

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 1141: Inheritance Ground

Anyone in the fifth-dimensional level could do what the Chaos Door could do and create multiple Avatars, placing them all across space-time, but that would lead to wastage of so much Aetherium Essence they would have to be transporting mountains of higher-level treasures to make it worth the cost, because, unlike Aether that could be easily regenerated or collected, Aetherium was rather difficult to grow and maintain.

It was unlike the Chaos Door whose Avatar that had all the advantages of being created by Aetherium was instead created by the power of his Chaos Bloodline and so the price he had to pay was substantially lesser than what others had to pay for such a thing.

In addition to this, Labaletai had the bloodline of Chaos, making him a Chaos Blood, this meant he could enter the third-dimensional universes present inside the Great Darkness without much hassle, a feat that was extremely difficult for even a fourth-dimensional entity, talkless a fifth.

There were great treasures in the third dimension, from their Isles of Rest to Universal Wills, to the birth of mortal creatures who were perfect vessels to transmit higher level bloodlines and so much more, and Labaletai's small wooden fingers could be found in many of those places.

All of these made the Chaos Door hold a unique position in reality. Not only did he become one of the richest fifth-dimensional entities to ever exist, but he was also one of the most well-known beings in all of Creation.

He was worshiped across countless universes and dimensions, praised as a being who brought knowledge and enlightenment to countless realities, and if it were not for the shackles of his bloodline, the Chaos Door could have become a far more powerful higher dimensional entity. It could be said that his bloodline brought him to his present height and it also gave his ambition a ceiling. No matter how much adoration or power he gained, his level was forever fixed, and despite the fact that he stood above countless multitudes, all he could see was the countless more on top of him, standing at a height he would never reach, until the end of everything. It was not a pleasant thought.

The Chaos Door could be found everywhere, in most universes and realms, his pale green door could be seen. In the depths of the ocean, on the top of a mountain, in the middle of a desert... all who sought to look for new realms beyond their own could reach almost every corner that the Chaos Door had touched, but for a hefty price.

His reach grew wider with every new realm or universe he was able to gain admission into. The Chaos Door was immortal and had been alive for many Minor Eras. When the blood of Chaos that escaped his eternal prison found the broken door, he was born, and with his talent, he had reached this point.

With his influence over a sizable portion of reality, the Chaos Door would have made a credible threat, but he had weak combat abilities, or perhaps what he had displayed to the rest of reality could be considered weak, and he had exhibited no willingness to use his vast reaches to further anything but his pursuit of wealth.

A bloodline lock, especially those that came from a Primordial was impossible to be broken, and no one would think the Chaos Door could truly shake all of reality if he wanted, and so he was treated as an odd necessity, but not a credible threat.

However, Labaletai knew that what kept him truly safe was the impressive networks and alliances he had made all through the years. Due to the ease by which he could move people and services from one end of reality to another, Labaletai was able to make a lot of friends and brokered many powerful deals.

Labaletai had made a fortune that he kept hidden in a special realm and news of the incredible wealth of the Chaos Door was prevalent in certain circles, it was a full-day chore to balance his many enemies and the false backstabbing friends, it also helped that the true body of the Chaos Door had never been seen for many Minor Eras, and it was nearly impossible to find the real him, at least, that was what he thought until Rowan had shown him how useless such a notion was before his terrible gaze.

Cursing under his breath yet still lured by the allure of great wealth, Labaletai was on the verge of teleporting his Avatar to Doom Star when reality began to shake.

Labaletai was inside the Inheritance Ground, a place where the Children of the Blood and Slaves of the Blood could coincide in peace, for in this place was the Last Testament of Chaos and the shattered remnant of his throne.

In this Inheritance Ground, the two factions of Chaos's bloodline could live in peace with each other, no one daring to break the rules of decorum in this sacred place. It was the reason why the vibrating space drew Labaletai's attention.

Hurriedly leaving his private space and emerging outside, he found that countless Chaos Bloods had emerged from their space with confusion in their gaze. Could there be anyone foolish enough to attack the Inheritance Ground of a Primordial?

Gasps of shock and amazement soon ran across the crowd when they discovered that the space under the shattered throne of Chaos began to vibrate.

The Throne of Chaos was made from stone and frozen blood, and it was cracked in the middle, a large part of its upper portion was sliced off, and it hovered in the air at the center of the Inheritance ground.

It appeared simple from afar, but the aura it exuded was so powerful that anyone who came near it was condemned to instant death. It was the greatest source of confidence for the Chaos Blood, because in this Inheritance Ground, the power of the Throne of Chaos could be channeled in a limited manner, and this ensured that in this place, every Chaos Blood was safe, and except for the attack of a Primordial, this Inheritance Ground would never fall.

For as long as anyone could remember, there had never been a moment where anything could come as close to the Throne of Chaos without dying, yet they could see that the vibration was increasing with terrible intensity, and unexpectedly the space below the throne began to crack.

Cried of shock and horror swept through the ranks, as many of Chaos children fell on their knees, especially from the ranks of the Slaves of Chaos-This was the faction that refused to use the technique created by Caine, the firstborn of Chaos to remove the Intent of Chaos from their bodies.

They wished to be nothing but tools for the great Primordial Chaos and they considered it the greatest of evils to remove the Intent of their Primogenitor from their bodies. The rest of the Chaos Blood like Labaletai chose to remove the Intent of Chaos from their bodies to stop his mad ravings inside their Spirit and to finally end the great war that had gone on for many

years.

From the shattered space below the throne, a mighty hissing sound was heard, and then another and another until the hissing sound became so loud that it would have killed a lesser

immortal.

Then the head of a massive serpent emerged from the tear in space, and it was just the first.

## **Chapter 1142: The First**

The greenish and childish face of Labaletai stuck on the door went pale as he thought he recognized the serpents emerging through the tear in space, but their numbers were wrong, if he was correct Rowan should not have more than six of these serpents, but in

a matter of moments the serpents that emerged from the crack had reached millions, and more were gushing forth, all of them Ouroboros Serpents.

This was not Rowan, the Chaos Door swore to himself, there was no way he could become this powerful in such a short time. If he was then reality itself had gone mad, and everything he had thought about that enigmatic character was far off.

The breath of power that arose from all these serpents was so devastating, that nearly ninety percent of the entire Chaos Blood collapsed to the ground and they could only remain conscious because they had bound themselves to this place, of course, these were all Chaos Blood under the level of Will. Those who were on a higher dimensional level only raised their guard and looked grim because the sheer power that was emerging from the space crack was alarming.

None of the Ouroboros Serpents here had reached the level of Will, but they all had special abilities that extremely few members of the Chaos Blood shared, and that was the power of the physical bodies could be taken to ridiculous heights over a long period of time.

Labaletai knew that there was a limit to these growths, but that limit was so distant it would make every Ouroboros Serpent a force to deal with in their own right, even those of them below the level of Will, and to make matters worse, clustered among them were Ouroboros Serpents that were in a higher dimensional level.

He nearly swore aloud when he saw a fifth dimensional level Ouroboros Serpent King, and Labaletai knew that if he was to fight with this creature he would lose, and unless the Serpent King got bored with hunting his avatar over eternity, the Chaos Door would have to find ways to appease this creature.

Cultivation could be roughly divided into two large steps. The Supreme circles as the first step, and will power, i.e. Higher dimensions as the other. Completing the Supreme Circle would make one immortal in the sense that one could not die of natural causes like sickness or starvation and they would never age, but at the end of a Minor Era, which was usually a billion trillion years, all immortals in the Supreme Circle would perish with it.

The only way to gain true immortality where your end would only come about if you were killed by a higher power was to gain the power of Will and have control over the domain of Time, and if you could not gain the power of Will, you had to merge your soul with a higher dimension.

To gain admittance into the Inheritance Ground, one of the criteria was to have completed the Supreme Circle, and for every Chaos Blood, reaching this level of power was very easy, although to gain the power of Will became difficult especially for those who gained power with the aid of their bloodline, and if one was unlucky to not gain any special talent during their bloodline advancement, they would be stuck as a Minor

Immortal until the end of a Minor Era where they would perish, except they agreed to bond their souls to the dimension of a higher level Chaos Blood who was a World Bearer.

It was not expressly stated but no Chaos Blood was expected to merge their souls to a strange dimension except those that were related to Chaos.

Every Will Holder that controls a higher dimension had the ability to manifest that dimension in reality, but the cost of doing such a thing was ridiculously expensive in Aetherium and Essence, the only higher dimensional Will Holders who could manifest their dimension into reality without suffering the consequences were World Bearer, and this was a Title that could only be given by the World Stele, a Singularity.

This Title made it possible for a willholder to root their dimension inside the Nothingness that comprised everything outside known reality.

Known Reality was a strange concept and its full scope was not fully understood except by Primordials and certain great powers, although it was generally accepted that at the center of Known Reality was the Great Darkness.

The Great Darkness was the fourth-dimensional domain of the Primordial Chaos, and it contained all the Third-dimensional universes in reality, making it the most valuable fourth- dimensional domain in all of known reality, and the Great Darkness was rooted in the Nothingness.

Outside of the Great Darkness were many other dimensions or realms, all created by powerful forces like the Primordials or other World Bearers, and they all linked their dimension to the Great Darkness, making it a sort of central hub to the entirety of reality.

For the Chaos Blood who could not achieve the level of Will, instead of becoming slaves to more powerful Chaos Bloods, there was arguably another, better alternative, that would be binding their souls to the Inheritance Ground.

As one of the last vestiges of Chaos left in reality, the Inheritance Ground was the only portion of Chaos 9th level Dimension that was left in reality, and it was the backbone of the entire Children of Chaos, who saw it as their sanctuary and biggest bragging rights against all other non-primordial forces.

Merging with the Inheritance Ground guaranteed them true immortality, because Reality was not safe, and every now and then, realms and dimensions were conquered or destroyed, but a Primordial domain was eternal.

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The presence of these serpents emerging beneath the throne of Chaos was alarming, and the only reason the entire Inheritance Ground had not descended into a state of

mayhem was their un-staunching belief in the power of the Inheritance Ground and they recognized the power of Chaos inside the bodies of all these Ouroboros Serpents.

With a loud shrieking sound that made everyone flinch, the tear in space widened, and another variety of mythical serpents emerged, this trend continued until the spatial tear had grown to a gigantic level, and the various types of serpents that had emerged numbered in the thousands, the number of serpents now hovering inside the inheritance ground could no longer be counted. The sight was both bizarre and sickening, for they curled among themselves in a massive ever expanding ball of flesh.

This was a higher dimensional world and therefore space was malleable, and so despite the fact that the throne of Chaos was not very massive, it was still bigger than the ridiculous nest of serpents beneath.

As suddenly as it began, it ended. The space tear sealed itself and if not for the massive ball of serpents that were bigger than a galaxy silently floating below the throne of Chaos, everything would seem to be a dream.

Labaletai swallowed, this scene bringing back old and dusty memories about the history of their bloodline and those who walked beside Chaos.

He looked around at his fellow Higher-dimensional Chaos Bloods and he could see the same assumption in their demeanor, they knew they were among one of the Firsts.

If one of the Firsts were here, then that meant...

## **Chapter 1143: Time To Return Home**

The Inheritance Ground began to vibrate once more, this time it was even more intense as even the higher-dimensional Chaos Bloods had to struggle to keep their perception in check. It was almost as if the Inheritance Ground was shaking in anger, pressing everyone to the ground. Labaletai would be screaming if he could.

The entire horizon over the Inheritance Ground which was so vast it could hold hundreds of universes was painted with the color of red and yellow, as if the heavens had transformed into a bleeding flesh that was filled with dripping pus, and this sentiment was brought to life as the color deepened, the shades becoming darker until it became flesh.

From the flesh that covered the entire heavens, large weeping sores erupted that released a waterfall of pus that could drown out entire galaxies. Every Chaos Blood under the level of Will were destroyed and if not for the Inheritance Ground that kept their soul safe and assured them of being resurrected, then the majority of Chaos Blood would have perished on this day. This was not an attack by the entity overhead, it was

simply that its presence was so foul that looking upon it without a foundation of a higher dimension behind you was a fate that would lead to death or worse.

The flesh overhead began to wiggle, entire universe wide skin sag and folded into itself as features of a face were created. It did not take long before a massive face was revealed, and this face was hideous, also because the face was larger than a hundred universes stacked together, the horrifying visage nearly led those at the fourth dimensional level into madness.

The left side of the face was skinless, exposing bleeding muscles filled with pus and maggots that were so massive they could easily swallow galaxies. The two eyes on the face appeared dead, but the yellow light within those orbs glowed with a crazed intelligence.

The mouth of the gigantic face opened up and a long black tongue stretched across to pierce through the left side of its nostrils that were nothing but a wet flap of bleeding flesh and dug inside it. The eyes of the creature closed in apparent bliss as if it enjoyed torturing itself.

Labaletia felt his mind fracturing and he suppressed the growing madness within, knowing they were before the firstborn son of Chaos.

The gargantuan ball of serpent exploded open, and a humanoid figure emerged from the middle and it stretched to its full height, revealing itself.

At this moment Labaletai did not know if what he was witnessing was real or false, all of existence seemed to have shrunk down until only these two figures were everything. The gigantic face and... and...

The Chaos Door would swear to all in existence that he had never seen anyone so beautiful...

What emerged from the ball of snakes was a woman. Her skin was white and fair, and only a close observation would reveal that she was covered by countless white and silver scales that were so fine you could hardly notice any separation between the scales.

Her hair was made from living serpents, and everything from her waist down was made up of countless serpents, and despite the infatuation that had overtaken his mind, Labaletai knew that the humanoid form above the ball of snakes was simply created by fusing an unknown amount of serpent together to take the upper body shape of a woman, he did not know if he should be disgusted or impressed.

The massive face suddenly spoke, "The Queen of Serpents, Mother of Poison, Shahmaran, what brings you to Known Reality? You should have informed me of your

wish earlier, and I would have ensured that a spectacular welcome feast be made in your honor."

The eyes of Shahmaran that were a pit to madness because they were filled with millions of serpentine pupils tightened and she whispered, but her voice carried through the entirety of the Inheritance Ground, "Betrayer, how dare you walk on the hallowed ground of Chaos?" The face smiled, "Since the end of the Primordial Era, I see no sign of our father. Now its the dawn of the Supreme Era, old things are passing away, and something new arise... I arise, you shall do well to know where the wind blows, dear sister, for there shall come a time, when even if I want to show mercy, I would not be able to. You say I walk on the hallowed ground of Chaos, but where is he to stop me?"

Something the face said must have piqued the interest of Shahmaran for she paused and then she laughed aloud, "Oh Caine, for all your power and wisdom, you are still blind to the truth. This Era was not meant for you or for anyone, Chaos is eternal, and when your tiny rebellion is over, he shall be waiting to slowly devour you for eternity."

Caine whose face covered the entire Inheritance Ground smiled, yet his dead eyes were filled with nothing but depravity and anger, still his voice was eerily calm,

"You say pleasant words to my ears sister. If you believe I shall fall to the hands of our father, what draws you away from his side? In the entirety of known reality, what could bring the mighty Mother of Poison away from your bended knee at the side of a shackled Chaos?"

"Would you not like to know..." Shahmaran chuckled, "Yet this is a secret I shall hold to my heart Caine, still you can be assured, I do not come seeking for you."

Caine smile vanished, "If that is the case, then don't let me hold you back from your target dear sister."

The massive face began to fade away, but it muttered something that only Shahmaran could hear,

"You know that it did not have to be this way. We could have been so much more, father and I, but he chose to betray everything that he stood for, he became everything he taught me to hate, dear sister, do not blame for my path, it was all I have ever being made to know. You stand against me in this conflict, but I want you to know that when I kill you, I shall mourn you, and I will enjoy every last bite I take from your flesh, down to the last morsel."

The gigantic face finally faded away, and Labaletai used ghe opportunity to destroy the Avatar he had inside the Inheritance Ground, he did not know the ramifications of what he heard here today, and he did not wish to know, he simply wanted to finish the task that wsd laid out for him and leave the matters of monsters to monsters.



Unknown to Labaletai, the instant he destroyed his Avatar and left, Shahmaran had turned to his position and her body faded away, and when it returned it was over his shattered remnant. At this time her form was fully humanoid, with long black hair, red lips and an extremely beautiful features, clad in a beautiful white dress, Shahmaran was one of the most beautiful women in all of existence.

She drew one of the pieces of Labaletai's Avatar that was smaller than an atom to her index finger and brought it to her nose and she smiled as she scented the smell of her target. After a million years, she had finally found the being who worked Chaos from his slumber and allowed him to release his penultimate talent into reality.

"Aahh... His name is Rowan, a strong name. It is time for you to return home."

## **Chapter 1144: Desperate Pursuit (1)**

A rumble shook the heavens and a star fell from the sky, covered by golden and white flames that shredded through the surrounding space like a hot blade through snow. Behind it were thousands of dark cloudy beings with various ethereal lights emerging from their bodies as they chased the falling star, their cries of rage were like thunder.

The falling star slammed into the black ocean below and raised a wave that was a mile high, and the impact did not decrease its speed a bit, but the falling star did not descend to the bottom of the ocean like any other heavenly body, instead, it rotated in place in a mystical fashion, leaving millions of bright glowing white runes imprinted in the ocean, before it vanished.

These runes transformed into millions of golden and white stars that were the same as the falling star and they scattered in all directions, shooting out with great force and speed, matching, and then exceeding the speed of a lightning bolt.

The falling golden and white star was Lost and the golden giant who were being pursued by thousands of Ascendants who had survived the devastation Lost had unleashed on their ships. They were coming for blood and more were on their way from all corners of the Upper Continents, they had truly stirred the pot of calamity with their stunt and the suspicion that they were partly responsible for the demise of an Ascendant Sun.

The response from the descending Ascendants was swift when they saw the many scattering lights. They unleashed a volley of devastation down on the scattering lights, destroying a majority of them, but hundreds were still able to escape the field of destruction, fleeing in all directions, including deep into the ocean. For beings of their level, the ocean could as well be air for all the differences it made to them.

There were thousands of Ascendants here, these hundred golden lights were decoys, but with their number, they could easily fish out their prey.

With the numbers of golden light whittled down, the Ascendants scattered to pursue, unexpectedly the area that had been devastated by their firepower just a moments ago and had resulted in a massive gaping hole in the ocean hundreds of miles wide and so deep you could about see the bottom of the ocean pulsed with a bright white flame that would have blinded a god, and then billions of golden and white star erupted from the crater.

Loud curses escaped from the Ascendants as the variable in the chase had just unexpectedly multiplied, and it did not help that every single golden light was an exact match to the target they were chasing, making it impossible to quickly figure out what was real or fake.

A hundred Ascendants were a force that could devastate everything in all directions, there were thousands here, and despite this challenge, they did not give up hope, no orders were given, they simply divided the task before them, sectioning their targets into quadrants and focusing on eliminating all of them as quickly as possible in order to locate their primary target.

Each Ascendant here could easily tackle millions of these fleeing lights, and they pursued their task with a relentless frenzy.

With their previous experience clashing with this elusive target they had quickly discovered that their prey was an energy sponge. Everything they threw at them was simply absorbed and used as a power for their technique, and as their last collective attacks had demonstrated, the capability of their prey to process energy was boundless.

No Ascendant here could boldly claim that they could swallow all kinds of energy, and these were not benign energies but ones that were charged with the purpose of destruction and then used as fuel to channel their technique, not even adding to the fact that this enemy did not seem to be bound by any known limits.

It did not take a genius to figure out after their last failed attack that instead of giving out energy, they needed to deprive their enemy of it. It might just be the only thing that could work.

As the Ascendants scattered after all the golden lights, they did not shoot out any beams of energy or force, instead, they began to draw out the energy around the golden lights they were targeting, as they attempted to starve it of energy.

Soon, a great number of curses began to arise from the Ascendants when they realized that even their act of drawing out energy created a minor kinetic pull that this enemy was also using as an energy source, and in a weird application of energy transference that defied logic, this enemy was able to perfectly balance out gaining energy from the

act of losing energy! The weird childish laughter that was emerging from the golden light did not help to calm the mood of the Ascendant as some of the most short-tempered among them went crazy with anger and began to indiscriminately attack the golden light, leading to an eruption of more golden light and a burst of increasingly louder laughter.

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Lost had only one strategy going into this fight which was to battle at a distance. He even had a presentation set up that he displayed in front of the golden giant.

He knew that this was his only advantage in this encounter because he had no access to Will, and therefore he could easily fall under the trap of Time manipulation.

Below the level of Will, as the First flame to be born in all of reality, Lost could be considered invincible, except he was paired against certain monsters like Rowan or Telmus in his prime. He needed to buy time, and the only way he could do so was by pestering the Ascendants at a distance because every Will-based manipulation suffered a distance limit. They could easily stop him with an application of Time, but he needed to be at a close enough distance, and it did not help that in higher-level worlds like this one, it was very expensive to employ the power of Will, due to the strength of the surrounding space that would reduce the efficacy of such a heretical power over its nature.

The golden giant beside him sighed, "This was not how I imagined my first battle."

Lost tapped him on his shoulder, "You are moving a little too fast, don't spoil our hand with a moment of inattention, we are nothing but a glass cannon, one shot and we are down, and there are thousands of sharpshooters behind us," he paused then continued, "and why do you think every battle has to be about a direct clash of arms?"

Shrugging, the golden giant fractionally reduced his speed to balance with the rest of the golden light shooting alongside them, "If I am to tell the truth, then I don't necessarily know the reason, there is just this feeling in my heart that I should never run."

Lost looked at him with a deep look in his eyes, before he patiently asked, "And how did that feeling work out for you a moment ago when you were stuck in the midst of your enemies unable to move?"

The golden giant became silent before he later whispered, "It did not feel good. I should have gathered more data about my powers and the abilities of the enemy before I joined the

battle."

## Chapter 1145: Desperate Pursuit (final)

Lost seemed surprised by this admission, and he cleared his throat while assuming a wise expression, he had been doing this all this while after he saved the life of the kid, and finding out that he liked it, he did not intend to stop as he channeled his inner-Rowan, of course, his sage-like demeanor was spoiled by his boyish figure and the annoying laughter arising from all the golden lights around them, despite all of this it did not stop him from promptly replying to the golden giant,

"Of course, it did not feel good, helplessness has never felt good. The instincts in your heart are yours, but they do not yet belong to you. The faster you understand this concept, the easier it will be for you to master yourself. Give your body a chance to catch up with your mind, or else you shall fall before your time is ripe. This was a lesson that your previous self, despite his greatness, never learned."

The golden giant shuddered, no longer doubting the hints about his past,

"How am I supposed to fight the creator if I have limits like these?"

Lost smiled, "That is the beauty in this duel. How can a man stand before god? How can a god stand before an Empyrean? How can an Empyrean stand before a Primordial? Do you think he wants this battle because you are his equal? No, there are far more terrifying creatures out in reality, but he sees something in you, something I think he respects, and that respect was never about your power."

"I see," the golden giant groaned, his empty eyes seemingly focused on distant thoughts, "I don't know your limits," Lost said, "I don't know which heights you might reach in the future, but if I was to bet a million times out of a million, I would bet against you in this duel. Yet this is where the miracle lies. What if?"

The giant remained silent and Lost looked around awkwardly, "Our mission is on track, despite us not standing our ground and dying needlessly against a greater force, we are a pair of under-leveled underdogs taking thousands of creatures with the power of Will and we made them dance to our tune. Surely you can recognize the victory in that?"

"I am not a fool Lost," the golden giant mumbled, "I understand that the ultimate aim of this venture is to protect my home. I have not lost sight of that. I was just a bit... overwhelmed, my mind is clear now, I am with you to the end."

Lost laughed, "Very good, because you know we can't avoid them forever. According to my calculations, we would be discovered in the next ten minutes... no make that ten seconds... Move!"

The golden giant swerved to the side and accelerated with immense force, Lost had barely wrapped blaming runes all over their bodies before the entire space for more than twenty miles became frozen, and they became like flies trapped in amber.

A powerful Ascendant who Rowan would have recognized for he was the one that had frozen him in place when he battled and killed the Divine Ascendant six years ago on the Threshold. At that time this Ascendant had glowed like the sun and he could easily see the connection between him and one of the Ascendant Suns overhead. But now, everything had changed and the looks and demeanor of this Ascendant had transformed.

No longer glowing like the sun, this Ascendant was covered by an oily darkness, from his foglike body were countless spikes that were bleeding red smoke. It was almost as if he was torturing himself, or this was his fate after the Ascendant Sun that was linked to him was unexpectedly destroyed.

He reached the frozen body of the trio and then paused before an unearthly shriek of rage burst out from his throat and he viciously swiped with dagger-like claws and tore Lost and the golden giant apart. The malevolent Ascendant did not look pleased because his target simply collapsed into tiny sparks of flame. He had just barely missed trapping them. Looking around in anger he noticed space rippling over five hundred miles away and his body faded, reappearing almost instantly in that area, reaching across to grab the space and pull out... a picture book, with the face of a grinning boy on it. The picture moved and blew the Ascendant a kiss before exploding into a violent inferno that drew as much energy as it could from the body of the Ascendant, creating hundreds of millions of shooting golden light.

Thwarted twice the Ascendant grinned, "I tire of this game, "he turned around and announced, "any Ascendant that is not in the upper continents in the next thirty seconds will have themselves to blame for their demise."

Right extra hands emerged from his side and all slammed together, leaving a tiny gap in their center, and inside this gap, a red and black sun began to take shape.

Every Ascendant on hearing the announcement, abandoned their chase and began to flee towards the heavens. Around the malevolent Ascendant horrifying screams and distorted light began to funnel into this red and black sun, as he was literally gathering hate and malice and making it take shape.

In a realm like Doom Star this was one property that was never in short supply, and it would take a truly demented mind to not only touch it, but make it a foundation of their Will. "Take note members of the Council, I Shisu, will be releasing a category seven attack on the Mezuic Quadrant. The hunt for the killer of our glorious Ascendant Sun has stalled, and I have deemed it necessary that more information can be gathered from their corpse than continue this endless chase. I will not play into the game of an

enemy who has surely planned for this day for a long time. I shall accept the punishment for my actions here today."

The sun between his palms grew to the size of a man's decapitated head, and chuckling under his breath, the Ascendant released Hate and Malice.

Lost and the Golden Giant were thousands of miles away at this point. Using spells, Lost had been able to create long distance warp points which he used to quickly shuffle across space. There was no real need for them to cross space by flying across.

It was the golden giant that felt it first, although weaker than Lost, his instinct for danger was greater. Behind them the world turned red and black.

"Uh, Lost, what is that? I don't like the feeling I am getting from it."

Lost had gone pale, and he began to hurriedly run his calculations, and what he discovered made him despair. Although they had tried to move as far as possible from the location of the city, this move that had been unleashed was so devastating, if it was to be used outside Known Reality, it would destroy multiple universes, because the grade of the Ascendant who did this was at the 6th Dimensional level.

Lost did not care about losing his life, but he could allow harm to come to Rowan, and he was out of options. The devastation of this move alone should wipe out at least a million lower continents and turn the entire city and Rowan with it, to dust.

## **Chapter 1146: Unleashing Hate**

Shisu, the Ascendant who had released one of the most destructive events on the Lower Continent for the last ten million years, looked around one last time before he vanished, leaving the work of his hands to flourish.

A dark grin had crossed his face the instant he disappeared revealing for an instant to anyone who saw him that he had become a creature of Calamity wearing the guise of an Ascendant skin. No matter the argument he had given to his superiors there should be no reason he needed to unleash such an attack, and he was looking forward to whatever punishment he would be given, hoping it involved some kind of bodily trauma.

Shisu had always been interested in pain and suffering, building his Will on the foundations of Hate and Malice meant his mind had always been twisted, but the fiery nature of his father's presence had suppressed the demon inside of him for all these millions of years, and now that leash was gone.

When he found all who were responsible for the fall of his father, he would thank their corpses. In his arrogance, he had always thought he would be able to keep the forces of

Hate and Malice in check inside his heart, but he knew that he was on the verge of breaking, even his father was slowly becoming suspicious and knowing that old man, he would have wiped him away from existence without any warning.

He did not want to kill those who killed his father, he needed to kill them, for they had deprived him of one of his greatest sources of inspiration-The desire to reach the level of an Ascendant Sun and look his father in the soul as he slowly pushed in the killing knife.

His presence had been the leash on this attack, and the instant he vanished the ocean for hundreds of miles simply disappeared. They were not evaporated, which would have been too benign, instead, they were wiped out from existence. The purpose of the Hate Shisu had unleashed was to strip away everything from the world.

Even in his madness, he did not forget about the weird ability of his prey, and if they thought they could take away the energy from the explosion, they would be in for a rude surprise.

The red and black sun was growing, but it was slow, it did not need to rush, because it knew that nothing could stop it, and Hate savored this moment, it was rare that it was ever unleashed to such an extent. Inside the glowing ball of red was a void.

The red and black sun was like a bubble, consuming everything in its path, and when its energy had expired, it would leave nothing behind, for Hate could bear no fruit but nothing.

In a short while, not even lasting the span of a day, two massive apocalyptic events had been triggered in this world.

The first was the destruction of billions of ships belonging to the Ascendants. Among those destroyed ships were those that contained particularly deadly weapons, and the flames of Lost had absorbed all that power, magnifying the effects so drastically, that every Ascendant below the level of Dan who had been unable to unleash a cage of Time around their bodies had been thoroughly wiped out.

At the moment the exact death toll among the Ascendants was unknown, but the number would surely be frightening.

If that event had been so destructive that it could penetrate outside the barrier of this world and was noticed outside, then it was a foregone conclusion that it was witnessed around the world. Among countless continents, many eyes had looked at the heavens that had suddenly transformed into a stunning white color that only lasted for a while, but this image of beauty would stay inside all their minds, it was a shame that what came next, was not as benign.

The second was much more sinister, and unlike the first that had appeared and disappeared in a short moment, this one crept closer, slowly growing brighter, as the Aura it emanated swept through the entire realm, and the dread it gave off was like a creeping worm inside the guts.

Everyone knew that there was darkness and horror hidden in the foulest of places in this world. The light from this red sun was like a hand that seized your mind and dragged it before that horror, drowning you within it. There was no escape, and anyone experiencing it cursed their parents for giving birth to them.

Dumbstruck at the growing red sun, the golden giant looked at Lost, "What sort of evil is this? Can we stop this?"

Lost Flames shook his head, "Perhaps if I had the host of my father's Angels and all his children of the Ouroboros, I might be able to slow down the progress of this calamity, but I fear we are out of options. This is a sort of attack made by either a madman or a genius. I cannot predict the ramifications of such an attack. This has exceeded any parameters I have laid out for this conflict."

The golden giant appeared horrified for a moment before he dragged Lost, "Let's return home, I might have an idea."

"Oh, yeah, sure..." Lost replied distractedly, allowing himself to be towed by the golden giant as he watched the slowly expanding red sun behind them, his mind going through countless spells in his mental space, searching for the one thing that might give them the edge, yet fearing that even if he found it, he did not have the raw strength to counter the tide of Hate rolling down.

The red sun might appear to be expanding slowly, but that was just relative to the movements of the golden giant and Lost. The truth was that the explosion was approaching the speed of sound, and was slowly exceeding it, because it was now moving at about 1,200 feet per second.

In a lower realm, this was quite fast, but not in a higher realm, however, this did not detract from the lethality of this move that sacrificed speed for power. This explosion would destroy a million continents, and its effects would be felt among many millions more. Taking as much care to stay under the radar as much as possible, while still maintaining a decent amount of speed, in three hours, the kid no longer in the form of the golden giant returned to the city of his birth, and despite the incoming explosion being thousands of miles away, the glow from the red sun had penetrated all the way into the depths of the ocean, and despite the lights from the golden sun basking everything below and alleviating the effects of the incoming explosion by a large margin, the redness had crept unto everything and its touch could be felt.

If this was the case for Rowan's city which was being protected by the glow of his Ouroboros Bloodline, the state of the rest of the world was much worse, and despite



several powerful Ascendants working in tandem to protect the zones under their care from the brunt of this attack, the number of mortals that were dying at every second, simply from looking at the dim red glow in the horizon, or even feeling its effects were hazardous.

## Chapter 1147: Lessons

Shisu had really outdone himself, and wherever he was, he was grinning with delight as the slow spread of his technique was similar to slowly strangling a mortal with bare hands over the course of hours.

It also did not help that on millions of continents, the glow from the growing red sun had wiped clean every calamity on their surfaces when it also did the same to the Explorers there with them. All of these were just the side effects of an explosion that had not even begun to reach its full potential.

It should be noted that with the size of Doom Star, there were many continents that had no idea of the presence of Ascendants. This was not actually very strange, in fact, a majority of the continents in this realm were not conversant with the true nature of the reality they were facing or who were the major powers in this realm.

Doom Star may be a single realm, but internally it was as vast as a universe, and this was just a rough estimation because it was unknown if anyone had charted out the true internal scale of Doom Star, the various continents within it could be seen as worlds, and as they were countless stars and worlds like sands on the beach in a universe, so were there countless continents on the endless ocean inside of Doom Star.

As in the case of the many worlds in a universe, some were inevitably more valuable than others in terms of location or resources, therefore a majority of the lower continents were left to their own devices, given the barest training resources to ensure the birth of Explorers and the rare chance that there might be a genius among their population that might reach the height of an Ascendant one day.

The truly valuable Continents were carefully nurtured by various Ascendant forces to become the backbone of their organization. This could not be helped, like Rowan had once hypothesized, the Ascendant civilization was very young, not even up to a hundred million years old.

This might seem to be a long scale of time for mortals, but on the scale of an immortal, this was barely a blink of an eye. The balance between Ascendancy and Calamity was broken far too quickly for it to be normal, and each side has not had the chance to truly flex their might. A great example of this would be the Calamity Gods buried underground. By the time scale of their development, most of them would have to sleep for hundreds of millions of years if not more before they could arise from the earth, yet

before that could happen the scale of the battle that should have favored Ascendancy for the first half of this conflict had tilted. Rowan had glimpsed the history of this realm when he saw the rise of Calamity during the evolution of his Shiik to become a Calamity God, and he knew that such competition between opposite sides had played out countless times before, and this was just a new turn of the wheel, but something was now clogging the machine, and the Ascendants would not get their chance to shine.

This catastrophic event set off by Shisu was also similar to what was happening around the planet because, across a broad stretch of the realm, many mortals and nascent Explorers would never get this chance to reach the peak of their potential because a sixth-dimensional entity had gone mad and unleashed his hate on the lower continents.

Barely six years ago, such an event would be unthinkable. Ascendants that roamed the lower continents were those who had not reached the Dan, and from the second Dan and upwards it was expressly forbidden for them to use their powers on the lower continents, not to talk about unleashing killing moves that should be used only in a desperate situation when fighting for their lives.

It was amazing that a world could begin unraveling so quickly. There had been signs over the years that the time of the Ascendants was coming to an end, the slow deaths of their Ascendants Suns and the proliferation of calamity were warning enough, and yet even the most critical assessment of their survival had not foretold the unraveling of their society in nothing short of a million years, not less than six years, and as the seventh year was slowly rolling in, it was a wonder if the state of the realm would be preserved for a decade.

R

When the child left the city, this caused all the Elders to organize an emergency meeting for the purpose of war and began drawing back every able citizen to prepare for whatever may be coming, and with the civilization of the Blood Blessed being a martial one, the recruitment rate was almost 99%.

One of the greatest mysteries in this city of gods they found themselves in was the Spear of Ascension, and when the god-child had left hurriedly after reaching a certain height, it was not much of a stretch for them to understand that the reason was related to this treasure.

They all knew that their world was not safe and that one day they would be called to defend their new home, and if this was the day, they would do so with a smile on their lips, even if they perished because their death would finally mean something.

For a life that had been lived without meaning, protecting their home even in death meant everything.

The red light bloomed and the entire ocean seemed to transform into blood, and the hands of all the Blood Blessed trembled, not because of fear, but because they were all creating the weapon of their choice. They did not know which enemy was coming, but whoever they were, would regret the moment they had chosen to step forth into their home.

When the shield over their home vibrated, they all tensed in anticipation, but they breathed a sigh of relief when they noticed that the person descending was the god-child and beside him was another cherubic boy with white hair, and inquisitive eyes.

The child went straight to the point, his voice resounding all over the valley, reaching the billions of people below,

"Beside me is an emissary of our Primogenitor, also known by those more ancient than our young race as the Creator, he is called the Lost Flames, and he is the most powerful being I have ever met. No doubt you saw the bloom of white that arose earlier, well, that was due to his actions. In a single move, he killed more Ascendant than most of us combined would ever see in a lifetime."

The child then brought his hand to suppress the growing cries of excitement that was beginning to arise below,

"I was called forth to defend against a tide of Ascendants that wished to cause harm to our city and stop our Primogenitor on his great task. I failed, and our enemy has unleashed a powerful weapon that would destroy all of us. I have no power to stop what is coming, but I am just a single person, and as I have learned in the past few moments, there are somethings that cannot be accomplished alone, even if you are a god."

## **Chapter 1148: Dawn (1)**

Although the god-child had made many meetings with the Elders in the past, this was the first time he was addressing the entire Blood Blessed and there were many scribes among them who took down his words, and discussion rapidly broke out among the people as the god-child and majority of the Elders went into closed doors.

One of the Blood Blessed below nudged his neighbor and drew him closer, whispering, "I told you. He has finally admitted he is a god, so that means you owe me three months of kitchen duties. Since you don't want to tell me the recipe for your meat bun, then you are simply going to be cooking it for me, every day, for the next three months."

The neighbor groaned in exasperation, his eyes darting around in panic before summoning courage and retorting, "Is that what you should be focusing on right now? We are about to fight a war that would lead to all our deaths. Have you spoken to your

family, tell that poor girl Rosa about your love for her, or the many million other things you should be doing instead of pestering me about this matter."

The man appeared shocked at the harsh rebuttal, but then he smiled, knowing he had his friend by the throat,

"Death, life, all are beneath the power of a promise. I won this bet fair and square, and if we survive what is to come, you shall not squirrel out of it. I want your word. Kitchen duties for three months, making me meat buns!"

"You... you," the face of the neighbor turned white in anger, "You do know that your assumption is false, right? He never truly admitted that he was a god, you are using a measure that is inconsistent with the rest of his words. To tell the truth, what is a god? Give me a definition. If I say I am a god, does that make me automatically a god? There are so many things that go into this matter that you cannot simply define someone as a god by their say- so."

"Hahaha... I knew you would come up with this argument, and I am prepared for it."

The man licked his lips and began to fish inside a seemingly bottomless pouch that he stuck his entire hand into, pulling out various odds and ends,

"You must not have known since your head is usually stuck in combat, but a massive library was unearthed a month ago, filled with all kinds of knowledge, some of the Elders are saying the knowledge within that library can be considered infinite, I have been able to gather a few definitions of godhood, knowing your character, it is well that I made the trip..." he cleared his throat and the argument between these two faded into the collective noises from the crowd.

A moment before, the god-child and the emissary of the Creator had followed the majority of the Elders into a closed-door meeting that was expected to last for only minutes before the order for what was expected of them all was given out, so everyone here was trying to connect and get rid of the pressure in their heart with whatever method they had.

They were a warlike society, and so the fear of death was something they had all accepted and learned how to manage, and what was happening here was to remind themselves of all they had to lose.

R

In the ongoing closed-door meeting, with the help of Lost, the boy had quickly transmitted everything that had taken place to the Elders, his summoning at the Ascension Spear, the battle above the threshold, his present state as a golden giant with all seven points in his star lit up, the harrowing chase by thousands of Ascendants and finally the apocalyptic attack.

In the center of the hall was a graphic representation of the red sun that was eating its way through everything, and in less than two days it would be here.

"The thing of note is simple," the boy began when he saw that every Elder here had come to speed with the previous events and had seen what was coming,

"With our present defenses, there is no way we could stop the tide of destruction rolling towards our home, although I don't know what sort of attack that red flame is, I do know that with the power of our bloodline and creation at the tip of our fingers, collectively, there is nothing we cannot do."

"That is a Will-based attack, there is nothing we can do to stop it" Lost muttered, but due to the silence in the hall, and everyone here being a golden giant, they all heard him,

"What was that again?" the boy asked in puzzlement.

"This so-called red sun is not made from flames or any sort of energy-based attack that you understand. It is a higher-dimensional attack that uses concepts instead of energy and also harnesses other dimensional forces. My previous death came about because I was defending against a similar attack, although it was one that was extremely weaker than this one."

Seeing that he had all their attention, Lost sighed and spoke louder, he thought that if these people were doing the noble thing to fight, then it was the least he could do to make sure that they understood all the facts of the subject,

"A Will-based attack from such a high-level Ascendant will carry the property of Time and Space, and from what I can infer from the red sun, it would also hold other higher dimensional properties that even I cannot understand, it is nearly impossible to defend against it unless you have similar powers. The Time and space portion of this attack would ensure that whatever is impacted by the attack would not be able to escape its effect. A single touch means death, and the power behind this move is so vast, that everyone here can consider it to be nigh-infinite."

The child seemed to think about something and then he smiled, "Lost, you said it is nearly impossible to defend against Will-based attacks without Will, is that truly the case?"

"Of course, Energy-based defenses like what wraps around the city could only hold back a fraction of the power of the attack, and the many higher dimensional properties of the red sun would simply slip past the defenses and eradicate them from the core."

"Are there no exceptions?" the child asked with a weird smile on his face,

Lost was becoming interested, knowing this child must be onto something, "Why are you asking such questions, kid?"

"We don't have much time, so I will try to compress as much information as I can in a short amount of time, but you will be following me around because we need to begin our preparation."

Lost nodded, "Of course, color me curious, I want to know the thoughts inside that head of yours."

The boy smiled, "During the first battle between our people and an Ascendant, something peculiar happened during the battle, is there any chance that you are aware of it?"

"Give me a moment,"

Lost closed his eyes and began to request the portion of Rowan's memory that detailed those events. Although he was a part of Rowan's power, it was impossible for him to merge with the full scope of his mental space, doing such a thing would surely be thrilling, for about one second before his Spirit would be torn apart, he would be like a child trying to swallow an

ocean.

## **Chapter 1149: Dawn (2)**

Lost could at any time request specific portions of Rowan's memory and it would be delivered to him; this process was fairly automatic because he was still part of Rowan's mental space.

He did not like retrieving memories from Rowan's mind because it was usually packed with excessive information. Rowan did not receive inputs from his surroundings from a singular source, instead, it was from a myriad of sources, and a single second of his memory was jam- packed with so much information that if it was to be written in a book, it would fill up a million thousand paged book.

Lost experienced the battle against Storm Hammer from a hundred thousand eyes, felt the heartbeats of the crowd, their thoughts, their emotions, felt every single cell in their bodies all throbbing in desire and exhilaration... He felt the surroundings, every single molecule in the air, the way the static charge from Storm Hammer's presence excited the air, he felt and saw the color of Time, and he knew how they could survive.

"This is madness," he whispered, "When did the power of Rowan evolve to this extent? What have I missed?"

It was a tantalizing thought to dig into the mind of the Creator to unearth all these secrets, but he knew that was simply a suicidal thought. He was better off observing what came next.

R

The order when it went out was met with no disagreement, billions of Blood Blessed began to move, from afar they appeared like ants, tucked underneath their arms was a familiar pouch that could hold many times its weight and size, within it was as many creation grass as they could hold.

More than three billion people marched in order, and they separated into hundred distinct groups. At the head of the group were a million Elders, chosen not only because of age alone but their command over certain aspects, be it combat or creation.

It was not long after the Blood Blessed reached this city that they determined that the position of Elder could not be given alone to the older generation, but to the most outstanding among them, because it would be difficult to lead all these people with the number of available Elders.

Like the arms of a massive octopus, the hundred groups began to circle around the Ascension Spear, each Blood Blessed following the one in front of them in an eerie synchronized motion that made it seem as if they were all a single organism.

The Elders in the front stretched out their hand, and pieces of creation grass flew out of their pouch and a stair of golden light was created. The stair was more like an escalator, and after stepping foot onto it, the staircase began moving upwards, with more stairs being duplicated below for a new batch of Blood Blessed to step on, and the million Elders at the front rapidly creating more staircases ahead.

In a short while hundreds of millions of people were on a moving staircase that snaked towards the sky of their city, and when the Elders at the front reached the area where the seven golden suns were, they bowed towards it and continued pushing upwards.

They soon reached the heavenly dome that covered their city, and the reason they separated themselves into a hundred groups was revealed because there were the beginnings of a hundred massive fortifications being built, each was spaced a hundred miles apart and they were a hundred and one of these structures.

When the elders reached their assigned fortification, they began channeling the people behind them into the structure, as its expansion actively began.

Each fortification was to hold thirty million people. Such an immense architectural wonder was being actively created in the sky in quick flashes of golden light, and with the speed of creation, in two hours it would be completed.

In the one hundred and first fortification that was smaller than the others, but appeared more detailed, there were only two people here, Lost and the boy, who was now in his golden giant form.

Hovering a few feet from the air, with his eyes closed he seemed to be struggling with something. His face was scrunched up under intense concentration and his golden body began to glow.

The increase was subtle at first, but as the glow increased he began shining as bright as a star, and it was only the fortification around him that was blocking the light. The light reached an intense luminosity and it unexpectedly imploded, crushing the golden giant into a paste.

A cry of anger came from the scattered flesh all around and the air rippled as the golden giant was created anew, not from the shattered flesh around him, because the act he performed stripped every form of energy from those, making them useless to him, but from the glow of the golden suns below.

Reaching the seven-point in his star meant that within this city, underneath the light of the golden suns, he was truly immortal, even the weakness in his heart that every golden giant had was no longer a weakness here because he would be reborn from golden light.

Lost looked at the golden giant with concern, "You should stop and preserve your strength." he glanced below at a massive pool of blood and flesh that had been created below. The kid had tried to reach the next level hundreds of times in the span of three hours, and he had paid a grievous price, but his heart was unbroken, and he tried again and again despite his failures. "I will rest when I am dead," he growled, "If I can link to one of the golden suns, I should have enough power to turn the tides. This I know, but why would it not come to me? Am I not worthy?"

"That is an unfair question to ask because I think Rowan himself would not have expected that you would reach this step so quickly and so he had not made the final passage to link this power to the Blood Blessed. You should understand that the majority of the power of your bloodlines is locked away because he knows that you all cannot handle the power of holding a Primordial Bloodline, I am sure he would want to intervene personally for anyone who attempts to take this step, but sadly he is occupied at the moment."

The golden giant was not discouraged, "If there is no path I would make my own. You should know of my character well enough by now, Lost Flames. Would you rather be talking or helping me?"

Lost sighed, "I will do what I can. The answers to your dilemma lie in the memories of the creator... I will try to search it out, in the meantime, do not drain your spirit till the last



drop because you think there will be no future after this moment. Your people look to you for hope, let them see that."

"I know that they look at me for hope, and for that reason, I shall burn bright. My death is meaningless, find me my answers Lost Flames, I do not care if the flames of my life are what I use to make a path. I shall not fail them... I shall not fail again."

## **Chapter 1150: Dawn (3)**

A flurry of activity began underneath the dome of the nameless grand city, as billions of Blood Blessed, following precise instructions from the one million Elder leading them from each branch to complete the fortification that would be used for their defenses.

Due to their unique manufacturing processes that needed no raw materials or precise toolings, the process of building these massive structures went by lightning quick, and it was a marvel to behold such a grand sight appearing from thin air like a collective dream being brought to life, and this was the best method to describe what they were doing.

Being this close to the dome, the effect of the red sun was more pronounced, but their collective Aura as they worked together brought about a harmony of spirit that shielded them from the majority of the detrimental impact from the glow of Hate.

For the more staunch of heart among them, this glow became fuel for the refinement of their bloodline, and the work on the fortifications was being constantly briefly delayed by multiple Blood Blessed reaching a higher level in their cultivation.

In nine hours, the one hundred fortifications were complete, and they all resembled a seven-petaled flower, clustered heavily around the center of the city with the Ascension Spear at the center. There were barely two hundred million Blood Blessed below in the valley, mostly women and children whose combat power was low.

They were not idle, as they were making medical supplies in case of drastic injuries that the bodies of the golden giants could not easily heal from. The difference between life and death could be a slight margin, and if they could contribute in any way to shift the odds towards life for even a single Blood Blessed, then they believed nothing of their work was wasted.

The decision was made to concentrate all the available resources to guide only a small area of the city, disregarding the rest, only concentrated in a small area could they make any meaningful impact, and in a short while, everyone had settled into their position and without any further instructions, they began to create.

Nearly two years of practice meant that every Blood Blessed knew how to hold firm mental imagery in their heads and the mental fortitude to push through distractions and endure pain.

Every Blood Blessed, man, woman, and child, sat down cross-legged, and in front of them, a tiny golden flame appeared that slowly began to grow as it was being fed with creation grass. The creation grass was slowly inserted into the flame with fierce concentration because the flame was not burning the grass, the grass was becoming the flame.

The nature of this flame was wild and it would take everything inside of every Blood Blessed, not just to create the flames, but also to preserve and grow it. This would test them like nothing has ever done before, but failure was not an option.

The flames had barely grown to the size of an apple before the weakest among them, which were the children, began to bleed from every orifice in their heads. They fought on, the restorative properties of their bodies ensuring they could last far longer than any of them had the right to, but after three hours of this, they began to fall into deep unconsciousness, they had used every iota of resources in their bodies.

However, the moment they were about to lose consciousness they would carefully pass their nurtured flame to the person next to them, doing this with care and reverence.

"This is as far as I can go."

"It is enough, I shall carry on in your stead. Your sacrifice brings us closer to victory."

It was with a smile that these children fell into unconsciousness, they had played their part, and they believed in the strength of their people.

R

This golden flame was none other than the unique bloodline flame that could be summoned when the Blood Blessed transformed into their golden giant form.

During the battle with Storm Hammer, the Blood Blessed had discovered two properties of their bloodline that were both offensive and defensive. What made these attributes amazing was their versatility and sheer power that exceeded their present level, and they were regarded as the core ability of their bloodline.

The offensive portion of this discovery was the Golden Flame.

Even the weakest golden giant was physically stronger than any Ascendant, but all that strength was useless if they could not affect these spiritual beings, as they had soon discovered when they fought Storm Hammer, but there was something inside their blood that seemed to be able to affect anything, and that was the golden flame.

Their bodies produced a finite amount of these flames, and the stronger a golden giant became, the more flames that could be naturally generated by their flesh. Against Storm Hammer, it would not have mattered if there were a billion golden giants there with her, without those flames, she would hardly have lost any Core Aura during the battle.

The battle that took hours would have gone on for millions of years before they would have been able to slowly chew through Storm Hammer's Core Aura.

Upon reviewing Rowan's memories of the event, Lost realized that these "golden flames" were not flames, that was a rather simplistic method of looking at this energy, instead, they were the greed of the Primordial Ouroboros being expressed in its most limited form. A form that only the bodies of these Blood Blessed could contain.

The Blood Blessed were truly exceptionally lucky in a manner because when Rowan was killed by this World's Will, his bloodline went dormant, which made it easier for the mortals to integrate with them. With his awakening, so too did his bloodline, but Rowan deliberately slowed this process in order to give every Blood Blessed the chance to be the true children of the Primordial Ouroboros.

From the mortal state to becoming a golden giant was a constant refinement of their bloodline and bodies to accept higher forms of energy, and when they had completed the seven-pointed star in their hearts, they would be able to fully merge with their Primordial Ouroboros nature and their flesh would become Empyrean, Rowan's Empyrean.

Lost had discovered this secret as he assessed Rowan's plan as he had watched these golden giants in combat.

Like the universe, Rowan was creating his personal Empyreans, and the Blood Blessed were his first candidates.

Any normal species in the universe would not be able to follow this process to become stronger because Rowan's bloodline was too domineering. Yet the unique nature of the bodies of the mortals on Doom Star that gave them the capability of transforming into spiritual beings at their ascension, gave them the capability of enduring the transformation into an Empyrean.

The Primordial Ouroboros had the ability to devour everything, even Concepts like darkness, and so too was the greed inside the body of the Blood Blessed.

The plan was simple, if they could create enough of these golden flames, they could eat the attack coming towards their city. This could work, but the scale and power behind the attack were enormous, and congregating all the Blood Blessed in one region was to help activate the second part of their talent, which was their body's innate force field and their rather peculiar ability to resist the effect of Time.

