Hey do you have any more wine that is not poison?" the old man flashed the two jugs of wine he had left for the guardians and kept it away just as quickly.

'So that is where the wines disappeared to,' Roman eyes flashed, solving a minor riddle that caught his attention and finally confirming that the old man and Elura had been

monitoring him from the start, although he was a bit annoyed that they would interrupt his experiment at a moment's notice, he was even more surprised that they could detect there was something wrong with the wine he brewed, even though it was supposed to give nothing but endless benefit.

Technically this wine was not poison and if not for him, no one else would be able to do anything harmful with it, why was it considered poison?

Rowan had no hatred against the two guardians, and when he created the wine he was only going to reward them, and noticing the effect his curiosity was aroused and he was only going to understand how much of their souls he could sense and what later changes would happen when they imbibed enough of the wine.

At this time, except sensing their intention from their soul, giving him a faint sense of precognition against any actions they were going to be taking, there were no other effects and he knew that most people knowing this hidden effect of his wine would still choose to imbibe it, after all the effects of strengthening the soul was too powerful.

If the two guardians choose to never take up arms against him, then until the end of time, Rowan would not use the power he had gained over their souls to ever backstab them.

Chapter 947: Discussion On The Nature of Poisons

Rowan had plans to spread his wine to a lot of individuals for him to properly understand its full purpose but if it could be easily detected then he would have to change the method he used in disseminating this wine, but still he wanted to know how this hidden trait was discovered.

His curiosity burning, Rowan asked, "If that wine is poison, it was never my intention, it was only to provide a benefit for those who brought me valuable information about this higher dimension."

This was the truth, Rowan had never intended to unlock a hidden ability of Ambrosia, the Aether generated by the city of Sheol, and he knew that this old man would be easily able to detect the truth in his words.

The old man sighed, "I know that you don't need to, but you have to understand that for someone like you and I, sometimes our intentions are meaningless, only the act itself speaks for us. There is something of the Old ones inside you, which should not be expected even though your body is brimming with their bloodline, a reflection of the moon is not the moon itself,"

"but somehow you still manage to shine as bright as the original in a manner. Ridiculous, and yet there is no Will bounding you to their position, so strange... If Elura wanted to create a weapon, she created one that was far too perfect, it is unlike her not to leave a flaw, and yet I still wonder, would she even be able to leave a flaw in someone like you?"

"I do not ask for your secrets, we are all entitled to keep them, and it is a challenge to unearth them by myself, a challenge that I know I will succeed at in the end, nevertheless it does not stop me from wondering after putting my mind to it, what is the end goal for your existence? I believe I have only seen a small part of what you hold and this astonishes me. How can something like you with so much potential be allowed to have a life? How did Elura not bind you tighter to her cause before you left the ignorance of the lower realm?"

Rowan looked at this old man, away from Elura his demeanor had changed, in front of his daughter he was a brash and obnoxious old man, quick to judgment and ever willing to dispense with harsh words at a moment's notice, but here, he almost felt... fragile.

This man had seen much of his nature than Elura, and he had taken them away from his mother's sight, perhaps to the only place in all of creation where they could not be spied on, and Rowan decided to take a leap of faith and trust this old man to an extent. To find real answers, he might need to open up about some parts of him.

He paused before he brought out a shiny green orb, it was the Eld Seed that contained Aetherium energy, "She did. Inside this orb is a million years of my memories that had been taken from me. A greater part of my existence, and I know not what it contains, although I believe most of it would be unpleasant, but it is mine, not discounting the opportunity to acquire Aetherium, which I am told is very precious, and in a previous battle I fought, this energy would have served me well."

Rowan sighed, "This should give me nothing but benefits, right? But just the same way you did not drink that wine, I am sure you know that it is poison. This orb should fulfill my most pressing need, but it is still poisonous. Even though on the surface there should be no reason to refuse such a great gift."

The old man looked at Rowan in a new light, and he smiled, "Aetherium is indeed precious, and your mother went above her power and gave you an unbounded Aetherium, something that is beyond precious. I know what you fear Romion, I see your bloodlines are untainted by the Wills of the Primes, but you should know that the Eld Seed you hold is unbounded and that makes it an incredibly precious asset, and yet, you are also right, it is poisonous."

The old man shook his head in apparent fascination, "It is no wonder Elura underestimated you. In the creation of this Seed of Aetherium, she had to have used a lot of untapped memories of her Shade, creating various blind spots in her knowledge of you. It should not have been a problem if you had ingested the Aetherium, but you did

not. So you did get your instincts from me... hahaha, this is good. I knew there must be something good from selecting that bloodline power above all else."

Rowan was quiet in contemplation as he also perused through his dimension, and he waved his hand, manifesting dozens of various types of wines. Inside his dimension, a healthy society had bloomed, with vast and diverse cultures, food and so many new things being created every day.

It was a simple thing to reach into it and sample all the best wines created and bring the ones he judged were the most promising to the old man. Rowan was positive that in all of creation, these wines may not stand up to the top 1000s, but they were unique.

The old man's eyes lit up as he took one jug and in a stunning move, opened his mouth wide and threw it in, then he started to chew, jug and all..

Rowan's left eye twitched, even though some of the wines had been bottled for thousands of years and the container contained quite potent flavors, it still felt excessive,

"Hey, old man, you have not introduced yourself to me. I don't think I should keep referring to you as just an old man in my head."

Throwing another bottle of wine in his mouth and chewing, the old man raised an eyebrow, "why not? It is not as if I am not a male, and am I not old? You should have other greater things to worry about, but I understand the need for a name... let's see, one of my first and favorite was Seed, you can call me Old Man Seed, yes, I like that name."

Rowan rolled his eyes and remained silent watching as the space they were traveling zoomed faster and faster, it was a shame that his first excursion into the past was so lackluster, but he knew he had to lay low for the moment, to distract himself from the seemingly endless monotony he asked,

"Why was there such a harsh response the moment I stepped into the Land of Miracles?"

"How could there not be?" the old man sniffed, "You brought the power of a lower dimension to a higher one, and although you kept your Will hidden, it still operates using the same fundamental power source every dimension shares."

Rowan coughed and he asked a question that he was not aware he needed to ask in the first place, "Old man Seed, what powers a Dimension?"

The old man grinned and spread his hands wide in a flourish, "Nothing!"

Rowan sighed and rubbed his brows.

Chapter 948: Power Of a World Bearer

'Nothing! What did he mean by nothing and how could nothing power something as vast and powerful as a dimension?'

Rowan wanted to protest at the unnecessary theatrics from Old Man Seed, and then he paused, his mind whirling through the possibilities of what he had just heard. Previously the concept of Nothingness to him meant the absence of something. Still, as he delved deeper into the mysteries of creation, he knew that Nothingness was a conceptual force as real as Time and Space, and he had glimpsed a portion of its awful power when he had summoned the Chains of Time from their hidden depths.

His eyes lit up and he looked at Old Man Seed who was watching him with a sort of fascinated look like a mortal watching a rat performing hand-stands.

"Why am I not surprised that you are able to glimpse a part of the truth from what I said. Nothingness should be a concept you should not even begin to touch until you possess a fifth-dimensional power, and yet here you are, a mortal with the touch of Nothingness in your Aura. Somehow that does not even scratch the fact that you are a World Bearer! A mortal World Bearer boy. It is amazing to me you can achieve so much while being so ignorant about the true nature of reality."

In Rowan's head, he could still hear the cries of the Third Prince, "I knew you would be able to acquire power, so I stripped the universe of knowledge."

Rowan bowed, and brought out another dozen bottles of wine, "I barely understand the concept of Nothingness and how it is related to dimensions. Teach me."

The old man smiled and threw a bottle into his mouth and chewed, "A World Bearer is a title that is one of the most sought after in all of creation. The reason is simple, it gives the user the ability to place their dimensional powers in reality, placing their roots in the nothingness and giving the essence of their power a corporeal form."

Rowan shook in realization and the old man gave forms to the realization in his mind, "Yes, every great dimension you can see outside the Great Darkness, is only possible if you become a World Bearer. This is the dream of every higher dimensional Will Holder, to become a World Bearer and finally give form to the powers because every Will Holder would find ascending up the dimensional ladder a thousand times easier than a normal Will Holder, so you can imagine with such an advantage, why the title of a World Bearer is so precious."

This information stunned him, the Steele had granted him the title of a World Bearer after Rowan had made a World Core using his knowledge, but he did not realize the full implications of his actions, and how far-reaching they could become outside in reality.

Rowan did not know how others gained access to the power of a World Bearer, but the method he used was quite special since he began creating his World Core using Soul Origin. With this in mind was it possible that he could... No, that should not be permitted.

The old man did not realize the thoughts going through Rowan's mind as he continued, "That is also the reason why no World Bearer would enter a higher dimensional world without properly shielding their World Bearer status, or that dimension would assimilate you. You are lucky that you entered the dimension of a Prime as gentle as the Eldar with a Prime bloodline to boot, or else you would be consumed faster than you even realized."

Due to his status as a Dimension, he knew that consuming him would not be as simple as Old Man Seed seemed to think, but it was a relevant warning about how ignorant he was about reality. The fact that he had never met another World Bearer led to this frightening gap in his knowledge, a gap he would need to quickly fix.

Due to his status as a Dimension, he knew that consuming him would not be as simple as Old Man Seed seemed to think, but it was a relevant warning about how ignorant he was about reality. The fact that he had never met another World Bearer led to this frightening gap in his knowledge, a gap he would need to quickly fix.

He bowed again towards Old Man Seed and watched as his eyes brimmed with satisfaction and he drew his hands down his long white beards.

"I hid the fact that you are a World Bearer from Elura, and hid it with something equally as shocking; that is you have a third-dimensional Will, because of everyone who should know you possess this trait, your mother should be the last.*

Rowan's eyes sharpened at those words, he remembered that when Old Man Seed first introduced himself, he told Rowan the solution to his problems would be placing his foundations in the Nothingness, and he had not understood what he meant, but after Elura arrived he had changed the solution to his 'problem,' taking Rowan to a place that should be outside the sphere of Elura in order to give him a 'better' path.

He had not imagined at first that the reason the old man chose to take that decision was to hide his title of a World Bearer.

Rowan spoke slowly, seemingly choosing his words carefully, "Why would that information about me not be shown to her?"

The old man was silent for a long while, and when he replied it was with a troubled frown, "I come from an older Era, and I have reached the peak of my state, there are no more castles for me to conquer, and no more towers to climb, I have seen what lies ahead of me, and I am satisfied to remain in my position, some burdens are too heavy to bear... but there are younger generations with the light of ambition still strong in their

hearts, I know of few that can match your mother. This is all I will say on this matter, a word is enough for the wise."

Rowan silently withdrew more exotic wines and passed them over, and the bright light in the old man's eyes shone brighter as he laughed, seemingly forgetting the somber mood of a moment back.

"What I am about to show you is something that you would need if you intend to survive the coming days. Your potential is unmatched and therefore the things you should be capable of should also be unmatched. This is the real price of me teaching you. I might not be able to go any higher, but I want to see the work of my hand reach those heights I can only dream about."

Clapping his hands suddenly together Old Man Seed exclaimed, "Now enough about those topics, it is time you learn about the Supreme Circles and why I selected this road for you, but it will ultimately depend on your strength of will if you are able to walk it, I can promise you miracles, but it would depend on you if you can carry them."

Rowan bowed his head in thought and although many things would have gone through his mind, none of them showed when he looked back up to Old Man Seed, "Show me," he said.

Nodding slowly, Old Man Seed growled, "I can easily instruct you about the concept of the Circles, but it would be better if I showed you. Before then, we are about to arrive at our destination, and now it is time to give you a warning about where you are and the location I am taking you to. I am about to reveal one of the fundamental secrets of existence to you, but you are more of an Old One than a mortal, and you should be able to take it... I hope."

Chapter 949: Passage Of Time

With those alarming words Old Man Seed focused on consuming the bottles of wine, muttering about their taste, and something about how he was enjoying the alcoholic beverage made Rowan to accompany him.

Bringing a bottle to his lips, Rowan felt a chill down his spine and he stopped, the old man was looking at him with a strange glare, Rowan paused and after considering for a while he threw the entire bottle in his mouth and like Old Man Seed, he began to chew, the resulting smile from his grandfather indicated that he had made the right choice.

Rowan shrugged and joined him in 'eating' the wine. If he wanted he could chew stars, so eating bottles made from wood and glass was nothing. For a while, there was silence as in a few moments both of them consumed hundreds of bottles.

With Old Man Seed satisfied he spread his hands wide and gestured to the tunnel they were traveling through, "I told you I was bringing you back through time, and that is correct, but also not. It's a tricky thing dumbing down the abilities of higher dimensions to you while still retaining enough truths about their workings. You see, even though I am not strong enough to push through time while delivering our weight across that eldritch expanse, what I can do is access a Passage of Time, which is where we are situated."

"A passage..." Rowan muttered to himself, his mind in a frenzy as a hint of why his blood that was linked to Time was almost going crazy occurred to him, 'This passage, is it not like a vein in the body of the Primordial of Time? I don't know the form a living Primordial may take, but what about a dead one?'

Rowan could not say such a thing aloud, but he could inquire about the nature of this passage, and so he did not hesitate to ask, "Old Man Seed, what is this Passage of Time, and how is it able to effortlessly bring you back to the past?"

"Effortlessly? Bah... more like clawing your way through an exploding universe with your nose hairs because your hands have been tied behind your back! No, there is nothing easy about fighting your way through a Passage of Time, and I don't know its Origins, only a Prime would know it, but it is a passage available for you to access once you have the power of a seventh dimensional domain under your belt."

Rowan's breath caught in his throat and he tried to maintain a fairly normal appearance, but he could see by the shameless grin on the face of the old man that he was not as successful as he would like. A seventh-dimensional entity was just two level below the ninth dimension, the realm of Primordials! He was standing beside one of the most powerful entities in all of creation. The closest power he had associated with was the dead remnant of the Mountain and Sea Realm, and that minor realm was the one responsible for Rowan being able to create a World Core due to the information he harvested from it.

With a more smug tone Old Man Seed laughed, "Now that you have an inkling about how awesome I am, it is time to tell you more about this passage, staying inside this place is draining, and I am in no mood for training."

He paused and swallowed and Rowan did not have to be told, he retrieved more bottles of wine and gave it to the endless pit and the old man continued speaking, "You should know that this opportunity I am about to give you is priceless, important details need to be repeated. I am doing this because I think out of every mortal and even Immortal I have laid my eyes on, you are the one that is most deserving of such an opportunity, but as you should understand by now, there are always risks associated with great leaps like this, and I do not need to ask your permission, because no matter the risk ahead, you will be a fool to reject it, and no grandson of mine is a fool."

Rowan went silent as he waited for Old Man Seed to finish speaking, from the words of Elura and Old Man Seed, he knew that these two were incredibly domineering and simply bent reality to their wish anytime they wanted, in their eyes, it did not matter what Rowan wanted, they saw a treasure inside him, and even if he kicked and scream, they would still drag every single utility out of him, until he fulfilled the dreams they had of him.

This prospect was incredibly annoying, but Rowan had expected it. Leaving the comforts of the universe would place him in the eyes of the truly powerful, and at first he had thought he might be able to develop himself in relative obscurity but that was not possible in the short term.

He had picked the Land of Miracles with the faint hopes that of all the places he could choose to develop, this might be the one that could be a bit tolerable, and even till this moment he had not regretted his decisions.

There were worse places to be and worse fates he could be enduring. If the price of growth was the loss of his freedom for a bit of time, then that was a price he was willing to pay.

In the end, Rowan knew his advantages better than anyone else, and he would not remain on the back foot for long, he just needed to get his foot into the doors of power, and before long, there would be nothing that could stand against him.

His goals and their alignment for the moment, and he knew that Old Man Seed also had his own hidden agenda behind this training. Rowan knew he was too valuable a resource to not be exploited by those who had power over him, what he needed to ensure was that even though he suffered losses, it should only be balanced by the growth of power and knowledge.

He was immortal, and he was willing to bend the knee for a time if it meant he gained all he needed for his goals. No matter how much this old man may think he knew, no one could comprehend the heights Rowan was pursuing. "As you would have noticed," the old man pointed to the space around them, "I am shielding your perception from touching the walls of this passage. No matter how talented you are, it is quite impossible to comprehend the higher dimensional energy here, because you simply do not have the ability to do so, you will need to reach my level first before understanding will come to you, else what you will gain is madness and death."

"With this passage, we can reach as far back in Time to the end of the Primordial Era, and that is where this passage ends, although there are rumors that higher tier passages exist for those who control higher dimensional energies, but as for now, that is unknown to me, although it is possible."

"Taking you to the end of this passage is the first step, at our destination, I shall cut a small hole through it for you to see the end of the war, and the beginning of the Supreme Era that we are currently enjoying now."

Rubbing his hands together, Old Man Seed exclaimed, "So for the warnings, first, I am going to be showing you a small part of that reality, I do this because there are certain aspects of existence that you have to fully indulge yourself before they can be comprehended."

Old Man Seed had said all these with a single breath, and Rowan digested it all without interrupting him, although still curious about how it all works, he was willing to learn by observation.

"Ahh...we have arrived!"

Chapter 950: Failure Is A Great Teacher

"We are here!"

The sound of Old Man Seed's voice was like a thunderclap and Rowan shivered, he could not help it. Those simple three words carried a sort of power that reached Rowan's bones and revealed a portion of the might of this old man, this was a being that was ancient beyond reckoning, and yet it would seem that the time period he was bringing Rowan to was one that was even older than Old Man Seed.

The true weight of this moment settled in his bones and Rowan purged all distracting thoughts from his head, he freed his spirit and opened himself, something told him that what he would discover here would play a large role in shaping his path forward, even with such a thought in his mind, he was not ready for what he met.

Looking back at this moment, how could he ever be?

Old Man Seed tore a hole in the walls of the Passage of Time and brought them out, their bodies were covered by a translucent dome of force that rippled in patterns that made perception of Rowan freeze when he tried analyzing it, he was becoming more familiar with the traits of higher dimensional energies.

One of the primary traits was that in whatever form it took, he could not understand any of it. This dilemma did not frustrate Rowan, it only excited him.

Rowan peered outside and for a moment he could not understand what he was witnessing... it was as if his entire perception had been dropped into a vat of boiling acid that was somehow filled with pyrotechnics, everything he could sense was just pain and chaos. Sounds that stretched farther than they should with unknown notes that

made no logical sense, exotic lights and colors that even he was not familiar with, and trillions of other sensations that were too alien to figure out, and wrapped around all this was the constant sharp pain like his mind was slowly shredded.

There was too much information at once, and everything was jumbled, he was witnessing infinity but at the same time he was witnessing nothing, and no matter how much he reached for a common thread among the chaos so he could begin unraveling the chaotic information, he was left with nothing.

Rowan was confused but he did not allow his frustration to grow, he kept seeking for what felt like an eternity until Old Man Seed's voice entered his hearing,

"I can see that your Spirit and perception are extraordinarily powerful, but it would not help you here, in fact, it is nothing but a hindrance, there is something I failed to tell you; this war is being waged on every single dimension at the same time, and in this position we are standing, we can see all of it. If you try to understand everything like you have been doing for so long, you will do naught but fail."

"Do not broaden your perception like you are used to, instead focus it on a single spot in front of you, grab a single moment in time in this battle, find the dimension that you can comprehend, and from the chaos filter the sight that only you can see, for in this battlefield, every comprehension you can collect is unique to you alone. This would be a test and a reward for you if you can succeed in this."

Rowan nodded and focused, although he was used to seeing visions of grand events in the past, this time it was different. He was playing on a different stage and his lack of adaptability was proving to be a detriment to him.

Every time he had viewed scenes of great power in the past or a possible future, it was always a vision that had been filtered by in such a way that he could understand it. This alone made an unparalleled treasure, but there was a limit it could reach before its aid became a crutch to him.

Rowan had seen some of the greatest powers in reality, but he had never truly seen them, all he had glimpsed was what had been able to filter and transform into a coherent series of memories that he could understand, and even then he could barely say he could comprehend all the visions with a hundred percent certainty.

With the training wheels off, it was evident that Rowan was struggling, everything came with ease to him and it was the reason he had not considered that he could have ever failed to comprehend the scene before him, but to be fair, Old Man Seed held back an important detail and did not tell him that what he would be witnessing was multiple dimensions at the same time, but Rowan could not really fault him for this, as he felt that he should have realized this fact from the little clues he had been given before now.

For the first part of his test, Rowan considered that he had failed it, what was left was not to make a mess of the rest.

Now he was going to be pushed to the limit, his Primordial Record would no longer be the one filtering this event for him, and everything that he could hold would have to depend on his strength. Rowan found that a part of him was incredibly excited by this prospect, up till this moment, there were few things that could truly push him to his limits, he was a giant living in a world of ants, and now he was the ant in a world of giants.

Failure was turning out to be a great teacher and motivator to him, who could have known?

Focusing his Perception turned out to be harder than he thought, not because it was inherently difficult for him to do such a thing, but because whatever was happening here had attracted his Spirit like iron filings to a magnet, his Spirit had been submerged into the vision of battle, and although he could not understand what his perception was witnessing, it had already held him bound.

Rowan nearly cursed aloud, Old Man Seed had not warned him of such a devious side to this process, and he was in danger of madness.

If he had delayed this process in focusing his energies, then whatever he was witnessing would stretch his mind to the limits and shatter it, leaving bits and pieces of his perception shattered into a trillion pieces in every dimension in existence.

Such a blow would not kill him, unlike those with a soul, his Consciousness pillars would simply regrow new consciousnesses, but that part of his secret he was not ready to reveal, even to his grandfather. It was unlikely that he would ever reveal this secret to anyone else, ever. As one of the foundations of his existence, there was no way Rowan would ever reveal this secret that could be used against him.

He was sure there must be certain disadvantages of having a Consciousness Pillar instead of a soul, and he would rather he would not find out what those were from his enemies.

For a crazed moment, Rowan wanted to simply sever all his consciousnesses that had been assimilated into the various dimensions. If this was the past what would happen if he left portions of himself inside of it?

Chapter 951: Spirit Emanations

This crazed thought did not remain long in his head, Rowan could not make choices that could lead to unknown ramifications without taking his time to analyze every single

factor in the process, he was no longer a giant living in a world of ants where any mistakes he made could be bulldozed through with force and more force if he was not careful, he would not even know how he died.

Now willing to face the task ahead without distracting himself with random thoughts of madness he began to retrieve his consciousnesses from the vise of the battlefield.

It was a difficult process pulling back his perception and consciousness from the chaos, and during the process, he inevitably lost a portion of his Spirit, but those were minimal damages that he could easily weather without much difficulty, and he effortlessly regenerated those broken portions of his consciousness even as he was losing them.

He soon discovered that his previous plans of severing his entire consciousness would have not succeeded because it did not take long for the parts he left behind to be destroyed. Perhaps if he poured enough consciousness power into the past there would be something that would inevitably survive this process, but Rowan quashed that thought in its infancy again.

Rowan harshly berated himself, 'Stop making crazy decisions at least until you understand the entire stage of power in all of reality. You cannot afford to be making mistakes you cannot solve.'

Old Man Seed was quiet as he watched Rowan, whatever thought he had was hidden in his white eyes that revealed nothing. If he found it amazing that Rowan was able to retrieve nearly all his consciousness intact, he made no sign, he just stared at the battle ahead, what he was looking at was a mystery.

When Rowan was done, there was a sheen of sweat covering his brows, it might have appeared that what he did was simple, but it was not, pulling his perception that had been dragged into every dimension here was like having his mind splintered into trillions of pieces, each inevitably weakened and each piece of his broken mind had to drag the weight of a galaxy to reach him.

This act came with a level of pain and discomfort that was very difficult to describe.

His experience with his multiple consciousnesses was what pulled him through this crisis, else it would stump anyone on how to maneuver a mind that had been taken apart to such a level.

With the full weight of his perception on his side once more he began another round of refocusing his Spirit, and after a while, he had regained the full portion of his strength.

"Good, this is your first lesson, and one of the most important things I shall ever teach you" Old Man Seed looked away from the battle and focused on him, "In the lower dimension, you might get away with opening yourself and exposing your perception to everything, to you it's the best and indeed the only way to understand your reality, but

up here you are expected to be doing the opposite. You are no longer the top dog, and everything up here would be able to take a bite out of you."

"To tell you the truth, I doubt any meal in the known creation would be as pleasant as consuming you Romion, shamefully, there is a part of me that wants to consume you, but I know that if I do that, I would be ingesting poison. Most powers you shall find in the higher plane would not have this instinct, and even if they do, they would ignore it."

He turned and suddenly tapped Rowan on the forehead, "With all the interactions we have made, have you not wondered how I can easily pierce through some of your secrets? No doubt you have simply chalked it to the fact that I am far stronger than you, but that is quite a narrow view of understanding this problem. The truth is that you have been broadcasting a large part of your secrets to the world, and for those that are proficient in reading it, why, it is like looking at an open book!"

He laughed when he saw the dismayed look on his face of Rowan, "Do not fret though, reading a Spirit from its emanation is a delicate act that would take many Eras to master, but no one would take the time to learn how to read a Spirit Emanations if they can easily seize it."

Rowan closed his eyes in exasperation and tried to analyze his past behaviors, of course, he had always viewed reality with his perception. His eyes may be powerful but nothing beats the senses from his spirit, and because he had spent a lot of time without his fleshy body, he had become used to disregarding his corporeal perception and focusing on his spiritual one.

It had never occurred to Rowan that his perception that emanated from his spirit also carried portions of his secrets that a discerning eye could read. If the eyes were the windows of the soul, then Rowan in his ignorance had been using his 'soul' as his eyes for so long, he had left himself open for anyone to read.

With trepidations in his heart, he asked Old Man Seed, "This ability to read Spirit Emanations, how difficult is it to master and how much information can you gain from it."

Old Man Seed frowned, "It is not particularly difficult per se to master it, the true test to make this ability have any use is your knowledge base. For instance, from your Spirit I can sense a billion trillion strands of light, each having its unique color and flavor, and every strand of light would combine randomly in every single moment, each of those combinations would create something new combinations that would expand to greater numbers and those would still combine and expand nearly infinitesimally."

"The trick to this combination is to understand the flavor. I have seen the flavor of ten thousand World Bearers, and I have killed my fair share, I have plundered their secrets and stripped their core until everything of them is known to me, and so, when I see the flavor of a World Bearer in your Spirit, I can recognize it, but there are portions of your Spirit I cannot recognize because I don't know the flavor."

Rowan's eyes narrowed, "So it's all about knowledge. What you don't deeply recognize you cannot comprehend via Spirit Emanations."

"Precisely! Who knows what Elura may have comprehended from your Spirit, some of your secrets may not be secrets. So Rowan, if you have met higher dimensional individuals in the past, then it is possible that there may be a part of you that they understand, even more than you."

Rowan took a step back, his consciousness picking through all the higher-level beings in the past that he would have come across, and his mind immediately centered on a single individual— Caine.

Out of everyone he knew who had the knowledge and capability of knowing this technique was the firstborn of Chaos. Rowan may have thought he had won the fight against this being, but perhaps this was something he had been led to believe.

A chill penetrated his consciousness and it took all he had not to scream in anger and fright. The Soul fragment of Caine that had been inside his consciousness for so long... it was gone!

Chapter 952: New Understanding

Rowan had not forgotten that the consciousness he had used when he met Caine had been carefully doctored to reveal only what he wanted the Great Betrayer to see, but this was before he knew of Spirit Emanations and the possibility that Caine was not truly searching through only his memories but his Spirit also.

Caine had said a puzzling passage, pulled from Rowan's previous life on earth and he had taken it as nonsense, a method to throw him off his game due to the reveal that he was aware that Rowan was a Transmigrator.

"It goes like this: ... a stone was cut from a mountain—but not by human hands. The stone struck the feet, completely shattering the iron and clay. Then the iron, the clay, the bronze, the silver, and the gold were crushed and blown away without a trace, like husks of wheat at threshing time. But the stone became a tremendous mountain that covered the entire earth."

For a brief moment, Rowan almost went crazy with panic, but with a force of will that had been borne from handling various terrifying situations and triumphing over every single one of them, he placed his mind at ease, something that was not easy but he had to simply force himself to adapt. Whatever changes that had already occurred inside his dimension would not be solved by sheer panic, and he would rather learn more about Spirit Emanations from Old Man Seed.

Caine was a profound deceiver and he could make anyone believe in the lies he weaves, but there was nothing that could hide his surprise at the end when Rowan had won. He was missing a crucial piece of the puzzle here and only a cool analytical mind would solve it.

"Focus Romion!" the harsh voice of the old man added a bit more light to Rowan's eyes and threw the last of the haze that burdened his consciousness, "Don't allow your mind to be burdened by mistakes of the past, there is an opportunity for you to make great progress in the future, focus on that and don't make the oversight of dwelling on past errors that you have no way of understanding and focus on the test before you. Do not waste my teachings by dwelling on a past that could easily be corrected by the actions of the present."

Rowan nodded in acknowledgment, all of his lesser consciousness pillars were channeled into unraveling the mysteries of Caine's disappearance inside his dimension, while he focused on this battle in the past which signified the end of an Era, and the beginning of a new one.

The goal was to learn as much as he could and use this new knowledge to leverage the abilities he had, pushing them all to greater heights and correcting the flaws inside his body. Learning from the mistakes of the past, Rowan did not focus on everything as he had become used to, he chose to disregard the sight that made use of his consciousness, and channeled his mind into his fleshy body, using the vision of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents.

Rowan had become used to using his consciousness to perceive the world and had unconsciously disregarded the eyes of his body, in many ways, he was still adapting to the process of creating a prime consciousness pillar, and singling out his perception to one stream of focus.

As a hive mind, having a singular vision was not in its nature, and using his consciousness sight he could focus on many events at once but if he used his fleshy sight it was the opposite.

The creation of a single powerful consciousness pillar was to combat this event and create a balance inside his consciousness, but at the time he did this while in the frozen waste, he had not even considered the issue of balance.

This time he disregarded his consciousness and after more than a thousand years since he recreated his fleshy body, he began using the eyes of the Primordial Ouroboros.

The first thing he did was to shut off his entire perception, not focusing on his dimension and the myriad of stimulations inside of it but shutting it off entirely, pulling out his eyes from the entirety of his dimension and leaving him in complete darkness and silence, like a mortal who had placed themselves in a sensory deprivation tank. His sense of self, almost vanishing.

Rowan nearly gasped, for so long he had lived in a world filled with information, from the smallest changes in an atom to the transitions in weather across millions of worlds, to the voices of billions of his children, and the quiet voices of nature as a seed pushed itself into the earth and an ant gather food for its colony.

Every single moment had been filled with sounds, sensations and so much more...endlessly.

The darkness and the silence were humbling, for they drove everything away from his mind, and allowed him to focus on only himself. Even his thousand years of isolation could not equal a single second that his perception floated in emptiness and silence.

'Why have I never done this before? Why did such a thought never occur to me to pull myself away from everything and remain in silence.'

Knowing this thought was slightly flawed as the time he spent in the frozen waste was a minor transition that showed that slowly he was beginning to understand a new concept, he decided to silence this portion of his mind and understand everything that he was feeling.

Rowan was a bit surprised and amused that he did not want to leave this peace that he had discovered, but he understood that it was the same as sinking into apathy. This glorious silence was healing his mind but it was selfish. Somewhere along the way he had become the father of a universe that existed inside him. What sort of a father would he be if he shut himself away from his children?

It was a humbling realization for Rowan when he acknowledged that his children were a responsibility he could not push aside.

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In that darkness, he was able to observe his consciousness in a way that he had never done before, and he found himself anew.

Rowan sighed inside, 'How wonderful is this? Finding yourself over and over again, seeing a universe inside a grain of sand, finding a thousand mysteries in a single word.'

From the darkness, light was born.

Rowan opened his eyes.

Recreating his body had given him new eyes, one that was as colorful and beautiful as the brightest gems in reality. Rowan's prismatic eyes did not contain one color, but hundreds. His iris resembled hundreds of shards of broken light that converged together creating something incredibly unique.

After he entered the Frozen Road, Rowan had decided to hide the light of his eyes, dimming it so the color was a mundane green, the same with his long flowing hair that resembled diamonds, he simply made it blond, and with several minor adjustments to his face, he was able to reduce his otherworldly beauty to something that was easily comprehended by others.

Chapter 953: End Of The Primordial Era

Rowan's beauty in his base state was so overwhelming it had transcended all common sense and had become quite frightening, his appearance was a weapon, and with it, he could charm all creation, and every Supreme Circle he transcended, his beauty only rose, and so he kept this portion of himself hidden from reality, but to pass this test, he would need to awaken his eyes.

Blinking once, he opened his eyes and within those pearly orbs, a light began to emerge as if stars were coming to life. Shards after shards of light began to awaken in his iris with indescribable colors, and as they awoke, they brought a sort of divine melody as if creation itself was singing of their light.

The space in front of Rowan vibrated before it began to twist as reality was stained with the colors of his eyes. Ever since he transcended his mortal state, Rowan had never checked the progress of his fleshy body in an in-depth manner, solving the issue of the Primordial Eye took priority, and this change in his sight was shocking even to him.

Old Man Seed had told himself that he would not be shocked at any of the displays that his grandson would create, he doubted that there could be anything that could top the constant stream of shock and surprise at the capabilities of this child, but he saw that he could still be surprised.

'Perhaps he was only scratching the surface of what his grandson was capable of. Elura, in your quest for power, what did you create?'

A small part of Old Man Seed felt a burst of disquietness in his soul, and he had a moment where he wanted to nearly flee or kill Rowan because he was afraid. As amazing as it sounds, a being who controlled a seventh-dimensional domain had a moment where he was afraid of a mortal.

The light emerging from Rowan's eyes was incredibly weak in comparison to the power that Seed was capable of unleashing, yet there was a hint of an unknown sort of power that appeared simple yet had profound depths and he was reminded of the few times when he met those being of ridiculous power who existed on a plane that was beyond his comprehension—Primes.

However, this feeling of fear did not last for long before it was drowned by excitement as he eagerly waited for what Rowan would be able to accomplish.

Old Man Seed always had a hint of madness in his soul, and that ember was rekindling as he observed this ridiculous mortal creature called Romion.

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Activating his eyes after more than a thousand years of neglect was jarring, and for a moment it was almost as if his eyes were filled with sand and he could feel a dull ache spread across them as if he was a newborn opening its eyes to see reality for the first time.

At first, all he could see was gray, and slowly color resolved itself and he noticed the translucent dome of energy covering them before his sight punched through it into the battle ahead, and it was not hard for Rowan to differentiate between his eyes and those of his consciousness.

For one it was singularly focused, his eyes gathered all the external environment in its entirety, light, heat, sound, vibrations... everything, and fed them to him all at once.

It was not like his consciousness vision that separated his perception into strands and fed it to him at the same time. No, his Primordial Ouroboros's vision was different. It was like a pulse that spread out from his eyes, traveled to its limit, and returned to him, bringing back all the information it had collected. It was like sonar or echolocation that had been tweaked up to a million points.

The pulse that spread from his eyes was erupting millions of times per second, and all that information was being fed to him, yet it was compressed in such a manner that it was not distracting. Rowan was simply aware of everything around him, and he was not distracted by it.

His gaze was like that of a predator. Focused on what was ahead while understanding everything around him at the same time.

It was the reason he was not distracted by this fascinating new vision and was buried in the scene that he saw ahead.

Rowan did not know which dimension this battle was being fought on but he did not recognize any of the party who was engaged in combat.

What he saw was dozens of universes in flames. On one side were beings of metal and stone, each of them was larger than stars and they wielded the elements in the shapes of massive hammers.

Their enemies were equally as massive, but they were reptilian, not resembling dragons or any reptiles he had seen, they took the shape of large balls of flesh covered by gleaming scales, and their bodies were covered with eyes and claws.

What struck Rowan was not their sizes or their power, but their numbers. From what he could observe at a glance on a small portion of the battlefield, the combatants numbered in the trillions, and when he looked at the entire scale of this battlefield that covered multiple infinities and contained dozens of universes, then the sheer number of combatants here was so horrifying that it could not be described.

Even if each of the combatants had the strength of mortals then it would represent such a significant force that Rowan shuddered to think what they could be capable of, but the fact was that the weakest combatant here had the power of a God King!

How was such a thing possible?! How much resources would it take to create such a powerful army whose numbers put all the stars in multiple universes to shame? What kind of a war is this?

Yet, this entire battle that was stretching what he knew of reality to the limit was just a small part of a war that was infinitesimally larger than what he could wrap his mind around.

A thought came to Rowan that frightened him; when he merged with in the vision that led to the end of all existence and led to his extermination by the Primordials, he had not really understood the scale of the devastation that such an event would bring.

Of course, he knew that ending all of reality was a terrible thing, but he did not truly understand what it meant to destroy that number of lives.

If this small corner of the universe had contained this amount of lives, how much would the entirety of reality contain?

When Rowan opened his eyes, he was shivering. Old Man Seed looked at him and laughed, "Such a battle of such epic proportion has surely blown your mind, didn't it? Don't worry it is not a shame to admit that there are some things that could break your mind the first time you see it."

"Sure," Rowan nodded, too tired to argue. He was once again reminded that he was dealing with forces he did not understand, and had given him access to a range of powers that was utterly ridiculous considering the fact that he was a mortal.

Rowan sighed, "Why was such a devastating war fought?"

Old Man Seed smiled, "That is the question that you should have asked from the start."

Chapter 954: The Blade Of Primordials

Old Man Seed was correct, there were some things that can only be learned by witnessing them, and Rowan deliberated on the things he had witnessed knowing that before long the true reason the old man brought him here would be revealed. He did not have to wait for long before the heavy voice of the Old Man which carried immense dignity began speaking to him, and it was as if he had been transported into the past by the voice alone, which was ironic because he was now in the past,

"There is much about the end of the Primordial Era that is a mystery, but one thing is known to those at my level and above, that without this battle and the devastation it wrought, there would have been no peace in all of reality, it alone shaped all the minor Eras that is to come and above all, it was this battle was the birth of the Paths of Power as we know it."

The voice of Old Man Seed commanded attention, and Rowan listened in rapt attention. He knew of the Primordial War from the memories of Eva, the Lady of Shadows. This was a war that she partook in as a Creator for the Celestials, and it was in this war that she ultimately perished.

Over time he had come across bits and pieces of this war across secrets tomes and memories of the fallen, but it was the first time he knew a tangible purpose for such a battle that had shaped reality, something struck him, the word—Minor Era, but he did not want to interrupt the old man, so he kept the question in his heart and he waited to ask his questions after everything was over, but he could already guess its meaning.

Old Man Seed had told him previously that after the end of the Primordial Era, what came next was the Supreme Era that in his own words they were enjoying till this moment. Rowan knew that the average lifespan of an Era was a billion trillion years, or the life cycle of an average universe. Obviously, this war had not taken place a billion trillion years ago but from a far more distant time, and if he was correct, that means that every life cycle of the universe was a Minor Era, and a Major Era must indicate a grand shift in reality as a whole.

Perhaps to the Primordials an Era must mean something far greater than a minor change in the life cycle of a universe. Rowan thought that there was nothing wrong with this inference of his, but he would make sure that he confirmed it later.

His thoughts took a fraction of a moment, and he listened as Old Man Seed continued speaking,

"I was born at the end of the war, so I was among those he acted to end it, that was the primary purpose for my creation, I think. Sometimes it is hard to know these things, the Primes chose to keep a lot of their wisdom and the reasons for their actions close to

their chest. A trait that I'm not fond of, but I can understand their reasons sometimes. How could an ant know the thoughts of a man? Anytime I rebel in my heart that I'm not an ant, I come to this place and it reminds me, that I am even lesser... hahaha"

The old man laughed self-deprecatingly, but his foul humor did not last long before he focused back on the story he was telling,

"It is difficult to know my true roots and I have searched, believe me, a hundred Minor Eras devoted to nothing but searching. The reason for my search? I see that question in your eyes... maybe, it is because it lessens the weight of the years, and it does weigh on you after a while—Time."

"According to the rumors from my kin, I was a teardrop that fell from the eyes of our Prime when he saw the endless devastation that was being wrought on reality. I never cultivated to reach this present state of power, I only had to perfect it, and the end of this war was my opportunity, it was everyone's. For the strong-willed, it was the prospect of gaining power that was beholden only to themselves. True freedom was given to all, but depending on the power of the Primes was always an easier option to grow stronger and for people like us, well, we had no choice in this matter, our paths were already chosen from our births."

Old Man Seed smiled, "Maybe this is the reason that you excite me so Romion, you have such potential, and yet you are free. Someone in my line, a teardrop from the Prime, is walking the lone road all on his own, and it would be remiss for me if I cannot share a light to assist you on this path. Hah, I digress, let's return to the reason I brought you here."

Old Man Seed gestured and reality ahead parted and shrank, and in Rowan's perception, a majority of the reality ahead expanded and shrank until it was smaller than a mustard seed and it floated above the hand of Old Man Seed.

The old man had grabbed countless dimensions and squeezed them into a single spot, so Rowan's eyes could see all of reality that he would otherwise not have been able to comprehend.

"Look into it, and see the fruit of the war," Old Man Seed commanded, and Rowan looked at the reality that had been shrinking for him to perceive, and he saw....

Five tremendous entities that defied meaning, their size, shapes, and composition were impossible for him to grasp because they existed on a sphere of reality that Rowan could as yet not touch, and without to filter what entered his mind, he was left with only a sensation of witnessing the grandest spectacle he had ever come across.

Such an unfiltered view of reality triggered a strange yearning in his bloodline, as something truly ancient inside himself stirred. His bloodline of the Primordial Ouroboros hated what he was witnessing, it was as if it was seeing an old enemy dance on its

corpse while desecrating it in every way possible. It was a hatred that had gone beyond common sense.

Rowan's prismatic eyes that were glowing with every color in the known reality turned red as blood, and Rowan closed his eyes and forced this eruption of fury to remain in his breast, any resistance on his part was like a little child beating his hands against a mountain, futile.

He had reached a level of understanding over his bloodlines and he would never allow them to dictate his actions. He was the ruler of his powers, not the opposite. It did not matter if their fury could shatter all of existence, his Will was unbreakable, and his blood served his purpose. Yet he consoled his bloodline because if he knew any truth about reality, it was that greater powers like the Primordials would never allow anyone else to dethrone them from their position. It was inevitable that a war would be fought between him and the Primordials, and his bloodline may yet get its wish.

It was better at this time that he watched and learned and so he did that.

Swallowing this unknown rage, he watched as the five gathered all the endless devastation and chaos that had erupted from the battle, and they made it into a blade.

A blade with the length of a million infinities!

Chapter 955: The Grand Working Of The Primordials

Such an unfiltered display of raw power left Rowan on edge. With , he had sometimes forgotten the sense of awe.

During the first moments when Rowan was transmigrated to this reality, what had filled his heart and soul was fear, but it was undeniable that inside him was a grand sense of awe.

It was like a Primitive man who sat at night around their campfires and looked at the stars, and in their mind, they had wondered who had the power to light other campfires in the heavens above, surely it would be gods, monsters, creatures with power without understanding.

Rowan had seen events of great beauty and horror and along the way his mind had gone numb, his senses had been repeatedly scoured by it all, but now he was starting anew, with eyes that had never seen reality in all its glory, and the powers who stood above it all.

Awe had returned to Rowan's heart, and viewing this blade that transcended a million dimensions, his heartbeat was like thunder.

Perhaps it was the method his brain chose to shape the image of the Primordials using his past experiences and vision but the five unknowable entities began to take the shape of humans, naked and genderless, the five primordials resembled five pieces of super realities in a humanoid shape that was spread across endless infinities and pushing his sight to understand more of their shapes created such great pain in his consciousness he had no choice but to stop.

Rowan had to remind himself that in time, he would be strong enough to understand it all, but for now, he should be content with what he could grasp.

He suspected that Old Man Seed like was trying to filter the vision for him to easily grasp, but he was not as deft in handling such higher-level realities as easily as the Singularity, so Rowan could sometimes spot the changes in the vision, for example, the way the vision sort of skipped through the gathering and the creation of this stupendous blade form the chaos and devastation of that war that stretched across all known realities.

For anyone else, this vision would be complete, but Rowan had seen grander sights with the aid of , and he understood these sorts of visions perhaps more than anyone else who had ever been born.

There were words spoken among the Primordials, but either he was too weak to understand them or Old Man Seed could not interpret them, and they seemed to come to an accord, and as one the five primordials held the blade that defied meaning, and sliced across reality.

Instinctively Rowan knew what had just happened even before it occurred, they had ended the Primordial Era. The blade cut across every dimension and it sifted through it. Everything that was, became something new. In the Primordial Eras, they were worlds the sizes of universes, but after the blade passed over, such worlds no longer existed. The various powers that existed became something new, and Rowan noticed that although a greater portion of that power was cut off, making this Era inherently weaker, what was left behind was more stable.

Rowan now understood a bit about how the combatants he had witnessed fighting in one small corner of the war could be so numerous. It was because, in the Primordial Era, power was untamed and unchecked, there was so much essence floating around that would stagger the mind of those in the present, and this made it possible for the birth of so many beings of power.

The Primordial Era must have been one of unchecked chaos and endless wars where geniuses were more numerous than every star in the sky for even a grain of sand could achieve power that could shatter a universe.

Where did all this power go after the Era had ended, it did not vanish, but it was transformed.

The vision did not end here, for out of the remnant of the Primordial Era, from the endless essence that had been spread across reality, a Path of Power was forged.

Chaos it seems had been caged and order restored. These paths of power were separated into trillions of pieces and those pieces also divided until they spread across this new Era, each Primordials took a part of this Path of Power that was greater than all the others, and Rowan instantly understood once more, that these Paths were for their descendants, but among all those shattered paths was one that stood supreme, but you could only see it from a distance.

Perhaps it was due to his new Primordial Vision, or how he was used to watching everything from a distance using his consciousness sight as a living dimension, or the fact that he was just unique, Rowan noticed that the paths created from the chaos were like tiny notes in an endless sea of notes, but that was if you were looking at it all as different pieces.

The paths had indeed been shattered into infinitesimally small parts, but there was a grand tapestry that connected them all, and you only had to look at it as a whole, and what was revealed was a grand circle, that contained all the Paths, including the ones that were taken by the Primordial, it connected them all.

This vision was so extravagant that Rowan felt he barely comprehended the minutest portion of its entire might. The awe in his heart multiplied until it reached a feverish height. He began to comprehend this massive symphony, his consciousness aflamed with the sheer elegance and power of it all. This was the grand work of five primordial to usher in a new Era— The Supreme Era!

Rowan's vision of this grand working was invaded by the voice of Old Man Seed, "So, you do see it. Not many ever do, I remember I had to watch this scene a million times before I saw it, but you did in a single instance, incredible Romion. I was not wrong, this path is worthy of you."

"What is that?" Rowan whispered in awe,

"That is the true face of the Supreme Circle. When it was created the Primordials used it as a standard. It was a spot that was left for the one that could stand beside them."

Rowan turned to Old Man Seed in shock and before he could speak the old man nodded,

"Yes, the Primordial may be harsh but they are fair. During the Primordial Era, it was indeed easy to gain power, but the chaos that resulted from that power only led to destruction, and for endless years, no one was able to climb the throne to meet the Primordials, and then with their combined strength and wisdom, the Primordials created what is considered their greatest works, the Supreme Circle, and left a path for the worthy to ascend to become a Primordial."

Rowan could not help but ask, "After so many Minor Eras, why has there not been a new Primordial if a path has already been laid out?"

"Well that answer is simple isn't it," Old Man Seed scoffed, "No one since the beginning of the Supreme Era has been worthy enough. Great geniuses from the beginning of the Supreme Era had thrown their entire existence against mastering the powers of the Supreme Circle, taking control of the entire tapestry of power and weaving it to their own design. They all failed."

"Tell me Romion, of all the geniuses that have ever existed, can you be the one to finally master the Supreme Circle?"

Chapter 956: The Weight Of Power

Rowan stared at the grand work of the Supreme Circle and ignored the words of Old Man Seed for the moment, he allowed the burning flames in his heart to cool and reasserted the cold rationality of his consciousness.

Whether by accident or design, the events of the last few moments had shaken him and even someone like Rowan had to take a moment to gather his thoughts. The unexpected changes in his mother, the truths about Spirit Emanations, the disappearance of the fragment of Caine's Soul, the truths about the end of the Primordial Era...

Blows after blows against his consciousness and Rowan had reeled back, but now he had reasserted himself and his mind was finally clear.

Rowan's heart grew cold. No matter how benign the intentions of Old Man Seed, this was an ancient being who was used to getting his way and manipulations were a part of his spirit just as easily as breathing. Anything that had lived to become this old had terrifying mental capabilities and other was no way he did not know that the revelations he was revealing to Rowan would not shock him to the core.

From the start he had carefully revealed his hand, pushing Rowan towards the conclusion he wanted and if he was not wrong, then Old Man Seed would deliver the Coup De grace—the final piece of the puzzle that was supposed to cement Rowan to his side. Rowan did not despise the old man for this tricky move, in fact, he expected it and would have never trusted his fate and his education to someone who was not capable of affecting his emotions and thought processes. The true test here was on his part, if he had failed to recognize the subtle manipulations of the old man, then it was his fault for falling under his spell, he would simply not be worthy of playing the games of the strong.

There was no denying it. Among the powerful, everything was a game, but the stakes could never be higher, and sometimes the best result for failure was death, for in this reality, there was a far worse fate than perishing.

After his experience in the universe under the Reflections, Rowan had learned to mask the monster inside his soulless self, and he had revealed a bit of it to the Reflections in their last battle, but no one had truly made him reveal his entire might and his true core, and the truth was that even Rowan had never seen his true limits.

Erohim had seen a portion of it, at the end of his life, Third had seen a small part, unknown to Rowan, Andar had also seen something of him, and Old Man Seed had made a mistake and taught Rowan how to mask his Spirit early enough, or in time he might have seen it too.

It was this cold, utterly alien part of Rowan's consciousness that analyzed the events of the last few moments and came to a conclusion on it.

The Supreme Circle was a marvelous entity, and no matter how awe-inspiring it was, and it was truly awe-inspiring, he had seen greater. Rowan might not understand the entire ramifications of his powers and the things he had witnessed but only a small part of it would make even a being like Old Man Seed go mad in horror.

Just the merger between his second-dimensional body and had created a being with the power that could equal a Primordial, and that was not the end of his potential.

He had seen all of reality perish, and not just a war to end an Era.

He had seen a Primordial perish in his hands as a forbidden child of the merger between man and Singularity.

No one could say they had heard the death cry of a Primordial, but he had, severally.

He had seen the birth of Limbo and the birth of a new reality that was so repugnant, that just the memory of it could corrupt all of reality.

He saw the body of the Primordial of Time, and at this moment he was holding his eye.

In his veins was the blood of the Primordial Ouroboros, a creature with the power to rival Primordials... Rowan was beyond anything Old Man Seed could understand.

Rowan had seen madness... he was madness.

It had been easy to allow awe into his heart because he was experiencing the world with new eyes and after this was over, Rowan brought back his armor over his heart. The Supreme Circle must be a power chased after by every genius in creation, but for him, it was just one of the possible weapons he could wield.

'For my armies are endless and my weapons without numbers. I hold both the light of heaven and the flames of hell, and in time, who in creation would be worthy to stand before my gaze?'

He did not care about the power of this Supreme Circle, what he cared about was the knowledge that could be gained while walking on this path. The Reflections of the Primordial of Time had gone out of their way to deprive Rowan of wisdom, a monumental achievement, they played the game and they had lost.

It was now up to Rowan to bridge that gap of knowledge that had been denied him. After his mind was made up, he slowly locked up this part of his consciousness away, a new game had just begun, and in chess, it was the pawn that went first.

After a while, Rowan looked away from the vision of the Supreme Circle and slowly spoke with firm conviction, "What do I need to do to walk on this path?"

Old Man Seed smiled, "I have all the resources you will need to walk this path to the fifth Supreme Circle, and after this, it would be in your power to hunt for what you require to complete it, I am willing to grant you this great boon, but I only ask you for a single thing in return, and if you are not willing to follow it, I shall erase the memory of this place from your mind, and show you the path of our Prime."

Rowan's prismatic eyes dulled to green embers and seemed deep in thought before he replied, "What is this thing that you would ask of me?"

Old Man Seed suddenly seized him by the shoulders and peered down at him, his face was so close to Rowan's that their nose nearly touched, at their present height difference, Rowan resembled a child before Old Man Seed's nearly eleven-foot height, "I ask only this of you. You don't stop moving forward, there is a weight to power that few in creation can bear, and nothing is heavier than the powers of the Prime.... Nothing! You shall be tested beyond what you think possible, your mind and body taken to the limits and beyond that limit, only for you to discover that beyond your limits was just the starting point of this road."

"You shall break, again and again, painfully and in ways you cannot comprehend Romion, no number of words can show you just how much you shall hurt, and I expect you to pick up the pieces of yourself and rebuild it stronger than before while knowing that the torture would never end..."

Old Man Seed went silent and what came next was almost spoken in a whisper as if he was afraid of someone else hearing what he was about to say next, "...and when the pain gets too much when the weight becomes something that your mighty back cannot endure for a single moment more, I shall ask you to add more load to it. I have asked you this before and I will ask you once more. Can you do that Romion, can you take the load that no one else in creation can carry?"

Chapter 957: Tenebris

'What a lovely speech,' Rowan thought, 'if it is meant to rouse the pride in my heart to challenge a horizon above my comprehension then it is a great pep talk, the only issue here is that I don't care about the Supreme Circle as he thinks, what others crave with all their soul, is for me, just one more weapon in my arsenal. How can I crave a weapon that can topple all of realities when I have others that can do that job ten times faster?'

When showed Rowan a breakdown of his bloodline and abilities, it was done in the simplest and most efficient manner possible, and if it had chosen to reveal the might of any of his powers in the same way that Old Man Seed had presented the Supreme Circles, it would be a thousand times more memorable.

The presentation of information can sometimes hold more weight than the information itself. It was all a matter of context, and this old man was a master in the act of context. Rowan felt his Will of Truth react to this realization and he almost smiled.

Rowan cleared his throat, "I am a mortal, and yet I carry a third-dimensional Will and the Title of a World Bearer. You have seen my strength and my ambition, and you should know that I will never settle for anything lesser with the potential I have,"

Rowan smiled as a thought entered his heart and he said, "There is something I always say inside my heart when I am before a great challenge, for it is in those moments that I am truly alive, nothing else can ever top those moments. I say to myself: Let the storm rage ever higher, I cannot be shaken, my Will is stone. Old Man Seed, let the weight of power come for me, let it rage, let it slam itself against the barrier of my Will, it would only return spent, for I cannot tremble. My Will is Stone."

Inside his dimension, Rowan felt a ripple and his consciousness witnessed a grand change in his thought process, and his jaws nearly dropped when his Will of Truth transformed before his eyes, hiding its core and bringing forth a new fruit.

This event was potent enough that after a thousand years, stirred and it spoke, and Rowan thought it could detect a sense of tired amusement from the Singularity.

Will of Truth (First Masking) — Will of Stone.

'Huh,' Rowan scoffed internally, 'Apparently if I say something with enough conviction, it becomes the truth. Interesting. The pieces I have to play with have gotten larger.'

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Above the frozen waste, in what appeared to be a few miles away from the heads of the Sirens, space shivered and two figures emerged, Rowan and Old Man Seed. the old

man had his eyes closed and his palms cupped together as tiny bursts of light occasionally escaped from his hands. He appeared to be creating something.

Whatever it is that he was making must truly be incredible for the tiny pulse of power that escaped from his closed palms made Rowan's heart beat in trepidation.

At his present level, a small strand of light from those closed palms would turn him to ash. This process continued for hours and showed no sign that it would be ending soon, Rowan tried to piece together the process behind the energy surges he could detect, but he was puzzled when he continually felt the emanations of spatial energy inside the palms of the old man.

He shrugged at this mystery and simply concentrated to see what more he could learn.

Being this close to the Sirens, he could not help but turn to observe them but was a bit surprised when he noticed that they were already observing him.

Six pairs of eyes the size of universes observed him in silence. The sizes of the Sirens Rowan had come to discover were due to the fact that these beings must have controlled the power of higher dimensions, and their heads still carried their power, and in the eyes of those that were at a lower level, each of their heads was larger than a universe.

Perhaps to Old Man Seed, the head was the size of grapefruits because his senses could wrap around and understand them in their totality.

As the Sirens of Thenos observed him, he also observed them in return, he knew he held their message and if he filled the last pages, their torture would end, but he was not ready to make that move at this time.

He did not understand these creatures, not really, they only showed him a part of their history, and their message even though it had been recorded was still cryptic. Who was their enemy? Who cut off their heads and kept them fixed to the skies so they could scream in pain for all eternity? What crimes did they commit to be deserving of such a fate?

You see, when Rowan said there were fates worse than death, the Sirens were an example.

By his side, Old Man Seed grunted in frustration at whatever was happening between his palms, it was clearly more difficult than he had anticipated, before looking at Rowan, then at the sky,

"Ignore those wailing cretins overhead, even as heads, they are still greedy bitches who smell opportunities when they see it. Damn it, why is this so hard to collect... Hah! I got it... Do you think you can hide it from me Hephy? Hahaha..."

Opening his palms, Rowan noticed a small lump of black iron, but it did not stay that way for long before Old Man Seed began to tap it with his fingers as if he was playing a tune, and before long the small lump of black iron expanded to a full body armor.

The armor was featureless, with no adornment whatsoever, it had no openings and resembled a black mannequin. Immediately Rowan was reminded of the shell he had as a mortal when he unlocked his Ouroboros bloodline.

Old Man Seed looked at the armor in fascination and blew on it, this gesture blew away a thick layer of brown dust that had settled on the armor, but Rowan's eyes constricted when he noticed that these brown dusts were remnants of dead universes.

Perhaps this was not something that someone could easily recognize, but Rowan knew what a dead universe looked like, he had just left one not long ago, but gathered thickly on this inconspicuous armor was the remnant of tens of thousands of dead universes!

"Until you complete your Fifth Supreme Circle, you shall forever remain inside this armor. Forged from the heart of Tenebris, the last-born son of the Prime of the Great Abyss. This armor has inherited his name and his Will, and it would break whoever wears it. This would be your greatest test on your way towards the greatest heights of the Circle Romion, would you allow Temebris to break you?"

"You ask too many questions old man," Rowan growled.

"Oh, the pride of youth, do not lose it, Rowan, for it might help for the pain ahead."

Rowan's vision was suddenly covered in darkness, but his perception was acute enough to notice that the black armor had assumed a life of its own and leaped onto his body, covering Rowan from head to toe, and plunging him into a great darkness with no end in sight.

The voice of Old Man Seed reached him as if coming from the other end of the universe, "..... Hold on to your convictions..."

Then the first crack occurred, it sounded as if a galaxy had been split apart, and the pain began, as Rowan's body was crushed to a state a trillion times smaller than an atom.

Chapter 958: Sinner

Rowan's existence transformed into a state he could not understand, as his dimensional flesh was compressed to a limit he never thought could be possible.

A Will Holder with a higher dimensional domain may appear to be as large as a universe if they wanted to, but they were not truly that size, and their massive bodies were mostly comprised of higher dimensional energies, Rowan was different, his dimensional flesh was the size of a thousand galaxies and only his Primordial Ouroboros bloodline was strong enough to carry it, so that he could easily compress his body to its present appearance.

To the Tenebris armor, Rowan could as well be made of air as it compressed him to a point many times smaller than an atom.

It was not the pain that destabilized Rowan, he was used to an inconceivable amount of pain, and for him, pain had become almost like another state of being, like walking or breathing, it was already a part of his life.

If he had not been able to withstand great pain and torture during the moments he had transmigrated, all the way to this point, then no matter the powers he had available to him, he would have fallen.

Power had a price, and it was the case that in so many instances, pain became the currency of trade, but he had become used to paying this price, and if the degree of pain he had suffered was to be turned into a form of money, then Rowan would be among the richest in any universe.

As a mortal when he was transmigrated, he activated two omnipotent bloodlines, and the pain he had endured to transform his body would have driven most to madness, this sheer tenacity he had inside him had grown over the years until he could boldly say he had mastered pain in all its shades and flavors. So, he was used to pain, what he was not used to was this darkness, and this damned sound!

"BOOM!"

'What was that noise? It is almost as if it was coming from a spot just beside his perception, like a maddening itch you could not scratch stabbing its presence into his consciousness repeatedly, and it filled his mind to the point where he could hardly think, and everything was just this noise and the darkness, his mind pressed into oblivion.

"BOOM!"

This darkness was not like the serene one he found himself in not too long ago, this one was different... it was aware, and it yearned for with a desire that was so intensely foul to consume him without leaving anything behind. Such great hunger, how could a hunger like this exist?

In this total darkness, his senses were shattered to nothing, ravaged in so many directions that drove every piece of it to numbness. He was supposed to feel nothing,

yet he could still sense this darkness worming its way into his mind, like maggots. Digging.... Digging... Digging...

"BOOM!"

"What was that sound?!"

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"At the beginning of the Supreme Era, to herald this momentous change, the five Primordials created the Paths of Power, and called it the Supreme Circle, and there were nine of these circles, a clear road that led all the way to their side, to stand beside the Primes, eternally powerful, everlastingly radiant..."

On the verge of a strange sort of madness that defied any sort of classification, Rowan heard the sound of Old Man's Seed voice, and he grabbed onto it like a life raft in a storm, finally, he had a path through the darkness and he would not let go of it, with utterly alien willpower, he disregarded the madness growing in his mind as the darkness kept devouring his consciousness and listened to the words.

Rowan had come for knowledge, and he would be damned if the moment came for that knowledge to be dispensed and he allowed something as trivial as madness to distract him.

"The power of the Supreme Circle was shattered to all of creation, and into every dimension.

All these pieces of the circle became embedded in reality, carried across the ages by time, and would exist until the end of the Supreme Era. Yet all these pieces did not exist in a vacuum, they were a small part of a greater whole."

"BOOM, BOOM, BOOM,..... BOOM! How dare..."

As if annoyed that Rowan had pushed its influence aside, the sound that was flooding his consciousness in addition to the darkness multiplied in intensity, until it almost drowned out the voice of Old Man Seed.

Rowan could feel his perception begin to crack, not just feel it, soon he began to hear it like glass being crushed under the heels of a giant, but he still ignored it,

"Not enough..." he growled and pushed everything to the side, focusing on the words of Old Man Seed that were coming faster and faster. His command of the Higher-Order Language had reached such a point that perhaps he had said only a single word, but it came to Rowan as an entire story,

"Every creature that sought to escape the mortal coil and climb to the peak of existence took the shattered pieces of the Supreme Circle, and they began to cultivate it, bringing forth an Era of peace and stability, and the endless chaos of the Primordial Era was laid to rest."

"Perhaps it was ignorance or hubris, but it is well known that it was the Emyreans, rogue children of the Prime Chaos who named their shards of the path: the Supreme Circle. They believed that their shard was the most powerful and complete Path of Power in existence, and after the endless Minor Eras that had gone past, most have forgotten that what they cultivate are simply shards and the real supreme Circle remains unconquered."

"BOOM....BOOM....BOOM... You will listen to me... Sinner!"

"Was that a voice?" Even in his state of sheer focus, the sounds and the darkness were invasive enough to push through it, and the voice that he imagined if disease or stagnation had ever had a voice, this would be what they would sound like.

Rowan ignored them.

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"Only among the bloodlines of the Prime and other greater powers outside reality that understands the true significance of the Supreme Circle performs the sacred tradition of observing the true Circle, but even among their number, most have ignored this path...Minor Eras without counting had gone by... this load is too heavy, the task is too difficult, and now Romion, I am sure you can begin to feel it, the reason why most will never succeed, even if they are given countless lifetimes. However, we have not even truly begun."

"BOOM!.... You have made a mistake, Sinner.... BOOM! I can see you, I can see all of you."

"Listen well Romion, for the secrets of the first Supreme Circle are in everything around you. Engraved in every single piece of reality, but to see you would have to be deprived of every part of reality that you know and face the darkness of Tenebris, where everything comes to a halt, but it is up to you to find it."

"BOOM...Such hubris... BOOM... Enter my Realm with no compensation Sinner... But you are not alone, and the others with you are also hungry, like me..."

This grating voice pulling his mind away from his task was getting annoying. The darkness worming its way into his consciousness had reached a point where no matter how hard they pushed, they could no longer gain any ground in Rowan's mind.

Chapter 959: Do Not Let My Gaze Touch You

At the start of this ordeal, the darkness of Tenebris was strange enough and powerful enough to tear through Rowan's defenses like paper, but it had taken too long to crush him, and even though Rowan was not focused on it, his passive defenses, titles, and his other consciousness pillars had begun to understand and fight against its encroachment.

Rowan's mental strength and defenses were ridiculous and if Tenebris could not destroy him in one blow, then it was a useless attack. The attack from the armor was growing increasingly more powerful, but so were his defenses. It was only a matter of time to determine who would emerge as the winner from their clash, and Rowan would always bet on himself.

It was only a matter of time before he tore through the mechanism of this Tenebris armor, but this voice was truly becoming annoying.

As a form of attack, Rowan had experienced worse, and of all the attacks he had received over the years, the ones he truly hated were attacks using words, which was ironic when in time one of his potent weapons would be the Will of Truth, a Will that he needed to speak.

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Old Man Seed's voice kept droning on, his words in a weird cadence, almost like music, and if he was aware of the events happening inside the Tenebris armor, he did not address it, maybe he knew that if Rowan could not fight against the influence of the armor, he was not worthy to walk the path of the Supreme Circle.

"For other geniuses, to attain the first Supreme Circle, they would have to meditate for untold Eras, slowly piecing together the various shards embedded in reality. This process requires unmatched focus and determination, and yet this is the first and the easiest part. Your path however would be very different from their own. Your achievement makes every genius I have ever known to be nothing. They could as well be unthinking rocks."

"BOOM!!!... GIVE IN TO ME!!!! LET ME FEAST!!!!"

"You are a World Bearer, and so you have the right to exist inside of nothingness, and so I bring you before a cornerstone of Nothingness—Tenebris. Inside this foul place devoid of every light in creation, you can hear the call of the Supreme Circle, that is, if you can resist the madness of Tenebris,"

" I should warn you, even fifth-dimensional Will Holders had fallen before the madness of this armor and were devoured with nothing of them left... you know something, looking back, perhaps I should have led with this. Bah, I'm sure you will be fine, you don't need the distractions."

Rowan was no longer focused on Old Man Seed, he finally got what he came for, the oath towards the First Supreme Circle.

"YOUR SOUL SHALL NOT BE SENT TO THE RIVER, I SHALL FEAST ON IT FOR COUNTLESS ERAS, YOU SHALL WEEP BEFORE MY ENDLESS FURY AS YOU FALL TO PERDITION, I SHALL..."

"So you have a soul and also feast on souls. Interesting."

"What... You can hear me?"

"If I can hear you? You stupid piece of scrap metal, your voice has been the thing I could hear in this darkness!"

"How is that possible? I speak directly to your soul, your consciousness should not even be aware of my touch... Who... What are you?!"

"If you remain silent Tenebris, then I will forget you, I am focused on other things at the moment. Do not test me."

"Wait...Wait..."

Dismissing the voice of the armor from his thoughts, Rowan focused on what was outside of the darkness, and he found nothing. He frowned and attempted to sweep his perception through the darkness as he was accustomed to doing, but his splintered consciousness that had been driven numb by the darkness could as well be as useful as wings on an elephant.

With one of his greatest tools not available to him, Rowan had to settle on taking it slowly, a step at a time.

"If you can hear me then I should introduce myself, I am Demon Lord Tenebr..."

"Hush..." Rowan said gently, "Else I tear out your tongue through your throat, do not let me turn my gaze on you Tenebris."

Rowan's frown kept increasing, the darkness was an annoyance, but he did not try to fight against it. He saw this state of his consciousness as an opportunity. If he was supposed to find the true face of the Supreme Circle, then the purpose for his splintered consciousness should be...

Like a brick to the head, the realization of what he needed to do occurred to him and he nearly laughed at its simplicity.

Tenebris at its core was meant for crushing the souls and the perception of anyone to pieces. Such a thing would kill most immortals, and only with unreasonable willpower would someone hold the fragments of their souls in one piece and try to solve the mystery of the Supreme Circle.

Truly, Old Man Seed was not pulling any of his punches when it came to directing Rowan. To see the entire shards of the Supreme Circle, well, one's soul would need to be shattered into shards.

Tenebris would act as the hammer and the container. The armor would shatter the soul into tiny pieces, so tiny it was almost nonexistent, but this act would spread the soul in an infinite direction.

At this point, the soul inside Tenebris should be too weak and scattered to even understand basic knowledge, but being close to the Nothingness would make sensing the face of the Supreme Circle to be easier.

This was the trade-off. If the soul could withstand the torture of being shattered into infinite pieces while enduring the hunger of Tenebris, then it should be able to easily sense the Supreme Circles.

'So why can't I sense it? Unless...'

"I warned you Tenebris, you should not have allowed my gaze to reach you."

To avoid the pitfall of apathy, Rowan had chosen to pull the majority of his consciousness powers into a singular pillar, and left the rest to serve as his unconscious, performing minor roles that were too repetitive or mundane.

At this moment, the consciousness being crushed by Tenebris was his main consciousness but Rowan still had hundreds of consciousness pillars to call on.

He did not attack the armor, it was still important to him and he needed to keep the full breadth of his power away from the eyes of others.

He began to subtly release the other pieces of his consciousness to scour the darkness and bypass the blockade that Tenebris had created, and it did not take long for the first shards of the First level of the Supreme Circle to fall into his hands, and like dominoes, the others began to fall into place.

"How can this be... No, it's impossible! The paths, the shards are hidden, your soul is shattered, you are not supposed.. Aahh, what are you?! Narethi, Sola, Pierhz... Which of you bastards come to mock me in my torture?"

Inside the darkness of the armor, there emerged faint hisses.

"I warned you Tenebris. Do not let my gaze fall upon you."

The hissing grew louder, like volcanoes that were about to erupt, and inside that darkness, in a place where nothing should exist, six pairs of golden eyes lit up.

Chapter 960: A Thousand Years Secrets (1)

"At what scale does something begin to lose meaning?"

For mortals, it is an easy thing to find out. The death of one might make them sad, a hundred deaths would drive them to a state of weakness, a thousand would terrify them, and a million would almost drive most to madness, but you see when it comes to a billion, then something truly special begins to happen. Don't you think so, Romion? But mortals are meaningless, we are here to discuss the immortal."

ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

Rowan stood on the last remnants of the Twilight Bridge for six months after the death of Third, he did not move, not even to breathe, like a statue made from meat and bones.

There were barely ten miles of the Twilight Bridge left, and it bled golden and red clouds of dust that glowed like stars. Pieces of it were slowly crumbling and when the last of the Bridge shattered, his spell would end.

For the first time in six months, his head moved a bit to the left as his eyeless gaze pierced through the entire living universe that he had kept frozen by his spell. A surge of weakness inundated his consciousnesses, and Rowan staggered backward before smoothly sitting down cross-legged in mid-air, carried by the six Primordial Ouroboros Serpents.

The six serpents appeared to be in a daze, their eyes were closed, and like Rowan, they were still injured, but the meals of Will Holder they had devoured were digesting in their stomach, shining like a glowing forge through their stomach, as small changes were slowly rippling through their bodies.

Even after five years, several strands of Aetherium were still being purged from his body, black, blue, green, and the more prevalent red lightning, escaped his flesh, halting his healing process as a higher dimensional type of energy was forcefully purged from his mortal body.

All of these purged Aetherium were being diverted into the bodies of the serpents, at first, this energy inflicted terrible injuries to their bodies, but now the serpents had begun

to devour these higher dimensional energies, and from their nostrils, various trails of smoke emerge which Rowan recognize were Wills.

These Wills did not only belong to the devoured combatants but something else... Rowan did not try to discern whoever owned these strange Wills. He had become perceptive enough about higher dimensional Will, and these ones were far higher than the fourth dimension.

It was amazing that his Ouroboros Serpents were powerful enough to eject the Wills from the devoured Aetherium, but the energy expenditure used in performing such an act left them with barely any gains from devouring the Aetherium.

However Rowan did not stop them from consuming the Aetherium he was slowly purging from his flesh, it was good practice, and in time, his serpents would end up becoming immune to this variant of Aetherium as their understanding of this power deepened.

Yet as they were all an extension of him, their act also weakened him further as his resources were strained to the limit, after all, he was still mortal.

There was also the fact that he was powering an unreasonable powerful spell like this one that involved time to such a deep level, across an entire universe, and therefore the energy expenditure was alarming.

All of these placed him in a uniquely vulnerable position where his entire Primordial Seas had dried up, and as they were regenerated, they were quickly used up. His understanding of Aetherium was still limited and so he had to expend a vast amount of energy to rid himself of small portions of it.

He had always wondered if his Aether Capacity could be taken to the limits, well, today he had seen that limit. It felt strange to Rowan. He was supposed to be a being whose power was infinite or as close to it as possible, and so it was a strange thing to see himself being brought to such a state.

Granted, the enemies he had fought and killed while still remaining a mortal were powerful enough to easily crush universes, and he had done that with only a small amount of his abilities. He had performed the impossible.

Rowan was now vulnerable, and he kept himself in this position, for he was still hunting.

It was the reason he had stood here for five years and waited for his body to heal naturally with no interference from his side.

With access to Soul Energy, he could easily crush a dozen Immortal Soul Mountains and regain his entire Primordial Seas of energy, healing his injuries and accelerating the dispersal of the Aetherium inside of him, but Rowan had speculated that although this

conflict appeared hidden, there may be other hidden hands who had watched the battle in the background, and they were waiting for the right time to strike.

At this moment there were a host of powers from other dimensions and universes heading towards this universe to devour its remnants, although the appearance would have suddenly changed, this would only serve to ignite their curiosity, for how was it possible for a dead universe to suddenly regain life?

Time around his spell was a reflection of his inner dimension taken to the limits, and although he had spent five years on this bridge, barely five minutes had gone by outside the universe, it was only a matter of time before the full weight of the many universes and dimensions in the Great Darkness to descend on it.

Nevertheless, Rowan had a plan for what was coming, what he was concerned with should be the enemy that was already here and lingering.

As he waited his gaze peered through the universe as he began to scour the traces of the reflection from the entire universe. His many consciousnesses meant he could do many things at the same time.

There were countless mysteries behind the actions of the Reflections for the last six billion years, and this spell gave him the advantage of going over all the hidden portions of the universe that he had missed for the first time. In so many ways the time for this battle had been dictated by his enemies, and he had the opportunity to sift through the haze and understand everything he had first missed.

Like how the God Emperors were created and maintained? What other preparations had Third made in order for him to deprive Rowan of wisdom? This and so many other questions could be solved by careful investigation, he had the time to do so presently, and he did not know if this spell would be able to be maintained when another round of battle began.

He started with the populace inside the universe, tracing their fate and their souls. Reading their memories like a book and understanding their experiences.

Every single living being in the entire universe had their secrets unveiled before him, starting from Trion. From this world, he unearths a startling amount of secrets but as he was finding out, it was only the tip of the iceberg.

The work was slow, but in a weird manner, it was also instantaneous.

Chapter 961: A Thousand Years Secrets (2).

Rowan's perception that he had released inside the living universe spent tens of thousands of years understanding the mind of every living being in the macrocosm, but due to the fact that the spell had frozen time inside the universe, his consciousness inside the universe felt that it was experiencing time go by.

The consciousness could still roam inside the frozen universe, going from soul to soul, scouring every consciousness inside of this space, while time had not really passed.

It was a rather interesting phenomenon that allowed Rowan to experience the mysterious nature of time and how its actions were sometimes dictated by the perception of the individual experiencing it. To everyone in the frozen universe, they did not know that time had been stopped, even if Rowan maintained this spell for another billion years, to them, not a single second would pass. The moment he lifted the spell, they would all continue with their lives not knowing that so much had changed.

Rowan was aware that his spell would not be so powerful without his instinctive understanding of time that had exceeded any sort of common sense.

One of the reasons must be due to his Primordial Ouroboros Bloodline who also shared an aspect with Time, but he was also born from the essence of Erohim, who was the last living remnant of the Primordial of Time.

However, saying nothing had changed in the frozen universe was a lie. The Reflections and every single immortal who partook in the battle and still existed inside the living universe at this time were slowly vanishing.

Time had been separated in two, but Rowan had linked them together once more. The present and the past, Cause and Effect. Making it so that the present bore the Cause and the past, the Effect, an outcome that was similar to the greedy nature of his Ouroboros bloodline. If not for the effects of Time Freeze, then this event would have been instantaneous, but now he could slowly observe this process as their vanishing bodies began to break down in layers. A vanishing act that should have taken place in a mere moment, stretched to many millennia.

First, it was the various domains or energy fields around their bodies that vanished, and then their skin slowly peeled away, collapsing into dust, and the dust collapsed to nothingness.

It gave him the opportunity to idly learn all about their varied energy capabilities and abilities they had mastered all through their lives, because in death all of their secrets were revealed, and Rowan learned much in the millennia that passed. All of this contributed to his overall knowledge, but most of it was useless to him overall.

Rowan's perception inside the universe was graced with the sight of tens of millions of immortals frozen without their skin, as the muscles underneath began to slowly corrode.

It gave him the opportunity to idly learn all about their varied energy capabilities and abilities they had mastered all through their lives, because in death all of their secrets were revealed, and Rowan learned much in the millennia that passed. All of this contributed to his overall knowledge, but most of it was useless to him overall.

He was reminded once more of the vast gap that existed between him and everyone else. Each of these immortals was an outstanding genius in their own right, with control of energy and spells that would leave anyone else to shame, but to Rowan, everything they wielded and possessed was so crude and weak.

What they spent millions of years perfecting were easily seen through by him, and their memories... oh, their memories were wondrous in their way. Years of struggles, betrayals, battles, tears, blood, and sweat shed on their road to greatness.

He watched countless scenes of immortals battling for resources and precious resources to boost the attributes of their Spirit or physiques by measly hundreds of points and saw how their hearts had gladdened at such a minor degree of progress.

Rowan had swallowed a Supreme World and gained millions of points of attributes, and that was only the beginning, he could gain far more attributes as time went on, seemingly without any limits. The gap between him and them was so vast it was almost ridiculous. It was during this moment as he searched through the universe that he discovered the last of Third backup plans. A woman called Ameera. There were many other plans the Reflections had placed on the ground to safeguard their lives, but all of them turned out to be useless, Rowan had claimed their souls, and whatever plans they made were rendered moot as Rowan reversed Cause and Effect.

Their souls turned out to be their greatest gifts and weaknesses.

Yet he was not surprised that Third still managed to fight through this problem. Rowan grinned internally, 'What an enemy!'

The Third Prince had not been idle the many Eras he had lived, and his knowledge of the soul had been growing. Perhaps it was by learning from the massive Soul Engine inside the Eye of the Primordial that was harvesting Soul Energy from the Soul Origin Orbs, the Third Prince had begun searching for his own Soul Origin!

Whether by luck or design, he had come close to succeeding, although close might mean billions of years in the future, for immortals like him, that was a blink of an eye.

Ameera's soul had been hollowed out by horrifying experiences inflicted by the Third Prince, and where there should have been colorful lights of all colors to represent the vibrancy of a mortal's soul, there was only gray.

The color of her soul was what attracted Rowan's attention at first, and when he delved deeper, he saw that the Third Prince had been moving the soul of Ameera from one

body to another for centuries, and over time, like a parasite he had began leeching onto her soul, pouring his Will and Intent inside of it. This acted as a vehicle to hold small portions of his soul.

He had been able to do this with Ameera because this woman was special, her bloodline was unique, holding a small trace of a Souls-Type bloodline. Not those of the Primordial Keepers, but another bloodline with a relationship with the soul.

Rowan knew the Primordial Keepers were not the only ones with power over the Soul in reality, they were perhaps the most powerful of the Souls-Type bloodline, but they were not the only ones. This discovery of a Souls bloodline excited Rowan. In the entire universe, she was the only one possessing such a bloodline, proving how rare it was.

The Third Prince was aware of the shape of the soul, including his own, he could not manipulate it, but he knew how to influence it, and understood certain actions would transmit part of your soul energy to others.

For mortals, transmitting their soul energy was simple, because of how porous their physique was, but for immortals, it was very difficult. The Third Prince had found out that intense emotions could draw out the power of the soul, with Ameera's special bloodline and her hatred towards him, some portions of his soul were slowly drained by the woman.

The Third Prince had made sure she could never cultivate to grow stronger, so she could never find a way to hurt him. Ameera, unaware of her potential, was being used as a container to ferry the soul of the Third Prince, and in time, maybe the mad genius might have found a way to generate enough of his soul energy that he could create another Third Prince.

If he were ever to fall into death, he would have a backup soul, and this was just the first step in finding his soul's origin.

Chapter 962: A Thousand Years Secrets (3)

It was a fascinating thing to delve into the mind of a monster like the Third Prince by reading the traces he left behind. His works were vast, and he was not scared to make bold choices and tread on paths unknown. He had caused a lot of suffering during his life, but his results were undeniable.

This plan by the Third Prince only needed time before it matured to the extent that he would effectively become nearly unkillable.

He started the experiment with Ameera barely three thousand years ago, and over time, if he grew more confident about her abilities, he should be able to increase its

effectiveness, and in a billion years or less, he would be able to create a separate soul, independent yet still the same as the original.

After that, there would be nothing stopping him from repeating this process a couple more times until his Soul Potency reached its limits, by that time the Third prince may have hundreds of souls.

The possibility that he was on the road to success was utterly terrifying, it would be virtually impossible for Rowan to destroy such a foe, even if he vowed to hunt the Third Prince across all of reality, this wily Reflection would make his existence a living hell by revealing all of Rowan's known secrets to his enemies.

That was not even taking into consideration the compounding benefits of owning hundreds of souls when it came to comprehension and so many other facets of life. The growth and destructive potential of the Third Prince would reach such a level that it would be difficult for Rowan to analyze his potential again.

The reason everything that was considered precious by some of the greatest geniuses in the many universes became scraps in Rowan's sight was because of the numerous consciousness pillars that granted him the ability to have many streams of thought like a hive mind. He could instantly see through their techniques and create better ones because he had what should be considered multiple extremely powerful souls in one body.

There was a particular technique that was called Dance of The Void. It was a strange and powerful technique that would grant the user a nearly indestructible body, but it required an extremely high amount of comprehension prowess to be able to advance through its eighteen levels.

Of all the memories he had read, the most successful who had mastered thirteen levels of this technique had used fifteen million years to do so, earning multiple acclaim all over the many universes and making this immortal one of the most dangerous and powerful God King to ever exist. Rowan had deciphered the technique up to the fifteenth level in three minutes, before discarding it as useless. It granted the user 700,000 points in Constitution at the highest level, which was a lot by the standard of the many universes, but it would lock the potential of the body forever at that height.

The sheer difference in comprehension that resulted from having multiple souls did not compound linearly but exponentially.

The Third Prince had no time to begin enjoying the benefit of this arrangement he made because of Rowan although he had partially succeeded. Every trace of his presence in the living universe was being wiped out but the ones inside of Ameera were safe and untouched.

Rowan had been amazed at the arrangement of Ohrox, the Demon King of Destruction, and the Third Prince's arrangement was crazier than even those of Ohrox.

Rowan always lamented the lack of time for him to grow stronger, but was that not the case too for his enemies, especially the terrifying ones like the Third Prince? They had lived longer than him but this did not stop them from trying to grow powerful.

His potential was still largely untapped and Rowan would keep growing stronger in the future, but he was not alone in this regard.

Among the sea of geniuses were exceptionally special ones whose only obstacle to their eventual domination of reality was their misfortune in crossing Rowan's path.

Their destiny, no matter how great it could have been was cut short by the fact they stood against him. He did not lament their fall, for he would have taken their place if he was weaker.

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Rowan was not hasty in dealing with Ameera when he found her, instead, he proceeded to seal her away but made sure every bit of the Third Prince's nascent soul was destroyed.

There were no memories inside of it, only fragments of his Will and emotion, and as expected, they were all dark and filled with nothing but the lust for power and surprisingly, also fear. Great fear. Rowan had an inkling of what the Third Prince feared, and he knew it was not him, because at the time he placed this bit of Will inside Ameera, he was not yet a threat, and was a helpless prey that was being endlessly tortured.

Rowan's fingers twitched. Something had just changed.

He was concentrating on what was ongoing inside the universe, but it did not stop him from feeling that something had been altered on the Twilight Bridge.

There was a subtle sensation that was difficult to put into words. It was almost as if the space around the Twilight Bridge had gotten filled up as if a massive presence had squeezed itself to occupy a tiny space, it also helped that the Primordial Ouroboros' senses were unexpectedly filled with the smell of rot and decay.

'Finally, the hidden hand shows itself.' If it was who Rowan expected, then he feared that there was a chance that the figure might choose not to reveal themselves, but if Rowan was a betting man, he would take a chance that they would, because if he was in their shoes, he would also make this attempt.

The chance to hunt a weakened Rowan was something that only a madman or an extremely sane one would refuse.

Even if they knew that this might be a trap, it was constructed too well, Rowan had placed himself in a sphere of vulnerability that could not be faked, and if they struck hard and fast enough, then no matter the trap he had set down, there was still a great chance that he would fall. The real question here was whether they would take this bet, and it appeared that they did.

He had a crunch behind him, which was soon followed by a chewing sound. He did not need to turn around to know that it was emerging from the crushed body of Minerva. His Ouroboros Serpent had torn the Demon King to pieces, but they had disdained in feeding on her flesh. To the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents, it was an honor to their prey if they devoured them. These eldritch creatures believed that devouring their prey meant keeping a portion of their Spirit alive inside them, and this would be the greatest of graces they could afford their prey.

Minerva had drawn their ire and her Spirit was not worthy to be preserved. Somehow Rowan thought that this tradition from the Primordial ouroboros Serpents was not a facade, these serpents were truly preserving the Spirit of whatever they consumed, and although he did not know what purposes those Spirit might serve, he was willing to allow this mystery to rest.

Discovering the mysteries about this bloodline would take a while, and he had other matters on his mind.

Chapter 963: A Thousand Years Secrets (4)

Minerva's broken body was nearly unrecognizable, crushed and shattered, her body was scattered around for hundreds of feet, but her Demon King's frame was massive, so the pieces of her flesh that were scattered around were large, but these pieces were beginning to vanish, something was crawling among her shattered flesh, consuming every single morsel in their path, and before long, the culprit was revealed, it was a massive centipede.

Well, massive by a mortal's standard. Nearly fifty feet long and possessing armor that reeked of the Abyss, the centipede's body resembled a living adamantium train. Its steps which had been silent all these while became loud as it was a walking mountain range, it appeared that the centipede was no longer hiding its presence.

The attraction Rowan felt when he saw the centipede was immediate.

Inside this centipede, he could detect an echo of his bloodline. This should be the arm he had lost while he was a mortal inside the Nexus and afflicted by the Flesh of Madness while fleeing from Lamia.

With the benefit of hindsight, he could see how everything had changed for him after that day had passed.

This curse had emerged from Minerva herself and was what led to the mutation in Rowan's Soul Reaver bloodline, which pushed him into a variant evolutionary path that eventually led to the creation of his Sheol bloodline. Without infecting his pure soul's bloodline with the Abyss, which in a convoluted manner led him to the lineage of the Celestials, he wondered what form his Soul bloodline would appear in.

These were questions that were almost impossible to answer, the number of bloodlines in was unfathomable, and the direction he could have taken was unknown, nevertheless, he did not regret what came off of it.

He had detected the presence of this centipede before the battle had started all the way back in Trion as a one-dimensional entity inside the Vault of Boreas, and Rowan understood then that his lost left arm did not only contain the corruption of Minerva's Abyssal roots but unknowingly to even this Demon King, his bloodline had terrifying roots that were linked to a Primordial. How could the Demon King ever suspect such a thing? It was unknown if she was even aware of the presence of Primordials, talkless of detecting their Wills. This was not a particularly strange thing to happen, despite how old Minerva was, the Primordials were even older and they hardly left shining traces of themselves behind.

Rowan was privileged due to to figure out who were the beings at the height of creation, as far as he could tell, the Primordials were silent spectators, maybe not even that, perhaps all of reality was like a game to them, he had made peace to never understanding the mindset of a Primordial until he reached that level.

During the battle, Rowan had whispered, and of all the combatants only Minerva heard him, and this was deliberately orchestrated by Rowan to confirm if the presence of the centipede was nearby. It was not Minerva who heard his whispers, it was the centipede. Rowan had used the language of the Chaos Blood that he had learned from Labaletai, the Chaos Door. Since this language was only understood by the bloodline of Chaos, the only reason Minerva could understand him was due to the bloodline of Chaos she had wrapped around her waist.

Rowan suspected that Chaos himself had taken a strange interest in his bloodline and bestowed his favor on him by granting him an overpowered ability like the Chaos World Engine, a perverse ability that contributed a lot of Rowan's present greatness because his dimensional flesh and so many of his abilities were built from the foundation of this single ability.

He did not know the reason for this favor, either the Primordial had detected the traces of or any of the unique properties in Rowan's body. Whatever it might be, he was still safe only because Chaos was extremely limited in the actions he could perform in reality.

However, the favor of a Primordial was not cheap, and even with his limited influence over reality, Rowan had almost fallen into the traps of Chaos, but due to his imprisonment, he was able to slip out of the chains of subservience to this primordial.

He was not the only one who had taken advantage of Chaos's imprisonment, someone else had even gone further than trying to slip out of the leash of Chaos but was instead looking for a way to supplant him and overthrow his position.

This creature had once been the strongest advocate for Chaos, fighting for the chance for the release of his Primogenitor, before he apparently fell into temptation and madness. At least this was what he had learned so far. Up till this moment he had not been able to devour the fragment of his soul left behind.

Only one creature was mad enough in all of reality to attempt to overthrow a Primordial and devour their Will, that was the firstborn of Chaos himself, the Great Betrayer....

"At what scale does something begin to lose meaning?" A soft voice reached Rowan's ears.

"For mortals, it is an easy thing to find out. The death of one might make them sad, a hundred deaths would drive them to a state of weakness, a thousand would terrify them, and a million would almost drive most to madness, but you see when it comes to a billion, then something truly special begins to happen. Don't you think so, Romion? But mortals are meaningless, we are here to discuss the immortal."

.... Caine. Rowan had expected his presence, but he still hated the fact that he was right. At this time he was filled with a faint sense of tiredness and loss, and he did not want to fight.

Rowan smiled. 'The slimy bastard, if he was not aware of his character, he would have easily fallen for the tricks of Caine. If the fight against the Reflections was the side dish, this was the main course.'

Inside his dimension, Rowan was a hair's breadth away from crushing a million Soul Mountains and unleashing such an amount of devastation that in theory, he should be able to shatter at least a dozen universes at once.

The voice that emerged from the centipede did not come from its head that appeared to be asleep and unaware that its body was being piloted, instead, it emerged from its back, where a bulge like a tumor began to emerge.

The bulge cracked apart the shell of the centipede as easily as a hot knife through snow, and two arms covered in a noxious fluid of birth—blood and pus and other unmentionable but rank liquids emerged from it.

The arms were humanoid but were as long as spider limbs. They sought purchase on the bridge, before they began to heave, pushing the rest of the body out of the tumor with a disgusting squelching sound.

What arose first was the head of Caine, but it was twisted around so his face was looking at his back before the rest of his twisted torso escaped the shell of the centipede.

His legs which were also as extended as a spider were folded in the wrong position, and his joints were clearly not meant to be in that position for they were swollen and inflamed, the bones nearly tearing out from his skin.

The head of Caine pressed down so it could find Rowan and his closed eyes opened, revealing two yellow diseased orbs.

He looked at his warped body in amusement and sighed, "You are what you eat I guess."

Chapter 964: A Thousand Years Secrets (5)

Rowan did not acknowledge the presence of Caine, his body which was nothing but bones and little strips of flesh continually looked towards the universe, but the six Primordial Ouroboros Serpents had turned their gaze towards Caine, watching him and although their eyes were still closed, nothing eluded their sight.

Caine walked with an insect-like fluidity, his misshapen joints holding a surprising amount of elasticity and strength, but the flesh was the plaything of beings like these and they could choose whatever form they desired at a glance. He only stopped when he was beside Rowan, making sure that he was a hundred feet away from him, this was merely a form of basic courtesy, for creatures of their power, they could as well be standing side by side.

The hundred feet separating them began to vibrate, as space shattered and was compressed continuously, creating a death zone that appeared normal but would shred gods and entire galaxies to pieces if they passed through it. Caine and Rowan were extremely powerful and proud beings, and if the other could not exert enough pressure to stand firmly, then they would be ruthlessly consumed. Both of them stood silently, but the battle being silently waged between them was terrible.

"Caine," Rowan growled, "Your appearances as always, are truly foul."

The First Born of Chaos seemed surprised at that statement and then he laughed, "I cannot help my nature, I am a carrion Romion, but I do not only feed on the dead, but the dying as well. Ahhh...the things we do to survive. Yet, from where I stand, we are both cut from the same cloth, you only need to adjust your perspective a little."

Caine bent his crooked head to the side and smiled, "See, you don't look so good as well, nothing remains within your bones but ash, and your blood has turned to nothing, but you still live, your mortal flesh held bound by your Will. I have no reason to take up such a weak flesh, but seeing you in this state, well, it broke my heart, so I had to do the same—Make myself as weak as you. I am well aware that you are a skittish monster Romion, and anything else would be a sign for battle, or am I wrong?"

Rowan smiled internally and increased the number of Soul Mountains he was about to crush, he gave no outward indication of his actions but Caine retreated another hundred feet, and chuckled nervously,

"I am not here to battle you, Romion, at this junction there is no point, you have rid yourself of the influence of Chaos, and you are no longer a threat to me. Besides I do not fancy losing other fragments of my soul, it is hard to slice off bits of your soul you know, and every loss is devastating. Although I suspect someone like you does not enjoy that particular frailty of mine, how lucky."

Something that appeared like a grimace passed across Rowan's ghastly face, and a single drop of blood rolled down his eyeless face, "Is that so?" Rowan whispered.

"Of course Romion. Your name, Rowan Kuranos was branded with Chaos Will, like a prized cattle, because that is what we are to my father, cattle... and before the eye of all creation, here you stand, no longer one of us."

Caine licked his lips with a disgusting long tongue, "I call your name across the Chaotic expanse to the farthest reaches of my father's domain, and only silence is my reply. Outlandish bastard! You rid yourself of Chaos Will while still a mortal, which I am to admit caught me by surprise and is the primary reason why I am here, to find you Romion, and ask you once and for all before I go crazy. How in the hallowed names of the Primes did you know that such a thing would work? You, a sniveling child of barely a million years old!! Do you know how long... how..."

Caine's voice had been moderate at the start, but as he kept talking it began to increase in intensity, the glow in his yellow eyes shining out like flames and cracks emerging from his face that glowed a dull yellow as if he contained nothing but light inside of him, the madness hidden behind the veneer of civility breaking through the thin facade, revealing the monster within.

The space separating them turned black, before combusting with a purple flame that congealed into a gray plasma. The clash of their consciousness had created a space of pure Destruction.

For Rowan, this was due to the Destroyer contained in his body, his titles, and the crazy number of attributes and Consciousness Pillars he held, but Caine had matched him using only a fragment of his soul, although this one was larger than what he used against Rowan previously.

Their silent clash had begun to exceed the limits of the mere Fourth Dimension, and touch the realm of Destruction, a power that was mostly controlled by seventh-dimensional entities. In the battle against the Reflections, Rowan had not used his most potent weapon which was his consciousness, but against Caine, he did not hold back. Rowan remained silent not replying to the rant of Caine, his focus was on harnessing every bit of power he had. He understood that breaking the Wills of the Primordial in his bloodline was amazing, but Caine was acting as if it was far more impossible than he had given credit to. Whatever the case might be, it did not matter to him, but was more important to Caine, which automatically placed Rowan in a more favorable position, but he could not help but wonder why Caine would give up such a valuable secret.

Caine suddenly looked at him with suspicion and the pressure against Rowan reduced, the field of Destruction retreated into a purple flame that burned between them, and from afar it appeared as if a purple sun stood in between them, "You had no idea, didn't you Romion? You casually broke something that was considered so fundamentally impossible to break that it became a part of reality, and yet you had no clue!"

Rowan's head whipped supernaturally quick to the side as he looked at Caine, from the two empty holes in his head, more and more drops of blood began to emerge, and as they poured down his face, the blood began to rebuild his body, he could no longer stand against this beast with a weakened flesh,

"Speak clearly Caine, if you know me at all, you should realize how much I hate unclear ramblings. Your desires won't be easily gained even if you choose the best words in creation. I am a man of reason."

Caine paused and then sneered, and due to the fact that his head was upside down, his features were warped into something bestial, "If it was anyone else that had addressed me this way, god or Titans, I would have strung them up by their tongue and flay them for eternity, but I suppose you have earned some of the right to speak your mind, and yes, I am a man of reason like you too, let us... reason together."

Chapter 965: A Thousand Years Secrets (final)

Rowan was silent, his reply was only the ever-present grin his skull showed to the world, but his healing had begun to accelerate, strip after strip of muscle appearing on his gaunt frame as he began to fill up, his bones creaking as the marrows inside were refilled, and his damaged heart shivered before starting to beat. The concentration of Aetherium in his body had fallen and now he had begun to heal without any

impediment, but his dimensional flesh was massive, and Rowan did not rush his healing, leaving that slight gap as a trap. Even the smallest of advantages could create unexpected changes in a battle like this.

Caine did not appear concerned about these changes in Rowan's flesh and he grinned as well, "You know when I first met you, I was amused because I knew at the end I would be the one to win. Looking back now, I realized how foolish I was. You had surprised me with the Forge crafted from the remnants of a seventh-dimensional world, but you see, I thought I knew a secret that everyone else should know and I was astonished at first that you could be so dense, somehow you were ignorant of it. How laughable is that?"

"This is what is known, Romion, from the beginning of time itself. It is impossible to rid yourself of the Will of a Primordial, that Shadow Third was correct about you; the ignorant would easily exceed their limits if they are unaware of the limitations. You are a man who flew unaware that you would need wings and hollow bones. I wonder at the end, did that Shadow despair for not teaching you what is considered common sense to all?"

Rowan brought up his healing hand that was now being slowly covered by skin, "I beg to differ, ridding myself of the Will of Chaos was easier than killing you."

Caine gritted his teeth, "I can see that, and it is impossible! The touch of a Primordial reaches depths of your being that you cannot even imagine, and the only explanation I can surmise for such a result was that you were still mortal when you rid yourself of the influence of Chaos. Your luck is truly unimaginable. To find the single thing that could change everything."

Shaking his head with a clear look of astonishment on his face Caine groaned, "Who would have thought that the only thing that could rid the soul of the touch of a Primordial should be performed while they were mortal, but hahaha, things are not still so simple. What sort of a mortal would have the strength to fight against the Will of a Primordial?"

Caine spat, what emerged from his mouth was a diseased mass that crawled on the ground like a spider, dozens of yellow eyes sprouting from the body of the creature, and the emanations of power from it were equal to those of a God Emperor! The gaze of Caine followed the tiny creature with a weird glow in his eyes, as it shrieked and tried to escape from the two titans before it.

"Do you know what I've been trying to accomplish since the last time we met? I think you can guess it from what I have told you so far, but what I was trying to do was to find a mortal that was strong enough to fight off the Will of a Primordial."

The long hand from Caine began to box the creature. Anytime it tried to escape, Caine found a way to push it back, "I started with the most talented of mortals, the strongest amongst them with a nearly hundred percent chance that they would become immortals

in the future. I bought them from a thousand universes, they numbered in the tens of millions, and I placed them in a space where they could freely observe the Wills inside their bodies, and there were certain... incentives to make them pursue the path of ridding their bodies of those Wills, they all failed."

A long tongue suddenly surged out of Caine's mouth and snapped up the crawling creature who had despaired from surviving the games of Caine, returning the shrieking creature to his mouth, he began to chew in relish, faint cries of pain emerged from his mouth as he slowly consumed the unknown creature, "I thought that perhaps I was wrong in my approach, I should not pick out the strongest but the wisest, those still failed to succeed, even with all my incentives, the Will ate them to pieces, and then I went for the weakest of mortals, the cruel, the meek, the brave, the coward, all failed my test. I made the mortals as strong as Titans, but they crumbled like sand, made them formless like air but they shattered to ashes, I gave..."

Caine fell to silence, and then he began speaking without any indication, "Before long I began to empty universes of all mortal creatures inside them, and perhaps it was when I had emptied nearly a hundred universes and caused a war that is currently ravaging the great darkness that I realized that there cannot be a second mortal like you, and with what I have witnessed here today, I firmly believe in this theory."

Rowan had finished healing, his eight-foot body had filled up with muscles and his skin had covered his exposed flesh. His long diamond-like hair that touched his waist flowed around with an invisible wind and his prismatic eyes, glowing with every color in creation fixed on Caine.

Even the eyes of this being that were older than even what most gods could conceptually light up when he saw the beauty of Rowan.

"Truly, you are the most beautiful mortal that has ever lived. A beauty like yours deserves to be worshiped."

"I do not need worship." Rowan stood up, his feet resting on the coils of the hovering Primordial Ouroboros Serpents, and his hands that were previously empty held an invisible force that was slowly growing in might. Rowan was on the edge of summoning his Destroyer.

Caine retreated once more with an annoyed grunt, "I told you before, your threat to me is no more. I always seek to prune out the grass that grows too tall in my father's vineyard, and you are no longer among them. I do not wish to fight you Romion, I am only here to bargain. A secret for a secret. A weapon for a weapon. An alliance if you will, and trust me, where you are about to step foot into, is a place where you will need every advantage you can hold."

Rowan frowned, "Why should I ever trust a being like you."

Caine scratched his head, "Well to be quite blunt, you will have no choice but to do so. Wait... wait, I know that look in your eyes, Romion, you are about to attack, let me tell you about the secrets of the many universes and the Primes who hold everything in their palms, and then you will know the necessity of an alliance."

For the next three days, Caine did not stop talking and the frown on Rowan's face went deeper, and when he finally finished his exposition, Rowan remained silent for hours, and Caine seemed content to let him think.

Finally, he spoke, "Let us make a bargain Caine."

The Great Betrayer grinned, "You shall not regret this... brother."

Chapter 966: False Supreme Circle

Inside the armor of Tenebris, Rowan observed his consciousness merging, like tiny drops of water returning to a growing sea.

Every shard of the First Supreme Circle that he touched acted as a magnet that pieced together his fragmented consciousness. This process was not automatic since recognizing the shards was just the first step, to merge them required understanding.

What this meant was simple in theory but nearly impossible for anyone to succeed at, without a ridiculous amount of time spent in learning, because every shard was a technique that should take the user to the 9th Supreme Circle.

He decided to call these shards of the Supreme Circle, False Supreme Circles.

Rowan had to not only recognize these shards, but he had to completely understand the technique to such a profound level that it should take him to the 9th Supreme Circle.

Luckily for him, understanding the technique was what was required of him, he did not need to practice them, or it would be impossible for Rowan to make any progress in a short while, and so every single shard of Rowan's consciousness began to analyze the accompanying technique they had seized.

This task was challenging but was not particularly difficult. Each cultivation technique was unique, but since they were all a part of a singular whole, it was possible to see the connection that existed between all of them.

For example, every technique reached the Immortal level at the fifth circle, and although the techniques could be further broken down into multiple parts in the same manner that the Reflections did with the cultivation techniques of Trion, it was still following the same rough standard.

Every technique also focused on various aspects, like the flesh, spirit, or the rare few that focused on the soul, but in the end, they all led to a singular destination which was the path of Will and ascending the Dimensions.

With every shard that Rowan comprehended, his knowledge about the Circles deepened, and he realized that although it was true that every shard was connected, they were still unique, every single one of them gave him a new comprehension of the Circle that was irreplaceable.

He needed every single shard to understand the Supreme Circle in its entirety, and before long, Rowan was lost in the joys of comprehension.

This process was happening quite quickly, as millions of shards were being absorbed into a singular whole with every moment that passed. Still, with the knowledge that each Supreme Circle was nearly infinite, it would take some time for it to be completed, at least a few decades.

Unknown to the excited Rowan, what he was accomplishing was unprecedented. To the elite few who had managed to reach this level, there was no thought in their mind to comprehend the entire cultivation technique, because what was required of them to complete the first Supreme Circle was to learn just the first circle of the shard.

This task was considered nearly impossible and would take billions if not trillions of years to be completed, and at the moment in some corner of the many universes there were geniuses who had retreated from the light of civilization for many Eras as they strived to comprehend the first Supreme Circle.

Rowan's action meant he was not just comprehending the Circles one at a time, but all nine at once!

Such an action was nearly incomprehensible, and even Old Man Seed was not aware that his grandson would ever try such a thing. Rowan was expected to fight against the darkness of the Tenebris armor of centuries if not millennia before he could even begin to comprehend the first level of the Circle.

Presently not more than three weeks had gone by.

Not knowing the waves his actions were about to cause, Rowan was cursing his level of progress as comprehending millions of techniques every second was considered incredibly slow to him, and the thought of spending two to three decades in this endeavor was maddening.

Besides, he also had to take care of an annoying guest with him inside the Tenebris armor.

In the nearly unfathomable depths of the Tenebris armor, his six Primordial Ouroboros Serpents were curled amongst themselves, at first it would seem as if nothing was happening, but a closer observation would reveal that the mouths of the serpents were open and they were drawing in the darkness.

Since they had not directly manifested from his body that had been crushed to a size that was many times smaller than an atom but was using his consciousness power as a vehicle to manifest themselves, the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents were not in their true bodies, and these here was just a manifestation of their Essence, but to solve this issue, this would have to do.

The six Ouroboros Serpents here were still intrinsically connected to the true Serpents that had been squeezed alongside Rowan, and this made the irritation in their hearts grow to a feverish pitch.

The voice inside the armor had no idea how angry these serpents had become, and its voice was still ringing out in the darkness, the previous fear supplanted by a growing confidence in the strength of the armor.

The fool. Rowan himself would not trigger these serpents, but this voice had gone far beyond their baseline.

The Primordial Ouroboros as Rowan had come to learn could feed on anything, even concepts as ethereal as darkness, they just had to get used to the energy or in this case, concept. The rate of acclimation for the Serpents was incredibly quick, as they not only drew on the knowledge of the energy that was consumed but also the vast fields of power inside of Rowan which were the nascent forms of Bloodline Sources.

Using these two methods, the rate they could adapt and evolve to anything had reached a truly prodigious level.

For the first few hours the rate at which the Ouroboros Serpents were devouring the darkness was slow, a mere trickle, and comparing the amount of darkness inside of the armor and the fact that it could be replenished, then they were hardly making a dent in the overall volume.

A fact that the Spirit inside the armor had announced with glee so many times, as it tried to disguise its disquietness with smugness. Rowan might have chosen to disregard the words of the Spirit, but his Serpents could still be considered newborns, and they took the words to heart.

A silent agreement went through the Six Serpents and as one they unleashed one of their profound techniques—Spirit Burning.

Rowan was surprised at the methods the Serpents exerted themselves to consume the darkness and he finally learned the purpose of why the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents consumed the Spirits of their Prey; it was to use them as fuel.

The Primordial Ouroboros Serpents had varied powerful abilities, and more would be unlocked when they became Immortal, among one of their abilities was a trait that devoured the Spirit of their prey.

Like Rowan, every Primordial Ouroboros had an almost unlimited amount of Essence. They had to, in order to maintain their powerful bodies, but they were relatively deficient in Spirit.

Relatively was an interesting watchword in this situation, because the serpents, even as mortal Creatures of the false Fourth Supreme Circle had more Spirit than even a Rank 7 Archmage, but even creatures as powerful as these could not sustain the technique used in consuming not just a concept as ethereal as darkness, but to wrench that darkness out of the grasp of Tenebris.

- Chapter 967: Devour

Chapter 967: Devour

Of all the abilities that the Primordial Ouroboros Serpent contained, this one was one of the strangest for it depended on harvesting outside sources of strength to fuel their own.

That was where the Spirits they collected came into effect, and the Ouroboros Serpents could burn these Spirits, boosting their already formidable Spirit Capacity to a higher degree, with the nature of the serpent, the burning Spirit would not be destroyed, instead it would be sustained by the impossible amount of essence contained by the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents, creating a vicious circle, where the Serpents could burn more Spirits to fuel their abilities, but ensure the Spirits did not dissipate easily.

Converting Essence to heal the Spirit they were consuming was incredibly wasteful, a vast amount of Essence was needed just to heal a fraction of the damages that was incurred by burning the Spirit of their prey, but if there was one thing that the Serpents did not lack, it was Essence.

This ability would only grow more powerful with the more prey consumed by the Ouroboros Serpents, and in time one of their few weaknesses would be eliminated in its entirety.

Of course, only Rowan would believe that mortal creatures having the Spirit capacity of a Rank 7 Archmage, individuals who were famous in the many universes as having some of the most potent Spirit Capacity in existence, are weak.

Yet considering the type of crisis he found himself challenging, he required an impossible amount of power in every single facet of his life, and nothing short of absurd would be satisfactory to him.

Over time the pull of the Serpents had begun to increase, from a steady trickle, into a raging flood, and the furnace in their stomach was an endless pit, consuming every bit of darkness inside the Tenebris armor.

Every single iota of energy they consumed was processed and transformed into an odd Essence type that could feed the growth of the Serpents. Their scales which were like bronze slowly began to darken, as the darkness was infused into them, and seeping deeper into their flesh, increasing every aspect of their abilities.

It had been nearly a thousand years since they had last feasted, and with the growing irritation in their hearts, they consumed the darkness with relish.

The serpents had not shed their scales even after four evolutions, Rowan expected there would be a change when they became Immortals, and the Tenebris armor seemed to be a great source of nutrition for them, it contained a Primordial darkness that was pure and untouched, and was rooted in the Primordial Era, making it a potent source of power that could rarely be matched in the Supreme Era where Essence had been mostly sealed. Even as he watched the darkness that was infusing into the scales and bodies of the Serpents vanished as it was thoroughly digested and their bronze scale shone brighter, seemingly transforming towards gold.

The consumption of the darkness surged once more, becoming three times more potent, and the bodies of the Serpents began to darken once more. It was only a matter of time before this round of darkness Essence was thoroughly digested and the powers of the Serpents would increase again.

This was the unique aspect of the Ouroboros Serpents, even as 'mortal' creatures, given enough time, they could consume all of existence, one bite at a time.

The smug words from the demonic soup inside the Tenebris armor had begun to transform as time went on, and now it was in a full-blown panic.

Rowan had come to realize that this armor was similar to him, it contained a dimension, but it was one that was filled with darkness from the primordial Era, which was what allowed Nothingness to be able to be contained inside of it, for the darkness was a fertile ground for nothingness to bloom.

In the absence of light or shadows, Nothingness will take root.

Others might not notice that the Tenebris armor was separate from the voice of the demon that inhabited it, and it was the Primordial Darkness inside this armor that

sustained the soul, but Rowan was in a prime position to separate these disparate powers and notice the connection holding it all together.

With this understanding, he quickly realized that the Tenebris armor did not need this demonic soul in order to function, whether the soul was imprisoned inside this armor or escaped within its depths to preserve itself was unimportant, the demon had tried to consume Rowan's soul, and although he did not hold any hate against such a primal need as the one to feed, it was not as if Rowan had not warned this creature previously to cease its activity.

Its greed and pride would become its undoing. This soul had destroyed countless others in the past, and now its road would be ending here as Rowan realized he did not need the soul for the armor to perform its function as a container for nothingness and provide the crushing force to splinter his consciousness while keeping them safe inside the darkness.

At this point, the more of the darkness that was being consumed by the Serpents created gaps inside the darkness where the gathering mass of Rowan's consciousness could exert more of their power, and Rowan tried something that he had never tried doing before due to the previous gaps in the powers of his bloodline.

The golden eyes of the six Primordial Ouroboros Serpents brightened, as their eyes transformed, no longer holding the slitted pupils of a serpent, but Rowan's prismatic eyes, giving them an eerie appearance. Such eyes did not belong in the face of serpents.

From those eyes, multicolored lights shone forth, that pierced through the darkness, and vanished, and it was long before an unearthly shriek of pain resounded from the darkness.

Rowan had just released the Light of Sheol into the darkness of Tenebris, it was not meant to fight against the darkness, but it was a potent weapon against souls. For several long minutes, the soul of the demon wailed in pain, unlike any creature of flesh that should have a passive defense over their soul, be it via energy or Essence, this demon was unique, having no covering over his soul but the darkness of Tenebris armor.

It could not be more vulnerable, even if it tried. With the power Rowan had with his Sheol bloodline, a soul without any defenses like this one was like delivering a meal straight to his mouth.

Rowan had not released a short burst of light just to torture this demon, he was only examining the size of its soul and what he discovered was interesting, to say the least.

The size of the soul turned out to be relatively small, almost equal to that of an Earth god, but its density was unmatched. Apart from the missing soul of Caine, Rowan had

not seen any soul that could match this one. Whoever owned this soul must have been on a level that was at least equal to Caine, and if that was the case, then the size of the soul here must indicate that they had suffered a fatal injury in the past. If over the years they had been devouring souls to heal their wounds and yet they had only managed to heal to such a level after all this time must indicate that they were lucky to be alive.

The prismatic eyes of Rowan in the faces of the Ouroboros Serpents began to rotate, creating another force that did not devour darkness but souls.

The screams of pain ringing from the Tenebris armor paused and then it transformed into something animalistic as the realization of what was about to happen dawned on the soul.

Chapter 968: I Will Smile

Rowan wondered what this said about him, that in his short life, he had heard the plea for mercy more times than he could count. Well, that was a lie, he could count every single one, but he just did not bother to do so, what would be the point?

Yet these were the lucky ones who could live long enough to withstand his might for a period of time. The rest of those he had killed were in feats of power that were so calamitous, that he wiped them out without most knowing they had died.

He did not try to justify his actions with the flimsy excuse that those he butchered didn't feel any pain so it was a bit okay. Rowan's goal was to search for the truth behind it all, even though he was aware that the true core of life lay in the Soul Origin, and he could butcher all the life inside a universe and what he would gain was simply Soul Energy, this was no longer the truth for him, because as the power of Sheol increased so also the chance that he would harvest the Soul Origin of those he killed.

If he was not killed before the end of his journey, if he found what lies behind everything in reality, then he would give judgment to himself.

In all of reality, Rowan thought there was no one who should decide his fate. Of course, this all depended on whether he was strong enough to control his fate in the end. If he fell to a stronger party, the only thing he would hate was his weakness.

It was why he was always surprised and a bit annoyed when powerful beings like this who were supposed to understand such a basic concept could still be pleading for their life when the end came for them.

He wondered if they would stop begging if they knew that once he had made up his mind, it was supremely difficult for him to change it. In a reality where power was

something that was not just a concept, but could be attained by the strong, those with conviction were the ones that ruled.

Rowan had killed so many living beings, even those that were not his enemies and had no part to play in his personal war, he had robbed them of the chance to attain a purpose in life, and although he understood that their Soul Origin remained safe, he had still stolen from them, and so it was a privilege to anyone to be warned off by him.

This ancient soul had been warned and it still pursued its futile effort to consume Rowan, it was enough to make him shake his head in amusement, someone like this should know the consequences of failure. Why then did it beg for life when it refused this same gift to so many who had fallen prey to its touch before?

In a mad reality where the strong dictated the rules, the fallen should know their place. Sentimentality and pity were dead in this Era, only a fool would think differently.

"I will do anything... Don't kill me Honorable One, I have waited too long for the opportunity to see the light once more, and I will do anything to survive. My home, my family, they await me, and I have promised that no matter how long it takes, I shall return to them, spare me and I shall serve you until time ceases... Not for my sake, but for those waiting for me. Inside me is the knowledge of ages, I was there when the Primordial War began, I saw the Primes lay their plot, and I know where their hidden bounties are stored, do not kill me and I shall make you powerful and rich beyond measure."

Rowan was silent, he only increased the suction from the eyes of the Ouroboros Serpents until with a weird sound, the soul was harshly torn into six parts accompanied by the despairing cries of the demon,

"Spare me!! I beg of you. I made a vow to my family, to my people, that I shall never die and I shall find them, my promises are the only thing keeping them safe from the Abyss."

Rowan's deep voice resounded in the dimension,

"Your dreams hold no interest to me, demon. Die with grace."

The demon did not go quiet into the night. He raged and raged until the last of him vanished.

With a last sickening crunch, the shattered souls were sucked into the eyes of the serpents.

Rowan grimaced, this was a lesson, this was how he would die if he failed. A demon like this should be far greater than a Demon King in his prime, he must have

commanded endless forces and held sway over countless dominions, but in the end, his death was almost an unknown affair.

All nobility was forgotten, at the edge of Nothingness, the true nature in the hearts of everyone would be revealed.

'At the end of my life with the blade of my enemy against my neck, would I cry? Would I beg? Would I break? Do I truly know myself until I have lost everything and know I have no more options left?'

There was a time when Rowan felt he had all these answers, but in the end, who could ever understand?

When he had a soul, he had chosen to forsake his own well-being and help those in need, and now that he had lost his soul, his only soft spot was for his children. It would seem that he had never truly changed, at the core of his being, Rowan would always sacrifice for those outside himself. He was okay with death, Rowan thought, 'I will not beg. I will smile, for my journey is at an end, and I can drop the weight of it all to the side.'

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Old Man Seed had left the Frozen Waste a while ago to bring the Tenebris Armor with him after he detected that Rowan had mastered the crushing and was beginning to comprehend the mysteries of the shard, although he was surprised at how quickly the child had begun to adapt to the changes inside the armor, he labeled it to one of his unknown Prime bloodlines, comprehension on the other hand was expected to take a while.

The child was undoubtedly strong, but becoming a Prime required far more than strength.

For the last few days, he had been traveling to the furthest depths of reality. One did not forge what he was suspected to be one of the greatest individuals in all creation in a dump! In his long life, he had come across great opportunities and exotic locations that made his teeth itch, but most would be useless to him, and others would kill him, but their powers were never far from his mind.

'What can I forge using all that power?'

Old Man Seed had long realized that in the matter of Romion, he should be asking himself whether he should do it, not if he could do it. Yet the fragments of the potential he had seen inside this child had seduced him, he wanted, no he needed, to know what sort of being could be created if all those potentials came to stunning fruition.

Chapter 969: Time Of Unrest

Old Man Seed had strolled past countless universes and dimensions, weaving around troubling dominions like the Celestials and Abyssal powers who had once more begun light skirmishes along their borders.

Light skirmishes that at the moment were drowning a hundred universes in blood. The Chaos Bloods and the Titans had also begun to battle, with rumors of a crazed fiend preying on young universes unbound. A Sacred Calamity had awakened and even from his position, countless dimensions and universes away, he could still hear its shriek.

The edge of the Dimensional barriers every seventh-dimensional powerhouse was expected to maintain had begun to shrink. If this was happening to them, what did it say about what those older monsters were experiencing and shielding reality from?

His awakening by his daughter Elura was also sure to draw attention, as the other Primordial Domains would begin awakening their ancient monsters in order to counter him should he make a move.

Unrest within and outside. Banners of war were being raised, and the death toll had swelled the banks of the River of Souls.

An interesting time was coming to all of reality, and Old Man Seed could not help but imagine, that he now held a pivotal piece.

It was the reason he must travel the way he did, not using a higher dimensional road but cutting through space-time in the fifth dimension. This was the quickest way he could travel while avoiding any form of detection.

He was pursuing a secret he had heard many Eras ago, about a battlefield where no one has ever returned alive, a place where it was claimed that a Primordial had fallen.

Old Man Seed did not know if the latter part of that tale was true, but he had gathered enough shreds of evidence about the first, and the benefits it brought for those that defeated it. He grinned internally, where he was pushing Rowan into was almost impossible for anything to survive, but that was what was required to forge a Supreme.

The journey continued for another seven months until he arrived at a destination, a massive star the size of a galaxy that was burning with a green and black flame. This star was hidden inside a Time Warped zone. A special and rare region where every rule of reality was upended.

This star might appear massive, but it was far bigger than what even its size suggested, as even throwing in a thousand universes would not fill up a quarter of its volume.

Dwelling within this star were manifestations of wonders and horrors.

Old Man Seed retrieved the Tenebris armor and held it up, he would wait until Romion actualized the first Supreme Circle, something he believed that he was capable of, and then he would give him enough resources to complete the Circle, before thrusting him into the star.

This should be more than enough to temper Romion for the journey ahead. Besides the resources he needed to consolidate further Circles that could be found inside this star, some of them were hidden by Old Man Seed, and he would require them, something told him that perhaps Romion would need far more resources than normal.

He should have listened to this intuition more closely.

Aware that he might have to wait for millions of years for Rowan to complete actualizing the first Circle, Old Man Seed created a domain around him, which took the form of a world filled with large trees and long rivers, where massive creatures made from rocks and trees roamed with impunity, finding a large Bodhi Tree, Old Man Seed sat on its prominent roots, whipped out some of the wines given to him by Rowan and threw it into his mouth with a contented sigh.

He hid this world inside a Temporal zone in the past and weaved time to make sure that its entrance could only be found in a broken future, effectively making this domain impregnable.

After a few hours, he was down to the last bottle, but with a snap of his fingers, all the bottles of wine he had consumed in the past returned, and he continued his endless drinking binge. His eyes slowly closed as if he was about to fall asleep and then he frowned and looked to the heavens where the lone figure of a woman stood aside from his domain and knocked.

"Elura, this kid does not give up."

It had been a short two years, and Elura had found her way through his weaves. Her comprehension capacity and power had grown in his absence and Old Man Seed could not help but feel a twinge of pride and pain inside his heart, he had failed her too many times in the past.

With a shift in his Will, a passage opened for Elura, she could already see him, and even if he did not open the passage, in a thousand years or less, she would be able to make her way to him.

Greenish golden lightning coalesced beside Old Man Seed as Elura appeared beside him and looked around, her face set in a frown, she had many thoughts in her mind, but the first thing she said was,

"Where is my son?"

Her gaze suddenly fixed on the invisible spot in space where the Tenebris armor was hovering and her eyes shone with an emerald glow as she investigated it, "Is that what I think it is, Father?"

"Oh, that little old thing, perhaps, it is not what you think it is," Old Man Seed smiled and threw a bottle of wine into his mouth, "You should try this liquor from Romion, it has a unique flavor that I can't seem to get my head wrapped around. There is something strange about it." "You...you..." Elura sputtered in shock, her eyes fixed on the spot in space, "You stole the Tenebris armor from the Labyrinth?! Did the many Minor Eras of Sleep drive you insane?"

"Shh... Not so loud girl, that bastard has ears in all corners of reality. I did not steal what was always my own. Technically I only called and the armor answered, it is not my fault the doors to the Labyrinth were left wide open for anything to just walk right out."

Elura massaged her forehead, as a phantom headache appeared out of nowhere,

"You lost the armor in a bet, to a Prime! I gave you permission to train my son, not to... Wait, what did you do? Don't tell me Romion is inside the armor?"

Old Man Seed grinned, "Got it all in one. But I did not lose my bet to a Prime, I lost it to his Shadow, those are two very different concepts, and yes Romion is inside Tenebris... before you lose your head, he has already withstood the trials, and in such a short time that you would think the Tenebris Armor has begun to weaken, besides I gave him special techniques to manage the trials of the armor"

"It does not matter," Elura growled, "There is a field of Nothingness inside Tenebris, you are leaving him no path but madness and ruin, only a... World Bearer."

Elura's eyes narrowed as she stared intensely at Old Man Seed, "Father, is there something about my son that you are not telling me?"

Old Man Seed chuckled, "I know your son is one of the greatest geniuses ever, but don't you think you are giving him too much credit? How could he be a World Bearer daughter? You could as well say he is a Shadow of a Primordial!"

Elura looked away, and this time it was the turn of Old Man Seed's gaze to narrow, "Elura, is there something about my grandson that you are not telling me?"

Elura sniffed, "Get your head out of the cloud old man."

Chapter 970: Seven Centuries (1)

Rowan forgot about the passage of time, which turned out to not be that difficult, and one of the reasons was that his dimension had been frozen in place.

When he was squeezed by the Tenebris Armor, his entire dimensional flesh entered a sort of stasis, and he was no longer distracted by the affair of his domain, he could be focused on deciphering every shard of the Supreme Circle.

Everything inside of him had become frozen in place, waiting for their lord to conquer the Supreme Circle, or they would never wake up. Although Rowan was confident in his abilities, he would not have taken this risk lightly if he had the choice, but Old Man Seed had taken that option away from him with his unexpected actions.

He could not fight against a seventh-dimensional being, but Rowan was determined to find a way to punish this old man for treating him like a toy.

Even the soul of the demon he had swallowed was not yet processed. The moment it entered into him, it also fell into a weird stasis state, and Rowan pushed that matter from his thoughts as millions of shards flooded his consciousness.

He had expected that the process of deciphering the shards of the Supreme Circle would become easier as his consciousness power was pooled because of the merger caused by every Shards of the Circle that he collected merging his consciousness, but that turned out to not be the case.

Every shard as he later discovered was paired with a single portion of his split consciousness and he could not aid those parts in deciphering the shards with his already pooled consciousness.

This meant the difficulty of completing the Circle did not decrease or increase, it would all depend on the comprehension power of each of his slivers of consciousness, and so he could mostly figure out to an accurate degree how long he would be spending to complete the Supreme Circles.

By his estimation, it would take seven centuries for it to be completed. This number was stunning, but his time in the frozen waste had made Rowan accustomed to the extended period of time an Immortal could spend on a single project. Seven hundred years was not a long time.

His previous estimation of a few decades was grounded on the fact that he expected to be able to use more of his consciousness power as time went by, since that turned out not to be the case, he would just have to settle for the next centuries inside the armor.

Overall Rowan thought that this was nothing but a slight setback, and he should become used to situations like this where centuries and millennia were now equal to days in his eyes. It was not as if he was not enjoying the process of deciphering the Supreme Circle.

There were so many things he could be doing at this moment, but if he was stuck with this project for now, it was not too much of a loss.

Rowan had also come to the realization that the span of time he would begin to work with going forward would become far more extended as he traveled to higher dimensional states, and spending millions if not billions of years on a single task would become the norm.

No matter how powerful the Supreme Circle turned out to become, it was still beneath the power of Will. Theoretically, the complete Supreme Circle should be the greatest technique under Will, and he was already spending seven centuries just to grasp it.

Using the same thought process, simply meant he would need to spend more time when it came to tackling tasks or techniques that required Will.

He was also aware that if the shards could only be deciphered by a sliver of consciousness power then for any normal Immortal, this task would be impossible or at best hellishly difficult.

His consciousness was already heads and shoulders more powerful than anyone he had ever come across due to his Sheol bloodline, but it was also refined to a more powerful state with his experiences inside the probable future where he had revealed the result of their merger, and when he took into account the boosts from his various titles, then his consciousness power could not be easily defined anymore, as it had exceeded the concepts of levels.

Consciousness power depended on the soul, and with his Consciousness Pillars, Rowan seemingly had access to hundreds of powerful souls. The time in the frozen waste was not in vain, and he was inching closer to a thousand Consciousness Pillars, although acquiring more pillars got increasingly more difficult as their number increased.

In a million years or a billion years, how many more consciousness pillars would he have access to, and his frightening would be his overall comprehension?

It never occurred to Rowan that what everyone else would do when faced with the dilemma of comprehending the Supreme Circle was to take it a single Circle at a time, spending many Eras in isolation, slowly piecing it all together.

He was like a Primordial Giant who could walk across worlds with a single step and was unaware that for others, such a journey would take millennia. It was not his fault, he had been born too strong.

Knowing he could not rush this task, Rowan settled into the familiar haze of comprehension, and let time wash over him. The Nine Shades of Dusk, Path of Emphyrean Blight, Seven Rings of Power, Malefic Transformation of Ethos, Twelve Shivering Wraiths Transformation,...

Countless shards, countless techniques, all leading to the crowning achievement of the Supreme Era, and Rowan silently comprehends them all.

He was learning and growing, and even if this task was not leading to a direct influx of power, he was getting something better in exchange, which was knowledge.

The moment he understood the Circles in its entirety, he could then decide if he wanted to actualize them.

His Ouroboros Serpents on the other hand, were focused on other things.

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His Primordial Ouroboros Serpents never stopped feeding on the Primordial darkness, and as they did their bodies kept expanding, this direct growth was transferred to his dimensional flesh which became more powerful as a result, and Rowan felt the restraint of the armor began to loosen a bit as his body had grown more powerful than it was when he entered into it.

Unlike his other bloodlines who developed by ascending towards higher Circles, his Ouroboros bloodline had always been unique in the sense that they would never stop growing. It was almost as if their method of increasing their might was different from any other thing in reality.

This should not be far from the truth because Rowan now understood that creatures like the Ouroboros came from a separate power system outside the Primordial's own, but this power had already been crushed in the distant past in a time when the only creatures that existed in reality were almost equal to Primordials.

The Ouroboros Serpents did not need to become 'Immortal' following the conventional Supreme Circle that the Promordials had instituted over reality, they could just keep feeding and their lifespan and power would keep rising.

Chapter 971: Seven Centuries (2)

For the normal Ouroboros Serpents, this endless growth of their bodies had a limit, and after Rowan evolved the bloodline to the six-headed Ouroboros Serpent, this limit was pushed back further, and now that he was a Primordial Ouroboros, he could not even see any boundary on this ability. Even as mortal creatures, his Primordial Ouroboros Serpents could eat till they had the power levels of Primordias. The only drawback was to find meals that could nourish them to such an extent. Unlike normal Ouroboros Serpents, these Primordial Serpents were very selective about what they ate.

Except for beings at the God-Emperor level and above, anything less was treated as thrash. So Rowan could not feed them with any sort of mundane energy or Essence inside the universe.

However, the Primordial darkness inside the Tenebris armor was promising in that regard, and it seemed it was limitless in some regard, and Rowan now had the chance to grow both in knowledge and power.

His dimensional flesh creaked and pushed against the pressure from the armor, and he almost felt his large pool of Consciousness quiver, but his excitement had no time to build before a wave of power emerged from the armor, and the force suppressing his body multiplied once more.

The Primordial Serpents hissed in irritation as their bodies that had grown to hundreds of feet were compressed to a few inches, but this did nothing but trigger the madness in their heart. Their essence stores had increased in volume and although they had not gained more Spirits, they could burn those they had more effectively. The least Spirit in their bodies belonged to God Emperors, and with a dull thumping sound that shook the armor, the bodies of the Serpents ignited and the devouring force increased. Slowly but surely, their explosive growth resumed.

Before he entered the Tenebris armor, each Primordial Serpent measured nearly 450,000 miles, and could easily swallow entire solar systems, leaving the previous bodies of the Ouroboros Serpents to shame, and under this meal of Primordial Darkness, it was unknown how large his serpents would become once he left the armor.

In two years, the Serpents had eaten enough to push his dimensional flesh to another level of strength, expanding their bodies until it reached nearly a thousand feet, and once more the Tenebris armor suppressed him with unflinching power, over the next seven hundred years, this suppression was performed 2,782 times.

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The discussion of Old Man Seed and Elura under the Bodhi tree did not come to a satisfying conclusion, each of them knowing they were keeping secrets in their hearts, but sure they would be the first to discover it before the other did.

Elura decided to wait by the side of her father and watch out for her son, although she had high expectations of the direction her father was trying to push Romion's personal growth, she was also concerned with other facets of power that Old Man Seed did not care for, and that was influence among the other Primordial Domain.

Her plans for Romion did not involve him becoming like her father, an all-powerful hermit who would spend eternity isolated in various places of power, chasing the Paths to Power for all eternity. She had learned that to truly take hold of Supreme Power, allies and alliances were needed. To rule, one needed an empire or at the least, a

powerful organization that could carry one's Will to the ends of reality. The Primordials in all their power still created domains, there was a lesson here.

Romion would not become a diamond that was hidden in the sand, instead he was to be an Emperor. He had one of the most pure bloodlines of a Primordial, and if her plans went well, there was an opening for her son to take advantage of.

He would stand out among the most powerful in reality and would chase the limits of power in all its shades.

The harsh lessons of the past had taught her that personal power was not everything, sometimes a powerful influence and background were all that was needed to push Fate to your Will.

Elura had suffered many tragedies in the past, and she would not be able to live with herself if Romion followed the mistakes of her past, and lived without the ambition that could fulfill his potential.

"Stupid armor, how can you be consuming so many resources?"

The muttering from Old Man Seed drew her out of the haze she had found herself. She had been here with him for less than six months and she frowned as she felt the trembling of the space around the armor, turning to the old man in annoyance she whispered incredulously,

"Surely you did not fail to refill the Essence Stores inside of Tenebris before you placed Romion inside did you?"

Old Man Seed scratched his head in confusion, "I did not refill it, but that should not be a problem, the armor had been left unused for more than a hundred Minor Eras, technically, it should be overflowing with Essence, and would be able to last for another Era even under constant concurrent usage by trillions of other users, and I have checked, I am the only one with total access to this treasure."

A treasure like the Tenebris armor was not simple. Due to its higher dimensional state of existence, this armor could exist in more than one location and time period at the same time, and so, it could be used by multiple people at once, across space and time.

It took a seventh-dimensional being like Old Man Seed to erase all aspects of the treasure among space and time to ensure that his grandson had unfettered access to it. In that case not just lasting one Minor Era, the armor should run with no issues for a hundred Minor Eras.

Elura rubbed her brows in irritation, "Were you aware of who had access to this armor during the period you were away? Do you not think that perhaps, Labyrinth may have sold access to it, after all, you gave him a passcode to access its Spirit."

Old Man Seed frowned, "That is unlikely, but also possible, but do not fear daughter, refiling the Tenebris armor would not take much from me. This armor is expensive to refill, nevertheless, it is not a picky eater. Do not look down on your old man, the treasures I have gathered have long been the envy of Labyrinth himself. Refilling Tenebris is a minor issue."

Old Man Seed conjured an orb of rippling silver metal. This was Aechon Stone, a potent treasure that could only be harvested from the depths of the Abyss. Old man Seed had gone on an expedition to the lower levels of the Great Abyss many Eras ago and gathered a lot of valuable loot, this was one of them.

A single Aechon Stone was worth the price of a universe, and Old Man Seed had gathered tens of thousands of these stones. He was not bluffing when he said his riches could make a Primordial envious.

Without any fanfare he pushed the Aechon Stone into Tenebris and the vanished, he closed his eyes and sensed the power levels in the armor,

"Strange, it is still dropping." he muttered to himself.

Summoning ten more Aechon Stones he pushed it into Tenebris and after a while smiled in satisfaction. This should last for at least a hundred thousand years, even with the unknown expenditure from this cursed armor, he thought.

Two years later, his eyes snapped open as the armor began crying out for sustenance. With an annoyed grunt he pushed another ten Aechon Stone into it.

One year later....

Chapter 972: Seven Centuries (3)

Old Man Seed had gathered thousands of Aechon Stones in his time in the Great Abyss and for the last few Eras, he had spent just twenty of these stones on various transactions.

At his level, he could not use Origin Shards, which was the primary method of transaction in most of reality.

To him, this currency could be considered useless, he could effortlessly create trillions of Origin Shards using his Essence, their complexity which was a form of protection against counterfeit was simple for him to forge and reproduce, and when trading with equal powers or greater, they would not accept anything but rare treasures.

Generally, Will Holders of the sixth dimensional level and higher could effortlessly create Origin Shards and therefore they were discouraged from using this currency to trade among their peers. Of course, this did not stop them from using their shards to purchase lower-tier goods in bulk and enrich their various domains.

Origin Shard was still useful for those beneath Will, able to bolster the Essence of those in the Supreme Circle with non-attributeless energy. Rowan was unique in the sense that he had an entire sea of Primordial energy in his body and could regenerate these energy stores, faster than he could even spend them. Everyone else had a much smaller Mental Space and had to refill their energy stores constantly with energy that did not clash with their attributes, and this was where Origin Shards became important.

The greatest dividing point for wealth was when a being reached the Sixth-dimensional level and gained the capability to create Origin Shards, except for the rarest and most precious of resources, these beings automatically became infinitely wealthy by conventional standards.

No single treasure in the lower dimensions was out of their reach, and they could flood an entire world with Origin Shard to acquire whatever they wanted, yet, for truly high-level treasures that could impact them, except using Labyrinth Coins, the only form of exchange was via trade by barter.

An Aechon Stone could not be procured using Origin Shards but by exchange, among them a high-level resource.

In less than thirty years, Old Man Seed watched in both fascination and shock as the consumption of the Aechon Stones reached two thousand pieces and was still climbing. He had long realized that it was not the fault of the Tenebris armor that such a large amount of resources was being drawn, but it was because of the occupant of the armor.

"Your son," Old Man Seed growled in surprise and exasperation, "Is a freak!"

Elura rolled her eyes, "I don't believe you can not take care of the upkeep for a single mortal, no matter how special he is, or is your talk of being as rich as a Prime nothing but the ramblings of a being who knows he is over his head. It's been barely three decades and you are already complaining, don't forget your training program was planned for a few million years."

The old man looked away from the judging eyes of his daughter, "I never said I was as rich as a prime, I only said that I am as rich as the shade of a Prime. You are putting words in my mouth child, I also never said I could not support him, but you have to admit, in three short decades I have used enough wealth that most in reality would never fathom, and I suspect this is just the beginning, admit it daughter, this boy is a freak."

If Old Man Seed expected anything from his words, it was not the excitement that was brimming in Elura's eyes,

"Will whatever is transpiring inside the armor hamper the operation of Tenebris in delivering an enabling environment for my son to decipher the Supreme Circles? If that is the case I am ready to support you with resources of my own. Nothing would stop his ascension... not even your apparent poverty."

Old Man Seed sniffed, "Don't try to goad me daughter, you were never as good at it as you thought. No matter how exceptional he is, there is no feasible way he could affect a single percent of my wealth. I am just calling out how absurd it is that in less than three decades I have used enough resources to power up dozens of universes! Tenebris was created to be efficient, this sort of consumption is ridiculous."

He shook his head in thought, "I could detect a faint touch of True Darkness inside of Romion, it was what made me select the Tenebris armor as a source of enlightenment, but from what I can perceive, he has a method to consume the Darkness, and the greedy freak is consuming it. Why would anyone want to consume darkness? He did not appear to be that hungry when we spoke, perhaps I should have given him proper food before I locked him inside the armor."

Elura's excitement was tempered by concern, "Consuming darkness? Such a thing... is it not dangerous to his development?"

Old Man Seed thought about it for a while before he replied, "Hmm, as far as I can tell, there has been no obvious side effect to the little freak, and I doubt if eating this darkness was harming him, he would continue doing it. The boy is a freak, not a fool."

Elura still did not appear convinced, "Are you sure, there is nothing more corrupting than the heinousness of darkness, this armor is filled with a potent source of it. What you are telling me now is that he is not just withstanding that darkness, but consuming it? Should that even be possible for a mortal?"

Old Man Seed grinned, "Makes you wonder doesn't it, what other things this freak is capable of? If he wants to consume the Primordial Darkness, let him, although I wonder how he is able to focus on consuming the darkness when he should be comprehending the Supreme Circle while under that unreasonable pressure. Nevertheless, I am sure that he would be filled up in time, and then he would focus on the circle."

There were many things that Old Man Seed regretted saying out loud in his life, these words he just spoke would come to haunt him in the coming decades.

A hundred years later, his entire stores of Aechon stones were exhausted, he held on to the last stone, his eyes wide open in disbelief. In a century he had fed 23,450 Aechon Stones to Tenebris, and it was still craving more energy. This amount of wealth was difficult for even a God Emperor to wrap their heads around, each Aechon Stone was

considered priceless, yet for the past few years, they had been disappearing into the armor like dust.

Old Man Seed shook his head in pain,

"When I entered the Great Abyss I was accompanied by nothing but my wits and glorious power, I pushed through seventy-five levels of the Abyssal maze created by the Abyssal Prime himself. I created a story of such unparalleled valor and sheer devastation across the multiple dimensions of the Abyss that is still narrated with whispers of dread in the infernal halls of the..."

Elura smiled and interrupted him, "If you want more resources, you can just ask me. In the time you have been away, my Dominion has spread over multiple dimensions, my coffers are yours for this task, you need to just ask. Anything for my child."

Chapter 973: Seven Centuries (final)

There was silence for a while before it was broken by Old Man Seed who laughed in bitterness,

"You have no idea how this works, nothing mundane would fill up Tenebris, only true treasures, and all of my treasures are collected not for their value alone, but for their sentimental significance. I do not just pick treasure, they have to be unique. The Aechon Stones were born from the depths of the underworld, their foul radiance birthed by..."

Elura pushed her hands into space and she appeared to be digging into reality, and before long she drew out her palm, and hovering above it was a massive Aechon Stone that if it were crushed would create tens of thousands of smaller pieces

s, that were far more plentiful than what Old Man Seed had just used during the last hundred years,

"Will this be enough? I still have more," Elura asked innocently, as she dropped the massive Aechon stone to the ground, making the entire domain tremble due to its weight, and she appeared to be fishing for more.

Old Man Seed choked and coughed, "How could you acquire so many Aechon Stones? They can only be found on the seventy-fifth level of the Abyss."

Elura paused, then continued fishing in the tear in space, "Oh well, as you know there is this lovely invention called commerce and alliance, ...trade? Turns out that Ashkerion, Demon Lord and Ruler of the seventy-fifth level of the Great Abyss has a fondness for Trellis Bane, he eats those things like candy, and you know Trellis Bane could only be found in the domain of the Celestials, and only in the domain of the Light Council, under

the watchful eyes of the Seraphim of Scourge, Samael, so any transaction is impossible, but Samael has a need for Shellix Orbs which can only be found in the domain of Chaos under Ruhghim Blight's control, and Rihghim has a pressing need for..."

She continued listing dozens of names of powerful individuals and Primordial Domains that made the face of Old Man Seed turn white with shock.

Elura had created a web across most of the major domains and with it, she was able to gather information and resources in a manner that could almost rival those of Labyrinth.

"... In this manner, I was able to convince every party to release the treasures they have for what they need and none of them knew the origin of the exchange. I take ten percent off of every transaction and keep the..."

Old Man Seed did not let her finish speaking before he gritted his teeth in irritation, "It doesn't matter what you have gathered over the years, I will have you know that Aechon Stones are the least among my treasures and even if I have a hundred of this freak I can handle them all with no issue. Put away your lousy stone and let me handle my grandson in peace."

This was the second time looking back that Old Man Seed wished he had kept his mouth shut and accepted the treasures from Elura.

With a wave of his hand, Old Man Seed tore his domain in two, and in the midst of the massive crater, treasures overflowing without number were revealed to the light, folding his hands in satisfaction he grinned, "Let me see how much that freak believes he can eat. No matter how much he wants I shall feed him until he chokes!"

A peculiar sight emerged in this domain as Old Man Seed began pouring resources into Tenebris, far more than the armor required and he chuckled when he saw the armor struggling to contain all the energy he was pouring into it.

Countless exotic treasures that would cause wars across dimensions were thrown into the Tenebris armor and although it struggled to swallow them all, none of the energy went to waste.

Rowan was blissfully unaware of what was ongoing in the outside world, for the first time in a long time he was able to pursue the path of knowledge without any tribulations hanging over his head.

Submerging himself in knowledge he was dimly aware of his dimensional flesh increasing in might, but he was not observant of those changes, the gleaming roads of the paths to power that were carried by every shard of the Supreme Circle filled him with a sense of wonder and accomplishment.

Since his consciousness was shattered to pieces and he was unable to add any of those parts, it made the journey to decipher every shard difficult but not impossible, and it a sort of difficulty where every time he conquered a shard it brought about a burst of fulfillment to him.

With millions of shards being conquered every second, he was getting closer and closer to the completion of the Supreme Circle, and he was already feeling a sort of tightness around his consciousness and dimensional flesh as every shard he mastered added an invisible layer of power over his body.

Centuries after centuries went by, and Rowan could feel this tightness increasing and the shards of the Supreme Circle growing smaller in the distance.

A grand tapestry was being uncovered in his consciousness and Rowan felt he could almost reach his hand across and seize it all.

With every shard he compiled, he became aware that he might have looked down a bit on the Supreme Circle. This was not just going to be one of the many weapons he had, but a foundational power that would stand hand in hand with any of his bloodlines.

It was almost with regret that he saw that the end was approaching. The Shards in the distance were no longer innumerable, and the feeling of completion was growing stronger and stronger, and Rowan basked in that feeling.

If conquering shards was likened to an orgasm, well he had been conquering millions of shards every second, do the math.

The end came and Rowan's consciousness became complete. The Tenebris armor spat him out so quickly he almost thought he heard a cry of relief from the armor.

A quick check of his consciousness showed that seven centuries had passed and his Serpents had truly been busy. was vibrating harshly in his consciousness and Rowan's eyes opened to see the startled and furious gaze of Old Man Seed.

"You gave up before even millennia?! Do you know how much..." the Old Man growled, his eyes were red and his long white hair was beginning to rise in the air as if carried by invisible winds.

Rowan was not focused on the old man but was concentrated inside his mental space, but he still distractedly answered him,

"It is done, I completed the Supreme Circle."

"Hehehehe, Elura, the freak has gone mad. I believed I must have overfed him these past few centuries and this is the result." Old Man Seed yelled. Elura's gaze was also troubled and she was silent and observed Rowan, whose closed eyes could be seen

moving under his eyelids as if he was reading something. Elura turned to her father, "How do you know he has not succeeded?" "Succeeded?!" Old Man Seed scoffed, "Except you have something you have not told me about the freak that would break my mind then it is absolutely impossible that he has completed even a single percent of the first Supreme Circle. The best time I gave him was ten million years, and that is if everything goes according to plan which it never does. How can you even consider that he could succeed in seven centuries?!"

Chapter 974: Seed Of Fear

The minor argument between Old Man Seed and Elura faded into the background as Rowan yearned to open up his Primordial Record but he held himself back, he was in the presence of higher dimensional beings with unknown abilities and he could not risk the chance they could detect the Singularity.

He was aware that it was almost impossible to deprive him of , but the Third Prince had proven that he could be manipulated into going against his interest. However, what he did not understand was the fact that Elura seemed almost unaware of .

In the fragmented visions of his past that were slowly revealed to him as he grew stronger, he came across a vision of his birth. In that vision he saw him newly born in the arms of Elura, and behind her was a shadowy figure made from darkness with dagger-sharp fangs for teeth—The Third Prince.

In that vision, Elura had cradled him to her breast and called him, her precious child, the answer to her dreams, the Third Prince on the other hand had called him his prize and it was in the presence of the three of them that the heavens had opened up, and carried down wrath by massive lightning bolts was that descended with the birth of Rowan.

Rowan could not be one hundred percent certain, but he believed that his mother was similar to the Third Prince, they were both Reflections, but their similarities ended here.

The Third Prince was a self-serving bastard who would destroy everything in order to claim it. He lusted for power and authority, and even his body was shaped after Rowan's appearance just so that he could stand one more step closer to claiming what he considered to be the most precious treasure in all of reality.

Elura was different, she had secrets that Rowan was too young and weak to understand, and although her directives were to serve a higher power, at the moment she met Rowan, the love she felt for him was selfless, and he believed that his true mother the Shade of Elura must have found a way to deceive or hide information from the gaze of the real Elura who dwelled outside the universe.

One of the Primary reasons Rowan stopped attacking Elura when he discovered the woman before him was not his mother was an acknowledgment of the sacrifice of his mother, whatever she wanted to show him and had labored over would be wasted if he allowed Elura to overpower him.

He was not just going to be careful because of his interest alone, he would honor the sacrifice of Elura, which she was sure would remain unknown to Rowan, but with few clues, he was able to piece out a portion of what transpired.

She had given him the answers, but he needed to confirm a few of his speculations before he could open it up.

With his dimensional flesh free from the Tenebris armor, Rowan closed his eyes and arched his back, his long diamond-like hair waving in the wind, and his perfect physique that was only covered by a simple leather knee breeches, kept his modesty.

With his sudden expulsion from the armor, his true appearance was revealed to the world, and the arguments between Elura and Old Man Seed ceased.

Drawing deep breaths into his lungs and savoring the feeling of escaping seven centuries of being brutally crushed, Rowan could not help but smile. He had never felt stronger.

At the corner of his mind was a brimming awareness that represented the Supreme Circle, it felt almost like a dream, a thought at the back of his tongue that was waiting for his acknowledgment to come into reality. He just needed to speak it into life.

He wanted to be lost inside this feeling, but with the understanding of the Supreme Circles, he knew the moment he manifested them in reality then he would have to activate them in their entirety, and he could almost estimate the number of resources that he would need and it was stupendous.

It was almost as if the Primordials that created this technique had never intended it to be activated. No normal person who had suffered countless years of struggle to master the Circle would be able to find the amount of resources needed to actualize it.

It was a good thing that he had access to Soul Energy, but that was not going to be his first option at the moment, he needed to understand the true situation around the Supreme Circle because he discovered that many things were not adding up.

At this moment, the Supreme Circle was in a dormant state, he had the framework, but it was still non-existent, and when he chose to activate it, he would not be able to stop until it was complete.

The previous argument between Old Man Seed and Elura made him frown internally, for anyone else, spending Eras trying to decipher the Supreme Circle was normal, but for

him, it was just a bit challenging, but he had made a mistake and showed too much of his brilliance at once.

There had been two choices before him, delay his comprehension of the Supreme Circle and appear a bit more normal, or push forward with his true abilities and deal with what would be coming next as a result.

Rowan was still in danger, too weak to decide his future, he could not afford to waste time inside an armor of darkness while cut off from reality. He needed power and knowledge in a speedy manner, so he selected the second option and used his true talents, and now it was time to deal with the repercussions of that decision.

He knew that his talent was so bizarre and powerful that it was possible that in all of creation, he was matchless.

Although he had learned that he was not the first holder of , nevertheless, he was the first that had reached a level that exceeded all previous users of this Singularity due to various factors in the past. One of which was the manipulations of the Third Prince that deprived him of the full power of and forced Rowan to evolve himself to a level that placed every previous user to shame.

He had to adjust himself to fit the power of instead of the other way around, and in so doing, he had made himself into a being that was unique in all of creation.

The challenge he had before him was how much of his talent he needed to reveal to Old Man Seed and Elura going forward, knowing that he had overplayed his hand already.

This was not a matter of just holding back power, but revealing just enough so that he did not scare them off or cause both of them to lust after his powers with no consideration for his future.

Rowan's weird intuition had sensed the moment when Old Man Seed had felt fear when he saw a bit of his talents and accomplishments, and even though it should be ridiculous for a seventh-dimensional being like Old Man Seed to be afraid of a mortal, Rowan was special in every manner.

With the enemies Old Man Seed had faced, and the type of supreme entities he had come across, this fear was not something that could be easily shrugged off. Rowan knew a seed of doubt had been planted in the heart of the man, and his actions going forward could water it, or choke it.

Chapter 975: Manifesting The Supreme Circle

Rowan's uniqueness could not be denied, his power and potential were absolute, and even with the barest given to him, he would be able to make miracles out of it.

had previously called him a Nascent Primordial, and that was before he evolved into a dimensional entity, a being that even the Singularity did not fully understand. The further evolution of his dimensional flesh was a testament to his comprehension ability.

Despite the pressure he was undergoing as he planned for the battle against the Reflections and any unexpected enemies that might come up, he was also working on his power base and creating something better than what he previously had.

He was fully cognizant of the fact that his mental state and potential would destabilize anyone who viewed it.

So Rowan was wary of scaring these powerful beings with a display of his entire potential, and he did not want to reveal too much for them to wish for nothing but to possess his powers, he just needed to find that sweet spot in between fear and desire.

This turned out to be much harder than he thought, he had pretty much broken every concept of normalcy repeatedly when it came to revealing his capabilities to these two, and even till this moment he had not begun to accurately judge what was considered a supreme genius in all of reality and how he could lessen his talents to be considered a supreme genius and not a monster, a freak... Old Man Seed knows how to name things, does he not? Rowan's thoughts wryly.

What is the difference between a lovable freak that is cherished for their uniqueness and a monstrous freak that scares you for the impossibilities of their actions?

Andar was a lovable freak, the mage was a perfect genius, the sort that was hailed by the masses as a champion of determination, tenacity, and grit... he would face challenges, and he would suffer, and from his suffering, he would claw out a victory by the skin of his teeth.

He would have fellow geniuses who would compete with him on his journey, they would inspire him, he would fall in love, conquer the great threat facing existence, and all would love him... Andar was perfect... the perfect freak.

Rowan had no equal. Every step he took crossed countless gulfs. He would not struggle for many Eras to comprehend a reality-destroying technique, in his battle against one of his greatest foes, he had weakened himself just to gain a title. He was a monstrous freak, one that would scare those who knew him.

'So, I have to make myself better than Andar, and less than myself in their eyes.' Sigh...
'This is so very irritating, but it is all for a good cause I suppose.'

It would have been better if he had told the old man that he had not succeeded yet, and found a way to do other things and then as a few thousand years go by, revealed that he had mastered the Supreme circle, but that would leave him stuck inside the Tenebris armor for longer than he was comfortable with.

The truth was that he was always going to shock them. Old Man Seed believed he needed tens of millions of years at the least in order to succeed. Rowan could not bear to twiddle his thumbs for such an extended period of time just to appear harmless, to be a lovable freak.

The cat was already out of the bag and he could not swallow back his words. A part of him understood this position and knew he could only push forward, he guessed he had to find out their threshold for miracles, after all, did they not all emerge from such a land?

This meant no matter what he chose to reveal, he would already be regarded as a freak, the only thing was to find that sweet spot, and let them be wary of his talent, but not enough for them to be afraid to the extent that they might choose to kill him.

Rowan had not forgotten his vision or potential, he was not just going to become a Primordial, he would be exceeding that level. He was a threat to every Primordial in existence, and he had the potential to be that threat. Elura and Old Man Seed were children of Primordials, their Wills seeped deep into their bodies. Even if they did not want to, if they knew that a growing threat against their Primogenitor was in their midst, they would suffocate Rowan in his crib.

Rowan sighed and plunged into his consciousness, and although there were massive changes inside his dimension, he did not investigate them at this time, instead, his mind traveled to the edges of his mental space, where nine streams of nebulous gray fog could be found.

Like massive rivulets, these nine lines of fog were massive, each stretching for millions of light years, and when he pulled back his consciousness, he saw that they encircled his entire dimension.

From afar it was as if there were nine gray rings encircling his dimension; they reminded him of the rings of Saturn, a small world in his previous universe, but instead of one ring, there were nine of them.

These nine rings vibrated with potential, each of them was still unawakened, and they sang to him with an unmatched level of power that was simply awe-inspiring, this was the sign that heralded the beginning of a new Era, inside his Mental Space was the sublimation of the Supreme Era and it was...glorious.

Once again the feeling that he was about to create great changes in reality that was far ahead of his apparent power level came over him.

The feats he was capable of were beyond nearly all mortals and immortals, and he was about to create great changes in all of reality simply for making a minor bit of effort.

His consciousness touched the first ring of fog and outside his body, a massive change occurred.

A nebulous ring of fog appeared around his body with a total circumference of about seven meters, and with a dull thump everything was pushed away from within the ring, leaving Rowan's surroundings free of even air.

An invisible pillar of energy erupted from his position that blasted into space and the earth beneath, leaving Rowan hovering in the air above a thirty-foot-deep crater and the clouds churning as if a meteor had just torn its way through them.

Old Man Seed's domain began to tremble as dark clouds covered with a purple glow began to surge from the East, seemingly appearing out of nowhere and shaking his domain to its foundation, a loud sound erupted from Rowan's position carrying a powerful shockwave, and intense heat that transformed the picturesque landscape of this dimension to one of ash and darkness.

Rowan's eyes were closed so he had not fully observed what was happening around him, he was only feeling an intense sense of relief as if a burden he was carrying was suddenly being shared by the world. His consciousness surged forward and touched the second circle of fog.

Outside his body, a calamity descended, but the immediate surroundings around Rowan were tranquil, an observer would almost call it sacred.

Nothing could touch him, not even particles that were smaller than atoms, and although his surroundings had been deprived of every single particle, even light, and should have been dark, it was the opposite and it was filled with light.

The ring of fog stretched for another seven meters as a second ring joined it, hovering a few inches above the first ring.

Chapter 976: Complete Mortal Level Supreme Circle

The two rings of fog around Rowan were now fourteen meters in circumference and vibrating with unfathomable power, yet they did not remain in place for long before another ring of fog appeared above it. The space around seemed to explode as a subtle sound that had been quiet before began to increase in pitch.

The sounds were like singing, maybe crying or babbling from a crowd... it was impossible to understand the meaning of the sound, yet there was an incredibly strong

urge for one to focus with an obsessive intensity on understanding the meaning of the sound.

A god would run mad trying to understand the sounds the Supreme Circle was making as it became complete.

The three rings increased their diameter to twenty-one meters and the power emerging from Rowan exploded, the entire domain creaked and Rowan was dimly aware that Old Man Seed must be doing something to control the level of destruction because he could feel space tightening around him.

However despite his interventions, the earth below Rowan was shattered for miles and a crater deeper than he could see was created that led into darkness, the sky above shattered to pieces, and the world outside the domain was revealed for a brief moment before it was closed off, and as if the level of destruction was not enough, a fourth ring appeared.

At this moment it was possible to understand a fragment of the sounds emerging from the rings around Rowan, and if Rowan's awareness was focused on what was happening around him, he would have discovered that the sound was a recognizable language.

With four rings with an area of twenty-eight meters surrounding his body, Rowan's presence multiplied, seemingly carrying a weight of its own. His Aura pressed everything to the ground, even the sky above was dragged down to the earth, leaving only a circular purple cloud that revolved around his body and stretched for miles, with mystical purple lightning flashing through the cloud.

His perception still remained inside his body, and he was still unaware of what was happening around him, the song of the Supreme Circle taking over his senses.

Four of the nine rings had disappeared from his mental space, and he knew that with just a thought he could link himself with them, but first, he needed to savor the feeling of a heavyweight leaving his consciousness.

It was not really a physical weight, it was more of an awareness that carried its own gravity, this was the best method Rowan could explain the feeling of holding the unactivated Supreme Circles.

This power was a trap, it was never meant to be wielded by a mortal or an immortal. The sheer weight alone of holding one Supreme Circle would crush any mental space.

A mental space was linked to the soul, and Rowan knew of no one who could equal the strength of his mental space, with his dimensional flesh that had forcefully merged all his powers, it made Rowan's mental space reach a level of stability and power that was unprecedented.

His flesh could be seen as his mental space, and his flesh was a dimension. The formless power of a mental space had been given the tenacity and depths of a physical form via his dimension. Rowan's body was a miracle.

Despite all this, he still felt the weight. Perhaps this power could be carried by higher dimensional beings, but by then they had already exceeded the Supreme Circles, and therefore, this technique was useless to them, as they would not be able to activate it.

A technique as special as this one was not created for everyone, but for someone special, so special that Rowan thought they should not even exist.

This heavy feeling was not unexpected, in fact, Rowan had expected something worse. Each ring of the Supreme Circle carried enough potential that it could be regarded as infinite. It was the culmination of an almost infinite number of techniques presented in its most primal form.

An entire Era was ended in order to craft the Supreme Circle from the ashes. The significance of these rings was far-reaching, and he was only scratching the surface.

®

Rowan had decided that the fourth Supreme Circle was going to become the sweet spot between a monstrous freak and a lovable one.

His most powerful bloodline, the Primordial Ouroboros at the moment was at the fourth circle, and its aura eclipsed his other two Immortal bloodlines to such a level that if Rowan did not know that his two other bloodlines were at the Immortal level, which was the fifth circle, then from all outward indications, he would think both of them were still at the fourth circle.

There was no going back in the revelation that he had mastered the Supreme Circle in less than seven centuries, which made him a freak, so Rowan revealed that he mastered not just one circle but four, like ripping off a band-aid, he decided if he could reveal one, he could as well reveal four, but at the least, he kept his unreasonable comprehension under the mortal level.

The thoughts that ran through Rowan's head were simple,

'See... I know I am a freak, but even I have limits, I can only decipher four of the nine Supreme Circles, and even though you should be wary of me, your excitement would balance out that wariness, and you should be thinking that perhaps my limit at the fourth circle is only because I am still mortal, and so the focus will shift from my unreasonable comprehension of the Circle to finding out what are my true limits and exploring what I can become when I am an Immortal. I am still a project you can work on and partially understand, everyone goes home happy. I can buy myself time with this.'

Satisfied with this line of reasoning, Rowan did not spread his perception outside like he used to before, after learning about Spirit Emanations, he would be foolish to ever view the world outside using his Spirit when there were two higher dimensional beings here with him, and so he used the new tools now available to him—The four Supreme Circle that he had just manifested.

His perception viewed through the Supreme Circle was similar to his Spirit Sight, but the difference was that his perception had been split into four parts, with an overall vision superimposing all the four streams of vision entering his mind. So he could view five separate streams of vision at the same time.

Each of the visions he could see was clear and he could see everything around him and understand what he could see for millions of miles around. The Supreme Circle did not only show him the world, they interpreted it for him. Like a gamer who had his identification ability permanently switched on.

Every blade of grass and every gust of wind were analyzed and understood. He could identify the meaning behind everything he was witnessing and saw the complex interplay of energy beneath the shallow veneer of reality.

Knowing that he was peering into the depths of Old Man Seed techniques, the thought was a bit concerning.

Yet there were subtle differences in all the individual visions, and it did not take long for him to identify those differences, and when he did, Rowan sucked in his breath.

He had rated the Supreme Circle to be just one of his most powerful abilities, and even before activating it, this power was creeping into his top three.

Chapter 977: Streams Of Fate

Deciphering his vision from the Supreme Circle was difficult, taking more of his consciousness power than he had expected, but he was able to decipher what he was seeing. He expected that this vision would make anyone with a lesser mental capacity either run mad, or their heads would explode.

The perception of the world through his Supreme Circle was very different from his normal sight, and he discovered that he was not looking at reality only as it is, but as what it could be. The overall vision superimposing on the other four streams of vision was showing him the present form of the reality around him, and the others showed him something different.

Each vision was showing him reality but every one of them was slightly distinct. It was easy to miss at first, because sometimes the variation was so slight it was almost

impossible to pick it out, but with his consciousness power, he could pierce through the fog.

He did this by isolating the patterns that were noticeable in each stream of vision and deepened his understanding of the purpose of this sight. He traced one of the patterns and followed it across all his streams of vision—it was a falling leaf.

In the first vision, a falling leaf that was being consumed by flames fell on its side, before burning to ash.

In the second vision, the leaf never fell from its branches, it was the entire tree that was uprooted, in the third vision the leaf fell from the tree but it was not touched by flames, and in the last vision the leaf and the tree did not exist at all, the earth had unexpectedly collapsed in that region.

In the fifth vision that was superimposed over all of them, the tree was present, but it was now entirely consumed by flames.

Why was the vision of the Supreme Circle showing him different probable paths of reality? If he manifested all the nine Circles, would he have nine possible paths of Fate?... Being shown to him? If he could see the path of Fate, could he manipulate it or was he just restricted to being an observer alone?

There were more mysteries to be unearthed from this vision, but he knew he would need to activate the Supreme Circle before anything could be done about it. No matter what happened in the future, Rowan did not regret comprehending the Supreme Circle, such a power had countless possibilities and he was barely even scratching the surface.

Yet when he looked at his surroundings...

'Ahh... this is not good, perhaps, I may have overdone it. Who could have thought that manifesting the Supreme Circle would lead to... this!'

Cut off from the world, Rowan had not anticipated how the ring made from fog would affect reality. He knew that bringing them into being would lead to unexpected changes, but he did not forget that at this time, he had not even begun activating the Supreme circle, and this was just a shell that needed to be filled up, and he was inside a domain created by a higher dimensional being, therefore this area should be able to easily weather through any commotion that might result from unveiling the Supreme Circle.

That thought vanished when he saw the devastation around him.

He was surrounded by four large gray rings that seemed to have created a barrier of force around him. Inside this barrier, there was Nothingness, true Nothingness, as in the formless force where every dimension was rooted. However, the Nothingness inside the ring was different, because Rowan had an intrinsic connection with it, and it was almost

as if he could manipulate it, but without activating the Supreme Circle, it was just an instinct at the back of his mind, he needed the Circle completed before he could begin exploring any of the abilities.

Rowan had never imagined that his creation of the Supreme Circle would create a zone of Nothingness around him. With the ring holding all these in a steady configuration and his connection with it, the result was straightforward if somewhat alarming and unexpected.

Rowan had just made his Reality that was outside the bounds of the known Reality!

This was different from his dimensional flesh, this was a true reality that was unbounded and uncontrolled by anyone, not even a Primordial! At least that was what he inferred, but Rowan hardly understood what Nothingness signified and until then the complete ramifications of this ability were impossible to explore.

Outside the ring was a field of devastation, the earth and the sky were torn to pieces and were constantly being destroyed, but a potent force kept renewing every devastation that occurred. If not for this, his Supreme Circle would have clashed against the fragile space of reality and an unprecedented commotion would have ensued.

It was as if the rings of the Supreme Circle were Anti-matter, and the rest of reality was Matter, and as such, they actively repelled each other causing wholesale devastation, and this was all just a manifestation, what sort of changes would happen if he had an activated and completed Supreme Circle? What if he had all nine?!

Although the rings might appear as though they had similar powers that was only because they were only manifestations. Every higher ring was multiple times more powerful than those that were beneath them. Would a completed Supreme Circle be powerful enough to repel all of reality? If that was the case, was that not as if he was creating a new Era and ending the current Supreme Era?

Rowan forcefully suppressed the errant thoughts in his head for the moment, this would lead him down a path he did not want to contemplate at this time.

At this moment the rings could be seen as a picture of a flame, yet these flames were so mystical that only the picture of it was enough to bring about great heat. Rowan did not bother with the mysteries behind this manifestation as he looked around for the two higher-dimensional beings, he needed answers, and he hoped he had not scared them to madness.

He could not help but think that he was lucky that he decided to manifest the Supreme Circle inside a dimension created by Old Man Seed, although the surroundings appeared normal, Rowan knew that this place was far more sturdy than any regular world.

He had entered the depths of stars and the gravitational forces he could feel were even lesser than what was available in this place, signifying that it was a space where everything was incredibly dense, and yet, looking around him he could see that the earth had been reduced to rubble as far as his eyes could see.

The mystical heat the ring was spewing out was melting the surrounding space to nothingness, this was not even factoring the massive purple clouds that were circling above him, imposing such a case suppression on everything above, making it so that the heavens did not exist, and everything was pushed below his feet.

"So, this is what happens when you bring together the Supreme circle?"

The voice of Old Man Seed appeared behind Rowan, and what was interesting was that in the four visions in his mind through the Supreme Circle, Old Man Seed had said the same things, but in the last vision, what he said was this;

"Perhaps I have made a mistake, Elura, he was never supposed to succeed. This exercise was made to break him. I cannot allow him to live."

Chapter 978: Nascent Consciousness

Rowan forcefully calmed the storm in his heart when he saw the effects of the vision from the Supreme Circle, but he still dwelled on the alternate realities and their meaning, even wondering if they could be trusted when it came to understanding beings on the higher dimensional level.

This thought did not last for long before he discarded it, anything from a Primordial was always going to break the rules. He was a testament to this truth. His abilities and power were more considerable than most could ever imagine given his present level.

'Well, that was interesting,' Rowan thought, 'it would seem that a part of Old Man Seed's mind wants to destroy me, but if the visions of Fate are correct, there is a higher probability that I have succeeded and he considers me a good freak.'

This was good news Rowan surmised, if Old Man Seed had displayed more urges to kill him in most of the visions than his curiosity, then Rowan would have to take drastic steps to preserve his life, or at least make sure that they would not make any profit from his corpse.

Rowan turned and saw the figure of Elura and Old Man Seed, they stood just outside the ring of fog, and through all the devastation ravaging this space, they remained pristine.

They stood on empty air like Rowan because as the earth was renewed it was also destroyed, however this did not continue for long. It appeared as though Old Man Seed and Elura had been observing him, not interfering with the process of him awakening the manifestations of the Supreme Circle he had comprehended, and now that he was awake, the world that was shattering from the might of the revealed Circle began to heal faster than it was being destroyed.

It was a weird thing to see as grass emerged from ashes and the ground filled up out of thin air, and with a loud shriek the heavens that had been torn down from the sky were sent upwards once more.

Outside the fog ring, space continued to ripple in a weird manner, but this was the only indication that the domain was being healed faster than it was destroyed. Rowan knew that even this process of healing was slowed down in order to make sure it did not hamper Rowan's Supreme Circle.

Normally a powerful technique like this was deeply linked with the user's soul, and Old Man Seed would be able to effortlessly break it, but such an action would have a debilitating effect on the soul of the user unleashing the technique, Rowan would not have this same issue, but they did not know it, and so what Old Man Seed had done was to suppress the effects the rings were having on his domain and not the rings themselves.

Rowan understood this and he was grateful for the gesture. It would have been easy to suppress his Supreme Circle, but Old Man Seed was just countering the devastation it made, like pairing a shadow with every beam of light, thereby rendering everything to nothingness.

There was a mystical aspect to this move that the old man had just displayed effortlessly, it was like a dance of a sort, where every destructive event conjured by Rowan was nullified and suppressed. He was not just healing this space, he was opposing his destruction.

'Is this the path of battle that the bloodline of Miracle uses, or is it just unique to Old Man Seed alone?'

Rowan had no way of answering that question at this time before the old man brought his hand forward and touched the invisible barrier created by the ring, the light of fascination in his eyes bright, with a slight push, he broke through the barrier created by the ring and entered into Rowan's nascent domain, his body twisting in a weird manner that avoided the four hovering rings of fog.

Elura simply turned to a green fog that slipped through the barrier, but before she entered the fog swirled around Rowan's ring as if appreciating and observing every inch of it before it slipped into Rowan's domain. The first thing that she did when she entered

and observed the environment inside the ring was to draw in a breath of wonder as she caressed the Nothingness inside of this space.

A sudden surge of outrage that erupted within the Supreme Circle when Old Man Seed and Elura entered into his domain was disturbing, Rowan knew that any technique or ability that reached this level would have a high chance of developing its own consciousness, but as of yet, the Supreme Circle was not even activated but the blast of emotions that had surged from it would have drowned a lesser mind.

This mind was not yet born, but there was a profound dignity and arrogance inside of it. The Supreme Circle knew that it was unique in all of creation, destined to stand at the greatest heights of creation, and the fact that Elura and Old Man Seed were higher dimensional entities did not bother this consciousness. Everything before its gaze should bow. Even the heavens above and the hells below, what then were the feeble creatures that inhabited it?

Effortlessly suppressing this emotion, Rowan bowed towards Old Man Seed, "I am sorry to have disappointed your expectations, I was able to master this much of the Supreme Circle, the remaining higher Circles elude my grasp, perhaps, in ten thousand, maybe twenty thousand more years, I should be able to succeed. There are many mysteries within the higher shards that I do not yet understand, it's like I cannot even recognize them."

The emotions that quickly played across Old Man Seed's face were a delight to sturdy before a mask of nonchalance took its place, "of course, you did not succeed in completing the Supreme Circles, although you are of my blood, and I expect something like this but you need to gain an Immortal soul to peer past the boundary of the finite and the infinite, although I wonder how you are able to withstand the infinities within the lower Circles, that should be due to your supreme talents, and you also have me to thank for your success, for the last seven centuries I have fed you enough treasure to bit off a healthy corner of reality itself. When I think about the price I had to pay to feed your endless appetites these last centuries..."

A look of pain flashed across his face, but Elura who had been by the side all these while and peering closely at Rowan coughed into her palms, and Old Man Seed seemed to have caught himself before he looked away, "of course the price was nothing to me, but I did not expect to spend such amounts of resources at this time. Yet it was not all in vain... look at you Romion, do you have any idea of what you have just accomplished?"

"Enough of this distraction father," Elura had finally finished her observation of the space inside the rings of fog, "Romion, retrieve your Supreme Circle, even in its nascent state it is not something that should be easily displayed, in fact, I believe this should be the last time you summon it until you become at the least, a fifth dimensional being. I don't think even my father would be able to save you from the repercussions that would arise if the news of your accomplishments reaches creation."

Chapter 979: Behind The Curtains

The advice from Elura was not wrong, Rowan knew he had done one of those things that many considered impossible once again, and to remain safe he needed to lie low. Rowan retrieved the rings of fog but before he did that, he idly noted that in another reality, Old Man Seed had muttered to himself,

"Damn it all Elura, why would you want him to retrieve the Circle so early? Powering four Supreme Circle is almost impossible for any beings below Will, and I was waiting to find out how long he could sustain it before his Essence Stores were exhausted, granted with the amount of treasures this kid had devoured from me, he could be an Endless Pit of Essence! Is it possible that each of his three bloodlines has a separate mental space? Does he have multiple souls? Strange, but it might explain some of the things he is able to do."

Once again, this vision came from the fourth ring, and Rowan was beginning to detect a pattern. It would seem that the higher the ring that he manifested, the deeper the paths of Fate that it revealed.

The admission from Old Man Seed the first time and now these words spoken by him were clearly not something the wily old geezer would ever admit out loud.

Somehow the fourth ring was picking the most unlikely of reality and revealing it to Rowan. He could not wait to experiment with what the ninth ring would show him, but it would have to be done in a very controlled environment. He would not be lucky to have a powerful higher dimensional being beside him to contain the eruption of power that revealing the Supreme Circle would create.

Also if they were already so powerful that they were simply manifestations, what sort of visions would he be able to see if they were complete? Just using this sight for a few moments had revealed some of the deepest thoughts of Old Man Seed, and showed him that although he did not understand the nature of Rowan's soul, some of his guesses were hitting closer to home. For instance his idea about multiple souls.

However, what Rowan found particularly disturbing was Elura. In all his visions of reality, she was the same. Old Man Seed's movement across all the separate visions was mostly the same with slight variations. In one he would cough before talking, in another he did not, or he would blink in one, while he did not blink in another. Although Rowan acknowledged that such pitiful mortal actions were useless against beings like these, after all this time, all these actions had become something like instincts, done without much conscious thought.

Elura on the other hand maintained a perfect behavior across all realities. Her smile was exact, her words the same.

This was only changes on the surface and Rowan could easily dismiss this as Elura doing away with every affectation of mortality, but if he looked deeper something more strange occurred.

The motion of her hair as the wind blew past it was the same. Nothing around her was random, it was as if a field of order was placed around her body at all times, rejecting every form of control from the outside world.

At first, Rowan had no idea why he found that she was capable of such a thing to be deeply concerning, but then he quickly realized the truth and the fear of Elura deepened.

If she had this much control over the reality around herself then there was no way he had caught her by surprise when he saw her in the Frozen Waste.

Their whole interaction had been premeditated, she must have shown him a different version of the Elura that he had known and watched to see his reaction to the revelation. Every word she spoke, every smile, every gesture was perfectly controlled, and reality itself bent to her whims.

She controlled Fate, not the other way around. Elura... was a frightening being. Perhaps Old Man Seed may be stronger, but Rowan would prefer fighting the old man over Elura. She was the type of enemy he would not wish upon his enemies.

He thought he was playing Elura, but the truth was that perhaps he had always been dancing on the palm of her hand.

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Without opening , Rowan could already feel the differences in his dimension, and they were so vast it was mind-boggling, almost as if he had ascended multiple circles in his sleep. How many resources had his Serpents devoured?

Ascending a single Circle for him was a momentous occasion. He gained so many attributes and abilities that every upgrade felt like an evolution. For the fact that he was feeling as if he had jumped past multiple circles could only mean in the last seven centuries the number of treasures he would have devoured would be astronomical.

He felt a tinge of shame in his heart, he had not intended to consume so many resources from Old Man Seed, he had been devoted to the Supreme Circle and had neglected monitoring the serpents as they fed, he had even enjoyed the sensation of pushing against the pressure of the Tenebris armor anytime the darkness devoured by the serpents were digested.

Out of anyone here, Rowan understood his constitution the most, and he knew that the resources that would have to be spent to create such a vast change in his dimension was nothing short of incalculable.

Rowan knew this because he had explored the Great Darkness for a while before embarking on the Frozen Waste, and he had come across a lot of third-dimensional universes on his way to the road.

Except for the urges to devour the Universal Will and the ethereal connection that existed between every universe and two mysterious locations, The Great Desert and The Isle Of Rest, there was nothing of value that attracted the attention of the Serpents in the entire universe.

Except of course for God Emperors who were Will Holders, but as Rowan had discovered during his time outside the universe, Will Holders were rarer than a Quillin Tear, and of the many God Emperors he had seen in his travels, only two had carried Will, and they were the Will of Force, a basic form of Will that Rowan had seen multiple times, and he discovered that his Serpents detested eating these Emperors with this basic Will.

If agitated they might choose to consume them, otherwise they would rather not touch them. Knowing all this and understanding the specialness of the Primordial Darkness inside of Tenebris, Rowan understood that refilling this armor must not have been cheap.

'Anyway, I wanted to punish Old Man Seed for thrusting me into Tenebris with no warning, although I never imagined that my punishment would come in the form of hurting his wallet.'

Rowan had always thought he was wealthy but after leaving the universe he discovered that most of his wealth would not be considered anything of value when it came to the true rulers of reality—The Will Holders.

He had never had any urge to gather great wealth or felt the need to hunt for treasures due to the fact that he had the Stuff of Creation flowing in his dimension—Soul Energy. Why would he need treasures or wealth when he had the most precious treasure in creation? Yet there was something to be said for gathering wealth outside his management that felt different.

Chapter 980: Infinite Energy

With a weird noise like a haunted scream being played in reverse the four Supreme Circles around Rowan's body returned to his consciousness and a weight that had settled over this space vanished.

Like a long-forgotten dream, all the devastation that had just been occurring had been wiped out as if it had never happened. It was almost surreal, as the sun shone overhead and birds cried out as they flew past these powerful beings, even the wind that was blowing past them felt charged with excitement.

Rowan gasped and nearly fell on his knees, now that he had dismissed the Circle, something strange had occurred, all his accumulated Aether and Essence had been wiped out. His massive Primordial Seas of darkness and Ambrosia that could flood a galaxy simply vanished into thin air, even the vast Essence hidden in his bones which came from his Primordial Ouroboros Bloodline disappeared.

This was unexpected as Rowan did not have any technique that functioned in this manner, and such a massive loss of power at once would drive someone insane, but with his unreasonable regeneration capability, the moment his energies vanished, they were being rapidly replaced.

The area that contained his Primordial Seas was empty one moment and in the next a massive deluge of Primordial Aether in the form of a black sea and a rainbowed-colored sea appeared out of thin air, with more appearing with every passing moment.

Hidden throughout his dimension were massive invisible veins, Rowan called them Leylines. These veins were filled with his bloodline essence, and they resembled massive rivers made of liquid diamonds. They were wrapped many times around his dimensions, connecting them from the lowest to the highest.

Before entering Tenebris, each of these veins had measured around three hundred feet in circumference, but now that size had doubled and the walls of the veins had been thickened. The Essence running through them which was usually slow like a crawling tortoise, now appeared to move a bit faster.

Like his reappearing Aether, his Essence returned albeit a bit more slowly. The reason was that his Essence was far more condensed than his Primordial Seas.

With the time differential inside his dimension, his recovery in reality took a few seconds, but days had gone by as his vast stores slot returned and in that time Rowan pondered how activating the manifestation of the Supreme Circle for such a short time had robbed him of his entire energy.

Throughout the time that he had activated the manifestations of the Supreme Circle there had not been any single drop of power lost from his dimension. Although a bit strange, he had assumed that the manifestation did not draw on any energy from his body to take shape, and that was why he was a bit puzzled about the statements from Old Man Seed wishing to understand how deep his Essence Stores were.

It was at this moment that he realized that the way the Supreme Circle worked was truly strange. Either powering it for a second or a thousand years, it would not draw on any

resources from the user, but when it was deactivated, every single energy in the body of the user would be wiped out.

It would seem that the near Infinite power that the Circle could grant the user when activated also came with a price.

What he would need to figure out was if the duration of manifesting the Supreme Circle mattered to the amount of Essence and Aether that he lost. His energy stores were far more potent than normal, and he refused to believe that he could be wiped out of energy as easily as anyone else.

However, if activating it for one second, two minutes, or ten years still leads to him losing all his Essence then he would need to make sure that he did not use this ability without proper timing.

It was curious though, Rowan thought, that this was such a weird way of managing resources. It would ensure that the user of the Supreme Circle would be nearly invincible when the Circles were active, they would never be bothered with holding back or caring for the amount of energy wasted, essentially giving them an infinite source of energy, but the moment they deactivated this power, all their Essence would be lost.

Even Rowan with his vast stores of energy had run out when he manifested the massive spell he used to destroy the Reflections. If he could have powered that Spell via his Supreme Circle he would never run out of Essence, he could continuously spam techniques of equal magnitude without fear.

Such a thing was ridiculous, but the fact was that he now had access to such an ability. This instantly shot up his offensive potential to a near-limitless degree.

Rowan's massive consciousness could manifest spells and techniques that would place the famous Taboo Spells of the Mages to shame, and what if he paired all these potential powers with a near-limitless source of energy?!

If that was the case then Rowan imagined that anyone who could master the Supreme Circle would most likely keep them activated permanently, but maybe this was not the case. To carry this technique for long was not an easy thing on the soul, and even if he could disregard the strain, it may not be the case for others.

It was no wonder this technique was the turning point of an Era, and why the difficulty had stumped everyone else until he had arrived. This realization made Rowan understand that no matter how would try to underplay his potential, it was impossible to hide it from Elura and Old Man Seed any longer.

'This Supreme Circle had finally rounded up my base of power! No matter what happens going forward I must try to survive and push ahead. The last missing chink in my armor

has been closed up, and now I need to build it to the 9th Circle and begin climbing the dimension.'

Rowan closed his eyes and took long deep breaths as he felt his body nearly finalized the replacement of all that was lost.

The sensation of a warm hand touching his cheeks drew him from his thoughts and he opened his eyes to see Elura, and although Rowan knew that this woman could control every facet of her being, she could not hide the astonishment in her gaze, or perhaps she did not wish to hide it when she looked into his prismatic eyes.

Rowan's perfect features that had been revealed after he was expelled from the Tenebris armor were further enhanced by his eyes,

"My son..." Whatever Elura wanted to say was lost in the boundless glow in Rowan's eyes. He was a Primordial Ouroboros Serpent, and the charms in his eyes were not for the weak of soul to gaze into.

'Of all the mortals I have seen since the dawn of creation, you are the most radiant.'

These words came from a memory he could not recall and it disturbed him. The only missing piece of his memory came from Caine. There must surely be a connection there.

His minor consciousness pillars were working on this puzzle and they had several reports for him to go through, but he must first handle the matter on the ground.

Chapter 981: The Divide Between Heart and Mind

Old Man Seed muttered with fascination in his tone,

"So it is true, when the Supreme Circle is activated it provides one with infinite energy. Meat trick, kind of useless to most people, but with your Soul's power, hehene... you would be a monster. Perhaps you might be the few to kill Will Holders while still under the 9th Supreme Circle, and I am not just talking about those in the fourth dimension. Another mystery solved and the day had just begun."

Old Man Seed's voice was like a whip and Elura gasped as she let go of his face and stepped backward, she did not hide the shock in her eyes or demeanor, Elura pulled herself together and seemed to have come to a conclusion and gestured towards her father,

"Leave us for a while Father, there are things that I must discuss with my son. It is for our ears alone. Mother and son."

Old Man Seed looked at Elura for a while, countless unspoken words passing between both of them before nodding, as he was about to leave he paused and turned his head towards Rowan while addressing Elura,

"Do not take long, he is still going to be tested. Harshly. Now that he has activated four Supreme Circles, there is no more time for delays. I will be placing him in a gauntlet that is fit for someone of his stature. I thought I had already pushed the difficulty to an impossible level, but your son has proven again and again how much we have underestimated him, I will no longer be making that mistake."

"I understand Father, this would not take long and I will be leaving him in your care until he becomes Immortal and he would be given his crown as a Sanctified Scion and shown to all of creation. He would hold your Prime key, and he shall be the true heir of Miracle."

The old man paused and then grinned, "Oh, Elura, the heights of your ambitions. Here I was thinking you were insane, but now... I am getting old."

He walked off into the horizon, a few steps taking him across thousands of miles before he vanished before the glow of the setting sun.

"Sit," Elura smiled, she had somehow created a spot that had been filled with delicate flowers with splendid color and scent, and with the light of the setting sun, this area transformed into a fantastical haven of beauty and tranquility.

She gracefully hovered above them with her legs folded beneath her, her long green robes that were accented with gold and scarlet enhancing her goddess-like beauty and figure that would put most in creation to shame. A great portion of Rowan's beauty came from Elura and with his true appearance revealed, it was easy to spot the similarities between them.

Rowan sighed and sat cross-legged and closed his eyes. His Essence and Aether had nearly been refilled in these few seconds, but Rowan kept his eyes closed for another three hours. Time at their level was both meaningless and also incredibly meaningful, for a billion years could be passed in slumber, yet a battle of epic proportions could be fought in a second.

Rowan sighed and sat cross-legged and closed his eyes. His Essence and Aether had nearly been refilled in these few seconds, but Rowan kept his eyes closed for another three hours. Time at their level was both meaningless and also incredibly meaningful, for a billion years could be passed in slumber, yet a battle of epic proportions could be fought in a second.

Elura did not disturb him, and Rowan did not look at the world using his Spirit Senses but his eyes were powerful enough that whether it was closed or opened, he could still perceive his surroundings with alacrity using his fleshy vision.

His senses which could be likened to sonars burst out of his closed lids, far more vigorously than before, tens of millions of pulses emitting from his closed eyes that scanned and collected every information around him for tens of thousands of miles until it met the barriers of this space.

This entire world was within his gaze and he missed nothing. However, his primary focus was on the woman before him.

The smile had never left Elura's face all this time, and Rowan almost had the urge to scream at this enigmatic woman. He felt an odd twinge of pain in his heart when a part of him that wanted the peace of solace in the arms of his mother was gone, instead what took her place was a being who was perhaps the most dangerous he had ever come across. The woman who had given him the motivation and fortitude to fight against the tyranny of the Third Prince was no longer here, and it hurt in a way he had not yet had the time to truly investigate.

When Rowan was 'done' with replacing his lost energy, he opened his eyes and met Elura's own, he licked his lips, about to speak, but Elura interrupted him, almost as if she was anxious,

"You know I never do anything without a plan. Or perhaps you don't know, but I'm sure you must have suspected. Many things that happened in the universe of your birth were within my control in a sense. I cannot manipulate the domain of Chaos like I want, and that leads to... complications that even I don't understand or control."

This admission of her fallibility seemed to annoy her but she pushed through the brief flash of anger that surfaced in her eyes. Rowan wondered how much of what she was showing was true. Most likely none, he reckoned.

"Certain situations that transpired in my youth have forced me to never leave a door opened for anyone to find a way to harm me or my interest, there could be no chink in my armor in any manner, and that fear and desire for control over my destiny affected my decision when it came time for me to give birth to my heir. Nothing could ever be good enough."

Elura looked uncomfortable and she shifted around, Rowan's face showed no emotion and his alien eyes that were exuding such fantastical lights never left her face, like a snake looking at a mouse, Rowan allowed the alien nature of himself to come through.

He could not help himself, because a part of him wanted to believe Elura's story, that part of him that was in pain, and so he allowed himself to feel everything, opening himself in a manner that he would never do, it was both a plea and a warning.

Elura was on thin ice, whatever was said here would be remembered, and if Elura wished to play games with the few things that could touch his bottom line, he would not be holding back.

After fidgeting for a while Elura met his gaze without flinching,

"I'm sorry my son, sometimes good intentions may result in a cruel outcome. To protect you from the eyes of my enemies and leave you without flaws I took steps that were born from good intentions, and never bothered if the outcome would be cruel, not just to me, but more importantly to you. There is much you don't know about your power and bloodline,"

She chuckled in an almost nervous manner when she mentioned the word, bloodline,

"You should have learned all these and more in the Eld Seed I had arranged for you, but you did not follow my predetermined path. At first, I was angered, you are but a child, with no idea of the vastness of the horizon or the true depths of the deep, you were an arrogant youngling with wings of wax outspread to the skies, showing off your glory, yet not understanding... comprehending, how hot and uncaring the flames of the sun. It will burn you, leaving nothing behind, you did not understand dominion and I gave you no chance to learn the reason for this, and for this failure I am sorry."

She sighed and summoned a long needle and held the sharp point to the middle of her forehead and she began pushing it down,

"It is time I showed you everything."

Chapter 982: Revelations

Rowan had seen many macabre sights in his lifetime, and he had been the author of countless many, reality was grim and terrifying, and for those that had the power to look into its dark depths, nothing lay within but madness.

It was this madness that one would have to conquer in order to become stronger, and for someone like Rowan whose strength was beyond abnormal, he would have to face the sort of madness that was unimaginable to most.

He had seen so much, maybe even too much, but he understood that in a way his journey into madness had just begun, and everything he had witnessed was just to prepare him for what was to come.

Yet there was something unsettling about Elura plunging a long needle into her head. What made it particularly disturbing was that the needle seemed to continuously extend no matter how much she pushed into her head there was always more length of needle remaining in her hands.

These actions seemed simple, yet when placed against the settings they found themselves—The glade of amazing flowers, the setting sun painting the world in a vivid

color... then the beautiful woman plunging a needle into her forehead while looking him in the eyes seemed so bizarre.

Her face showed no expression of pain, and she kept plunging the needle into her head, but before long an inflection point seemed to have been reached and her face became twisted with pain, but she did not stop pushing the needle into her head,

"Romion, your bloodline is the Tree of Desire, which is unexpected, but welcomed, this bloodline had not been seen in the Land of Miracles for many Eras. It stands as one of the five Pillars of the Primordial of Miracle's bloodline, your mother's bloodline holds another Pillar, and so does your grandfather's. For the first time since the beginning of creation, a single family holds three of the five Pillars in the Land of Miracles. This alone would cause a great commotion in the Land of Miracles when you are revealed to all, and yet this is just the tip of the iceberg for who you are my son."

Elura grimaced as if the pain she was feeling had multiplied, and Rowan noticed something peculiar while she was speaking, it was that the tone of her voice was subtly changing, and his senses were sharp enough to catch it and this hint gave him a possible direction of what Elura intended, but he could not be sure until she revealed more of her intentions.

It was impossible to hide the inherent majesty inside Elura and her voice was one of the representations of that majesty. Due to Rowan's unique nature, he was able to shrug off the many effects that came from standing beside the presence of extremely powerful beings like Old Man Seed and Elura, but that did not mean he was not aware of them, he just mostly ignored them.

The inherent majesty inside the tone and voice of Elura was beginning to shift, descending lower into something less graceful and compelling, like a goddess transforming into a mortal woman, and before Rowan's gaze, the flesh of Elura peeled away like the layer of an onion, revealing another Elura underneath.

The sense of bizarreness that Rowan was feeling increased, but his gaze never left the figure before him.

The features of this new Elura that was revealed were equal to the flesh that had just peeled away but there were subtle differences that he noted. This difference was mostly from the Aura, which was now fractionally weaker, and his suspicion increased.

Elura did not stop her actions, pushing more of the endless needle into her forehead, and her body continued to peel away, layer after layer falling to the side before transforming into flowers. However with every layer that fell off, Elura's size did not diminish, as if what she was shedding had no mass, but Rowan could feel the sheer weight behind every layer of flesh that was peeled away from Elura's body.

Whatever ritual she was performing was not something that could be done easily. Just the grimace of pain from her was revealing enough.

The small glade of flowers that they hovered above soon turned to a sea of flowers that continued stretching into the horizon, if this trend continued it would not take long before this entire world contained nothing but flowers, as more of her layers were peeled away.

When she spoke again, her voice was still deeply magnetic, but it was missing many of her grand attributes and her face was subtly different, as if he was not looking at her but a Reflection of her—something was missing.

"Have you begun to infer what my bloodline is, Romion? I will not blame you if you fail to guess it, there have been... moments in my life when I even forget the power I wield. Power has its price, and we are the pillars of miracle, our power is costly."

Another strange transformation began to appear around Elura, her clothes which were mostly green began to change in color, slowly fading to orange and then brightening to red until their shade reached a bright red with a hint of black and gold around the edges and at that moment Elura paused, her hand holding the last few inches of the needle that seemed to have reached its end.

"What I am about to do is something that I have never imagined I would be doing for anyone else, but you are my son Romion and you deserve the truth."

In her eyes were confusion, and then resolve, "I can bind others to my service using various tricks and contrivances, bind them with power or deception, and I could do the same for you, with your character it would not be easy, but it can be done, I have done the same for those with far more experience, but my instinct after all this time is rarely wrong and I fear if I follow this path I would be making a mistake that I would never be able to correct."

She paused, her eyes were no longer fixed on Rowan but were vibrating rapidly from side to side as if she was fighting an incredibly powerful urge. Elura must be going against the very essence of who she was, but her voice did not waver and she continued speaking even as her body seemed to be going through waves of small contractions and convulsions. Her flesh itself, fighting against her Will,

"We have so much time together and so little. It is difficult to put many things into words sometimes, and only with action can it be shown. I apologize for my ungainly appearance Romion, habits can be chains stronger than we give them credence. I know what you want Rowan, but I cannot give them to you... not in the way you would like, but there is something left inside me, and it will be yours, for a time, and after it is all over.... I shall be waiting for you when you become immortal. This is the best I can do. This is my sacrifice to you, my son. Look upon it, and call me your mother once more, the road ahead is long and perilous, and I would rather walk on it with my son, than with an enemy in the guise of my flesh."

Chapter 983: A Broken Thing

Saying these cryptic words, Elura finally drove the needle into her forehead that seemed to have reached its end and when she dropped her hand, Elura was gone and his mother sat before him, her eyes closed as if deep in sleep.

There was no need for words, Rowan instantly knew that the woman before him was the one that gave birth to him, her face and Elura's were exact, but her Aura... was blazing.

Where Elura's Aura was cold and calculating, his mother was nothing but fire, her robes were an indication of her Spirit, boundless. She did not walk in the shadows, and her emotions were worn on her sleeves. She loved without judging and her smile... her laughter... gods her laughter. Rowan could still remember the dance he had with her when Time was frozen and the universe was for them alone.

Before Rowan could have the chance to fully comprehend what was happening the endless field of flowers below rippled and gathered together in a terrifying storm that soon dissolved into the body of a different Elura.

Rowan looked between the still form of his mother before him and Elura standing by the side and a hint of confusion passed through his eyes he wanted to speak, but once again Elura interrupted him, "I cannot give you what you want, I can only give you a moment and you have to make a small sacrifice to take this opportunity I have given you. This sacrifice..." Elura smiled, "... somehow I don't think it would be a problem for you making it." She sighed and pointed toward the horizon, "This is only possible because this space is special, but it also has its limits. My father's domain is strong, but the pillars of our bloodline are jealous. The sun will set in a while, and when it is done, she will be gone forever, I love you, my son." With those last words, Elura vanished leaving him alone with his mother who was cloaked in a robe of scarlet, with her eyes closed.

Rowan's body seemed to move on its own volition and drifted towards her. The faint memories he had of his childhood, the chubby young child running through an endless forest of green, happy and content knowing he had a mother who loved and cherished him, the tears in her eyes as she....

Too many memories, they overwhelmed him. Tiny in the larger scheme of things, Rowan held far more memories than these faint recollections, but each one carried the weight of tenderness. His hand rose up and he almost touched her face, but he hesitated, once upon a time his mother had seemed so powerful to him, and now she appeared incredibly frail, her existence held by a single thread that was slowly fraying.

He understood the sacrifice that Elura spoke of, and she was correct, Rowan did not hesitate and he manifested the Eld Seed in his hand and gently fed it to his mother.

The Eld Seed contained all the memories of the Land of Miracles that Elura had planted for him in wait, also it was considered one of the rare methods to gain Aetherium, a rare resource in all of reality that was deeply desired.

Old Man Seed had told him that this Eld Seed was not just a normal Seed, but one that was free of any taint, which means that no Primordial Will was buried inside of it, making this Seed incredibly precious. It could as well be unique.

Despite all these positives to the Eld Seed, none of them was as important as the final aspect it contained, his memories.

A million years of his life were missing, taken by his mother to safeguard until the time was ready for Rowan to receive them. To suppress the Eye of the Primordial of Time, Rowan could not harvest the souls of any of the Reflections and kept them as a barrier over the Eye, so he could not read their memories.

Before now he had planned to utilize the Eld Seed after he had fully investigated its components or at the least tried to decipher its process of creation in order to figure out how to develop the ability to manifest Aetherium. To find a second Seed of Aetherium without the Will of a Primordial embedded in it would be nearly impossible but Rowan sacrificed the seed without hesitation.

If Elura could find one, he would be able to find another, the chance to reconcile with his mother after a million years of separation may not come again, even if it appears that their time together would be short.

Rowan watched his mother closely, from the moment he fed her the Eld Seed, it had only been a few seconds and there did not seem to be any changes in her body, but his eyes soon saw the beginning of one.

Her Aura began to rise, and her body which seemed to be lifeless began to grow warm, and then ridiculously hot, until the temperature exuding from her body was approaching the heat from the core of a star. The world around them did not change, such an amount of heat was nothing to a world created by a higher dimensional being, and Rowan did not even acknowledge it, his eyes were for his mother alone.

Her pale cheeks grew red and her chest rose. Her eyelids shook as a slight frown crossed her face, Rowan held his breath, before without any indication, her eyes flew open.

The world changed color. The light from the setting sun grew richer, as the grass and trees across the entire world turned a shade of scarlet, from afar it was as if the world had transformed into a red star.

Her eyes at first were disoriented. This was from a woman who had expected to never wake up again, with the part she was expected to play done, she was to sleep the long sleep of oblivion, but unexpectedly...

Memories inundated her consciousness and powers flowed in her veins, and she felt the wrongness of it all,

'No, this is not meant for me... this is a mistake, it was supposed to be given to my son. Where is he? Where is my boy?!

Her consciousness returned fully and her confused eyes focused and she looked across and saw him. There was silence for a while as their eyes met, the communication between them was wordless, but it did not make it any less profound.

Elura gasped as bloody tears began rolling from her eyes that went alit, burning like flaming pearls. Rowan wanted to raise his hands to do something, anything, but it was so difficult, it was as if he had forgotten what it meant to give comfort... his hands knew nothing but death, how could they give out tenderness?

The eyes of his mother went wide as realization crossed her features, and she broke the invisible barrier between them and drew Rowan to her in a hug that would crush mountains to dust.

Rowan's hands were raised, and they slowly descended until he was holding her, and he heard his mother whisper in his ears, and the sadness in her voice touched a part of his consciousness he had thought long lost,

"Oh, my dear boy, your heart is a broken thing."

Chapter 984: Beyond His Power And Beauty

"This is good, this moment here with her is everything, I will not allow it to end, she will not leave me again, I now have power, I have broken a universe, why can I not have everything I want?"

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Rowan held his mother for a while, he allowed himself to forget for the moment of the person he had become and turned to the young boy of five who ran in a forest of endless green. It was the few memories he had of that time, and he held them close to his heart.

He closed his eyes and his senses slowed down, as the world in his perception slowed to a crawl, even the light from the setting sun was still. The pulse emerging from his

eyes that ran into tens of millions every second began to wind down until it was left with only a single pulse.

This single pulse seemed to be everlasting, it wrapped around Rowan and his mother in a protective cocoon, it was as if he was not willing to let a single moment pass him by and so he wrapped them in a single pulse that would stand forever if that was what he wished for.

After learning of Spirit Emanations, he began taking steps to protect his secrets better, and one of the methods he had derived was this process. He had used the incredible perceptive power of the Primordial Ouroboros to isolate his surroundings. With a single pulse from his eyes causing the sensitivity of his vision to reach an impossible degree, it would be supremely difficult for anything to get past him without his notice. As far as he could tell the Primordial Ouroboros was unique, and so too was its perceptive abilities, and it would be difficult for an outside party to fool it without his knowledge.

Although he knew that he had been left alone with his mother, Rowan was taking no chances. It was Elura who placed her hands on his chest and pushed him back a little, and she looked at Rowan's face, for a while even she was amazed at his appearance, but it did not take long for her to peer beyond his beauty and bright eyes to see the pain and tiredness inside him.

He was capable of bearing the heaviest weight in the universe, but it did not mean that they did not leave scars and the pressure did not build up, it was only the fact that Rowan was growing too fast for the pressure to catch up to him.

All the horrors he had faced, all his battles, and the places and events he had witnessed were a heavy burden, and he added more to the pile every day, but he was always getting stronger, suppressing them all inside his consciousness that never stopped growing.

No one else could see the scars and the traces of the battle he had fought, even Rowan was only dimly aware of them, his power placed him on a constant high, and he would either reach the top in a single stretch or he would crash and burn.

His mother was the only one who could look beyond his power and beauty because she was not searching for all those when she looked at him. She was looking for his heart, and she saw that it was tired and broken.

Rowan was an abomination of endless potential, battered and broken, his body leaps forward, building on his scars. He had never stopped.

Elura swallowed, not allowing the tears that wanted to fall to escape her eyes, "When was the last time you slept Romion?"

Rowan appeared surprised by the question and then he smiled, "I don't need to sleep mother, why should I perform an activity that is useless? I have slept, twice, and I have dreamed my last dream, his name is Andar, you would have loved him, Mother. I have reached the point where such a grace is no longer my burden."

Elura rolled her eyes, "You are the only one who would call sleep a burden. Nonsense, I bet even the Primordials themselves need sleep, you need to sleep, but the problem..."

Biting her lips she whispered as she touched his cheeks, "...is that you could never find the right place for you to lay your head. Of all my children, you feel too much and love too deeply, and so your weariness runs too deep."

Rowan looked away, how could he tell her that he was now soulless? The things she thought she saw in him no longer existed, and if he ever slept, nothing waited for him but dreams filled with madness and monsters, his reflection in the mirror,

"I think I would know what I need better than you in this particular matter, Mother."

"Hahaha, did you know you said the same thing to me when you were a child? Don't believe me? Here let me show you."

With a wave of her hand, the space around them rippled as reality shifted and they appeared in a forest, Elura had twisted reality to show him her memories, weaving it with a profound application of Aetherium that would place whatever he faced on the Twilight Bridge to shame and would make what the Third Prince and the rest did to be nothing but child's play.

Looking back, the most his enemies had been able to do was empower their attacks and shoot out Aetherium bolts. What Elura just did went beyond anything he had witnessed. If he had been fighting his mother on that bridge as a mortal, without bringing out his big guns, he would not last a second.

This thought did not distract him for long as the new reality drew his attention because for all intent and purposes, Elura had just brought him back in time to a dead universe that was an impossible distance away.

The air had changed and overhead there were thirteen moons that covered the sky, all of them emitting different hues of light that made this area shimmer with splendor. Massive winged beasts flew overhead making loud calls as they migrated to distant regions. It was night, but the lights from the thirteen moons left the surroundings to be as bright as daylight.

This world was Trion, and although its roots were corrupted, at this time, it was beautiful and lush due to the presence of Elura who made the entire world a place where miracles flow. Her Aura filled the entire planet with light and life, and in this world, it was almost as if anything was possible.

Something zoomed past, and Rowan turned his head to follow it and discovered that it was a five-year-old chubby boy with green eyes and curly green hair and clothes made from fur, his laughter pursuing his running figure that was pushing through the forest with a speed that was faster than sound.

"Romion, get back here, your mother has been calling for you for an entire year!"

The young child clearly had power but lacked control because he stumbled at the unexpected sound and at the speed he was moving, his body created a long furrow through the earth as he blasted through dozens of gigantic trees shattering them into splinters before his body bounced against the ground and he was slammed into a small hill, shattering it to pieces.

Chapter 985: You Have Never Changed

The earth shook, and a wave of force traveled through the forest at the crash, causing numerous animals to shriek in fright, creating a small stampede that only subsided after a while.

The boy pushed his way out of the shattered mountain, he was unharmed but his body was covered with dust, especially his mouth which was filled with sand and pieces of wood and rocks that got in because the naughty child had been laughing through his crash.

A small figure with butterfly wings appeared before the flustered boy, hovering before his face and placing two tiny hands on her hips,

"This has gone on for long enough, Romion, I can no longer hide your presence from your mother, you will return this instant, your games are over. A whole year I have put up with your stupid schemes and I will not be a party to them any longer." The tiny sprite stamped her foot in the air with annoyance and went to the boy's right ear and began to drag it, her small frame holding astonishing power because she lifted the boy from the rubble, bringing him dozens of feet into the air.

She had decided to take matters into her own hands and would be bringing the naughty child home by force.

"Isshsamm yhot ghoingg!" the boy struggled, his little hands and feet waving in the air,

The tiny sprite cocked her head in confusion as she peered down at him, and then grimaced in disgust as the boy did not spit out the dirt in his mouth, instead, he chewed and swallowed, before yelling at her, "I said I am not going home, I am not sleepy and mother says I can play until I am tired. So let me go... this instant!"

The little sprite brought her nose up in the air in disdain, "When your mother told you to play until you got tired, she did not mean for you to gallivant around the forest, terrorizing the entire good folk who make this place their home for an entire year. When are you going to stop?"

The boy no longer waved his hands around, instead, he folded them on his chest, blushing a bit from shame and annoyance,

"I am a child, and you should not deprive a child of the chance to play. It is my right."

Although he knew that perhaps he might have overdone it with his acts these last few months that had magically turned into a year, Romion could not stop pursuing the horizon. There were so many new things to discover, every corner he crept past he found something amazing, the world was an endless mystery and he did not want to stop exploring.

"Who needs sleep," he muttered to himself as he was brought back home. His body was wrapped by a green glow and he was teleported to the side of Elura.

The sprite let go of his ears from hundreds of feet in the air and Rowan dropped to the ground like a stone he landed with his head, leaving his stomach and legs waving in the air as his shoulders and head were buried in the ground.

The laughter of the sprite as she flew away did not hide his angered sputtering as he spat out the dirt in his mouth and chewed and swallowed the rest.

Romion had explored the world for a year and saw so many wonders, but most of those wonders had to go through the taste test. He ate everything.

From rocks, woods, metals, leaves, grasses, insects...even the wind did not escape his mouth. If he perceived something fragrant in the air, he would suck in the entire air in the surroundings for miles.

Coming across a pack of wolves, it was not strange for Rowan to bite off a tail here or an ear there. A cave filled with sentient mushrooms... half of them were eaten. A mighty bear... missing his left paw.

Romion had a goal, the round moons up in the sky looked so tasty, and he wanted to eat one, maybe two, ok, in truth, he was planning to eat five, but it was alright, who needed thirteen moons anyway? Plus they must be so tasty!

A year reign of terror had just ended and the perpetrator looked at his mother with his hands folded behind his back and his large green eyes that sparkled like a clear lake while grinning sheepishly,

"Hello Mother, you called for me, but I have not finished playing. Can I go? I promise I will return when I get tired."

Elura smiled and turned to the boy, "Come and hug your mother child, I have missed you so."

The boy blinked and ran to her, burying his face into her robes and squeezing her so tight that the air around her body trembled. Elura laughed in delight and tousled his curly hair that had grown nearly to his waist after leaving the house for a year,

"We will need to trim your hair unless you want to be tripping on them soon enough."

The child nodded, before turning to the side and whispered to his mother, "I don't know who that is but he looks scary."

Elura turned to Rowan, "Him? Oh, he is harmless, he is like you actually, he does not know when to stop for rest but keeps running until he drops."

Rowan had noticed that the reality around them that Elura created was not simple, and he confirmed it when that sprite dropped the boy in front of them and he ran and hugged Elura who was beside him.

His mother had brought him to a past where he was a child, and the Rowan of today was looking at the clear eyes of Romion in the past, who was looking at him with clear curiosity and wonder, and a tiny bit of fear. Rowan nodded, the child's instincts were accurate, he should be feared.

"Is this the way I thought you to greet a guest?" Elura chided Romion and the child shook his head from side to side and left his mother's side.

Rowan was a few feet away but Romion walked slowly toward him, and he paused halfway as if an invisible wall was blocking him, before he frowned and fished inside his fur robes, bringing out a half-eaten golden fruit.

The fruit emitted a tantalizing smell and the child looked at it with regret before firming his stance and presenting it to Rowan,

"Good day mister, and may the good tidings and fortune that brought you to our home follow you to whatever road you take after leaving. Please take this token of our welcome."

Rowan looked at the half-eaten fruit and he nearly grinned. The little brat had sliced off a piece of the fruit with his fingers before he brought it out from his robes.

As if he was taking the fruit from his outstretched hand, Rowan instead reached into the robes of the surprised boy and took the small pieces that he had sliced off.

Elura rolled her eyes in astonishment, "Why did I not notice how devious you were as a child? You have never truly changed, have you?"

Chapter 986: Tears Of The Sun

The boy was ashamed by the fact that his act of subterfuge had been detected and he did not listen deeply to what his mother had said, he bowed his head wishing that the ground would open up and swallow him whole, but he was distracted by the actions of the man before him, it also helps that Romion was very shameless, and a tiny tyrant.

Rowan took the small piece of golden fruit, and with a tap of his fingers, he understood its composition. His three chambers—Knowledge Well, Astrolabe, and Hollow Forge had integrated with his entire body during the evolution of his Primordial Ouroboros bloodline, and with a simple touch, he could utilize it in the manner that he required.

He discovered that this fruit was not that special, at least to the present Rowan who had access to much better resources, it just contained a dense amount of disorderly Essence drawn from different sources with no order or harmony.

This fruit must have been a treasure born from a potent source that had gathered various energies over the years, but its creator did not have a firm understanding of Essence management, it had simply gathered all the available energies around and placed it in a potent shell that could contain all of them, but it was still a concentrated source of power that could boost one's bloodline.

It was so powerful that the boy with his extremely powerful physique had been gnawing on this fruit for months and had barely eaten half of it. This fruit was meant for powerful immortals, and Romion's act of consuming this much of it in so little time was astonishing.

A mage would refine this energy with Alchemy, purifying the chaotic energy and extracting only what was useful. Romion here could simply consume the fruit whole and his body would use every bit of the energy with little to no waste, although he would have to slowly consume it because he could not handle the potent Essence contained in the golden fruit, he was using all this Essence to grow stronger.

The child looked at Rowan's fingers in puzzlement as he tapped the piece of the fruit with his fingers, looking up and seeing his curious stares, Rowan smiled at him, before saying,

"Hey kid, do you want to see something amazing?"

The look of curiosity on the face of the boy instantly transformed into one of suspicion, and Rowan suddenly had a weird feeling in his heart, 'Surely, this little boy does not think I am some kind of pervert. What sort of look is that?'

Still maintaining his smile not to push away the child, the boy slowly nodded with caution after glancing at his mother and noticing she was smiling, before looking back at Rowan.

Even if Romion was suspicious and afraid of this stranger, Rowan still had a potent weapon that was able to break down all of his defenses and that was his beauty.

If Rowan's beauty was already potent enough to affect the minds of gods, and to an extent higher dimensional beings like Elura and Old Man Seed when he revealed his true appearance, then a five-year-old child, no matter how talented would not be able to resist him for long, it was already amazing that Romion could put up this level of defenses against his charms and still questioned his intentions.

Rowan placed the piece of the golden fruits between his two palms, and a light began to glow in between the gaps in his hands, drawing an astonished gasp from Romion. The child had seen more potent feats of power, but the light emerging from Rowan's palm was strange because it carried a color the boy had never seen before.

It was the light from Hollow Forge that had continuously evolved as Rowan grew stronger.

Noticing his attention, Rowan decided to add more flair to his creation, producing mystical sounds, errant breeze, and shifting lighting that had the child cheering and forgetting his fear of the strange man. Reaching the end of his demonstration, Rowan opened his palms, and hovering above them were seven golden fruits.

These were clearly more powerful than the half-eaten golden fruit in the boy's hands, containing more energy, and surrounding the skin of the fruits were mystical patterns that entranced the senses, coupled with a mouth-watering scent.

The sensation coming from the fruit was also vastly different, if the half-eaten fruit in Romion's hand contained massive and uncontrolled power, the seven fruits here were nothing but power, but controlled power! The boy knew that no matter how much of this fruit he consumed he would receive an endless gentle wave of nourishing Essence that would not overwhelm him.

With a gesture, Rowan pushed the fruits towards the boy who already opened his hands to receive them as if he was hypnotized, before coming to his senses and widening his eyes in astonishment,

Rowan nodded, "They are for you."

The boy's eyes were wild with desire, for a terrifying foodie like him, this was like delivering heaven to his lap, and he wanted to turn towards his mother before he paused, his little body shaking with a severe internal conflict, and then he sighed with regret, he looked longingly at each of the fruits and his eyes went a bit wet,

"Thank you mister, but I cannot accept it, I have done nothing to deserve such a gift."

Rowan cocked his head to the side, "The very nature of gifts means that one does not have to do something to be deserving of it. I wished to give you these fruits as a gift, and you should consider it as such."

The child seemed to think for a while, but he still shook his head, and before he could speak, Rowan interrupted him,

"When you greeted me, you said something, can you repeat it back to me?"

"Sure... I guess. I said; Good day mister, and may the good tidings and fortune that brought you to our home follow you to whatever road you take after leaving. Please take this token of our welcome. This is a standard traditional greeting of our forest. I learned it by heart after I was two weeks old." the boy struck out his chest proudly.

Rowan nodded, "What is the name of the fruit you gave me?"

"Tears of the sun."

"Oh, that is an interesting name for a fruit, do you know the reason it is called that?"

Romion scratched his head, his eyes squeezed in thought, presenting a very adorable image,

"I don't know, but if I am to guess, maybe it is because the light from the fruit shines as bright as the sun, then it must mean it came from the sun, perhaps one of its tears, which I still do not understand how that is possible, because I plucked this fruit from a gigantic tree that was been guarded by a dragon and if it is truly a tear from the sun, then I should have found it at the top of a mountain or falling from the sky, does the sun even cry, maybe because it is so lonesome up there without any companions, he should be jealous of the moons, but who needs all that moon..."

The boy wanted to continue rambling before he stopped himself with a force of will and the suspicion that had been slowly erased as he watched Rowan's performance began to return, "Why are you asking me this question mister?"

Chapter 987: The Same Root

The face of the boy was covered with suspicion, and a glint in his eyes made Rowan know that his small mind was working among many possibilities to decipher the truth within the words he would be hearing.

In many matters, this child might be naive, but it was also hard to deceive the little brat.

"Is it not obvious?" Rowan smiled, "The tears of the sun as you call it, how rare is it?"

Biting His lips, Romion thought about it for a short while, "Pretty rare, I only found this fruit two years ago and I have ranged around for thousands of miles to find a second to no avail, maybe if I have more chance to comb through the entire forest I will find another, but that would take many years. You can see why I cannot accept such precious... gifts."

"To you it is precious," Rowan replied, "and yet you did not hesitate to present it to me as a greeting gift."

"That is expected of me," Romion replied before looking down in shame and whispering, "Besides, I had already taken a sizable chunk from it and it was no longer complete."

"As I said before, to you it might be precious," Rowan waved his hand and the air rippled as a hundred Tears of the Sun appeared, the space around them exploded with light as if a hundred bright lanterns were lit around them.

Romion's mouth fell open, but the demonstration was not over, as with another wave of his hand, the number of fruit hovering in the air tripled.

The little boy staggered, and he slapped his cheeks to check if he was dreaming and frowning in concentration he suddenly leaped and touched the fruits hanging in the air randomly, to confirm if they were real or a mirage.

"How...how is this possible?"

Rowan smiled, "Look to the skies."

With his heart beating erratically, Romion slowly turned his head and looked upwards, and his mouth fell open and the strength left his legs. Collapsing into a puddle, he wanted to crawl towards his mother in fright but held himself back with a stubbornness that was deep in his bones.

Above him a golden rain was falling, each drop in this rain that covered the entire horizon from pole to pole was a Tear of the sun, their numbers were in the billions, creating a golden sea that roared towards the earth.

"Is my gift of seven Tears of the Sun acceptable?" Rowan asked the frightened child.

"Yes...yes, very, very acceptable," the child nodded furiously, his face that was white as a sheet rapidly glancing from Rowan to the sky, unable to decide which image was more earth-shattering.

Snapping his fingers, the entire horizon filled with Tears of the Sun vanished, leaving the seven that the boy had clutched tightly to his chest.

For a while the area was silent, only broken by the rapid breathing of Romion, after a while he slowly looked at Rowan, "Will I ever be able to do something like that one day?"

Rowan smiles cheekily, "Something like what?"

Romion bit his lips, "Summon an unlimited amount of food."

Rolling his eyes Rowan replied, "Of course, you can create a whole universe made of nothing but food if you want."

"Um, what is a universe?"

Sigh, "I can see that your education is lacking direction, perhaps you are focused too much on food."

Romion sniffed, regaining his color and coming back to his feet, "Food is the best thing in the world, of course, I need to know all about it. You never answered my questions, mister,"

Elura reached Romion and ruffled his hair, "He has not answered you child because you have not asked the most important question."

Romion was confused for a short moment before the light of enlightenment entered his eyes, "Forgive me, mister, I forgot my manners. I am Romion, known as the Child of the Green, Scion of Life, um, local terror, ... hungry ghost..." his voice grew weaker as he mumbled some other things under his breath before parking up once more,

"I am the Son of Elura, the Empyrean of Life, and you are welcome to my home. How may I address you?"

Rowan froze, he heard everything that Romion had been mumbling, and he did not know if he should laugh or cry. Whatever this child may be, he was never idle, and his adventures in five years must be enough to fill up an entire library if his titles were any indicator. He sighed and went down on one knee so that he could be at an equal eye level with the child, "Romion, that is a beautiful name, you can call me Rowan, although that is not my true name. I am afraid I cannot tell you my true name, it's long and unsuited to the ears."

The child mumbled, "Rowan, odd," he turned to Elura, "Mother is Rowan not what the folk in the river call my name in their tongue?"

Elura's eyes brightened, "Of course Child, your name in different cultures can be pronounced and spelled in different manners, but it is still essentially the same name and bears similar roots."

"So, does this make us... um," the child struggles to find the word,

"Namesake," Rowan completed it and the boy grinned,

"Yes, namesake, we share the same roots!" Romion cheered. With his developing mind he loved to learn and was always happy to quickly figure out solutions to the problems that ailed him, even if it was as minor as finding the right words to use.

"So there you have it," Rowan said, "Your answer to your question."

Looking up in confusion, Rowan cried out, "But you never answered my question."

"Did I not Romion... Rowan?"

"I don't underst... Oh, I think I get what you mean. Our names share similar roots, so you're telling me that because we are children from the same pod, then our path is similar. Whatever you can do now, then someday I will be able to do the same."

He looked towards Rowan for confirmation and beamed when he saw the nod of acknowledgment. Seeing Elura smiling down at him with pride, Romion thrust out his small chest.

This motion reminded him that he was holding seven Tears of the Suns in his arms, and without waiting for anything, the inner foodie in his soul came to life, and a few seconds later, he was lying on the ground, his stomach swollen like he was pregnant.

With a look of bliss on his face Romion rubbed his round stomach and before long he shifted to his mother snuggled on her thighs, and was asleep.

After a year of endless adventures, the boy fell asleep. But before he did, Rowan saw his eyes shift in suspicion as he mumbled to himself the words Elura spoke, "Why did I not notice how devious you were as a child? You have never truly changed, have you?... The same name... Are you my..."

Elura stroked the hair of Romion, the look of pride in her eyes was evident, "You were always more discerning than I could ever understand. There were moments when you made mistakes and committed dumb actions, but you only needed to close your eyes and rest and somehow, you could see the full picture. I knew that your fathers would never be able to tie you down for long, for they did not understand how special you

were. They were not the dangerous ones. I understood how special you were, and so does my Maker, that is what makes her dangerous."

Elura patted the air next to her, "Place your head on my thighs, and rest your eyes. You can sleep, child, Mother will be here when you wake up."

Chapter 988: Battle His Memories

Trust was a hard thing to come for Rowan, and it was for good reasons. In his life, he had few reasons to trust others, because he lived in a reality where power could be seized by those who aspired for it. Real power and not just some fanciful concept dreamt in the mind of the mad, and in such an environment, trust took a backseat to benefit.

Power above all, love, trust, friendship, dignity, ... they were worthless. His strength was proof enough that it was those with power that controlled everything.

But sometimes, that was not enough. Rowan knew of this, but he also understood that the only reason he could open himself to love or trust, was because he had power.

He did not need to sleep, but... he looked at the curled form of Romion who had been playing for a year, and would most likely have continued to play for another thousand years given the chance, here he was sleeping peacefully, and it was not just because he had consumed all the fruits Rowan gave him, but because he was at peace, only in this place would this boy lay down his guard and sleep.

There was a slight smile on his adorable face, and he rubbed his stomach which had turned flat in a few moments, smacking his lips in his sleep as if he was dreaming of feasting.

And it was so that Rowan, who believed that it was impossible for him to ever fall asleep again until his death or the end of everything in existence, laid his head beside his five-year-old self and fell into the warm hands of sleep.

There was a formless pressure on the world that Rowan was not even aware that he gave off. At his level of power, a mortal could not look at his face or sense his Aura, the best outcome for such a thing would be madness, and for the first time in many years that invisible pressure around him vanished, and the world had the time to catch its breath.

Like a gigantic infrastructure with an impossible number of systems, Rowan could feel various parts of himself slowly shutting down. His dimensional flesh was massive, and for someone like him, falling asleep was like an entire universe succumbing to heat

death, yet it did not happen instantaneously, he was too massive for that to ever happen.

Every living being in his dimension was asleep except for Eva, this had been the situation for a while now. With his sojourn outside the universe, Rowan knew there was no way he could stably maintain his dimension.

If his flesh was suddenly destroyed, that meant he had lost millions of worlds, and even if they could be easily replaced, Rowan could not be assured he could protect the souls of those who perished. The energy that could destroy his Dimensional Flesh would be surely potent, and he was not aware of the new types of powers that he might face, outside the Great Darkness.

Eva, the Lady of Shadows became the only one who witnessed the astonishing sight of billions of stars going dim, and as everything inside of Rowan slowly ground to a halt. Planets stopped their rotation and revolution, comets paused in their flight, black holes froze, and the dimension went dim as it entered twilight.

The colors were muted, and silence prevailed, it was a stunning sight as peace descended on a space that should inherently be chaotic.

At first, she was panicking and when she realized what was happening Eva smiled and closed her eyes. From her body a vast purple light emerged that covered the entire dimension, for as the master of the castle rested, she was the one who would watch the castle in his stead.

Rowan's Consciousness Pillars, which were now massive structures that touched the depths of his dimensions and stretched towards the endless space above, began to vibrate, as black sticky clouds that resembled tar flowed out of it.

This darkness flowed out of his consciousness pillars in an endless tide that threatened to snuff out the light of his dimension, but Eva was there to block them.

Sighing in exasperation, Eva awakened the Two powers and a thousand Sovereigns, and together, they battled the darkness that emerged from the mind of the sleeping Creator.

Rowan had experienced enough harrowing tribulations to fill up the lifetimes of a thousand immortals, and the scars they left behind were potent. The battles Eva and the Angels fought were apocalyptic in scale, but they were lucky for the darkness had no place to lay their roots, and although powerful, they could not replace their number or pull energy from the dimension, and they fell.

Corrupted abominations, mad gods, and titans, these were the least of the creatures born from the darkness, but the flames of the Angels cleansed the darkness, and slowly peace came to the dimension as the greatest portion of the darkness was vanquished

and they slowly mopped up the slow trickle of corruption emerging from the Consciousness Pillars.

Despite everything that had transpired, Rowan had slept for only ten minutes.

The weight of power was heavy, and although he wanted to sleep for many ages, his senses never truly shut off, his consciousness was now too powerful to ever reach a state where he could allow himself to lose sight of what happened all around him.

Perhaps if he had a soul then he would have been able to forget for ten minutes the weight of power that he carried, but he did not, and he felt every second, yet he was thankful, for he had never been as rested like this for a long time.

Ten minutes for him was a long and pleasant sleep, and the many aches and scars he carried in his consciousness had faded. They were not gone, but the weight of it had reduced, and he could go on for longer knowing some of the weights on his shoulders had fallen off.

He never knew that the scars in his memories could ever take shape. His understanding of his powers was deep yet surprisingly shallow. Rowan was going fast, but he needed to digest his powers in his entirety to understand what he was capable of.

The title of a Creator was not simple, and his nightmares could take shape as easily as he could make his dreams come true with a thought.

Now that he was awake, it felt more amazing to him that he could have ever slept. His dimension came back to life, and order and chaos resumed their eternal dance.

He opened his eyes and saw Elura looking at the sunset, she glanced down at him and smiled, but the sadness in her eyes could not be hidden,

"As adventurous as you were as a child, you were also a deep sleeper. Your younger self slept for three years after this year-long play, and I wished I made him sleep for longer, for the nightmare began after he woke up. In the same manner, I had hoped you would have slept for longer. Now that you are awake, the nightmare begins again."

Rowan blinked and smoothly sat up, "As much as I would love to sleep for years, such things are no longer possible for me, and I had resigned myself to be forever without sleep, the ten minutes of rest you gave me Mother, is priceless."

Elura looked away from him in sadness, "Yet, did you truly rest? Your burdens are heavy, and after watching you close your eyes in a warped version of rest, it made me realize something; you no longer need me, child."

Chapter 989: Do Not Weep For Me

Elura's tone broker no space for arguments, and Rowan opened his mouth to protest but she placed a hand on his shoulders to stop him, and she unexpectedly drew him to herself, hugging him tight, she spoke in his ears, softly,

"Let me finish with what I have to say. Rowan, I am dead, and some part of you can understand that this is the truth, and so no matter how much you wish to lay your head in my care to rest, you can never do so."

Rowan wanted to push himself away from her, but she held him more firmly and continued speaking, "It was always so hard to blind your eyes to the truth, I should know, it is my everlasting shame that I tried to do the same, I followed the instructions of my Maker, and found a way to hold a portion of you so that I could create a bargaining chip, something to tie you to her side. As if that would ever work, you have always been wild and untamed like the breeze. For a time I believed that you could never be caught, but your enemies were too powerful, the game was rigged against you from the start. You don't know how amazing it is that you are here, now, before my gaze, shining and splendor despite all the odds."

Rowan could feel tears from his mother's eyes flowing down his back, "Oh, my dear son, I am so proud of you. You went through and survived what no one should ever hope to survive and you prevailed. Yet, your heart is broken, but I should not be surprised, you got it from her, but you are more, where she is helplessly consumed by her past, you still have the power to reshape your future. You will have to let me go, so you can continue on your path, I just need to remind you that you can find another... you can find a new place to lay your head."

Rowan shook his head, like a child who could not talk, and held his mother closer.

Elura sighed,

"You know that I speak the truth, Elura is your ally, but her plans for you should not be what you should follow, she is not deserving, no one in creation is deserving of controlling your path. Who in all of creation is worthy to stand before my son?! Let them step forth and be shamed before the least of your feats. Your Path remains yours alone, and no matter if her intentions for letting me see you again may seem rooted in good, ultimately it serves her agenda,"

His mother suddenly laughed, surprising Rowan, "She thinks that in the end, she would be the one in control, and yet she does not understand who you are. My Maker is surprised at how much I was able to hold back from her, how shortsighted, your freedom and power bamboozle their mind. Haa!"

A note of anger entered her voice,

"No matter how much I tried to fight against her wishes, I am still her creature, how could I have ever succeeded against her power? So she scrubbed through what was left of my memories, hoping to find, to recreate the miracle of your existence. They all discounted you Rowan, all of them. The Reflections, Elura, ... you were small, weak, ignorant, and they had never imagined that my little green-haired boy with his heart filled with dreams would be able to fight back against them all and win. Elura desperately searches for the flaws in my design, and she forgot that everything I was able to do was with your help."

Elura looked at the setting sun again, the shadows of darkness were already stretching across the earth, and the sun above had only a small part of itself shining above the hills,

"I do not have much time left," Elura gasped, "When we last met I had thought that it would be the last time I set my eye on you child, but..."

Rowan growled, "No!" He held out his left hand, and for the first time since he recreated his flesh, he activated his innate Telekinetic ability, purple lightning sparks ran down his arms as a faint gigantic shadow of his palm appeared over the setting sun and he... held it.

The sun overhead was not real, it was nothing but a concept, and the spell Elura created to bring back her long-dead shade to life was tied to this concept, so it should be impossible for anything to manipulate the workings of this spell, for there was nothing to touch.

Rowan had not fully explored the limits of his Telekinetic powers and what he did was instinctual, he did not want his mother to leave him, spell be damned.

Smoke poured out of his blackening flesh as Rowan was holding back a weight that could not even be measured, his bones made loud creaking sounds, and if not for the extreme power up he got inside the Tenebris armor, his flesh would have collapsed to dust. He groaned,

'This is good, this moment here with her is everything, I will not allow it to end, she will not leave me again, I now have power, I have broken a universe, why can I not have everything I want?'

Gritting his teeth he pulled, and the faint purple hand that was wreathed with lightning in a stunning move of madness, dragged the setting sun upwards, but this was too much and Rowan collapsed to the ground, every single bone in his body broken.

He was healing extremely quickly but holding on to this spell was incurring damages so massive it overwhelmed his healing powers. He coughed blood and grinned at the astonished look on his mother's face,

"See, I can hold, I do not need another place to rest when I have you."

Elura looked at the collapsed body of Rowan and wanted to weep, but she did not want the last memory her son had of her to be one of sorrow, so she smiled and clapped her hands.

Rowan's heart swelled, for such a simple gesture, the happiness it brought him was unmatched, but the hand that he held outstretched began to collapse,

"Old Man!" he yelled, "Help me. Halt your dimension, and leave this place in twilight. I shall pledge my..."

"Don't," Elura placed her hands over his mouth, "I do not want to return like this. You of all should know my son, that whatever will be... will be. You have made me proud beyond measure, and every time I look at you, it amazes me that I am your mother."

She touched Rowan's chest and a stream of Aetherium began to enter his body, and weaved into it were memories.

"Mother stop, doing this would disperse the spell, there is a price for your return," Rowan cried out but Elura did not stop, she smiled and continued, leaving Rowan grasping two fading threads leaving his hands—The setting sun and the memories entering his mind.

The body of his mother began to fade and unexpectedly a drop of tear fell down his eyes,

"Do not weep for me child, for this is what I want."

Her body brightened until she shone brighter than any star in any universe, and then there was darkness and the lonely sound of weeping.

Chapter 990: Nemesis

Rowan did not know if there was Karma or a cosmic sense of balance in reality. Before he would have argued that such a thing was ridiculous, where was cosmic justice when the strong slaughtered the weak in great numbers, where was karma when the blood of the innocent in the hands of an average god or Archmage ran into the billions, where was the divine retribution when for many minor eras, slavery, and other unmentionable atrocities had prevailed over much of reality.

There was none, only one universal rule and that was the strong dictated the flow of reality. From the beginning of time, the strong ruled and suppressed others without consequences. Rowan had also enjoyed this benefit, but now he had begun to wonder... was anyone ever free of consequences? Were there certain unknown invisible rules bounding all of existence that strive for a balance amongst all things?

If something like that existed, how would they bound a rule breaker like him?

His Berserker Technique was largely useless to Rowan at his present level, yet his Berserker Cloning ability that was born from this technique had managed to create beings that had souls, even weak mortal creatures without thoughts or power had souls, why did his Mother fail to develop one?

His mother was not young, she had lived for many Eras, there was time for her to develop a soul, but she had not. This could not be a weakness of Elura's power, for even a mortal could effortlessly gain a soul, how much a weaver of Aetheriul like his mother?

There was nothing in the bloodline of Miracles that had the power over souls and Elura could not control which of her creations could gain a soul. Not all sapient creatures had souls, but a majority of them did, and for the majority of those in reality it was impossible to know what created souls inside of a sapient being, Rowan sturdy of the soul was among one of the greatest in Reality already and even he was sometimes stumped.

Was there something with such an overall grasp of reality that in order to cause him pain had held back his mother the ability to gain a soul?

Anyone who could do such a thing must have had power that was at least at the levels of a Primordial. The power levels of those at the Primordial Level were mostly shrouded in fog, even till this moment, Rowan could not tell how many Primordials were in existence, were they five, seven, or more? Were there other beings like the Primordial Ouroboros with power equal to Primordials that were hidden from reality?

There had to be, if there was a second Singularity, anything was possible.

Rowan sighed, all of these speculations could turn out to be useless, perhaps he was just decrying one bad day after a thousand years of good ones, yet he could not deny that there were certain patterns that he had begun to detect after living for a while.

Despite all his powers, his growth had not been smooth, there were certain... setbacks that despite his influence over luck had still blocked his path. His thousand-year wish could not give his mother a soul, perhaps his impossible wish could do so, but a minor era would have to pass before that happened, that was still too distant in the future.

One of his consciousness pillars brought out a line of thought that he had placed to the side. Nemesis Stones, and its lesser variant Nemesis Slates.

Rowan first came across the Nemesis Slates when in Jarkarr, a Transcendental treasure that records the number of beings an individual has killed. It was an interesting treasure, but it was not that compelling, its powers were nothing but a gimmick, at least that was what he had thought before he learned of the Nemesis Stones.

For a higher dimensional power to gain access to a lower dimension like a universe, they needed to gain access to a Nemesis Stone linked to the universe. Without a Nemesis Stone, they could not propagate their bloodlines in the lower universe.

This restricted the higher dimensional powers to flood a universe with their bloodlines and influences, but perhaps there were other silent purposes to these Nemesis Stones that were not advertised.

Was there a higher variant of the Nemesis Stone, and if that was the case, what did it govern, all of reality?

Nemesis in itself was an interesting word, it meant many things, none of them good. The inescapable agent of someone's or something's downfall. An Archenemy...

Could Nemesis exist? If it did then why was there not much mention of it? I need more information on this subject, Rowan ultimately decided.

He knew that every mortal he had killed, every life he had cut short was not truly gone, others may see him as a monster, but he was just harvesting soul energy from the dead, their Soul Origin was safe, free to reincarnate a new soul in the present or later in the future, in a weird manner, Soul Origin equaled the playing board, giving all the chance to be immortal.

He did not know if there was a limit to how much Soul Energy could be created by an individual's Soul Origin, but it was most likely nearly infinite, so given enough reincarnation, an individual would be able to become Immortal, but it was a shame that none of them were usually aware of their past lives.

Knowing that he was distracting himself with these thoughts Rowan straightened himself, sorrow would not help him, his mother was gone, and without a soul, there was nothing he could do to save her. Or was that the truth? He had many methods he could use now and in the future.

A weird flame went alight in his heart and he suppressed the urge to look into those lines of thought, it was almost heretical, and even if he wanted to pursue it, he would need more power than he had at this time, which should not take long the way things were going, he had completed his foundations and nothing was holding him back from pushing for higher dimensions and finally challenging the true rulers of reality, even Nemesis itself if it existed, which it most likely did.

He had already completed the Nine Supreme Circle's manifestation, which meant he was technically at the 9th Supreme Circle, just as he had wished to do when he began his journey into the Land of Miracles, the only thing he needed to do was to activate and complete it.

At that time, his three Primordial Bloodlines would technically reach their limits, and his only path forward would be to climb the dimensions. The power that he would control when his nine circles were completed would put his present body to shame, plus all the techniques and abilities he would unlock.

It would almost be hard to define how much stronger he could become by then, and he had everything he needed to complete his entire Supreme Circle in a moment. Placing him in the same ranks as God Emperors, Demon Kings, and Tower Masters.

Rowan did not care how others would have gone about activating and completing each of their Supreme Circles, for him it was easy, he had and Soul Energy.

Chapter 991: Doom Star

Rowan had intentionally left his Soul Mountains untouched for all this while so he could push forward at once. Knowing that his bloodlines would require greater amounts of soul energy with each upgrade, and now with the Supreme Circles, that number would reach an unreasonable amount.

The Soul Crystals he had accumulated after the war and the time in the Frozen Waste had reached an egregious number, and it would have to be enough for what he was going to do in the near future. At least he hoped it would, each Supreme Circle was technically a condensation of every technique in existence, distilling all their strengths into a single form, such a technique would require a stupendous amount of resources to complete. Yet if there was anyone who would ever complete the Supreme Circle, it was Rowan.

There was a roar like a fierce storm and the world was consumed in darkness, the red flowers that had bloomed over the entire world vanished. The last traces that his mother had ever existed in the outside world were no more.

Her absence left a void.

Rowan rose in the air, every trace that he had been sad or angered was gone, and there was only focus left, that was the state Old Man Seed and Elura saw when they returned to him. He had reversed his appearance to become more mundane, his diamond-like hair replaced with blond, and his prismatic eyes now green, his features were sharpened in some areas and softened in others, making his impossible beauty become something tolerable.

"Thank you for your gift Elura, and your sacrifice, I will not forget it." Rowan bowed towards her, and she nodded stiffly, before turning away and vanishing after she whispered certain words to Old Man Seed.

The old man nodded and regarded Rowan for a while, he closed his eyes as if he were deliberating on a decision, and he finally nodded,

"Now you did it," Old Man Seed grinned, "The vaults of her endless wealth have been opened to you, and paired with mine, then there should be no reason that you cannot complete your Circles in record time. Your soul is powerful, what you require is resources. However, the first thing you will need to do is to activate the four Circles you have manifested, and they cannot be done in this place, the commotion would be too much and you would lead all of reality to your doorstep, it will have to be done over there!"

Rowan followed Old Man Seed's pointed hand to the sky, a moment before the world around them ceased to exist leaving them in a void devoid of stars and any other heavenly bodies, above them was a massive entity that resembled a supermassive star but one that was burning with green and black flames, but it was not exuding any heat, in fact, the opposite, it was draining all forms of energy around it, leaving a null zone around its entire form.

This was only the visual representation of this star, what Rowan's senses picked up when it brushed against it was different, malignancy, rage, pain, despair, anger, hate, regret... such intense feelings of wrongness assaulted his senses that he nearly gagged, and this was Rowan, he dreaded to think what someone weaker would feel if they saw this star.

It almost reminded him of Limbo, that dreaded place he had seen after all of reality had been crushed, but this one was different, it seemed to be...growing. There were things that it lacked and others that Rowan did not recognize. Was this place alive?

Old Man Seed nodded when he saw that Romion had seen this star and easily shrugged off its effects, even if Romion had been unable to withstand the gaze of this star, he would have found a way to provide immunity for him because this was one of the only places in reality where he should be able to fully activate his Supreme Circles without unnecessary interventions from outside parties.

"What is this place?" Rowan gagged as he felt the urge to throw up filled his senses, this reaction surprised him, and he wondered if he allowed his body to follow up with the sensations, what sort of things would he be spewing from his mouth?

Nevertheless, he would not be following that train of thought, because if he permitted it, then that meant he would be giving some of the control of his body over to the green star, and that was not something he was interested in. The thought though, intrigued him.

Old Man Seed focused on the star before speaking slowly,

"There were certain places that were created during the Primordial Era, and perhaps before that Era, who knows, many events are buried in the dust of time. These places remain to this day. There are also certain special structures that defy the change of an Era and would most likely remain until the end of existence. You see, it is not only the domains of the Primordial that stand eternal, there are several unique places in reality that define meaning. There are four of these that I know, perhaps there are more, but that number would not be greater than six or at most ten. The one before you is called Doom Star."

That name seemed to trigger a reaction as Rowan watched in avid fascination as a massive storm began to brew on the surface of the star, with the size of the star, the storm must stretch for tens of thousands of light years.

The storm coalesced, and it took the form of a massive green and yellow eye that peered into reality, looking around, it focused in the direction, but it could not penetrate the barrier that Old Man Seed had spread over both of them.

"It is alive?" Rowan asked,

"In a manner," Old Man Seed frowned, "But the devastation that heralded its birth fractured the Will it contained, and so it could never take a singular Will. It is a good thing that happened, or else this entity would be at least at the eighth-dimensional level... a truly frightening thought."

As Rowan watched, multiple storms arose from the star creating more eyes on the surface, and the frown lines on Old Man Seed's face deepened,

"I cannot hide from its gaze for long. I mentioned its name to call attention to me, and in a short while, it would break through my barrier, but by then I expect you to find your way into it while I hold its gaze. You will not have long."

Now it was the turn for Rowan to frown, at this point in time, he did not want to be near any creature or entity with such a power level, especially one that was as terrifying as this. But there must be good reasons why Old Man Seed would want him to take such a place,

"Why should I enter such a terrifying place?"

"Great question Romion, even if it is the only possible question you can ask. Its simply because only inside this place can you find your equals."

Rowan looked at Old Man Seed with a weird glow in his eyes, "I have no equal."

Old Man Seed simply smiled, "Then this would burst your bubble."

Chapter 992: Preparation For Tribulation

Leaving him with those disturbing words, the old man coolly shifted to a new topic,

"Listen closely Romion," Old Man Seed said seriously, "do not forget my words for inside the Doom Star memories are twisted and although I know your soul is powerful, always remember that there is something outside bigger than this star, this thought might protect your mind when the heavens of the Doom Star suppresses you. It will get harder to tell the difference between what is real and what is not when you are inside. Protect your memories."

The seriousness in the tone of the old man made Rowan to be focused, the dangers inherent in reality were boundless and if a seventh-dimensional being like Seed was wary of this place, then he should be.

The Doom Star was a place that had existed during the Primordial Era, with its true origins unknown, it could have become at least an eighth-dimensional being if its Will was not shattered. That meant this place in a way could have the potential of a partial ninth dimension, should he call such a level Quasi-Primordial level?

Apparently, at this stage, any being or location could share the benefits of being eternal as the Primordials and exist across every Era. There was no way this place was not as dangerous as any Primordial Domain.

This was good news for him, although the dangers inside Doom Star might be unfathomable, its dimensional status was high enough that he might be able to push for his Class once he was inside.

Perhaps he might lose a bit of potential by not gaining his Class while inside a Primordial Domain, the trade-off was that he would be much safer in the end. His powers and potential had increased in the short while that he had been outside the universe and it was unknown if it had reached the extent where gaining his Class could draw the attention of higher dimensional entities and maybe even the potential of a Primordial.

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"You know about Tribulations, yes?"

Rowan nodded, "A bit. I know that they arrive when a technique, specific abilities, an ascension, or evolution reaches an Immortal level, and in my experience, they are usually sent by the universal Will or something... else. Thinking about it now, I believe a higher-dimensional entity should be able to create tribulations and direct them toward lower realms. Yet I am not aware of the reasons for such a thing."

Old Man Seed chuckled and drew his arm down his long white beard, "All your assumptions are correct, and except for the Nothingness outside all dimensions, Tribulations are instituted among all the realms. Among the many reasons for this, it is primarily due to the fact that they are necessary for higher dimensional entities to progress in their ascension because the act of unleashing tribulation inside a domain would create an opportunity for change and refinement. All these are topics you will be tackling in the future when you begin assailing the higher dimensions, but for now, I am bringing it up because of your Supreme Circle."

Fixing his gaze towards Rowan the old man pointed at his chest where the manifestation of the Circle had previously emerged,

"You do understand that your Supreme Circle was created by the Primordials, and so every ascension to a higher Circle would draw tribulation from the five known Primordial Domains. I have only seen it happen once at a distance when someone else completed the first Supreme Circle, she did not survive it. There could have been others, but from that moment, no one else was foolish enough to ascend their tribulation under the influence of the Primordial Domains."

The old man seemed to become distracted by memories of the past before he shrugged,

"Perhaps you might be able to survive it, you have shown countless times that you are nothing if not tenacious, but the attention you are going to draw not just from attaining a single circle but four of them would be monumental, and so you would need to go somewhere outside the domain of the Primordials. To a place like this, the Doom Star."

The invisible shield covering Old Man Seed and Rowan suddenly let out a loud cracking sound and the old man grunted, and began speaking faster, pushing a bracelet into Rowan's left forearm,

"This bangle contains a portal to a shared pool of resources from Elura and me for you to actualize your Supreme Circle. Because the tribulation you are expected to be receiving for every Circle you activate increases in intensity, then it means that technically no one should survive past the third tribulation... technically, you have broken all concepts of the common sensibilities that I know, so I will no longer judge you with it."

Rowan frowned, he had a complicated relationship with Tribulations, on the one hand, it was a source of danger and a barrier that was meant to block anyone from attaining greater heights in the pursuit of power, yet he had been using it as a source of nourishment.

Rowan had used his ability to manipulate time paired with the unique nature of the Ouroboros Serpents to claim their advantages even across time and space. He had drained every tribulation dry, earning far too many attributes from them and despite the

fact that he knew that what he could be facing with the Supreme Circle may be beyond what he might imagine, he could not help but contemplate if he could do the same for its tribulation.

He did not want to go through a single tribulation with each circle, he wanted dozens, he wanted the heavens of the Primordial domains to be the ones to flee before his hunger, yet he was reasonable enough to understand that to fight against the tribulation from five Primordial domains was out of the question, but if he was entering a closed environment like the Doom Star, then certain plans could be created, and measures could be assumed to ensure that he reaped the most benefits from not going through just one tribulation but nine at the same time.

Yes, Rowan would be pushing for the nine Supreme Circles at once, but on the surface, he would only be showing the power of the fourth Supreme Circle to the world. The one reason he would be able to do this was with the power of .

These thoughts from Rowan went by in a flash as Old Man Seed continued,

"You should be warned, the challenges you would face inside Doom Star are not any bit lesser than what you would face against the five Primordial Domains, perhaps it might even be a bit worse, but whatever changes that happened within would be contained."

Old Man Seed waved his hand and a formless force encircled Rowan, bringing him up in the air,

"My shield would soon be broken, exposing me to Doom Star, there would be a brief moment between when my shield is broken and I am exposed, and I will be sending you towards the malignant star. There are potent forces inside that place that would seek to twist your mind, do not let them, and don't waste much time in starting up the activation of your Circles, but ensure you rest and properly recover after each tribulation, for the difficulty increases with every circle you conquer."

Chapter 993: Descent, Once Again

The many roving eyes of Doom Star were slowly congregating in their area as the shielding around their bodies was slowly being taken apart by its malevolent Will, although broken, there was nothing weak about this entity.

Rowan nodded at the warning of Old Man Seed, the cracking sound from the shield increasing, and he closed his eyes, purging the sound and the surroundings from his perception, the only thing he could hear was his breathing which sounded like thunder.

He had gone through several harrowing experiences in his life without flinching, and yet his instincts were screaming at him at this time, that what was to come would be vastly different from anything he had faced before.

There was a chance that he might perish.

This thought did not draw much concern from Rowan, he only shifted his gaze inward and made preparations to guarantee that his journey to Doom Star was stable. He did not know which resources he would be able to call upon inside this strange and malevolent place, but one thing was certain, no matter how terrible this place would be, they had never met anything like him before.

The gaze of all creation was blocked from entering this place. Good, this meant he could go all out. He felt it, a fraction of a moment before he was launched toward Doom Star, a premonition that it was about to begin, the great change and his Ascension to the peak of the Supreme Circle.

The shields covering them collapsed with a loud crash and Rowan braced himself as the force covering his body compacted him into a thin stream of light, he thought he heard Old Man Seed grunt in surprise. In the moments before he was lifted by the old man, Rowan had drawn into his core a greater portion of his dimension, converting all the mass he had to energy. He had learned how to do this a long time ago due to understanding how his Eruption technique worked, but he hardly used this method due to how heavy he had become after he became a dimension.

His mass was nearly incalculable and transforming all of those into energy took a toll on his consciousness that he could not hold for long. He could barely maintain it for an hour if he used his entire consciousness power.

It should have been enough to deceive Old Man Seed but when he was unexpectedly squeezed into a beam of light, a few fractions of his weight escaped his leash of energy, and to Old Man Seed it would seem as if his weight had suddenly increased from a few thousand kilograms to tens of millions of tonnes! It would seem as if a small rock had transformed into a continent.

Whatever effect this would have on the old man was no longer Rowan's concern as he felt his body being subjected to unreasonable forces that had somehow heightened dramatically to reflect his increased weight.

The old man had instantly judged with the shift in his mass that Rowan should be able to take a greater amount of punishment and without any hesitation, he had instantly increased the power he placed into launching him towards the star.

Rowan felt time and space shift, was compressed and shattered as the speeds he was undergoing placed whatever he had previously experienced to shame.

At the edge of his perception, he could hear the laughter of Old Man Seed and countless roars as if emerging from the deepest pits of perdition. A loud crack resounded as if reality was ending, and his senses perceived no more.

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Flashing lights! Feeling of disorientation... Rowan could feel himself being squeezed through a tight membrane, and for a moment he felt almost like a child being birthed from a diseased womb, then mercifully there was light, and he perceived his surroundings with his gaze and noticed that he no longer had the shape of a man or a beam of light.

Instead, he was a piece of rock that was shaped like an egg falling from an incredible height.

Rowan tried to push his perception inward as he did not care about what he was about to face before he checked his status but he was denied, a formless pressure restricted his perception, and after trying to break through it for a while, he left it alone and brought his perception outwards, he already had a clue about what was happening.

In the time that he was busy trying to access his Mental Space, the falling rocky egg had far exceeded terminal velocity, and was still increasing. He could not control his flight or understand how durable his body was, the only thing he noticed was he would soon be reaching the clouds below, and instead of his body heating up from tearing through the atmosphere, it was going the opposite direction and he was bringing an endless wave of frost alongside him.

The stone had turned blue and shockwaves were erupting around him as he descended through the clouds, and although he could tell how devastating his entry was due to his limited perception, he could see that the cloud was shattered for miles.

This made him pause, how was it possible? Was he not... 'Oh, that's how it is.'

When the cloud parted, he could finally see what was below him, and if he had eyes, Rowan would be rolling it in exasperation.

The cloudy layer over this place must be very extensive because below him was a vast swatch of land, thousands of miles in circumference, surrounded by water, and the closest definition for this land would be a continent.

But the problem was that the supposedly 'small' rocky egg form that his body had taken was not as small as it turned out to be. From what he could estimate a few seconds before he crashed into the continent below, his size was at least a third of the continent, and his descent alone had brought such an intense chill that the entire continent had been frozen, the ice extending towards the ocean for hundreds of miles, freezing vast stretches of water into blue ice.

The impact of his crash broke the continent to pieces, shattering it with so much force that the surface layer of the continent and a large part of its bedrock was flung into the air for hundreds of miles and they did not fall back to the ground before they were frozen in place, creating large crystalline structures that were mysteriously streamlined, growing increasingly sharper at the tip.

From space, the entire continent seemed to take the shape of an opened maw of a terrifying beast with billions of sharp teeth, and at the center was nothing but darkness that was broken by blue flashes of light, as frost bolts that were in the shape of lightning, numbering in their billions flashed around.

Rowan's body kept descending deeper into the earth, shattering the ground and freezing everything he touched until he reached a barrier.

His perception probed at what halted his descent and he discovered that it was warm, and with the presence of life, he could feel what was below him was flesh!

Before he could begin to come to terms with what had happened, a flood of soul energy swamped him, and a golden lightning bolt carrying a message flashed across his vision.

Tiran Calamity Destroyed.

Congratulations to the Continent of New Hope, your million-year struggle has ended.

To the Citizens of New Hope, a new dawn... Error...

Congratulations to Tiran Calamity, your million year domination has ended.

To the Horde of Tiran, a Fell Dawn.... Error...

Chapter 994: Suffering From Success

The golden lightning paused as if confused, whatever had happened was not in any of its operational parameters and its luminosity began to fade as if it was about to disappear.

However, before it vanished Rowan felt his immediate surrounding space seem to shift as two streams of unknown energy, one colored blue and the other red began to gather around his body, drawn from the shattered and frozen continent, with his diminished consciousness power, Rowan could not trace the origin of the energy but he suspected it was from every dead living being on this continent.

'Fuck, I cannot catch a break.'

With his acknowledgment that there might be a hidden power watching over the grand tapestry of reality, most likely Nemesis itself, Rowan now wanted to make sure that his actions were not being weighed on an invisible scale somewhere, and with the advancement in his powers he did not need to slaughter a vast number of living creatures to harvest soul energy when he could passively collect them from his environment.

Except for enemies that required his personal attention, he had made up his mind not to create acts of massive destruction, and yet just his descent into this place had led to the extinction of an entire continent and everything living on it. Not a great start to his new arc of self-control.

'Damn, why does everything have to be so fragile. This is supposed to be a domain of an eighth-dimensional entity. At least I hope that Nemesis does not work here, but if it does, it is only a matter of time before its presence is detected and understood, and by then, I will have a new prey to hunt.'

Meanwhile, the two streams of energy that resembled an ocean made of lava and ice congregated around his current shell, Rowan was unable to stop their advances. This shell had restricted all his abilities, and he could as well be nothing but a lump of rock. He had not detected any damages done to him by the fall, but if he judged by his present size, the fall from space would not be as devastating, for it appeared that his density even in this rocky form was still extremely high. Yet the fact that he still had access to his consciousness albeit in a much-reduced manner proved that his state of being had been transformed but there was a clear limitation to that transformation. Rowan suspected that his present state was a direct result of this place affecting the nature of everyone who entered into it. Using the old man's words as a clue when he told Rowan he would be seeing his equal inside this place, he had then suspected that everything and everyone that entered this place would be placed under restrictions of some kind, perhaps to create a suitable common ground for all who entered this place.

Nevertheless, the old man had underestimated the sort of monster he had just unleashed into this world, Rowan was meant to take the shape of an egg made from rock and descend on this shattered continent. Over time he may find his way out of his shell and slowly gather power by fighting for either the side of the so-called calamity or with its people.

His dimensional flesh turned out to be a problem, however, for even though he had been reduced to nothing but rocks, his size was something else, and in one single swoop, his descent that was supposed to be nothing but a blip on the radar, well, no one would be needing radars here anymore.

Somehow it seemed that even his present awareness should not be possible, after all, he was nothing but rock, but it was due to the unreasonable nature of his soul and the sheer power that his many consciousness pillars held that he was able to have this limited amount of understanding over his environment.

When Old Man Seed told him this place was dangerous, he was not overexaggerating it, perhaps he might have even underestimated it a bit.

With everything he had noticed, what Rowan presumed would have happened to him without the nature of his body would be that he would fall into this world as a rocky egg, and he would have no awareness entirely.

His powers were so great that in order for his descent to be fair to any of the 'competition' here would be that he would be helpless in that form, unable to understand or interact with his surroundings, and he would have to wait for his luck to create a situation for him that would lead to his awakening. If he was not wrong it was possible that he might have remained a tiny rock for centuries if not millennia, until someone would pick him up and as these things go, use him as a rock to bash someone's head in. The infusion of soul energy might be able to awaken him or not, and he would most likely have to be used as a tool for who knows how many millennia, maybe even millions of years more before he might be awakened. This event might be frighteningly accurate and along the path that Doom Star had intended for his destiny. A shame that it met Rowan really. The twin streams of energy gingerly touched his rocky shell and Rowan felt two distinct sensations flicker against his consciousness, one was hot, and the other cold. With that sensation was information.

Yet the information was incomplete and broken, Rowan could feel many attempts for the data stream to become complete, but it was shattered again and again, creating a field of disjointed and chaotic runes that glimmered like sparks from a flame.

It did not take long for Rowan to realize that he was a victim of his success.

The message the golden lightning revealed was clear. The shattered continent was not at peace, there were two battling sides, and they were both wiped out by his arrival.

If his intuition was correct, he was supposed to pick a side and develop himself using a single stream of power, simply put, he could be hot or cold. But his descents had crushed both sides of the equation without catering to their distinctions. It was apparent that these two energy streams were not meant to enter a single individual but he had broken that balance. The chaotic streams of information that were struggling to access his consciousness were like a mixture of fire and ice, they could not be placed together.

Rowan sighed, if he had access to his full suite of abilities, managing this energy would be simple. It felt quite complex and powerful, similar to Aetherium but still different, but it was nothing he could not handle if he just wanted to separate the energy to stop them from clashing. Since there was nothing he could do, Rowan became focused on deciphering the broken pieces of information touching his consciousness, but after a few hours of trying to piece them together, he found his efforts to be useless.

First, the information was not in any language that he knew, they defied his ability of language comprehension, and he suspected that the chaotic clash between these two streams of energy was not helping him to make any progress in this area.

The closest he could glean from the broken data he could collect was that this language resembled runes, and a single rune could hold a vast amount of information, but there were thousands of runes here and all of them were broken and disjointed.

Chapter 995: Examining The Evidences

Rowan had come across nearly an infinite amount of languages, most of the shards of the Supreme Circle had taken various forms, all dictated by different languages. After a while with such a vast sample size to draw from, he was able to glean the similarities between various languages quite easily, but these runes were different, alien, almost as if they existed outside the sphere of all known reality.

This should be because any place or creature with powers that approached those of a Primordial was beginning to form its own reality, something similar to the power that the Supreme Circle was granting him far in advance.

Yet no matter how alien these runes were, there were surely patterns within that he could use to decipher their secrets, and with that understanding, he could easily unlock the powers they contained and finally access these twin streams of energy, and maybe find a way to break out of this shell of rock using it.

His arrival had created a massive commotion and calamity, it was impossible that his presence had not been detected, and if he did not find a way to access this energy and leave this place, he would be well... a sitting rock.

His massive stony body which was hundreds of miles wide and equally as tall was now surrounded by these two streams of energy making his figure appear to be a large burning star with blue and red flames. The energy clashed against his shell and was repelled, unable to penetrate his body. Rowan understood that the information stream trying to merge with his consciousness must be the key for him to be able to accept this energy, but the problem was that the key was now broken.

'This could take a while,' Rowan decided and focused on the broken runes. He began to take apart the runes, seeking to find a singular piece among them that he could use as the first step to begin the deciphering process and then he paused, he felt that he had forgotten something crucial.

Like a feeling of *deja vu*, only less apparent. Even as he was thinking about it, that stream of thought had begun to slowly vanish, as if the idea that something was wrong was being taken away from his senses.

"Do not trust your memories. They would deceive you."

Was that not the greatest warning from Old Man Seed? He had repeated this statement twice, and even if it was just a minor feeling of wrongness, he was determined not to leave anything to chance in a place that had the capability to warp his dimensional flesh to such a great extent.

With the lesson, he gained from the disappearance of Caine's soul, he did not disregard this feeling and he paused in his quest to understand this rune, it did not seem as if this stream of energy was going away anytime soon, and he needed to know what it was that caught his attention at first that he had just forgotten, because he discovered alarmingly that the urge to investigate the wrongness was neem stripped away from his consciousness bit by bit, and only his awareness that such a thing was happening was delaying the process but it was no It stopping it.

He realized in his horror that he had little time to understand what he had forgotten and discover the missing link because if he forgot, with the state of his consciousness power at this juncture it would be possible that he might not be able to sense this wrongness again. At that time his perception would have been taken over and he would have lost.

If he lost his perception of this place and was deceived then it meant that he had failed the task to upgrade his Supreme Circle, and he would dance to the tune of whomever was in control of this place. Although he knew that ultimately his powerful bloodlines might be able to fight against the influence of this place given time, it might already be too late, and his unique weakness at this time would lead to his destruction.

There were no massive battles ongoing at this moment but Rowan was truly in grave danger. A single slip and everything he had worked for would be lost. 'What the hell did I forget?'

Rowan cleared his head and began reviewing the process of his descent into Doom Star from the time Old Man Seed launched him into it and this present moment. Even with his reduced consciousness power his memories were perfect, and he detected nothing that drew his attention, but that in itself was a red flag.

There must be something there, a missing detail that stood out. A slight pattern that escaped the overall symmetry of reality, a minor glitch. It was there and his perfect memories had all the clues to piece it together. He stubbornly began reviewing his memories again and again, hundreds of times, and then thousands of times, tens of thousands...

Time had no meaning to him, his perception delved into every single piece of memory that it was able to interpret. From the shattered clouds that extended for miles to a single grain of sand that bounced against its neighbors as the vibration of his reentry touched the earth. So much data that it would make an Archmage nearly go mad in despair was brutally taken apart by him. Although a majority of his strength might have

been stripped away from him, they had not managed to take away the core of his character. Rowan was a relentless hunter and he sensed weakness in the design to purge his memories and he pursued it with a determination that was frankly insane.

He critically reviewed the information in his mind, hundreds of millions of times, and he was not stopping...slowly, the flaws began to reveal themselves to him, and no matter how deeply it was hidden Rowan had begun to pull them out.

He had created a World Core using nothing but his consciousness, and no matter how intricate and difficult it was to go through so much information using only a limited consciousness power, Rowan would not stop. The reality of Doom Star was the first to break.

Now, each time he went through his memories, he saw a gap, an inconsistency that he logged and continued digging into, and slowly those inconsistencies that he was accumulating piled up into a distinct portrayal.

A feeling of warmth... undulations... life!

The barrier over his memories broke open and Rowan's consciousness nearly froze as the truth that had been stripped from his mind was revealed once more.

When he landed on this continent, the force of his entry did not dissipate even after he had penetrated deep into the earth, what had blocked him was a barrier, a barrier made from flesh.

Sleeping below this continent was a creature and his descent had broken the minor shell it was using to cover its body.

He slowly looked below him and discovered something quite disturbing. While his memories had been blurred, it appeared that he was currently being consumed. A brown and pulsating mass that resembled the hide of a flayed dragon was slowly swallowing him, due to his massive size, it had barely consumed less than a hundredths of his body, about one and half miles worth, and if he had not dug into his memories for the truth, he would have been unaware that he had been inside the mouth of a massive predator all these while.

Chapter 996: Runic Arrangement

Rowan accessed his situation quickly, muting any eruption of panic in his heart. The portion of his rocky body that had been swallowed was still intact, although he found it particularly difficult for his perception to scan through it.

He appeared to be made from rock, but this was most likely not the case due to how dense he was and how he did not suffer a single scratch even after falling from orbit while also under the propulsion from the force Old Man Seed had used to launch him into this star.

His defensive properties in this form were most likely extreme given the drawbacks, and whatever would be eating him would have to spend a while chewing through this tough nut that was his present form, Rowan did not envy his devourer this task.

After analyzing the crisis, even though he was now aware of the truth, nothing about his situation had immediately changed. The only thing it did was give him the timeline on which his survival hinged. Without this knowledge, he would have perished without even understanding how he died.

Rowan was not afraid of dying, but he wanted a chance to fight for his life when the time came for him to go. He did not want to die without the knowledge of who or what was able to perform this feat.

The consumption of his body remained constant even after he had detected the mental intrusion, with the three most likely reasons being that the owner of the flesh could not detect that he had broken the perception lock over his memories or they knew and simply did not care, and the last reason being that he was a rather hefty meal to swallow, and they were hurrying up to devour him, but his constitution even in this form was not normal and they would have to struggle to finish the meal.

No matter how much Doom Star had sought to warp his flesh, there was a limit to it, his powers were simply unfathomable. Inside his body was a confluence of impossible powers, with the latest addition of the Nine Supreme Circle taking him to a brand new level of potential.

No matter how much Doom Star had suppressed him, all that potential could not simply be erased, and if Nemesis was also present in this world, it would be smiling for it had brought Rowan into quite a bind.

'So you have powers so ridiculously far above your level, then my dear rule-breaker. Here is an impossible situation that even you will not be able to survive.'

"Fuck you Nemesis," Rowan muttered with his consciousness, the sound carrying through the crater and sounding like a thunderstorm.

Not caring if this entity existed or even heard him, he had begun to see the hand of this creature in so many things, and it was just a matter of time before his hands were over its damned neck.

So Rowan had no choice but to return to his previous venture and attempt to complete his understanding of the shattered Runes, it was the only path he could see that would lead to a change in his situation.

The chaotic runes had been crashing against each other for a while now and they had been crushed into small pieces, but it appeared that the runes could not be further broken down, giving him a chance to build them back together. If he was unlucky and the runes kept being crushed, then he would have to give up and find another option, with the awareness that he had just lost the best chance of survival.

Cursing his weak consciousness power Rowan began the rigorous task of picking apart an entire alien language without a single frame of reference that could give him a starting point. It should have been an impossible task, but he had something that could help him with it—the golden lightning.

Repeating his memories countless times had given him the opportunity to understand this glaring golden clue in front of him, and he would be remiss not to use it. It was the only advantage he had in this massive disaster.

The message of the golden lightning that came to him was not just presented in a written format, it was also auditory.

Like all higher-level languages, it was able to express many things at the same time. It had flashed by quickly, but Rowan now had his Rosetta Stone that he could use in deciphering the language; what he needed however was to arrange the broken runes in a manner that would make sense.

It was as if he had access to only a single alphabet, and the crushed fragment of the remaining alphabet, and using the form of that single alphabet as a basis, he was going to rebuild the remaining alphabet. As if this task was not impossible enough, the alphabet was utterly alien to him, and it was not just made from a comfortable twenty-six letters, a higher-order language could hold millions of 'letters.' this one appeared to be even more complex.

This task was difficult but with the lightning runes he had memorized, it was no longer impossible... barely.

He had the snapshot of what a completed rune would appear as, and even if each rune were formed in an incredibly complex configuration, he could slowly piece it together. The only issue was that he was under a time constraint.

"Fuck you Nemesis," Rowan growled again and set his mind to the task. A part of himself could not help but think if Nemesis truly existed, cursing him would likely make his situation worse.

Rowan separated his limited consciousness into many smaller parts, the largest of which became a sort of blank drawing board where he placed copies of all the pieces of the runes swirling around his consciousness, and like a gigantic puzzle made up of many billions of moving parts, he began to fit them together.

His consciousness dances between the completed runes and the shattered ones, noting outlines, dimensions, depths, color, sensations, and millions of other micro components that make up a higher-order language.

Rowan's innate talent in language comprehension made this task marginally easier because he had an uncanny ability to spot patterns and tease out fragments of meaning from the chaos.

He sank into this task and time slowly lost meaning, and when he came up for air, he discovered that nearly thirty percent of his body had been consumed and he had barely gone through two percent of the entire runic arrangement.

These two percent he was able to complete was the hardest part of the entire puzzle. With his diminished consciousness power, without his many quirks and sheer grit, it would have been impossible for him to succeed. Yet it was only the beginning and he was falling far behind.

Perhaps he was too deep underground and his perception was too weak but he could not detect the changes of the seasons in this place, but his internal clock following the rigid flow of time of reality outside this place informed him that he had spent a quarter of a century inside this crater since the moment of his descent.

Chapter 997: Threshold of Consciousness

Time lacked meaning for him but it was still everything in situations like this where every single second counted.

Rowan could feel the pressure mounting against him, being this helpless was not a pleasant feeling, and although he was falling behind, the most difficult part of the puzzle had already been solved, what was left for him to do was to accelerate.

Ignoring his impending demise, Rowan began stretching his consciousness powers to the limit, actively creating new and inventive methods to utilize the little he had to work with while solving the ginormous puzzle before him.

He did not want to just react to any new problems that came up, he also wanted to predict them whilst actively seeking new and inventive methods to finish the runic arrangement.

He created thousands of techniques he would never have bothered with before due to his consciousness power just to give him even a fractional edge in this deadly race, and slowly his speed of breaking the runes began to compound. Deciphering the Supreme Circle had given Rowan an edge when it came to situations like these, but he had never been so... diminished even while inside the Tenebris armor. He was working with barely five percent of the power of a single consciousness pillar.

This amount of consciousness power would make him equal to a god or an Archmage, but the puzzle he was actively solving would take countless millennia for a god to solve, and with the speed he was being devoured, he barely had a century.

He pushed ahead, disregarding the grueling work ahead, no single part of him was focused on doubts or fear, everything was being channeled into solving this puzzle and there was a small part of him that sensed his mounting doom and felt... thrilled.

At the precipice of death, everything became simpler. There were no dying mothers, no scheming kin, and no pursuit for power, there was only the work in front of you, and knowing that failure was the end.

Rowan squashed this part of himself who was enjoying this trial. Death was a release that he was not going to fall for. There was too much riding on his success. He had come too far to be taken out by a faceless blob at the bottom of the earth.

In another ten years, he had reached fifteen percent completion, yet the flesh swallowing him had devoured him by half, and Rowan began to sense a new side-effect when half his body had already been swallowed, his thought processes began to slow down.

Such an outcome was not truly unexpected, Rowan had anticipated that there could be a second, third, or fourth stage to this devouring process and he did not panic, he simply adjusted his mental calculation speed, using techniques he had been creating in advance for such an outcome, and so instead of slowing his speed of thought by nearly eighty percent he only lost thirty percent of his mental acuity still keeping him in the fight.

He continued with the process of deciphering the runes, pushing his progress up to forty percent in another ten more years, but nearly sixty percent of his body had been swallowed. This was both good and bad news, Rowan was catching up, but the problem was that he did not know even if he succeeded in breaking the runic language, if it would be enough to rescue him from this devouring. Whatever he had encountered was clearly not meant for anyone who had just arrived on this star.

He doubted if anyone was even supposed to have breached the earth to such an extent to be able to reach this existence hidden below the ground.

However, these were concerns for later because he had far more pressing needs, his thought process was becoming more sluggish the more of him was consumed, and he had nearly reached his limits on how he could block this attack. There were limited strategies he could use to fight against this invasion using the resources he had on hand.

His mental acuity had been reduced to nearly fifty percent, and before long, he would not be able to push ahead with deciphering the runes at an acceptable speed. Yet he had reached a point where he was almost depending on not just his consciousness power but instincts too.

Rowan had reached such a low point that he was fighting far past where his mental acuity could carry him. His instincts had begun to play a role in this.

At first, he had suppressed this unexpected part of him that arose due to the increasing suppression of his consciousness, but as time went by, he noticed that his instincts were most likely on the right path, and he allowed it to take more and more of the responsibility of deciphering the runes.

This grim and relatively silent race to survive on his path and to consume on the path of the flesh below continued inside the crater that once housed a continent where an unknown amount of living beings once lived.

The only thing that broke the monotony was the twin streams of energy that revolved furiously around the stone egg that was slowly disappearing into the pulsating flesh below.

Rowan barely had three percent of his consciousness power holding him at this point when he was finally swallowed by the pulsating flesh after fifty years. He had nearly deciphered ninety percent of the higher-order language but he was already too late.

His instincts were not enough, they could make leaps in arguments that were correct, but not a hundred percent of the time, and the mental attack on his consciousness had grown to such an extent it was all he could do to keep three percent of his consciousness active.

Deciding that reaching ninety percent of the higher-order language would have to do, he wanted to begin piecing together what the messages could mean so he could connect to the twin stream of energy above, calamity struck.

As it turned out, devouring him was the first move that granted him a chance to fight back, now inside the belly of the beast, he was helpless, and the power that bore on him was beyond what his shell and pitiful consciousness power could fight against.

Rowan heard a loud crack, or was it several? He could not tell, just placing a coherent thought together was almost more than he could bear.

Then the pain arrived, not a normal pain that was felt by a mortal or an immortal, it was a total wrenching pain that signified that everything of yourself was being broken down and consumed.

If Rowan had the means he would be screaming, but it was in silence that his body was slowly being crushed and assimilated for months.

A tiny part of him that held the faintest sense of awareness had never stopped interpreting the message from the nearly completed runes, and when the blinking notification reached his consciousness he was too far gone to understand. What remained of his instincts were screaming at him, to make a decision but he was incapable, just the thought of making a decision had fled from his present mental capabilities.

Then a loud crash that echoed so powerfully throughout what was left of him cleared the haze in his consciousness and he understood that he could finally make a choice, but then it had already become too late.

Rowan realized that this was the last flash before death, and the reaching hand for his salvation never touched the runes blinking before him.

He died.

Chapter 998: Eternal And Endless

Death came in various forms, some spectacular like having a meteorite crash directly onto your forehead, or pretty mundane like dying of old age surrounded by old enemies and memories of dead friends but Rowan's death was pretty anticlimactic.

His seemingly impervious rocky shell was crushed to pieces in seconds, denied any of the powers of his dimensional flesh or his myriad of impossible abilities, he was nothing but an extra dense piece of dirt with a passable consciousness power that could not even manipulate a single grain of sand inside this place, except fight for the chance to understand an alien higher-order language.

Rowan could imagine the forms it would take when he died, he could count hundreds of perpetrators at the top of his head that were gunning for his head and even had a short list of the top ten individuals that could most likely be the cause of his eventual demise.

What just happened went a long way to show how nothing in life could ever be predicted, especially in this new reality he found himself.

Of all the dangers that he had faced after his transmigration, from the Primordial Keepers, Lamia, the gods of Trion, Demons, Archmages, Tyrants from lost Epochs,

even the Reflections of a damned Primordial, Rowan had never once believed that his death would come at the mouth of a faceless lump of flesh.

It could be regarded as a straightforward death, devoid of all the machinations that were usually involved when it came to murdering a sapient creature, simply devouring and eating, but the effects it had on Rowan were anything but simple.

After surviving impossible odds for so long, Rowan had forged a nearly unshakable belief in his near omnipotence. How could he not?

Time after time, reality had proven to him that he played on a stage that was so above everyone else in scope that the differences between him and the greatest geniuses he had ever seen could be compared to the difference between a god and an ant.

He might have started life as a base mortal after his transmigration, but had given him the chance to continually evolve and reach higher levels of power that he had leapfrogged distances that were considered impossible to contemplate.

Consider that one of the greatest geniuses to ever exist in creation could use maybe a thousand years to complete a single shard of the Supreme Circle, but with Rowan's present height, he had completed the entire Supreme Circle that held what could be considered an infinite amount of shards in less than seven hundred years.

In other words, the greatest genuine to ever live would have to use an infinite amount of time to achieve the same thing, and that was simply saying it was impossible for them to ever do it. Rowan had taken seven centuries to achieve the impossible.

There was no reason to believe that any challenges he would ever face, would ever stump him for long. What would most likely be impossible for anyone else, for him, it would just be difficult. He had earned this right after achieving the impossible, again and again, and again.

Every move he had made as he ascended the path of power was to forge himself into a being that was infallible, he had no choice in this matter because Rowan needed to be infallible if he was to fight against the sort of enemies that he was facing and the challenges before him.

Heavy is the head who wears the crown.

His bloodline of Sheol and the lack of a Soul had given him a carte blanche attitude towards the concept of death, and for a long while, he had forgotten what it felt like to have the crippling fear of your impending demise and the knowledge that one day your soul and everything you have strived to develop would be gone.

His death made something that Rowan thought he had understood but had not entirely come into full agreement with come to light and he could no longer deny the reality of

his situation. Yes, he was indestructible, truly indestructible, but it was only up to a certain level. Under the ninth Supreme Circle, no matter how much he suppressed himself or the caliber of opponents against him, he was untouchable, nothing could rock his consciousness.

If Rowan was to fight alone against the entire might of every third-dimensional universe in reality, he would win. There was no contest, no timeline or altered reality where he would ever lose such a battle. In his power level, no one could ever achieve the same thing.

This situation changes when he began encountering the powers of higher dimensions and their mysterious capabilities that challenged all his ingrained belief of his omnipotence.

Old Man Seed had warned him about meeting his equals and Rowan had acknowledged that warning, but a part of him had also disregarded it, after all, he had no equal.

The powers that a higher dimension controlled begged to differ.

Rowan after much deduction and placing all the abilities he controlled in line, he inferred that he could challenge the Will Holders of the Fourth Dimension, easily kill the weak ones and fight to a draw with the strong for a while before his endless might overwhelms them.

He could battle against the Will Holders of the Fifth dimension without winning, but they could never kill him, and possibly survive the attacks of the Sixth dimensional Will Holders, but it might be a close thing to avoid destruction, but the Doom Star was stranger than all of that.

It was a power at the eight-dimensional level that was approaching the domain of ninth. What sort of capabilities would it hold and how could it influence him?

The answer was now clear, all his vaunted invincibility was useless, with all his potential he was judged to be nothing but dirt, perhaps a bigger dirt, big enough to crush an entire continent, but in the grand scheme of things... nothing but dirt.

"Is that what you are trying to teach me about Nemesis?"

Rowan muttered groggily as he began to lose lifespan as the resurrection process began. It was the first time since he had been transmigrated into Trion that he had to use this ability, and he had hoped to complete his journey to the top without experimenting with it. But as it appears, some understanding requires harsh lessons.

OUROBOROS: Eternal and Endless, Death is a footnote you have conquered eons ago, rapidly healing from all physical damage. If death still finds you, consume lifespan to be reborn.

The experience of losing lifespan was both strange and horrifying. Like his death, it was something he had never experienced before, and it touched him in a manner that defied meaning. It was not the pain, although it hurt a lot, it was the loss of something that he felt he could never replace.

There was no counter to indicate how much lifespan he had lost, but he could feel it. He knew when he lost a million years of life, and the counter did not stop draining him, the number running ever upwards as his lifespan drained into an abyss that seemed never to be full.

- Chapter 999: Awakening Of Madness (1)

Chapter 999: Awakening Of Madness (1)

This was a feeling that Rowan never wanted to experience again.

Thirty million years was taken from him and yet this ability...it did not stop collecting more.

If he was a god or an Archmage, this number of lifespan would have been more than enough, perhaps sufficient to resurrect a thousand gods from the cold hands of death, but Rowan was not a god.

A hundred million years of life was taken, and the end of nowhere was in sight. There was an unfathomable beast inside of him and its appetite was both cruel and unquenchable, and he wondered when would it ever be enough even as he lost five hundred million years of lifespan.

It should be noted that nothing about Rowan was normal, even his lifespan was fueled by his near-infinite vitality making every single second of it countless times more precious than what it normally would be.

A second of his lifespan was worth nearly a billion years for a mortal. This means his vitality was so powerful, that what fueled his body for a second could keep a mortal alive for a billion years.

Of this previous lifespan, five hundred million years worth of it had been taken in the blink of an eye. "I have not lived for a fraction of this lifespan that I have lost, but in death, I have to pay for so much? To think I have not truly begun upgrading my body to the peak, if this is how much lifespan was lost when I am still in a sense of the word, mortal, how much would I have to pay when I reach the peak of Immortality?"

Rowan's speculations would continue to bite in the back for the drain on his lifespan did not cease, and faintly seemed to be accelerating.

'Would it not be funny,' he thought, 'If, in the pursuit of his resurrection, the lifespan he would end up losing would kill him when he ran out of this precious fuel'

What happened next, was not considered funny for him.

A billion years... two billion years... five billion, and finally a change was beginning to be felt.

The drain eased and something that was similar to time reversal but was not, its operation was frighteningly complex but Rowan was not able to learn much given the state of his diminished consciousness, but it helped that he was in a higher dimension, and so he was able to understand that this portion of his ability surprisingly accessed higher dimensional forces.

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The crater where Rowan had once been was filled with nothing but the twin stream of energy that appeared to be fading away with the death of their intended host, yet overhead something appeared, a tear in space-time.

It looked like an eye that was entirely black, like a gateway into an abyss, stretching for several meters.

The black eye grew larger as the fuel for his resurrection was poured into it, and when a threshold was reached, a golden-slitted iris like those of the Ouroboros Serpents arose in the center of the black oval eye.

A cold and utterly ruthless Aura emerged from the eye as it peered into the reality of this strange dimension. The eye released an unearthly shriek that exploded from it like a shockwave that spread out from the crater and reached an unfathomable distance.

Rowan was unaware of this change but this shriek crossed the entire Doom Star and the entire dimension grounded to a halt as everyone froze as they heard this cry that seemed to emerge from the depths of time, beyond even the Primordial Era.

There was such rage and madness inside this uncanny cry that froze the souls of countless beings across an expanse that could contain a thousand universes.

Rowan had just announced himself unknowingly to the entire Doom Star. If he knew, he would not care, for Rowan was feeling something else as the resurrection buried his conscious thought under nothing but rage that would pale the faces of all living beings. His massive stony shell that had nearly been digested by the creature suddenly gained a life of its own, and they began to converge in a central location around the hovering

eye, drawn out of the flesh consuming it with so much force that it tore large bleeding wounds in it.

The massive stone egg reconfigured itself around the eye, and in a short moment it was flawless, yet something was different about the egg, on its previously blank shell were now lifelike renditions of the six Primordial Ouroboros Serpents and they circled a green and black star, their gigantic maws opened as if they were about to devour it.

This frightening image was covered by the twin streams of red and blue that covered the resurrected egg. The twin streams of energy circled the stone egg and they were vibrating in excitement.

From the egg came a low rumble, like the growl from a great beast. Rowan's consciousness which had been severely reduced by Doom Star was not nearly strong enough to handle his resurrection, and for a moment his conscious actions were shut down, and what was left was the beast.

The beast was in control. Madness had been awakened.

The beast was aware of two things alone, it was in danger and the tools to change this annoying state were surrounding it, and the beast brushed through the information hovering over his consciousness, there were two choices before it, pick the red stream of energy or the blue, but to the beast, both of them were nothing but weapons it could add to its fangs.

It should be impossible, perhaps if Rowan was awake, he would look at the advantages and drawbacks of each stream of energy and pick one, but the beast understood nothing but power and it selected both of the energy.

They rebelled. The energy clashed, about to dissipate, for interestingly enough, these twin streams of power were alive.

This knowledge only brought about rage from the beast. The realization that while Rowan toiled to understand the runes to access these energies, they had the capability to force a connection made the rage it felt to exceed the unreasonable limit that was already burning through its consciousness.

The eyes of the images of the six Primordial Ouroboros Serpents shone and the shell of the egg bulged outward as six holes opened in the shell and the Ouroboros Serpents drew in the energy forcefully, disregarding the choices to select any option.

Rowan could not manipulate his body of stone because of his weak consciousness power, but the Primordial Ouroboros serpents were as much creatures of instincts as intellect.

They did not bother with understanding, only rage and an unreasonable desire to dominate and consume.

The seas of energy around the egg shook in desperation, calamitous rumbling emerging from their struggling mass, but the suction from the serpents could not be denied, even when they attempted to fade away, the serpent's call simply reached into reality and pulled them out. Deep inside Rowan's shell, the twin energy being drawn inside clashed and separated, but as more and more of them were drawn together, they were forced to merge.

A pained cry that resounded for miles erupted from Rowan's shell as the energy mixed and combined under an unreasonable force inside his body. They attempted to explode to nothingness many times, but a Will that could not be denied held them bound, and in the depths of the commotion a new energy was born... and it was purple.

Chapter 1000: Awakening Of Madness (2)

This purple energy was like tinder, and the blue and red sea was fuel. As more of the seas of energy were drawn into the depths of the rocky egg, the more the purple light swelled until it began to push against the small spaces available inside the rocky egg.

It shone like a glinting star until it reached a critical mass, as it could no longer compress the energy that had been accumulated inside of it, and then the purple light exploded.

The explosion was brief, spreading out for a few meters and pushing the twin energy back for a moment.

The exploding purple light contracted as an implosion occurred in the area where the fusion had occurred, which drew the scattered purple light into a dense core of purple plasma that acted as another attractive force to the twin energies, sucking them back into the core of the rocky egg.

The new purple energy in the form of plasma acted like a gigantic magnet that inhaled the red and blue energy seas and began to expand once more, but unlike before, the purple energy was denser and its expansion was not very rapid.

This expansion did not reduce the might of the suction force it emitted, instead, it increased in intensity, creating a large roaring sound as the twin seas were visibly reduced.

Yet again this energy reached its limits, and another explosion occurred that was so powerful it shattered the force of the implosion in the core of the plasma, and there was

silence for a brief moment before an unexpectedly intense implosion occurred at the center of the clash that nearly shattered space inside the rocky egg.

The purple plasma that had shattered returned with great force and what emerged was a purple cube, smaller than three inches, but the suction force was a thousand times greater than the purple plasma.

The cube began to slowly expand as it drew a greater amount of red and blue energy that began to rival the suction of the six Ouroboros Serpents, and as it grew the suction force increased.

Even in an unconscious state, Rowan's instinct was evolving the unexpected energy he had created, bringing it to a higher ranking.

The stony shell of the egg was now stained with a purple hue that was slowly expanding to cover the entire shell, as the six holes that represented the opened maws of the Ouroboros Serpents expanded, dragging more of the seas of energy inside.

The seas roared in desperation, but nothing budged, the suction only increased, and its resolve was broken, and with a whimper, it allowed itself to be consumed.

Something peculiar was happening inside Rowan's body. The twin streams of energy were never meant to be merged, since they were conductors to the Wills of this world, and merging them created a new pathway that led to nothing.

There was no purple energy inside Doom Star, it was utterly alien to this space and never should have existed.

If Rowan had chosen the blue energy, he would have connected to a portion of the higher dimensional energies of this world and slowly developed along the paths of power that was only applicable inside Doom Star, same with the red energy, but the greed and the rage inside the beast had created a new energy that although powerful was without a source.

This purple energy was chaotic, it lacked focus and purpose, and only a being like Rowan whose control over energy was ridiculous could harness it, and even continuously evolve its state to a higher variant.

The purple energy was growing, like a wildfire, but there was no root to it, after it finished consuming the energy from the red and blue seas, it would soon vanish. It was like lighting a flame at the bottom of the ocean, it could only exist if there was a constant stream of fuel feeding it, without more fuel it would go out. This energy was never meant to exist here, and before long this situation came to pass.

The massive seas of energy were consumed in their entirety and the beast was not satiated, it was filled with energy that lacked any sort of direction, and when it felt the

slow dissipation of that energy without any new source of fuel to feed it, its madness increased.

The Ouroboros Serpents were fierce hoarders and vengeful creatures. Even the newly born Primordial Ouroboros had not forgotten their hatred of the Primordials, and in their diminished state, the thought of losing the warm energy inside their shell only served to increase their madness, even in the depths of their rage, they understood that a sourceless fire like this purple energy, needed fuel to burn, even if there was no root to it.

They also knew that the source of kindling to these new flames was life, and after killing every living being on the continent above, there was only a single source of life that could serve as both kindling and their vengeance.

They could not draw on this energy, but it did not matter, their madness had been unleashed and the only thing they understood was to feed this purple flame until it was bright enough to change the state of the entire rocky egg.

The purple glow from the cube and the constant explosion from the core as the energy evolved had made the rocky egg develop cracks, and with a force of madness, the Ouroboros Serpents began to push outward, increasing the cracks in the rocky egg, a close observer would notice something odd, there was something extra with the serpents and it was growing.

All this while the flesh below had begun to bulge upwards like a gigantic boil, the method Rowan had used in escaping its grasp was abnormal and unexpected, leading to large areas of damage as its flesh was torn to pieces as the body that it had assimilated was wrenched away from its grasp, causing it great pain.

There was a Will inside this flesh, but it was mostly dormant. Content to sleep for Eons in the depths of the earth as nourishment from the surface and the seas around slowly drift towards its ever-hungry embrace.

It was implacable in its dominance, and it did not matter the path of those above, everything that happened would lead all life to it below. It nurtured continents and seas, all for the prey to be fattened, and its call would lead them to its stomach, and its hunger was unceasing.

Rowan's escape was unexpected, but it was not enough to trigger any great changes inside the dormant Will who would only be awakened at the end of days when the time came to battle for the ruler of this Plane.

Its malleable flesh surged upwards to consume the prey that eluded its grasp, it knew that nothing could escape from it, and after indulging in the surprising amount of nourishment gained from consuming its prey for the first time, nothing would stop it in the quest to claim it once again.

The flesh, although malleable, was composed of dense matter and an inestimable amount of energy and essence, and reaching for the stone egg above, its movement was slow, but its momentum was unshakable, a few meters away from touching the massive egg above, something changed.

Chapter 1001: Awakening Of Madness (3)

Noah Rithmast was there when the Continent of New Hope was destroyed fifty years ago. Not on the continent, a few thousand miles away from it.

As a Deific Ranked Explorer returning from the Plains of Heshkaron, he had always intended to pass by this direction on his way to the Light Alliance, to build up Merit, power, and influence. He was in a hurry because it was a rare opportunity for anyone to be able to gain all three at once.

The continent of New Hope was a new domain that was birthed along the Coast of Perdition, a stretch of land and sea that contained thirty million continents, New Hope as a newly emerged domain was one of the smallest, but there was great potential in this continent because the Calamity ravaging them was at the Glorious Rank.

Noah thought that Hope was a great name for this continent for it was indeed lucky at the hand that fate had given it, when in this Era most calamity began at the higher ranks.

New Hope's weak calamity was not an unforeseen situation, although it was rare. If the inhabitants could crush the calamity over their continent, they would have dozens of Glorious Rank Explorers arising from the ashes, and perhaps in an incredible stroke of fate, a Heroic Rank Explorer could arise from the conflict.

Noah Rithmast was here to purge the continent of the Calamity, for a hefty price of course. He doubted if any in the Continent had surpassed Human Rank, and he could find himself the owner of a brand new continent while boosting his ranking up the Deific ladder.

Ridding the continent of its Calamity would inevitably lead to weaker inhabitants, but that could be easily fixed with a careful funneling of weaker Calamities toward the continent, and he could finally create a base of operation away from the war-torn Heshkaron Plains. Even as a Deific Explorer, he could not guarantee how long he would survive in those lands, and after fighting for so long, Noah wanted a place he could rest and call home. New Hope would be the place where he would do that.

He had been delayed on his journey here because he wanted to avoid anyone tracing him to this continent, and he had been irritated when he had to dodge three separate

parties that wished to follow him to this place, but Noah had not lived for so long without understanding how to throw people off his trail.

When he had finally assured himself that he was alone, he sped towards New Hope, in the distance he could see the vibrant continents, its beautiful image was spoiled by tens of thousands of spots where flames and smoke were rising. Like all continents in this world, it was always at war. One that he would hopefully be ending soon.

He was maybe two thousand miles away from his destination that was when he felt it.

Noah was three hundred thousand years old, he was an old Explorer who had clawed his way to the Deific Rank after untold years of hardship and constant life and death struggles, and this alongside his Ranking had given him an uncanny intuition about danger.

He did not know what was about to happen, perhaps a Gate was going to open up in the area around him, and Noah could only prepare himself, as a Deific Explorer, he would be able to easily flee if the challenges turned out to be too much.

Noah did not know what made him look upwards, and when he did not see anything alarming he wanted to look away and then it suddenly appeared.

Whatever it was it must have been falling from an impossible height or traveling at speeds denied to all but those above the Deific Rank for one moment the sky was empty, and then something tore by so fast that Noah could barely see what it was, only brief glimpses of something blue and incredibly massive, the size of a city.

A loud keeping sound entered his perception and he shook himself from his daze and looked forward and whispered, "Of course," before he was slammed by a shockwave, but a quick slice from his Natal Weapon tore the kinetic energy that would have pushed him back for miles.

He could not help but shiver when a wave of frost so terrible it broke through a dozen of the defensive runes over his body and seemed to almost freeze his soul.

The descent of whatever it was had torn through the atmosphere with great force, generating winds that could crush even Glorious Ranked Explorers, and before Noah could wrap his mind around all the strange events happening around him, the impact came.

Once again he had wondered why he did not expect it to happen. Something had been falling, so he should have expected that it would inevitably hit the ground.

There was a bright flash of light, that Noah feared could have been seen by hundreds of continents around. The light nearly blinded him, and the resultant shockwave drove him

senseless for a few moments and this state was not helped by the loud rumblings as if an entire continent was being crushed by an angered titan.

This speculation proved to be closer to the truth than he thought for as the chaos around him went down, he was stunned at what he saw in the distance.

New Hope was gone, replaced by.... Words failed Noah Rithmast.

Massive frozen spikes hundreds of miles tall that filled the horizon like sharp spears and numbering in their billions had sprouted from the continent.

For nearly an hour Noah was frozen with indecision, even when the rumbling emerging from the depths of the earth ceased, Noah did not move.

Another hour passed and then he began to slowly travel towards the grim location, a thousand theories abound in his head, most of them not good, but he knew that he could not be the only one to have seen this event transpire, but he was the closest.

This event did not seem like any Calamity Gate or related to a Calamity event, it was most likely something new.

It was this thought that excited Noah and finally pushed him away from his lethargy, making him move faster, his mind began working furiously.

Looking at the spikes of ice ahead, he looked to the sky and frowned in thought. If this object had fallen from the heavens then it was understandable where the chill came from.

No one has reached the heights of the heavens, even Ascended Ranked Explorers, past a level, the chill became unbearable, and could destroy anything. Either the thing that fell had survived passing through that zone of death, or it might even be a piece of the heavens itself, Noah knew that he might have come across a great opportunity.

The loss of an entire continent had been brushed to one side of his mind as the allure of an unexpected treasure filled his senses,

Getting closer to the continent he began to see the full range of devastation and the allure of treasure in his heart faded, replaced by fear. The full scale of the devastation reached his heart, and although he had seen many horrifying things in his life, a continent vanishing from the map in the blink of an eye was not one of them.

Noah did not know how long it took for him to reach the edge of the continent and saw a massive hole in the middle of the spikes that seemed to descend into the depths of the earth.

Chapter 1002: Awakening Of Madness (4)

Noah Rithmast knew that he should turn back. Everything that was happening pointed to powers that were greater than what he could fathom at his level.

The danger here was palpable, and up close he would have sworn that this hole was the mouth of a gigantic beast, and the icy spikes were its teeth. He did not feel like he was looking down into the earth but into the gullet of a beast.

He shuddered but decided to move forward, no matter what happened he was an Explorer at the Deific Rank, and that meant something. He was someone who would delve into the unknown reaches of the void and seek truth within.

The continents in this world were endless, and it was the calling of every Explorer to search for the mysteries of creation, uncover great secrets, and battle Calamities. He would flee from this place if he saw dangers that he could not handle, but he would be a poor excuse for an Explorer if he never attempted to solve this mystery and the descent of whatever just ended an entire Continent.

The excitement in his heart at the discovery of something new was tempered by the solemn realization that new things in a world like theirs were often dangerous.

He began to fly upwards until he cleared the outer layers of the icy spikes, there were numerous bent spikes within that he had to carefully maneuver himself across so he could reach the gaping hole in the middle.

Noah Rithmast quickly noticed after he lost a hand that the Icy spikes surrounding the hole that led to the depths of the earth did not emanate any chill, even when you were a few feet away from them, but crossing a certain point, even by a millimeter would set off an ungodly chill that nearly killed him a Deific Ranked Explorer.

Only his danger intuition had saved him in time, and he sliced off his right hand when he noticed that the chill would have traveled down his body and froze him to death when only a millimeter of his right forefinger had crossed into the space surrounding one of the Ice Spikes. Noah's breathing became unsteady, this was one of the most dangerous places he had ever ventured into, and a single mistake would lead to his death. His green skin darkened to a shade of black and he rapidly regenerated his missing hand before descending into the hole. Even though he hoped this would be the last time he was going to heal himself from the verge of instant demise, he knew that such a thing was not possible.

Noah hated it when he turned out to be correct, especially in situations like these.

This was the first of the dangers he experienced and the weakest of them by far, he could easily avoid the spikes, and drop lower into the earth where he noticed at the bottom was a fading blue glow.

Then the winds came next, equally powerful and erratic, he had to be focused at all times or one unexpected gust could blow him against the spikes and end his life in an instant, the only problem being that every gust of wind was unexpected, but the wind was nothing next to the roving frost bolts.

As always the discovery of this new danger was frightening and almost killed him. An errant frost bolt had shot at him from out of nowhere as the space in this crater generated them out of thin air randomly.

Each bolt was smaller than two inches and traveling at nearly the speed of light, Noah could easily see the bolt because it was surrounded by a corona of frozen blue air.

He kept his focus and dodged a lot of them, but his luck ran out when one of them headed directly towards him and he had to zip to the side where he nearly collided with a frost bolt darting towards him from the side that he had missed because it had been born out of thin air where nothing was before, and he closed his eyes, accepting his death, but was unexpectedly saved from demise when another random frost bolt slammed against the bolt that was on a perfect home run towards his chest.

"This is insane!" Below him, he could see tens of thousands of these bolts roving around, and this was just near the top of the crater, what unknown danger would be found deeper? There was no way he was qualified to explore this place, an Ascended Explorer might be able to do it, but nothing was available for him here but death.

Turning around to leave, that was when Noah felt the breath of Aura descend like a storm. He gasped aloud and nearly screamed out in abject shock when a river, no, an ocean of Aura, both of the Ascension and Corruption Type, flooded the crater, seemingly without end.

Speechless Noah watched as an impossible amount of Aura grew in the crater below, drawn from the depths of the world and brought into reality in such thunderous volume, he thought he might be just hallucinating.

This was so much Aura it could not be explained by the destruction of all the inhabitants of a single continent. Even the death of every living thing in a thousand continents should not generate this amount of Aura. If his Deific senses might be mistaken, his Natal Treasure was screaming at his senses, and he had no option but to believe that what he was seeing was the truth.

Noah was a Deific Rank Explorer, a being that was worshiped as a god across ten thousand continents, yet he doubted he had used a thousandth of the Aura available

below to reach his present height, from a mortal. He did not even think so much Aura could be in one place at

once.

Except the Continent of New Hope had ten thousand Deific Rank Explorers and another ten thousand Malefic Rank Calamities below their surface and had been killed off alongside the inhabitants of New Hope, then something very strange and terrifying was happening here. His mind whirled around in a feverish storm as the immensity of the Aura below held him in place. Noah tried to understand how something like this was possible.

Yet when he thought about it, the conclusion was pretty simple. Aura like this could only be generated when it was harvested from living beings who had perished, but the Aura from the newly dead, either from a Calamity, a mere mortal, or an Explorer was intensely chaotic and could not be absorbed.

The world itself took a hefty chunk of that chaotic Aura and rewarded the host with a purified Aura that they could safely absorb.

There were theories about how large the differences were between the chaotic Aura collected by the world and what it gave in return, and it was generally known that the divide was huge, but everyone took it as a fair exchange because no one could absorb chaotic Aura, all who had tried had died in agony or had mutated into an abomination that plagued both Explorers and

Calamities.

However no matter how Noah tried to rationalize what he was witnessing he could not deny that the twin ocean of Aura below him was purified!

Chapter 1003: Awakening Of Madness (5)

There were many precious things in this world, but undoubtedly Aura, especially the purified variants was near the top of the list, after all it was the only method that a mortal could become an Immortal and fight against the Calamity without perishing under an endless tide of teeth and claws.

This amount of purified Aura would stun the entire world.

So what could it mean? How could such a thing happen?

Noah asked himself these questions, forcing his mind to work logically, because panic was leading him nowhere.

Well if there was an Aura generated after New Hope was destroyed then it means what fell from the heavens was a living being, or was it?

He had not reached the bottom of the crater but as a Deific Rank Explorer, Noah had very clear senses of what was living and what was dead. He had sensed no life when that thing swept past him, and nothing in the bottom of the crater.

That was one part of the reason why he felt that something else had occurred here.

Noah was clear that unless the Hope Continent had increased in Rank from New up to the Ancient Class and was referred to as the Ancient Hope Continent, there was no way this amount of Aura could be generated from its destruction.

Like people or Calamity, Continents could also increase their ranking, virgin continents that were born from the endless ocean were referred to as New, so in the case of the Hope Continent, it was called New Hope.

Each increased ranking of a continent contributed to its overall value and the capacity for it to contain greater land mass and hold stronger Explorers and Calamities. The amount of Aura floating down below would need an Ancient Class Continent, which contained extremely powerful beings to produce.

If he could take a logical leap and follow his earlier deduction that what fell from the sky was a piece of Heaven itself because no living being could survive from that height that could easily kill Ascended Ranked Explorer and the presence of these Icy Spikes and the environment inside the crater, then was it possible that a piece of heaven had fallen to the earth, and could it generate pure Aura when it was used as a weapon to kill?

This was not such a far stretch in conclusion, because Noah realized that if the entire Chaotic Aura was cleansed without any wastage then this amount of Aura below could be explained if every living being had been killed in a New continent.

This conclusion was drawn from random pieces of evidence around him, but the biggest reason why this should be the truth was staring at him, and he could not disregard the fact that after all this time the Aura was still unclaimed!

Purified Aura was immediately absorbed by the body of the living, and for it to lay unclaimed after all this while meant there was nothing living here to claim it.

The light from the twin Auras was bright enough that he could finally glimpse a bit of what lay at the bottom of the crater, many miles below, and it finalized the conclusion in his mind. It appeared as if a large landmass had crashed into the earth, that was not a living thing.

It seemed that Noah had just discovered a piece of heaven.

Noah Rithmast knew the pitfalls that could arise on the path to Ascendency due to greed, and yet he nearly lost his mind and pushed towards the bottom of this crater without caring for the dangers ahead.

If he could harvest a fifth of the Calamity Aura here, he could become an Ascended Explorer, the peak of life as an Immortal, and then he would have the qualifications to challenge continents that were higher than the Ancient Class and gain his own Will.

Yet something so amazing was just the tip of the iceberg. The main prize was still below and unclaimed. A piece of the heavens that could purify Chaotic Aura.

Noah was a bit scared to even imagine the value of such a thing. This could change the entire power structure across the entire world, and both Calamity and Explorer would go to a world- ending war to claim such a treasure, whoever held it for long would grow so powerful in such a short time, that the endless battle would transform to victory in the blink of an eye.

Such a treasure had fallen in his lap but he was helpless to claim it.

It was one of the hardest things Noah had ever done but he turned away from the crater and left. If he was to succeed, he would not be doing it alone. The dangers below were beyond what he could manage by himself, he would need hundreds if not thousands of Deific Rank Explorers and a couple of Ascended Rank Explorers at the least.

He was not the only one who saw the destruction of the continent, but most would delay their investigation until more concrete proof of what happened here came to light. This would be a chance for him to meet the right people and negotiate his share in this bounty.

A Deific Rank Explorer was not fit to hold any ground in such matters as the management of the piece of Heaven, but Noah knew the price he would be asking.

One of them was that he should be granted the entire sea of Malefic Aura below, this should push him to the Ascended Rank and far past it to the level that only legends aspired towards.

Only at such a rank would he have any say in the way the Piece of Heaven would be used. Noah regretted not being able to reach the bottom of the crater and harvest all those Aura, but the dangers in this place were too much.

Noah left, and although he hurried through the preparation, gathering this amount of powerful Explorers was not easy, but in the end, he gathered a sizable force, and fifty years later Noah Rithmast returned to claim his destiny.

Chapter 1004: Awakening Of Madness (6)

Seventy heavy warships hovered above the remnants of the New Hope Continent, like silent birds of prey.

Most of them were made from the flesh and bones of Glorious Ranked Calamities making them appear like a floating mass of flesh and blood twisted by metals in certain parts to give the ship a standard structure, which was in the shape of massive avian beasts with two heads.

Each of these ships could hold at least thirty thousand Explorers, and they were all filled to the brim. Noah Rithmast had expected to return with maybe a thousand Explorers at the least, ten thousand at the most, it was going to be a large and tough expedition, and he would need numbers if he was going to be making any headway at all.

However, he was returning with more than two million Explorers, the weakest at the Glorious Rank.

Ranking the power levels in this world was simple, from Mortal, Enlightened, Heroic, Glorious, Legend, Deific, and finally Ascended. What comes after that level is unknown. A Deific Rank Explorer was already Immortal, and still, they could not understand the mysteries of what came after Ascended and beyond.

Among the warships was the most distinct one, it was the leading ship that resembled a gigantic open palm which was faced downwards, its six fingers spread wide, and the hand was so massive it covered all the ships below in its shadow and resembled a black umbrella.

This hand was hundreds of miles across, and it could hold an unknown amount of people and cargo, amazingly enough, it was an Ascended Class Warship, a level that was impossible for even a Deific Explorer to comprehend. It carried with it, a shroud of darkness that extended for tens of thousands of miles, covering the nearby continent and the sea in darkness, and only above it would sunlight be seen.

It was impossible for the trace of this warship to be hidden, but none would dare to challenge it. For unlike the bastard amalgamation of flesh and metal below it, this warship was aware and alive, and it was filled with a terrifying Will.

Noah was aboard this ship and was meditating in his cabin when he felt the movement of the ship ground to a halt. He shuddered and had an urge to peel his skin because it was a weird sensation anytime this ship was in motion, it was as if the ship was not moving, instead, it was the world that was moving, and anytime it stopped, Noah would feel as if the spinning world slowly grounded to a halt.

The ship was unshakable and unmovable, it was the world that moved. Knowing the unfathomable powers that the Ascended level held, this could most likely be the truth in some

ways.

Noah sighed and steadied himself against a stirring wall that still felt solid beneath his palm. He hated this ship, it reeked of old blood and power, and even while awake, it gave him terrifying visions, as if it luxuriated in his discomfort.

This palm eldritch warship was ancient, its roots dated back in history and had been mostly forgotten even by the Immortals, but it was said that this ship had been grown from the right hand of the First Explorer, Berrion The Undying, rumored to be the only Explorer that had grown strong enough to leave not just the lower Continent but ascended to a level that was beyond imagination and was directly challenging the peak calamities to control the fate of the world.

Said to be the Greatest Explorer to ever live, Berrion The Undying is rumored to be standing against the entire world and its end, holding back a great host of monsters that would tear the world apart a thousand times over. He had been doing it since time immemorial, and he had rightfully earned his place as the Ruler of this world, and his sacrifice safeguarded existence itself.

This ship was called The Left Hand Of God, and its presence in this expedition meant the greatest force in the world had become interested in this matter, and where this ship went, one of the most powerful beings in the world followed.

Noah Rithmast had spent so much time returning due to an unexpected party that had intervened, the singular greatest power in the entire world, The Council of Nine.

This was an ancient power that had led the Explorers since time immemorial. They had stood beside Berrion when he carved out the first continent from the chaos and had led to a new age, one of Explorers that found new continents in the endless ocean and pushed for the spread of civilization.

During the time Noah had been gathering the relevant Explorers to return to New Hope, the information about what he suspected had impacted the earth reached the Council, and this mission was essentially overtaken by them.

Looking back, it was a foolish thing to think he could have hidden such a thing from their gaze.

Although Noah was angered at the start, knowing whatever benefits he might have received had now been cut short, and he was not wrong, he would be given none of the Ocean of Purified Aura that he had found, because the Council wanted to run these Aura through certain rigorous testing, but he was surprised that he would be allocated a

permanent location nearby the Piece of Heaven if it was confirmed that it worked and was able to purify Chaotic Aura.

Essentially he would be sacrificing short-term gain for long-term stable growth. Even if he became an Ascended Explorer, Noah thought it was impossible for him to ever hold the Piece of Heaven for long.

He would be a fool if he refused to take this deal, although his path to an Ascended Explorer would be delayed, it would still be viable, he could slowly accumulate Aura and ascend the Ranks.

Noah nearly laughed when he considered what he called a slow rise up the ranks would be nothing but an impossible speed for him to consider a few decades ago.

However, during the time they traveled back to New Hope, there had been a slight fear in his heart that perhaps what he had seen was a lie, that something that was so ridiculous as a piece of heaven falling from the sky was certainly not possible, he must have hit his head against the spine of an Ascended Rank Calamity, and everything was a hallucination.

This state of mind was not alleviated at all with his time inside this warship, as it preyed on his fears and Noah suspected that it even enhanced it.

This fear increased as they grew closer to New Hope and Noah sequestered himself inside his cabin, and when he heard the summon for him by the new leaders of this expedition, he broke into a cold sweat that stained his green skin, turning it towards a closer shade of purple, and pushed himself to his feet.

One way or another, he would be facing the music in the next few moments.

The journey to the top of the ship where he had been summoned passed by in a blur. Noah was unable to pierce through the permanent Aura that grounded the entire ship, and everything around him appeared to be surrounded by gray fog, even the room he had stayed inside for the last few months resembled a hole cut out of a wall of fog.

Chapter 1005: Awakening Of Madness (7)

1005 Awakening Of Madness (7)

Noah would suddenly see other people appearing and disappearing into the fog, all occupants of the ship yet still separated. None could interact with each other and any instructions were sent directly into their minds.

There were powerful Calamities that could infiltrate the minds and hearts and inside this warship, security was paramount, disaster could fall on any other warship, but not this one, because the consequences would be dire.

Noah followed the path outlined in his mind and tried not to think about the ghostly figure moving in the fog, knowing he was one of them.

It was startling to suddenly see sunlight piercing through the everlasting gloom ahead, and Noah Rithmast suddenly found himself outside in the sun, and ahead of him, blazing against his senses like an erupting volcano were seven figures—seven Ascended Rank Explorers.

There were no words to describe them. If Noah was seen as a god by those below him in rank, to him these Explorers were the real gods.

When Noah left this place, he had considered that he would be extremely lucky to gain the attention of a single Ascended Rank in this expedition, no matter the supposed benefit in it, Ascended Rank Explorers were extremely busy, their attention taken by matters involving higher continents, and for them to be involved in an extremely lowly continent like New Hope was unlikely, yet seven Ascended was before him here, and among the seven, one of them shone brightest, a direct member of the Council of Nine.

In his entire life, Noah had barely seen a dozen Ascended, and that was in a distance. To reach this rank, he would have to fight bitter battles against Calamities for at least a few million years and claim hundreds of Continents, perhaps thousands, details on the power levels of Ascendants were sparse.

Noah barely had ten continents under him, most of them were in the New Class, and he did not know if he would survive the next century battling against Calamities, than the millions of years of battle that would make him an Ascended.

He was standing before Titans. Each of these figures had endured tribulations and battles that had claimed billions and they still stood. Gods, all of them.

An Ascended Explorer had traveled down so deep in the path of Aura that their bodies lacked any frailties of the flesh, they could be regarded as a vast mass of Aura that was compressed into a rough humanoid shape.

Their bodies were ever-changing, shifting as if made from fog, and their heights were in the hundreds of feet. Before them, Noah appeared like an ant. They stood like pillars holding the heavens.

Noah bowed, their presence overwhelming, vast enough that it shattered the growing fear in his heart that he might be wrong in the assessment of New Hope.

Nothing remained inside his mind but these seven terrifying presences and a small hope like a fleeting dream that one day he might stand beside them.

One of the seven gestured a motion his mind barely caught, and Noah felt his body move without his accord, and he suddenly found himself on a massive thumb, his mind dully interpreting that yes he was standing on a thumb, and yes again, it was not that strange because the Left Hand Of God, this warship was literally a hand.

"Let your heart be at peace young Explorer, for your journey was not in vain, and the things you have seen are not untrue. See, there is your sea of Aura, and it is yet unclaimed."

Noah shivered and walked towards the edge of the thumb, forgetting for a moment that he could not fall because he was a Deific Explorer who had claimed the skies.

Below him, at what appeared to be the bottom of the earth, were twin streams of Purified Aura, seemingly greater than what he had seen fifty years ago revolved like two weightless oceans.

Again he was struck with Awe, this was too much power, so much unclaimed potential, and it was just sitting here, for fifty entire years.

"Young Explorer, where is it?"

"What?..." Noah replied distractedly,

"The Piece of Heaven child, where is it?"

Noah looked below dumbstruck, now noticing that the massive stone mountain he saw below previously surrounded by the Purified Aura had vanished,

"I don't understand it was here when I left."

Sigh... "It is as we have feared, what heaven gives it takes away. We are leaving."

Leaving... that word shook Noah out of his lethargy, "Wait... wait, we can't leave, the Purified Aura below is still unclaimed."

"You know nothing young Explorer, the depths of the earth are not a place even we can touch. This Aura has already been claimed. This land would become a forbidden zone, nothing will..."

Noah saw it first, and he was sure the Ascendant saw it shortly after for they became silent, an abnormality, a darkness in space that stood out in vivid details for it contrasted against the red and blue ocean of Aura surrounding it.

"What is that?!" Noah gasped in horror as he noticed the darkness was growing, it seemed to be consuming reality, and then the darkness was no longer darkness but an eye.

The transformation was so fast and shocking that Noah wanted to scream but then he stood frozen in shock as the golden gaze of an alien iris turned and swept past him. His eyes exploded from their sockets, and a thousand bleeding wounds opened all over his body.

Noah was not aware but his bladder broke loose, and a Deific Rank Explorer was not aware that a warm liquid was dribbling down his legs, but that was the least of his problems.

"I...I..." he was not aware that he was mumbling to himself as urine and blood ran down his legs, and then an otherworldly shriek that was in a range that Noah could barely comprehend swept past the Left Hand of God.

Noah could not hear the cry well enough because an illusory barrier of darkness had surrounded the warship and the seventy others below it, but it did not matter, apart from the Left Hand of God, the other warships seemed to lose the ability to remain in the air, and they began to crash.

The Ascended Rank Explorers must have made a move for the falling ships were arrested by large glowing palms, but Noah was not aware of what was happening around him for his endless gaze was still fixed on the Earth below, transfixed by that brief gaze that swept past him.

He could not see but he could comprehend. The Piece of Heaven was returning.

Noah turned and began to laugh, addressing the seven Ascended Explorers behind him,

"I did not speak falsehood, look below. It Comes... Madness... Truth... The end..m comes."

The seven Ascended watched the broken and bleeding Deific Explorer speak madness in a language they did not understand, and he fell to his knees where his blood turned to hissing snakes.

The broken figure struggled to speak before he exploded into hundreds of snakes that soon turned to ash and vanished.

This same thing happened to nearly two million Explorers across the seventy warships except for those in the Left Hand of God that was spared this grim fate.

The seven Ascended did not care about those they lost, their gaze fixed on the earth below and the piece of heaven that had appeared once more.

Chapter 1006: Awakening Of Madness (8)

1006 Awakening Of Madness (8)

It was difficult to tell the differences between the seven Ascendant Explorers, but a clear voice commanded the rest of them,

"Upgrade this entity to a Third Star Ascendant Class Event. Whatever effects it might have is irrelevant before its ability to purify Chaotic Aura. Its ability to hold both Malefic and Ascended meant it was a Hybrid Variant entity. Contact the rest of the Nine, we might have a new Nephilim Entity. The path forward is containment,"

The seven Ascendant Explorers did not descend into the crater, instead, the entire fleet of ships rose into the air, and from deep within the core of the Left Hand of God, in a hall that was deeply concealed and defended by all manners of terrible Runic Treasures, spells and an unknown eighth Ascendant Explorer was a series of large metal jars about fifteen feet tall, and sealed with no visible indentations.

The Ascendant Explorer that resembled a shapeless mass of yellow fog shook as if awakened from slumber, and a formless appendage rose and made thousands of mystical movements with dozens of shapeless fingers, and something inside the hall shifted.

One of the many jars shook before a mystical force lifted it into the air, and then the jar began to vibrate, letting out a loud and grating sound before exploding into nothingness. From the explosion, thousands of tiny strands of Aura that were wrapped inside a tight cocoon of Purified Aura of both Ascendant and Malefic surged out and vanished into thin air.

On the seventy ships that were now a picture of ghost vessels that were filled with nothing but ash—the remnants of more than two million Explorers, the tiny strands of Aura that had vanished in the hidden hall below appeared and scattered all over the ship, they individually hovered in the specific position of some of the deceased and then something miraculous began to happen.

The strands of Aura seemed to locate a scent in the space where some of the previously deceased had once stayed and then it began to rebuild them using that past echo.

The single strand of Aura exploded into a magnificent tapestry, unfurling itself like an umbrella, and began to rebuild bodies, as bones, blood, muscles, and other inner

organs appeared out of nothingness. In the bodies that were being rebuilt, it was possible to hear faint screams.

This was the case when three hours after he died, Noah Rithmast opened his eyes on top of the ashes that had previously been his flesh and he screamed and clawed at his face and body, the trauma of having your body transform into snakes had burned its way into his psyche, and even after he was reborn, the mental scar followed him.

It took a few seconds to regain his balance, and he turned and dry heaved on top of the ashes of his previous corpse.

This was not the first time he had been resurrected but it was among the quickest. He had died twice before, and both times he had spent more than a century before he was reborn.

At the Deific Rank, it was possible for pieces of your Core Aura to be split off without destroying your existence or turning you into a vegetable. For the process to be safe and viable, it had to be done slowly, making it a long and painful affair, taking decades for a single strand to be sliced off your Core Aura, but every Explorer was encouraged to split off enough pieces of their Core Aura and deposit them at the Citadels, the only places where resurrection was possible.

In the Citadel, the piece of the Core Aura is stored and nourished from vast banks of Purified Aura that charge them with energy so they can be awakened when the conditions are right.

Usually, the process of resurrection was not always as smooth as this one, and many Deific Ranked Explorers had to wait centuries and sometimes many millennia before their resurrection was processed. Sometimes they are never resurrected and left to remain inside the Citadels forever.

The Citadels were few and far between and they were the prime targets for Calamities, so every resurrection had to be properly documented and researched for an extended period of time to ascertain how the Explorer had died and the situation around the death of the Explorer before the green light was given.

Many Citadels had been destroyed or infected when the wrong Explorer was resurrected.

A Deific Ranked Explorer could be considered truly immortal as long as they could endure slicing off pieces of their Core Aura and storing it at the Citadels. It was the reason that reaching this Rank as an Explorer was seen as the great divide, and would ensure a relatively stable existence in this world.

However, keeping a piece of your Core Aura inside a Citadel was not an assurance that you would be able to survive the unending wars as a Deific Rank Explorer, because

Citadels were constantly being targeted and destroyed, and if the Citadel you placed your Core Aura was destroyed you had to quickly find another one, else your next death was final.

More Citadels were being built every time but it was difficult to do so, the core components for Citadels could only be sourced from extremely powerful calamities, vastly delaying the process for the creation of new ones.

On the journey to New Hope, every Deific Ranked Explorer had been encouraged to split off part of their Core Aura, and Noah, understanding the dangers in this place, had been one of the most enthusiastic. Despite the hellish pain.

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Among the many facilities inside the Left Hand of God, one of them was a working Citadel. It was one of the reasons that made this warship so valuable. With enough time on its hand, the Left Hand of God could make every Deific Rank Explorer unkillable on any battlefield.

On the journey to New Hope, every Deific Ranked Explorer had been encouraged to split off part of their Core Aura, and Noah, understanding the dangers in this place, had been one of the most enthusiastic. Despite the hellish pain.

Noah had split off ten stands of his Core Aura, the closest after him had only done it six times. They had other split Core Auras outside this place and it was madness to subject their mind to more torture that would nearly break them anytime they split their Core Aura.

If there had been more time, Noah would have not stopped splitting more Core Auras.

He had been seen as a madman, but with the memory of how he had just perished surged to the surface of his thoughts, Noah had a feeling that the ten lives he had painfully accumulated were not enough to survive this place.

He shivered as plumes of steam escaped from his nostrils, the warship must have gone high up in the sky for it to have become this cold, any more and the chill would begin to kill off his extremities.

There had been more than two million Explorers on this fleet, but only a mere fifteen hundred were Deific Ranked Explorers. Along with the Ascendants, they were all that was left.

Noah felt space vibrate behind him and he turned and saw all the survivors had been brought on top of the Left Hand of God.

With their age and experience, none of them appeared shocked at their unexpected demise, like Noah, they must have easily brushed it off, but unlike him, they had not seen that eye.

The Deific Explorers bowed towards the Ascended and waited for the instructions going forward, it was clear that whatever was happening in New Hope had reached a level where Deific Explorers were nothing but fodder.

Chapter 1007: Awakening Of Madness (9)

1007 Awakening Of Madness (9)

Noah Rithmast joined them in bowing toward the Ascendants, the truth was that even though just seeing and hearing whatever was deep inside the earth had been enough to kill him, there was still a terrible fascination in his heart for him to look at what was happening below.

He needed to see what had changed, even from this high up, he could hear a loud whooshing sound like multiple massive typhoons blowing with fury, and he knew that something had changed, but what? Noah was too scared to find out. He could accept dying, but not due to stupidity.

Noah should be wise enough to keep away thoughts that would lead to bad consequences out of his mind, no matter how much the need arose to peer into the Abyss, yet he was aware that soon, he might not have the chance to choose for himself, they had been resurrected this quickly for a reason. Thankfully they were not kept in the dark for long, but what he heard next made his skin crawl, and made him slightly regret finding the continent of New Hope.

As always, it was impossible to tell which of the Ascendants were speaking,

"What lies below is not a Piece of Heaven, at least, not one that we currently understand, but by some chance that it is... a Piece of Heaven, then it is alive, and what we heard was its awakening cry which has led to corruption in your Core Aura. From what we can infer by peering into your Cores, then it is most likely that you might have to die multiple times before the corruption is eliminated, but you are here for a mission, you are Explorers and therefore you can still be used. There might have been a chance you might eliminate this corruption if you leave now, but you will not be leaving but pushing deeper. Make peace with yourselves."

'Corruption? What corruption? I still feel fine!' Noah scanned his body with a quick mental wave, parsing rapidly through his Natal Treasures and his flesh and he discovered nothing at first, but then he looked deeper into himself, touching his cells and he recoiled in shock and disgust.

His cells were mutating and consuming each other. The mutated cell resembled tiny snakes that numbered in their millions, and although it would take a while, in a few hours, perhaps even less, he expected his body to explode once more into a rain of snakes before he turned to ash.

This would not be a problem if he died a few more times, but the Ascendants wanted them to push deeper into the earth, the chance for corruption was no longer a chance but an assurance. If they could not find a way to contain this corruption, they were all dead.

You would think after so many millennia of war, Noah should be used to the thought of dying. But he was not.

"As you all should now be aware, the severity of this corruption is unknown, and until the entity below is dealt with, it is unknown if any of you will survive, but we are Explorers of the Unknown and the Wicked, this has always been our fate. One of loss and sorrow, and surviving at the edge of existence. Standing on that thin line hanging over the Abyss whilst in the midst of a raging storm."

Noah had heard many speeches like this before, he had even given it to lesser Explorers, and they never sounded more hollow.

"A thousand of you can be resurrected only two more times, you shall be the first to push below, and begin laying down Null Charges into the crater of New Hope. we don't understand what is down there and so the first thing is to contain it. The rest of you shall follow behind. That is all, go to your positions and prepare for the drop. The entity below is consuming the purified Aura, so there can be no delay, it must not be allowed to grow stronger."

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Noah stood towards the back of the Deific Ranked Explorers, held in his grasp was a special Storage Device that held tens of thousands of Null Charge. Their mission was to drop into the crater and place a Null Charge every thousand feet.

The effects of Null Charges were simple. It was to devoid the surrounding space of any form of energy except for the ones permitted to exist.

A Null Charge was a powerful tool, and Noah had seen it used once, and that was only a single Charge, in total, the Charges all the Deific Rank Explorers held between them numbered in the millions.

The Council was pulling out all stops, such a great amount of Null Charges could seal a hundred thousand continents.

"Begin!"

They had all moved towards the index finger of the warship and Noah watched the first Explorers leap off the ship without hesitation. He knew they could do this not because they did not feel any fear, but because it was their duty.

Quicker than Noah had anticipated it reached his turn, and Noah rushed to the edge of the finger and he leaped off. The winds blew harshly past his ears, as he allowed himself to be affected by gravity, although the air above the crater that looked like the mouth of a gigantic beast felt heavier than normal, increasing his falling speeds dramatically, it was as if he was being pulled downwards.

It took only seconds, but Noah felt his ears pop as he broke the sound barrier leaving a shockwave behind as he dropped ever faster. Clearing the rim of the crater, the light suddenly vanished, and he was plunged into darkness.

Knowing his eyes were useless, Noah closed them and reached for his Aura senses. The world exploded into color. He could see large red bubbles that were tens of thousands of feet in diameter that were arranged in an overlapping fashion. These were the Null Charges that were stripping space of everything, down to the molecules.

This had stripped the air of the countless dangers that Noah had noticed when he first arrived at the continent and many others he had not seen, but there was a price for this progress.

Noah's falling speed only increased, and before long he began to see traces of ash floating in the air as the first of the Deific Explorers. They were tasked with clearing the way and suppressing the entity below, but they could not avoid every danger before the suppression field was completed.

Before long, Noah saw that he would be reaching the point where there were no longer suppression fields, and of the thousands that had leaped ahead of him, only hundreds remained and they were dropping like flies.

"I am an Explorer of the unknown and the wicked, and this is my fate."

Steeling himself, Noah roared and ejected ten Null Charges, as he plunged into the fray, his surroundings suddenly filled with hissing frost bolts, spatial distortion, and dozens of other weird phenomena. He avoided those that he could and began launching Null Charges at the wall of the crater, he had launched hundreds before his luck ran out and a spatial tear cleanly sliced him in two.

An hour later Noah woke up screaming, and beside him was the spatial bracelet for the Null Charges. Gritting his teeth, he leaped off the ship.

Chapter 1008: Awakening Of Madness (10)

1008 Awakening Of Madness (10)

"Naviir!! Keep it tight, tight! You are straying from the path."

"Damn it, Naviir has lost half his head, Urhos, take his place, we cannot..."

"I am sorry, this is my last resurrection, I don't think I can.."

"We have crossed the halfway point, everything from this point gets harder, but we are nearly there, we are Explorers! We move..."

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There was no need to wait for the corruption to kill him. Noah thought he was dying so fast already that dying from the corruption would be a blessing. The Deific Explorer encouraging the rest had been frozen, then diced before he was crushed to pieces, and somehow his voice still lasted long enough to encourage them all to push forward.

Although for a brief moment, every Deific Ranked Explorer here had seen the ocean of Purified Aura, and they had all understood the significance behind such a thing. For all the many reasons to die in this world, dying for something that could lead to the salvation of your entire world was near the top of the list.

They pushed forward even as their numbers began to drop, making sacrifices that would ensure that their Null Charges reached their destination. They blew past countless traps, and none of them hesitated even till the end.

They fell faster and faster, drawn by an implacable force, and even if they wanted to stop, they could not. Noah had been roaring his defiance since the moment he fell, and alongside him, every Explorer did the same, they roared, and they died, but they never stopped jumping back into the Abyss.

Madness? Maybe, but they were Explorers.

Noah had died three times already and for the fifteen hundred Deific Rank Explorers that began the journey of laying down Null Charges, there were barely sixty of them left. The dangers as they fell deeper into the earth did not reduce but increased with every mile that passed.

They had penetrated hundreds of miles into the earth, and the Null Charges they had dropped along the way had nearly reached a million, the effects of so many Null Charges were beginning to spread ahead of them, clearing everything along their path for miles, making the passage safe from any anomaly, either spatial or otherwise.

Behind them blazed with red, the light from the Null Charges made the passage behind them appear like the insides of a throat and they were falling in its gullet.

The Explorers were a few miles away from the bottom, which in their Aura Senses appeared gray.

"We are nearly at the end, I don't see anything, are you sure that the treasure is below?" An Explorer whom Noah did not know his name called out.

He was in the foremost position and had been leading them all for a while, he was the most powerful Deific Explorer Noah had ever seen, but sadly it appears that he was in his last life, although this did not stop him from staying at the front and braving most of the dangers. Noah wished to know his name,

"We should watch out for the Aaarhhh..."

Whatever he was going to say next was cut short as he was grounded into pieces in midair, flinging blood and gore for hundreds of feet. Noah's eyes widened in realization, he was a few hundred feet behind and was directly behind the crushed Explorer, he screamed, "Spatial Collapse!"

The gray Aura below was not where the descent had ended, they were all wrong in their assumptions, instead, it was an entire section of space that had fractured into pieces, Noah had never seen anything like this before, he had always thought that the space in this world was stable enough that there would be no way for space to be fractured at such a scale.

"Release everything you can!" Noah, roared as red beads were launched from his arms at lightning speeds.

In the beginning, Noah could only activate and release ten Null Charges at a time, but after repeated tempering with death as the prime motivator for him to improve, he was now able to push out thirty Null Charges at once.

However, against what they were about to face, he feared even if they were all able to release a thousand at once, it would not be enough. The next second was consumed by screaming and death, as Null Charges were primed and launched toward the fractured space below. Like pouring water into a vat of boiling oil, the spatial fractures expanded and shattered even as they were dispersed into nothingness.

The agitated space flung out an unknown amount of spatial anomalies that vanished in a short while but did not make them any less dangerous.

In that single second, sixteen Explorers died to these roving spatial anomalies, and the physical and mental weight hanging around Noah's shoulders and the rest of the Explorers increased because a while back the Ascendants had modified the spatial treasures for the Null Charges that they would appear around the bodies of the living.

This became necessary when the number of living Deific Explorers had fallen to the point that it was no longer viable to wait for the death of the rest before assigning the Null Charges to them. They were simply dying too fast, and they needed to finish the job properly and in a short time unless the living Piece of Heaven might acquire enough power to decimate everything.

For Noah, the next few moments that followed went by in a blur, he swerved, rotated, accelerated, and decelerated, he lost portions of his body to the spatial tears when he was too late in his maneuvers or he decided to sacrifice less critical parts of his body to keep himself alive long enough for them to be regrown.

At this point he no longer has legs, he did not waste energy trying to regrow them, he just kept his head, torso, and arms, and except for his arms that were kept pristine, the rest of his body was a picture of devastation.

It was one of the most terrifying seconds in his entire life, and Noah had to use the entirety of his senses and more as he delved deep into all that he was capable of, his experiences, losses, and victories, he pulled every scrap of morale he could gather and continued launching Null charges, disregarding the growing weight on his arm as more and more Explorers died around him without any hope for their eventual resurrection.

He had been the one who kept more Core Aura for his eventual resurrection, and yet it appeared he was the one who had managed to preserve his life more than the others. Noah did not find this irony to be funny.

He had discovered that the one thing that pushed him past his limits was the thought that he was the first to see this calamity descend, and in a way, his destiny was now tied to it, and if it was the last thing he had to do in this life, Noah was going to find the root of this mystery.

His hands were moving in a blur, from a distance it was almost as if he had multiple arms, and then as suddenly as it had begun, it was over. Noah was through. But he was alone, all who followed him had perished.

Chapter 1009: Awakening Of Madness (final)

Noah had no time to think about his situation, he was alone, but his prime objective was before him, he had succeeded but the mission was still incomplete, at least for him, he needed to find the reason for the descent of this thing, and whether it came from the heavens above or belonged to hell below.

Behind him, the Null Field had spread, suppressing all the spatial anomalies and extending past him, where it touched the bottom of the crater, hovering over the target.

Noah only had a few seconds to process what was happening when he saw a massive structure or a landmass that appeared to be made from smooth rock with several openings around it, he was moving very fast, but he was astute enough to observe that the shape of the rock was like an egg, and the last of the Purified Aura had just entered into the structure.

He was too close, his speed was too high and he could no longer observe his incoming death. He closed his eyes because he was about to slam into the rocky egg with tremendous velocity.

He found it funny that although the experiences inside the crater had been horrifying, due to the intense speed that was exerted on their bodies as they fell, then he might not have spent even a minute in total falling, yet for him, it was as if several lifetimes had gone by.

Well, he was about to die, and since the mission of the Deific Explorers was now completed, he wondered when he would be resurrected, as much as he wanted to understand what was about to happen, his role in this affair had come to an end.

Unexpectedly, a formless force wrapped around his body and he was repelled with so much force from the stone egg that he slammed into the side of the crater, crushing nearly every bone in his body, he was about to be swamped by darkness when he roared in his heart, "No!"

There were so many reasons why he should allow himself to fall into the loving embrace of death, after all, he had completed the mission, and the Ascendants should be able to arrive at the center of the corruption and find a way to convert it to their cause.

He could die and then when he was resurrected much later in the future, where he would most likely return in victory, and yet, the prime reason he alone survived till this moment still pushed him with an unrelenting force, he needed to see what had fallen from the heavens.

If he died now, everything he would know would be a watered-down version of events, and might not be the entire truth. Noah wanted to roar, but he could not... his body had begun to heal, but his limbs were frozen in place. Something was very wrong here.

There was no conscious thought process that led him to this conclusion, and yet his entire body was frozen in place. He felt like a mouse frozen in front of a snake, and when he wondered why such odd thoughts would enter his mind, he looked forward and saw two golden eyes looking at him, before glancing away disinterestedly.

Noah's heart and every part of his body was seized by an intense pain, he felt his body was on the verge of an explosive transformation, and he knew the end result of that transformation. It was not something he was looking forward to, and then two equally powerful forces, from above and below stabilized his erupting flesh.

The one above was from the seven Ascendent Explorers who had begun entering the earth. Their Aura erupted from their bodies, unhindered by any disruption, and as this Aura swept past his body it was gripped in a new wave of corruption that threatened to turn his body to the formless state of Aura.

Below him was a third power that he had only noticed because of the effects it was having on his body.

There was a massive outgrowth of flesh that was rising from the earth like the world's largest pimple. It pulsed and stretched forward in a sickening display, and even though it seemed like it should be bursting with every motion it made, it just kept swelling.

This force wanted to make his body explode, as every cell in his body would become engorged with sickly pus, and expand thousands of times greater than their natural limits.

Any of this influence should have killed him, but because all three were acting in his body at once, he was stuck in a weird state as they were all balanced. The only thing Noah could do was open his mouth in a wordless scream.

He had a snake for a tongue, the top part of his head had swollen to five times its size, and his nostrils and the lower parts of his neck were nothing but wispy Aura.

It was funny that he had not gone mad, but Noah believed that it was because his mind had simply gone numb, to preserve any shred of sanity he had left, it simply chose to observe.

The stalemate did not last for long, perhaps it was due to the connection that was created in his body by these three entities, he was able to know the moment when something shifted. Inside his body, the snakes consuming his cells turned to the portion that had been filled with pus, and they attacked.

In reality, the massive egg suddenly cracked in six places, and something emerged from those shattered pieces. Noah's strangely clear mind could not discern what happened at first, but then he realized that something did not emerge from the egg, instead it was those cracked pieces that were moving.

What happened next was too fast for him to truly understand, but the scale of it was such that even if he could not comprehend everything, he could still understand a bit of it.

What he saw was that those six massive pieces seemed to be folding amongst themselves before plunging down into the massive pimple below.

Noah watched in fascination as the pimple stretched and was depressed downwards, and no matter how much the six massive figures seemed to push into the pimple, it

simply stretched, and suddenly a portion of it exploded, and the six figures had a path into it and they began to crawl inside.

The Aura coming from above suddenly surged and Naoh saw an Ascendant leaving the rest and rushing towards the battle below. A massive hand of fog erupted from the Ascendant and seized one of the rocky figures plunging into the pimple by its ending that would have disappeared into the pimple, but the Ascendant must have underestimated the strength of this figure, for with what seemed like a shrug, the Ascendant's hand of fog was shattered. This destruction did not stop at the hand, it traveled to the body of the Ascendant, and Noah was unable to close his eyes. It was repeatedly fried to ash as he watched the body of the Ascendant Explorer explode more than ten times before it stabilized.

Anytime it exploded it was almost like a star was exploding. Then he felt a tremor from deep in the earth, and Noah wished he could claw out his eyes as he watched what was revealed

below.

Noah began to pray for death. He no longer wanted to understand. It was too much for his mind to bear.

Chapter 1010: Song Of The Primordial Ouroboros

The Primordial Ouroboros Serpents were creatures of endless hunger with destructive capabilities that were almost unrivaled in all of creation. As 'mortal' beasts, no other known living creature was their equal in this Era.

The purge of the Primordial beasts during the unknown Era in the past had left the crown of the king of beasts to the serpents, and in this land cut off from all reality, the serpents were free to show their brilliance without the eyes of the ancient enemy prying on their secrets.

From the start, Rowan had always kept these beasts on a leash. His Dimensional flesh acted like a cage to contain their power, for as they grew stronger, their growth only added to the weight of his dimension, which ensured that they would ever be suppressed by Rowan.

There was a reason Rowan tried to keep the serpents small, for even he was not sure what it would take to contain them if he allowed them off the leash.

The descent into Doom Star, the transformation of his flesh, and the perils of resurrection upon his partial consciousness had created a strange situation where Rowan was no longer the captain of the ship. The world had suppressed his

consciousness and he was no longer following the paths of power that it created, and so Rowan had no way of waking up.

The new purple energy inside of him could no longer be accessed because Rowan had not awakened and his Serpents did not care for the energy, they only wanted more of it, because although this energy inside Rowan's core was unused, it could affect the structure of the rocky shell, making it malleable, therefore giving the serpents the chance to manipulate it. Giving them an opportunity to make an avatar of themselves using the rocky shell.

This was not an ability that the Ouroboros Serpents originally had or could have ever developed because their power structure was not based on manipulation and energy control, this was an ability from the Sheol Bloodline, but with the aid of Rowan's dimensional flesh and his Titles, they could seamlessly borrow power across each bloodline, creating marvels that should be impossible.

With this new Avatar created from Rowan's new form, the serpents had basically taken control, and this new form now granted them the power to begin the process of consumption, thereby transforming what they ate into power.

Yet they did not consume the purple cube, they were looking to grow it instead. The Ouroboros Serpents had not been fully unleashed, only their Avatar acting with the rocky shell of Rowan.

Luck was on the side of Rowan, this Avatar state ensured that the full power of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents was not unleashed, but without any control from Rowan to check their activities, it was hard to imagine if the end result of what would happen to a reality where the Primordial Ouroboros had been unleashed.

For the seven centuries the serpents had spent inside the Tenebris Armor, they had developed a fondness for darkness. It was the richest source of nourishment that they had gained in their life. A potent source of energy that seemed almost infinite, they would have been content to remain inside the Tenebris armor for all eternity just eating the Primordial Darkness.

Rowan had been in bliss for seven centuries as he comprehended the Supreme Circles, but the serpents were in greater bliss. They had consumed darkness without limits, and because of this, they had gotten a taste for it.

Attacking the flesh below now became something that was borne out of anger and irritation, but hunger, because the serpents could detect large amounts of Darkness buried inside the flesh rising from the depths, although it could not reach the level of the Primordial Darkness inside Tenebris, it was still potent enough that they drooled over it, at the edge of their perception, there was also traces of deeper levels of Darkness energy awaiting them, filling their rocky hearts with excitement.

However this was just the surface level of things, something deeper was awakening inside the sleeping Rowan, something unexpected that arose as an effect of his death and resurrection, and that thing without his guidance was simply a creature of instinct, and its first after waking up was to hide itself.

If the six awakened Ouroboros Serpents were fully aware they would have never allowed the existence of this new thing that was awakening, and so it slipped past them.

Each Avatar of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents was seventy-seven miles long, and due to the restrictions of the present state of Rowan, they could not be separated, so they were joined together at the tail. At that point that connected all of them was a purple cube, and an observer would think that the serpents were emerging from inside the glowing cube. Attacking the rising ball of flesh, the serpents were held back at first by its tough flesh, their might was a fraction of what it once was, and their sharp fangs that could cut through anything had been replaced by stones, and yet the serpents still remembered the taste of darkness, and no matter how deeply it was hidden inside the flesh of this unknown creature, it was there.

The serpents lacked a tongue, they could not speak, but the bloodline of Sheol was connected to the Celestial, and they took from those angelic radiance, their voice.

These beasts were creatures of pure power, never meant to know guile or tricks, but Rowan's Will and bloodlines had changed their nature, and although they were infants, they had learned well from their father.

The Primordial Ouroboros Serpents sang to the darkness. They called towards it, for having consumed the darkness in the Tenebris Armor, they not only understood all the flavors of darkness, but they could also influence it.

Their voice should have been terrible, like a mountain singing, yet even though it sounded like an earthquake, it was still enchanting.

It was not their teeth made of rocks that tore open the flesh of the creature, it was the darkness that dwelled inside of it that rebelled against its owner.

The darkness tore a large wound open and the serpents crawled into it with mouths open, they called for the darkness to enter their new home, and the serpents began to feed as they dug into the flesh of the creature, consuming hundreds of tonnes of flesh in mere moments which rapidly turned into Essence that flooded the bodies of the serpents, and their rocky bodies began to release crackling sounds, and it began to grow.

The cube at the end of their tails no longer dissipated but was kept burning via the vitality and essence the serpents were beginning to attain.

There was a faint tug at their tails but it was dismissed with a minor flick, with the massive opportunity to feed before them, the serpents could not be shaken from their meal. They dug deeper into the flesh, ignoring the increasing vibration of the entity they were consuming from the insides, calling for the darkness within while still consuming everything that entered their mouths, and once again they felt a tug, and this time it was stronger.

The serpents would only give a single instance of warning, and what followed was inevitably an attack.

Chapter 1011: Where Am I?

The Ouroboros Serpents were not willing to delay their feast, so they had an internal debate between all six of them, and a quick game was played, and the loser was sent upwards to get rid of the annoyance. Who said there could not be accord in madness?

The game they played was simple, the six of them had surrounded the most succulent feast they had ever come across, which turned out to be the bodies of Old Man Seed, Elura, Caine, and other higher-level beings that Rowan had come across, these beings had been marinating inside a large vat of Primordial Darkness for Eons.

The rules of the game were that the serpent who could not hold back their appetite and went for the meal first would be the loser.

The unlucky Ouroboros Serpents turned around in fury and headed towards the outside, in a few short moments, despite their rock-like constitution, the Ouroboros Serpents had devoured nearly a third of the mass of the massive swelling from the flesh below the earth, making it deflate like a rotten fruit.

The speed of their consumption only increased from this point. At this moment, a single serpent was consuming as much as all six of them were previously consuming, and this process would not stop. It would keep increasing, and in this world, the thing that it did not lack was high-level energy. The serpents had met a feast, worthy of their appetites.

Unleashing the Ouroboros Serpents was like a wildfire that could not be controlled. Rowan knew it, but no one here was aware.

The unlucky and angered serpent burst outward from the deflating flesh with a roar that released massive shockwaves.

The Ascendant Explorers had seen these six alien creatures burrowing their way into the flesh of the Calamity God, and they hurried down to rescue anything that would be left of them, it was common knowledge that nothing escaped the stomach of a Calamity God intact.

Several of them were tugging at their ends that were entering into the fleshy mound when a massive serpent head exploded the flesh around it and charged towards them with opened jaws, and inside of it was nothing but nothingness.

Now what was important to note was that when the serpents had entered the flesh, they were all around seventy-seven miles in length, far more massive than any mortal creature was supposed to be, they almost resembled mountains in the shape of snakes.

What emerged from the deflating flesh was two times larger than what entered into it. Barely a second had passed!

The Ascendants Explorers had reached a few hundred feet above the flesh, and when the Ouroboros Serpent emerged in its fury, they were so close together, that the distance that separated them was negligible, and they all practically fit inside the mouth of the serpent.

The jaws of the serpent snapped shut around the seven Ascendants, but these were ancient figures with countless battles under their belt. Their bodies were disincorporated, and the serpent jaws closed over nothing. They recreated their bodies outside the head of the serpent, surrounding it, and as one they slammed their collective Wills against the serpent and froze time, locking it in place.

The influence of Time-stop did not end with this single Ouroboros Serpent, but it spread downwards, encircling the flesh of the Calamity God and holding it in place. One Ascendant would not be capable of this, but seven of them had enough power to hold these two powerful entities for a while.

"What sort of anomaly is this?" An Ascendant breathed out in awe, its gaseous form vibrating with excitement, "I can not detect any presence of Aura in its flesh. This is nothing but rock, yet it is still alive, and also without Aura!"

"Fascinating...There is no Aura, but I was severely damaged by the sheer power in their bodies, do you notice it is bigger and stronger, and barely a moment has passed? How can you rate such a growth?" One of the Ascendants moved closer to the serpent and began touching its rocky scale.

The Ascendant traveled to the opened eyes of the serpent that was bigger than a small town, and although it seemed to be carved out of rock, there was no denying the sheer ominous glow that emerged from it. A lesser creature would not be able to look at the eyes of this creature, even the Ascendant shivered and moved ahead, looking for an opening so he could investigate within.

"There is not a hint of damage on this, could this material be immune against the touch of Calamity? We should harvest what we can below and retreat, there is much here to learn..."

"Rhion, get back!"

Rye Ascendant Rhion turned around irritated, he was the leader of the Ascendants here, a member of the Council of Nine, and this discovery would push him towards the highest seat in the Council, his annoyance at the interruption of what was going to become the crowning moment in his future endeavors, angered him,

"What! We can hold the Time-Stop for long enough to..."

Then he felt the air stir behind him, and his form shook in fear, amazement, and dozens of myriad emotions hard for him to describe, he yelled and dispersed his body, and when he reappeared he was within darkness.

A darkness so deep that his Aura senses could detect nothing outside of it. 'Where am I?'

Rhion shivered, he was suddenly so cold. A sensation he had not felt for millions of years. His thoughts were becoming slow, and it was a struggle to keep them in order.

He summoned every scrap of Aura he had in his core, and in the end he could only create a tiny flame that was not even bigger than his palm, holding it overhead he looked around him, and could not see anything for miles, except endless darkness.

Looking at the ground below, he thought it appeared strange, but he had already begun to forget the reason why it was strange. The only thought he had in his head was to leave this place.

That coldness he recognized. It was one of death, and every moment he spent in this place was stealing everything from him. Rhion stumbled forward, every step was torture, but the tenacity of an Ascendant Explorer was ridiculous, they could push their bodies to heights that defied reason.

He had not even realized that his body of Aura had vanished sometime in the past, and his mortal flesh that had not seen the light of day was all that was left. Rhion green skin and long red hair that touched the ground were slowly losing their color as if the darkness was leeching even that away.

'I need to leave this place... I need to leave this place...'

This mantra echoed over and over inside his head, and he did not notice when his skin vanished, and the muscles underneath, but when he stumbled to his knees when his ligaments simply evaporated, he knew he would never leave.

He lay on the ground, pieces of himself vanishing, and with a last act of Will, he pushed the sputtering flames forward, if he could not escape, at least his flames should not share the same fate.

His eyes followed the flame as it traveled in the air, and as the darkness encroached on his sight, he saw the flames impact against a great shifting mountain and explode, vanishing from reality.

That explosion had revealed the truth to him. Those shifting mountains were teeth, and the earth had felt strange to him because he had been walking on something that felt like flesh but was not.

Rhion finally knew where he was, but he could no longer care. What was left of him was just a rapidly vanishing skull.

Chapter 1012: Immune To Time

The strike of the Ouroboros Serpent was so sudden, despite the evasion from Rhion, it was already too late. He managed to disassemble himself, but the Ouroboros Serpent had already drawn him into its stomach, it was a testament to the power of Rhion the Ascendant Explorer that he was able to appear on the tongue of the serpent after vanishing from its stomach. However, that action stripped him of a greater portion of his power.

This also led to his slow and torturous death, because the Ouroboros Serpent had been a bit curious about how Rhion had been able to survive and escape from its stomach, even if this shell was its avatar, it was still something that should not have happened.

The serpent delayed consuming Rhion and it watched the Ascendant Explorer struggle to his death with disappointment. It did not bother trying to eat Rhion quickly, its interest in the Ascendant already faded.

It was a good thing for the Ascendant that this Ouroboros Serpent was the most impatient one, and had snapped after a few seconds of waiting and therefore only caught a single Ascendant, if it was the others, then they would have patiently waited until all the Ascendants were close enough to swallow in one bite.

"Not possible, this cannot be possible!!!"

"It is not holding it, the Time-fields are still in place but it is moving through it! Fall back!"

The sensation the Ascendants were feeling at this moment was indescribable. Something considered truly impossible was happening in front of them, and they understood that this was not happening because of a gap in their power base.

For instance, a weaker Ascendant could not hold back a stronger one using Will, but what was happening here was different. The Time Stop was still in place, and yet, it was not holding the serpent. They could feel the scales of the serpent slithering through their

domain, and it felt wrong, almost as if every motion was raping their mind, it felt distinctly awful, if they had mortal bodies they would be curled up, puking their guts out.

The call for retreat came fast, they would be reconsidering their position and the right method for attack, but the Serpent was faster. Its massive size was no indication of its speed as it surged upwards and curled around the opening in the crater, covering it with all with only three twists of its body.

With the present length of the Ouroboros Serpent, it only took just its neck to fill up the entire hole, and then it looked down at six Ascendants below, and the Ouroboros Serpent... it laughed.

The golden glow from its eyes began to bloom like a smoldering flame that was being fed with kindling.

This froze the Ascendants in place, and they watched firsthand as the body of the serpent expanded, its head already bigger than a small town a few miles across, expanding by another circle, and it no longer needed three twists to fill the hole, only one was enough.

The mocking sound of the serpent grew louder, but this was only a distraction for three other Ouroboros Serpents to attack from below...

The fate of the Ascendants was sealed, only death awaited them, but an unexpected event happened that changed everything, and it came from a party that no one had expected—Noah Rithmast.

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There was something that Old Man Seed and Elura had never told Rowan. They were old monsters and they had realized something fundamental about this child that he was not aware of, like old monsters they kept this knowledge to themselves, knowing that at the right moment, it could become an unexpected bargaining chip.

This trait was bizarre and unexpected.

Rowan was not affected by Time.

Standing beside a higher-dimensional entity was not as simple as it appeared to be on the surface. They were constantly surrounded by countless phenomena associated with Time and other higher dimensional energy. This was a defense every higher-dimensional being began to utilize when they got access to the control of higher dimensions, doing away with the standard energy state defense.

Old Man Seed's favorite was a sphere of Still-Time he kept around his body, making it impossible for any attack below the seventh dimension to reach him. It did not matter

how powerful the attack was, if it could not breach his control over time that had reached the seventh dimension, it was useless.

The same way with approaching him, unless he permitted it, no one could stand near him. Having an area of Still Time around him also rendered him virtually untraceable and invisible.

Imagine his surprise when Rowan had not only seen him but perfectly heard him during their first encounter. Old Man Seed had never planned to show himself to Rowan in the manner he did, he had initially planned something more bombastic to showcase his nature as a seventh-dimensional being, but Rowan's unique nature had made that attempt useless.

Old Man Seed was used to throwing his words forward in time after he spoke them, he had to, in order to penetrate the area of Still Time around him, and when he first saw Rowan in the frozen waste, he had thrown the answer to the question in his heart about why he was being rejected by the Primordial Dimension forward in time, and it was supposed to arrive a second later, but Rowan had turned and heard him the moment he spoke and effortlessly pierced the veil he had over his body.

With his character, Old Man Seed had stepped closer to Rowan and was dumbstruck when the sphere of Still Time around his body was dissipated.

When he referred to Rowan as a freak, there was more to his words, and if Rowan had access to the multiple layers of sight granted by the Supreme Circles, he would have heard something different.

However with Old Man Seed's insight he soon learned that this ability did not come from Rowan, but from something that he kept with him.

Rowan did not know how easily he would have been made an experimental lab rat if the discernment of Old Man Seed about his nature had not been particularly thorough. He had also warned Elura about this nature of Rowan and warned her that it did not come from the boy himself but from something truly powerful in his possession unless the first confrontation between Rowan and Elura would have been very different.

Old Man Seed had been waiting for Rowan to trust him enough so he could ask what sort of treasure could resist the touch of time around a seventh-dimensional entity, and he was patient enough to wait.

If only he had known that Rowan was with the eye of the Primordial of Time itself, he would have never been so calm. But of course, how could he ever guess such a thing? As far as anyone knew, there was not even a Primordial of Time in existence.

Rowan could resist the Time Stop ability of Will Holders up to the fourth dimension with no issues, and perhaps he might struggle against the fifth, but he did not have total immunity against time, at least that was what he had first thought.

The Eye of The Primordial of Time and Evil was not a simple item after all, it did not only bring madness to the holder, it ensured that Time had no sway over them. Rowan had not yet had the period to discover this feature, and if he was awake at this moment he would have realized it.

Chapter 1013: Time Wanderer

The Ascendants were unlucky if Rowan did not have the Eye they would have succeeded, and now freezing time was no longer an option against Rowan.

His Ouroboros Serpents, with their new cunning, had waited for the right moment to strike. Acting as if they were under the time-stop ability, the serpent had resisted its hunger long enough for one of its prey to come close enough before it struck.

For its patience, it was rewarded with a surge of Aura that dwarfed everything it had collected from the entire continent of New Hope, ten times over. The purple cube at the ends of their tail began to swell as a massive wave of blue Aura of Ascendency filled it to the brim.

There were two prime sources of energy in this world, Ascendant and Malefic. When someone earns the qualification to become an Explorer they are granted two options, follow the Ascendant path or the Malefic path.

Explorers that followed the Ascendant path became beings of pure Aura, and those that followed the Malefic path developed bodies that could effortlessly crush stars. Despite the path they followed their overall Aura would still be nourished by any source of purified Aura, whether it came from a malefic or an ascendant source.

There was a slight moment of destabilization within the cube as the energy inside it grew a bit unbalanced due to the influx of a large amount of a single type of Aura, but its state had already transformed twice, to its almost solid form instead of the gaseous nature of Aura and it was easily able to suppress the Ascendant Aura and make it part of itself with no issue. Of course, the serpents did not know about these changes in the cube, they only understood that it was growing, causing the light it shed on their bodies to deepen, and in this manner they could place more of their essence into this stone avatars, slowly transforming it into the real flesh of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpent.

This world might have imposed a leash on Rowan's bloodline and power, but it was impossible to hold back something so powerful. It was only a matter of time before his

bloodline would rebel against the restraints and although the bloodline of Sheol and the Tree of Desire had been out of the game for a while, the increasing purple light was slowly beginning to make them stir from their slumber.

The carefully created cage created by the world was about to be shattered.

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Noah Rithmast could hardly comprehend what was happening in the outside world, but focusing on the battle inside him, he could easily follow its tracks.

When the serpents in his body attacked the engorged cells filled with pus, he had been glad, hoping that these two would weaken themselves enough for the third party, the Ascendants, to swoop in and finish the job.

At first, this was what happened, the fog-like Aura in his body had begun to encircle the two battling parties, and unexpectedly everything changed as the serpents turned around and struck at the fog.

Noah Rithmast's body was frozen unless he would be screaming in pain as a part of his body that had been corrupted by the Ascendant's energy vanished.

Also, something odd happened, perhaps it was the corruption of the Ouroboros serpent bloodline, but he could also resist the influence of Time Stop, and with the unique insight he could gain from the battle inside his body, he saw that the serpents had begun to encircle the area of fog in his body, and in a few moments they would fall like the first one did.

He panicked after all the sacrifices made by the Explorers to reach this point, it could not just end in this manner. More than two million Explorers had died above, except for him, fifteen hundred Deific Ranked Explorers had perished to open the road for the Ascendants, and now it was all about to be rendered moot.

Noah felt an intense urge of helplessness, he could see the trap coming but how could a tiny Explorer like him make a difference in a world of Ascendants? Yet he could not lie down and disregard what was about to happen because time for him seemed to be frozen but he could still experience it.

The three portions of his body were experiencing time in different manners. For the area filled with pus, time stood still, for the snakes, time was only a road, and the fog oversaw time.

His body that should have long perished had been kept far past his natural state and Noah had benefited from this madness, he was now something... different. If something changed this delicate balance inside of him would be broken leading to his immediate

demise, but for the moment he was enjoying a privilege that few in creation had ever had the chance to get, if at all.

He had an eternity to comprehend his helplessness, and another eternity to rage against it. He had an eternity to run mad and another to become sane.

Finally with no option but to struggle on in the unexpected hell he found himself in, Noah began to think that perhaps he could make a difference, it was the only thing he had not tried doing after all these eternities had passed.

Looking at the tools he had on hand, all were useless, his Natal Treasures would not even stir the edge of the cloak of an Ascendant, but finally, his gaze settled on his body, especially his arms and what it contained-Null Charges.

With the death of every Deific Ranked Explorer, he became the only one that remained, and therefore the storage Treasure containing the Null Charges was all sent to him.

If he had died the Null Charges would return to the Ascendants but he was kept alive in a bizarre form, and everything remained with him.

There were more than a million Null charges in these storage treasures and for a moment Noah was helpless. Even with these Null Charges, it was still quite useless to him, what could The change with it?

Now knew he had already decided to change something, and if there was anything he did not lack in this present moment it was time. Noah spent an eternity learning, and then another eternity. He went mad many times, making vast leaps in logic that were mostly nonsense but some worked, and his understanding of Null Charges which was virtually nonexistent began

to grow.

He did not hope to understand everything about how this treasure worked, he had only one goal. 'How can I make it explode.'

With a limited understanding of how Null Charges worked, Noah believed they just negated all forms of energy, and that was true to an extent, but what they contained was something far more potent than Noah could ever hope to understand as a Deific Ranked Explorer, but he did not care, two million Null Charges going up at once was bound to change something.

Whether by luck or the fact that Noah had spent two eternities banging his head against a single problem-Make Null Charges go boom! He succeeded.

Noah wished he could laugh, but he also wished he could die, and he thought perhaps since he could not have one, he should not be annoyed that he could not get the other.

He triggered the explosion, and the moment the three Ouroboros Serpents charged out from the Earth, everything flashed red, even in the visible spectrum, from afar it appeared as if a red sun had appeared on the ground, and this sight could be seen for millions of miles, witnessed by a hundred continent, but this was just the beginning.

The Null Charges were not simple devices, for they were connected with a force even the Ascendants could barely understand, Entropy.

Chapter 1014: Sinking Continents

Noah Rithnast survived the explosion, his body was splayed out in midair, untouched, while the bedrock he had been pinned against had long vaporized. The three extra-dimensional energies acting on his flesh gave him a weird sense of immunity over the damage.

This however did not stop the effect of these three strange energies ravaging his body to show any effect, from his covering body with his hand spread wide, a constant stream of blood, pus, malformed snakes, and fog streamed out like rain.

Now he could do one thing, and that was to scream. The sound that erupted from the throat of the once Explorer was like a gong that announced the outbreak of what would be the most terrifying set of events to happen in this world.

His cries were heard across certain places in this world, on the top of a mountain, the bottom of the ocean, on certain roving clouds, in the bellies of pregnant women, in some continents, the rain hitting the ground were his cries.

His madness was beginning to infect reality, and with it was fear. There were countless legends in this world about the End of days, but none came with the signs of cries from an unknown source.

The red sun that arose from the destructions of all the Null Charges did what the combined Wills of seven Ascendants could not do, it froze the Ouroboros Serpents in place, as harsh lines of red filled their bodies that brightened until it nearly turned white, before those lines exploded, drawing loud screams of pains from the serpents as the surface layer of their rocky bodies were blasted into pieces, some of them flung into the sky for tens of thousands of miles!

Exploding nearly two million Null Charges generated so much power in a relatively small area and it was the bodies of the Ouroboros Serpent that soaked a majority of the explosion, and they paid for it. Despite the supernatural density of the rock that had survived the impact from the crash that destroyed a continent and pushed it deep into the earth without a single scratch, this explosion ripped their bodies to pieces.

The Ascendants had primed the Null charges to not work against their Ascendant energies, but this eruption was nearly uncontrollable, but the inbuilt safeguard worked well enough that the damages they suffered were relatively negligible, and several detonations, like stars exploding, erupted from their bodies as they rid themselves of any influence from the charges, and they collectively breathed a sigh of relief at their near death, and they charged towards the revealed broken serpents in fury.

The two Ouroboros Serpents that were left inside the ball of flesh were spared from the effect of the blast, as the flesh of the Calamity God had received a large brunt of the damage, but the serpents had already dug deep into the flesh and they did not rise from their meal, instead, they dug deeper into it, causing the Calamity God that had not awakened for countless ages to begin stirring from its slumber.

The two Ouroboros Serpents understood that as long as they kept eating, the gain in power would spread equally among the four serpents above. In time, they would eat their way to invincibility.

For a while, the exploded body parts of the Ouroboros Serpents that shot into the skies seemed like mountains falling from the sky.

Clustered around the continent of New Hope, separated by a few thousand miles were seventeen other Continents most of them were of the New variety and there were fifteen of them.

These fifteen New Continents would most likely remain in that state for the rest of their existence, that is unless a powerful Explorer saw promises in their potential and claimed it as their own, adding the Breath of the Continent to their Natal Treasure. The remaining two were called Rising Continents.

In the instance that New Hope became a part of the Natal Treasure of a Deific Explorer like Noah Rithmast, then it would evolve to become a Rising Continent and would be referred to as Rising Hope.

These Continents that were closer to the eventual clash between three extra-dimensional entities, thousands of miles away faced a disaster of an epic proportion.

With the explosion of the Null Charges that shattered the surface layer of the Ouroboros Serpents shooting out nearly a million tonnes of rocks into the atmosphere, they did not rise too far in the air before they began to fall, but they had already traveled for thousands of miles.

The Left Hand of God hovering above the crater had not expected the explosion, no one here had, but it was still able to vapourize nearly eighty percent of the mountains that shot out of the ground, but it missed the rest, and they numbered in the tens of thousands, all having an impossible amount of mass, and moving at ridiculous speeds.

Most of them impacted the oceans, creating large swells and hurricanes that would threaten countless continents in the next few hours to weeks in the future as the massive hurricane- class waves passed through them, but the closest seventeen continents were not as lucky to endure only the rage of the sea.

No continent in this world was at peace, there was a constant battle across their surface between the Explorers and the Calamities, all ranging from large battlefields holding hundreds of thousands of combatants to small brawls between two parties, the stench of the dying and the dead never reduced, and the cry from Rowan's resurrection only paused this endless battle for a short while before it resumed.

However, in these seventeen continents, their battles paused again as the skies darkened before they began to brighten, and their inhabitants looked upwards in shock as flaming mountains descended from the sky.

Even before the first mountain reached the ground, the sight of it caused all those below to run mad. The pieces of a Primordial Ouroboros flesh, even if it was an avatar, broken and without power, were not something anyone could simply see without consequences.

The first 'mountain' that landed crushed a mountain and the town underneath that held millions to nothingness, spreading heat and light that killed many more, and then the other mountains fell. It was a relentless barrage that decimated all seventeen continents, crushing them to pieces and sinking them all into the ocean.

The wails of the dying were mercifully brief.

It was difficult to ascertain the exact number of lives that were lost, but an easy estimate would place them at least three billion.

The areas where seventeen continents once lay were no more, only flames and smoke remained, and even then those were soon swept by the waves, but it was not long before the surrounding ocean around seventeen continents began to shine with such a bright red and blue glow that it painted the ocean for thousands of miles around, and the sea bubbled as from the depths of the ocean, another ocean arose, but this one was Purified Aura.

They rose into the sky, seventeen pillars of red and blue that could be seen for nearly ten million miles and releasing such an intense volume of power that nearly dwarfed anything to ever come out at a single moment in this world.

The attention of every major power in the world was alerted, such a thing could not be hidden anymore, even a mortal looking to the sky knew that claiming one of those pillars of Purified Aura would make them the next closest thing to invincible.

This world went mad.

Chapter 1015: World Ending Battle

Back in the crater of New Hope, a world-destroying battle had begun and the Ascendants had the upper hand, the Left Hand of God had descended into the crater, and from its five fingers it was shooting out streams of a corrosive beam that could slice a star in two, tearing apart any chance for the four Ouroboros Serpents to heal, and unlike their normal flesh, this one of stone was a thousand times harder to regrow.

The Ascendants used this advantage to keep the serpents on a back foot. They summoned gigantic weapons, their Natal treasures, all of whom glowed with various distinct colors that signified the type of powers that they had mastered in their lives, and they tore deep into the bones of the serpents cutting large chunks out of it.

In millions of years of battle, they had learned techniques that utilized all their potential destructive abilities to perfection, and the six Ascendants worked seamlessly as they butchered the serpents.

The terrifying lights, heat, shockwaves, and other mystical phenomena shattered and widened the crater that New Hope had become, and the clash of the Ascendants and the serpents could no longer be contained, as the surrounding ocean began to pour towards the battlefield.

Yet a single shockwave or a flash of light would evaporate billions of gallons of seawater, and instead of the battlefield being covered by water, the opposite was happening as the massive hole caused by the ongoing battle was expanding, evaporating the ocean for miles and pushing them farther back, exposing the bedrock at bottom of the ocean and also blasting those apart until what remained was the flesh of the Calamity God that extended underneath the ocean.

The madness of the serpents increased from the damages they were taking, the unexpected explosion from the Null charges had ripped all the flesh from their bodies, including their eyes, leaving them with nothing but skeletons made from rocks.

These Avatar bodies were not equipped with the necessary organs to extend their senses much further, and only the constant fuel from the two serpents below eating the Calamity god gave them enough juice to heal their bones, yet their enemies were not simple, they had the advantage and they did not let go of it, and before long they isolated a single Ouroboros Serpents and maneuvered it in a position where they could collectively attack it at once.

The six Ascendants channeled all their power to their weapon in a single instant that eruption of power pushed the entire ocean back for a hundred miles and darkened the sky for a thousand more, enhanced by the power of the Left Hand of God, and they

collectively created a blade of black lightning hundred of miles long, and with it, they sliced into the neck of the serpent.

The scream of that Ouroboros Serpent was cut short as the blade sliced off its head.

Its massive skull, now measuring more than fifty miles in diameter slid off from its neck, but as the head fell, its body contorted in a manner only their serpentine frame was capable of, and its neck snapped forward and caught its falling head, but it hung crookedly. The power from the blade prevents the wound from closing.

The Ascendants would not allow such an advantage to slip from their fingers, they smelled blood and they ruthlessly attacked, they were going to cut these serpents into manageable pieces.

In the throat of the Ouroboros Serpent with a crooked skull, a white flame bloomed, and in its empty eye sockets a red flame was born, but because its head was facing the ground, this change was not noticed.

The six Ascendants had surrounded it, pushing back the three Ouroboros Serpents that wanted to rescue the wounded serpent with large blasts of force, and once again, the entire battlefield widened with a groan for a hundred miles as they charged their killing techniques, creating three blades of black lightning, and at that moment the ouroboros Serpent roared.

Due to the crooked state of its neck, the sound that came from it was disjointed and eerie, but what followed that roar were two flames, the red flames that signified the Flames of Penalty, unique to Celestials, and the white flames of Lost. The flames burst out from every hole in its head and neck like a thousand exploding stars.

The three other Ouroboros Serpents that 'allowed' themselves to be pushed back also opened their mouths and a mixture of red and white flames that were miles in diameter and burning with so much heat it was as if a star had been born in the world shot towards the Ascendants from behind.

The blade meant for defense was transformed to offense, as the Ascendants stood back to back with the Left Hand of God that had shrunken itself so it was barely a hundred feet was at their center and pushing power into the bodies of the Ascendants.

Yet it was not enough. These two flames contained properties that were alien to this world and it tore their defenses to pieces, and the world around them began to shatter to pieces, and the ocean dried up for a thousand miles, and the clash was growing hotter.

From the Ouroboros Serpents, the flames they channeled seemed unlimited, and with the trait of the flames of Lost, the first fire in existence, its heat only grew as moments passed and the defenses from the Ascendants began to shatter.

The battle had suddenly shifted and in the moments where the flames were supposed to wipe out the Ascendants, something else occurred.

The Null Charges explosion that Noah Rithmast had induced was not yet over, the first explosion was only the start, the root energy of what made Null Charges possible suddenly manifested itself. The possibility for this to occur was slim, nevertheless, at this moment that possibility occurred.

Tiny holes in reality were ripped open, they were countless, and they existed in barely a fraction of a second, but in that single second, everything, even reality, froze, shattered, and vanished, leaving billions of tiny voids in the air that became equal to billions of black holes appearing in a space of barely a hundred miles.

The flames from the Ouroboros Serpents vanished, sucked away by the black holes, and their bodies were shattered into pieces as millions of black holes erupted from all around their bodies, even the Calamity God below was not spared, as its flesh was left with millions of massive craters.

The black holes vanished, leaving the Ascendants Explorer unharmed but the Ouroboros Serpents in pieces.

The Ascendants had no time to catch their breath however because at the moment the sky turned blue and red, and a flood of Purified Aura slammed down from the sky. The broken bodies of the Ouroboros Serpents were not enough to consume this energy, but the purple cube at their tail was strong enough to attract it.

The cube began to draw in the ocean load of Aura and as it grew, its influence over the Ouroboros Serpents increased.

In a corner of the battlefield where the stone eye of a Primordial Ouroboros Serpent lay, something changed as the stone eye developed fine cracks, and within was a golden glow, as the iris of the serpent, transformed to flesh.

Chapter 1016: Who Eats Who

Scattered all across the battlefield were the shattered pieces of the bodies of the Ouroboros Serpents. The implosion that ripped them apart, had sucked almost ninety-five percent of their body mass away.

If it were not for the constant influx of energy by the other two Ouroboros Serpents relentlessly feeding on the Calamity God below, then the fragile avatars of the Serpents would have been thoroughly destroyed.

Despite this fact, the Ascendant could have been the one to win this battle, with the bodies of four of the serpents all but destroyed, they could have been easily contained, and with the dangerous nature of the present battlefield, they would have fled this place with their price, these serpents would be taken apart and understood, their powers suppressed, controlled and of possible, duplicated, but the scales once more tipped away from their favor, for a deluge of Purified Aura slammed into the earth, and sank deeply into the body of the Calamity God.

The ends of the Ouroboros Serpents never left the flesh of the Calamity God, and despite the terrifying battle ongoing, the serpents had never revealed more than twenty percent of their entire length. They were just too massive, and unlike their normal bodies, these stone flesh could not accurately channel the impressive powers of their bodies, but that was all about to change.

"These creatures are not dead." An Ascendant Explorer watched in fascination as the rocks on the ground began to vibrate, "Take what we can contain, and let's leave. This site deserves to be treated with utmost importance and priority."

He pointed at the seemingly unending flood of Purified Aura entering the ground, "Look at all this Aura, our battle may have shattered nearby continents, but the amount reaching this place is almost as if ten thousand continents were destroyed. This is the final proof we need."

Even as thy Ascendant Explorer was speaking, they were already making motions with their gaseous bodies, linking up with the ship and readying the containment unit that would ferry the pieces of the serpents they could gather."

In a part of the battlefield that was not yet within the gaze of the Ascendant, a piece of rock which turned out to be a broken piece of an Ouroboros Serpent's eye saw what was transpiring, and its cold gaze was replaced by cunning. Scattered around the battlefield, four small pieces of rock in the shape of a heart began to glow. This caught the attention of the Ascendants. Gathering the parts of the serpents left was ultimately a result of them failing their mission and wanting to flee this place with something to show for it.

As far as they could tell the entire bodies of the stone serpents were still deep inside the flesh of the Calamity God and without enough of it, they would never be able to duplicate the ability to purify Chaotic Aura that these serpents had shown.

The presence that suddenly erupted from these glowing pieces drew their attention, and they did not even need to deliberate among themselves before they shot towards the pieces, all of them separating to claim them.

This could be the central core of the serpents or if not, it was important enough that leaving with it could change the direction of this conflict, and they would not be leaving without tangible results after losing an Ascendant to this mission.

The stone flesh that they discarded, chasing after the glowing hearts began to bleed. One golden drop at a time. The greatest volume of blood emerged from the eye, and this blood, apparently having a mind of its own, began to pool together, but all these changes were hidden.

The Primordial Ouroboros Serpents finally had enough influence from the unknown purple Aura to begin the next stage of their Avatar transformation, and they began discarding the flesh made from stone.

The Ascendants seized the glowing hearts and hurried back to their ship, and as if in further confirmation of the rightness of their actions, the pieces of stone flesh left behind by the serpents began to crumble to dust.

Hurriedly beginning containment procedures, the Ascendants were sealing the glowing hearts while also ascending out of the crater when the situation unexpectedly changed once again.

The figure of Noah Rithmast hanging over the battle and still mysteriously undamaged through all the devastation had been screaming all these while, and suddenly he stopped, and he began laughing,

"hahaha... who eats who... who eats who... who eats who..."

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The Calamity God was nameless, it was not even aware that its name was called a Calamity God, and although it was ancient beyond reckoning, in the scale of time where the age of Calamity gods was measured, it was barely an infant.

Like all infants, it mostly slept, and for most newborn Calamity God, their slumber was eternal, no matter how much they ate, the threshold for awakening to a higher state of being was so high, that few ever made it, and they would slumber to save every single iota of energy, for the eventual hope that they would evolve.

In this world, everything struggles in their own way. Calamity Gods were born with near omnipotence, but their power kept them shackled to the depths of the Earth till perhaps the end of all things.

A Calamity God could withstand a lot of punishment and choose to remain in slumber, due to the fact that regenerating its flesh was a simple thing, and no matter how much it was injured, it could heal from nearly any damage without using any of its stored energy, because it stole essence from the world itself. No, the right word was given. The world gave the Calamity God an infinite pool of essence to build their flesh, it was the reason their bodies could extend for miles, even at birth.

However, today the damages this Calamity God was suffering were different, the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents were not just consuming its flesh, they were directly consuming its energy stores—Darkness. This world was steeped in darkness. It was a power that the Calamity God possessed that gave them the right to be some of the most powerful creatures in existence.

The Ascendant Explorers rarely tried to destroy young Calamity God because destroying their flesh was useless, and although they were aware of the energy stores of these creatures, they rarely attacked those stores because a young Calamity God was protected by the Will of this world, and they were granted powers beyond their limit in order to protect them when they were yet vulnerable.

For this reason, attempting to kill a young Calamity God was forbidden, due to the fallout from such a thing, and if they knew that there were two other Ouroboros Serpents inside the body of the Calamity God that were actively draining it of its energy stores in stupendous amounts, they would have fled in fear a long time ago.

There was an unwritten rule; it was forbidden to awaken a young Calamity God. The last time it happened, it took the descent of several High Tier Ascendants that left their Ancient and Primordial Continents just to quell the chaos, because of something terrible that happens when a Calamity God is awakened... it does not rise alone.

Chapter 1017: Throne Of Stars

The size of an infant Calamity God may vary, but when asleep, their entire bulk would be spread for hundreds, even thousands of miles.

The Calamity God below Hope Continent was on the larger size, and it had been stirring for a while. The last time it opened its senses to the world, it was many minor Eras past, and its threshold for the amount of damages taken had long been exceeded. When the decision to awake was reached by it, from a state of deep sleep to awakening, it was instant.

The Calamity God had no eyes, yet it could see everything, it had no mouth or lungs, but its cries of awakening thundered for a million miles. The surrounding seas for countless miles turned to blood and pus. Every living creature in the sea was transformed or they perished.

The few creatures in the ocean that survived, rose to become twisted monsters, and a billion mouths opened and screamed in adulation of an awakening of a Calamity God.

The battle between the Ascendant Explorer had reshaped the earth for thousands of miles, and this was in a higher dimensional world, where its laws and structure were far more powerful, in an ordinary universe, the power from their blows would have ended a thousand galaxies.

This sort of battle in this corner of the world was uncommon. Ascendants rarely walked among the lower continents, even Deific Explorers would not come to these places. Noah Rithmast saw a great deal, and that was the reason he came to this location, and now it had become the site of a battle that was shifting the direction of this world.

The seas for thousands of miles had dried up, exposing the bedrock at the bottom of the ocean where light had not reached for countless Eons. Through the cracks in the ground, it was possible to see the flesh of the Calamity God, and in the instant it awakened, the sky turned red and yellow, and the earth exploded, as the surrounding flowing sea turned thick like mud when they transformed into blood and pus.

Then the dimensional entities may have affected this world in a startling manner, but the Calamity God was the child of this world, and its cries evoked its entire power.

The explosion of the earth was not a simple eruption, it matched nearly all the power produced throughout the entire clash between the Ascendants and the Serpents. Billions of tonnes of lava, and other earthly minerals shot out from the ground, reaching nearly a hundred and twenty miles into the air. It was as if a volcano that measured the size of a Minor World erupted.

A few moments before the battle began as their warships surrounded the crater of the New Hope continent, none of the Ascendants had expected that there would be such great changes in the events that ensued.

From the loss of every single Explorer with them to the explosion of the Null Charges, the strange and powerful serpent entities who could process Chaotic Aura without any waste, and finally culminating in the awakening of the Calamity God, no one here had expected these series of events.

They had been skirting along the jaws of death for a while now, and only chance had kept them alive. As far as they could tell, they had not even reached the baseline for the Calamity God to even stir from its slumber, and with this awakening, they knew that whatever miracle that had kept them alive all this while was over.

The instant the earth exploded, the Left Hand of God collected all the Ascendants and its fingers clenched themselves, making a fist. This was its defensive mode, as the Warship weathered the violent undulations, heat, and pressure that came from the unreasonable explosion. Darkness and fire covered everything, despite that calamitous explosion, the loud cries of the Calamity God could be clearly heard.

Inside the Left Hand Of God, there were now seven Ascendants, the last Ascendants who were charged with taking care of all operations of one of the most important treasures of the Council of Nine, and the true leader of the expedition, calmly spoke,

"The Calamity God had awakened, and we would not be surviving what is to come. Everything that has been happening here has been forwarded to the Council. You have all done well."

The exploding earth, carrying flames and darkness suddenly paused in the air as if time had gone still, and suddenly it vanished as the eyes of the Calamity God opened.

The Left Hand of God did not last a few seconds after the Calamity God created its eye, like the earth, it was also wiped out. The Ascendant Explorers all perished in an instant.

The Calamity God was no longer in the earth, the exploding ground was the result of a creature with a body mass that could be measured in the billions of tonnes and beyond pushed away from the earth.

It rose up into the heavens and looked below, a being of countless tentacles and darkness that covered the earth for thousands of miles.

Its gaze destroyed the world, reducing everything to nothingness, and then its cries went silent and the Calamity God hovered alone in the heavens, and below it was nothing but darkness.

With the power of the World Will inside a young Calamity God, awakening it was similar to challenging the world itself, and its cries of rage were the same as the world's.

The Calamity God looked around a bit confused, although ancient, it mostly survived using its instinct, and lashing out was a way to erase whatever had caused it great hurt, and according to the memories in its blood, nothing should survive its awakening, but the earth below was not empty, and the pain it was feeling inside of itself had not ended, it was growing.

In the earth below, there was nothing, no matter, not even space remained, just a void, but the void was not empty, a golden river flowed, and in its center was a purple cube.

The golden river began to vibrate and bubble, and from its mysterious chanting began to emerge. The Calamity God knew that something was not right, and it released its cries again, decimating space until the golden river began to vanish under its relentless onslaught, but its cries of rage were transformed into one of pain when a portion of its body containing thousands of tentacles exploded, and for a brief moment, inside the wound was moving form that dug its way deeper into the body of the Calamity God.

The Calamity God went insane and began digging into its body with its tentacles, finally realizing the source of its pain.

This made it ignore the pool of gold that was slowly solidifying below, and if it had looked down, it would have seen the golden pool smoothen to become something like a mirror, and in that mirror was a man with long hair like diamonds who sat on a throne made from stars, with his eyes closed.

Behind the throne, wings of flames began to arise, and they were countless.

Chapter 1018: Are You So Foolish, Little Thieves?

The two Ouroboros Serpents inside the body of the Calamity God were luxuriating in the body of their prey. The awakening of the Calamity God led to its demise far more quickly than it should have been, due to the fact that the energy circulating inside the God went into a frenzy, and if previously the serpents were eating one part darkness to ninety-nine part flesh, now it was twenty part darkness to eighty part flesh.

The cries of the Calamity God no longer held fury, they held panic and fear for although it was plunging more tentacles into its body to fish out the deadly occupants eating it from inside out, they proved to be a slippery foe, any portion of the perpetrator's body that it touched were discarded and left behind, and with the nature of the Ouroboros Serpents, their growth and appetites never tapered, it increases with every second that passes.

With so much darkness now flooding the body of the Calamity God, the Ouroboros Serpents disregarded the flesh of the god and focused on the darkness. Multiple parts of the body of the god shriveled and exploded into decaying flesh.

The golden mirror below was free to grow as the Calamity God focused inward with maniacal intensity as its fear increased to a feverish pitch.

The visions in the golden mirror were changing subtly, the purple cube changed its state allowing it to enter into the mirror, and slowly drifted into the man on the throne of stars and settled on his opened right hand. The man who appeared to be asleep twitched, and his hand squeezed the cube tighter.

Purple veins began to grow within his hand, outlined on his skin as they moved towards his head and heart, and before long the cube vanished, its energy drained, but the man still slept, but the glow from his throne of stars brightened.

The body of the Calamity God above had shrunken, from its lofty shape that covered a thousand miles, now it appeared sickly, and barely ten miles in length, its great body of chaos and darkness was failing, and its influence over reality was breaking apart, no matter how much power that world granted it, there were limits, and if the devouring of the Serpents had remained constant it would have had the chance to survive the ordeal.

Its weak cries now no longer held fear, but sorrow, its core which resembled a black sun was torn in two by the serpents and was devoured in a single gulp, the last of its darkness was gone, and its massive body could no longer stand in the heavens where it stood above all creation, and it fell.

From its single eye, a massive black teardrop fell and a hand appeared out of nowhere and caught the teardrop.

The hand had eight fingers that ended with sharp green claws, and it brought the tears up to a humanoid face mask with four empty eye sockets that had green flames burning within as if the mask did not cover flesh, but green fire.

"Sleep my dearest one, your cries have reached my heart and my fire has been kindled again."

The hand squeezed the teardrop until it collapsed into black smoke, "Who dares hurt my kin?"

The body of the Calamity God shuddered for a final time, and it shattered into a cloud of ashes. From within the roars, two triumphant roars emerged as two golden Ouroboros Serpents barely a mile in length emerged from within, they had down away with their flesh of stone, and this new body resembled a golden liquid than flesh, but its tenacity was a hundred times greater than the flesh of stone.

"Get over here, Worms!"

The two hands with eight fingers seized the two triumphant serpents by their neck and drew it to him. The serpents wanted to roar with fury, but the hands holding them by the neck were unshakable, and they could as well be two tiny mortal snakes held in the hands of a giant. The full figure of the being that held two Primordial Ouroboros Serpents was fully revealed. It was a relatively small figure, not even a hundred feet tall, but at the moment he grabbed the Ouroboros Serpents, although the serpents did not shrink, reality itself had been altered, and the space surrounding the arms of the figure had collapsed into itself, thereby shrinking the area the serpents occupied and ultimately making the Ouroboros Serpents appear like little snakes.

With a muscular body, cloven hoof, and green fur scattered in patches all across his body, the muscular figure with a humanoid half-skull mask that covered the top part of his face but kept the bottom open, revealing black lips with hints of sharp fangs within, he would have painted a grim figure similar to a demon, but behind it were seven large green tails like those of a fox.

He had long green hair that appeared to be filled with dirt and pieces of dead flesh congealed all through its length, as if he had just left a battlefield.

Drawing the serpents closer to his face and making the space around his hand collapse until the serpents were now as small as six-foot snakes, he grinned, showing fangs stained with old blood that reeked of foul power,

"The things you stole from my kin. That darkness that shines with such a potent glow. It is not something the likes of you deserve. Spit them out."

The serpents struggled for a while in his ever-crushing grip, helpless, a large cracking sound constantly escaping from their bodies, as all the bones in their bodies were crushed to powder repeatedly.

The creature who held the Ouroboros Serpents looked at the sky and sighed, the breath emerging from his mouth extended for a supernaturally long time as if its lungs could hold a hurricane.

It looked down at the struggling snakes in his hands and growled,

"Be quick with this act, so I can personally thank you for the grace of making this day possible. You have no idea how long I have waited for one of my kin to die, but I never wanted their darkness taken without a chance for them to speak their light to life. I am now free to wreak havoc on the guilty, but the taste that should be divine now feels like mud on my

tongue!"

The eyes of the serpents suddenly flashed with intense fury, and their heads exploded from their bodies, as they chose to tear themselves in two rather than remain trapped.

The heads of the serpents turned in midair, mouths opened and about to sink their fangs in the arm of their attacker, but quicker than what should have been possible, the two fists closed over the heads of the serpents and crushed them.

The bodies of the Ouroboros Serpents left behind began to twitch as new heads were regrowing from the stump,

"Healing is denied to everything in my gaze. Are you so foolish, little thieves that such a wisdom was denied you from birth?"

Something that Rowan would have considered nearly impossible happened, the serpents stopped healing and their golden blood turned red, the massive gash in their skull that held nothing but golden energy transformed into flesh, and the pulsing brain within shivered before going still.

The Primordial Ouroboros Serpents were dead.

Chapter 1019: Why Cling To The Darkness?

The man in the golden mirror still slept, and the figure who just crushed the two Ouroboros Serpent sat down cross-legged in midair and waited patiently.

The area where the Calamity God had vanished vibrated as a weird scream emerged from space, and it shattered. From within that space, a tiny red flame that resembled blood appeared and began to drift toward the golden mirror.

Although this flame was tiny, the presence of the Aura it carried was so dense that it defied meaning. Its passage left destruction in space and time, and it seemed to be everywhere and nowhere at the same time.

The fire was about to enter the golden mirror when the figure sitting down cross-legged made a gesture, and the flames paused, and no matter how it struggled, it was helplessly dragged towards his palm,

"How interesting, your hand also knows the touch of True Flame, how else can you tame the Chaos inside this cage? I should deprive you of this flame, but whether by treachery or thievery, you have stolen a spark of darkness, and perhaps it is fit that you should feel it touch like a newly born."

Unexpectedly, the figure released the flames and allowed them to drift into the mirror, "Take the darkness and face your judgment. I hope you shall allow your light to be engulfed by it. Many fear its touch, but only within darkness can true light be found in... Gaah!"

A hand pierced through the back of the figure and in it was a strange heart, because the heart had a face,

"Do you... talk this much?"

The man sleeping in the mirror remained, but a careful observation would show that it was a mirage, he had quietly appeared behind the figure and attacked. That man was Rowan, and outside the mirror, his flesh turned to stone, but it still held the power and flexibility of the previous Avatar bodies of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpent.

If the act of having his heart violently ripped away had any effect on the figure it did not show it, instead he looked at the golden mirror and sighed when he noticed that the mirage sitting on the throne of stars had vanished.

He turned his large head and looked at Rowan who was behind him, due to the constraints of having a flesh made from stone, Rowan was unable to shift his body to the configuration he wanted and was barely twenty feet tall, the entity who he had just

taken their heart from was a hundred feet tall, only his head was nearly as large as Rowan's entire body.

The giant shrugged, the movement holding so much power it pushed Rowan backward and ejected his arm holding the large heart from his body, but Rowan as if expecting such a move, stomped the air, making the earth below explode for hundreds of miles and providing a counter force that bounced him back towards the giant, and this time went for the head.

His fingers nearly closed around the neck of the unknown entity where he would tear its head off, but a gesture from the still-seated figure held him in place, dissipating all his momentum, and trapping him in space like an insect in amber,

"Oh, how I relish the sky, I luxuriate under its light, I bathe in it. Do you not feel the same way, Eulxhu Thyak?"

Of course, Rowan could not reply since he was frozen in place, but his silence was almost like an acquiescence.

He did not know what this entity was, but he knew that perhaps it was one of the most powerful foes he had ever met. Rowan's true name was hidden by , and to all of reality, his name was Rowan Kuranos, and only those who knew him would know his other name Romion.

His true name was a secret known only to him, but this entity had effortlessly plucked it away from nowhere, and Rowan was trying not to think about the silence that two of his children had once filled.

The giant sighed, "It would seem that I expected too much from you after all. Fade into the Embers of Light in peace, perhaps I shall mourn you, but you are too far beneath my flames, and the heat it provides is enough for only one."

The giant held up his right hand and the world responded, a spear that drank all the light in creation appeared and he pointed it towards Rowan, and immediately the instinct that always guided him throughout his life told him one thing only, that this spear was death.

A part of him recognizes certain features of this weapon, from the glass blade wielded by the Third Prince to the many visions he had of the Primordials, and without a doubt, he knew that this weapon was a Primordial Weapon, not the knockoff version wielded by Third, but a true Primordial Weapon.

This weapon would disregard all his powers, his resurrection abilities, and his bloodlines and it would tear everything of Rowan to nothingness. This was the end.

The giant thrust the spear, unerringly at his forehead.

There was no fear in his heart towards his impending demise, but Rowan called for that fear, and his heart went cold. He needed every ounce of advantage he could bring to the table.

He pushed against his confines, his Spirit writhing and screaming against the invisible and invincible bonds that held him in place. The spear grew closer to his head, and Rowan's entire body developed cracks, but nothing gave.

The golden pool in the distance suddenly surged ahead and formed a shield in front of him, but the spear sliced through it with ease, the delay was barely a fraction of a moment, but in that fraction, a tenth of his Angelic hosts perished, and the number of living beings holding his bloodlines that died could not be counted, but half of them withered to nothingness.

In the space where the last four Primordial Ouroboros Serpents remained, there was nothing but silence.

Despite the fact that he was made from rocks, tears of blood still poured from his eyes and the spear ripped through the last of his defenses and entered his head, crushing the top part of his

skull.

Rowan did not die instantaneously, his eyes still bleeding blood held on to the face of the giant with maniacal resolve, and the giant cocked his head to the side in thought,

"So you have seen it, the light that shed on all things. Tell me, what is it like? My brothers tore me to pieces before I could find it, and I have remained locked here, broken, ever since."

The giant drew back his spear and finally Rowan was released of his bonds and he collapsed to his knees, the giant looked at him like a child observing an insect whose wings had been

plucked off,

"Why do you cling to this darkness too strongly, when the light beckons?"

With another flick, he buried the spear through Rowan's heart, and Rowan shuddered, the last of his vitality leaving him, but since he was free of his bonds, Rowan brought his hand forward and touched the spear, a bluish light emerged from his hand and wrapped the spear before the giant could retrieve the spear it shot into the heavens in a streak of light and

vanished.

Rowan looked up at the giant, and he grinned before whispering, "Fuck you Nemesis." Only the heels of the giant responded to him as he was crushed into dust.

Chapter 1020: Remember Who You Are

There were no thoughts in this place except his own, and that one was slow, like the movements of a mountain. It took a while for him to recognize himself, but his awareness was limited, almost like that of a baby.

Nothing else could exist here, it almost seemed impossible for such a thing to happen, there was only darkness and the solace of it. Its warm embrace kept him... content.

That was the only word he could find for it, it was a state of being where nothing mattered and he could remain like this, unchanging, silent... dead. Something told him that this was his natural state, the way things were supposed to be.

Yet his contentment never lasted for long. A nagging voice, or maybe just a simple thought, or an idea, drew him away from his contentment.

However, the nagging thought did not take long before it dissipated, and the first few times he noticed it, he had forgotten about the thought, it took a while for him to finally acknowledge that there was something disturbing his peace, but he was left alone in his contentment, and thus he was satisfied to remain in this manner.

It did not seem like such a long time would pass however and the thought would return, it always faded away, and then silence... peace...nothingness, this is how it should be, nothing should be here but silence and peace...

I have earned this rest...

No, you have earned nothing! Your life is not yours alone!!!

'What was that?'

A troubling thought had flashed through his mind like lightning, but with the speed of his thought process, it was impossible to know what it was. The only thing that he could recollect properly was the intrusive thought that returned every now and then, and it did not fail. It returned and it left, leaving contentment, silence, peace...

The thought returned... the thought returned... the thought returned...

Stand up, weakling!!! How much more of this can I bear... You disgust me! Say your True Name and Rise!

At first, he was content in waiting for the thought to pass away, it always did, and although its return was always irritating, it ultimately did not linger for long. However, it did not take long for him to discover that it was not his imagination, but an underlying fact that every time the thought went away, it returned louder. The sanctity inside his darkness was broken.

Remember.... Remember damn you. How can it be so easy to give up your duty? No matter how much it hurts, have you forgotten all who have sacrificed and have been sacrificed... by your hand, for you to be here?

He could no longer ignore it, even inside the haze of contentment that the darkness brought him, he could not help but anticipate the thought that would inevitably return, and return much louder than before.

We do not surrender, not unless it is on our terms!

This inevitably corrupted his peace and contentment, for he could no longer rest, he could no longer leave the pain.

Pain? Where did such a thought emerge from, it seemed alien, what was pain? As a matter of fact, what really was peace or contentment? And why have I been ignoring this intrusive thought for so long knowing it would never leave but come again and again?

'I will not run anymore, this thought that does nothing but linger, let me see it. I want peace, no more pain, no more blood and bodies, no more... no more... these things I don't want, what are they? Even though I don't know what they are, I am tired of running away from this thought.'

He no longer rested, the contentment returned but he turned away from it, there had to be something more than this, this endless cycle of peace and unrest. The thought came again, and he did not run from it, he accepted it and became confused, and the thought was only a word.

'What did Wish mean?'

The thought lingered. His Wish... waited, but he could not understand what it was, and so it went away like it always did, and silence returned, but he knew it would not last.

I fall deeper into darkness, but my hands are too weak to hold on to this thread of hope. How could I ever have been this weak?!

What was a Wish, and why would it come to him, again and again?

He pondered, his thoughts slower than the breathing of stone held onto this concept with a tenacity that was inestimable and inexhaustible, he wanted to know what this

Wish was, and he waited, and the thought came again, and this time he reacted instead of observing,

"What are you?" he waited, but nothing happened and the thought vanished once more, but his action triggered something and a dim sort of understanding entered his heart, and he held on to this instinct, he was on the right path, he only needed to dig forward, but this instinct brought pain and sorrow that he flinched and let go of it.

Yes... finally, after all this time, you hold onto the thread, don't you dare leave it behind again, I am tired of drawing you back, again and again. I want to live! Father, I want to live! You can not leave me alone... Please.

The thought came again, and he did not pursue it, he let the Wish linger and vanish.

He did not know why pain and sorrow hurt, but they did, and he wanted none of it. Even if the only thing he had was a brief moment of contentment in this darkness, it was enough, why should he go for the pain, when he finally had solace?

He hid away from the Wish, and it came again and again, and again, but the shell he had over his solace had been built to withstand whatever fury it threw at him, and in the darkness he dwelled, hiding away from the pain, from the sorrow, from the... Wish.

You are strong... We are strong... Do not hide from who you are!

He did not know how long he hid inside the darkness, the concept of time was also a new thing that had grown as he ignored the Wish, and whatever it may signify, he only knew that it brought nothing but pain and sorrow to him.

But the Wish was no longer an intrusive thought, it was now screams, and no matter how much he wished to hide from the screams, he could not, and although he did not want it, a part of him rebelled.

Have you forgotten who you are, Father? If you see what you have become, you will weep in shame. You cannot be content in this darkness, because it has not earned you.

A growing discontent in his heart arose that was appalled by the thought that he would remain in this darkness for all of eternity, and although he tried to fight it, but this part of him resisted with frightening intensity, whoever he was before, it was not someone who was willing to allow himself fall without fighting.

Yes father... Arise! Death would have you, if it deserves you! These thoughts seemed to have a Will of their own and they seized the screaming Wish, and Rowan awoke choking and screaming.

Chapter 1021: Circle Of Life

Rowan could not recall the last time he had felt this weak, not even when he was transmigrated into the body of a child back in Trion. He hated this weakness, but it was something he was accustomed to once more. This world had done more than enough to showcase his weakness to him, time and time again.

'Now, where am I?'

He felt as if his entire body was squeezed into a cold and decaying sack that was filled with fluids that contained maggots and other vermin that crept and crawled.

He choked as it filled his mouth and nostrils, but his supernatural willpower held back his disgust, he had touched worse and felt worse, but this body he was in was now clearly mortal, and if he did not escape the cage that held him, he would drown in what felt like shit.

He had died in various unexpected ways since he entered Doom Star, but drowning in shit was not one he wanted added to his record. Rowan clawed his way through it, his new body seemed incredibly fragile and weak with an incredibly limited range of motion, but his eyes were closed and he could not see his body or surroundings.

Whatever he was pushing through must either be soft, or must decayed extensively judging by the smell he was perceiving, or he underestimated his strength for he pushed his way through it in a short while, and he gasped as air entered his lungs, and this triggered the urge for him to vomit.

Instincts born from many years of battle and enduring dangers silenced the further sounds that wanted to escape his throat, as his stomach and lungs filled with foul fluid strained to disgorge their content, but he kept still and analyzed his surroundings, starting with his body. 'Fuck!'

The reason he was so weak was simple, Rowan was a fetus. A fetus who just crawled out of the womb of a dead mother. From his size, he should not have come to term.

Rowan shrugged and opened his mouth, allowing the sludge to run out of it while pressing on his large stomach with his chubby arms. He could not make any loud noises, so he had to be patient, he needed to breathe, but any loud noise would draw the monster above him.

He did not need to look up to feel the pressure as it moved above. At first, he thought it was a single monster, but as his senses adjusted itself, he was now hearing others not far away. Rowan massaged his stomach, pushing out the last of the foul liquid he had swallowed, while he began pulling details of his surroundings. His now-dead mother had

the top half of her body crushed, a bit lower and her stomach would have been crushed as well, and she had been laid on a pile of bodies that should number in the thousands.

He wished he could have seen her face, his rebirth was due to her influence after all.

It was unknown how long she had lain here, but she was already decaying, when Rowan touched the stomach he had crawled out from, it surprisingly still held a bit of warmth.

Was it possible that even in death, this woman had kept a spark of life inside her body to nurture her unborn child?

Rowan notices the bodies of those around him, and his own, and catalogs the alien nature of his current body and theirs. Although humanoid His skin was light green with various exotic tattoos stretched across it that he could not fully analyze because of his limited range of motion, and the other bodies around his own were black and he could not pick out any more details from their skin, but that was due to them being decayed.

He noticed that the bodies that had decayed extensively had signs of being devoured. It was a grim sight, for the bodies appeared to have been chewed and every moisture sucked out of them before they were discarded.

They were like dry balls of bones and brown withered muscles. Each ball must hold at least fifty dried bodies, and he could not count the number of balls in his vision, they must clearly stretch far.

Looking around him, he noticed that with the state of his now-dead host and those around, this mound of flesh would soon be next to be devoured and spat out.

'I seemed to have overstayed my welcome. I think it's time to leave.'

Slowly pushing himself out of the dead body, Rowan nearly stumbled when his birth cord wrapped around his legs.

His fragile body lacked fingernails or teeth, but the strength in his muscle was enough to pull hard enough to tear off the endings of his birth cord from the body of his host, her decaying body was the first to give and holding three feet of his placenta, Rowan slowly tied it around his waist and began to slowly crawl away from the mound.

This action was uncoordinated for the first few seconds, but he rapidly got the hang of it. All this while, the sounds above had been increasing in intensity, as waves of air that carried a dense smell of decay nearly blew his tiny body away, but the strength in his body was slowly increasing, and Rowan knew that this strength would make no difference if he could not find a place to shelter before he was noticed.

Among the mounds of the dead, he was the only moving thing, and although he was small, to the senses of the supernatural, he could be easily found.

This made his next series of decisions easy for him, and instead of crawling across the mounds of the dead, he began to dig himself into the bodies. Slowly shifting bodies to the side, and allowing his all frame to glide in between their decaying flesh.

All this seemed so familiar to him, but at that time in the past, he was digging his way out, but this time, he was digging his way in.

'circle of life, hahaha...'

He had barely made it more than eight feet into the pile of the dead when he froze, the sound above had quietened, and he barely had the time to curl around his limbs when he felt an ungodly pressure surrounding him and his body and those around were compressed and a sense of movement reached him through the pressure and he knew that he had just been carried from the ground alongside other dead bodies.

He should be inside the mouth of the beast, and that means... it may soon begin to chew.

Not caring if his movement may trigger the beast, Rowan began to claw his way out through the press of bodies, but it was too difficult, his growing power was not enough to push against the pressure and no matter how much he struggled, he could hardly move his body more than an inch.

'Not again!'

The pressure increased and perhaps more due to the fact of his tiny body than luck, he was sheltered between a dense knot of bones and escaped the height of the pressure, and then what followed was a gentle bobbing motion, and a sudden halt.

'Am I in the stomach of the beast?'

Chapter 1022: Pushing Through The Darkness

With his senses trapped inside this mortal flesh, Rowan could not truly ascertain what was happening outside, but he was not focused on knowing what was happening outside, for he finally had time to breathe without the fear of being crushed in the next second.

Although he was in the stomach of a beast, this was the least danger he was in since he had awakened. He was not out of the woods yet, death was at his doorstep, and what

held it back was a flimsy door with a broken lock, only a slight breeze would crush the door.

Rowan closed his eyes and tried to shut out the world. He tried not to think about the fact that he had another chance at life.

He should not be alive. The weapon that killed him was a Primordial weapon, and although Rowan suspected that the unique nature of his soul might have kept a part of him alive, the only reason he could imagine for his survival was that his killer could not control this weapon effectively.

That mad creature had somehow gotten his hands on a Primordial Weapon, but it had used one of the most powerful weapons in existence as a glorified spear; he had not even activated any of its powers.

Perhaps he might have thought that Rowan was not deserving of such considerations, or like he suspected, that creature was the Will of the World, but its consciousness had been fractured into many pieces, and if at its full power, he was equal to an eighth-dimensional entity, he would be able to squash old man seed like a bug.

Although Rowan understood this clearly, a part of him was still annoyed that he was killed with such a method.

It was like using a nuclear missile as a hammer in order to kill an ant. The ant would be crushed to pieces, true, but the effect was drastically different than exploding the nuke directly on the ant.

With a primordial weapon, he should have been able to direct every single bit of force, heat, and radiation on that single ant, and no matter how powerful the ant was, there would be nothing left of it, but the action of this mad Will had left traces of Rowan in reality, and that was enough to bring him back from death.

'It was not enough... Something.... Someone called me back.... Which of my children survived my doom?'

He could not find answers anywhere but inside himself.

Accessing his consciousness was far more difficult than Rowan anticipated, previously with his tremendous consciousness it was as if his entire body was made from the stuff of thought. His dimensional flesh had seamlessly blended all his powers and bloodline, and he was as much flesh as consciousness.

This not only made accessing his Mental Space effortless, but it also granted him a tenacity of spirit that made his willpower unbreakable. Without such willpower, there was no way the fragments of his consciousness left in reality would have been able to reawaken. It would have just drifted for eternity, alone, until the end of time.

In this mortal body, he had less consciousness power than what was available to him when he entered Doom Star. Barely stronger than an adult mortal.

However, this did nothing to deter him from pushing into the darkness of his mind to find his Mental Space. His consciousness might be weak, but its quality after all the repeated tempering was extremely dense.

Rowan's frail mortal body although squeezed in an uncomfortable position was still growing stronger, it was as if every breath he took filled him with vitality, but he did not know if this effect was due to the constitution of this body or if it was the effect his consciousness had on the body after possessing it.

However, this process was incredibly slow, it was enough to maintain the fragile flame of life inside him, but it could not give him the strength he needed at this time.

Around him, there was a hissing sound as if he had been dropped inside a vat of hot oil. The digestion process of the beast must have begun, and his time was running out.

Shoving that thought away from his mind, he sank deeper into himself. First, he isolated all the surface layers of this body.

The tiny lungs that calmly drew in the last few air that was left inside this ball of corpses, the frail heart that struggled to beat, the two cracked ribs, three dislocated fingers on the right hand and a bent thumb on the left, the eyes that were filled with yellow pus and dozens of tiny worm-like parasites swimming in them, and dozens of other maladies, from diseases, parasites, and bodily trauma that would kill a healthy adult...

Rowan acknowledged all of these parts of the body and pushed them aside, going deeper into himself yet still holding all this surface layer of his body in a part of his consciousness.

It was difficult, but one thing that was not denied him despite his frail consciousness was the tenacity born from challenging the impossible, over and over again. This task was not impossible, just difficult, and like every difficulty he had faced in the past, it would not break him. Nothing can.

In his frail perception that had gone deeper into his consciousness, everything went dark, and he did not stop, he pushed into the darkness, he was accessing the unconscious thought of this body, it was empty, as an infant, there was nothing inside here, no experience built up. This child had been destined to perish but was brought back to life by his consciousness, a blank book.

This made it easier for Rowan to punch into the darkness, with his weak consciousness and the limited time he had to work with, if this child had been even a few months old, it would not have been this easy.

With an audible snap that made blood run down his nose, eyes, and ears, he broke through the darkness. A portion of his brain was damaged, but nothing that he needed critically, a sense of taste and the ability to feel a portion of his toes were parts of his body that he could do without for the moment.

Beyond the darkness, Rowan saw light. Tiny pinpricks of it were zooming past at ridiculous speeds, but inside this place, speed and distance had no meaning, and he could easily trace the paths of the light, although they seemed chaotic, there was an overall pattern here that revealed the order within the chaos.

This was a Nascent Mental Space, all sentient and sapient beings in creation had one, but usually, they needed to walk on a Path of power to be able to access them. With his experience attaining the Supreme Circles, Rowan was able to reach this place using his frail

consciousness alone.

Rowan sighed, reaching this place was just the first step, this Mental Space was unformed, and without cultivating a path of power it would have otherwise been impossible to actualize this place, but Rowan did not need to take that route when he could just mold this mental space with his consciousness.

The only problem was that with his weak consciousness, this would take him at least a year, but he did not have an hour before he was killed inside the stomach of this beast, and instinctively he knew that if he died this time, it would be his last.

Chapter 1023: First True Step

Rowan opened his eyes, and he saw the flesh around him was beginning to turn gray. He did not have one hour, he barely had one minute. Yet he had to survive a year before he could access the mental space of this body and with it, connect to the remnants of his own.

The portion of him that was alive at this time was a fragment of his overall being, and without access to his mental space, Rowan was nothing but a mortal with a dense consciousness. In any other situation, this would be annoying but workable, but not here where he was at death's door.

The words Old Man Seed spoke to him a while back returned,

"I ask only this of you. You don't stop moving forward, there is a weight to power that few in creation can bear, and nothing is heavier than the powers of the Prime.... Nothing! You shall be tested beyond what you think possible, your mind and body taken

to the limits and beyond that limit, only for you to discover that beyond your limits was just the starting point of this road."

"You shall break, again and again, painfully and in ways you cannot comprehend Romion, no number of words can show you just how much you shall hurt, and I expect you to pick up the pieces of yourself and rebuild it stronger than before while knowing that the torture would never end..."

And then he had whispered,

"...and when the pain gets too much when the weight becomes something that your mighty back cannot endure for a single moment more, I shall ask you to add more load to it. I have asked you this before and I will ask you once more. Can you do that Romion, can you take the load that no one else in creation can carry?"

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'Can I take this load? What a dumb question... hahaha. Who am I without the load I carry?' Rowan grinned, his mouth opened in a toothless facsimile of a smile, and he began to laugh aloud, but in this place where there was hardly any air, the sound was like a wheeze.

"Watch me..."

An infant, and one that had not even reached the appropriate time to be born had no reason to be able to speak, but he did, and the sound was frightening.

This world had spent enough time knocking him down, and Rowan did not doubt that there were more tribulations ahead, but he had endured enough, it was time to take the battle to it. His disadvantage had always been a lack of information, but he had experienced enough to pick up traces of the overall state of this new reality, and since Rowan now had a foothold in this world, he would no longer be denied his prize.

At first, Rowan had been content to harvest what he needed from this place and leave. This was no longer the case. This world had drunk his life twice, it had brought him to the brink of death and beyond, Rowan was no longer satisfied with a minor harvest, he was coming for it all.

His deep introspection to find his Mental Space was also the chance for him to truly understand this body, and for Rowan, knowledge was power.

His consciousness was weak, but the body of this infant was weaker, and getting feebler by the seconds. The dozen parasites in his eyes had laid their eggs, and the multitude inside his flesh was propagating. In a while, even the constant stream of vitality entering the flesh of the infant would fail before this onslaught.

Rowan's consciousness retaliated. These parasites in his body were vicious, able to infect, propagate, and consume their host, but ultimately they were mindless, their tactics guided by instincts alone.

It was a simple thing for Rowan to transform a small portion of his cells and allow them to be consumed by the parasites. These cells after being consumed took over the genome of the parasites in his body and rewrote it to fit his needs.

These new parasites were a thousand times more dangerous than what they previously were and they turned around and attacked the unaffected parasites, spreading his manufactured genome into their bodies, in a short while his body heated up and cooled rapidly before heating up again as his insides were transformed to a battlefield.

The body of the infant began to twitch and then convulse, from every pore in his body, even from the umbilical cord tied around his waist, tens of thousands of tiny red worms emerged.

Although the parasites in his body were diverse, these new ones all belonged to him after they had killed and transformed every invader in his body. The last of the worms slid out of his eyes and Rowan opened them.

Directing a portion of the parasites to the bodies around him, they began to infect and consume the few active cells and parasites within them, and instead of creating more copies of themselves, they began to create air from the things they consumed.

These parasites were linked to the cord around his waist, and Rowan stopped his act of trying to breathe with his lungs as his blood was now being oxygenated.

The rest were focused on consuming and replicating, and in a short while the tens of thousands of worms had reached a hundred thousand and their number kept exploding.

Free from fighting these invaders, Rowan set his broken bones, waiting for the stream of vitality to heal his injuries, idly noticing that the process was getting stronger.

Something was happening that was leading to this growth in vitality, but without access to his mental space and a weak consciousness, he could not tell what was happening. Not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, Rowan finally stood on his feet after thirty minutes.

He tested his balance. A child was not meant for walking, even the act of standing was already putting an excessive amount of pressure on his spine and crushing his internal organs, as they had not developed the right amount of musculature and internal systems to handle the weight of their organs.

Rowan called back eighty percent of the parasites, and like an army of red, they flooded towards him and entered his opened mouth, and then they began to dissolve,

transforming into nutrients and other essential building blocks necessary for the growth of life. Channeling all of this to specific parts of his body, he began to grow his body, from that of an undeveloped fetus to something stronger. He did not change anything about the body's genome, the growth was following a natural path, albeit one that was greatly accelerated. The strain on the body of the child was minimal, Rowan's understanding of life, especially that of a mortal, had reached perfection, and before long, the fetus was bigger, now closer to the body of a one-year-old.

Rowan stopped growing the body at this stage, to survive inside here, he would have to keep the body small. This would ensure his limited energy stores could be used more effectively, and his future plans required a small body.

With green skin that was glowing with health, and a small mop of red hair escaping from his scalp, Rowan stamped his feet, and this time they were steady.

"Now, I have taken my first true step in this world."

Chapter 1024: Growing Luck

The stamping of Rowan's foot shattered the ball of flesh that had been drained from outside and within. Outside by the least, and within by him.

Rowan hung in the air for a single second, he had noticed that the gravity inside the stomach of the beast was weaker than what was available outside.

Before his feet touched the surface of the stomach of the beast, in that brief moment when he was in the air his eyesight perused the overall state of the stomach.

Unlike the stomach of a mortal creature that usually contained some sort of fluid, and was constantly in motion, the stomach of this creature was bone dry and looked like a cave with hundreds of glowing crystals scattered around, and it was cold, enough that Rowan had to begin diverting a lot of resources to keep his organs functional.

From the size of the stomach which resembled a fairly large cave, he could estimate that this creature must be around a hundred to three hundred feet in height. However, it was difficult to judge the exact size of supernatural beasts using their internal organs due to various reasons, from fewer or more organs in the body to more exotic reasons like spatial expansion. Before Rowan's feet could touch the insides of the stomach, thousands of tiny worms emerged from the pores of his small feet and wrapped around his feet encasing them in a mesh of wriggling flesh. Rowan was surprised at what happened next when he immediately detected hundreds of worms began to swell up before violently exploding.

What had happened was unexpected, every parasite was linked with him, but when outside his body, as a security feature they could not transmit whatever energies entered their bodies back to him, but he could understand everything that occurred inside their bodies.

The moment the parasites had touched the walls of the stomach, they had been filled with so much vitality, that they had simply exploded.

He squeezed his eyes in thought for a moment before he understood what was happening and he nearly smiled. Even if the Will of this world was moving against him in earnest, his luck was beginning to turn the table.

This beast was a carrion, it did not feed off of life, but from death. In fact, he suspected that life was poisonous to this beast, and the dried ball of flesh he had seen outside was filled with expelled vitality from the stomach of the beast. Was this why he was being fed with vitality? No, Rowan quickly decided, the clear stream of vitality entering his body from a mysterious place was far more dense and pure than what was available inside the body of the beast.

"How very interesting, I never expected to come across such a creature like this."

Rowan's plan before was that he would leave the stomach of the beast and crawl towards its spine or the area closest to its brain, and from there he would find ways of killing it quickly or if not, slowly and in a manner that the beast would not easily detect his presence, but this surprising ability it had demonstrated had given him a new idea on how to proceed forward.

Why should he kill something that had what he wanted? This beast fed off death and produced life as its waste, without a stronger consciousness to investigate how this process was occurring, Rowan could only act using intuition and his understanding of mystical energy manipulation.

He might not be able to understand the process but he could easily hijack it to serve his purposes.

Rowan marshaled half of the parasitic worms inside his body and he pushed them out from himself with tremendous force. From his tiny body of around thirty-five inches, a red wave of parasite that should have been nearly ten times his body weight shot out from him and splattered against all the surfaces of the stomach.

He was able to contain this amount of parasites by compressing them onto every single cell in his body, this made him extraordinarily dense, acting as a natural inner armor. When he needed the parasites he could eject them from his body in the blink of an eye.

These parasitic worms flooded the entire stomach of the beast, and before long they all gruesomely exploded, Rowan turned his head to a portion of the cave where the parasites had perished the most quickly, this was his target.

Creating a spring using the parasites wrapped around his feet he was launched towards that corner of the stomach, and in mid-air Rowan wrapped parasitic worms around his umbilical cord, making it stretch forward like a whip and pierce into the wall of the stomach before retracting, pulling him directly towards his target.

This part of the stomach he discovered led to the throat, and there was a large cluster of corpses that had been drained of every fluid and death energy they contained; they were bleached and pale but contained an enormous source of vitality.

Rowan turned around and sat on the pile of dried corpses, he relaxed as if he sat on a throne, and groaned softly as dense waves of vitality flooded into his body, and he closed his eyes and began to channel the surge of vitality into his blood.

He did not allow this vitality to run unrestricted inside his body, if he did this body would begin to grow unchecked, he was not concerned about cancerous growth, but upgrading this mortal flesh in an overall manner was not yet his priority, it was the brain and the nervous system that was important.

Rowan wanted to access his mental space quickly, to do that he would need a stronger consciousness, and to attain a stronger consciousness he needed a stronger body to house that consciousness. That was the long-term goal, to quickly access his mental space in less than a year, he needed more mental prowess.

Channeling the dense wave of life, he melted all the parasites in his body except a few that he kept near the wrists, forehead, and knees, those were for his offense, defense, and movement, the melted parasites became the framework he used in supporting the expected growth he was planning.

Rowan would not change the outer portion of this body, even his internal organs would largely remain the same, but that would only be on the surface, within would be something else entirely. The body of the child would be his shell and within he would be growing the true framework of his power.

Concentrating on the spine of the baby, he hollowed it out, making sure the outer portion of it had enough ligaments and cartilage to support the locomotion of his spine, and with that out of the way he began to build. In every inch of his spine, he began to create small seeds.

He had to pause this operation now and then because he consumed the entire vitality inside the belly of the beast and had to wait for it to generate more, and the beast promptly did so by swallowing another batch of corpses.

Weeks passed in this manner as he continued creating the seeds in his spine, and when he had created a hundred of them he rested for a few hours. Creating these seeds had not been easy at all because of what they represented-All these seeds were the Nascent states for new brains. What Rowan had been doing for the last few weeks was creating a hundred brains inside the body of this infant.

The spark of consciousness that ran through his body like lightning as a hundred brains ignited in his spine was a spectacular sight.

Each brain was smaller than a mustard seed and was shaped like a triangle, they were crystalline and had no outward resemblance to a brain, but they were all functional organs, although not one that should ever appear inside the body of a mortal.

Rowan arched his back as his consciousness linked to the brains in an ever-increasing cascade and his consciousness although did not grow now had more infrastructure to work with. His consciousness had been like a powerful supercomputer that was stuck into an analog calculator, he needed an upgrade of his hardware to ensure a smoother operation of his -consciousness power.

Rowan had spent almost two years building this new neural architecture, a far cry from the single year he would have taken to access his mental space, but he deemed that such an action was worth it because it would be more beneficial to him in the present and future.

He had lost a year building up this neural network but he had gained far more. With his mind free of exerting greater control of himself and the reality around him, Rowan had easily noticed that the stomach of the beast had begun to grow increasingly larger, as it was able to devour more death energy due to Rowan consuming all the vitality its body produces.

Rowan had unexpectedly created a symbiotic relationship with this beast, and it had benefitted greatly. This became apparent when in recent months, the bodies entering the stomach of the beast were now different.

Before they were all humanoid, but now most bodies this beast was consuming were insectlike, having multiple limbs, chitin, and other unmentionable appendages. Rowan's perception spread outside the stomach of the beast for the first time.

Chapter 1025: The Shiik

The beast had grown, and its taste was no longer limited to waiting for the dead to decay, with Rowan's unceasing draining of the vitality it exuded, the appetite of the creature exploded. No longer a carrion it became a hunter. To sustain its size which was increasing daily, it needed nourishment.

With its great size which was currently three times bigger than the rest, the beast claimed all the corpses in the area for itself, and for a while, it reigned over this area, but its appetite never diminished but continued growing, and soon its existence could no longer be tolerated by the others.

One by one the others began to attack the ravenous beast, but its size had granted it great strength and it easily overcame the opposition and devoured them, not even waiting for them to decay, because it knew it was now somehow capable of eating all the death energy without being poisoned by life.

It was even beginning to develop an appetite for hunting and killing instead of waiting and now it attacked any other beast closer to itself.

However, everything has a breaking point. Inside this place, resources were getting limited, and the beast not only took over all the available corpses but was also killing the others, this situation could not go on for much longer.

On this day they all began to attack, and coincidentally, this was the moment when Rowan's enhanced consciousness was completed and released.

The world slowed down in his perception and he finally observed the place he had been resurrected.

Similar to the New Hope Continent after he descended into this world, this place was a massive crater that extended for miles into the earth, and the light of the sun could not reach it, leaving it in a perpetual state of darkness.

From above, there were corpses falling from the sky constantly, mostly humanoid and all spotting various gruesome injuries, making it clear that this place was a garbage dump made for the disposal of bodies.

He finally had a clear look at these creatures at the bottom of this crater, and they resembled large spiders that had been crossbred with a crab and a crocodile, black chitinous armor-like scales covered the top half of their body while below were filled with a brown saggy skin that scrapped the ground as they skittered through the blighted landscape with more than thirty thin limbs that ended at a razor-sharp point.

The head and thorax of these creatures were nightmare fuel, for they had faces of people, but these faces were now diseased and rotting, with bones thick with diseases and rot showing through. From their gaping mouths that stretched open to their ears they released mournful howls as if they were in constant pain.

Each of them was as large as an elephant, and they carried their bulk very easily, gliding across the landscape like ghosts.

Because he had been inside the stomach of one, he knew that these creatures were mostly made of nothing else but this large organ that processed all the death energy they needed to survive.

There were thousands of them inside this crater, and although the beast he now inhabited had killed nearly a hundred of them over the last year, it had never been more than three at a time, it might be impossible for it to survive the onslaught that was coming.

The beast he inhabited had now become a monster, nearly four times larger than its counterparts, and its armor was thicker and now had streaks of red running through it. The armor that covered only the top of the body of this creature was slowly growing to cover the entirety of its body, giving it the appearance of a tank.

However what was amazing was its head and face, unlike the others, it was no longer decaying but it was whole and appeared lifelike. Currently, the face was that of a sleeping woman, with growing red hair. It stood over a pile of corpses and raised several of its front limbs upward, these ones were not only pointed but were thickened, made for slashing as well as thrusting attacks.

Seemingly not caring about the horde bearing down upon it, the monster only widened its stance and silently waited. Unlike the entirety of the army nearing down upon it, this monster no longer made a sound. It appeared to be asleep.

The first carrion beast to reach it howling like a bat out of hell was sliced completely in two, same with the three others behind it, the motion of the beast was so fast it was almost a blur. Its size does nothing to slow its speed.

Greenish-black blood spewed out from the bisected bodies and the beast used its other limbs to push them aside and receive the attacks of those behind, its limbs rising and falling like multiple reaper scythes.

In a short while the beast was covered with shrieking bodies, but it silently continued its slaughter.

With his consciousness now free to wander to an extent, another of its functions activated and he instantly understood the name of these creatures. They were called Shiik. When Rowan killed anything with a soul, except for Immortals with dense soul power that could form Soul mountain in his primordial seas and he could not read their memories instantly, mortals were a separate case, their souls were completely digested by him in an instant, granting him access to all their memories and knowledge that had acquired in their lives.

With the pathetic state of his consciousness, Rowan could not access all his memories, and only with the growth of his body was he able to finally access parts of the

knowledge he must have gained after killing all the mortal beings on New Hope and beyond.

Although his consciousness was still weak, he was able to access part of the collective pool of knowledge instinctively, and while he had been referring to these creatures as beasts all this time, he was wrong, they were worse than beasts, they were Calamities.

From the limited knowledge he could gain from mortals, he knew that the great enemies in this world were referred to as Calamities, these creatures had been around from time immemorial and they had plagued this reality for that long, destroying countless lives till this moment it was generally accepted that the Calamities were winning this endless war.

From the memories of mortals he knew there were many levels of power in this world, but he only knew of three presently, the Mortal level, the Enlightened Level, and finally the Heroic level.

The mortals had their champions, titled Explorers, these were the lucky few who were able to access the power of this world which was surprisingly Aura and with it, they could walk upon the ladder of power.

The Shiik were Calamities that barely reached the Enlightened level, and they were considered fodder in higher-ranked continents, but useful fodder nonetheless, due to their unique ability, which was not the consumption of death, basically, All calamities were capable of this feat, no it was the fact that they could generate vitality out of death.

This crater was not a stronghold of the Calamities, instead, it was the opposite and was a resource site preserved by the Explorers, in this place they harvested the vitality-infused corpses that the Shiik discarded.

Chapter 1026: Silent Battle

The massive Shiik beast butchering its lessers had finally been overwhelmed, it was inevitable that this would occur. Although it was strong and fast, able to kill its opponents with a single swing or thrust of its powerful limbs, the bodies around it were beginning to pile up and the space for it to maneuver was reducing.

The Shiik should have been able to last longer but it stubbornly refused to move from its position. Although powerful, its growing instincts as a hunter at the top of the food chain were dominating its thought processes and the ground it had claimed would never leave its grasp.

Plus Rowan suspected that its state was peculiar, the fact that it was quiet was suspicious, and if he was not wrong this beast was about to evolve from an Enlightened

Calamity to a Heroic Calamity. From the memories Rowan had access to, he knew that this should be impossible.

The Shiik was a valuable Calamity, but the trait of creating life was anathema to their bodies, and they never survived past the Heroic Rank. The process of harvesting the vitality from the waste of the Shiik was convoluted and difficult, but Rowan could effortlessly consume every drop of vitality created by the beast, and give it the opportunity to reach higher levels not deemed previously possible.

Its attackers thrust their razor-sharp limbs at it, but its armor was many times tougher than normal, and the limbs of the attackers could only leave tiny scratches on its armor.

The giant Shiik was not even pushed back by their assaults and it retaliated fiercely, Its limbs which had no more space to slash, turned to spears and it tirelessly tore its enemies to pieces.

From the growing mounds of bodies around it, a river of greenish-black blood began to flow, and after a while the sounds from the attacking Shiiks also stopped, perhaps it was the silence of the giant Shiik that influenced them or the hundreds of their brethren that had perished, or the instincts hidden in the blood of Calamities, but the only sounds now emerging from this battle was one of flesh tearing, bones and armor breaking and blood flowing.

The silence enhanced the grimness of this battle and the madness of those participating in it.

The aggressors had begun to climb a wall of bodies and they could now assault the giant Shiik, and since the giant Shiik could not easily push through the mounds of bodies enclosing it, it only had two limbs to defend itself, but it was not enough, and it was covered by dozens of Shiik Calamities, and soon that number ballooned to the hundreds.

The giant Shiik remained silent as its armor began to creak as cracks were slowly emerging across the joints in the armor, it struggled to arise and continued its slaughter but the weight over it was pressing it down to the earth and crushing it.

The attackers may not be able to piece its armor, but they could crush it, even if they had to sacrifice the many hundreds that would be crushed alongside it as the weight of more bodies kept adding to the pile.

Rowan sighed and prepared for the eventual destruction of his host, he did not want to take any actions that would reveal himself to the Will of this world, although it might seem that certain criteria would have to be met to summon the being that killed him, it did not mean that his presence would not be detected once more if he was too overt.

He already had the tools he needed to access his mental space, and the death of this creature was not his problem. Closing his eyes, Rowan waited out his last few moments of peace as he had been creating a pathway to reach his mental space all this while, and unlike the last time he tried to access his mental space, with a hundred more powerful brains he reached this space effortlessly.

Despite the fact that he had not been accessing his mental space in the last two years, his presence had been unconsciously shaping it and it would not take much for him to complete the process.

If his weak mortal brain could finish the task of forming his mental space in a year, then a hundred more powerful brains did that task in a single instant, and the flashes of light that had been shooting about chaotically resolved themselves into a large blue sphere.

It was a marvelous sight as millions of shooting lights that did not stop their motion were able to curve in a manner that aligned all their direction to create this sphere that was brimming with power.

Rowan's mind seized the mental space and entered it. There should have been a safety feature by the World Will to test anyone who would have wanted to access their mental space, but Rowan had developed this mental space without using any resources from the world itself, so none of its influence could reach it, giving him unrestricted access to this place. Inside the mental space of this body was a barren landscape, barely larger than a full hundred feet in circumference, and possessed to shreds of power. Just the presence of his weak consciousness inside of it was causing a large part of it to collapse, and Rowan had to assign consciousness nodes in the task to soothe the effects of his presence on this place.

He would not be staying here for long, he only required this place in order to summon the rest of himself that had been shattered all across the world.

With his dimensional flesh, Rowan's consciousness was the same as his flesh, so bringing back his shattered consciousness was the same as gaining back his body. With that, he has the greater portion of his strength restored and has access to all his abilities once more.

What was required of him was to begin the summoning of himself.

This process could be very problematic if he did not have the right tool for this job, and that tool was his True Name. At the moment he was about to begin his summoning, his intuition warned him of danger. It was formless and ethereal, and Rowan had to pause for a moment to access his surroundings properly for him to understand the root of this problem.

He groaned in annoyance with the realization that the mental space of this child was still too weak to handle the summoning of his true name, and despite the fact he did not

need this body and was ready to destroy its mental space in a heartbeat, it would all be useless if before he had uttered the first syllable of his name the entire space exploded.

It would seem he would have to ride inside this body for a while longer, and if that was the case, then he needed more vitality. Rowan's consciousness emerged from the mental space, expecting to find a dead giant Shiik beast, but unexpectedly the Calamity was still holding on, and it was performing a surprising action even though it was about to be crushed to pieces.

It was eating.

Chapter 1027: Reforging Armor

The end inevitably arrived for the Calamity that fought against all of its kin alone.

The giant Shiik beast was at the edge of death. A dozen of its limbs had already been crushed, while the others were misshapen. It would not be long before it flattened to a paste, but it did not give up, instead, it began to activate a trait that it did not understand but which mysteriously appeared inside it a few months back-it began to feed.

The instinct to feed had become ingrained inside it after two years of growth and unchecked hunger, and at the end of its rope, it turned to this new instinct.

There was no problem with acquiring prey at this time, and it was being drowned by bodies, it only needed to open its mouth, and blood, bones, and flesh would fill it up. The struggle only arrived when it wanted to open its mouth, but the overwhelming pressure had solved that problem for the giant Shiik, because its face had been squashed flat, crushing its jaws and opening unrestricted access to its throat and therefore stomach.

Its stomach was nearly full but without the intervention of Rowan, its digestion which was previously insane had slowed down to a crawl. No matter the amount of death energies it could acquire from the bodies inside its stomach, it was useless when an almost equal amount of vitality was being produced as waste.

It would not be long before it was drowned in food and then it would be momentarily crushed into nothingness.

The Shiiks that survived this massacre, would thrive as the competition in the basin would be reduced and perhaps in the future, a Heroic Ranked Shiik would be born.

Rowan's anger at his present weakness was a bit overwhelming, and he watched in idle boredom as this silent Shiik was about to die, he had been receiving souls from the

dying Calamities but without access to his true Mental Space, he could not do anything with it.

An idea occurred to him as he watched the dying Shiik and he frowned as he considered the validity of it. After a short while he understood that although difficult it would still be possible, however, he would need to understand the character of the Shiik first. It was not every creature that could handle the weight of power.

Taking his time to observe the dying giant Shiik he noticed that although it did everything by instinct, there was no denying the pride in the bones of this creature, it refused to give up even at the edge of death, and although the prospects for its survival was dim, it did not stop its relentless action.

For Rowan this was enough, he did not care for any other trait from this creature, and he would accept pride and tenacity. Pride would ensure it was not easily cowed by pressure from

higher beings and tenacity to handle the strain of becoming powerful and the dangers that would follow.

Rowan sighed and drew all the vitality being furiously produced in the stomach of the creature and in the process, the dense energy of death was given the freedom to sink into the body of the giant Shiik. The body of the Calamity grew colder than before as the energy of death flooded it, and it was possible to see faint shadows arising from the stomach before being sucked into every part of the giant Shiik.

With the influx of the energy of death, all the food it had eaten vanished. Rowan was such a clean processor of energy that the giant Shiik did not need to spit out any leftovers, leaving its stomach in a constant state of emptiness and hunger.

With the new wave of energy, the giant Shiik's body began to continue the process of its evolution. It was unknown if it was to be the first of its kind to ever ascend past the Enlightened ranks, but its birth to the Heroic level was nevertheless considered a miracle among their kind.

The wave of death energy allowed the giant Shiik's wounds to begin healing and its armor began to thicken, opening its mouth more food entered its stomach, the Shiik fought against its healing, as it wanted more food to enter its stomach.

Rowan drained the incoming flood of corpses of their vitality as soon as the digestion process began, and the Shiik ate the death energy. Their symbiosis entered a new gear and accelerated, but Rowan soon frowned when he understood that this process was still too slow for what he intended.

He was still unwilling to openly display his presence, yet he knew he had wasted too much time when he died both times, he did not know but he suspected that the time that had passed would shock him.

Rowan needed a way to deceive the Will of this world, and if he had learned anything from the last two times he had been killed then it was that the path of Calamities was the best method he could use to stay under the radar, for they were the present winner in the eternal war and the favored children of the World's Will.

However, to deceive the World Will Rowan must also be strong while still not calling attention to himself.

His memories were not what it was, but Rowan knew he had created a brand new pathway of power in this world by combining Ascendancy and Calamities, and although he was willing to explore this path, he needed a sturdier constitution to do so.

A plan was being created inside his mind, and a minor part of his concentration was focused on consuming the vitality from the giant Shiik. No longer willing to restrict his growth, Rowan began to channel the vitality into rebuilding and growing his body.

His fragile mental space meant he would need to begin walking down a path of power to strengthen it, and this power would have to follow the pathways of this world, at least on the surface, and he no longer intended to do this alone.

With time not having much meaning to him, Rowan sank into a semi-conscious state as he monitored the progress of the giant Shiik.

It was no longer at the edge of death. The weight on its body did not reduce despite its consumption of the surrounding bodies, no matter how much it could eat, there were still thousands of Shiik suppressing it to the ground, but its healing kept a steady balance between its destruction and reconstruction.

Slowly but surely this began to change and the advantage began to shift towards the giant Shiik.

No matter how much damage the giant Shiik was receiving from the weight on its body, the continual infusion of death energies healed it, and as its evolution to a higher ranking continued unhindered, its armor began to thicken, as the pressure exerted on it acted as a sort of crucible.

Its armor which should not have evolved to such a state upon its elevation to the Heroic Rank received a sizable boost from this intense pressure, and as its size was supposed to grow larger with the elevation was being stifled by the weight upon it, the elevation of the Shiik became more difficult and the resources it needed escalated.

Like a metal being repeatedly reforged, the armor of the giant Shiik continued to be strengthened to resist the weight.

Chapter 1028: Burn To The Foundations

If the armor had previously been like the bark of a tree, now it was titanium.

It was a good thing that the giant Shiik had Rowan inside of it that could process all the energy it required, and before long its armor thickened to the extent that it could move a single inch before it was suppressed once more, but that singular inch was terrifying progress, at this point the weight on top of the creature would have cracked a mountain.

The giant Shiik consumed unceasingly until a threshold was reached, and Rowan felt the pulse of energy congregating throughout the body of the creature, from its pattern of movement, this energy should be heading towards its head, but Rowan had lived for too long inside this Calamity and understood all its physiology, so it was not difficult to divert that stream of energy towards himself.

If his plans ahead were going to work, he needed this creature to survive for as long as possible, and although he could not interfere with its development too brashly, he could make minor changes that would create a compound effect superior to the many minor changes he had made when viewed as a whole.

From what he understood about the Shiiks, and at this point he understood nearly everything, their greatest weakness was their head, and if he had allowed the normal path of evolution to follow through in this giant Shiik, it would have mindlessly created its center of power in its head in order to lessen the weakness of that particular organ, but that would be a waste of resources, and Rowan would never choose to allow such an obvious display of vulnerability. Rowan who was growing all this while, was now in the form of a two-year-old child, with bright red hair and green skin. He was sitting cross-legged in the center of the stomach of the giant Shiik when the ball of energy signifying the evolution of the giant Shiik came to rest and he picked it up.

The ball of energy that resembled red fog and filled with a dense Aura of death struggled a bit before settling down and revealing all its secrets to Rowan, it contained all the evolutionary pathways for the Shiik, and for the Shiik, it turned out to be a short one because its evolution ended at the Heroic Rank.

"Now, this would not do... not at all,"

Rowan muttered and began tweaking the ball of energy, he manifested tiny tendrils that he inserted into the ball of energy, they shriveled not long after, but he constantly recreated them.

He could not do much without learning more about Calamities, but what he could do was tear open up the ends of the sequence governing the evolution of the Shiik, stopping at the Heroic Rank was useless for Rowan.

To access his mental space and begin manifesting his Supreme Circles, he needed this body to become immortal.

Rowan intended to reach the immortal rank with this beast not in centuries but in a far shorter time frame, a year at least and two at most.

Tweaking the energy ball further, Rowan frowned in concentration as he went deeper. If the beast reached the end of the Heroic Rank with such an opening in its evolutionary path, it would die in a very spectacular manner, as its body would seek to evolve but lack any direction for it to follow.

With Rowan inside it, however, it would suffer no such problem, because he intended to weave the path forward for this beast from this rank onward. Whatever was to come after the Heroic Rank would be built by him from the ground up.

With that out of the way, Rowan began to tweak the abilities that the Shiik was supposed to gain at the Heroic Rank.

A normal Shiik would gain a paltry increase in its armor and size, and gain the ability to spew out potent acidic saliva. Its stomach would also surprisingly reduce, perhaps to reduce the damage it suffered from the vitality generated from its stomach. This ability was quickly pruned off by Rowan.

Rowan could not do much to change the state of the rest, but what he could do was boost them to ridiculous heights.

It was not that he could not give the Shiik more abilities, but If he excessively changed the abilities of the Shiik, it might easily draw the attention of the World Will, and another visit from the deranged monster, so he was not going to change the abilities, he was only going to boost them.

From the incredible height a World Will used to look down on the earth, especially one as broken as this world's own, then such a change would not be even a blip on its radar. A bigger ant was just an ant, but if that ant grew eagle's wings, then that would be something to call its attention.

A Heroic Ranked Shiik would grow to be at most five times the size of an Enlightened Shiik with proportionate strength in their armor. Already the giant Shiik that was not yet a Heroic Ranked Calamity was four times bigger and its armor had reached more than twenty times stronger than an average Enlightened Shiik.

There was no way Rowan would disregard such an advantage. Pushing a mental slider to the max and a bit beyond that maximum load, Rowan pushed the armor and the size of the Shiik beyond any of its natural limits.

He smiled at this change and focused on the last ability, which was something Rowan had to place a lot of his concentration on.

As the only true offensive ability of the Shiik, it needed more of his attention because he intended to push this ability to the limits of this world.

With the review of its physiology and fighting style, Rowan disregarded creating the organ of this ability near the mouth of this creature, instead, he moved them all to its legs... all thirty of them.

The Acid the Shiik could spit out was potent, able to effortlessly melt through steel, but Rowan found it almost useless. It might be useful in lower ranks, but in Rowan's sight who watched the world from a height above even immortals, such ability would not do.

He began channeling the stomach's ability to manipulate death and left pathways to all thirty legs. The Acid now would have the energy of death, creating a potent mix whose potential was nearly incalculable, and as the Shiik grew stronger in the future the Acid mix would grow more destructive until every single leg it had would be the reaper's scythe.

The last change he made was to create an enhanced growth ability in this beast that would boost its growth further but place more emphasis on its brain.

Instincts were all well and good, but Rowan treasured intelligence, and this Calamity would not be dumb.

With all this finalized, he left the ball of energy and allowed it to sink into the flesh of the Calamity. At first, there was silence as the Shiik continued eating and then it froze before giving out an unearthly shriek that penetrated through the mound covering it. Rowan grinned, "You will need help little girl." he stretched forth his hand and long tendrils of parasitic worms surged out from the open mouth of the shrieking Shiik and plunged into the flesh of those around it and drew them into its stomach, and Rowan took charge of its

digestion.

"Grow big and strong, for you will burn this world to its foundations for me."

Chapter 1029: Regulations

Despite the ongoing battle, dead bodies continued falling inside the crater sporadically in their hundreds.

In a world of endless conflicts, the bodies produced were also endless, and these bodies were not a waste, they could serve as a source of food, used for experiments, and hundreds of other possibilities, and in the instance of this crater, life itself... The Chaotic vitality harvested from the Shiik was purified and compressed into life-saving pills that aided Explorers in the war effort against the Calamities.

These pills were popular on countless continents and were one of the foundations that held up the war effort. The humble Shiik Calamity beasts, known as one of the weakest Calamities in existence, made such a thing possible.

Things had remained relatively stable inside the crater for the past tens of thousands of years. It was a new pit and there was no reason why a Heroic Ranked Calamity should appear inside for another hundreds of thousands of years, thereby making the supervision of the crater to be quite lax. Today was the day when the supervisors of this pit descended into it to harvest.

It was a normal procedure and they had performed it dozens of times in the past, and thereby they anticipated that nothing out of the norm would occur. Although there was always a degree of danger to this procedure.

Three people, two males and a female, wearing large suits of gray with glass covering over their faces that would remind Rowan of the Hazmat suits from his previous universe descended into the crater using a large platform that glided downwards using an unknown forcefield application.

The three people were Heroic Ranked Explorers, and with their power, they could enter the crater and escape with their lives if they did nothing to trigger the horde below, nevertheless, Shiik beasts were known to be fairly docile and preferred eating the dead than hunting the living.

If they followed protocols then they had nothing to fear. They descended in silence for a while before it was broken by a voice,

"Every time I come down here, I don't know why I always expect something different, but nothing ever changes. I really hate this place," the female Explorer sighed and squeezed her fist tight as she watched bodies falling past them and descending into the darkness miles below.

The male Explorer by her right side shrugged, "Eeh, you get used to it after a while. I have been doing this job for thirty years, longer than both of you, and the most danger I have ever gotten into was being crushed by a falling body," he chuckled weakly but was smacked by the last male Explorer beside him,

"she was not referring to the nonexistent dangers here fools, only the tainted Aura that remains and twists the mind. There is no reason life should be found in this pit of corpses, but even from up high, you can feel it and it's sickening. Besides you only have a few months of experience over the two of us, and that was because you were lucky to have a faster transport that brought you here."

The Explorer who was smacked frowned, before retorting,

"I never knew you became a mind reader, why should it be one thing and not the other."

"Because it's pretty clear what she meant... not about your..."

A flurry of words was exchanged between the two men and any observer here would understand that both men were hopelessly infatuated with their female partner and were always looking for an opportunity to grandstand in front of her. Well they could not be blamed, they were the only three Explorers for hundreds of miles around.

However, they were both good friends and the spats between them were friendly and would never lead to blows.

"Quiet both of you!" the female Explorer snapped, silencing the two men, "Something's not right."

The two men went solemn and listened when they detected the note of panic in their companion's voice, who among all three of them was the most steady,

After a while, the Explorer beside her spoke up, "I cannot..."

"Shh... listen, how close are we to the bottom of the feeding pit?" the woman interrupted,

"Maybe a mile. I think I know what you mean. These platforms need maintenance, we should have been at the bottom by now. Is there something wrong, this is quite normal." the male Explorer asked skeptically,

The woman frowned, "No, Listen! At this level, what is the first thing we usually notice?" Not waiting for a reply she continued, "Sound! We should have heard those damned beasts shrieking at this height, why is there nothing but silence?"

The three Explorers went quiet and suddenly the atmosphere around them transformed with the silence, and the awareness that they were entering into a pit filled with Calamities inside the darkness struck them.

No matter how docile a Calamity was, they were still the creatures that were responsible for the death of countless people, and no Explorer ever died in their beds, they all knew

that their death would be painful and come in the hands of a Calamity, and they were descending into a place that held thousands of such monsters.

The only sound was their breathing, and then the female Explorer began to fumble at her side, trying to pull a latch when one of the men held her arm, and he harshly whispered,

"What do you think you think you are doing? Are you about to illuminate the area? Shiiks hate light, and any sort of light would cause them to rampage. We would not survive it, not at this level."

The other man interjected, "Then we don't descend lower. Stop the platform and let us see why they are quiet. There are regulations for any pits ever failing but they are long buried in dust, but from the little I can remember, handling situations like these are all beyond our pay grade."

"This is not the time for you to disagree with me about everything." the first man whispered angrily, "We cannot have any light here, and you know I am right. That would be madness." "So you expect us to descend into whatever we are entering without knowing the situation?" the first man shot back,

"No fool, you are not listening to me. I am expecting us to return and review the regulations properly before making any rash decision like using light in a pit where no light should ever be shone!"

"Stop it you two," the woman whispered slowly, "I have read the regulations. Do you ever wonder why we have the ability to create light while inside this pit is a feature attached to our suit? The moment I trigger this light, we are beginning a recording that will be sent to the headquarters if we perish here. We are dispensable and were meant to find out what went wrong so it could be easily identified and fixed before it gets worse."

The two men went silent and as the woman fumbled for her light switch with shaking hands, the two looked at each other and began activating their light. They all looked at each other, and as one they activated the lighting on their suit.

Chapter 1030: Revelation

1030 Revelation

Three long beams of white light emerged from the chestpiece of the Explorers, and with it, they began to peer around the gloom. The eyes of the Explorers closely followed the path of their light, and their demeanor went grim when they noticed that the grounds

were mostly empty, it was the first male Explorer who saw the cause and he shakenly pointed his hands towards it,

"Wha....what is that?"

The two others saw his reaction and pointed their light beam towards the source and they all went pale with fear, staggering backward and nearly falling off the platform.

At this time they were a few hundred feet away from the bottom of the crater since the descent of the platform was never paused and the light revealed something out of a nightmare.

From the last census conducted inside the crater, there were 11,347 Shiiks inside the crater, and from what they could see, every single Shiik had compressed themselves into a large ball of flesh that was stacked nearly a thousand feet tall.

The sight was ghastly, as the ghastly and decaying faces of the Shiiks were all persons downwards and although their mouths were all opened wide, no single sound was escaping from them.

The panic of the Explorers soon diminished when they discovered that although the eyes of the Shiiks reacted when the light passed over them, they did not move from their weird position. They were Explorers and their mental resilience was greater than the average mortal, and soon they could look at the pile of monsters with a clear eye. "What is happening with these monsters? Have you ever seen anything like this or is there any record that shows the Shiiks behaving in this manner?" one of the male Explorers whispered, This question was directed towards the female Explorer who had shown competence in the area of research, "I have never come across anything like this," she shrugged, also replying in a whisper, "I have read about the evolution of the Shiik to the Heroic Rank, but it is nothing like this. How could they compress themselves in this manner? Surely hundreds of Shiiks below would be crushed to death."

"I don't think they are worried about that," the male explorer who had been firmly against their descent into the crater moved back a bit, "We have seen what is happening here and we cannot understand it, we should leave and bring this information to the relevant authorities."

"You are right. We don't know how long they will stay this way. We have the recordings, begin the ascent." The female Explorer sighed and began the procedure for the ascent of the platform.

"did you notice that there are very few vitality-infused remains?" "I don't care if there are a lot of these remains, there are strange things going on in this place that we have no business dealing with. I suggest we...."

An absolutely unearthly shriek the likes that none of the Explorers could have ever imagined emerged from within the mound of Shiiks that seemed to freeze time itself.

The sound blasted past the Explorer and traveled up the crater and it was as if the heavens above were angered or saddened by this cry for a massive thundercloud filled with red lightning began to descend the crater.

This sight of the approaching thunderstorm and the previous sound stunned the three Explorers and only the jolt from the platform as it began to ascend shook them away from their shock for a while, and they pointed their light beams to the pile of Shiiks, and for a moment it was as if nothing had changed but then the mounds of bodies began to vibrate as a massive swirl appeared in the center of the pile.

Another shriek resounded and the Explorers screamed alongside it because it was now louder, reaching such an extent that their eardrums had exploded.

This staggered the three Explorers and one of them that was closer to the edge stumbled and fell off the ascending platforms, it took the other two a while to notice what was wrong and before they turned around to find the missing person, the platform was nearly a thousand feet in the air, and its speed of ascension was beginning to increase.

The Explorer that fell off was one of the men, and the two remaining rushed towards the edge to find out if they could save him.

A fall from this height would not kill a Heroic Ranked Explorer and they looked below and saw a strange sight.

The fallen Explorer was beginning to rise. In the darkness below they might not have seen him, but from the light beaming out from his suit, they could easily track his ascent.

They both watched in stunned silence as the Explorer rose up to their level and continued rising. No Heroic Ranked Explorer was able to fly, and this one was no different, the reason he was rising into the air was simple, he was being carried by a single massive claw whose size staggered their imagination.

The claw was nearly a hundred feet long and it glowed with a red light as if it was made from smoldering ember. The tip of this massive claw must have caught the Explorer in the back as he fell, nearly splitting him in two and bringing him back to the platform.

The ascending platform impacted against the edge of the massive claw and it was nearly sliced apart before it got stuck. Everything they were witnessing was so surreal, that they equally both thought that they were having a nightmare. The body of the Explorer hanging on the tip of the claw seemed to combust and collapse into ashes.

It was unknown when the two Explorers began to hug themselves, and suddenly everything went silent as a shadow covered them. They looked at each other and

drawing a bit of resolve from each other's eyes, they turned around and they fell into madness.

Behind them was the massive face of a woman, as big as a hill with long flowing red hair and closed eyes. What the head of this woman was connected to was a Shiik that was larger than a mountain.

Short Chapter. I have stopped self-medication and going to the hospital tomorrow, cos my symptoms are not reducing. Chapters may be delayed, but I will write if I can. Cheers guys.