

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1091: Integeration

The funny thing here was that before entering this hidden space which was now rapidly beginning to shrink, Rowan had no idea that the Chaos Door would be here or his arrangement with him, but just as it happened with the unexpected return of his soul, he had been fed a quick burst of information about what the Chaos entity was, but the information was bare-boned and Rowan had to play a lot of thing by the ear.

This meant his hypotheses about his previous plans were correct. There were many missing pieces in his memories, and certain events, even his deaths in this world which might appear to be very shocking, but ultimately he was still in control.

His past self was playing a dangerous game across time, and he was depending on the ingenuity of his future self to push their plans to fruition. Looking back now it was so simple if he thought about it for long enough, the name of the Sixth dimension was Memory/Mind.

Rowan had learned about Spirit Emanations from Old Man Seed, but that was not all there was to the higher dimension, was it possible that those at the Sixth dimensional level or higher could read minds? Or could they access memories in a manner that was yet unknown?

If that were the case then none of Rowan's plans would ever work. Was it the reason there was a big blank in his memories after the events in the universe? Perhaps he had learned about the higher dimensional powers before he left the universe of his birth, and had then decided to play a dangerous game across time, destroying portions of his memories and leaving himself vulnerable, knowing that somehow he would be able to figure out the truth sometimes in the future.

To play the games of conquest and power against higher dimensional forces, Rowan knew he had to take crazy risks, and there was a great possibility that he would lose, but he had no choice, if he did not maim himself, he would have no chance. The true face of reality was not for the weak of the heart.

What Rowan had to watch out for were the things he could not predict happening. If the Chaos Door had stayed a little while longer, he would have seen the cracks in Rowan's personality.

The only memory Rowan had of the Chaos Door was meeting him inside Andar's dorm room at the Body Farm.

From the words spoken and to the so-called arrangement Rowan had made, he had no memories of it. He did not know what the Chaos Door wanted to deliver to him, or why Labaletai seemed to be afraid of him, but Rowan felt that the destruction of the shadow and the delay in meeting the Chaos Door again was a satisfactory result to this development.

If he spent time with the Chaos Door any longer, it might ask him questions that Rowan could not answer.

In four years he should have collected the last two parts of his consciousness and hopefully unlocked all his hidden memories and unlocked more of his abilities as he prepared for his reawakening and the end of his Tribulation.

In four years, when the Chaos Door returned, the war against this realm would begin. As it was now, with his present state of power, Rowan would lose, but he would not be the same. Nobody else could grow as strong as him in a short time.

He looked up from his deliberation at his new children, it was time to end the rot in their center and return them for a while, he would come for them all soon, but he was no longer willing to leave them alone.

He squeezed his left hand and every Blood Slave perished, and he opened his right hand and their golden flames were given to the rest of his children. Rowan looked up and he began to suck air into his mouth. At first, what entered his lungs was the surrounding air but soon the range spread and it impacted against the shrinking space before rippling outwards.

This ripple traveled at the speed of light and before long it encircled the entire planet. This ripple was Rowan's breath and it touched every single calamity beast that had become corrupted by his bloodline and he called them all to him. The sky above him looked normal for a moment before it exploded and from above came a deluge of snakes. Rowan disregarded his small form and began to grow, and in a short while he was fifty thousand feet tall and into his opened mouth the snakes poured in.

This scene was something that could drive a mortal mind to the brink of madness, a green giant whose head could touch the clouds stood with mouth wide open as millions upon millions of snakes rushed into it, and it was all accompanied by a wheezing sound like a mistuned harp.

Rowan's chest lit up with a red glow as he burned millions of serpents in his chest, using their Calamity energy as fuel to separate his bloodline power from their bodies. This process was very efficient and he utilized every single strand of Calamity Aura in their bodies not letting a single one corrupt his body.

In his right hand, an orb of gold with scales beginning to grow that rippled with dense bloodline power, and before long a second orb appeared beside the first and this

continued until there were seven orbs hovering above his massive right hand, and Rowan closed his mouth with a snap as black smoke poured out of the side of his lips.

Every Calamity on the continent was dead, billions of them spread across the entire continent had entered into his mouths and he had finished collecting his bloodline from their bodies.

However, his work was not over, if he allowed it, the new calamities that would soon be born on the continent would still collect a trace of his bloodline from the earth. He needed to solve the problem at the root.

Rowan sent the seven orbs into the air and he began to weave. Integrating the runic knowledge of this world and his personal understanding of his bloodline, he began to synchronize the seven bloodline orbs to the entire continent and his children below.

Chapter 1092: I Rise, So Do You

Creating a bloodline resonance between the seven bloodline orbs and the continent above, Rowan began to drain the entire continent of his essence and channel them into the orbs, while creating billions of linking threads between the orbs and his children below.

The continent above rippled, but due to the time dilation everything that had been happening was still inside the time frame of a single second and so this event was missed. The continent shrank, but it was so subtle that it could be ignored if one was not paying attention. Less than an inch of mass was lost across the entire continent that stretched for tens of thousands of miles, but it was that missing inch that was the backbone of this land, it was Rowan's essence.

When his bloodline had been scattered all around before, now it was being focused on these bloodline orbs which would then process these powers and then give it the worthy among his children, the ones who desired power and had the strength of mind and body to pursue it.

Rowan was a being of fairness and he knew that not every person wanted or deserved power, even amongst his children, and most people did not have the fortitude to fight for power.

Nothing good would come to giving power to the unworthy or to those who just wanted to live a simple life. There was nothing wrong in the desire to live a simple life, one that was devoid of the pursuit of power, if that was what one sought, and this was the ideal state of things that Rowan wanted to create.

These bloodline orbs would carry all the remnants of his bloodline power and funnel it to his children who were worthy and desired more power.

The vanguards below the earth that fought against the serpent calamities had proven themselves worthy time and time again in the past and so they could upgrade their bloodline freely when they began fighting against the calamities, but now with his bloodline power concentrated in these orbs, his children who craved power, who wanted to rise to the heavens and shatter the skies with their fist, would have to fight for it, and if necessary, die for it... the road to eternity contained the skulls of multitude.

Rowan looked down on the multitude and he went on one knee and he smiled sadly, "My children, most things people believe about the world are lies, but in all your hearts, I have planted a grain of truth, and when the right time comes, you will know it and you shall come to recognize it, even amid the darkness. There is a light in all your souls that is stronger than anything in existence, and that is my light. One day you shall all know me. Hold on for a while longer."

With the bloodline connection between the seven orbs and his children below finalized, a golden seven-pointed star tattoo appeared above their hearts that soon faded underneath their skin, and with a wave of his hand, they all vanished, and time seemed to resume its match once more.

Rowan shrank down and nearly staggered as relentless waves of pain and exhaustion swept through his mortal flesh, his bones were crushed to powder and his blood turned to steam, he endured the pain and sat cross-legged, his body slowly beginning the recovery process.

His consciousness was now more powerful, but it could not handle the strain of what he had just done without any repercussions. He needed to rest, and for the next six months, he did not move from this position, allowing the passage of time to heal him of his wounds. What he did might have seemed simple on the surface, but even his battle with the Divine Ascendant was not this pressing.

Thinking of the Divine Ascendant made him recall the prophecy that he had given to Nyla,

Eyes seek the ring, as giants of gold and blood wander the castle.

He looked at the bangle in his left hand, "Is this the ring? If it is, where is the castle, and whose giants of gold and blood would wander it, mine or someone else?"

Prophecy and fate were hidden areas that would always baffle the mind.

In the time he spent resting, he had come across a revelation about the progression of Ascendancy, that had transformed his path forward.

To reach the Ascendant stage, an Explorer would need to merge their Natal Treasure to a continent. The reason behind this was simple: Ascendant's bodies were shifting away from solid matter, including their Natal Treasures. Their entire power system depended on discarding the flesh and becoming a Spirit being, although their unique power system made them Soul beings.

A soul was never meant to dwell in the material realm, and even if it did, its state of existence was different from everything around it, life and death should not coexist, and an Ascendant was as close to a soul as there ever could be.

The merging of their Natal Treasure to a continent bounds them to the earth, it gave them a tether to channel their Aura to affect the material world in a way that their new state never could. Without their Natal Treasure, an Ascendant could still tear a continent apart, but it would take much more energy for them to do so.

Rowan was on the path of Ascendancy, and the next step forward would be to bind himself to a continent and lose his mortal flesh, and at first he wanted to bind this continent with his Natal Treasure, but during his time resting, he had asked himself, why should I bind myself to dead rocks when I could rise on living flesh? Although I am powerful as a single entity, my greatest strength has always lied in the collective.

Above him were billions of his children, they were linked to him, yet their roots were also bound to this realm. An Explorer could never merge their Natal Treasure to people because none could have the ability to spread their bloodline over such a vast amount of people to ever make such a concept applicable, but Rowan was a Creator, he was never meant to walk alone.

A mortal might seem to be a simple creature, but every one of them had the potential to become immortal. Rowan would be building his Ascendant level on that potential, and as he rose, so also would they. His eyes opened and his decision was made, and he sent his sights upwards to observe the changes above, and as expected, they were plentiful.

The six months that had passed created great changes across the surface, at first, the fact that every Blood Bound had vanished for a second was not felt by everyone except the Blood Bounds themselves, who felt a new raging power inside of their bodies.

Their dormant golden blood that flowed through their veins like jagged pieces of metal now flowed as smoothly as hot wine down the throat, and every moment they spent breathing, it was as if they were growing stronger. All diseases had been wiped out from their bodies and the aged began to grow young.

Their body felt lighter and their heartbeat was strong when they placed their hands against their chest they all felt a warmth that was like the hands of their parents or loved ones wrapped around their bodies on a cold night.

They all knew inside them with such profound clarity and understanding that they were loved and protected.

Chapter 1093: Transformation

For a people whose entire existence had been one of slavery for nearly a million years, this feeling inside of them soothed the ache that had kept them bound for all these years, and they no longer called themselves Blood Bound, but Blood Blessed.

Within their bloodline was not a curse but a blessing. One that was powerful enough to break the chains that the Ascendants had placed over them.

This became more clear when news about what happened underground reached the surface, and the changes within the bodies of the vanguards who fought against the serpent Calamities were shown.

This caused a great surge of emotion to run across the Blood Bounds and many surged underground for the chance to battle and grow strong but It did not take long for them to discover that the undergrounds were empty.

All the caverns that led into the earth usually filled with serpent Calamities were gone and newer calamities were being born but these were the normal sort of monsters that could be found in any random continent.

Any other time, this would have been met with celebration, but now the Blood Blessed craved power, and it was painful for them to have lost an easy method of gaining power, but soon this pain was pushed aside when they discovered that killing normal Calamities also helped in refining the Blessed Blood in their veins, although not as efficiently as the vanguard claimed them gained from killing serpent Calamities.

This was still good news, and a strange scene swept through the continent where Calamities became scarce. The Blood Blessed hardly uses Aura in battle, and with the awakening of their Blood that consumes any sort of Aura generated in their bodies, it was hard for Calamities to be born in the Continent and only those spawned in the darkness underground were available.

A new rationing system was created just for this reason alone so that the hunt for Calamities could be distributed among the population. It was a good thing that the Blood Blessed had a great ruling system among themselves as the Elders came together to quickly make these new laws to guide their budding society.

The excitement in the air was palpable, they could all feel that great changes were coming. Every night that passed their heart beat louder and their blood flowed quicker, something was awakening inside all of them and they could not wait to discover what

came next, suddenly the massive continent they had lived in for so long began to feel small.

No matter how great these changes were, the Blood Blessed were still technically slaves and they had their quota to fulfill, so under the directions of the Elders they returned to mining the land, but this time their jobs were a thousand times easier and safer.

Although the ore in the ground was different, no longer serving as nourishment for the fleshy body and the soul, and its effects were now somewhat weaker since they could mine a lot more than they could before, they sent double the amounts needed by the Ascendants and it was begrudgingly accepted, with many thinking that the continent was about to be stripped of its last value, they did not look too much into this changes.

The Blood Bound Continent was something of a forbidden ground among Explorers and except if necessary, none would dare step their feet upon it, fearing corruption and the loss of the ability to become Ascendants forever, and the Blood Slaves their servants would inevitably inform them if anything was out of the ordinary, and so the Blood Blessed sailed through this danger for the moment.

The newer calamities born underneath the earth could not match the strength and the frenzy of the previous serpent Calamities, with the strength of the Blood Bounds, even their children could tear an Enlightened Rank Calamity apart with bare hands.

This brought a fresh wave of development to the Blood Bounds because their growth had been stifled by the powerful Calamities they fought and unknowingly by the Blood Slaves who made sure they were suppressed in every manner.

It did not take long before the truths about the Blood Slaves were revealed when the tortured prisoners they kept in their hidden hideout escaped. With all of the Blood Slaves dead, there was no one to hide the traces of their sins under the rug, and a new round of shock and dismay swept through the continent that shook them all to the core.

There had always been suspicions about the Resistance dating back thousands of years, but the loudest voices were always quickly silenced, but the true enormity of the cancerous tumor within their midst was revealed when the headquarters of the Blood Slaves were discovered, and the horrifying contents within was brought to light.

The Blood Slaves were used to sickening torture and some people had been kept in grievous suffering for decades, of course when Rowan returned everyone back to their place, he had made sure all those people were free from their chains, and now that they escaped their personal hell and came to the surface the truth of what the Resistance had become for the last three hundred thousand years came to light.

There was no single family that had not been affected by the actions of the Blood Slaves, and the name Jerediah became a curse word across their lips. The Slave who had tortured and enslaved his people for countless centuries.

The organization of the Blood Slaves was taken apart, hidden resources, weapons, tools and so many riches they had acquired after so many years were collected, and the Elders came together and began the first formation of a hidden army.

Food for the first time in millennia became available to all because they now had the time and energy to create massive farms underneath the earth, plus with their impressive constitution, they never needed much sustenance to survive.

The goal of the Elders was to bring back all the Blood Blessed spread across the land back to their continent, and using the connection of the Blood Slaves, they began to slowly return their people to their homes.

After three months, the powers of the majority of the Blood Blessed had reached a ceiling, even their children.

Using the Deific Rank as a baseline, every Blood Blessed had reached that level, their blood was continually refined by the Calamity Auras from the beasts they slaughtered and the passive growth of their power daily ensured that even the weakest among them would get stronger just by living their day to day life.

Rowan would have recognized the first Blood Blessed that discovered the method of growing stronger, it was Young Po, the boy who brought him bread and whose shape he had once taken to reach underground.

The young child always had a sensitive spirit, greater than most mortals Rowan had come across, and so it was he who first discovered the seven-pointed star in his heart and began cultivating the power of his bloodline.

Like all Blood Blessed his body seemed to have reached a limit to how much power it could hold, his new powerful blood had been refined countless times, and when he touched the seven-pointed star in his heart, a new world awakened inside him.

It was said that the roar of Young Po was heard for miles as a child of eight years old, not more than four feet tall, transformed into a golden giant.

Chapter 1094: Extermination And Renewal

The transformation of Young Po shook the entire society of the Blood Blessed. Standing at around twenty feet tall with muscles like metal, the golden giant's strength, speed, and overall constitution were ten times greater than his base state and some of its

abilities could not even be measured such as his healing capabilities. Except for two blazing eyes containing golden flames, the rest of its facial features were blank, but anytime they wanted to speak, the mask would ripple and the lower part of the face would be exposed revealing a mouth filled with sharp golden poisonous fangs and a long bloody tongue.

This feature would instantly transform the golden giant that resembled a righteous figure of war into a terrifying demon. The fingers on the hands and toes could also be turned into wicked sharp claws blazing with golden flames that could shred both the material and the immaterial.

To display the power of this new transformation, Young Po battled against the top ten thousand warriors of the Blood Blessed at the same time and even with his inexperience, he defeated them all using sheer strength alone that shattered miles of hundred ground cavern and nearly collapsed a city above.

They had only managed to inflict tiny scratches on his golden body that vanished almost instantly. The eyes of every Blood Blessed shone with a glow that burned the air, if such powers were hidden in their bloodline, they could not only survive the Ascendants and Calamities, but there was no reason why they could not rule.

Young Po was brought to a secret location where he began to disclose how he was able to access the star in his heart, and soon the discovery of the seven-pointed golden star in all their hearts was revealed as a new path forward was discovered.

From that moment onward more and more Blood Blessed began to find the star in their heart and their transformation quickened. It was discovered that the transformation into the golden giant was just a start because after the first activation, one of the seven points of the star in their heart lit up and their bodies in the base state that could no longer grow stronger suddenly had room for improvement.

It did not take a genius to understand that activating a point in the star gives you room to grow stronger and when the body reaches a new limit, then another point in the star could be activated.

The excitement in the hearts of the Blood Blessed that had already reached the peak broke through once again, if they had six successive transformations to look forward to, what would they become when it was all complete? What sort of impossible power dwelled in their bloodline was a mystery that filled their minds in their every waking moment. This knowledge of the impossible potential of their bloodline brought another round of frantic development among the Blood Blessed, and although Rowan had left space for those who were not willing to pursue power, he had underestimated how much the desire to grow was in the heart of his children.

For nearly eight hundred thousand years they had been pressed down into the ground, tortured, vilified, and wiped out multiple times including many other harrowing atrocities,

and with the awakening of their bloodline, even the babies in the wombs craved the strength to break the sky that held them shackled.

The Ouroboros Serpents were extremely prideful, and although Rowan had locked the mind-altering effects of his bloodline behind higher star-points they could unlock, it was impossible to hide the ferocity and majesty in their awakened bloodline that craved domination.

It was at the fifth month of Rowan's rest that another discovery was made inside a hidden outpost of the Blood Slaves, it turned out to be the home of Jerediah, leader of the Blood Slaves and inside of it, they discovered an ancient record which held a recount of the event that led to the creation of this continent.

The record was not complete, many parts were missing but what they discovered was eye-opening. It was said that a Divine Being in the form of an egg fell from the skies, and its glory made the entire realm shake, and the eyes of both Ascendancy and Calamity fell upon it with greed and fear because it contained a powerful potential for great power that each wanted for their own.

The world could not allow it to exist and the Divine Being was ambushed, not even allowed to be born, the Divine Egg shattered and the stillborn Divine Being battled against the heavens and the earth, it had six heads, and from its mouths came flames of blood and gold, but it was slain, its body shattered to pieces and its soul destroyed and its pieces were suppressed deep in the earth.

From the broken body of this Divine being they all arose the Blood Blessed, carrying portions of his bloodline, but even when this Divine being was killed, the world still feared his power and the work of the traitorous Blood Slaves was to ensure the Divine being was never resurrected because they said he was endless, which was the only description given of this Divine Being.

Also called the Endless Serpent, for this entire continent was just a small part of his body, and if it had been allowed to emerge in its full state, it could easily swallow the entire world.

At the end of the record was a rough portrayal of the Ouroboros Serpents, and even the sketch carried so much majesty and menace that every Blood Blessed fell to their knees and worshiped, unable to look directly at just the rough description of their primogenitor. Everything they had been feeling inside their bloodline finally had a focus and the Blood Blessed found their god.

A massive golden statue was created after the portrayal was unearthed, it was of six massive snakes wrapped around each other so it was impossible to see their entire length, on the heads of the snakes were crowns made from the bones of Calamities, and they didn't hide this massive ten thousand feet statue below the earth, but displayed

it proudly at the center of their continent because, at this time, the number of Blood Blessed that could reach the first star in their heart had reached nearly a million.

If their giant form was equal to the power of an Ascendant as they hoped, then it meant they had a million Ascendants with more reaching this state every day. The confidence in defending their home and people was no longer a dream.

Although the continent was a forbidden ground, after nearly six months it was impossible that traces of what was happening in this forsaken land had not begun to spread.

The organization in charge of managing the Blood Bounds and whom the Blood Slaves were directly serving, Black Bolt had been gathering pieces of evidence in silence all this while and they had found enough shreds of evidence to conclude that something was very wrong on the continent.

Sending this information to the Council of Nine, a simple order was given, Extermination and Renewal.

- Chapter 1095: Descent of Calamity

Chapter 1095: Descent of Calamity

This was an order that had been given 147 times in the last seven hundred thousand years. This was the amount of times in the past when despite their many weaknesses the Blood Bound had either rebelled or their numbers had been reduced to such a drastic state, it could only be cleansed and new crops made to rise.

What was worthy of note was that the Black Bolt organization had no idea of the new giant form of the Blood Blessed, as far as they were concerned the most powerful Blood Bound was similar to a powerful Deific Ranked Explorer, in other words, merely bigger ants.

They sent only a single Ascendant to rid the continent of all life. Storm Hammer, was an Ascendant more than four million years old, unable to reach the Second Dan, Storm Hammer spent most of her time on the lower continents and her appetite for slaughter was nearly unmatched and she was Jerediah's lover.

At the First Dan coupled with an intricate control over Time and her powerful Natal Treasures, Storm Hammer was a weapon of great destruction that luxuriated in every act of savagery, and of the 147 times the Blood Bounds had been destroyed, she was responsible for 126 of them. Her hands dripped red with their blood over the ages, and she had developed a peculiar appetite for killing these people for it was among the only times she could let loose with all the depraved thoughts in her heart without any fear of judgment.

Rowan had sensed her arrival a week before he awakened, but she had made no move all this while, she had remained a few miles in the air, hidden by a storm cloud, and watched the events happening all over the continent as she prepared herself for an orgy of mayhem and bloodshed ahead.

Storm Hammer had watched long enough to know that something truly unexpected was happening below. Not even considering the unknown statue at the center of the continent, the nature of the Blood Bounds below had changed, and she had been watching in fascination all this while.

It was not the current state of their bodies that seemed to be filled with health or the strength rippling from every movement they made that had kept her in place for a week, no it was their expressions and attitude. These people were happy.

After nearly four million years of life, Storm Hammer could count how many times she had seen happiness in the face of others or acts that needed to be celebrated, from the moment of her birth, everything she had known was war and death, and to find in what should be a forsaken corner of this world filled with happiness, was a blow to her mental state.

She watched children play, saw the smiles of mothers and the proud grins of fathers, she saw youth holding hands, she saw... love, peace, and contentment, and Shadow Hammer, went mad.

It was hard to know all the building blocks that make up the psyche of an individual, and what was the central block that could be pushed to make them all tumble to the ground. Storm Hammer followed the tenets of the Temple Maidens, that peace could only be found in death, and that happiness was an impossible ideal to strive for.

Despite her extremely evil and barbarous actions against the blood bounds through the ages, some part of herself had envied them, thinking that she was delivering to them peace in what had been a lifetime of suffering, the least they could do was to amuse her in their moment of death and scream to the heavens as she flayed the flesh from their bones.

The heavens above changed as the suns of Ascendancy vanished and Calamity took its place. Storm Hammer staggered backward, the clouds below her feet beginning to turn red and expand and she began to laugh and weep as she held her head in her hands,

"What is this? What the hell is happening?!"

Wrapping her body with darkness and lightning she blasted down to the earth. Behind her in the clouds, a heavy mist began to boil as she had called so much power of Ascendancy that a third of the continent was covered in a cloud of fog that stretched for thousands of miles.

Lightning rumbled within the fog and thunder cracked with so much force the earth began to rumble alongside it.

Storm Hammer slammed into the earth, creating a small crater and when she emerged she was laughing but she fell silent when she saw a young child of about right looking at her in puzzlement before the child bit his lower lips in nervousness and hesitatingly asked her,

"Excuse me, are you an Ascendant?"

Storm Hammer paused in contemplation and looked at the child before walking over and picking him up by the scruff of his neck,

"Are you right in the head? Are all of you finally insane after all the years of torture?"

The child looked confused for a moment and then he beamed, "You did not deny it, so you are an Ascendant!"

Storm Hammer grinned, her face made from shadow and lightning stretched her smile to that of a crocodile, "Yes I am an Ascendant, hey look above child, what do you see?"

Roughly turning his head so he could look above the mouth of the boy opened wide and his eyes looked left to right in shock, the skies above was seething with monsters falling from the skies in such great numbers they were like a storm of dusts, and finally, Storm Hammer smiled,

"Do you know what that is? That is teeth and claws and poison and flames and frost and acid and darkness and pain and suffering... Normally I like to be more hands-on when I kill vermin like you, but now, I think I am going to watch, what do you think about that?"

The child was dumbstruck for a moment before he clapped his hands in excitement, "I think it would be exciting, hey, can you create more, its so hard reaching the second star, but I don't want to be greedy, this should be enough to bring a lot of our people to the first star, so..." he looked at the baffled Ascendant, "Can you create more monsters for us... no for me alone."

Storm Hammer cocked her head to the side as she manifested a gigantic hammer covered by lightning, her signature weapon,

"You are insane aren't you? All of you in the fucked up continent are insane."

The child smiled, "Is that a yes?"

"It's a no."

Saying that Storm Hammer tossed the child to the air making him shriek in surprise and she swung her hammer at the head of the boy as he was falling back down, slamming the child to the ground in an explosion of force and lightning that leveled the entire street,

"Be glad I killed you with my hands, the rest of your foul race would not die so easily." Brushing an imaginary dust from her shoulders, she began to rise in the air, wishing to get a front row seat to the absolute devastation about to descend on the continent, when a small hand held her feet.

Looking down in shock and amazement that slowly transformed into a curious form of horror, the headless body of the child rose up from the molten crater and staggered before falling to

his knees.

The hands of the child reached upwards as if trying to touch his missing head but there was nothing but a burnt and bleeding stump above his shoulders.

Slowly the stump stopped bleeding and it began to wiggle as new flesh and bone began to arise from the neck.

Chapter 1096: Say My Name

When Storm Hammer picked up the child, with the strength of his body that this foul race held it was difficult for her to know his rank, but she pegged him for a Legend-ranked Explorer, a surprising feat anywhere else in the realm. Still, she understood that this continent was filled with nothing but freaks and abominations. She had once told the other Ascendants that it was a good thing that this corrupted race could not reach powers equal to the Ascendant level because, with their rate of growth in a century or less, they would hold a corner of the realm, but she was always shot down, nothing could reach such an exaggerated rate of growth.

Despite all that, she was among those who made sure that the Blood Bounds were placed under harsh conditions where no room for growth was allowed, and over the millennia she had made sure that every report leaving the continent about the welfare of these people always passed through her eyes.

Therefore the sight before her where this child seemed to be regenerating his head was surprising because such an unreasonable healing capability was something that a Deific Ranked Explorer with a Natal Treasure and technique focused on healing should be able to achieve, but there was no spark around him to indicate the activation of a Natal Treasure and if this was a technique channeled from elsewhere, she would have known.

Was there a massive formation underneath the earth linking this strange boy to a fountain of vitality? The hidden mystery beneath the earth that Jerediah was pursuing, had it finally been activated, and was that the cause of all these changes on the surface?

Storm Hammer was aware of an artifact that had been discovered beneath the earth and was waiting for news about it, and she suspected that everything that was happening here, all the changes in these people, including the healing capabilities of this child was linked to it. Was it possible that the artifact belonged to the strange creature that entered the realm nearly a million years ago?

The hand of the child that was reaching for his missing head finally brushed the wriggling muscles and bones that were gathering into a ball around his neck and he flinched as if he felt pain in touching the naked flesh that was yet without any skin.

In a second his head was recreated and his pale green skin and red hair flush with vitality were revealed, the eyes of the young boy opened and he was no longer smiling, he touched his heart for a few seconds as if he had come to a great realization before he stood back to his feet,

"That was very rude, Ascendant, and it hurt a lot. I did not wish to fight you, at least, not yet."

Storm Hammer was not even listening to the child, she asked in puzzlement, "How are you still in one piece and lost only your head? You should be nothing but ash."

"No more questions," the boy shook his head angrily, "I will make you create monsters for me, not talk."

Storm Hammer chuckled, "You silly little brat. Make me?" a peal of mad laughter erupted from her throat, "I do not know what madness this is, or how you are alive, I am sure you are part of the new changes sweeping across this continent, but I don't care, you do not know who I am, but I have tortured and butchered your foul race all through the ages and I suspect that in all the times I have done it, I will enjoy this one the most! Nothing like killing the same person multiple times to get the juices flowing."

A frown slowly crossed the face of the boy and he whispered, "I think I know who you are now. The Old Fathers and the Old Mothers spoke of you. They say that you are a scourge that descended on our people with lightning and ruin,"

At this moment the falling Calamities began to strike the earth like meteorites, some were as small as hailstones, others the size of an apple, but many were bigger, having consumed a lot of prey on the way down and were now the size of elephants, some were even bigger than buildings.

The ground shook and vibrated as multiple tremors ran through it and the land cracked but the gaze of the boy never left the Ascendant in front of him, as his voice grew more heated,

"You are the scourge who hung our fathers from their intestines, who bashed the skulls of babies against the shin bones of their wailing mothers, who bathe in a river of our blood..."

The Calamities that fell around the boy in their thousands began to rise but the boy seemed not to care, his eyes were on the Ascendant, "I know you, because all of the Blood Blessed know you, and you and your kind shall pay for what you have done to my people, a thousand times over."

Storm Hammer opened her hands, and winds and lightning surged out of her body into the clouds above, churning it into a tempest and she laughed, her voice carrying for miles, "Blood Blessed? How ridiculous, if your bloodline is a blessing then the things I have done to you all in the past are a mockery of that title, for how could such a blessed bloodline allow me to prey on it for so long? You say that you know me, child, so tell me, what's my name?"

The boy shook his head and was about to speak but an older voice interrupted him, an old man, although now flush with vitality with his age visibly retreating from his features with every day that passed, appeared unexpectedly beside the child and placed a gentle hand on his shoulder,

"He does not care to tell you, none of us will tell you with our mouths. If you wish for us to tell you your name, then we shall oblige. You shall hear it in the sound of our fist against your skull, the vibration you shall feel running down your backbone as our teeth crunch against your spine, and your screams shall have all the meaning you crave when we pull your intestines out of your stomach and adorn your skin at the feet of our god!"

It was unknown when it happened but every descending calamity over a ten-mile radius surrounding the area was gone without any indication, and in their place were a hundred thousand people.

The world was dark under the gaze of the Calamity Suns, only lit up by the flashes of lightning in the sky, and for a moment, Storm Hammer thought that between the lightning flashes, these people surrounding her seemed to transform into abominable giants, but when the light flashed again, they were just people.

Storm Hammer looked around, not even trying to understand how every descending Calamity could vanish in the space of a single breath, but on the expressions on the faces of these people. She had seen rage before, despair, pain, and all sorts of expressions on the faces of these people over the years, but the look in the eyes of the people around her was familiar, and the familiarity within made her begin to laugh,

"Hehehehe, the air on this continent must have rotted your brains, do you all think that I am prey? I came here to cleanse you all in lightning and fire! What foul confidence made you think you could even touch me? You will burn."

Chapter 1097: Age Old Revenge

The air around Storm Hammer began to expand as it heated up, the blue lightning shining inside her body releasing a low droning sound that made the teeth ache as her Aura shot out from her body like a lightning bolt and ascended to the heavens where it exploded in a stunning display that could be seen for thousands of miles.

Dark clouds began to appear overhead that gathered for miles and then it flashed white as a million massive lightning bolts simultaneously appeared inside of it for less than a second before vanishing, then there was darkness and the lightning flashed again.

This light show was so bright that it was seen all around the continent for every time the lightning flashed it was as if the sun had arisen. The jarring contrast between the total darkness under the Calamity suns and the lightning flash across a thousand miles stunned the entire continent.

Strangely there were no sounds of thunder, making the scene extremely ethereal in its sheer violence coupled with the extreme silence that followed.

It did not seem right that the world itself was not screaming as billions of volts were shredding the atmosphere. The men and women surrounding the Ascendant did not move a single inch back, they observed in silence the demonstration of power from Storm Hammer.

They seemed like a grim army of the dead, standing and waiting for the fury of the storm to pass before they began their work.

The display of power stopped at the seventh flash of lightning as the clouds released its contents and the heavens opened up and rain so heavy it felt as if a sea was pouring from the sky began to fall. The sound as the rain hammered the ground was like an earthquake, but the people surrounding Storm Hammer did not flinch.

Storm Hammer looked down at the people around her. She had shown enough power to turn this continent to ash ten times over, and if she was expecting them to be cowed by this display, she was destined to be disappointed. 'Perhaps,' she thought, 'they do not know the significance of the power that I have shown, how could they, ants do not know the heights of the heavens, but in time, I shall make them understand.'

"Young Po..." The Old man smiled at the boy, "Strike her, do not hold back. You deserve the first blow."

The child nodded grimly and walked up to the Ascendants made from lightning and darkness floating a few inches off the ground.

He had been growing rapidly these last few months, but he was still under five feet and still had baby fat on his cheeks. There was no fear in his eyes when he stopped in front of the Ascendant that had existed for millions of years, he clenched his fist and punched her in the thigh, for his hands could not reach higher. Storm Hammer was more than twelve feet tall.

His fist stopped a few inches from her thigh as if it had been blocked by an invisible forcefield, and his hand began to boil and blister as if it had been placed inside an oven, Storm Hammer looked down at the boy and she grinned, lightning flashing inside her crocodile's smile and she crooned, "You will burnArrhhh!"

The moment before, the blistering hand of Young Po was suddenly covered by a golden flame that burned through the force field surrounding the Ascendant's leg and when the fist of Young Po struck her leg it passed through it and he fell to the ground because his entire right arm had turned to ash, but it was not his fist that had just damaged Storm Hammer and made her cry out in pain, it was the golden flames that he left behind that carried the weight of a mountain and stripped away a layer of her leg as if acid had splashed across it.

Storm Hammer stumbled to her knees, more in shock than pain. The body of an Ascendant was their greatest defense against those that were below their level since they were mostly invulnerable to all normal attacks.

The golden flames that had suddenly surrounded the fist of the child was a sort of energy that she had never felt before, and she looked up in shock and anger, only to be greeted in the face by another fist, this one swung by the old man.

Her head was rocked backward, as the golden light stunned her for a brief moment and ate away at her face, bringing out black smoke and lightning with her cries of pain growing shrill.

The old man did not relent in his barrage of blows, throwing another three quick punches that reduced both of his arms down to his elbows into ash, he took a step back and threw a massive kick at Storm Hammer's midsection that threw her into the air, and had her coughing out smoke and lightning as she screamed in shock and pain,

Standing on one leg, the old man roared,

"I told you... You will hear your name, in the sounds of our fist against your skull!"

Her body flew in a parabolic arc and descended towards the waiting arms and legs of the others surrounding her, no weapons were used, it would block them from feeling the

weight of this moment, where they dragged their oppressor by the neck and brought them down,

"Fuck you... fuck you... fuck you..." Was all Storm Hammer could mutter as she was pummeled to death, her head never stopped ringing from the heavy blows being inflicted upon her, making it so that she could not have a moment to collect herself in order to summon her powers.

There was a horrifying silence covering these events, as all of the Blood blessed, despite the heavy injuries to their bodies as they struck the Ascendants remained silent. The body of Storm Hammer was like a human-shaped cloud of lightning and darkness being tossed around by kicks and blows that sounded like gunshots as no one here held back.

The ones that were injured retreated to the back where their limbs regrow and others took their place in the meantime. There were a lot of them here and every one of them wanted to leave their mark on the body of the creature that had made their lives and ancestors, a living hell.

They were strategic with their blows, quickly discovering that any blow to her head destabilized her thought process, and they needed to keep her this way because if she had an instant, she could turn the entire continent into ashes.

The Blood Blessed knew of no way to kill an Ascendant for they did not have any internal organs, but they saw that their blows were stripping her of her Aura in the form of black smoke and lightning that was shooting out of her body anytime she was struck, and even though it seems as if there was an infinite amount of Aura inside the body of the Ascendants, they were a people who were used to pushing through adversity, and it did not matter if this battle would go in for years, they would tear her to pieces.

Chapter 1098: The World No Longer Makes Sense

The crazed eyes of Storm Hammer were glazed with anger and panic as she could feel the loss of her Core Aura as every moment passed and she was slowly coming to the realization that she was about to be beaten to death by mortals, and not just any mortals, the lowest of the low, the toys she had tormented for the last million years.

A roar deep in her soul kept repeating the same word, "How... how... how... how"

Her thoughts were muddled, but there was something that she could reach for that did not require that she should concentrate, because it was a power outside of herself that she had the authority to access.

It was a river of authority around her that was expressly forbidden to be utilized on the lower continents except for dire reasons, but Storm Hammer thought that she was in a pretty fucking dire strait, and she would rather be mocked for using this power to kill mortals than to be killed by mortals, her name would remain in the annals of infamy forever if that was to be the case.

The pain that was similar to being stabbed repeatedly by thousands of needles assaulting her mind, Storm Kammer shrieked as she called upon the power of the First Dan and she stopped Time.

She did not know about others, but recently it was becoming harder to use her power of control over Time, it was as if her ability earned from reaching the First Dan almost... hated her. Nevertheless, these were concerns that were not going through her mind at this time, she was pissed enough that she did not care if accessing the Dan was becoming more difficult, she needed to sate the fury in her heart with the blood of these fucking mortals.

The pain stopped as suddenly as it began, the golden energy these people were radiating from their bodies was incredibly powerful, but they lacked control to make an effective tool out of it.

They had been using it like a flat board instead of a needle that they could have slipped into her body and then rotated, shredding her Core Aura to pieces. With her powerful soul, Storm Hammer could easily decipher how to properly utilize energy.

It was amazing that such a powerful energy was placed in the hands of mortals who had no idea what to do with this power, like giving a golden crown to a pig. The amount of energy that had blasted against her body if properly utilized should have placed her in a dangerous situation with her Core Aura nearing the bottom, but as it was, she had lost not more than five percent of her entire Core Aura.

Yet this was also extremely amazing for it had not even been three minutes and she was being ganged upon by a bunch of mortals. Anger pushed these thoughts aside and she growled,

"You fucking mongrels, how dare you! You do not deserve whatever power that you have stolen. You use it like it's a hammer instead of a scalpel, fools!"

Looking up at a fist that had been frozen in place next to her skull, she followed the path of the fist to a young woman who should be in her twenties. The young woman had a snarl of rage on her face, and Storm Hammer who was on her knees went on her full height, seizing the neck of the woman along the way and tearing her head off.

She waited in place bouncing the head on her hand like a ball, if the powers that these people were wielding came from a formation as she had first suspected then the dissonance between the still time zone she had created and the constant power being

channeled into their bodies would create a visible pathway that she could follow to the source of the problem.

Despite her rage, not for one moment did she think that these mortals were in charge of this debacle. There was no way in a million instances that these people would be able to rise or acquire power of this nature and in such a short time, what she needed to watch out for was the hidden hand in all of this. She was aware of the history of these people, and if for any reason there was a resurgence in the powerful force that was killed a million years ago, it was her duty to find its root and exterminate it.

Storm Hammer waited for a few seconds and detecting no changes, she chuckled, "This just means that I am not causing enough damage."

Bringing her palms together a lightning ball began to form, and as she slowly spread her arms apart, the energy inside the lightning ball grew denser and swelled with the motion of her hand, her grin widened, she was going to wipe half their number off the map, these lucky few would be the only one who would die early,

"Let me see how you are going to be surviving this one."

Storm Hammer suddenly stumbled and she looked around in surprise, and then she noticed that her hands were shaking and creating the minor technique she was about to use was

getting increasingly difficult and she let the lightning ball vanish.

A loud droning sound began to ring in her skull and she held her head right as she moaned in

pain,

"What is happening?"

Her breath was becoming long and labored as if she had been fighting without stopping for a million years, and as the pain that was wrecking her entire body reached a crescendo she suddenly realized the reason for what was happening and she nearly swore aloud.

Storm Hammer could not hold these mortals under the shackles of Time!

She groaned and looked at the head of the woman, and slowly bent down to pick it up. A closer look at the wide-opened eyes of the head revealed that the eyeballs were vibrating. The motion was very slight, so slight that except for an Ascendant, anyone else would miss it. Storm Hammer flinched and tossed the head away, suddenly looking around her at the hundred thousand people that had fully enclosed her, and her horror deepened when she realized that these people were not locked in here with her, she

was locked in here with them! The pressure that had been rising inside of her body reached a peak and her chest exploded, flinging Storm Hammer back with a pained cry. This time it felt almost as if her head had been repeatedly crushed and she could not even move, but she could hear the sounds of the people around her, they were free.

It did not take long for the pain to begin again, and this time it was worse, she understood that when she had ranted about how these people could not use their golden energy properly, they had all heard her, and they were not making the same mistakes as before.

The power slamming into her body was no longer flat boards, now the energy dug into her system like many tiny snakes and tore it apart. Storm Hammer in the throes of pain began to scream. The world no longer made sense.

Chapter 1099: Time Storm

Storm Hammer lost track of time, and the only thing she knew was the pain. She repeatedly tried to activate her power over Time but like a raw wound that had been scrapped to the bone, anytime she touched the Dan, her chest exploded, it was not her Dan that was faulty, it was that both Time itself and the people around her were so resistant to the influence of her Dan.

After trying to stop time for the third time, Storm Hammer went numb in horror when the new senses she had developed as she reached her First Dan began to fade. She knew of Ascendants that suffered Calamitous damages and their ranking dropped, but those Ascendants were literally taken to the edge of death and despite the damages she was suffering, she had lost not more than thirty percent of her Core Aura. How was she losing her Dan this easily?

"No, no, no, no...." Storm Hammer screamed internally, her anguish and disbelief creating visual phenomena around her. Once the Dan was lost, it was almost impossible for it to be regained, she had only survived this long against the Calamity God because of her Dan, without it, she would not last a millennium.

A loud keening sound emerged from her body as a massive shockwave carrying the color of time blasted out from Storm Hammer. It was a Time Storm.

The body of Storm Hammer was squeezed, bent, and stretched to various inhuman poses as the power of Time fled from her body. All around her was chaos as the world went mad.

The Blood Blessed assaulted her we're blasted back for hundreds of miles, as the Time Storm ravaged everything around them to dust. Golden energy poured out of their bodies serving as shields to bear the brunt of the storm, but among the oldest, white

hair began to crop amongst the red of their hair, and for the younger ones, especially Young Po who was closest to Storm Hammer before the Time Storm exploded out of her body, he became a full grown adult.

The Blood Blessed knew that the golden energy shielded them from the worst of the storm because in front of their eyes, metals and everything that could decay, crumbled into dust.

Several shockwaves of Time blasted out from the shrieking Storm Hammer until it subsided and the world was covered in silence.

In the aftermath of the destruction that has turned nearly a hundred miles into a desert and several unknown phenomena behind, Young Po stood up and did not seek out the Ascendant instead he was admiring his new body and flexing his arms to reveal his gigantic biceps, standing more than nine feet tall, his biceps were as big as watermelons.

He began to laugh crazily, but his laughter turned to horror when golden flames consumed him and he began to shrink, he cried out in shock and dismay as his massive biceps that was bigger than his head began to shrink and his bones folded into themselves, as his body reasserted itself from the hold of time.

Young Po began to weep, his eyes that were filled with anger turned towards Storm Hammer who had risen from the massive crater caused by the Time Storm, she looked around confused for a moment before taking to the skies, a few moments with the speed of an Ascendant she would vanish from the continent.

"You big bad meanie. You take everything away, not even creating monsters for me to grow," Young Po shouted, "Give me back my muscles!"

He pushed against the ground and the earth exploded, his body shot into the air as he transformed into a golden giant, forgetting that the Elders had forbidden them to use this new form against the Ascendants until they were sure that they could subdue them, in order not to allow the details of their new power to come to light.

Young Po despite his young age was considered the greatest genius among the Blood Blessed due to how quickly he learned and how easily manipulating the energy of their bloodline came to him. Despite all this, he was still a child and he could not follow orders well when his emotions were hot, but it was his spontaneous action that prevented Storm Hammer from escaping because none of the Blood Blessed would have been quick enough to stop her due to them hesitating about revealing their transformation.

Twenty thousand feet in the air a loud clap resounded as a golden and blue light flashed, followed by a shockwave.

Young Po had timed his leap extremely well, his massive spirit and instincts directing his body in a fluid manner so he could gain the right trajectory to block Storm Hammer's ascent, "Give me back my muscles!!" he screamed as he threw a punch with a fist that was half the size of Storm Hammer's entire body. She rapidly swung her hammer to counter the unexpected enemy but she had not expected the power behind the blow, and especially in her present condition where the loss of her Dan made her weak, the last thing she wanted was a battle.

Her Hammer was blasted back into her chest with the hammer's head blasting against her skull, and the force of the blow pushed her back to the ground as she lost an entire percent of her measly twenty percent Core Aura that was left in her body.

The whistling wind and the rain pressing against her skin as her body released shock waves as it tore its way towards the ground was all she could feel before Storm Hammer impacted against the earth.

Her body bounced back from the ground, Storm Hammer moving only on instincts alone, knowing that she could no longer make any mistakes going forward and not think about what madness was happening all around her.

For the first time in almost a million years, Storm Hammer began to summon the rest of her Natal Treasures, a lightning crown appeared on her forehead as a large golden fist carrying hurricane-class winds with it swung at her body from the side.

Storm Hammer scattered her body into lightning sparks and dodged the fist, reassembling her body a dozen feet away, but another golden fist appeared beside her as Young Po who had descended from the sky followed the traces of lightning moving through the air and threw more punches at the fleeing Ascendant.

Using the same tactics, Storm Hammer dodged several of his blows, giving her enough time to summon her entire arsenal, and with a cry of rage, the surroundings for hundreds of miles turned blue.

The color of blue faded and the new body of Storm Hammer was revealed. Unlike the Divine Ascendant that Rowan once fought, the Natal Treasures of Storm Hammer were not all tangible, except her hammer, the rest of Storm Hammer's Natal Treasures merged with her body, transforming it into a giant of about three hundred feet tall, whose body was made from black ice and blue lightning.

Now having three more pairs of hands and a cape made from glowing yellow clouds filled with lightning Storm Hammer raised her hands to the sky and unleashed devastation on the earth.

Chapter 1100: Geo-Magnetic Storm

This was the first time in a while since Storm Hammer was using her Core Aura offensively, and if she had not been consumed by pain during the assaults, Storm Hammer would have noticed that every Core Aura she lost was not being converted to a fallow field for newborn Calamities but were instead being absorbed by the Blood Blessed, especially Young Po, who had surprisingly done the most damage if it was rated by a single person.

The bloodline of the Blood Blessed after it had been changed by Rowan now had the ability to consume both Ascendant and Calamity Aura to fuel the transformation and growth of their bloodline, making them the perfect weapons against this realm. If his mortal body were to be the weapon against Ascendancy, then the Shiik would be the weapon against Calamity, and a third force representing his golden blood would become the third force.

Rowan did not see the merit of fighting on only one side of the board when he had the capabilities of fighting on all sides, even becoming the board itself. Only lesser beings in terms of power picked a side, why would he ever want to suppress himself in this manner?

Rowan who was closely watching the demonstration of his children as they were slowly growing in confidence in their powers and abilities nodded in acknowledgement of their progress. It was expected that at first, they would be timid, but the potential of Rowan's bloodline was unrivaled, and it was time his children became used to the feeling of omnipotence, it was their birthright after all.

The power the Ascendant released when she unleashed all of her Natal treasure was somewhat interesting. Rowan understood the concept but found it fascinating that in a realm like Doom Star where there were no stars, how could anyone create such an Ascendant technique like this one? Storm Hammer using all six of her Natal Treasure summoned a Geomagnetic storm that did not originate from a star but from the combination of all her Natal Treasure. Her penultimate technique, this storm carried both intense heat and electrical and magnetic energy that could strip the earth down to its essence and turn everything around into nothingness. With enough juice pushed into this technique, Storm Hammer could realistically become a force of ultimate destruction.

A bright blue and orange corona erupted around her that was burning at ridiculous temperatures, it radiated so much heat that the earth a thousand miles away all turned to glass, and at the center of the Geomagnetic storm, a massive molten crater that reached hundreds of miles into the ground was created. From a distance, it was as if a blue and orange sun had suddenly bloomed to life above the ground, accompanied by the mad laughter of Storm Hammer.

Nothing should survive such a move, even an Ascendant would suffer terrible damage under this blow, and Storm Hammer expected such a result when she looked around her and saw no sign of life except a blasted wasteland with temperature that was closer to the surface of a star.

Unleashing so much Aura at once should have created billions of Calamity creatures but they hardly had the time to form before the storm destroyed them all.

Storm Hammer expected that the heat wave that would erupt from this place would soon sweep through the entire continent and turn it into ash. Before now Storm Hammer would have been deeply dissatisfied if she ended this continent in this manner, now she was just grateful that she was able to survive through the unexpected tribulation that she had found here, she had the scars that would bear her witness, the loss of her Dan was a punishment that few Ascendant could ignore.

She took back her storm and was about to recall her Natal Treasures because the cost of keeping them active was rather high, especially due to the destructive nature of her combined sets, she noticed certain bulges across the molten earth, like rising bubbles. A disbelieving thought crossed her mind and she shook her head in incredulity.

The last series of attacks against her as she attempted to escape was fast, but she was able to recognize that her attacker was a golden giant that was at least seventy feet tall. The sheer power of that giant had exceeded all mortal forms of power that she had ever known, making her come to the conclusion that whatever was happening on this continent was deeply tied to this giant, perhaps that long-dead being was now awakened and was preventing her from escaping.

At least that was what she thought until the rising bubbles burst open and thousands upon thousands of similar golden giants began to arise from the magma, only differentiated by the body shapes to show their sexes.

The earth began to shake as more giants began to erupt from the ground and in a short while it was as if she stood in the center of a field of golden statues whose presence seemed to scrape the heavens above. Speechless she turned around in shock, a sickening fear in her heart that those people she had been previously fighting were these golden giants before her. How could such a force that could challenge Ascendancy be created and nurtured right under their nose? For how long had this plan been going on?

Never in her four million years of life would Storm Hammer believe that all of these changes took place in six months.

The golden giants stood inside the pool of magma, enduring intense heat that would vaporize metals to mere bubbles in moments without any hint of difficulty, the glow from their golden bodies against the earth cast a wide shine that pushed away the darkness of the Calamity Suns.

Shock and awe filled Storm Hammer's heart, but these emotions were rapidly transformed into fear when the mask of the golden giants peeled off to reveal dagger-length fangs and bloody tongue that seemed to be tasting the air, eyes that were filled

with golden fire all turned to her at nearly the same time and the earth was shattered for miles as a hundred thousand golden giants exploded towards her at the same time.

The force of a hundred thousand golden giants moving at gravity-defying speeds towards Storm Hammer seemed to tear reality apart, as space appeared to stretch and distort. The air molecules in front of the giants were compressed so rapidly that the surroundings that were burning at such a high temperature rapidly cooled down as magma transformed into ice in less than a microsecond.

Each of these giants were powerful enough to effortlessly crush a Minor World, their strengths could not be underestimated.

The Ascendant could not even move as the air pressure from so many giants rushing towards her trapped her in place as if she was an ant trapped inside a metal block, only her wide opened eyes filled with fear could fractionally move around before even that stopped and Storm Hammer began to shrink.

She shrank not because she wanted to change tactics but due to the fact that the pressure being exerted upon her was so great that her body could only be compressed under the force. Her body which was created under the power of her Natal Treasures was not as flexible as her Ascendant's body and was not made to be compressed in this manner.