

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1121: Soul Blood

Rowan felt the flame of his soul begin to vibrate rapidly and it began to lose mass because he could no longer hold himself together in pain like he had experienced only once before when his soul was previously under threat of dissipation from the Primordial Keepers, but this time it was a million times more pronounced.

However, this was all distant as the screaming from Time ravaged him to the core.

The voice that was both familiar and utterly alien pierced through Rowan's Soul and before he could comprehend what was happening, the entire stream of time arose from the higher dimensions, and they gushed towards his flame.

Rowan tried to pull back, to leave this space where the dimensions held away, but he was too late. Time curled around him like a snake, and then without any fanfare, it plunged into his flame.

His heart had once described Time as music that was soft and lilting, yet heavier than a universe. Rowan was finding out how much he had understated this weight.

"BOOM!!!!"

Time filled up his soul and Rowan screamed as he was torn apart at the seams, no matter how powerful his soul was, equal to the Ascendant suns in this realm, Time was so much more. The calculating part of his mind that could never be shut off despite the ungodly pain as his soul was rent to pieces rapidly went into play, as a million possibilities were created and discarded until he arrived at the only conclusion, and no matter how insane this conclusion had now turned out to be, Rowan knew it was his only chance for survival.

The crazy plan was simple, bear the weight of Time.

It sounded insane but Rowan knew that he was about to be torn into pieces, but he was still holding, and that meant he could make his soul stronger to match the intensity of Time pouring into him.

Without access to Soul Energy, such a thing would be considered insanity, but Rowan had not been using the full power of his Soul Energy to grow his soul, because he never placed all his eggs in one basket, danger could erupt at any moment and in a snap, he would need to have an infinity tool that he could use when the moment called for it.

Presently he was using just ten percent of his total allotment of Soul Energy Flow to beef up his soul constantly, and now he increased this channel seventy percent at once.

His screaming stopped and his soul seemed to expand rapidly before compressing and this time the white of his Soul Flame acquired a tinge of blue.

Time still rushed unceasingly into his soul, but Rowan had now become a container that could never be filled up, it did not matter how much Time poured into his soul, he could handle it. The pain was horrendous, and he was at the edge of dissipation, but standing at the edge was no longer something new for him, he thrived in this place.

With the threat of death handled, it was not surprising that Rowan's fury erupted, but he did not allow it to consume him, as he knew that what was happening was not considered normal.

Allowing his mind to go cold, he began watching every single change happening inside his soul as Time entered it.

Every change was being rapidly deciphered although it was extremely difficult because the massive flood of Time vanished the instant it entered his soul, entering a place he could not find.

Rowan furiously dug into his soul, something was changing within and he needed to find what it was, the flood of Time that had entered his soul was enough to fill up multiple infinities and if not for his perverse ability to keep the growth of his soul equal to the load he was carrying, he would have been dead a long while ago.

He must have scanned his soul a billion times at this point before he detected the first changes, and he zoomed into it. It was a clump of bluish-white flame that did not behave the same way as the rest of his flames, it flowed differently, not like flames, almost like a liquid, he frowned and his perception entered into the flames and a sickening sweet taste filled his perception, almost as if he was tasting... blood?

Before he could come to terms that his soul was beginning to carry the characteristics of a fleshy body, the liquid flame his perception was touching transformed into a hand and seized his perception and he was wrenched into another world.

The first thing Rowan discovered was that in this place there was no air, and somehow his perception that had been transformed into a fleshy body found itself struggling to breathe.

Rowan gasped and sucked in air to no avail, and when black spots were beginning to crowd his vision, he felt the touch of soul energy deep in his heart and he quickly transformed a bit of it into oxygen that filled his lungs and enriched his cells.

Regaining his vision he struggled to his feet and looked around him in puzzlement because except for the bare earth beneath his feet that smelled like clay, everything around him was empty.

Empty in the sense that it was nonexistent. There was no light nor darkness, there was just an absence that was impossible to describe, it was as if there was no memory of his surroundings and only his alien mind could comprehend what it was like to be surrounded by nothingness.

Suddenly he felt a change in the surroundings and he looked up to find the nothingness was no longer empty, instead a large four-sided purple eye gazed down upon him, and then another four-sided eye appeared out of the nothingness and another, until there were six large eyes gazing down at him.

Slowly a massive face began to appear out of the nothingness, and the earth below his feet shook as massive tentacles appeared below the eyes, each of them defying the concept of size as he knew it.

The shaking of the ground grew worse and the earth transformed into a purple rock that began to ascend closer to the twitching tentacles above, Rowan discovered that this earth was nothing but a palm, he was standing on the right hand of the Primordial of Time and Evil and it slowly brought him up until they were face to face.

There were many things Rowan expected to face when he stood before a Primordial, one thing he was not expecting was the ability to even stand and look at one of them in the eye. There was no unfathomable pressure crushing him into dust, he had not run mad at the sight of the creature, everything was unexpectedly anti-climatic.

Rowan cocked his head to the side because the creature before him had not made any move after bringing him up to face him, in fact, it almost felt as if he was not looking at a living creature, but a machine and finally it all clicked for him, what he was looking at was an

Anima...

An Anima of a Primordial.

Chapter 1133: Unexpected Appearance

The child muttered to himself, 'Why am I feeling sleepy? I have barely been awake for three months and I am already getting tired.'

He looked up and saw the face of countless people staring at him in expectation, as they waited for him to speak, irritated he suddenly screamed,

"Why are you looking at this solution in absolute terms? Yes, I know that compared to me you guys are ridiculously weak, but could you not think of other uses for your weakness, like say, instead of fighting against the control of others in your creation, why don't you institute a firm rule that marks everyone who creates life? That should be simple for you all, right? Or is that too much?"

He pointed out fiercely, "If someone, let's call them watchers, is assigned over a part of the valley and is charged to keep a firm image in mind that anyone who uses a forbidden creation is painted with red color on their skin to show their misdemeanor to everyone, such a thing would not require much will power, and if someone wants to fight against that overall programming, the watcher would also be alerted, thereby creating a perfect system that can only be broken by a corrupted watcher. Simple but effective, but you dullards could not even think of such an easy solution."

The mother of the child pulled weakly at the robes of the child, her face pale with worry, her son was still an infant, he might be fiercely intelligent but he lacked wisdom, she softly spoke to him,

"Child, you should not talk to the Elders in this manner, they are handling so many issues in our society and they need as many helping hands as possible, there is no reason to berate them for any oversight. I am sure in time that such a motion would have been implemented. Our society is young, and innovation will come at its own pace. We are safe here."

The boy suddenly deflated and inside a dark thought crossed his mind as the strange voices he heard in his dreams returned,

'Peace was never meant to last.'

It was a voice that had haunted him from the moment of his birth, teasing him about truths that were covered under heavy shades of dreams, and somehow he knew if he made it to the top of the Ascension Spear, he would find the owner of that voice in his dreams.

Meanwhile, he turned to his mother and smiled sweetly at the woman,

"Of course Mother, I was a bit too excited, I hope I did not make you worry much, I will handle everything from here in a much more civil manner, don't you worry about that dear Mother," Saying this he eyed his father and continued speaking to his mother, "You know, this sort of high-stakes meeting is not good for your heart, you know you need to become a golden giant by next month. Father, can you take Mother to the house? The cultivation of the two of you cannot be delayed by my matter. Follow the instructions I gave you properly, and I will be coming to check your progress. Both of you have twin Natal Treasures, it would be a waste not to take advantage of its increased effect on cultivation."

With every word from the mouth of the boy, the faces of both of his parents became more crestfallen.

Blood Blessed by their nature loved the growth of their power, and refining their bloodline was an enjoyable activity for most of them. The only reason they should be this downcasted was that their training regimen must be so strict that it was able to bring them to the edge of despair.

The only reason they could not protest against the child was simple: whatever task he had set out for them, he made sure that he imposed a much harsher one on himself. How could they complain when their child of barely three months old was doing ten times more work than they, his parents?

As they turned around to leave the man supporting his wife turned to their child and hesitated before speaking,

"Can you not call us father and mother every time, we have names you know."

The boy sniffed, "I told you, I will call you by your names when both of you together are able to survive one move from me." he stretched out his left hand and waved his tiny pinkie, "I told you I will be using only my pinkie, how many concessions will you like me to make?"

The father scratched his head and said, "I think just one."

"What," the child snapped,

"Well, what does concession mean?"

The child was dumbstruck, looking at his beautiful mother and then back at his father, before looking at the physique of his old man and then muttered, "Oh... granted, now go and cultivate, you are wasting time."

Old Father Jinuh looked at the flustered child and smiled, "Kid, you have a lovely family."

The eyes of the child narrowed and then he simply resumed speaking as if he had not been interrupted by his parents for a while now,

"You see why this method of creating watchers is effective. It cuts out the difficulty of challenging someone else over creation and just allows you to hover your perception above the area that was allocated to you."

Old Father Jinuh stroked his long beard in thought, "You know, none of the creation development group had yet figured out that you could spread your will over a large area."

Just this fact alone would go a long way to alleviate the stress of understanding what is happening in the valley. You have made a solid contribution Kid."

"You don't need to tell me something I already know," the child sniffed, "That is just the first item on the agenda, I have about seven other details I want to share with you, but I am getting sleepy, I should at least share another two before I go take my nap," he brought a chubby hand to his mouth and yawned.

The collective 'Awwnnn' from untold millions of people made his eyes snap open in anger and shock.

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The event happened a year and seven months ago, and now the child was two years old and he was aiming to reach halfway in the climb of the Ascension Spear before he rested, knowing in another year he would reach the top and find his answers.

Reaching the fifth point in his star, he had gained the ability of flight, and at first, he wanted to easily reach the top using this manner, but a grave sense of danger had assaulted his

senses.

His instinct allowed him to know that it was not the Ascension Spear that would attack him when he used this method, instead, it was that his mind would not be able to absorb the information he would be gaining at once if he flew directly to the top.

Climbing the Ascension Spear was incredibly painful, but he knew that it effectively stretched out his soul power and his bloodline, purifying it like a metal under a skilled blacksmith. Every step made his soul stronger and he aimed to complete his entire star by this time next year and see what new things lay above that horizon.

The child suddenly frowned when a few feet above him, a white flame unexpectedly appeared.

Chapter 1122: Fourth Bloodline!!!

Although the fact that he was standing upon what he assumed was an Anima of a Primordial was surprising, it was not as startling as the realization of what was happening inside his soul before he was dragged into this place.

Rowan had enough experience in this subject, perhaps more than anyone because he owned a treasure that could grant such a thing and he was very familiar with this

process, however, what was happening was still unexpected and it took a few moments for him to come to terms with it.

He was gaining a fourth bloodline, or rather, he was awakening his fourth bloodline!

It turned out that all this while, he could not get access to a bloodline that he felt should be intrinsically connected to him for one simple reason only; he needed a soul, and from the hurdle he had just scaled through just to reach this point, an extraordinary one that would automatically eliminate majority of all participants.

Not even the Shadows of the Primordial with their newly gained souls could gain this bloodline because, unlike any other bloodline that Rowan was familiar with, the bloodline of Time was not encoded in the flesh, but in the soul.

Rowan had tried not to think about the reason why for all these while he had not yet received a bloodline related to Time, chalking it as the fault of a dead Primordial, who was bitter about his death and defeat.

Among the many things he was sure could happen when a Primordial dies, locking away his bloodline so it could not be accessed by anyone seemed standard enough, or he had thought that the bloodline of Time had been banished by the other Primordials to stop any chance for the Primordial of Time to be resurrected, who knew the steps that could be taken in order to kill a Primordial and make it permanent.

Despite the powers he could gain from the bloodline of Time, he knew that such a bloodline like the ones related to souls must be under intense scrutiny, and he had enough on his plate already.

As far as he could tell the greatest threat against the Primordials was the Primordial of Time and they would certainly place stringent restrictions over anything that concerned this matter, he had to be extremely careful, but now the matter was out of his hand, as the bloodline of Time had just dropped on his lap.

Previously, Rowan had slight regrets for not obtaining the bloodline of Time, because as far as he could tell, except for the Shadows of the Primordial that could display some of the powers of Time, no one else in all of reality had the bloodline of Time.

Everyone else could only control Time due to the fact that it was prevalent in the higher dimension, and the act of gaining Will was obtaining the authority or the chains that could suppress and control a portion of the power of Time.

In the past, the Primordial had most likely created the path to reach the higher dimensions by using the body of Time itself as the foundation.

Rowan did not think that this was a strange thing, because the Supreme Era and its Supreme Circle were created in a similar fashion by the Primordials. They had shattered the entire Primordial Era and used it as the foundation of creating the Supreme Era.

What Rowan had just come to understand was that in another previous Era in the past, the Primordials in order to create the pathway to a higher dimension for everyone else had most likely used Time itself.

From the few actions of the Primordials that he could comprehend, they seemed to be finding ways to disseminate power to all. What could be the purpose behind their actions? Was it as Old Man Seed had said; that the Primordials were finding a candidate that could stand beside them?

Rowan knew there were threats that could battle Primordials, like the Primordial Beasts in the past, or the strange Primordial of Time who seemed to have another Will, which was Evil, or the vision he had seen of a terrible place called Limbo which could be the originator of itself... These were all great mysteries and Rowan was sure that in this place he was one step away from finding it.

This did not make him happy, at this time he had too much on his plate, and more knowledge meant more danger, yet he knew that he required every edge he might need to stand ahead in the confrontation ahead. The only thing he was worried about was if his actions here would cause a huge deviation from the plan that his past self would have made.

Rowan was sure that there was no way he would have factored gaining the Bloodline of Time in this place, and if that was to be true, then anything he did here would throw the future into uncertainty. He did not know if he had only one chance to make this thing right and if his actions here would cause consequences that would haunt him forever.

His body was already moving even before his soul came to terms with what was happening.

Why should Rowan care about the changes he was about to make? Life was chaos, and everything could change at the drop of a hat. If his previous self could not factor in such drastic changes in the overall plan, then Rowan would have to just take the lead and see where he could channel the ship.

There could no longer be any hesitation at a stage like this. There could only be an endless forward momentum. If his previous self had understood the need to free up a channel of soul energy to Rowan despite his dormant dimension, then that meant he had given himself a universal lock pick to be used in any situation he found himself, and it was up to him that he made sure that he was the one who came out on top in the end.

Looking back at this massive creature before him, Rowan began to notice many things that he had once missed. It was hard not to notice something like this when you stood

on the Anima of a Primordial, but Rowan was anything but normal, and a second look was all he needed to assess this Anima thoroughly.

This Anima seemed on the edge of destruction, apart from its size which could scare anyone else but Rowan whose true size was close to a universe's. He pushed past its flimsy facade of power and saw that there was something lacking in this being, it had no soul.

The six squared-shaped eyes were like dead gems and there were massive cracks throughout the body of the creature that exposed its internals, and when Rowan peered within, he could not see bones or muscles, instead, it was filled with rusted pistons, gears, and several pieces of machinery that seemed equally simple, yet frighteningly complex at the same time.

He was suddenly swept with a feeling of sadness as he looked at the remnants of this Primordial. No being of his stature should have to suffer such a fate, death would have been a mercy for him, instead, his shattered corpse had been screaming for an endless eternity.

Chapter 1123: You Gave Us Sight

Rowan's soul shivered when he thought about the fate of the Primordial of Time, and even though Rowan had only found out a bit about what had truly happened to the Primordial of Time, his fate was grim. He had sought to rule over everything and when he had failed the Primordials had made sure that he had suffered a terrible price.

The chains that represented time were not one of its Aspects, instead, it was what the Primordials had used to bind the power of Will so it could be accessed by lower-dimensional creatures.

It was one of the greatest humiliations for a Primordial that the chains used to bind him had become the symbol of his power.

Even an average god would go insane if a bunch of mortals were using their body as a footstool to reach a greater height, and a being like the Primordial of Time would suffer a disgrace that was countless times worse.

If the Primordial had any perception left at all, then Rowan could only imagine the rage and madness that would be carried in his heart, but this was of no concern to him, what Rowan was feeling now was the rage and sorrow that was being born from his emerging bloodline, and instead of it influencing his mental state, it only irritated him.

He was used to the intricacies of holding powerful bloodlines and knew that they all came with their quirks that needed careful sturdy and if needed, then suppression, and

he would only need to be careful about the influence of this bloodline for the moment until he awakened his dimensional flesh, at that time even if he did nothing, the suppression from his other three Primordial Bloodlines would batter the Bloodline of Time into submission.

With a shrug, Rowan dismissed the influence of the Primordial Bloodline and focused on the Anima before him, it was not a mistake that he was dragged to this place, there was always a purpose to these things, and usually, he would not have to wait for long before it was revealed, but he was not a newbie to these game, and instead of being shown, he would rather search it out for himself.

Rowan bent down and touched the palm of the Primordial and his perception entered within, he saw the direction he was to proceed with, it resembled an endless hole that led into mysteries unknown. Without any hesitation, Rowan plunged into it.

It was almost as if he was tearing his body into pieces and those little pieces were being torn into smaller pieces, and this trend continued the experience was unique, if Rowan would have to describe it.

He knew that time was passing by at a rate that was almost ridiculous, as the piece of his consciousness was hurtling into the past. The vortex his perception had entered was taking him to the past.

The last time he had an experience like this, it was Old Man Seed that had been taking him into history, but his present experience could not be compared to what he had undergone under the old man.

Rowan had been surprised at the speed Old Man Seed had used in bringing him to the end of the Primordial Era, but in comparison to the speed he was undergoing at the moment, Old Man Seed could as well be a tortoise racing against a lightning bolt.

His tearing consciousness could only be sustained by his soul; which he kept upgrading at a frantic pace because nothing else could sustain such a consumption, his soul was being used as fuel to bring him to the past.

However, Rowan was not focused on the pain or the sensation of his consciousness being endlessly broken into smaller pieces but on the length of the span of time that he was traversing.

Using the end of the Primordial Era that he had experienced with Old Man Seed as a reference, Rowan determined that he must have gone back at least thirty Grand Eras before he reached his destination.

His consciousness that arrived in this Era was smaller than any state of existence Rowan had been before, so small that comparing him with a single molecule would

make the molecule the size of a universe and him the size of a grain of sand, but because he was working with his soul, size was not too much of an issue.

Rowan saw nothing but darkness at first, and then what came next was the sense of smell... smoke, he smelled a fire, but it was controlled because the flame burned with a rhythmic crackle that was almost hypnotic, and then the smell of roasting meat, followed by an intense warmth that filled his consciousness with pleasure, and then the darkness receded and he found himself to have taken the shape of the wind that was blowing over a vast plain.

He luxuriated in this feeling of endless freedom before reigning himself in and focusing on his environment, quickly finding that on this plain were three men, or who he assumed to be men because the aura surrounding them were some of the strangest he had ever felt.

They sat on large stones that seemed to have been roughly carved but there was a charm to every single chip on this stone that could draw in the minds of anyone who saw it, and in their center was a fire that was roasting a dragon.

It was one of the strangest dragons Rowan had ever seen, for one it had no scales on its body, in their place were eyes, its entire body was filled with countless trillions of eyes, giving it a frightening appearance that would send chills down the spine of anyone who saw it, especially since its cold eyes were especially active and was looking at countless directions at the same time.

One of the men reached into the fire which Rowan noticed was in the shape of a burning purple sphere as if it was a star that had been shrunk down, the man held one of the legs of the dragon and pulled, tearing away the limb with a sickening squelch, and drawing a shriek of pain from the dragon who Rowan realized despite the fact that it seemed to be missing its heart and all its internal organs with a massive log piercing through it, the dragon was still alive.

The man brought the limb to his face and Rowan saw something unexpected that he had surprisingly missed. The faces of all the men were blank as if they were mannequins.

The faceless man brought up the limb of the dragon to his face and it was absorbed into it as if it was a stone that was dropped into a pond, and on the faceless face of the man was birthed a thousand eyes.

The other two faceless men plunged their hands into the flame and they began to tear out limbs from the body of the dragon and absorb them into their bodies until the only thing that was left of the dragon was its skull which held only a single eye.

The features of the three men had changed, one of them had a thousand eyes on his face, the other had only one, and the last had six.

The thousand-eyed man picked up the skull of the dragon that held only a single eye and he proclaimed in a voice that was as dry as desert sand,

"Here lies the first of the Primordial Beast, Torch Dragon, your arrogance has given us sight."

Chapter 1124: Demon, Light, Time

Rowan's soul quivered when he looked at the remnants of what he assumed was a Primordial Beast. He did not know what to expect whenever he had visions of Primordials, but there was something he had noticed during these encounters.

Anytime he saw a Primordial through visions or encounters like these that came either through the support of or in this case, his soul like when he opened his Spirit Matrix Gate, the Primordials he encountered always seemed so primitive, there was no vast flashing light or grand Aura surrounding their bodies.

However, take the case of the vision he saw through the eyes of Old Man Seed, the Primordial in that vision were all incredibly mighty and carried such intense Aura of power that their presence was branded forever in the mind of anyone who saw them. These thoughts to him did not seem very relevant, yet he thought it was odd.

The first Primordial Beast he had encountered outside the Primordial Ouroboros seemed to be special in its way, and if these beasts were equal to Primordials in their own right, then it meant each of them was not simple, and he wondered if this event was happening before, during or after the war with the Primordial Beasts.

He had no time to deliberate on these thoughts as the bare skull of the Torch Dragon unexpectedly replied,

"Demon, you have killed my brothers and stolen my eyes, I lay a curse upon you, and with my eyes, you shall gaze upon your destruction, and on that day I shall return to your heart, and I shall feast on it for an eternity unending."

Even without any features on his face but eyes, Rowan knew that the being who was called Demon was smiling.

Was this the creator of the Great Abyss and the first Demon Primordial? Why was he in a vision about Time? Did it mean that all three of the men here were Primordials?

Rowan had always thought that Time was a being that was equal to a Primordial, yet was not truly one of them, but if this vision was revealing anything, it would seem the connection between all the Primordials was somewhat closer than he had thought,

almost as if they all came from a single family, even the Primordial Beast, Torch Dragon told Demon that they killed his brothers.

If he had to guess, perhaps at the beginning of everything these beings of great power who might have no creator had all seen themselves as siblings and the distinction between Primordials and Primordial Beasts must have been vague, and it was the war and their various agendas that caused them to take different camps, a war Rowan was sure had never ended.

However, the question that plagued Rowan was that if the Primordial of Time was related to every Primordial, why was the form he wore in the future so alien, his eyes and his demeanor had changed, and was it because he acquired the Will of Evil?

The Demon passed the skull to the next being with a single eye and the Torch Dragon's single eye focused on him, a spark leaped between both eyes and the dragon spoke again, the voice emerging from around its skull, as he accused the one who held him,

"Light, you have betrayed me."

Rowan had finally acknowledged that these three were Primordials, and his focus sharpened,

The Primordial, Light shrugged at the words from the dragon, and he slowly spoke, as if he was someone who measured every word that came out of his mouth knowing their worth was greater than gold,

"It was nothing personal, I just needed to know what it would take to kill creatures at our level. To gain an insight like that is... invaluable. For the greater good, it needs to happen. I will not let it go to waste."

The Torch Dragon whispered, "Your arrogance would lead to your doom. Your vanity has made you mad."

Not replying to the dragon, Light passed the skull to the last being here, whom Rowan was looking at with particular interest because if he was not wrong, this Primordial was Time.

Holding the skull of the Torch Dragon, the Primordial stared at the skull and the skull at him for what seemed like an eternity before the Torch Dragon sighed, his voice no longer holding anger, but a sense of melancholy,

"Time... Despite all that you know is to come, you still choose to stand against me. You are worse than a betrayer and your end will not be agreeable to your character. Do you know what is worse than a fool? A naive fool! Despite how much I hate you, I still pity you."

The hand holding the skull shivered and with an unexpected cry of rage, Time plunged his fingers into the only eye hole on the head of the Torch Dragon, blinding its only remaining eye, and exerting force began to slowly tear apart its skull.

By the side, Demon cried out in shock,

"Time, what are you doing? We need Chaos to create a foundation for reality, without it, the essence of the Dragon would be half wasted... stop this madness! The future depends on this." Time growled, "I know my fate, and I have seen what would unravel in the future, no matter what I do, my loss is inevitable, if anyone was able to find a path through this quandary, then it should have been this damned dragon! If I am to suffer for all eternity, then he will suffer beside me, his essence shall not rest. Peace was never an option, and there is no way I am letting him go into the dark!"

Demon snorted, "Although you shall suffer for eternity, your bloodline will be preserved and you shall be able to look through the eyes of what is to come and escape your eternal solitude. What is the use of one body when you shall have an infinite number of them, and if our gambit is successful, then you shall be the strongest of us"

"If that is the true Demon, then why does my sight end at the dawn of the Primordial Era, why have you all refused to show me eternity. Why could you all not have given me one more Grand Era to Map out all that is to come, knowing I will have always taken the right path. You all asked for my trust, when you have given me none."

Demon stood up with anger, the stone he had been sitting on exploding into dust, revealing that it was made from an uncountable number of compressed dimensions, Light stood up quickly also and placed a gentle hand on Demon's shoulder, and it was as if a massive boulder was set on his body and Demon froze in place.

Light began to address Time who had not stopped attempting to tear the skull apart,

"You know the reason why we cannot show you what lies after eternity. Your nature in itself would inevitably corrupt any future event that is to take place, you understand how important it is that our work be completed without any interference. Giving you access was never an option, and your Map, this Singularity cannot be trusted... it is outside everything we know. The burden on your shoulders is heavy, but you are the only one among us who can carry it. If I was able, I would have taken it from you."

Chapter 1125: Betrayal

The words of light drew an angry chuckle from Time, as two more hands erupted from his side which he used to grab the skull, exerting more force in his attempt to crush it, Demon made a move to stop him, but was held back by Light,

"You are making a mistake Time, this is the best path, for you and us all. You should be grateful to carry such a burden"

"By blinding me to my fate, and leaving my life in all of your hands? That burden? I was never made to walk with my eyes closed, Light. I am Time! You all are not giving me any chances. I have never cared for eternity, only your trust. If I was a coward, I would have left, I would have gone so deeply into the Nothingness that you could never find me, yet I stayed behind, and yet, none of you were willing to allow me to complete my vision. Tell me, who betrayed who?"

Light shook his head, "We do not do this out of hate, fear, or spite, but necessity, do not think you are the only one to be making a sacrifice, we all would pay. By blinding your reach into the future, this inevitably means the end of all our sights was marked also. We also shall not know what comes after the Primordial Era, this is a sacrifice that we must all make. In taking away your eyes, we did the same to ourselves, the board is now balanced and change can begin. This is the right path."

Time began to laugh, a sound that was so violent that his featureless face tore open, revealing a gash that became a grisly sort of mouth,

"Forgive me Light if I don't see the equality in our sacrifice. I am Time, of everyone here you should understand how much was taken from me by the acts of all of you. I do not fear pain or desolation of living an existence that is eternal damnation, what I do fear is betrayal." Demon stepped forward, his thousand eyes focused on the skull that was about to be shattered, clearly not listening to the words of Time, with his focus more on the skull,

"We have no reason to betray you, Time. Unless you give us one. Have I not promised multiple layers of my Abyss for your bloodline alone? Your light shall be most prevalent in all of creation, what more do you seek from us? We all pay a price for our goals. If you were such a coward, why did you choose to become Time, when you knew what was to come? You could have faded into nothingness and allowed another to take your mantle."

Time shook in anger, "Know the future? I was not even aware that the future was my Aspect because it was hidden from me until you sprung this plan to aid you all in your great work. I was content to roam the Nothingness for eternity, yet you all drew me from my peace and gave me fate worse than death."

"Heresy!" Demon roared as the air around them became charged with power, "How long do you think you can sleep and dream of Nothingness? We gave you purpose!"

Time shook his head and whispered, "You gave me nothing but nightmares! It is already too late, I shall not suffer alone."

"Don't you dare!" Demon roared in anger, his fury so great Rowan thought he was about to destroy Time on the spot yet once more his anger was calmed by a touch from Light,

"It is too late, go and summon the others, especially Chaos to begin the process of creating The Great Darkness, we must recover as much essence of the Torch Dragon before it is all gone."

Demon groaned in anger, took a final look at Time and he vanished. There was a sickening crack as the skull of the Torch Dragon finally gave way under the relentless pressure of Time as he tore it into four parts.

Rowan was expecting an intense explosion of energy, but what emerged from the skull of the Torch Dragon were fine white clouds of dust that emerged slowly for a short while before exploding in volume, and despite Time and Light being at the epicenter of the explosion, the white dust could not come near them.

The dust rose to the heavens where it met the wind that was Rowan, and it tore into him, and it was all Rowan could do to focus on what was happening below because the white dust held the screams of pain and rage of the Torch Dragon.

The cries continued increasing in intensity until Rowan could no longer hold and his consciousness was frozen by the sheer mental weight of the cries and everything went blank, but reality snapped around him suddenly, taking him to a new scene.

Somewhere deep in his soul, he felt a new weight and he understood that the transformation of his soul and the emergence of his new bloodline was almost complete, these memories were the remnants left of the Primordial of Time.

The new reality that was revealed was different from the last, and in this memory, there was only one Primordial here, and he stood at the edge of the greatest waterfall that Rowan had ever seen.

It was a waterfall that was so large it could fit nearly the entirety of the Great Darkness, which was Chaos's Fourth Dimension that held all of the third-dimensional universe in existence.

Time appeared nearly the same as he once did, except this time he was no longer a featureless face with only eyes, now he had lips and a nose, and his skin was incredibly pale like white marble.

He looked upwards and Rowan, still holding the shape of the wind, looked upwards too and discovered they were not as alone as he thought, there were four other figures standing in the distance.

To measure this distance with miles would be useless for they were many multiple universes away, but their present size was so massive, that Rowan could see only their head, like four large moons looking down at Time.

Time looked down with regret before walking towards the edge of the massive waterfall and he stepped off, but he did not fall, he gestured with his hands and a silver ring appeared in front of him. Time seemed to hesitate before he took the silver ring and he turned once more and raised it to the air as if he was showing the other watching Primordials before he slowly placed the ring on his right thumb.

Doing so he sat down crossed-legged in the air and closed his eyes, and Rowan felt a sense of finality around Time, as if he had just made a decision that would mean he was not moving from this place for all eternity.

It was then that Rowan heard the sounds of chains coming from a distance, and at first, Time seemed not to be aware of the sound, but a frown crossed his face and his eyes slowly came open, but Rowan could see that even this action seemed difficult for him to do, as if the ring was suppressing all of his energy.

His gaze turned to the bottom of the waterfall and his pale features nearly turned translucent as he whispered, "So you still betrayed me."

Chapter 1126: Map

From the massive waterfall enormous chains sprung out in numbers that were almost infinite, and Rowan knew that each Chain represented a unique power of Will. Despite knowing this, the number stunned him as he understood that except for the powers there-be had hidden a lot of their forces, the majority of immortals had not even begun to scratch the full potential of Will and that perhaps only a fraction of these chains had been found.

As the Chains of Will descended on Time he did not even make any motion of defiance, Rowan knew that he should be able to, nothing could hold down a Primordial entirely as he chooses to be held.

Time stood still and allowed the Will chains to bind his body before they pierced into his flesh, and for a while, his body seemed like an endless black hole that swallowed all the Will chains, and in what could be considered both an eternity and a single moment, the Chains entered into him completely and Time fell to his knees as he tried to hide the grimace of pain that streaked past his face.

With a loud shrieking sound that Rowan was sure he was not going to forget any time soon, the chains began to return to the waterfall, and each of them took a piece of Time along as they systematically ripped the Primordial to pieces, he was healing despite the

grievous injuries despite the severity of the ongoing injuries, but even Rowan could see that his energy levels were beginning to falter.

This became more evident when Time began to bleed. He looked at the other Primordials in the heavens with a strange expression in his eyes. It was as if he was expecting them to still make a move, but they only observed.

Even when the chains returned, to collect more from the body of Time, who now seemed lethargic and was not responding to his body being brutally savaged. At first the chains that entered his body had been careful, although they came at once, there had been a certain solemnity to their actions, but now the chains were rough, they tore large pieces of Time, taking more than they carried before, and these particular sets of chains who took more of Time became larger than the rest.

Rowan and the Primordials watched as Time was savaged.

It did not seem possible that his body should be able to hold following the abuse he was taking, but it took a while before Time was reduced to a shell of his former self, he was not dead, and Rowan felt a stirring amongst the Primordial above, and he suspected that they had not expected Time to still have enough power to keep pieces of himself back.

The internals of Time were strange, he had no bones, instead it resembled cracked pistons and broken gears, but Rowan suspected that this image was what his Spirit could interpret, and the insides of a Primordial was stranger than he could fathom at this period.

One of the Primordial gestured and the metallic shrieks of the chain began to resound once more, but he was stopped by the others, even from this distance, he knew the Primordial that wanted to attack was Demon, and the first to stop him was Light.

Time waited a while, his body so broken it was almost as if he was one step from the grave, before he chuckled weakly and he turned and walked away, his broken back carrying a grace that it should not have. He slowlyly vanished, so too did the memory, and Rowan's consciousness snapped back into the soul and he returned to the place he had been before Time had entered him.

He was not thinking about the memory he had just witnessed, instead, he was focusing on the new state of his soul which shocked him for a brief moment when he thought that somehow he had regained his body.

That was right, Rowan's soul had taken the guise of a fleshy body, and he brought his hands up in amazement and watched the tiny capillaries and blood vessels throb under his skin. It was not just any sort of body, but one that was practically indistinguishable from mortal flesh.

The only difference was there was no blood flowing in his vein, only Time, whose appearance had taken the form of a yellow river filled with spinning cogs and gears, even his eyes now resembled the face of a clock, but with nine dials on it. There was a burst of information that was about to burst out from the depths of his soul, but Rowan suppressed it.

From the experience with , he knew that understanding something meant he had acknowledged it, making the changes final, before he took the next steps he must review his memories first.

For the first time since that ancient age, the bloodline of Time had returned and Rowan kept the excitement in his heart aside for the moment, distractedly feeling the movement of his heart as it pumped the Rivers of Time throughout his body.

He had yet to come to terms with what he had witnessed in the vision.

If he was not wrong, the Primordial of Time that existed before he was taken apart, and the one that was killed by all the Primordials he had seen in his first vision opening his Spirit Matrix Gate were very different individuals.

Although Rowan did not understand the entirety of the issue that had happened between the Primordials, and unless he knew what the great goals they seemed to be pursuing he could not judge them for their actions, and for sacrificing Time.

Whatever deals that were made in the past, it would seem that Time had the shorter end of the stick, and yet by his admission, he had not fled from these terrifying acts, and he had only wanted the trust of his fellow Primordials. This was not the actions of a Primordial of Evil, no of he was right, this came after.

The second vision that showed Time surviving being ripped apart and also the actions of the other Primordial was especially telling because none of them had expected Time to survive this process, Rowan had suspected that even Time himself underestimated his strength, and with his survival came bitterness.

Yet what was puzzling was how could the Primordials have been wrong? How could they not have predicted that Time would survive?

The next time Rowan had seen Time he had become an Eldritch horror, pinned to a table by weapons from other Primordials, his essence corrupted by a second Will-Evil. Also there was something that Rowan had seen on that table that he had naively disregarded.

On that table had been a chalice that had hidden the last living blood of the Primordial, it was from here that Erohim and the Shadows had hidden the destruction that came upon the Primordial, and he has also seen a map, but it held no meaning to him, until now, because this was not the only bombshell that was revealed, for although it was spoken

in passing, Rowan had learned more about Singularities and perhaps the presence of a third Singularity, which Time and Light had referred to as simply Map.

Light had told Time,

"your Map, this Singularity cannot be trusted... it is outside everything we know."

- Chapter 1127: Will Chains Finding A New Home

Chapter 1127: Will Chains Finding A New Home

Getting back the Third part of his consciousness brought back the memory of the second Singularity he had seen beside which was the World Steele which had given him the title of a World Bearer.

Rowan knew that there should be other memories of this Second Singularity that were missing from his memories and he had not forgotten the feeling he had gotten when he touched Aura, he had sensed the presence of another Singularity, most likely the World Steele, and if he was not wrong, this Singularity was somehow associated with Doom Star. 'So many mysteries tied behind my missing memories. Well, let me first analyze what I know.' From the words of Light, Rowan understood that the Primordials were well aware of Singularities, although he had already expected this outcome, if the World Steele could go around giving the World Bearer Title to various individuals, then the Primordials would be aware of its activities, however, he was not aware if the Primordials knew about all the Singularities.

Light had said it knew nothing of this Map that Time had found because it was outside everything they knew, and so it could not be trusted.

This also indicated that every Singularity was aware and had their personal agenda or different disposition, plus it revealed that perhaps at that period in history, the Primordials were not yet all-knowing, and Rowan wondered if they could ever be. A strange thought but one that needed further consideration.

Rowan was well aware of the agenda of when in the past it had craved to merge with Rowan to become a more perfect being and give birth to a new host of Singularities, this was despite the fact that there was a high chance of failure, had seemed not to care, and only the adamantine will of Rowan had reigned in the Singularity.

automatically hides the powerful Aura and power of Rowan, and except he showed off a portion of his abilities, no one would be able to pierce through his defenses, but this protection would cease when he exceeded the Supreme Circle and began climbing the higher dimensions.

He had readily accepted the power of the Supreme Circles because when he became a True Immortal in every sense of the world, his presence would blaze out against eternity, and at that time, Rowan needed to be ready, or else he would not last against the greedy eyes of everyone who wished to plunder his powers for their own.

From the moment Rowan left the universe whether it was planned or an unconscious act, the one thing he had never done was to open his Primordial Record, and his caution had paid off.

He had learned about Spirit Emanations whose users could read others like an open book, including the secrets inside the depths of the heart, and who knew what a Primordial was capable of when it came to the matter of investigation.

Rowan was not yet aware if the Primordials knew of , and he would rather err on the side of caution. He had a plan for when he would be opening the Record, but he needed to be much more powerful than he was at the moment.

He had to always assume the worst, if the Primordials were aware of the Singularity he possessed then there must be a reason he still held it. There were many great mysteries surrounding the Primordials, their power and their purpose were all shrouded in fog, and every step that he took that brought him closer to their level, seemed to reveal more mysteries that took him two steps backward.

'Talking about power, I think that I should be attaining my Fourth Level Will at the moment, everything else can wait.'

With his dormant Dimension, he would not be able to unleash the full power of Will, but he needed Will due to the fact that he needed to summon the last portion of his body.

Rowan's focus had been so in-depth as he reviewed the memories that it was only now that he was fully focusing outwards, and when he did he saw that his perception had become transformed by his new bloodline, and with this transformation came pain.

There had once been a fascinating experiment in this previous life on the Observer's effect, particularly in the area of quantum mechanics. To put it in simple terms it means that the act of observation alters or disturbs an observed system.

During the moments when Rowan was inside himself, his perception of reality had changed with his new bloodline, and now that he was observing reality with the eyes of Time, his observed reality had changed as well.

He no longer saw time as he once did, he only saw will chains, and he realized that in this entire droplet of infinity, Time was no longer present, the glue that held all these Wills together was gone, and inside this place, he had become Time.

The consequences of such a thing were clear, all the Will chains sought their new home, and as if it was a repeat of the vision he had once seen, all those Will chains surged into his body and Rowan was drowned under a blanket of chains.

For the first few moments, he was disoriented, and he was lucky that unlike with the Primordial of Time, these chains did not choose to tear him into pieces, or he would have lost his soul, instead, they found a piece of his soul and they latched onto it.

Frozen in disbelief, Rowan discovered that he could not even move even if he wanted to. All these chains had seized every single iota of his soul, and he was being dragged into an infinite number of directions, if not for the strength of his soul and the power of his bloodline of Time, he would have been shattered to nothingness in the blink of an eye.

Not knowing if he should laugh or cry, Rowan assessed his condition with a critical eye. His intentions when he entered the space was to locate the path to follow for either of his three Wills and if he could not find them, he would simply choose a Will that he would soon discard when he regained his dimensional flesh.

Due to the strength of his soul, Rowan was in that privileged position where he could easily select any Will of his choice, but now it seemed he had no choice in the matter, for every single Will in this droplet of Infinity had found him.

What could he do with all these Wills? This was not like the Supreme Circle where he could master the techniques with no need to practice them. You could not just master a Will, without allowing it to become a part of you.

Rowan was not aware but across hundreds of hidden locations around Doom Star, Ascendants

were thrown into shock and fear as the Dan disappeared in its entirety. In the sky above, one

of the Ascendant Suns dimmed and with a resounding crack that echoed throughout the realm, it was torn in two.

Chapter 1128: A Path Forward

The infinity bubble Rowan found himself in was now silent, its previous appearance altered, and if anyone else entered into this space the only thing they would see was the entirety of the Wills running rampart, seeming to flow towards one central location but in the infinity bubble distance and direction was extremely hard to predict and understand.

Rowan was unaware of how much this matter had aided him, or else he would have been discovered in a short time, meanwhile what Rowan could see with his perception were just an infinite number of chains whose ends could not be seen, stretching into the distance and disappearing into the void.

From a distance, Rowan's soul could not be seen, just an endless mass of chains, some were as large as mountains, while others were smaller than a spider's silk, somehow, they still found a way to fit inside the human-sized soul of Rowan, but this was not strange, in the dimension of the soul, size was meaningless.

This state of being kept in place continued for another two years, as Rowan's only connection with the outside world was a vague surge of information from the Shiik and the Blood Blessed outside his body.

It had been six years since his battle with the Divine Ascendant in the threshold above.

On this day, something changed that broke the silence shrouding this place for the last two years. The chains rattled, all of them. Only someone who knew the significance of this would understand how utterly ridiculous such a concept was, but everything happening inside this infinity bubble was unexpected already.

Rowan had spent the last two years doing only one thing, he was strengthening his soul.

This was the only path forward because there was no way he was going to be mastering an infinite amount of Will, even if he had all the time in the world, that path led only to madness. Wills were not just techniques, they were pathways to higher dimensions, and he was a dimension, granted he could master thousands of similar Wills and align them to a specific portion of his dimension.

For instance, his Angels had the elements of light, flame, speed, and so forth. He could master similar Wills and bound them to a portion of his dimension, in essence, create a Heaven for his Angels, and he could do so for all his now four bloodlines, but even if he mastered millions of similar wills, that was still a drop in an ocean to the Wills that had crowded all through his soul.

If he attempted to master all these Wills despite the challenges he would face doing so, and then somehow survive the madness that would inevitably occur, then he would have to come to terms with the fact that he would need nearly an entire Minor Era to progress his dimension from the Fourth level to the Fifth level.

Although Rowan was curious about the sort of qualitative changes that might arise from owning an infinite number of Fourth-dimensional Wills, it would simply keep him on his back foot for too long.

He was stuck with these Wills, and if he remained in this way for long he would be trapped for eternity, just another small part of Time that had fallen under the machinations of the Primordial.

In the visions, the Primordial had promised Time that his bloodline would be preserved, and with what was happening here Rowan came to a horrifying conclusion, what if the Primordials had allowed the bloodline of Time to flourish for a while, and when the right moment was reached, they merged them into the infinity bubble that characterized the higher dimensions.

It was a crazy thought but somehow Rowan could not reconcile the vision of Time he had seen, and the abomination that was the Third Prince and the shadows who were a pale copy of the Primordial of Time and Evil, something destructive must have happened to push a Primordial to that state, because he was not always like that.

However, he did not think he would be able to even survive for long if he did not find ways to resolve his present dilemma.

Rowan had been exploring this little bubble of infinity, and the countless other bubbles that surrounded it. Progress was almost nonexistent due to his detained status, but he was able to figure out something that made him panic, this bubble of infinity was Doom Star, and all those bubbles that extended for infinity in all directions were other dimensions.

Doom Star as well as other higher Dimensions had been able to acquire the power to contain Wills, most likely due to the effort of the Primordials who used the body of Time to serve as glue, and although Doom Star was separate from the rest of reality, it must have acquired this power in the past before the separation, or it may be something that every dimension would naturally acquire when they reach a certain level.

This meant that Rowan had just taken the path of Will away from the entire realm of Doom Star. In any other places, Rowan was sure that such a thing might not be noticed for millions perhaps even many trillions of years, but not on a realm like Doom Star, whose souls like nature gave them a clear advantage in the acquiring of Will.

It would not take long for them to discover him, and already Rowan was noticing various probing gaze roaming through this place.

Unlike him whose soul power was so massive and was aligned with the nature of Time inside the infinity bubble which allowed it to encapsulate the entirety of this infinity bubble, the others had to slowly search, and with more and more gaze filling this place every day, it was only a matter of time until someone located him, and his location in this place was triangulated with the city he was situated, and then all hell would break loose.

Although he doubted that anyone could cause him harm inside this bubble, once they could discover his real location, high-level Will Holders would tear him to pieces.

Rowan was already channeling a hundred percent of his Soul Energy towards growing his soul power, and although he had not checked on the Blood Blessed for almost three years, the amount of soul strengthening he had been gaining from them was growing almost exponentially, they must have seen the various preparation he had set in place to facilitate their growth and they were going to need to grow as quickly as possible because Rowan could not be hidden forever.

The chains rattled again, and this time it was much louder, it raised such great cacophony that the entire infinity bubble vibrated.

From within the cocoon of wrapped chains, a fair hand emerged that was free of any chains.

Rowan had managed to strengthen his soul in two years to such a dramatic extent that it was three times as powerful as it was two years ago. His soul power was already ridiculous, tripling it in two years was unimaginable, and yet he had succeeded.

This had been enough for him to free up only one hand, since his soul was much more powerful, it could hold more chains, if this trend continued, in two decades or less, his soul would have become so powerful, that he would be able to hold the entire Will Chain of this dimension in a small corner of his soul.

Chapter 1129: Dials Of Time

This situation more than anything had finally shown Rowan the gulf between him and the Primordials.

Time at the moment this happened in the past had no power over the domain of souls, and yet his soul power was strong enough to be spread across an infinite number of dimensions, and he still had enough soul power to maintain his spiritual and physical strength.

Perhaps if his theory about how Time became evil was true then his bloodline would barely contribute a fraction of a fraction of the amount of soul power needed to hold all of these Will chains.

Rowan could barely survive one infinity bubble and he knew that he had one of the most powerful souls in all of existence. It was no wonder that it was widely believed that everything under Primordials were ants, even an infinite number of eight-dimensional Will Holder would not be able to challenge a single Primordial.

Knowing that if he maintained his growth trajectory he would reach that level one day was little comfort at the moment, but Rowan tried not to think about it, he had made a major step that most people in existence would have never succeeded in, he must learn to celebrate his little victories as well.

Freeing his hands was just the first step in the plan that he had been formulating inside his mind, he had a lot of time to think about what he needed to do going forward and it involved his Destroyer.

Before Rowan became a Dimension, his Destroyer was to serve a primary purpose, which was to be his fortress. His destroyer would be so massive it could hold all his armies and would become his beacon to stand against all of creation, but when he became a Dimension, the usage of his Destroyer became more of a weapon than a fortress, but Rowan was going to be bringing back its previous function, and this time, it would not be to be housing people, but Wills.

Apollyon was the name of the Destroyer and it was a Battle Fortress of the Celestials, and it was a weapon that had several levels, each successive level increasing its size and power. It was said that at the fifth level, it would become the size of a universe.

Already Rowan's Destroyer was at the third level since it grew along with his dimension and its size could already match a universe even though its shape resembled a great sword when it was held by Rowan.

This meant like this dimensional droplet, the shape of Apollyon was highly malleable, and because it had merged with Rowan's dimension, hence his soul, it could be made to carry the burden of these Wills.

Rowan did not know what would happen when he merged the Will Chains with his Destroyer, but it was the only way he saw in which he could regain his freedom.

His Destroyer was about to get a rather curious upgrade.

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His hand poking outside the cocoon of chains seemed so small and fragile against the immensity of the chains that surrounded it, and it created a weird visual dissonance to see his small hand poking outside such massive chains yet his hand seemed to be the size of the chains, appearing massive as well, ... but also seemingly small.

Rowan's soul still had the traits of his dimension, it was the size of a universe and it still maintained the visual shape of an eight-foot-tall man. It meant his hand could reach across and pluck the stars from the sky, but to an observer beside him, his hand never grew a single inch, to them he would just seem as if he reached out, and picked the star.

Rowan rotated his palm and gripped the air. For a moment nothing happened and then the entire infinite droplet began to vibrate. The air in front of him began to warp and distort and across the entire infinite droplet, the temperature began to rise.

When Rowan had gained access to a small portion of his Destroyer the moment he merged with the second part of his consciousness, the state of the weapon resembled a shadow of light and cold fire.

Merging with the third part of his consciousness had further strengthened this weapon, and now, it was no longer the shadow of light, it was light itself, and the cold flames now burned hotter than any star in any universe.

The infinite droplet turned white, and a hand so massive that defied meaning reached and grabbed the entire light in its palm placing the infinite droplet into darkness.

Rowan's hand held the Destroyer and the weapon purred. It was almost as if he was holding a star in the shape of a great sword.

With a flourish that would put any swordsman to shame, Rowan rotated the blade and swung at the chains near him.

His movement was smooth, cleaving left and right and leaving bright trails of light behind every motion.

Apollyon barely paused when it reached it, touched the chains, and bit through it, and as Rowan continued the swinging motion, from left to right, the glow of the blade began to dim. All of these might seem slow to describe but Rowan was swinging his blade thousands of times per second, and every time he swung the blade it bit into the chains, when it was lifted, more than a hundred chains, something tens of thousands of chains would be added to the blade.

In less than an hour, the sword already held a billion chains, and the number of increasing. This also meant that the weight of the Destroyer was getting ridiculous, but a powerful weapon in its own right it was able to support the motion of Rowan's swings and for the moment he could feel nothing.

With each moment that passed and the blade bit deeper and deeper into the chains, Rowan's right eye could then be seen through the covering of the chain, and its strange new shape was revealed more clearly.

His pupils resembled the face of a clock with nine dials, and at this moment all the dials were still, but one of them slowly moved and stopped as if it had counted the time.

Suddenly the chains sticking out of the Destroyer tripled. It was almost as if when the dial in Rowan's eye had moved, the effects of his actions for the past hour had suddenly tripled!

He had been able to harvest nearly two billion Will Chain in the past hour and suddenly that number had multiplied to six billion.

This was the first of Rowan's strange abilities- Time Stack.

Its effects were heaven-defying because it could affect all aspects of Rowan's life. It would triple the effect of everything he did in the allotted amount of time set out for it.

If he was a mortal and chose to maybe work out for an hour, with this dial, he would have the benefit of working out for three hours, without any diminishing returns.

This also cut across cultivation, battle, comprehension, crafting, and so on.

This ability seemed simple on the surface, but its effects were almost infinite in possibilities.

Yet this was only the first dial.

The next dial shook and then moved, and the six billion chains on the Destroyer transformed

to eighteen billion!

The third dial shivered and then it moved.

Chapter 1130: Heretical Combination

The chains around the sword surged up to fifty-four billion, whereas in a moment before, it was barely two billion. The glow from the great sword had lessened a great deal, and now it was almost as if Rowan was swinging a sword made from chains.

Rowan's bright eye grew dull, and the fourth dial that was about to move stayed in place, at his present level and soul strength, he could only move three dials. He suspected that if he merged his soul with his dimension he should be about to move at least seven dials, maybe the entire nine.

However, he did not stop swinging the Destroyer, because the Time Stack was simply on cooldown, and before long it would be available again.

Fueled by his ever-growing and extremely powerful soul, his Time-based abilities did not take long to refresh and in another hour he could use it once more, and now the extremely heretical nature of this power revealed itself when paired with the nature of his Ouroboros bloodline.

Rowan had barely been able to gather another two billion Will Chains but when he used Time Stack once more, he did not add another two billion Will Chains like he should have done, but instead, he had gotten one hundred and twelve billion Will Chains.

His Ouroboros Bloodline made sure that every benefit he was receiving across time was not diminished, making Rowan's present state absolute.

Having a single supreme bloodline was already extremely powerful but when combined with multiple bloodlines of the same tier, the things they were able to achieve became absurd.

Mixing bloodlines was something that was abundantly practiced all through existence, in order to create the perfect bloodline, and although this had brought surprising results, it was still lackluster, and no matter how much lower bloodlines were mixed, they could not match a single Supreme Bloodline.

By their natures, every Supreme bloodline was deemed perfect and they could not be mixed, doing so would inevitably cause the destruction of both, but with the aid of , Rowan had gathered four Supreme Bloodlines inside one body, and the fantastic thing was that every bloodline had a symbiotic relationship with the next, boosting their already formidable ability to the realm of madness.

This was further proven when another two more stacks on his first dial increased the Will Chains on the Destroyer to three hundred and thirty-six billion.

Then his second dial moved and then the third and the number increased to 3,024,000,000,000. This was three trillion Will Chains in less than two hours!

Using his normal speed, Rowan would have likely taken at least a year to get to this point, even if he was using the Time Stack power, but with Ouroboros greedy nature he gathered all of this in less than two hours, and that meant to him gathering the infinite chains on his soul was no longer a daydream.

In the next hour, he would gather about eighty-four trillion will chains, and this number would keep getting higher, increasing in an exponential manner.

When Rowan knew of the effect of the Time Stack powers, the first thing he attempted to use it upon was on his cultivation of Soul Energy, and although the effect had been promising, it was not as absurd as this one, because the advantages of his bloodlines was also a disadvantage in some areas, especially in the case of their absolute nature.

His bloodline of Sheol was in charge of his Soul Energy and without him being able to directly influence its operation, it adamantly refused to be swayed by the effect of his Time Stack power, it just continuously released the same amount of Soul Energy without any iota of change.

If he had been able to cultivate his soul power the same way he was handling the Will Chains, he would have gotten a thousand times the result in a small portion of the time taken to get to this point.

Although annoying, it was not unexpected, and Rowan consoled himself with the knowledge that if his dimension was complete, he would not need Time Stack for his cultivation when he could have any amount of Soul energy anytime he wanted.

Cultivation for him was almost instant anyway, and the only delay in his progress was always the preparation to get to the stage he needed. The instant the preparation he made was complete he would simply complete the stage instantaneously with soul energy, rendering the effect of Time Stack powers on his cultivation to be unnecessary, however, it was only someone like him who could make such claims.

Freeing this amount of Will chains from his body had exposed Rowan's head and a small part of his neck, and knowing that unleashing his Destroyer inside of this place would draw attention to his position more quickly than before, he quickened his pace, he needed to gather infinity as quickly as possible.

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A million Blood Blessed were climbing the Ascension Spear. The metallic mountain at the center of their city was given this name after the second month by the Elder's consensus, due to the fact that it aided in the breakthrough in their bloodline refinement process. Among this million climbing the mountain, Beacon was among them, the first of the Blood Blessed who had attempted the Ascent and gave himself a name upon it, and until this moment his name was still glowing brightly on the Ascension Spear, and since that time the names on the mountain were now in the billions.

He had beaten his record of two thousand feet a while ago as he stepped into the second level of his star, and today he was hoping to push for the third level and finally summon his companion. After nearly two years, Beacon could no longer wait to greet his Natal Treasure. After crossing the two thousand feet mark he had made in the past, every foot higher he climbed, his name that was now etched on the mountain followed him, tracking his progress and like Beacon liked to think, a constant reminder showing him how much progress he has made.

At this moment he had climbed five thousand feet, and he was shooting for six thousand feet during this climb, among the million Blood Blessed climbing the mountains with him, his performance was below average. The last few months had revealed countless monsters among their population.

Beacon did not feel any jealousy, he was only glad that he could be alive during the greatest moments of their civilization, this period would go down in history, and it was a privilege to experience it firsthand.

The pain he felt as he climbed was secondary, it was the feeling of being beside his people, sweating and screaming alongside them as they battled to climb the Ascension Spear. Rowan's unceasing growth over the years meant that even if he kept nearly all of his powers in check, the slightest bit that escaped from him was making the test of the Ascension Spear more difficult, and with the present state of the mountain, Beacon would have not been able to climb more than two hundred feet with the body he had when he first reached this great

land.

Nonetheless, this accumulation of difficulty made the benefits gained from climbing the mountain increase.