

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1111: Memories Of Fire (8)

Andar's words shook the air, his tone carrying a flavor of Rowan's unique pitch. Rowan had a perfect understanding of all languages, and that also equated to his speech and voice, and every word he spoke was done in the exact manner it was intended to sound.

For anyone else such perfection of speech would be a horrifying thing to listen to, but his celestial origin gave his words a unique majesty and flavor that offset the perfection of his speech, thereby making every word he spoke to be, entrancing, and so even hearing it second hand from Andar, the majesty of the person who spoke shone through.

The white-haired girl gasped and tears emerged from the side of her eyes,

"Chains, it has always been about the chains that bound us all. I don't know the reason why I could be conceived, with the chains imposed on my father, it should have been impossible, and he had surely paid a heavy price. Yet he did not give me a name, he did not claim me for himself, he only gave me the freedom to find who I could be. No matter how hard I tried, I could not see the reason for this decision... he was so stubborn, and unlike your Father, he always wanted me to figure things out for myself."

"Well to be fair," Andar smiled, "I don't think mine is that much different, I mean he left me as soon as he said those words, not even saying goodbye."

The white-haired girl nodded, "It hurts you know, the way they leave us and suddenly expect us to understand everything."

The heavy voice of the Power rumbled, "You are not expected to understand everything, only believe in your potential. It is one of the reasons I am here, for you all to witness and see the beginning of the true battle over all of creation. The board has been set, and the pieces are in position, remember this moment for it would be yours, for all time."

The wings of the Power unfurled and a new world was shown to them. The shattered Trion was remade once more, and with no fear of the end plaguing their minds they could easily realize what was different about the new universe that had been created.

Everything was the same except for one fundamental quality, the Time Period had changed. Normally it might be expected that such great changes would lead to a change in time, perhaps a shift thousands of years in the future, perhaps even billions of

years, anything was possible, yet it was still shocking when they all saw that instead of the future, they had been thrust into the past.

The Empress who had barely managed to comport herself felt her knees go weak and she collapsed. She could hear Fury's teeth grinding together as he also tried to place his ever-increasing shock in bound. Only Andar and Staff who seemed connected by their similar stories looked at this new world in astonishment and curiosity.

They saw Trion as it was five years ago when the threat of war and its complete eradication was just whispering in the minds of a madman. Billions of people still walked upon it, and their lives were relatively mundane, the only difference being that the entire universe seemed to be frozen in place, making it seem as if they were not looking at reality but a snapshot of the past.

Yet their senses could not be deceived. This was reality in all its glory and horror, but it had become frozen in place. Andar knew of the power of Tower Masters who could freeze and reverse time over a limited area, but had never anticipated that such a feat could be carried out over an entire universe. A thought occurred to him and he stroked the brooch on his chest,

'Could it be possible that he could find Mira in this universe?'

Of course, this spectacle could distract them for a while, but it did not take long for them to see that the universe was different... smaller in a way that was hard to describe.

"Is there something strange about the universe?" Andar stroked his chin thoughtfully, "Um, of course, there are many things strange about the universe," Fury snapped, his eyes moving around jerkily in their sockets as sweat poured out from his face, his body had not recovered its previous divine might, and the stress he was undergoing was making his heart beat like a racehorse,

"Not discounting the fact that it was destroyed and now restored, from what we are seeing, time has been reversed by five entire years... five! How can something like this be... you know what, sorry I asked that, I have forgotten we have a divine Creator floating around somewhere."

"Shut up pretty boy," Staff growled, "Andar is right, there is something about the universe that is strange, but I can't seem to place my finger on it."

They felt a weight behind them as the gaze of the majestic creature fell upon them again,

"Your sights are too limited, and even with the truth in front of you, none of you can see. It would help if you follow his rise up to the heavens, perhaps then you might be able to understand."

Staff cocked her head to the side, "His rise?"

The power simply looked to the side and the rest followed his gaze, their eyes crossing countless miles across Trion until they came upon a pyramid made up of crystallized Aether, and on it was the desiccated body of a man, and by his side was a beautiful woman with long blue hair.

Andar's breathing was caught in his throat, for even with the present state of Rowan, his presence was unmistakable. Something happened next that was quite impossible to describe because it seemed as if although they witnessed it, their minds could not understand it. He looked away for a moment before looking back and Rowan was no longer a corpse sitting on a crystal throne instead he stood a man whose beauty could rival all of creation.

"Do not be distracted," Malik spoke out, shaking them from the hypnosis they all suffered upon looking upon Rowan, "follow his Ascent to the heavens or you will miss what is to come."

Andar felt his heart contract painfully when he noticed that Rowan was already thousands of miles in the air and already left Trion his body recurring through a vast stretch of space with a single movement of his feet.

His gaze followed his rise with maniacal intensity and that was when he finally saw what was strange about the universe. Using Rowan as a guiding lamp he discovered that there was no longer one universe, but two!

His perception was nowhere powerful enough to cover the entire stretch of the universe, but Rowan's presence seemed to make the entirety of the universe smaller. It was as if in his presence, everything else became meaningless.

The second universe was familiar to Andar, this one was the war-torn one that he had fled from, although its state was far more devastated than he remembered, there were barely any intact heavenly bodies in this second universe, and dividing both universes in its center was a bridge made from the light of twilight.

Chapter 1112: Memories Of Fire (Final)

What happened next was hard to follow exactly, because it was impossible to easily grasp for any mortal or immortal, despite how special they may be. However, what they witnessed was simple, it was an entire universe going against one man and they were losing.

The first clash involved trillions of creatures whose powers would place the gods to shame, their number could almost equal every star in the night sky. They all rose up against a single man, and they all fell, and not even their bodies were left behind.

Even from a distance, Andar could see a sort of a ripple that passed through the endless hordes and they collapsed to ashes, such a casual display of power on such a scale was mind-boggling.

If he calculated the energy required to do just a fraction of what he had just witnessed then it would reach such a ridiculous number that before now he would think of something like this to be impossible.

That was only just the start, the battle that followed brought him to his knees, and when he thought it could not get any crazier when he saw Demon Kings slaughtered like ants and Archmages swept aside like dust when entire armies fell with a single swing of his creator's hand... the music began, and Andar understood the terror behind beauty.

The music began slowly like a leaf being carried gently by a breeze, and then it heightened as if a gust of heavy wing had caught hold of the leaf, thrusting it higher into the air, and then it lessened as the leaf fell to the ground, but the moment the leaf was about to touch the earth, another wind picked it up and pushed it up into the cloud and this time it did not come back to the earth anymore, it just kept going and going and when you thought there could be no more, that this leaf could not go higher, it entered into the wide open universe and it kept ascending.

Andar was aware that if this was a symphony with a million notes, he was only hearing one of those notes, and yet that alone held him spellbound.

Enraptured! That was the word Andar could find for the state of mind he found himself under. A very tiny portion of his soul was telling him that he was gaining a massive amount of benefits by listening to this song as he was distantly aware of his body transforming into that of the Light Devourer and his level as a Magus increasing exponentially. He felt his soul expand until it felt like it was about to burst and then it did burst, and although this brought him pain, but also relief. For the wounds in his soul healed and he felt his soul becoming more resilient under this unknown baptism of power.

Despite the pain, he could not stop himself from listening to the song. He was vaguely aware of the Empress and Fury screaming in pain by the side as their bodies were consumed by an ethereal flame, and he became aware that that flame was also upon him and the girl, Staff.

The flame emerging from the Empress was red, Fury's was nine-colored, the white-haired girl's flames were colorless and his own was silver. However what was peculiar was that the shadow here Malakith had no flames burning around him, in fact, the opposite seemed to be happening, his body was shrinking.

Andar was vaguely aware that these flames came from their souls.

After their soul had become filled to the brim, the excess was being burnt out, and although the loss pained him, he knew that holding on to more of this gift would lead to his destruction, he was already gaining benefits that should be extremely rare even in the outside universe and if he had any dream to reach the height he was seeing above, then he needed every advantage.

He idly wondered what sort of creature was this Malakith, and why he did not have a soul to burn.

As one of the eminent geniuses of the Black Tower, Andar had been briefed about the nobility of Trion so he could easily identify the Empress and Fury. He was also aware of this shadow around the Empress, Malakith, but he was deemed as unimportant, it was only standing here now and noticing the peculiar nature of this shadow that Andar knew that the report about Malakith was wrong.

There was something deeply wrong about this shadowy figure.

However, all of this was just idle speculation by the side while nearly the entirety of his attention was focused on the song, and when it suddenly stopped, Andar's body transformed back to its human form and he collapsed to the ground alongside everyone here.

The soul flames surrounding their bodies slowly receded and Andar was aware that he was not the only one who had benefited from this process.

Andar did not waste time dwelling on the changes within his body and he hurriedly glanced at the edge of the universe because he feared that if he looked away, he might not be able to find that bridge anymore, despite how powerful his soul had become, it was still impossible for him to see the universe in its entirety and the battle that was being fought above it if he could not find the light of his creator to guide him.

Like the music that emerged from the bridge that kept rising and rising as if it would have no end, the battle that followed was similar, reaching heights that were unfathomable, and despite his enhanced soul and power, Andar could only follow a bit of what was happening, all he knew was that Rowan was now fighting against beings that would make his Tower Master appear like little children, that was after he had already killed so many other powerful combatants on that bridge.

Aware that the presence of the creature behind them was what was keeping them safe from whatever madness might have taken over their minds from witnessing such a high-level battle, the constant shield of force it kept above them filtered what they could see from the battle and Andar was determined to comprehend and remember as much as he could. Suddenly the wings of the creature closed up, shielding their sights from the battle and Andar nearly went ballistic, he looked around and discovered that he was the

only one still on his feet, the rest including Staff had all fainted, and Malakith was now the size of an infant and was shivering on the ground, a massive paw came over and seized the shivering shadow and kept it to the side,

"Why... why, did you stop me from seeing the battle."

"Be thankful for what you have seen," Malik growled, "What comes next would only hurt your mind. You were given this vision in order to plant a Memory in your Mind. One day it would be needed, and at that time, you would draw it out for your creator to witness."

"Why would he want to witness something that was created by his hands?"

"That is not for you to know at this time. In the future, use all the gifts and the opportunities you are given and then there may be a chance for you to know the significance behind my words."

Chapter 1113: Beneath The Waves

Rowan held his head and he groaned. Like the previous memories he had that seemed to have happened yet, he had to recollection of, this one was longer and hit him like a brick, and what he found most interesting about it all was how deeply he could read the thoughts and emotions of everyone in the memory, it was as if he had become a part of everyone there. "How strange, all of these pieces fit into an overall whole that I am not seeing yet."

There were many strange occurrences going on with the retrieval of his consciousness, making him reconsider his plans every time he made discoveries, but Rowan had learned to always keep his plan fluid, in this manner there was no way he would be suffering excessive losses when things did not go his way as they most likely would.

Peering into his consciousness with his powerful soul he observed that he now had access to new abilities, and it was an unexpected one—Hollow Forge.

Of the three Chambers he had gained from the Palace of Ice, Hollow Forge had lots of promise, but Rowan rarely used it for anything else but for its utility aspect. Although not meant to be a weapon, in a pinch Rowan could choose to throw his enemies into it and separate them into their basest component.

The greatest use of Hollow Forge he had used up to this moment was in the processing of entire galaxies as he searched for the materials needed to forge whatever he needed.

The appearance of the Hollow Forge drastically changed the plans he would be making going forward, and Rowan wondered if there was an overall purpose to the abilities he was unlocking.

From his feet, his body began to crumble to dust. He had become an Ascendant and therefore he had no need for mortal flesh, and since his Ascension was extremely peculiar, his new state of being was extremely strange.

For other Explorers, they would have six Natal Treasures, but he chose to have only one, and they would merge their Natal Treasure to a single dead continent, but Rowan had merged his Natal Treasure to billions of living individuals.

With the destruction of his fleshy body increasing, Rowan placed both of his hands together and made a weird hand sign, and the space in front of him parted and then something that resembled a miniature volcano emerged from the space crack.

Rowan accessed it for a brief moment and looked around him before making a motion with his dissipating finger and his Hollow Forge was tossed for miles before it landed in the ocean and disappeared into the dark depths.

The burst of information about the ocean's composition surprised Rowan and his eyes widened before he collapsed entirely to dust.

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Silence reigned on the entirety of the Continent for weeks, as if everyone here was dead. Some ships flew by but the occupants had heard about the cleansing of the continent of Blood Bounds, and so they stayed far away, knowing the sick appetites of Storm Hammer and the silence over the entire continent was like a repulsion field that drove everyone away.

The continent began to shrink, slowly at first, but this process became faster and faster, and in less than three days, the entirety of its land mass and the people on it vanished. With the arrogance of the Ascendants, it took months before they noticed that Storm Hammer had not returned from her mission, but the missing continent was enough for them to think she had not only fulfilled her mission but she went overboard and destroyed the entire continent along with it.

Due to her character, such a thing was not out of the left field, and for a long while, her faction was in hot water as they tried to locate Storm Hammer and argue that the Blood Bound continent was now useless due to the declining quality of ore being mined from it, suggesting that whatever power was contained in this continent, after nearly a million years of abuse was spent and therefore the primary purpose of keeping the Blood Bound alive was gone.

The matter was very serious and the hunt for Storm Hammer was under serious investigation but all that was thrown aside when the danger zone—Time Blight suddenly surged outwards faster than before, claiming nearly a hundred thousand continents in less than a week.

The major forces of Ascendancy were mobilized and the issue of Storm Hammer and the missing continent was placed on the back burner, the danger zone could no longer be treated with kid gloves, and now it was time to end this blight on their land once and for all.

The fourth year after Rowan killed the Divine Ascendant silently passed and the fifth year rolled in.

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Hollow Forge could perfectly disassemble anything and store it away for Rowan to use, with Rowan's existing knowledge base he could recreate anything that he understood. It was a shame that although he had access to Hollow Forge, he did not have the vast stores of materials he had accumulated after consuming an entire universe and dozens of other vast extra-dimensional bodies, but those concerns were washed away when he discovered what this seemingly endless ocean that covered the entirety of Doom Star contained.

The disappearance of the continent was due to Rowan consuming it with Hollow Forge and when the Ascendants were searching for a continent above the waves, Rowan had already recreated a new continent beneath the surface of the ocean, precisely at its bottom.

Following the endless cities that he had witnessed from his transforming City of Sheol, Rowan recreated one of his favorite cities. He did not know the origin of this city, most likely it once existed or would in the future, but the city was crafted from gleaming metal and shining glass, its beauty was unrivaled with vast gardens and beautiful rivers, it was a perfect merger of nature and industrialization, with metallic buildings that stretched to the skies for tens of thousands of feet, yet were wrapped by flowers and gentle streams of water that defied gravity and flowed upwards.

To protect this city from the harsh pressure of being underwater, Rowan forged thousands of shield generators that created a thousand layers of shielding over the entire city. It would take multiple Ascendants of Storm Hammer level to breach it in a short while and this was far from the only defense that this city boasted.

He could create this massive city more than four hundred miles across using the materials from the continent above and still have enough resources to create ten more of these cities. The Hollow Forge was nothing if not efficient.

This city however was just the first portion of the plan, it would serve as a home and a base of war for the Blood Blessed and that meant his preparation was just beginning. It barely took Rowan a week to make this entire city, and then he began to create weapons.

He may not have access to his knowledge Well Chamber, but Rowan had enough understanding of weapons due to his Destroyer Title that he did not need this chamber to craft planet-cracking weapons easily. However what Rowan needed was not planet crackers, because for what was to come, such a level of destruction was too weak.

Chapter 1114: To Take A Name

Going back to Forging after nearly a million years was far more enjoyable than Rowan remembered, and there was the added challenge of his present state of being.

Rowan had transformed into one of the strangest Ascendants in existence, and for a while, he marveled at his new form and he did not know whether he should laugh or cry at his body.

Well for one, unlike other Ascendants his present form did not take the form of shadow and light as a normal Ascendant usually takes, it was the opposite, he became solid... too solid. Rowan's body took the form of a golden mountain that from afar resembled a spear.

His present size was dictated by the number of children he had below who had a piece of his Natal Treasure inside all of them, and Rowan situated himself at the center of the city, from where he could monitor everything around with a glance.

Without arms or eyes but with his powerful soul and spirit that was free to roam, Rowan was not delayed in his pursuit, and every single moment was spent in preparation.

He completed the building of this city two months back, and a week after he allowed all of the Blood Blessed to awake from their slumber.

The experience of falling asleep in a blighted land and awakening in what could be considered paradise was certainly entertaining, especially for Rowan. He had expected that the impact it would have on the Blood Blessed would be monumental, but he had still underestimated the fervor that would grip them all.

After suffering nearly a million years in hell, suddenly being brought to heaven would shake even the coldest of hearts.

After reaching a point in his life where miracles were as easy for Rowan to achieve by just thinking about it, the sheer awe in the hearts of his children as they awakened into

paradise made his soul gladden. There was a purity in their happiness that had slowly been stripped away from the lives of so many in all of reality, both inside Doom Star and outside of it, and Rowan found out that he wanted to protect this purity.

The joys of billions of individuals washed over him and he partook of this happiness, and the flames of his soul thickened.

The worship that he had enjoyed as a creator for so long was wasted because he had no means to harness this dimension of energy without a soul, and now it was distinguishable.

The happiness he was experiencing from communing with his children was different from what he had previously experienced because at those moments he was simply connected to them, making their happiness his own, but this time, although he still had that connection, he now had a distinct feeling of happiness that was all his own.

The evolution of his soul continued, and in a short while the power of his soul exploded again, reaching a new realm, as the flames of his soul resembled a white flame before began to gain a shade of gold.

Rowan remembered the precise moment the first Blood Blessed had opened his eyes, it was a man of about eighty years old who had lived most of his life in the mines and had suffered catastrophic injury over the course of nearly sixty-eight years of endless labor.

He had buried three wives and seventeen children over the years and had been living life on autopilot, awaiting the day when the serpent calamities in the earth devoured him or the countless other atrocities that plagued the people of this cursed land.

When the changes began, he was one of the very few who was extremely skeptical, thinking that perhaps this might all be an elaborate ruse from the Ascendants to torture them with false hopes and then dash them. They had done worse before.

The feeling in his heart when he heard the voice of their creator was distinct, and even though in his heart he knew that everything he felt was true, the years of suffering had made him disbelieve any sort of warmth in his life, for he was among the few who had believed in hope, it was one of the reasons he could get married so many times and have children. He wanted more to this life than one of suffering and death.

Yet reality had scrambled his expectations, as one by one, all of his wives and children died.

Seeing his hopes and dreams dashed again and again could break anyone, and he was broken, although the voice in his heart gave him the first hint of warmth he had not felt for a long time, it was not enough to break his doubt, and he knew that to do that he needed the power to fight for hope.

Power was the currency of reality, and if his awakened bloodline could give him that power, then he would believe in this miracle.

He became one of the first miners to unlock the first form of the star in their heart to become a golden giant and when he fought Storm Hammer alongside his people he saw the sight of a god, brought down and humbled by the power of their bloodline, for the first time in a long time, the hope that had died in his heart bloomed.

The endless potential in his veins frightened and humbled him, and the warmth he felt in his heart whenever he lay his palm against his chest comforted him. It was like nothing he had ever experienced before.

When everyone began to collapse into slumber at the sacrifice of Storm Hammer, he did not despair, instead, he had faith and hope that what came next would be better than anything that he could imagine.

He never knew that even in his grandest dream and wildest imagination, he still fell short of what he saw as he woke up.

It was a city and a land that was so beautiful that it staggered the mind, shining down on it and its people were seven golden suns that resonated with their bloodline, filling him with a constant influx of strength. The path forward became simple in his head as if he had known it all along, if he could conquer the seven pointed star in his heart, then one of the golden stars above would be his to claim.

He bent down to smell the ground and tasted its divine soil and he began to cry. He was not the only one. Soon the Elders began to form groups of millions apiece, to first give thanks to the Creator and then to begin the organization ahead to spread over the city and understand the task that would be given to them.

That was when he decided to give himself a name.

Among the Blood Bound, it was not a common thing to have names, for it was seen as an exercise in futility. Names signified a unique identity, a sort of continuation of the will of that individual, and all Blood Bounds had known that their destiny was death. To take a name was not frowned upon, but it was generally known that it would only lead to more pain in the end.

It was better to pass through and do what could be done for the next generation without leaving a sign of their failure behind, and so few took a name, except the stubborn and the hopeful.

Chapter 1115: Beacon

The man looked at the beautiful city around him, and he knew peace and hope. He searched around for the highest point, which turned out to be a mountain shaped like a spear that was in the center of the city.

Already this landmark had drawn the attention of millions of people due to its height and the surge of power that could be felt around it. A crazy thought occurred to him and he began to laugh, feeling a sort of relaxation flow through his soul he ran up to Spear Mountain, and began to climb it, disregarding the shocked exclamation from the people around him, his goal was to climb to the top of the mountain and proclaim his name before his Primogenitor and his people.

With the powerful spirit of every Blood Blessed, he had calculated the height of the glorious mountain and it was precisely 144,000 feet, the base of the mountain was three thousand feet in circumference and it tapered to a needle point at the top. This close, he thought the mountain was closer to a spike than a spear and he wondered why he thought of it as a mountain when it was clearly made from a metallic substance.

With his strength, it did not matter that the walls of the mountain were as smooth as glass, he could easily apply pressure on his fingertips so that he could stick to it and easily climb.

Ascending this mountain turned out to be more difficult than he had anticipated, for every hundred feet that he crossed, the surface of the mountain became sharper, but it did not cut into the flesh, but the soul.

The pain was horrendous, but he had a purpose and this pain felt good, instead, he was grinning, despite him gritting his teeth so hard that his gums began to bleed. All the previous suffering he had gone through was meaningless when he knew it served no purpose but to amuse his enemies, but this one was for him, it felt amazing to suffer for what he thought was a worthwhile goal.

He climbed more than a thousand feet, and this was the moment when his mortal body could no longer hold, the pain was so great he could not even think, and for a moment he nearly fell, his rigid muscles not being able to properly channel the force to keep him stable, but with a mighty roar that was held by the growing crowd below, he transformed into a golden giant.

As the preeminent landmark inside this city, it naturally drew attention, and when the Blood Blessed unexpectedly began to climb it, the attention it received grew and the people who were scattered around the expansive city began to congregate towards it, and the man who was attempting to climb it, and so it was shocking that he had barely made it to a thousand feet and he had nearly failed his ascent.

The transformation to a golden giant naturally drew the attention of nearly everyone here, for while inside the city, every transformation resonated with the seven golden

suns above, which released a quiet hum that could be felt inside the bones. This city was extremely magical.

The body of the golden giant was so powerful, in addition to the force field wrapped around it which greatly alleviated the pain that the climbing man felt, it gave him the stamina to push through.

He climbed another thousand feet before he could no longer go on, he suspected that if he had not transformed he would have barely made it past a thousand feet before he was dead, doubling that height was a testament to the power of the golden giant form.

Below his feet, a golden ledge appeared and he collapsed on it, his pain vanishing the instant that he did, and for the next ten minutes, he was gasping for breath. His body was not tired, but his soul was worn out as if it had run a marathon for a thousand years.

He looked upwards and marveled at the power of this mountain and what it would mean if one was able to reach the top. The mountain was 144,000 feet tall and he had barely climbed 2,000 feet and everything inside of him had been drained away.

The desire to get stronger burned within him at a feverish pace. He wanted to see what was on top of the mountain, he wanted to reach the peak. He reached within him to see if there was anything more to give, and he thought there was something at the edge of his perception, but it slinked away from him because he feared that he had worn out his soul and he needed to recover.

Nevertheless, he was still extremely excited, because he had felt a new stream of power from that minor brush he had with it, and he understood that he might have just discovered a new mystery hidden inside their bloodline.

Remembering the purpose he came here for, he struggled to his feet and called out in a loud voice that echoed throughout the city which drew the attention of everyone to him,

"Today before the sight of my people and underneath the gaze of our Primogenitor, I shall pick a name, and although our Creator remains nameless, I believe he wants us all to place aside our shame that had kept us with our heads down for so long and raise them high for the world to see."

Internally he cringed at the words he spoke, but he was not an orator, and he had just spoken from his heart, he knew everyone here had felt the sincerity within his words and the longing for the hope and stability that they had long lost.

He cried out once more, "This hope that was given to us, this is a hope that I want to protect with everything that is in me. I shall fight for it, I shall bleed for it, and if need be, I shall die for it. None of our children or theirs shall suffer what we have suffered, and

our name would no longer be a source of shame, but a beacon of our hope, and so from this day forth, I shall call myself Beacon!"

Beacon felt the mountain behind him shiver, and the entire city shook, the ledge he stood upon began to glow and an ethereal script was etched upon it.

The words were written in an unknown language yet the meaning was clear to anyone who saw it—Beacon.

Before he had time to be amazed, power flowed out of the words and entered Beacon's body, and he began to scream as his body exploded in size back to his golden giant form, before he stood at seventy feet as a golden giant, but now his size had increased to about ninety feet, plus there was a glaring new addition to his body.

It was a massive tattoo that curled around his chest, back, and right arm, it was of a massive serpent, and under his amazed eyes, the tattoo began to move and flow across his skin.

Chapter 1116: Touching Grass

The serpent tattoo flowed through his skin, and for a moment it was almost as if it was about to emerge from his body because his skin bulged out, but something seemed to be missing or there was not enough power to make it manifest outside, and after moving around for a while it vanished leaving a normal tattoo behind.

Beacon's enhanced size shrunk down to his normal Golden giant form before he returned to his base mortal body, and he felt a rush of knowledge enter his mind, he understood that what he had just experienced was the awakening of his Natal Treasure that was unique to their bloodline.

If he manifested the serpent then it would become the perfect weapon that suited him. A weapon that would grow stronger as he did, a companion that would follow him to the ends of eternity.

'Has anyone ever been this loved?'

Laughing aloud he slowly descended from the mountain, no longer feeling pain, but determined to grow stronger so he could climb higher and actualize his Natal Treasure, and when he reached the bottom, there were thousands of Elders waiting for him, and he was grilled deeply about his experience on the mountain and the awakening of his Natal Treasure.

It was unfortunate that at his present level, he could not yet summon this treasure anytime that he wanted to, but according to what he could infer from his bloodline, he

should be able to do this if he could access the third part of the seven-pointed star in his heart.

Because, unlike every other Natal Treasure that the Ascendants possessed, theirs was alive!

However, there was already a benefit to be gained from awakening his Natal Treasure since he could feel that his bloodline was constantly being purified and enhanced when without him practicing at a rate that was far greater than before.

For the moment, the Elders forbade anyone else from climbing the mountain until they could run several more tests until they were satisfied with it. The reason for this was simple, if the mountain turned out to be a finite treasure that could run out eventually, then they must make sure only their best and brightest had access to it.

Rowan watched this development without much interference, at this time he planned not to reveal himself easily to these children because of certain unknown factors that he might not have accounted for. It would be easier to guide them from the shadows while remaining out of sight for as long as possible.

Also, it was a test to know how they would handle the ultimate power that was dropped on their laps without a mighty hand hovering above them. If one knew the right places, power could be easily attained, but having the heart to handle power the way it should was not something that could be easily found. Rowan hoped that these children would make him proud.

There must be more to life beyond his endless wars.

As he had expected, it did not take long for the Elders to begin organizing the people to spread throughout the city. Around his new body was a vast valley that should have no reason to hold billions despite its size, but as the Elders discovered, it did not matter how many people entered the valley, there was always space to accommodate more.

With the entirety of their population gathered inside the valley, they began sending out scouts to survey and document the entire city so that with this information, they could make informed choices about the dissemination of their population and the various special regions inside the city that needed to be explored, they also did not count out that there could be enemies here or hidden dangers.

Rowan grinned. If only they knew what was waiting for them on the horizon.

Tens of thousands of scouts were sent out daily to various parts of the city, and before long a rather expansive and detailed model of the city was beginning to be gathered, with every day bringing new surprises to the masses when the discovery of various mysterious and powerful locations around the city.

Like the valley they inhabited, the size of this city was extremely deceiving, for a small mountain could transform the moment one stepped foot on it and became a land mass the size of the moon, or turning a corner would lead one to an endless frozen valley. Every place in this city was filled with miracles, and more scouts had to be sent to cover it all, but it became clear that exploring the entirety of this city was not something that could happen in a year, or even a thousand years.

Soon the focus was now to find a living area for most of the population and from there, they would begin to slowly explore the mysteries of this city.

Soon it was discovered that the valley they were currently residing in also held another secret, which was that food and drink could be crafted from the soft grasses that adorned the entirety of it.

This discovery was made by mistake by a child who was learning his letters from his mother. Bored with the endless repetition, he plucked a small piece of grass and decided to mold it according to the shape of the words he was attempting to learn.

Since the grass was unexpectedly durable, the child was able to make various shapes with it, and as his mind began to wander, he thought of food while playing with the grass, and he nearly yelled aloud when the grass began moving by itself in his hand.

He dropped it and the grass went still, fascinated rather than afraid the child picked up the grass again and tried to remember what he had been doing before it moved, deciding he had been thinking about food, specifically a warm pudding, he gasped aloud as the grass began to wiggle as if it was alive, until it began to take the shape of a word.

The word was in a strange form that was unrecognizable, yet the boy could still understand it as he muttered, "Warm pudding?"

The grass in his hands exploded into a warm gooey paste whose aroma instantly spread for dozens of feet around the boy, curious spectators turned around to see a young boy licking his fingers with an equally excited and guilty look in his eyes.

It did not take long for the boy to be queried and he told them of his discovery. Looking at the almost unlimited head of grass in the valley, people began to reach down and pluck the grass, and thereby imagine the food they wanted, quickly discovering that this worked with only a firm mental image inside.

Another new head of grass quickly regrew from where it was taken, making this valley appear to be an infinite source of food.

The discovery that it was not only limited to food but also drinks caused a new wave of excitement through the crowd, before long the entire valley transformed into a heaven of unlimited food and drinks, and the aroma of a heavenly feast spread for miles around.

Sizzling meats that were grilled to perfection, delectable sauces, fruits, vegetables, wines, and any food imaginable were present in ever-increasing quantity and quality as with more experiments, far more exotic dishes were being created.

Chapter 1117: Separating The Chambers

The discovery that larger portions of food, like a three-meter slice of roasted beef, required multiple grasses, but strangely, not more than three, no matter how large they imagined the food they wanted. Soon fruits the size of buildings were being created, their insides filled with chilled desserts of all flavors.

With the metabolic rates of the Blood Blessed, no single iota of food went to waste and for the first time in a long time, food was no longer seen as a source of nourishment but also enjoyment.

The Elders frowned, disturbed by this show of debauchery, but it did not take them long to realize that because the usage of this grass came from the mind of a five-year-old child, did not mean that it was limited to just this purpose.

One of them picked up a grass and closed his eyes, in a moment the grass wriggled into a new shape before exploding into bright light spots which vanished to reveal a long, delicately crafted robe.

The mouth of the Elder went dry as he checked every seam in the robe and analyzed the material before he donned it and groaned in surprise at the sheer comfort, he had imagined the perfect material for a robe, and it had been delivered.

Another Elder seeing this surprising result seized three grasses and closed his eyes, and when the bright light vanished, a magnificent chariot appeared that was being pulled by seven reptilian creatures that resembled horses, but in a few seconds the creatures screamed, and collapsed to the ground, dead.

The Elder groaned and held his head, every orifice in his face bleeding, he healed up in a short while and looked up grinning, his eyes filled with wonder and disbelief

"It is possible, we can create anything... even life, but to do such a thing, would strain your soul to the limit and unlike this unliving chariot over here, you must maintain a constant thought in your mind on keeping them alive, or they would lose the spark of life imbued inside of them."

For the next few weeks in addition to organizing the information brought in by the scouts, a wave of furious experimentation overtook the entire valley. Such a resource could not be overlooked, and finally, the decision was made that this valley would be the home of the entirety of the Blood Blessed.

Its apparent infinite size would ensure that it would never get overcrowded and the presence of the grass here meant they no longer had the need to chase for resources to rebuild their new civilization when every single material they needed was just a thought away.

With this valley as a staging post, they could begin to slowly colonize the city while learning of its mysteries. With this decision finalized houses began to spring up in the valley, and instead of the rough houses they had lived in previously, they decided to copy the pattern of the buildings inside the city.

With the information brought in by the scouts they had a pretty firm understanding of the building style within the city, but actualizing them was a challenge all on its own.

Every inch of any building in the city was filled with complex inscriptions, and was built along patterns that hurt the mind, a small wall could be so complex it would take thousands to decipher it.

Knowing that building their home would be a tough task, none shirked from this duty, the thought of emulating such brilliance, even a fraction of it was such a profound undertaking, any of them knew that building anything close to what was available in the city would be an achievement that would define them for countless years to come.

With such a clear goal, the Elders began to separate the people into three broad groups, roughly a billion each. Underneath each group were scattered branches that handled other smaller projects. However, what was important was that these three groups were not static but dynamic. The individuals in each group were expected to rotate among them every month because each group was necessary for every Blood Blessed to complete their training and foundation.

The first group was charged with the building of their first home in this valley. It was decided that this would be the first place they would be settling in until they were strong enough and worthy enough to live in the city of gods outside this valley.

With every revelation and understanding of the massive city being revealed as they tried to duplicate it, they all began to have a hint of how profound and unfathomable the power that would have built this city would have to be.

Underneath this group would be many minor offshoots that attempt to study and understand the limits of creation granted by the grass and other things related to building their first home.

The second group was charged with practicing and meditation to unlock the powers of the star in their heart and transform into a golden giant, they all had the potential to be one, and so therefore it was necessary that every single Blood Blessed would attain the level of a golden giant in their lifetime.

In addition to this, members of this group who became golden giants could have the chance to climb the mountain and gain the ability to awaken their Natal Treasure. The criteria for this opportunity was not just to become a golden giant, but to stand out from the rest. Individuals like Young Po, the first Blood Blessed to awaken his golden giant form, and other special golden giants were already slated to ascend the mountain soon.

Young Po also showed his sheer talents once more when he became the first Blood Blessed to unlock the second part of his star, becoming the most powerful golden giant once again, if he followed this trend, the third part of his star would be unlocked in the nearest future.

Numerous groups under this group would be charged with combat training and understanding the limits of their body and the power of the Natal Treasures.

The third and final group was tasked with understanding the city. They would become explorers that would pave the road for the rest to follow. The city was so massive that they would need all the bodies they could get to make any meaningful dent in their understanding of its infrastructure.

All three groups were essential, and they all naturally fed into each other, highlighting their importance to the growth of the collective spirit and power of the Blood Blessed. Rowan was pleased.

Unknown to the Blood Blessed the valley they would be building their new home was a small part of his Hollow Forge Chamber that he gave them the power to access. With time they would begin to understand the language behind the power of this chamber and with it, they could gain a unique power that was their own. He had decided to give each of his three preeminent bloodlines the power of each Chamber to access. The Angels would gain his Astrolabe Chamber, his bloodline of Miracle, his Tree of Desire would gain Knowledge Well, and the final Chamber Hollow Forge would be given to the Ouroboros.

Chapter 1118: Assessing Realms

The development of the Blood Blessed was heading towards the right track, and as more of them became golden giants, his level as an Ascendant would increase as well, as they were both in a symbiotic relationship.

With a population of above three billion and a safe environment, he expected the population of the Blood Blessed to explode in a short time, meaning that his growth as an Ascendant would be almost limitless, as every newborn would be contributing to his overall power.

Shifting his focus away from the Blood Blessed, Rowan focused on assessing his present realm as an Ascendant. This was crucial to his future inside Doom Star, he needed to push his Ascendant state several levels higher so the moment he summoned the final part of his consciousness and awakened his dimension from a state of slumber, the commotion would be so massive it would stir up the entire realm.

Ascendancy would become another path he would take to completing his powerbase, and if his suspicion was correct that he was also undergoing Tribulation for the Supreme Circles, then he would need a brief moment to complete the Circles and finally become what was considered by all to be a True Immortal.

It was generally known that after completing the Supreme Circle, that was when an Immortal began to search for Will, there were many paths to complete the Supreme Circles, and Rowan was taking the greatest of them, the original path for which this entire Era was created.

He feared that completing it would not be easy, but it would appear that he was on the right path in doing so. If he could survive long enough to complete this path, then he would have the backing to chase eternity, for this Era would be his own.

'Yeah, no way it would be this easy. There are levels beyond levels that I am not seeing here, but whatever is to come, I will be ready for it. I only need to keep moving forward.'

Rowan had diverged from the path of a normal Ascendant a while ago and he could no longer use them as a measuring metric for his developmental process, but he knew that the next step for Ascendancy was entering the Dan, or in other words, achieving Will.

Unlike what was applicable in reality outside of this place, achieving Will here was ridiculously simple in comparison, making Rowan understand that perhaps the Soul had a great influence on attaining the power of Will. Ascendants were as close to Souls-like beings as anything he had ever come across, making it easier for them to access higher dimensions.

Or perhaps it was because this place was locked off from reality outside, and was not subjected to the same stringent rules of time and space that guarded reality outside of here that it made it easier to see the fabrics of time and space.

He shut off his perception from his children so there would be nothing linking his Ouroboros bloodline to what he was about to do, making the power of his Ascendancy take center stage in his consciousness. This process was easier than before as if it was a reminder that he was now more than just a Creator, but an individual that could remain distinct from his creation if he wanted to. He might have been tied to his children for sustenance before, but now he could easily let them go.

Letting go of his children freed him from any of their desires, bringing silence and he suddenly saw his soul in such clarity that it burned his eyes.

It was a furiously burning white sun with splashes of golden flames intermixed within.

He finally understood why his new body was necessary to contain such a soul, because if he was using the pathway of Ascendancy as a measuring tool, then his soul was equal to the Ascendant Suns in the skies, perhaps even more powerful.

This was not too strange, if an Ascendant became a being of nearly pure soul power by merging their tiny Natal Treasure to a dead rock, what about him that merged his nearly universe-like sized Natal Treasure to billions of infant Children of Ouroboros? The answer was simple, the explosive growth of his soul became unprecedented.

With the development of every Blood Blessed below as they grew stronger, this would have a positive effect on his soul making him grow stronger, and still, this was not the end.

Rowan had isolated the stream of power that fed into the growth of his soul, and having done so, it was a simple thing to convert the soul energy he was gaining from his dimension into this power that was feeding his soul.

With the third part of his dimension added to him, the streams of soul power he could access had exploded in volume, making the growth process of his soul become something unreasonable. If this continued then in the future, just his soul alone would be equal in might to his entire Consciousness Pillars.

If he did not have his present body, he would have become a fourth Ascendant Sun, and perhaps the weakest as he would become the greatest source of nutrition for any Ascendant, he was just soul power without much means to defend himself if he came across Ascendants of higher Dan, but with his current body, he was rooted to the earth where he could grow strong enough to reach Dan, and from that moment, everything would change.

Rowan had not been able to access for a while now, but he knew that he already had access to three different Wills, and as far as he knew, he was the only one in reality who was capable of this feat, although the Third Prince came close, and if he could do something like this, it was not far fetched that another extremely capable genius could do something similar and he was not as unique as he once thought.

Even if that was the case, he knew that no one else should be able to hold three evolving Wills as he did, and with all three Wills having the potential of reaching the ninth level and perhaps, beyond that.

The first of his Will, which was the Will of Truth had been of great use to him, especially when he knew it had a masking feature, that is if he wanted, the Will of Truth for a short time can become the Will of Fire or the Will of Stone.

Despite all these changes, he knew he had barely begun to unearth all the capabilities of this Will, and a great reason could be because of the previous state of his soul, or the lack of it. After gaining back his soul, Rowan slowly comes to the realization that he had not been complete, not for a long time.

His actions might seem filled with emotions or his feelings might have been deep, but intrinsically he was not any of these things. He was soulless, he was cold, and his ability as a Creator was what had given him the heart to become more than a machine. The feelings of his children balanced the lack he had inside.

Chapter 1119: Assessing Wills

Connecting with Andar in the unknown memories he had seen of the end of the universe had shown him a peculiar vision of himself that Andar had glimpsed when he saw Rowan's memory of the Chained god back in the Black Tower.

Rowan in his vision was an utterly alien entity whose inner workings could not be described, and he knew what Andar had seen was a small peek of his Consciousness Pillars. Rowan could be considered to be a machine that was so perfect it could imitate all forms of life to the extent that for brief moments, even he could forget that he lacked a soul.

Jerediah was a prime example, although his case was different from Rowan it was also quite similar, but unlike Rowan, he was not a Creator, he had nothing to balance the void in his heart, and that drove him to a state where insanity would have been a mercy.

Rowan had expressed the instabilities in his psyche in other ways, for one, one glaring manner was through the way he battled.

He had extremely powerful abilities, but unless absolutely necessary he rarely used them. Take for instance his wealth of spells as a Creator of Angels. In his head was likely one of the greatest deposits of spells, and with Knowledge Well, he should be able to easily tweak those spells along countless unique pathways, but he never bothered doing any of that.

It could be argued that the power that Rowan could access as a Spell Caster was a thousand times greater than any he could unleash using his fists, and they were infinitely more versatile.

He usually entered any combat scenario using his fist, a bladed or blunt weapon, and his Eruption ability that would make him hit harder as time went on.

It was a unique ability to be sure, but this was far from his total potential, it was not even scratching the surface of what he could accomplish if he placed his mind to it, yet with

his soulless nature, the battle was enjoyable in the sense that it could bring him to the brink, but he did not see the beauty behind it.

He had once been riveted when he saw an entire field of butterflies and his painting, something that was an intrinsic part of him, had been a window into his soul, but he had lost all of that and became a well-tuned machine, whose emotions were only great simulations that it was impossible to tell the real from the fake.

Rowan did not want to think if what he felt for his mother or his children was not real, and if he had ever cared for anything beyond his purpose to see what lies at the center of everything. Such thoughts were a slippery slope he did not want to explore too deeply at this time, it would not aid him in the battle to come, instead, he was better off analyzing his combat situation.

Eruption for a long time was simply the most effective way he could kill his enemies as quickly as possible while being able to maintain a thrill in battle. This was not much of a handicap to Rowan because of how ungodly powerful Eruption was, enough that even without using a bulk of his abilities, he was able to crush everything.

This was an ability unique to him and it could exchange vitality for stats, although these stats were temporary, Eruption paired with his endless vitality meant Rowan could become so strong in a brief amount of time that he could technically become unbeatable if given enough time to gather enough stats.

However this ability's weakness came in the time it took for Rowan to get the amount of stats that could make him supremely powerful, and it also had a rather debilitating effect on his consciousness, and this price was so great that even with his formidable alien consciousness pillars, he could not hold on to this ability for long without tearing his mental space to pieces. With the advent of his dimensional flesh, Eruption had transformed into Ascension, a much more broken ability, which gave Rowan the option to keep part of the stats he gained when he burned vitality, it had also removed the consciousness debuff it gave him any time he used it. It meant every time he used Ascension, he was becoming stronger, and Rowan would have been utilizing this technique at every moment if not for the sheer commotion it caused every time he used it.

Rowan's size might seem small, but as a living dimension who had consumed a Universe's Will, his true size was almost equal to a third-dimensional universe, and unlike other techniques that required him to use his Aether or vitality to operate them, Ascension meant burning the entirety of his vitality and spreading the effects all over his body, and his body was truly massive.

It was as if an entire universe was set ablaze, the commotion that arose from the technique would be literally shaking reality around him for countless distances, even reaching across time itself.

Ascension could only be used during times of battle where the chaos could hide the incredible changes going on in his body, any other time would simply be an invitation for battle and suspicion. If anyone had any doubt about his status as a dimension, using Ascension, an utterly broken ability would prove it.

His second Will, which was the Will of Elder, was a strange ability. Its description reveals secrets that should be known only by Primordials, and this Will was a rather strange one. had given a rather strange description for this Will,

WILL OF ELDER: The Primordial Beast were not feared because of their power, but their potential. Their bodies were powerful enough to shatter all of creation, but their true

strength lay in a collective Will titled the Will of Elder, that grows stronger with every living Primordial Beast in existence. You are the last living Primordial Beast and this Will is dormant.

Combining the power of a Primordial Beast and an evolving dimension has resurrected this ancient Will, but there is something different about it. Something heretical.

Rowan had not been able to activate this will because of the simple fact that he was the only Primordial Beast in existence, or that was what he thought, he had not seen any hint of a Primordial Beast in his time outside reality, but there could still be time for him to find out... reality was pretty big.

Although he had an idea how to go around this restriction he could not be sure if it would work.

His last Will however was what he suspected had contributed to the birth of his new soul. That last Will was the Will of Soul Origin which he gained when his city of Sheol had evolved to the immortal level.

The last time he had checked , this Will had been at the first level, and it had not displayed any changes that he could observe, although he could not easily tell with his present state, all the experiences he had been going through must have led to a growth in his Will because he was sure that this Will must have reached the 3rd level coupled with his growth as an Ascendant, it was quite possible that this was what gave him back a soul.

Chapter 1120: Droplets Of Infinity

Setting aside all thoughts of the future and any plans for the mysteries surrounding his life, Rowan dwelled inside his Ascendant nature, he needed to master Dan, and enter the higher dimensions.

He allowed himself to become the flame

He permitted his soul to become all that he was, and the senses he had once lost returned to him, more powerful than before-Soul Sight. If he had been inside a field of endless ice for a million years, it was as if he wrapped himself in a warm towel inside a warm home as an icy storm raged outside, it was so comfortable that Rowan nearly groaned aloud.

In his present state, the sound waves that would emerge from his body would probably wipe out a third of the Blood Blessed settling around his body.

Leaving the comfort of his soul, he unleashed his perception outward and he froze as the information nearly overloaded him, and in a short while, he mastered everything that was filtering into his soul. Rowan could tell the difference between his Consciousness Pillars and his Soul.

If it was the former it would not have mattered the complexities of the information entering his mind, it would coldly separate everything and could never be truly overwhelmed, and Rowan feared that no matter how powerful a soul would turn out to be, in some instances it could never be equal to his Consciousness Pillars.

The soul exists in a separate dimension from the material realm, and so its method of observing reality is naturally different.

He perceived lights and colors, yet they were not lights or colors, instead, they were various concepts of reality being manifested as a completely new type of existence and transcended the state of physical manifestation, but the soul could capture those concepts in a way that the spirit could loosely interpret them and if he applied himself, he could understand them, and Rowan knew that with this understanding power would follow.

In this state, a powerful soul could essentially see time and taste color, even smell sound... Yet this was not his it truly was, only as the Spirit perceived it as.

Rowan felt his soul smiling, Will was truly fascinating. The excitement of walking into a brand new realm was something that he had not felt for a long time.

His Soul Sight had no awareness of distance as it showed him infinity in a droplet of water, and if he stretched himself to his limit, at the edges of his perception he could see an infinite amount of droplets, and inside all of these droplets were infinity.

Rowan was well aware that the last time he had used Soul Sight it had not been this powerful, clearly what had changed was that the strength of his present soul compared to what he previously had was like night and day.

He internally rolled his eyes, wondering why he still used such odd reference in his thoughts when to his eyes, there was no difference between night and day, and knowing that such useless musing came from his soul made him smile again.

Focusing back on the changes in his soul, in the past, he had barely been able to see three meters around him, and the quality of his Soul Sight was extremely subpar, now his gaze could easily understand an entire universe of concepts.

A blast went off in Rowan's head as the awareness that he had always been seeing the window into higher dimensions all these while but he had never truly explored them. His title as a Primordial and his senses as a Primordial Ouroboros had all been showing him these sights, but he had never pushed into exploring them.

Like a machine he had simply observed and documented, never tried to feel them, as he should have done so very long ago.

Nevertheless, even though he previously had no soul, he would have still been able to ascend into higher dimensions, but it would have taken him a long time, for unlike creatures with souls, who saw the beauty and allure of higher dimensions, to him, it would simply be one of calculation and timing.

Rowan felt a twinge in his heart as he wondered if he had just come across a secret. It felt extremely important and he filed that away.

At this point in time, Rowan had no idea whether between his new soul and his consciousness pillar, which would be the superior method of attaining the Dan, but he stopped that train of thought in its tracks. Why should he bother exploring higher Dimensions with only his soul, when he still had other tools to use?

He would never allow himself to be limited to using just his soul alone when his Consciousness Pillar had clear advantages over the soul in certain areas, although at the moment his consciousness pillars were out of commission, it would not be for long, and he did not need his consciousness pillars to explore Will because he understood how to view reality like a machine, he had been that machine for too long.

With his musings placed by the side, Rowan began to explore these concepts, using both his heart and his head. It led him down paths unknown. However what he found especially surprising was that of all the concepts that were scattered around, Time was the most prevalent.

It covered everything, piercing through the past and entering an unknown future. It was Time that was the bridge between all the droplets, used as the foundation and the supporting pillar against everything in existence.

It was easy to lose focus at this time and let his mind wander at this massive revelation, but Rowan refused to be distracted and channeled his thoughts into finding the First

Dan, due to the prevalence of Time, it was inevitable that he would explore it first, and he realized why it was inextricably linked to the Fourth Dimension.

Anyone that wanted to walk a higher path would inevitably have to explore Time first because the damn thing had soaked into every layer of existence. Rowan sighed and took the plunge, he needed to understand all he had to work with first before he took the plunge.

His heart showed him Time as music, soft and lilting, yet it was inexplicably heavy when he peered deeper, its weight was enough to crush everything.

Its path could not be changed, its flow could not be stopped and anyone who wished to control it must make use of the Chains.

Rowan paused, the word Chains was a sudden intrusion in his understanding of Time dragged to a halt when the thoughts of chains entered it.

He stopped and looked at the higher dimension... truly stopped and peered into it with his heart and not his head, and then he heard it, extremely faint but as his focus deepened he could understand more of what he was hearing.

They were screams of pain. Time itself was screaming.

Rowan's soul pulsed, flashing brighter as it forced it to burn. He was a Primordial Ouroboros and he could heal from burning his soul, he commanded the City of Sheol, and his Will of Soul Origin meant he could unleash the power of his soul in a way that it was not meant to be

unleashed.

His soul became the brightest light inside this infinity and then he could truly see.

Rowan Soul began to scream.