

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1131: A Child Or A God?

Gaining power for a Blood Blessed was both straightforward and also complicated.

By the simple act of living, every Blood Blessed grew stronger. Especially in this place where the energy from the seven golden suns overhead enriched their bodies.

Their growth depended on Bloodline Refinement, as the Ouroboros Blood inside their bodies was constantly perfected, and this process was intensely energy consuming, so just the act of eating was also a means of refining their bloodline, but the best method to grow their bloodline was energy.

When the bodies of the Blood Blessed reached the limits of growth, they could search for the seven-pointed star in their heart, and using the bloodline power inside of their bodies, break through the first star point and become a golden giant.

The first batch of Golden Giants had been able to quickly reach this level because they had access to Calamities abound on the continent, and after killing them, the energy of Calamity was used to fuel their bloodline refinement.

Inside this place, there were areas of great danger, but that was only due to terrain and several environmental phenomena. There were no single Calamity beasts or Ascendants to battle and so the growth of the Blood Blessed came to depend on their nutrition, and in two years their crafts using the endless grass surrounding their city had reached a great height.

Beacon paused in his ascent and looked downwards and backward at the home they were building for themselves.

From this height, the valley they settled into seemed extremely small for the number of people it contained but looks can be deceiving. Using the pattern of the buildings in the great city, the Blood Blessed had duplicated the styles, but theirs were more simple, their buildings did not go past two stories, and they incorporated flowers and trees deeply intertwined with their buildings, giving it a more earthly and homely touch.

With a glance, you could easily tell that the buildings took inspiration from the grand city in the distance, but when the city felt like a place for gods to reside, this valley felt like home.

Taking advantage of the endless spaces, the Elders had made sure that the city followed proper arrangements. The streets were wide, interlaced with gardens and pools.

To further streamline the city, Creation Zones were created where Blood Blessed could submit the application of what they wanted to create, and after approval, they would enter the creation zone and make them, of course this rule was only when they were inside the city, outside the city you could create nearly anything you wanted, but there were certain restrictions put in place, and anyone who broke them would be executed.

The Blood Blessed had suffered intense cruelty and they were not soft individuals, they did not suffer fools or saboteurs.

You could not create any form of life, especially life that mimicked intelligence. The risk of soul damage by the creator was very high, and some sick individuals would create life to perform sadistic actions on their creation.

Those individuals when caught were drawn and quartered, with the regeneration capabilities of the Blood Blessed this meant a truly terrible death, and because the only way to kill a Blood Blessed effectively after they became a Golden Giant was to destroy their heart, the pain the perpetrators suffered at their ends was nightmare fuel.

This went a long way to discourage individuals from performing sick experiments with this power granted to them, but there were always those who sought to abuse power, even among the Elders, and their screams of pain at the end were a constant reminder that although there were bad apples inside the bunch, their society was one that would not endure any sign of rot.

The lessons learned under the tyranny of the Blood Slaves were an endless reminder of the harm a small group of villains could perform on a society.

Beacon who knew what it was to lose hope was a staunch follower of the group in charge of rooting out any heretic in their society, and such a thing would have been difficult anywhere else, but in a land where creation was at the fingertips of the masses, there were incredibly creative ways that criminals could be caught.

Although there were many smart criminals everything changed with the birth of one person and the sheer depth of his genius.

Beacon looked upwards, he barely crossed the five thousand-foot mark and he tried not to think that the Ascension Spear was 144,000 feet tall.

Moving at the front, with the closest person behind him being thousands of feet below, was a tiny figure, standing not more than three feet tall, he was a child with the disposition of a titan.

Unlike a normal Blood Blessed with green skin and red hair, this child had dark green skin and long white hair that nearly reached his feet. He was not struggling up the Ascension Spear like the rest, instead he was casually walking on it.

With his back facing the earth and his heart facing the heavens, the child walked with both of his hands in his pockets, as he casually whistled, thirty thousand feet above everyone else, making the total number of steps he had taken on the Ascension Spear to be an amazing fifty- five thousand feet!

This was coupled with the fact that this child had already activated the fifth point of the star in his heart.

The birth of the Natal Treasure inside every Blood Blessed naturally caused a stir, and when it was discovered that some of the Blood Blessed had multiple Natal Treasures inside their bodies, a new wave of excitement flowed through the masses.

Soon it was generally accepted that a great way to determine the talents of a Blood Blessed was tied to the number of Natal Treasure that they had within them.

For a long time, Young Po was determined to be the greatest genius amongst them all with his five Natal Treasure, and they could not even determine how high his future would become, but then the birth of this child changed the direction of the Blood Blessed forever. The first thing that showed his uniqueness was that he gave birth to himself while his mother was sleeping. Somehow he found a way to slit her stomach apart without alerting her, and when she was awake, she was greeted by the sight of her newborn baby taking his bath and levitating dozens of books above him as he was reading.

Another shocking aspect that shook the entire community was that he was born already a golden giant with but one but three points in his heart activated at birth, or as they would later find out, he reached this level barely hours after he was born.

When he revealed his Natal Treasures, the entire society of the Blood Blessed was shaken, and the weak-minded among them wanted to worship this child who felt more like a god.

He had nine Natal Treasures.

Refusing to take a name until he reached the top of the Ascension Spear, this child had begun to change the society of the Blood Blessed when he began to take apart everything they knew of power and brought about a new way of thinking.

The Elders had instituted many changes across this city, but the brains behind most of the changes came from him.

Chapter 1132: Can't See The Mountain

The whispers that abound called him a god-child. A being entirely in a class of its own, an individual without parity.

The day he changed the Creation problem troubling the Blood Blessed began like any other day, except this famous child had called a meeting and the majority of the Elders were in attendance, and those that were missing were not far behind.

Every Elder was aware that the power of creation within the fingertips of everyone would become a recipe for disaster in the future if it was not carefully managed, but they were afraid of stifling innovations if they set too many restrictions on the people and not allow them to find the limits of this power.

The Primogenitor that gave them this power freely would not want them not to explore it and develop it to its full potential, anything short of that would be heresy, but they also knew that without check, this power could destroy their entire society in the blink of an eye.

What could stop an unscrupulous individual from creating an insidious poison that could kill children or halt the bloodline refinement of others so they could progress faster? There were many terrible things that could be done with this power if someone was determined enough to see it through.

In the past the Blood Blessed were truly bound together, but the true test of anyone is the test of power. When power was given to the helpless, or hope to the hopeless, there would be different responses that could be expected, and even though a majority of people would choose to serve the common good, there would always be outliers, most were for selfish reasons, but some were just born wrong. Such a thing was always inevitable.

There were many ongoing debates on how it should be controlled, especially when they started discovering a clear increase in unscrupulous individuals who were beginning to use this power to commit atrocities.

This god-child quickly came to a stunning solution that was right in front of their faces all this while but it would have required someone with a certain temperament to easily discover it and to seek to implement it on a massive scale.

The child had proposed that the crux for creation lay in the willpower of the creator, and someone with powerful willpower could not just create better designs, they could manage the creations of others. They could effectively prevent others from making certain changes just because their will over the creation-grass was stronger.

To demonstrate what he meant, he took a single strand of grass and while holding on to it, told an Elder to attempt to change the grass to a sword, the Elder attempted to change the grass into a sword to no avail because the will power of the boy had forced the grass to stay in the same shape.

To further buttress his argument, he pointed to a small pile of grass he had gathered and told the Elders to select any grass of their choice and change it to the shape they were most familiar with, and none of them was able to succeed.

There were hundreds of Elders who simultaneously accepted this challenge, and all of them failed to make any changes to the grass.

The Elders who at first were a little bit skeptical about being lectured by a three-month-old child who was being escorted by a flustered father and mother whose faces held equal parts pride, fear, and confusion, saw themselves mirroring the same expression, and the look of annoyance and pity which they first directed at the parents turned to understanding. This baby was a monster, and the rumors had underestimated his capabilities to a vast extent. After many experiments, it was well known that with a firm mental image in mind and strong enough willpower, you did not need to physically touch the grass to institute the creation process, but it was very difficult to make meaningful changes, although some individuals excel in this aspect.

One of the Elders swallowed and asked the question in all of their minds, "This is a stunning demonstration, but what are you proposing, surely you don't think you can manage the entire valley?"

The boy nodded, "I don't see why that should be an issue. It is quite simple actually," the babyish voice chimed out with firm confidence, and no one here looked down on his tone despite how outrageous it sounded, "With the help of my Natal treasures I can spread my will unto the entire valley and make some creations impossible to perform."

This gathering had already called the attention of many Blood Blessed who heard the stunning demonstration of the god-child, the meeting that was supposed to be a closed affair was now being actively transmitted to nearly everyone in the valley, and, with his words an uproar arose among them, it took a while for it to die down and the child naturally continued as if he was not aware of the effect of his utterances,

"Of course, I will not be doing this for long, because that would mean that the entirety of you would become dependent on me alone, and I do not want something like that. When I leave this place to bring the battle to our enemies, there needs to be something in place to keep the structure of our society in one piece or we would have disgraced the grace of our Primogenitor. Also"

He smiled, "Can you trust me in the long run with such ultimate power over the fate of everyone here?"

Waiting for his words to settle in their mind for a while, the child smirked, before screaming, "That is what you want to hear right? You lazy bums!"

His childish voice transformed what should have been a roar into a cute shriek like a girl's, and the child blushed in anger, he seemed to despise his present body, but no

matter how strong he became daily, his body was unique and refused to rapidly develop like some of the Blood Blessed whose growth to adulthood was accelerated with every star point they unlocked. He transferred the irritation he felt into his words, as he turned to the Elders,

"You were all given the title of Elders because you are expected to be at the forefront of our society, creating changes and shaping the direction that we all should follow."

"You have a heavy responsibility on your hands and the only measures you should be following are thinking outside the box and making sure your strength is at the peak of our society. I was born three months ago and I am stronger than all of you combined, and Old Father Jinuh here is nine hundred years old! If it takes a three-month-old baby to show you the way forward then it might just mean that you all are useless."

Old father Jinuh, a respected Elder was not angry with the berating from the child, when placed against his immense talents, they all felt useless, he coughed, "Eh... god-child..."

"Don't call me that"

"Um, ok, kid, it is not as if what you mentioned had not crossed our mind before, but it was not even considered an option because no one could keep a total transformation from happening over time if someone else is fighting for control, it would take too much resources to implement such a thing."

The boy sighed and massaged his forehead with his little chubby fingers, "They all have eyes but they cannot see the mountain in front of them."

Chapter 1134: He Would Not Like That

The small ball of white fire descended until it was a few feet away from the frowning boy, whose hackles had begun to rise as goosebumps surged across his skin, the skin in his back began to bulge as his Natal Treasures was primed to burst out of his body at a moments notice.

The rapid beating of his heart was a new sensation for this child who from the moment of his birth has never known fear. This sensation was so unexpected it almost distracted him from the white flame that was descending towards him.

His skin began to take a faint shade of gold and his iris shrank to a pinpoint, there had never been anything similar to this happening before inside the valley, especially on the Ascension Spear, and although he could sense no ill will from the white flame, its nature was alien to everything in this place, as if it was something that should not have existed in this reality, stranger than a cold sun, the child instinctively knew he was across an entity that was...

"Hey, Lil bro, your hair matches my own, do you know what that means? I'll tell you! Your crazy matches my crazy. We can be super duper best friends! But don't tell the Lady of Shadows, I think she would be jealous of our flow. Always wanting me to become worthy this... worthy that... don't you dare give her the permission to train you, else she would break you. Trust me!"

The child looked around confused before he focused on the white flame, the voice had emerged from all around him, but the pulsing of the flames, especially during the moment it was emphasizing its words made it easy for him to trace the source back to the flame.

He hesitantly asked, "Are you the one that's talking?"

"Duh, oh, wait, are there no other talking flames in this realm? Hmm, that's not right, the level of this realm is pretty high, you should have those abound, but what do I know, this place is one of the strangest I have ever entered, almost as if I am in a dream."

The child had been subtly walking towards the white flame, suddenly grabbed at it, but the white flame effortlessly flowed through any tiny gaps the child left behind in his posture, it's movement appeared slow and sluggish, but no matter how the child tried to grab at it, he could not touch it.

"What are you doing Lil' bro? I know you are very excited to see me, who wouldn't be, and I assure you, we will have the time to play later, but for now, I have very important messages for you and your people.... If we survive."

The child adamantly continued his actions, his body slowly starting to grow larger, he huffed, "Stay still and let me grab you!"

The white flames sighed and stopped moving, allowing the boy to grab him,

"You know, despite how talented you are, if I did not permit it, touching me would have sucked you dry. Not in the good way mind you, but the extremely bad way that will not even leave the dust behind, and even your memory would be lost! You see what I did there, oh, never mind, you will know the significance later."

The child smirked, "I know that your flame is dangerous," then the child began compressing the white flame into various shapes like a play dough, "but how could I be truly sure that you are not malicious? I trust the power of my bloodline to settle any threat."

The white flame went silent for a while before it began laughing, and it nimbly escaped from the hand of the child before transforming into a boy of about seven with short white hair, even his lashes and eyebrows were white, and he wore a sleeveless white robe and except for his eyeballs that were as black as the void and were slowly rotating, he appeared to be a fairy made from clouds.

He slipped through the gaps in the boy's arm and stood face-to-face with him, poking him on the nose while smiling,

"Lil' bro, we really don't have time for games, in, even though they can be great fun, enemies are at the gates, but not really at the gate, they are still quite some distance away, but they are close, that I can tell you for sure. Um, yeah, apologies for the color of my eyes, I know it goes against the whole white thing we are both rocking, but I had a well, near-death experience?... Death is a weird concept when it comes to someone like me, but what I mean is that those things tend to leave a mark."

The eyes of the child became focused, rapidly parsing through the words of the strange boy that appeared before him and choosing to pick what was the more important tidbits among them, and he quickly asked,

"Who are you, and what enemies are coming for us? Ascendants, Calamities, or something else?"

The transformed white flames looked at the child with a delighted gaze as if he was glad that he was able to quickly reach the crux of the matter despite how confusing the situation must have appeared to him, he cleared his throat and touched his chest,

"I am the Lost Flames, but you can call me Lost. I know it's not that creative, but I love the name, and previously my Creator was not all that imaginative, if you know what I mean. Ahem, I am the only flame of the Creator."

"The Creator?" the child asked suspiciously, feeling a weird sort of anticipation in his heart,

Lost smiled and gently said, "How do you think you came to be? By chance? Surely you don't think your dreams are normal? The ones you have been having for nearly every moment of your life. You have felt his touch in your heart and mind, how could you ever question his presence? It's like denying gravity."

The boy took a step back, his hackles rising, "How do you know about my dreams?"

Lost waved his hand around the head of the child, so quickly he could not even move to block the move and he pinched the air right above the child's head, bringing his closed fingers to the eyes of the child, and when he opened them, sparkles that resembled falling stars poured out,

"Your dreams follow you like flies, easy to discover for those who know where to look."

The boy went quiet in thoughts and he looked at Lost, the strength of mind that characterized every Blood Blessed coming to the forefront,

"If you indeed come from the Creator of the Blood Blessed and that there is danger coming, then you should not speak to me alone, but to all the Elders who should be able to mount an effective defense and plans of attack."

Lost shook his head, "At the moment they are all still too weak to battle against what is coming, and even if they could buy time for the Creator who is in a critical moment in his Ascension, it would lead to the death of billions." his voice went low, "He would not want that."

Chapter 1135: Belief.

The face of the child went pale at this information, he licked his lips in fright,

"If this danger can kill billions, how can I stand against it alone? I am strong, but I don't think I can even fight against what could threaten the entire society of Blood Blessed, there has to be another way, there is too much at stake for the entire plan to be resting on just my shoulders."

Lost tapped the shoulder of the boy and winked, "Hmm, these shoulders seem especially strong for someone of your age, besides, who says you will be alone, I will be there with you, every step of the way, and if we hurry, we might be able to delay the battle long enough for the Creator to complete his great works and then we would be able to meet him in person. Avoid confrontation as long as possible."

The eyes of the child went wide, the thoughts of the great danger ahead pushed aside, "Can we see him?"

Lost looking at the sudden change in behavior smiled,

"Of course you can see him, he exists after all, even now, you should be able to catch a glimpse of him, it only requires that you can reach the top" Lost pointed to the top of the Ascension Spear, "and you shall see God. I mean, technically, you are standing on his body at the moment. Kinda"

A sickly smile cut across the face of the boy, as he looked at his feet, "What do you mean by those words?"

"What words? That we are standing on the body of the Creator? Why? Is that such a strange concept to imagine? You should realize that in a manner the body of the Creator is bigger than a universe and that is a size that you can barely comprehend at this time, and you should get used to not just walking on top of his body, but even living inside of him. Your powers, your very life were all taken out of his body. You know what, try not to think about how the body of the Creator works, it would only mess with your mind."

The boy weakly muttered, "Living... inside of him?"

Lost sighed, "Stop repeating everything I say, it is cute only the first time, you will have to quickly get used to how the higher levels of reality work. You have the talent to reach these heights someday, and you should use this opportunity only to listen. We no longer have much time. Nod if you understand?"

The child frowned but he still nodded, Lost smiled and transformed into his flame form, he flowed towards the child and wrapped himself around his right hand like a bracelet, his voice came from it,

"Turn your back to the Ascension Spear and head out of the city. With my aid the barrier will not block you, the aim is to draw the attention of the hunters away from the city for as long as possible. You should know how difficult the next few moments are going to be."

The boy nodded distractedly, "Head out... like upwards out?"

Lost replied, with a little irritation in his tone, "Except you know of other ways to leave the city then of course you should head upwards"

The child stepped off the Ascension Spear and stood in the air, he was about to leave, and then he hesitated,

"You know, I should tell my parents that I may not be coming back, they are aggravating, but I don't want them to wait up for me for too long if I fall. I have always been preparing them for the day that I leave, but I don't think they are ready yet."

The tone of Lost's voice became gentle as if he was reminded that he was about to send a two- year-old child into the jaws of death, he chuckled weakly,

"Well, aren't you the grim one? Um, damn, I am not too good at these kinds of speech. Know that although you might fall, that would be after a fight that would be spoken about throughout the ages. The best message you will leave for your parents is when you return and say it with your own lips, and say you fall, ensure that it is after you have done all you can to ensure that they are safe, they would understand, perhaps not now, but in the future, they would understand your sacrifice."

"Now who is the grim one," the child muttered, but a small smile flashed past his lips, and he zoomed into the sky, his movements drawing attention from those below, especially Young Po who now resembled a young man of seventeen after reaching the third star point.

At 22,000 feet and being the second on the Ascension Spear, he only had to look at one figure in front of him, and despite his diminutive stature, that child cast a large shadow.

Noticing the odd behavior of the god-child, Young Po stopped his ascent and tracked his movement, and soon realizing his destination, he went pale and yelled downwards, "Alert the Elders, the god-child is attempting to leave the city."

The Blood Blessed had not explored all the areas of the city in two years, and although their growing strength had decreased the projected time frame for this massive undertaking, it should take at least centuries despite there being billions of individuals performing the scouting and exploration duties, but this did not mean that they had not researched what sky they lived under.

From the ground, they could see the seven golden suns, and their eyesight was sharp enough that they saw the semi-transparent covering over the city a few miles upwards, even if space in this city was abnormal, they could still see the vast body of water covering the entire city, and this had led them to conclude that this glorious city rested underneath the endless ocean. The ocean has always been a source of endless mysteries, even among the Ascendants, and there were fears among the Elders that any untoward actions towards the barrier could cause devastation that could wipe out their entire society.

The actions of the god-child could not always be easily interpreted, but reaching the barriers covering the city was a forbidden act.

Although free flight was given to those at the fifth level, the power of creation at their fingertips meant they could create tools that could aid them in flight.

Hurriedly hundreds of golden giants were sent after the god-child with large golden wings that flapped as fast as a hummingbird's wings, but it was apparent that it was already too late. As they had feared even though the sky seemed a few miles upwards, it was anything but, and the god-child had already crossed a great distance, and when he reached the edges of the heavens, he easily slipped through it.

Suddenly the focus was no longer whether he was going to destabilize the dome over the city, but shifted why he made these actions and what were the possibilities of his survival.

Among the faces of the many worried people looking upwards, the parents of the child did not appear very much grief-stricken, they believed in their son.

Chapter 1136: Worthy Of A Duel

"Head away from the city, don't exit the ocean yet, move three thousand miles north, and slowly surface a few hundred miles every hour for the next seven hours, this ocean is about seven hundred miles deep. After this, you would focus on the next portion of the plan."

The boy acknowledged the instructions with a quick nod, barely taking in his surroundings before he began moving, his body cutting through the black ocean with tremendous speed. However, he briefly glanced back to look at his home and he could not find it, except for a slight haze that could be easily missed, his home had vanished.

"You are powerful for your age, but you lack experience in battle, and although your instincts are supreme and I am sure that your adaptability during battle would be impressive, the stakes are too high for me to risk on your expected performance, I will be showing you certain battle scenes and telling you more about the enemies we are about to face. Tell me when it gets too much for you and I will stop, especially when it comes to the battle memories, they contain certain higher concepts that can be jarring to an inexperienced mind."

The sensation of his heart beating faster occurred again, and the boy did not realize that a grin was beginning to grow across his face-he somehow understood even if there was no reason for him to know such a thing-that this sensation of fear was a rare thing for him,

"Haaa... Here you are, and you have not yet taken up your name, I should have expected it from someone like you. So there is indeed a connection between the Past and this Present. My dreams and memories do not lie, even if I do not remember them. So, do you like this gift? I told you that if you allow me to reach across Time and grasp hold of your soul, there would come a day when everything would become new... silence, light, metals, the feeling of blood rushing through your veins as you stand before an equal... Oh, the beauty of it all. I was not worthy to share that moment with you before, but now, all would be as it was intended to be, and you shall climb to my heaven and have your duel. No one in all of creation would deny us this battle."

The boy nearly screeched to a halt, but he pushed on, this was the first time the voice in his dreams had appeared to him so clearly when he was still awake, and he realized that this time, it was not a memory but someone voice which had been transmitted to him in real-time,

"Did you feel that?" the Lost Flames jolted, "Oh, he was speaking to you, wasn't he? That is a good thing, it means his influence is spreading faster than I thought and perhaps we would not have to hold on for too long before he is finished with his tasks. Oh, I can't wait."

The boy was silent for a long while, "He spoke as if he knew me as if we had met before I was born. Tell me the truth, Lost Flame, this is not the first time I have been alive." it was more of a statement than a question.

Lost coughed, "So glad of you to finally figure that out after the many obvious hints that have been sent to you from the moment of your birth, yet I would not be the one to give the answers to that question of yours, because the process by which you are standing here, at this moment with me is unprecedented, and there are certain things I can't say

because it would cause ripples across Time, but be assured that whatever you know as truth in your heart, keep a hold of it, for there would come a time where it would be tested and your questions shall be fully resolved."

"How could I be dead, and then live again?... My Soul, he mentioned reaching across Time for my soul, and a bargain of duels. In my past life was I worthy enough to battle a Creator?"

Lost did not hesitate, "No one is worthy to battle him, but you intrigued him. You have no idea how difficult such a thing is for someone like him. He who sees perfection as just the beginning."

The eyes of the boy glinted as excitement, resolve, and other emotions ran through his head and his speed increased. Following the orders exactly as stated by Lost, the boy soon broke above the waves, and for the first time, he was able to see the realm that lies above the ocean. He was disappointed. With his gaze, he could see hundreds of continents and the endless battles occurring between the Explorers and the Calamities. Yet born in a city of gold, this reality outside was mundane, and there was also something else beneath.

It did not take long for him to frown, "There is something seriously wrong with this place," he breathed the air deeply before he coughed it out and halted his breathing, "The air is filled with vitality, and yet it feels as if I am breathing in death itself."

"It is amazing that you can see the connection between Ascendancy and Calamity so quickly. This is the first thing you have to worry about that most are not aware of in this world. You are not fighting two separate enemies but one, two sides of the same coin but having different faces. Transform into your golden giant form and head to the heavens, you will see a barrier, we are going to break through it, draw some attention to ourselves, and then we will flee. The real enemies do not lie below but above, ready yourself. It would take at least two minutes for you to reach the Threshold, that is more than enough time for me to transfer the memories of battle into your head."

The boy shook his head, "I do not want them,"

Lost chuckled, "What do you mean you don't want them?"

The boy smiled, "I thought you said that repeating words is not cute?"

"Haha, very funny, I said repeating words after the first time is not cute, and I have only repeated your words once. Stop distracting me, surely you cannot mean what you just said to me. The importance of these memories cannot be overstated. You have not fought any real battle since the time of your birth and there are many things that you cannot anticipate in war."

"This creator," The boy interrupted, "Did he have a beginning like mine? Was he always this strong or did he grow from a child to the titan that he is today?"

It was possible to hear the frown in Lost's voice, "Although he grew from a tiny whelp like you, his origin transcends everything you can imagine, his first cry drew a... why are you asking this question, I don't think I see your point here,"

The boy spoke slowly, "Even before I was born I was already given too many advantages. If I am ever worthy to be able to stand against him in a duel that all of creation would not interfere with, then I need to begin the show of my worth. I need to prove to myself and everyone that I am worthy of this duel."

Chapter 1137: His Mother's Son

The boy shot towards the heavens and began his transformation. Unlike other golden giants that grew dozens of feet tall, his stature did not grow past the eleven-foot mark, gigantic by mortal standards but still relatively small. However, he was undoubtedly the most powerful Golden Giant, having unlocked five points in his star, and born with nine Natal Treasure.

Also, his transformation did not give him the suit of armor-like look of the golden giants, instead his own was organic, appearing like a well-sculpted man-made from gold, with thin armor covering parts of his body that seamlessly melded with his golden skin, even his long white hair had turned gold, and his eyes like Lost were black and empty.

The Lost Flames shivered when it saw the empty eyes, "So, you have been touched by death too. I told you, our crazy matches."

The boy huffed and stepped on the air pushing his speeds higher as he seemed to transform into a rising golden star, his brilliance blazed out of him with no sign that he was holding anything back,

"Yeah, I don't think you should be doing that. The plan was to..."

The golden giant reached the threshold and he slammed his way through, the barrier holding him back for the barest of moments before it separated and he slipped through it.

"ALL YOU ASCENDANT SCUM! COME FOR ME!!!"

"... Enter silently and draw their attention so we can run."

The golden giant growled, "I am not running."

"Oh," Lost said, "Are you sure about that? I don't know about you, but that is a lot of bodies."

The golden giant laughed, "I have never felt so alive. I think this is the gift he said he would give me. He knows I never run."

"Kid, you can't survive this."

"Watch me."

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The last six years for the Ascendants had been one of endless crises, and an astute observer would observe that it all began when that strange Ascendant had entered the threshold and butchered the Divine Ascendant in front of their eyes, but it was a shame that no Ascendant that was present on that day had their memories, Rowan could not have planned it better if he wanted to.

Then there was the spread of the Time Blight that drew their resources to combat, in which on a daily basis Ascendants were dying like flies to combat it, the advent of the so-called Redeemer who was deriving the Ascendants forces if one of their main supports in this war- The Temple Maidens, and unexpectedly two years ago, the entirety of the Dan went silent, and one of the Ascendant Suns charged with managing the flow of Dan to the entire hosts of Ascendants below their level, for a brief moment had to shoulder the entirety of the Dan, and his soul shattered to pieces.

The fact that Ascendants wishing to find the Dan or climb a step higher was now effectively halted, the death of an Ascendant Sun overshadowed all of those problems, and the hunt for the source of this Calamity was bitter, as the shroud of doom that had ever assailed this world reached a feverish height.

Rowan's Tree of Desire bloodline might seem to be among his weakest, but even he did not underestimate its power, if it could stand its ground beside his other two powerful bloodlines, then it was foolish to underestimate its strength.

With the small hint he got from his resurrection, he knew that a large part of it could be attributed to this bloodline, and it moved behind the scenes in many instances, smoothing the troubles he might have otherwise encountered.

Rowan could not even anticipate most of the troubles this bloodline had resolved for him in the background, and one of its latest aids to Rowan was to make him forget for a brief moment what existed outside his perception when he had just gained his bloodline of Time.

With Rowan's character, after escaping from the memories of the Primordial of Time, the first thing he would have done was to check his surroundings, but for some peculiar

reason, he had decided to dwell inside the memories of the Primordial and analyze what had brought about the changes in Time.

For Rowan, that analysis was barely a second, and then he focused on the infinity bubble causing all the Will Chains to be focused on him. That single second his attention was not on the outside world was crucial because for that single second, the entirety of the Will Chain had no home to rest, and the closest entity they could find was the Third Ascendant Sun, whose soul constantly dwelled in this strange dimension, and watched over the Dan.

As powerful as he was, his soul was not related to Time, and so it was ripped to pieces in that instant, eliminating Rowan's greatest obstacle, because if the Ascendant Sun was still alive after Rowan opened his perception to reality, it could have easily taken control of him.

With outside threats bearing down on them, the remaining two Ascendant Suns could not risk pushing their souls into the infinity bubble and requested lower Ascendants to search through it, as they dealt with threats on the outside and waited for the right moment to strike.

Every higher-level continent had dispatched all their Ascendants to scour every inch of this land, this was a massive undertaking, but over millions of years, the power of the Ascendants had grown and when they unleashed their full might, it was something truly horrific. Before the golden giant was a small part of that army. One that comprises billions of ships, and an unknown amount of Explorers and Ascendant powers, all geared for war and carrying weapons of mass destruction.

His announcement of the challenge shot through the ranks. Billions of ships that had been heading in the direction of Rowan's city began to turn towards the voice.

"Are you sure about this battle?" Lost queried, "There are some truly powerful Aura I am sensing among their rank."

The Golden Giant grinned, "If your crazy matches my crazy, then you should know the answer to that question."

The flaming bracelet floated off the wrist of the giant and assumed the form of Lost as a seven years old boy,

"Ah, fuck it, we have already died before, nothing new here."

He took to the air and hovered behind the golden giant, "You shall be the spear and I your shield, fight to your heart's content, for unless I fall, nothing shall touch you."

The golden giant laughed, "I will only need your help at the beginning, but when it gets too much for you, then you should fall back, for my battle only begins when it starts to hurt!"

The back of the giant rippled and his Natal Treasure appeared. Nine massive golden serpents whose tails were connected to his spine. They rose and spread around his back like the feather of a peacock, before settling around him, and for a moment it was as if he had gained nine extra tentacles before the serpents unexpectedly transformed into blades, which connected to his spine made him take the shape of a spider.

"So you still got a bit of your mother inside you after all," Lost muttered.

Chapter 1138: Splitting Slice

The boy had never fought in a real battle before, but in his mind, he had always imagined that it would be glorious, heart-wrenching, soul-stirring, and so many other beautiful words, but he was wrong, it was... chaotic.

Three billion ships opened fire at once, and reality standing in front of the bolts of power shivered and gave way. In front of the boy had once been a clear sky, but in the blink of an eye, it transformed into a seemingly unending field of power that rained down on him with the fury of a million exploding suns.

In the history of the entire conflict on Doom Star since the onset of the battle between Ascendancy and Calamity, the time when such massive amounts of ordinances were fired would not surpass a hundred, but the unexpected death of an Ascendant Sun had placed the entire world on edge, and the Ascendants were no longer pulling their punches, even if it meant devastating the entire world alongside it.

Lost screamed, "Brace yourself!" just as he covered them in a dome of white flame and activated his Convergence ability to the max.

The field of destruction traveled towards them at ridiculous speeds, as energy bolts of all shapes and colors comprised the majority of the ordinance, and scattered within them were various esoteric spells and strange energies that were nearly impossible to describe.

The spread of the field of fire covered a hundred miles and for the golden giant, the only thing he could see was destruction, and it slammed into them.

He expected a tremendous crash, but all he heard was silence. Everything that touched the flaming shield was absorbed except for the white flame growing increasingly brighter, so much so that the golden giant had to squint,

Lost spoke through gritted teeth, "There will be a gap between this volley and the next one, I will make a... oh,"

About to lay out a plan of attack, the Lost Flames looked down as he was speaking and noticed that the golden giant was already crouching, every line of muscle fibers popping out of his skin, nine blades limbs dug deep into the ground, and it seemed as if only a single spark was needed for him to go off.

In twelve seconds the bolts of destruction swept past them, and they kept traveling for another ten thousand miles before they began falling to the ground below, and although nearly ninety-five percent of the bolts dissipated before they reached the ground, the rest that remained turned hundreds of lower continents to ash. All of these occurred three minutes from now.

"Boom!"

Lost was nearly shaken from the air as the golden giant tore out of the flaming dome the instant the wave of destruction passed, and he cursed aloud and released divergence in the form of a flaming pillar of fire to pursue and overtake the golden giant.

The golden giant had crossed half the distance separating it from the ships when the pillar of fire swept past him and impacted against the next volley of fire from the ships, and since Lost was using Divergence, the clash between the two forces was calamitous.

A massive mushroom cloud was created that released several powerful shockwaves, and a wave of intense smoke and flames was pushed toward the ships, showing that it was the Lost Flames that won that clash.

The wall of fire reached the fleet of ships and hundreds of ships that were at the front of the formation were melted into slag and thousands suffered temporarily inseparable damages, but the real damage was coming from the golden giant who slipped through the formation of ships under the smoke and fire.

For the first few seconds, he made no move except heading deeper into the heart of the formation, rapidly zooming past massive ships, the smallest being two thousand feet long, and the biggest reaching a mile long.

It was as if the golden giant felt the instant it was detected a few moments before since he stopped his movement, spread his nine Natal Treasure wide apart like wings, and waved them furiously even as he rotated his body.

From the edges of the blades thin golden lines that were so sharp or could cut through atoms swept out, creating various mystical shapes in the air before they bloomed like a flower and spread towards the ships around him. He performed all this action in less

than a second and he had released thousands of such thin slices before he was detected, but by then it was too late.

The ships detecting the presence of the golden giant began turning towards him, but there were tens of thousands of ships around him that did not move and were frozen in place, before this anomaly could be investigated, the tens of thousands of ships all suddenly disintegrated.

There was no explosion from these shattered ships, including from the Ascendants within and all the ordinances within the ships. It was because the energy slice had split everything at the atomic level.

They collapsed into a cloud of black ash which spread for miles and dissipated a few seconds later, and for a moment it was as if the tens of thousands of ships, holding probably ten million individuals had never existed.

Every slice that the golden giant released multiplied many times over when they touched any of the targets, as a single slice multiplied into a million.

The golden giant gasped and then he laughed. This move was something that he had inferred months ago by watching the wind blow through the creation-grass. It was such a dangerous move that there was no way he could test its power inside his home, doing so would cause the death of billions.

The path for this move was simple, he wanted to make one of his slices to be able to split to infinity when it touched a target, and not only that, each slice would grow exponentially powerfully.

His mind worked in a quite linear manner before he began this battle, the boy had created thousands of techniques inside his head, and this splitting-slice as he called it was not even among the top most powerful movesets he had envisioned, but because he had used it first and he loved how it felt, he simply disregarded the rest and became focused on only a single task in the future—which was to bring his splitting-slice to the greatest level possible, and then break that limit, again and again until he saw the theoretical limit to this move.

The golden giant suddenly shivered as he felt a premonition of both danger and opportunity bearing down on him and his eyes widened when a flood of blue Ascendant Aura as vast as the ocean erupted from the shattered ships and drowned the golden giant.

The source of danger became apparent when the golden giant discovered that he could not move. His body was so efficient in refining energy that with the limited amount of power he had gotten while inside the city, he had reached the fifth point of his star, it was unimaginable what so much amount of energy could do to his bloodline refinement.

His Natal Treasure shot into his body, he needed all of their assistance to process the energy pouring into his body, or he would be torn apart at the cellular level, but that was not the immediate danger he was facing, the countless other ships had fully turned towards him, and they were priming their weapons to fire once more, and in his present state, he would not be

able to resist.

"So, you still want this fight?" Lost drawled sarcastically.

Chapter 1139: Are You Ready To Listen?

The golden giant could barely grunt under the pressure of his bloodline refinement going into overdrive. He closed his eyes in shame and anger as he began figuring out new ways to accelerate his bloodline refinement. Previously everything he did was to get more with less, he had never imagined that he would ever be presented with excesses of these magnitudes. Creating hundreds of techniques in every moment and refining them to find out the best one, he knew that for a short moment, he was out of the battle, but he vowed it would not be for long, no one could hold him down for long.

Lost muttered, "Kids these days, only know how to talk and do not listen. All that talk and you could barely last before the first round began. Your poor, poor wife."

Rubbing his hands together, he cracked them, "Okay, time to show you magic. You should have taken my offer to understand what a real battle is like, but I guess you are someone who learns by doing."

The Lost Flames swiped his hands through the air as if he was shuffling through invisible floating screens, and millions of runes created by white flames appeared in the air and converged to create dozens of semi-transparent screens, grinning Lost began rapidly shifting the runes into a pattern that was clearly a spell formation, not caring one bit about the impending wave of devastation about to hit them.

"My power was meant to be used like this."

Hitting the last rune with a flourish the dozens of screens brightened and Lost slammed his hands down onto the closest screen with a finality as he screamed, "I summon... Me!!!"

From the dozens of screens, tiny white flames began to emerge, and in a short while three dozen tongues of white flames emerged from the screens, in the short distance, the billions of ships that had been rearranging their formations even as their weapons were charging, finally reaching a minimum safety threshold released all their firepower onto a central location.

Grinning like a demented pixie, Lost pointed to the dozens of white flames and they took his form, half of them were frowning, and the others smiling, holding these two expressions they spread out and surrounded Lost and the golden giant in the center, their formation taking the shape of a sphere,

"The Creator now has a soul, you stupid fuckers, do you know what that means for me?..."

The wave of devastation, so potent it could rend multiple universes to ash traveled through the distance with barely any delay and they all slammed into a single location, the light from that impact was so bright it could be seen for millions of miles, and as quickly as the light erupted, it simply vanished, leaving behind dozens of children who were either smiling or frowning, they were all unhurt and the last of the explosion vanished into their outstretched right hand.

Lost whispered, "...No more hammer, I am not a blunt tool or a one-trick pony..."

In that single instance, he had taken all the energy from the salvo and collected it with Convergence using dozens of summoned Lost to ensure that he collected every single bit of firepower.

The central Lost Flame closed his eyes and made a weird motion with his fingers, and because he was not truly made from flesh and bones, his fingers could reach levels of flexibility that were unnatural, as they left faint trails of white flames in the air.

His eyes snapped open and every single Lost that he summoned turned and nodded at him for the last time before they all unexpectedly exploded with so much force the light they emitted equaled the detonation of energy from the previous salvage.

However, there was something that was strange about this explosion. It flared brightly before it shattered into pieces and as if time itself was being wound back, the pieces of the explosion took the shape of all the previous ordinances that were fired, in fact, they were the same with only a tiny white rune embedded on all of them, nearly impossible to detect.

They were all sent back to their points of origin, and before anyone in the panicked ships could respond, all the bolts entered the ships, fusing into their bodies and seemingly not doing any damage, but the runes of Lost had entered all of them by backtracking the path of the attack...

With one hand behind his back and another flared to the side, Lost bowed as if he were before an audience,

"Father, can you see me? Sometimes I have forgotten that being both a Mage can be so cool." Three billion warships exploded.

If the previous explosions were just one of many taking place across the entire breadth of the realm, then this one surpassed them all.

As if a thousand Ascendant Suns were being birthed, three billion warships exploding simultaneously, all of them combined have enough firepower to destroy hundreds of third- dimensional universes was not to be underestimated.

Everyone in the entirety of Doom Star felt it, and it was visible even outside Doom Star, a realm that was famous for keeping its secrets.

This explosion was seen by a woman in green who sat under a small tree, and by her side was a twelve-foot tall man with long white hair and a braided beard of equal length that almost reached his waist, with his eyes that were entirely white as if he was blind.

"After nearly a million years, he had begun to make a move. Daughter, if I had not known his pedigree before he entered that forsaken realm, I would have doubted him."

"Be quiet Old Man, we are not alone. Ready yourself, if he would fall into the hands of others, then it would not matter how long it takes me, once I am done with all those that stood against my Will, I shall come for you old man, and you shall beg for death."

"You are so cute when you are angry, daughter of mine, but you should know, given all of eternity, you cannot match me, and I am almost tempted to fail to see what heights you might reach. Of all my offspring, you are the one I least understand."

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The explosion took a while before it subsided but before it did the Golden giant was able to process the entirety of the Ascendant Aura he had swallowed and he had unexpectedly skipped the sixth point of his star and fully stepped into the seventh, the highest a golden giant could reach.

Not even observing the great changes that had happened inside his body, he looked around himself dumbstruck and then at the little chubby boy whose hands were folded behind his back and was wearing an annoying smirk on his face.

The golden giant gasped, "How did you... do something like this?"

"Now, do you regret not listening to me?" Lost cracked his neck, "Of course this rather an easy thing to do, and if you think this is what I referred to as the incoming danger, then you are sorely mistaken. Let the fires fade and see the true face of our enemy."

Chapter 1140: The Price Of Power (2)

Rowan's action inside the infinity bubble paused for the barest of moments before he continued his actions, Lost had just destroyed all the warships in the upper continents and the reverberations had reached him, all the way inside the infinity bubble.

If he wanted he could push part of his consciousness to focus on the ongoing battle, but that slight movement could reveal him to those still actively searching the infinity bubble for his presence.

Rowan could only receive brief flashes of the battle and their thoughts, but it was more than enough for him to track current events while he focused on the task at hand.

From the outside looking in there might not seem as much changes in the number of chains covering Rowan's body, but coming closer would reveal that the top half of Rowan's body was now free, the amount of Will chains now dwelling inside his Destroyer was now astronomical, and it did not appear as if Rowan was swinging a sword but a titanic serpents made from chains.

Every move he made made the entire infinity bubble tremble, and since it was as large as a universe, the scale of this commotion could be imagined, although it destabilized the surroundings well enough, it also served as a homing beacon to those who were discerning and patient, and of those that hunted him, there were many among their numbers with such traits, it was only a matter of time before he was found.

If he was to scale through this hurdle, Rowan would need more of an edge, and the plans he had laid down during his two years of strengthening his soul bore fruit because it was at this moment that the advantages of Rowan pushing the Will Chains into his Destroyer began to show.

Although silent, his Destroyer had a Spirit that was extremely powerful, and it had spoken only once at the moment of its birth before it remained silent forever.

Rowan would never forget those words. The destroyer had said,

"I am your sword my Creator and you are my sheath. Taste my sharpness and marvel at the work of your hand."

Rowan had replied to Apollyon in completion of their bond,

"You are my Weapon, and I shall taste your sharpness and that power would be held over the entire universe. You shall be my sword... Everything that is, was, and is to come shall fall before your might."

At the time he created the Destroyer, his vision had been stunted, he had thought the universe was a great enough power, but as he would come to know, he had always underestimated his potential, no matter how much he thought he knew his limits.

This Spirit in the Destroyer was special, and Rowan over the years had been exploring all its complexities, and he was able to determine that he would never understand the full power of this Spirit until he became much more powerful, he had managed to create something ridiculously powerful because of his circumstances and not his knowledge base.

Rowan thought that if this Spirit had a sense of humor, then it would have secretly smiled when Rowan thought holding it over only a single universe was something noteworthy. It must have laughed in amusement at a creator who did not know his limits.

The Spirit within his Destroyer, Apollyon was primarily a Destroyer, yet its power was also extremely versatile in ways that Rowan had not fully comprehended, and its powers of Destruction could be used to nurture.

Rowan knew that the evolution of a Destroyer had many paths, and he did not know what it would mean for his Destroyer to hold Will chains within it, and he knew that he might not know the effect until later in the future. However, a portion of that future was manifested much more quickly than he had estimated.

Rowan did not know what Apollyon did to the Will Chains, but the chains that were thickly clustered around the sword began to dematerialize into black smoke before they were absorbed by the blade, the process began slow but grew increasingly faster as the Destroyer became more proficient in absorbing the Will Chains.

Before long the black smoke began to spread out of the blades, aiding Rowan in the absorption of the Will Chains and his eyes began to glow bright. He would soon be free. With his Time-Stack in combination with Apollyon absorption, infinity became less.

This present situation ultimately made him think about balance, on how it pervades everything in existence, even to the extent of affecting someone like him.

He should easily have a straight journey to the top when he cultivates his power as a holder of a Singularity from the moment of his birth, a treasure that it seemed was something that only Primordials had the right to possess, but at every turn in his ascent, there would always be peculiar roadblocks that he needed to overcome in order to reach the next step.

Most of the challenges he faced were of many magnitudes greater than the level of power he was about to breach, and he had to use everything in his arsenal to prevail.

Where others searched blindly in the dark, he had a clear path forward, but the only problem he had was that his oath was filled with all manners of devious traps. He could practically hear balance screaming in his ears every time he upgraded to a higher level,

"Hey, you have so many advantages that it can no longer just be described as unfair. Your presence makes everyone who has strived and suffered to reach their present position to be considered supremely unlucky in life even the ones who have been granted great favor and talents are all beggars before you, and so to balance all that awesomeness, you would have to face dangers that no one else should be able to survive. I think that's fair, I think that is balanced. Of course, it should be extremely clear by now that in this issue, your opinion has no stand. I believe you called it... The Price of Power."

Rowan had to suppress a chill when he felt this thought was not as random as it appeared, it felt more like a memory.

R

Labaletai, the Chaos Door had finished his preparations for his return to Doom Star. The special Avatar he created that could pierce through the extremely tough dimension of Doom Star took great resources and a whole lot of essence, but for what he would be gaining and taking off his hands, it would all be worth it.

For the Chaos Door with his talent to pierce across Space-time and place an Avatar of himself at that location was extremely easy, but he had been severely tested in his attempts to break into Doom Star, not once but twice, and still keep his intrusion under wraps.

The only reason he could achieve such an incredible feat was experience. Labaletai had been breaking into places he was not supposed to for a very long time.

As a Fifth level dimensional entity, the ability of the Chaos Door to pierce through Space- time was not considered to be rare, every fifth-dimensional being was capable of such a feat, what was considered special about him was his ability to create nearly an infinite number of Avatar and keep them at various location in space-time.