

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1101: The Great Gathering

With the golden giants a few hundred feet away from Storm Hammer, her body which was at least a hundred feet tall had shrunk down until it was less than twenty, and her Natal

Treasures reached their limits, unable to handle such world-crushing forces, and one by one they began to explode.

First were a pair of vambraces, then her large belt, shoulder armor, cape, crown, and finally her hammer, which exploded with a mournful shriek that could be heard halfway around the continent.

Every explosion pushed the giants a few feet back, but they had concentrated all the pressure in front of them like a domain, and if the power of Young Po was enough to suppress Storm Hammer, then a hundred thousand giants all focusing their powers in front of them like a gigantic dome left her helpless.

This was another new application of their powers they discovered after a few clashes with the Ascendant. Their bodies, especially in the golden giant form, seemed to have a sort of protective force field around them. It was this force field that shielded them from the brunt of the Geo-Magnetic Storm explosion, and their healing factor took care of the rest.

Watching Storm Hammer wield the Aura around her in such a natural manner had inspired them to wield the force field around their bodies, and when the first Blood Blessed figured out how to do it, the rest had quickly learned, and the result was more spectacular than they could have ever anticipated.

When the first of the giants reached her side, Storm Hammer was a shell of herself and had become as small as a child. A massive golden hand seized her like a chicken and she was

carried away.

The golden giant lifted her and thrust his hands repeatedly at the sky, and a loud cheer broke across their ranks.

For the first time in nearly a million years, these people had taken back their power, and the first of their victims was one of their most hated enemies that had haunted their bloodline since the moment they began to walk the earth.

With every moment that passed the full realization of what they had accomplished passed through their minds and their cheers grew louder, sending shockwaves that rippled across the continent. Deep below the earth, the remaining Blood Blessed unable to yet reach the first star layer began to emerge upon hearing the mighty cheers.

Above the Calamity Sun faded away bringing back the light of Ascendancy, as a new day dawned.

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The procession back to the center of the continent was a solemn one. The battle was short but the effect on the surface of the continent was nothing short of calamitous.

Although Storm Hammer was not aware, the week she had spent observing the Blood Blessed did not go unnoticed, her assurance in her invincibility and the weakness of those below gave the Elders enough time to plan their attacks, they were especially focused on protecting the rest of their population to be safe during the battle and in the eventual event of their victory or failure, a path to escape their doom.

The many caverns underneath the earth from almost seven hundred thousand years of mining had served as valuable shelter during the battle, and there were massive ongoing projects to create tunnels that led to the eternal ocean, where boats and other sea-faring vessels were docked to deliver them out.

There would be thousands of such docks created to ferry as many of their people out of the continent if their battle was to be lost or got out of control.

Knowing that their bloodline was no longer shackled, they were aware that even if only one of them was able to survive and make it out of the continent, they would eventually rise and dominate all of creation. Despite all that, they still underestimated the power of their bloodline and the Ascendant had fallen without them losing even a single member of their army.

As they walked through the shattered landscape, the people that emerged from the ground looked at the hundred thousand golden giant with awe and fierce longing in their eyes, especially the giant at the front who held the whimpering Storm Hammer aloft, with less than a single percent of her Core Aura left and all her Natal Treasures destroyed, Storm Hammer was at the end of her ropes.

The procession of the hundred thousand giants drew more attention as the people began walking behind them, to their destination, the center of the continent where the statue of their god waited.

The Elder who addressed Storm Hammer at the beginning of the battle had told her that she would be sacrificed to their god, perhaps she should have listened.

In less than an hour, the procession behind them had nearly a hundred million people behind and this number kept doubling in quick succession.

When they reached their destination, there was already a greater portion of their population waiting for them, and even in the distance, they could see the glow emerging from the bodies of the golden giants as they walked towards them, and a mighty cheer arose.

Waiting in front of the gigantic statue of the Ouroboros Serpents were several hundred Elders, who watched the golden giants with glowing eyes, all aware of the significance of this moment and the impact it would have on their race as a whole.

The first golden giant also an Elder that was holding Storm Hammer, motioned with his left hand and the marching army stopped, leaving him alone to walk to the Elders he stopped a few hundred feet away and presented the bedraggled form of Storm Hammer, and he spoke out, his voice loud enough and sufficiently powerful to reach the billions of ears spread across the entire continent.

"Our ancient enemy arrived at our shores and as always, they came with fire in their hands and poison in their hearts. They came here to slaughter our children, torture our women, and break our men. They came to revel in our suffering and disgrace, to inflict so much harm upon us that none of us would survive it, and on top of our bones they would harvest our spirit and imbue it to another generation to suffer the same fate."

"We all know this... we have all felt it. That pain inside of our blood, that cry we hear every evening in the winds as the ghost of our dead children knocks on our door. They came again and again and again, and they took from us... everything, again and again... and again. Today, they came once more, wishing to do the same as they had always done, and we were waiting!"

The roar that came from the people came from their hearts, and the Elder held Storm Hammer up, "Blood Blessed, we have all seen the account of the traitorous animal Jerediah when he spoke of a scourge that had ravaged our people from the moment of our conception. A despicable force that has bled us to the bone, the Storm Hammer."

He flung the wasted body of Storm Hammer to the ground, "Here she lies, defeated."

The roar this time, reached the heavens.

Chapter 1102: Speak To The Heavens

Before the gathering had started, Rowan was already making his preparations, the battle had proven to him that building up his Ascendant foundation on the Blood Blessed was the right choice.

He stood up and took a step, arriving at the top of the statue of the Ouroboros Serpent where he sat down cross-legged on one of the heads, and Rowan idly noted that his presence was beginning to warp the body of the Ouroboros statue even without his intervention.

His dormant bloodline, detecting the purpose of this statue began to change it into the proper form of the Ouroboros Serpent, but after it transformed the shape to what Rowan deemed was safe which was about one percent of the true form of the serpent, Rowan enforced his will and stopped the transformation, else anyone who looked upon the statue, even those with his bloodline would face dire consequences, and the best outcome out of seeing the true form of his serpents was to become his mindless thrall, death was not even the worst option.

For now, he kept this transformation under wraps as he watched the Elder begin to make his speech, understanding and pains his children had gone through and being with them in this moment of victory.

It was almost time. Rowan closed his eyes and began to summon the third part of his consciousness.

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The Elder waited for the roar to end, and that almost took three minutes, and when it was over he walked up to Storm Hammer and growled, "Any last words before your unworthy body is sacrificed in atonement for the suffering you have imposed on our bloodline."

Storm Hammer slowly struggled back to her feet, her body resembling a broken shadow with faint trails of lightning surging within, "You pathetic fucks..." she whispered, before speaking louder, so loud that her voice reached the clouds, "Do you know what you have unleashed by your attempt in killing me? Do you all think you have seen pain? You think you have seen horror...hahaha, I am a child when it comes to the acts of wickedness, and you shall see wickedness. Do you think this ends with me, you pathetic cretins... oh, the pain and indignity your race would suffer, even in death I still shiver in pleasure because I shall hear your screams in the dark! Look upon me all of you, and know your despair has just begun, hahaha..."

Storm Hammer began to laugh and she never stopped, even when the Elder lifted her up with a large golden hand and brought her to the base of the Ouroboros Statue he spoke with a calm tone, but his words reached the ears of everyone,

"Storm Hammer, you laugh at our race for the years of humiliation and suffering you have all brought upon us, but you are of the storm, and surely you understand that the wind blows both ways. It's our turn now, and your death is not a potent of our despair, it is of yours."

Saying this he attempted to squeeze Storm Hammer to death but an unexpected suction force dragged the Ascendant from his hands, this drew loud sounds of exclamation from those watching, and then fear as the Elders alongside everyone began to step back, and many others fell on their knees, unable to move.

Storm Hammer looked around deliriously before she started to laugh, "Why are you all afraid, did you think I was the only Ascendant in existence, there are so many more waiting behind me, and their fury shall come down upon you all like an endless cataclysm..."

She paused when she saw everyone here begin to bow and prostrate, since they numbered in the hundreds of millions, the ground shook as their heads struck the earth.

"Have the hosts of ascendants arrive to cleanse this continent? It seems I will not die today, you all shall suffer the wrath of the Council and know..."

Storm Hammer was no fool, the people she was addressing all seemed afraid, not from her words but from another force that had arrived, and the only force these people should be afraid of was a large force of Ascendants, right? Who else had seized her from the jaws of death if not her faction?

Also, the force that was dragging her, did not seem too tight. She groaned and turned her head three sixty degrees and she was met with the sight of large golden scales zipping across her vision. Storm Hammer had seen the ten thousand-foot statues of the weird serpent creature in the center of the continent, but it had barely been ten thousand feet tall, made from a golden ore, but already she had passed more than a hundred thousand feet of golden scales and the end was nowhere in sight.

Suddenly the scales flexed and rippled, it was as if she was no longer looking at a statue but a massive creature. She cracked her head forward and peered up to the skies, and suddenly Storm Hammer went stiff as she knew the meaning of fear for the first time in her life.

Like every other Ascendant she had read about the events that happened nearly a million years ago, she knew about the entity that descended on this world and how this entire continent was made from its dead flesh, but according to the stories and all visible evidence, that creature was made from stone, what she saw here was not.

Six massive heads that glinted under the sunlight, they drew in breath, and sucked all the clouds into their nostrils for hundreds of miles, and their eyes, dear heavens their eyes, Storm Hammer had never seen such cruel apathy. Everything was meaningless before this creature... everything! Life, death, suffering, greed, joy, everything was to be devoured and made a part of itself... it was eternal darkness, the last spark remaining when all of creation goes to die... she was looking at the end of everything and Storm Hammer could only watch frozen, knowing that even if she had her full strength she would never be able to break away.

Then the serpents opened their mouths and they spoke to the heavens.

Chapter 1103: Your Will Be Done

Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehhirk...

The Infinite Soul

The words from the mouths of the Ouroboros Serpent were deep and guttural, and if one was to ever hear a glacier or a mountain speak, then they could infer a small percent of the power and majesty behind that voice.

From the mouth of the Ouroboros Serpents, these words seemed natural, almost as if they were the perfect vehicle for these words of power.

Storm Hammer's body grew closer and closer to the head at the center, and despite the chill that held her in place, the growing fear in her heart still made her whimper, she could not help herself.

The heads of the Ouroboros Serpents pierced through the massive atmospheric storm that suddenly appeared around it due to only its breathing, and from Storm Hammer's estimation, this creature was more than a hundred miles tall.

One massive head fluidly turned towards Storm Hammer while the rest still looked at the heavens, with the size of the beast, there should be no reason it should move this fast. The serpent head looked at her for a moment before dismissively looking away. It was then that Storm Hammer noticed that being this close to the head of the serpent, she was beginning to lose her Core Aura, the last one percent was slipping away from her body and drifting towards the eyes of the serpents, and as darkness slowly closed over her vision, she saw in the distant horizon, a massive cloud of golden fireflies zooming towards the creature, and then as if it was by chance she saw him.

Even death fled away from her consciousness at the moment for she needed to see.

He was a beautiful young man with long red flowing hair, he clasped his hands behind his back and his eyes were focused on the horizon. He was naked from the waist upwards and clasped between the hands behind his back was a golden robe that whipped in the air in a mystical pattern.

From where he stood, it was almost as if the entire world and all of existence were below him, even the dreaded beast below was nothing in front of this majesty. It was a simple scene but it struck her with so much force that she knew that even in death, she would never forget this scene for she knew she had just seen something higher than anything she had the right to know.

"I have seen the face of God," she smiled into death as the last of her Core Aura vanished. The sacrifices of Rowan's children were accepted, and with a deafening roar the Ouroboros Serpents began to swallow the cloud of gold and Rowan simultaneously began his ascension to become an Ascendant.

Due to the path he was taking, his Ascension was different from the rest. He released his golden robes and let them fully infuse into the statue of the Ouroboros Serpents and he waited until the serpents devoured every single bit of his consciousness and he stiffened in pain and shock as the impact of absorbing all of that power into a mortal body reached him.

He was nearly crushed to pieces, the enormous ocean of Ascendant Aura he had inside of his body was wiped out at once as his body struggled to keep him in one piece. If he was not connected to the Shiik, who despite with long distance between them could as well be his shadow, Rowan's mortal shell would have perished at this moment. The Shiik fed from the destruction ravaging his mortal body and gave Rowan vitality in return, and because she had ascended to become a unique Calamity God, the power she could feed him was a thousand times greater than what was contained inside his mortal shell, no matter how vast his reserve was. He had truly made a monstrous creation when he made the Shiik.

The Ouroboros Serpents below him froze in place, and the first serpent head suddenly exploded into a golden dust that streamed into Rowan's body, entering through his spine.

Starting from Rowan's feet, his body began to transform into a golden statue. He gritted his teeth as he fought battles on many fronts, handing both his Ascension, the assimilation of the third part of his consciousness, and the myriad memories and power that it was bringing with it.

The second serpent's head exploded and the gold spread to Rowan's waist, and when the third serpent's head exploded, the gold reached his neck and he knew that he was at his limits, it was time to spread his legs and create his foundations.

Spread around this continent were three billion of his children, one of his consciousness nodes in his spine rapidly spat out the precise number, 3,004,178,773 Blood Blessed.

"As you are a part of me, your roots also dwell in this world, and it is not right that you should not gain a Natal Treasure. As you all carry me on your backs, so too shall I carry you."

Rowan slowly stretched forth his golden right hand, it was difficult, coupled with the fact that the gold had begun to spread up his neck and unto his head. From his outstretched palm, motes of golden dust began to fall.

Each dust fell for a couple of miles before they shivered and selected a single Blood Blessed and zoomed towards them. Upon arriving at their destination, the dust entered their foreheads and settled around their brain where it liquified and seeped into every cell in their body.

Everybody this happened to collapsed as a massive transformation began to happen inside their bodies. Rowan raised his left hand and more golden dust poured out of it, and below millions of Blood Blessed began to collapse into the dust.

Amazingly there was no panic among those who had not yet received the dust and had not collapsed into a state that an outside observer would think was death, for the collapsed Blood Blessed were not even breathing.

They all had an un-staunching faith in the Primogenitor of their bloodline, knowing that he would do them no harm, and even if he required their lives they would pay, for he had given them the means to fight against their oppressors.

Plus they could feel him in their heart, and they knew without any doubt that they were loved, and anything that he wills for them in their lives would be done according to it.

Chapter 1104: Memories Of Fire (1)

As Rowan dispersed his Natal Treasure in the form of golden clouds of dust to his children below, his body which had begun to transform into a golden statue was slowly being reversed, another head of the Ouroboros Serpent exploded, and for a moment Rowan's entire body transformed into a golden statue, and as the gold slowly ran down his red hair and almost reached its tips, it paused and was reversed.

The last two explosions of the Ouroboros Serpents brought Rowan to the brink twice but he has carefully calculated how much he could withstand while carefully administering his Natal Treasure to all the billion of his children below.

The spread of the golden dust was fast, and in less than an hour it had covered the entire continent, leaving it in silence. Apart from Rowan standing in the heavens above and looking at his left hand, which was the only part of his body that was left that still contained a little bit of gold, the rest of his body was free of it.

He was in a weird state at this moment where it seemed as if his consciousness had been splintered into billions of pieces, and if not for his previous hive mind capabilities that made such a state of being normal for him, he would have lost himself. Rowan slowly came to terms with this new state of being and looked at the last portion of his Natal Treasure left.

Every Blood Blessed had been given a portion of his power, and this power he gave them was branding itself to their genes and souls and would be passed down to their children for all eternity, it was a symbiotic relationship where the growth of their power would affect him positively.

As always there would always be distinguished individuals among any population and the last of his Natal Treasures was for them.

Under his watchful eyes, the last speck of gold on his hand dissipated into a flood of golden dust that sought out several especially talented individuals among the Blood Blessed.

The average Blood Blessed could only accept one golden dust, but some could hold two, or more. Young Po held five, but Rowan was surprised when the greatest amount of golden dust absorbed was not by Young Po, but by an unborn child, a baby boy that should be born three months from now, he alone absorbed nine of the golden dust.

Rowan looked in interest at this boy, the present mortal body he wore had been taken to the limits of this world, but if Rowan was to be in the shoes of an average Blood Blessed with this body, then he would have been only able to receive seven or at most eight golden dust, yet this baby had taken nine.

It was a thing of beauty to witness some of the miracles of creation, Rowan smiled in his heart, he could not wait to see what this child could become in the future. The branch of his Ouroboros Bloodline had no central figure for them to align themselves, although the Lady of Shadow stood as the leader of all his children, it was undoubtedly known that she stood for the Angels, under the bloodline of Sheol, Maeve stood for the Eldar bloodline, which was his Tree of Desire and no one stood for his Ouroboros Bloodline.

With every Blood Blessed on the continent appearing to be dead but under intense transformation that would see Rowan rise as a strange new Ascendant, he sighed and dug into himself to discover what had changed with the addition of the third part of his consciousness, knowing he would only have one left to assimilate before he could awaken.

The first thing that immediately leaped out to him was the strength of his soul, but he was not too surprised, he had inferred that every part of his name seemed to carry several intangible benefits.

If his soul was a flickering candle flame before, now it was a blazing bonfire that could torch an entire world. It blazed with such great strength that it was even affecting the outside world as Rowan's surroundings began to warp as if under great heat.

In all his time alive, Rowan had never seen anyone with a percent of his present soul power, and if not for the current state of his body that was being healed by the influence

of the Shiik, even this mortal shell would not be enough to hold his soil for more than a second.

Such much soul power almost made him feel drunk as if his mind was in a constant state of extreme stimulation.

He groaned and held his head as memory after memory assaulted him, some he recognized as they naturally fit into place, with the past things he had experienced inside and outside the universe, while others were unknown.

Rowan's eyes caught a trace of his waving red hair and that brought up an unknown memory of his, with his previous family bloodline whose red hair had blazed like fire.

NEARLY A MILLION YEARS AGO.

Empress Scarlet Sinshirin Kuranos, Daughter of the Sun and the Earth, Ruler of Trion stumbled into her throne room accompanied by the dark hooded figure that had been beside every ruler of Trion since its inception.

The battle with Telmus and the destruction of her crown had left her at the edge of death. The supreme power that she controlled that made her an equal with the gods had nearly killed her as they were shattered under the mighty blow of Telmus, and it was all her immortal Earth god body could do to preserve her life.

She needed her throne to access the hidden power of every Ruler of Trion so she could return back to the battle, the crown was not her only weapon. The Empress unexpectedly stopped and looked ahead, her face which was pale due to the damages she suffered under Telmus whitened further,

"How dare you, child!"

Sitting on her throne was Fury Kuranos, his nine-colored eyes were half closed and he was petting his phoenix who laid down on his lap, he lazily spoke without even looking at her,

"Do you see what is happening outside Mother? The world is ending and even the gods cannot hold back one man, a mere mortal. The same gods you wanted me to lay down my life for." he looked up with eyes blazing, "They cannot hold back a mere mortal, mother!"

The Empress's eyes went cold, and she pushed away the helping hand of the shadow by her side before standing straighter, her power, and majesty that had been cultivated within her after so many years of reign shining forth and even Fury looked at her with a bit of concern, after all, no other Ruler of Trion had been as dominant as the Empress,

"Is that your justification for sitting on my throne?"

Fury began to laugh, "Justification?! You crazy witch, you were about to sacrifice me to a failure because you held their power as sacrosanct, even over your own flesh and blood. Now you come before me Mother and your crown is broken, and here I am wondering, I am a god, a fucking High god on the verge of becoming God King and you are but mortal, what right gives you a throne before my presence?"

Chapter 1105: Memories Of Fire (2)

The Empress sputtered in indignation, after reigning as an absolute entity over the entirety of Trion and the surrounding galaxies, who had ever dared to speak to her this way, she nearly collapsed in anger before the shadowy figure at her side stepped forward,

"Prince Fury Kuranos, do not forget that everything you have now was given to you by your mother, the Empress of Trion, your talent, your bloodline, your present position, and power, all handed to you by her grace. You do not bite the hands that feed you, nor do you..."

"Silence!" Fury roared, "All handed to me?"

Fury sat forward and the Phoenix rose and flew to his shoulders, his face which closely resembled Rowan's was filled with an equal amount of anger that could rival the Empress,

"Shadow of Trion's past, you of all should know how egregious those words are. Nothing was handed to me! I took them."

He slammed his hands against his chest three times, "The Empress had one hundred and ninety-three sons and sixty-four daughters, and of them all, I am the only one alive. I, the youngest, crushed all my opposition to reach this place, and she never looked at my face until I alone stood upon the mounds of corpses that were my siblings. Who else works harder than me at my craft? Let them come forward. I paid for everything that I have now, with my blood and my bones. The heavens know that the blood that I have bled to reach this point would fill up a river."

"Despite all this," the shadow said, "You are still the lucky one, and you could have easily been placed aside or given a test ten times harsher, or your rewards could have been lesser, or you could have never become a god, all of this was given to you by your mother. There have been other people who have suffered a thousand times what you have suffered and have gained little from it. This is the time you show your allegiance to the Ruler who placed you in this position, even if you have to give your life for it. Everything that you own was given."

Fury smiled and with a wave of his hand the Empress was pressed to the ground, her knees slammed against the handcrafted tiles, leaving long cracks in the ground, a similar force had been placed on the body of the shadow but he had fought through it with a groan, and therefore he did not kneel.

The shadow placed a hand on the shoulders of the Empress and she was supported by a thin film of darkness that gave enough support that she pushed her way to her feet. Her eyes which had been previously covered a bit in shock after her defeat with Telmus were now clear, and the fury that filled them was unfathomable,

"For what you just did child, I shall slowly pull out your bones and flay your flesh for the rest of eternity, you shall weep..."

Fury ignored her, but a snap of his fingers covered the mouth of the Empress with a cold flame, "I do not bow to the weak," and he looked at the shadow in interest,

"You know, my mother would think all records of you have been wiped out, but I have my ways, and the Phoenix has a long memory. Malakith, God of Darkness and The Deep. It was said in the previous Era, far before the gods of Trion came into existence, that you have walked the earth for an eternity, and despite how much has been taken from you, despite all of that, here you stand by the side of your captors, and you serve them. Pitiful creature, has your back been bent for so long that the only thing you see is your ass?"

The shadow figure sighed, "So, there is still a memory of my name left. I had thought Golgoth had sealed it all away. Unexpectedly, there could ever be a leak, if that is the case, then you play in a game that you could never understand boy."

"Oh, is that the case," Fury smirked, "I am all ears, tell me the real game that is being played here."

The shadow figure looked at Fury for a brief moment before he shook his head, "You are not worthy."

Fury burst into laughter, holding his face, as his long rainbow-colored hair surrounded his face hiding it from view and only the sound of his laughter could be heard,

"Do you know the first time it was said I was not worthy was when I was two weeks old, it was my thirty-fifth brother. I burned his spirit to ash as he begged for mercy for hours."

Malakith spread his hands wide, his body at this moment almost resembling those of an Ascendant—like a human-shaped smudge of smoke and darkness, "sadly for you Prince Fury, I have no Spirit to burn, even that has been stolen from me."

"Oh, so these thieving gods of Trion have stolen your spirit, then why don't you serve me Malakith, in a short while I will become a God King and with the strength of the Sky Treading Phoenix, even the God King, Golgoth would not be my match."

Malakith was silent, seemingly struck dumb by the daring of Fury, "Surely you can't be this dense. Did you watch the battle of Telmus against the gods, could you resist a single one of his slashes, and yet such a being was cut down with a dismissive strike from Golgoth? Do you think even as a God King you have begun to approach what true power is like?"

Fury's eyes narrowed, "You do not have any idea what I am capable of."

"Then there is no reason you shall not show me your famous power," a soft feminine voice approached from the side of the throne room, everyone here, including the gagged Empress turned towards a figure that had been inside the throne room for a while yet had remained unnoticed all this while.

It was a young girl with dark skin and long white hair that reached her waist. She held a long brown staff that had nine simple circles drawn on it.

"Who are you?" Fury drawled, his eyes wrinkling with suspicion,

The girl frowned, "I am nameless because my damned father refused to name me, he told me to discover my name for myself, and my first test is to beat you."

Fury sat back, idly stroking the side of the throne, "You are but a mortal."

"Don't let that fool you, little prince, my stupid father has shown all of Trion the power of a mortal, and he called me the culmination of all his dreams. I do not take his words lightly." Malakith shook, his fingers shaking, "You... you are his spawn! How is it possible that your Bloodline cannot be propagated outside of him, he is already an abomination, you should not exist."

The girl grimaced, "Watch your mouth old shadows, or I shall tear them from your face." turning towards Fury she grinned, "So pretty boy, do you want me to squash you on your throne, or your feet?"

Chapter 1106: Memories Of Fire (3)

The words of the girl resounded in the hall and the Phoenix on Fury's shoulder quivered in anger, and only the relaxing caress of Fury kept it in place else it would have attacked her already.

"Oh, how bold," Fury smiled as a nine-colored ball of fire was created over his right hand, "I shall test that claim of yours. If you are truly the daughter of the man you claim, then surely you can handle one percent of my power."

The nine-colored flame using Fury's peculiar Aspect came alive, instantly gaining a soul and acquiring the power of a High God, because it was meant to be used as a single attack, its nature and strength had taken a drastic change, and it became a flame carrying the power of Destruction.

Two spots of darkness which were like eyes appeared on the ball of fire and it regarded the only purpose of its existence, the white-haired girl and a jagged scar broke across the face of the flame as it grinned. Just this ability alone would make Fury almost unrivaled across all High gods in the universe.

Without any prompting, the flame was launched from Fury's palm, its passage through the air created a tunnel in space as it shattered reality, revealing the Underverse below. The sentient flame was traveling with so much speed through the Underverse that it appeared before the white-haired girl three seconds before it was launched.

Fury could not control the power of Time, but inside a Third Dimension, Space ruled Supreme and with enough power over space, even Time could be bent. Outside the universe where space was more stable, it would be nearly impossible for a move like this to break the barriers of space and affect time, but while inside the Universe, Space, therefore Intent was still extremely powerful.

"Too slow," the white-haired girl said and placed her staff in the direction of the flame, the flames touched the staff and it was absorbed, its shriek of astonishment and anger was even swallowed up by the staff, and three circles around the staff lit up, she grinned and rotated her wrist slightly, understanding and breaking down the forces she had just collected and the circles increased to five on the staff.

Her eyes narrowed in concentration and it was pushed to six.

She cocked her head to the side and whispered, "Witness your daughter, you waste of a father, you did not live long enough to see me go through with the assignment you gave me. You told me you cannot lie, and I am choosing to believe that you can still see me, so... witness me."

And the glowing circle suddenly grew to eight and then nine, as she broke through the barrier that had held her back for so long, even Telmus would be astonished if he had seen this. It was equivalent to recycling the energy from a matchstick and using it to create a star.

Malakith seemed to understand what was about to happen as he hurriedly turned around and wrapped the Empress and himself under a cloak of darkness that was so

thick it appeared as if it was a block of metal, and although what happened next was not directed at them, they both nearly perished.

One of the core of the Minerva family bloodline was the ability to redirect and channel all forms of energy.

Telmus had taken this concept to a ridiculous level, but he did not focus on this power, instead pushing his powerful comprehension ability to the sturdy of Intent, and therefore became the Ruler of Space, his daughter on the other hand was extremely talented on the art of Energy manipulation and he urged her to follow this path until the end.

Fury was also exceptionally talented and when he saw how easily the girl had absorbed his flames, which although appeared simple on the surface, should have enough power to humble even a God-King braced himself for any retaliatory move, but he was too late, a small part of him understanding what the girl meant when she said he was too slow.

Whatever blow she launched did not seem to even travel across space before it met Fury. His Phoenix instantly wrapped around his body to protect him and that was the only reason Fury survived.

When the blast that was almost invisible slammed against Fury, the resultant shockwave from it made the entire palace explode. This feat was more impressive than destroying a Major World in a single blow.

The Grand Palace of Trion was a hundred-mile wonder, filled with vast valleys and great mountains that seemed to extend forever, generations of Royal Blood had lived in this place inside vast palaces that could never be fully explored.

Over the years, the amount of protective runes and powers etched into the grounds of the palace had made this place considered invincible, and with the extreme space compression of the palace, billions could live there without any problems, which was to say that the Palace of Trion was as massive as an entire world.

That world exploded to pieces, and this came from less than a fraction of the forces that the white-haired girl had channeled against Fury, the rest of that force shredded through the Phoenix who was the first to stand against it.

The blast crushed its body to less than ash, and shattered its soul, even its Divine nature that allowed it to resurrect was useless, the force that entered the body of the Phoenix sought out those pathways in its bloodline that could enable the Phoenix to resurrect itself and eradicated it.

This blow affected the Bloodline Source of the entire race of Sky Treading Phoenix, and damaged their bloodline root, leaving an etching of the power of this girl forever on their bloodline.

Yet it was because the force was chasing after all these divergent pathways in order to fully kill anything that she wished to kill which had reduced the impact of the blow so when it reached Fury, it only destroyed his body a few thousand times and shattered his entire Divine Kingdom.

Serving Fury were tens of thousands of gods that he had conquered to reach his present position, and they all paid their lives to keep him safe, they all perished, and their Divine Spark, Divine Kingdom, and souls were crushed to nothing, only the regenerative power of Fury's Phoenix bloodline kept him alive, but his Divine Spark was shattered into pieces and his Divine Kingdom was no more.

With a wave of her hand, the massive dust cloud that had arisen suddenly fell to the ground. It was because, in a single move, she had drained all forms of energy from the air, kinetic, potential, heat... everything. The ground became smooth like glass for hundreds of miles around and only three spots were free of her power's interference.

The first was a small black rock, created by Malakith to keep himself and the Empress safe from the blowback of that attack. At first, the rock was as big as a hill, but now it had been crushed down until it was the size of a boulder, but the inhabitants had survived as the ragged form of Malakith unfurled himself from the black boulder to reveal the Empress beneath that had been crushed to the size of a grape.

Chapter 1107: Memories Of Fire (4)

As an Earth goddess, the Empress could heal from any physical wound to a degree, Malakith had taken the brunt of the blow, and although it was purely a concussive blast, the power that it contained was unfathomable, no Earth god would be able to survive it. Push anything to its extreme and they would become terrifying.

The Empress began to slowly heal from the damage, hands, legs, and a growing head emerging from the small ball of flesh. Her eyes were open wide in fright as they surveyed the damage before her in unquestionable shock.

There had once been a review by a Scholar that she sent to be killed not shortly after because she felt that he had too much time on his hands and wasted essential palace resources on

nonsense.

The Scholar had said that after several calculations he had after several rigorous calculations he determined that the defensive properties of the Royal Palace was equal to seven times the defensive state of the entire surface of Trion. Of course, the reason he made this finding was to pressure the palace to release more resources into the general defenses of the population.

Surveying the area around her in shock, she realized that if this blow had been struck against Trion itself, it would have shattered the entire world to pieces. Even the battle with Telmus was not this destructive, although granted Telmus controlled every iota of power he released, the Empress doubted if he would be able to release such power so easily, and with her experience in battle, she knew that this girl was not even accessing a fraction of her powers.

For so many years, countless people had looked upon her with awe and fear, and now she knew what that truly felt like. How old was this child?

The white-haired girl did not know what was going on in the mind of the Empress and she did not care, her eyes roamed to the second area that was relatively free of her influence and that was the area around Fury.

Except for his robes that were torn, he still appeared to be in good shape, but that was very far from the truth, only his intense willpower and powerful soul were enabling Fury to hold the pieces of his Divine Spark together, a tiny push and his soul could crumble to dust, even his present body could be destroyed by a stray gust of wind.

Fury knew that he was dead, every single power he had was drained and their roots shattered, everything he had struggled for and accumulated over the years was gone, and these shattered remnants were all that was left.

He was speechless, his thoughts were only focused on the words he had previously spoken to his mother where he had berated her for her weakness and yet here he was, on the verge of death from a casual blow by a mortal, and something someone else had told him a long time ago, that brother of his, called Rowan.

Fury had always felt that those words were nonsensical and every moment after that day on Jarkarr he had wanted to prove to that enigmatic figure that he was beyond him. Rowan had said to him:

"The road I walk on is beyond you. You seek to be beyond the gods themselves when you are nothing but their pawn."

'If only he could see me now, he would know that I am still a pawn, everything I had was given to me, and so, see how easy it was, to be taken away. Even by a mortal. I was not even fit enough to challenge you and bring you down. Ha, Rowan my brother, I doubt you would be able to take this blow, in this instance at least, me and you are equal.'

The white-haired girl finally looked at the last part of space that was free of her influence and her gaze softened, an area that was nearly an acre in size was filled with soft glowing light pouring from all the stars in the sky as they wept and worshipped one man.

He held a sword that resembled a bleeding scar in reality, with long white hair and dark skin, his strong and handsome face peering at the sky, and even in death, this man still stood tall. Telmus.

Even if the entirety of Trion was destroyed a thousand times over, as long as the universe did not end, then the space around Telmus would never change, for he was the master of space. It was even possible that even the destruction of the universe would not affect this area.

"Father," she whispered, "Witness me, at least for one last time. Your daughter wants her name."

A soft chuckle came from Fury, and only this minor sound made his left leg collapse into dust he fell to his knee, and he whispered even as the skin on his face sloughed off and turned to dust,

"Is this the face of true genius, is this the height that you spoke of?"

As if his words were a proclamation of great change, the entirety of Reality froze and then it began to shatter. Everyone here even the Empress had mastered multiple Intent and so they were able to see far, this meant they had the front Row seat to the universe ending.

Everyone had scales of power that they could understand. The Empress understood the entire restrictions of cities and continents with the wave of a hand, Fury understood the destruction of a world and even multiple worlds, and the white-haired girl and Malakith understood the destruction of multiple worlds, perhaps if they strained their mental prowess and abilities, the destruction of a corner of the galaxy, and so like ants standing before a hurricane, they say something they could not comprehend.

It was a wave of destruction that began from the edges of the universe and swept inward, taking everything with it.

Stars, black holes, white holes, and even entire galaxies collapsed into dust, reality itself shrieked and collapsed, and the Underverse below followed.

There was a loud sound, like a heartbeat, and something like the clangs of chains, and multiple flashes of light they could not understand. In the heart of everyone here, they knew they were seeing only the barest portion of what was happening.

The white-haired girl gasped and a few moments later this sound was repeated by the rest when they saw that the destroyed portion of reality was being remade. As the wave of destruction passed, a wave of healing followed.

At least that was all they could comprehend, while the truth was that what they were witnessing was the greed of the Ouroboros Serpents going back in time.

The wave of destruction began to near Trion, and the white-haired girl knew she could not survive what could end the universe, so she began to move towards her father, if she was going to die, it would be beside him.

There were no words spoken, as the others, even Fury, who began to crawl, went towards Telmus, for as the very heavens themselves collapsed and seemed to go mad, only his presence was like a massive umbrella that could shield against all chaos.

Chapter 1108: Memories Of Fire (5)

The white-haired girl moved towards her father and approached the area of space that cut him off from the rest of reality, she felt a strong membrane blocking her from entering anywhere close to Telmus but it did not hold her for long, with no indication of the reason it happened, the invisible membrane opened up to let her through.

She understood enough about energy that she knew she could not steal even a fraction of power from this shield that covered her father except she spent an unknown amount of time working at it, and even then just a tiny fraction of the energy it contained would nearly overwhelm her. Once again she wondered what sort of monster her father was, and if she was worthy of his blood. The invisible membrane did not stop any of the others either who decided to follow her passage, they were only blocked for a moment before they were allowed through, and under the shadow of Telmus's power they turned back to the universe to see the surprising death and rebirth of the universe, the view was stunning and nearly indescribable.

"How powerful do you have to be to be able to do such a thing?" Fury mumbled, but in the silence here, everyone could hear him, no one replied for they had no idea, most were trying to come to terms with their impending death and or resurrection.

The universe that was being recreated behind the wave of destruction appeared to be the same, yet it was different in various subtle manners that in their present state they could not bother to determine, survival came first after all.

It was the white-haired girl who first saw it, a long trail of darkness covered by a blinding silver light. This trail of darkness stayed just ahead of the wave of destruction, traveling at ridiculous speeds, it was just able to survive on the edge of its doom.

Its speed was not just dependent on its power, it was using the forward momentum of the destructive wave ravaging the universe to stay ahead of it, just like a surfer riding a wave, but in this instance, one minor slip would lead to oblivion.

With her familiarity with understanding, breaking down, and rerouting energy, the white-haired girl understood that whoever was fleeing from the destruction must have a rather

impossible level of energy control and an absolute understanding of their surroundings to survive the destruction of the universe.

As if their attention had been detected, it was possible to see that the black trail of darkness had seen them by two red glints that shone like stars from within, and despite at this moment it should be a galaxy away, everyone here knew that red light were eyes, and it began to subtly change its course to head towards their direction.

With its speed in less than seven seconds it had crossed the entire galaxy and its shape was now revealed, showing that it was a massive otherworldly avian creature with massive tentacles sprouting from its back and wings. Every beat of its wings allowed it to shuttle through space as the tentacles on its wings tore through space to the Underverse below and used its space-warping properties to keep it ahead of the destructive waves, even making it speed up further.

Her focus drew the attention of Malakith and then the Empress and Fury who also saw the trail of darkness surfing ahead of the wave of destruction. Malakith rubbed his head, pressing his thumb and forefinger against his eyes as he felt a growing headache when he tried to reconcile what he was witnessing with the reality that he knew and understood.

As if their attention had been detected, it was possible to see that the black trail of darkness had seen them by two red glints that shone like stars from within, and despite at this moment it should be a galaxy away, everyone here knew that red light were eyes, and it began to subtly change its course to head towards their direction.

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The cold gaze of the creature pierced through and analyzed everyone here, no doubt scanning for threats, and it sensed the power of Telmus's dominion over space and it headed there, after fleeing through the universe, it knew that its only source of safety might come from reaching this place.

Quicker than a thought, it crossed countless miles and appeared above the membrane in a flash. Its massive bulk made the acre of land that was Telmus's domain to be as small as a grain of sand but in a flash, its speed and size all vanished and a young man with short black hair and bright silver eyes appeared beside them, his descent not even shaking a single grain of dust.

The young man did not even look at the people inside here with him, instead, he was focused on a woman he held, his right hand cradling her head while his left was busy weaving starlight and darkness into a mysterious configuration.

He glanced at the approaching wave of destruction, gritted his teeth, and looked away, his hand moving faster and faster. A bracelet he had on his wrist was taken off, he did not even hesitate before crushing it and adding it to whatever he was creating, it was possible to hear him mumble something about tears.

The white-haired girl observed him with astonishment before pointing a finger at his left hand. It would appear that this man had not only been fleeing from a universe-wide destructive event, but he was simultaneously crafting one of the most fiendishly complex contraptions she had ever seen, such talent made her eyes light up and she immediately knew that she had to help, it did not matter who he was, she just wanted to see that he succeeds.

The silver eyes of the man brightened for a moment as if lightning was running within his skull, anticipating danger, and like a snake that was coiled to strike, he would give back a thousand times more damage than what he was about to receive, but he unexpectedly relaxed when he noticed that the flow of his hand was now faster. Somehow there was no single molecule in the air that was blocking the motion of his fingers, allowing him to move marginally faster and smoother, and for someone like him, such an advantage could be taken a long way.

Briefly glancing at the white-haired girl he returned to his task and with a flourish that caused lightning to flash and thunder to rumble overhead, his creation was complete.

It turned out to be a green brooch that seemed to be filled with a pale liquid, he waved his hand and the woman he was cradling began to slowly fade as if she was the figment of a dream. He looked at her one last time as his hand clutched at the empty air as she vanished.

The woman reappeared within the brooch and the young man gently caressed it before pinning it to his shirt underneath his jacket, and then nodding at the white-haired girl he turned to face the end of everything, he had been running for too long.

The white-haired girl looked back at him for a moment before turning towards the incoming destruction that slammed into Trion and chewed through the entire planet as if it was not even there, before sweeping past, of course, their little bubble of salvation was hit by this attack, and with a shriek the bubble collapsed, but it did not do so instantaneously, instead, it collapsed from the edge and gradually proceeded towards the center.

Chapter 1109: Memories Of Fire (6)

There was a collective sigh of relief from everyone here despite the shrinking area of safety, it did not matter what sort of preparation they made if this space could not protect them from the incoming destruction.

Now they only had to hope it lasted long enough to see them through this disaster, there was no thought about what could come after.

No matter how powerful Telmus' hold over space was, he was dead, he could not actively fight against the passing wave of destruction and it was a testament to his power that he was the only one who was visibly standing against the wave of destruction.

The wave slowly chewed towards the center where everyone waited for the end, their eyes looking towards the incoming tide of restoration behind that seemed so very distant.

Space and time were acting weirdly and so it was impossible to determine if the wave of restoration would reach them in time before the safety of Telmus's domain dissipated.

The surrounding space continued to shrink until they had no choice but to shift closer to the standing body of Telmus, who after all this while with him being beside them, they all chose to look away from him.

It was not a conscious choice, their bodies and souls dreaded the thought of looking at this man because, without his supreme control over his powers, one look could mean the end of your soul.

Also, there was the knowledge that they were beside someone so special his kind might never be found again, and even if they did not know why, their souls mourned him, like looking at a supreme painting that was not completed, or hearing music that was so sweet yet whose composition was halted halfway, so no one could ever know what height it could reach.

The creature resembled a golden statue, and its form was difficult to comprehend, but it stood on four feet, and of its flaming red wings there were eighty of them, and each of them had eyes at the center. The face of the creature was like a lion and a reptile was mixed, giving it both a familiar and alien visage.

There was a single large eye in the center of its face, and at this moment the eye was closed as if it was asleep, and everyone just stood and watched this creature in awe. The sheer power they could feel emanating from this being was ridiculous, its presence alone held back the tides of destruction effortlessly, meaning it was using no single iota of power to keep itself and everyone here safe.

True sadness lies in unmet expectations.

The space shuddered and shrank inward alarmingly, and when it seemed that it could not hold out any longer, a presence was felt beside them, ephemeral, yet incredibly powerful, and then they were covered by a massive shadow whose presence halted the destructive tides in its place, covering the entirety of the collapsing space of Telmus, and bathing the inhabitant with a glow that rapidly cleanse them of any debilitating condition, even Fury on the verge of death, felt his soul beginning to heal as his shattered Divine Spark began to seal itself together.

Massive wings burning like a red sun enclosed them, dissipating the shadow to reveal the creature that had saved them from the end of everything.

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Everyone here knew what that meant, even with all their powers combined, they would not be able to inflict the tiniest fraction of a percent of damage to this creature. It was humbling for everyone here to see something so far above them, Andar who thought the most powerful beings he had seen, which were Tower Masters and his Creator, both paled before the power of this supreme being.

A shrill scream suddenly interrupted the silence as the Empress shrieked, unlike everyone here, it was the worldview of the Empress that had been shaken the most. Empress Scarlet had thought she understood how the world worked, for so long she knew her place in it and understood all its hidden layers.

She was a fervent devotee of history so she knew the known histories of the universes going back hundreds of millions of years, and what all that knowledge taught her was that Trion was special, the powers it contained could not be found in any material universe and the Empress knew that she stood below a few, and was above the multitude.

But in these last few moments, the Empress had been placed under continuous mental stress that had not just shaken her worldview, it had crushed them into smithereens, Telmus and his daughter were both mortal but the the power that made immortals seemed like helpless children, the apparent death and renewal of the universe, and finally, this unknown giant creature with flaming wings was the last straw, everything she knew was broken and madness was not even a consolation,

A heavy voice rumbled, "Silence her, or she will be silenced!"

The Empress upon hearing the voice of the creature did not go silent, instead, her fear increased as madness fled from her mind and she shrieked louder, but she suddenly collapsed after Malakitu hurriedly struck her at the back of her neck, crushing her spine and encasing it in darkness so she could not heal, effectively paralyzing her.

He bowed hurriedly towards the creature and Fury, Andar, and the white-haired girl also bowed. The eyes of the Power that had been opened a silver closed up and from the rumble from its chest, it would seem that the creature had gone to sleep.

It was Andar who broke the silence first, after observing the creature for a while, particularly its wings that were so familiar and so filling him with confusion because he thought he knew what those wings signified but he could not be sure. He sighed and turned to the girl who had helped him complete the forging of the treasure that kept Mira's body safe,

"Thank you for your assistance earlier, my name is Andar Erikson, and although I am a Mage, I am not your enemy."

"Mage?" Malakith whispered, "The universe must have changed a lot while I was away, but I don't think they were making Mages quite like you when I last roamed it. You fit an extra-dimensional entity better than any Mage that I have seen."

The white-haired girl looked at Andar a bit strangely before replying, "Hello Andar, I have no name, but you can call me..." She looked at her hand, "...Staff."

"Ok... Staff," Andar slowly said, "Do you have any idea what is going on outside and what this entity is?"

A heavy voice rumbled, "The final battle begins and time has been recreated and halted, in a while you shall be made to see, but not before, else your mind shall shatter and the Creator's will in your lives shall go to waste. I, Malik, would not permit it."

Andar ears perked up when he heard the words Creator, and finally, his suspicion reached a tipping point, and he bowed, "Great Malik, the Creator..."

"The hands of the Creator are upon you, child, for you know him and he knows you also..."

Andar nearly fell to his knees and he whispered, "Rowan..."

By his side, Fury stumbled.

Chapter 1110: Memories Of Fire (7)

The white-haired girl seeing the shift in the mood amongst everyone here when that name was mentioned turned to Andar,

"Who is this Rowan? Is he a god, Dominator, Demon, Archmage, or some strange entity from outside the universe like you?"

The Empress whose eyes had been furiously blinking with her mouth flapping like a fish out of water stopped her crazy acts, her paralysis giving her time to process what was happening and get over the initial shock of it. Despite her immense shock, Empress Scarlet was a once in a generation genius and she could slowly compartmentalize her thoughts until her mind became somewhat stable.

Her eyes turned to Fury and saw the shock in his eyes and she almost giggled like a child, 'Why was he afraid? Of course, it could not be that Rowan Kuranos. Sure the child was a Breaker, making him somewhat special, but there had been thousands of other Breakers that she had seen. Surely this foolish boy did not think he was the same person. Her mind flashed back to the incident where she tried to understand the destiny of Rowan and her crown nearly shattered'

There was a dawning realization in her heart that she understood nothing about reality and the true players who ran it. The strange actions of the gods, the entire strange war that erupted out of nowhere, and the fucking destruction of the entire universe, all seemed to be pointing at one man. 'Have I been so out of touch with reality?' the Empress felt her spine reconnecting as Malakith dropped the shadow over her spine. She slowly stood up and looked around furtively like a mouse, but her eyes were glinting with curiosity as she drank in everything happening around her, feeling like a newborn baby whose eyes had finally been open.

Andar finally answered the question from the white-haired girl, drawing the attention of everyone here back to him,

"To tell the truth, I don't think I know him all that well. He is the sort of person that had never bothered with fame, or imposing his will on others. I believe it is because he passes through reality extremely quickly and everything fades behind for him, so nothing lasts. We could spend a million years exploring the power of a technique and he would only use a single second before leaving it behind. Everything fades.... Except him, and no one is his equal"

Fury by the side, went pale at those words, his memory trying to reconcile the Rowan he knew from just a few years ago to this seemingly unknowable entity who could create and destroy an entire universe, all of these seemed so ridiculous to him and if he was not experiencing it, he would think he was under a spell.

Andar noticed Fury's agitation, but he did not much care for it, he was replying to the question from Staff who seemed desperate to know the answer, he remembered something and he lightly chuckled,

"The last and only time we met I did most of the talking, and he sat there and listened. I mean truly listened to me. People say they listen but it can never be like this, where every single words are heard and understood to such a profound state, it was looking into the mirror of your soul. I have never felt such peace in my life, and I wanted it to last forever. Sitting with him beside the fire and laying out my heart to him, because I know that in all of creation, no one knows me better, and no one ever will."

Andar chuckled self-deprecatingly, "This creature of shadow was correct, I am not just your average Mage, I was crafted by the hands of my Creator himself, I was made to excel. My light was created to rival any who had ever existed in creation. I was given the potential to stand by his side. He gave me his own flesh and blood and drew me from a life of utter mediocrity to one where I could walk amongst the peak of creation, and what was the price he asked for this, I think you will wonder. No one gives gifts of such magnitude without expecting anything in return..."

"What was the price?" Fury did not even know when he interrupted and Andar turned to him in surprise, this strange and broken god and enigma in his own right, for Andar could see faint similarities in their facial features between Fury and Rowan.

Fury swallowed under Andar's gaze, his broken Divine Spark making him feel like an ant before a god, but he pushed the words from his mouth, "The price that you paid for your powers, what was it? If I were to bet, it would be everything, is it not? As I am coming to learn in these past few moments there is always a price for power. One that is always greater than what was given. No one wants to make a loss, and every trade was for an eventual gain."

Andar smiled, "Yes, there is always a price for power, and the payment he asked of me was one of the most painful I had ever imagined and I would do almost anything to not pay that price."

Fury licked his lips, "What was the payment?"

Looking away from him, Andar whispered, the tone of his voice peculiar, as if even he, himself could not understand the answer,

"Freedom, the price of my power was freedom. Why would he give me such immense strength and push me away from him, when he knows that I would pay anything to be by his side?"

The white-haired girl who called herself Staff whispered, "Did he tell you why he gave you your freedom?"

Andar hesitated, he had placed his father's words deep in his heart, and he had not even spoken of it to Mira, but there was something in the eyes of the girl that demanded answers because she was in the same boat as him.

He looked at her and at the enigmatic figure whose Aura had kept them safe from the destruction of the universe. He stood as if he were a titan, and even though Andar knew this man was dead, he felt his heart shake when he looked at him. There was a resemblance between the girl and this man that was easily discernable and he asked,

"Was he your father?"

She nodded, and Andar no longer hesitated and he spoke,

"I would like to think I understand the reason he gave me freedom, but I will tell you as he told me, verbatim. He said to me; How time reveals the secrets and depravities of the past, if I want to change reality, then this change needs to start with me. If you want to create enemies, try changing something.

"I have been breaking the chains of slavery placed on me and it has brought me to the realization that my children can not reach their full potential if I don't know how to let them go. I will not be like my Father and the Primordials. I have to let you go, only then can you truly shine..."