

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1151: Dawn (4)

One of the most annoying traits of Will-based attacks was the Time components it carried. A target would be suppressed in a single moment, unable to leave the attack zone until the effect of the move had run its course or its power was exhausted.

A man could easily escape a burning building if there was a clear path of escape, but if it was a Will-based attack that was made on that burning building, then he would be forced to remain inside the building until the flames had run their course or the building collapsed.

It was basically a stun lock whose duration was determined by the power of the caster.

Even with the ability of their golden flames to eat the energy, if the Blood Blessed could not break out of the Time aspect of the attack, then they would have to endure the entirety of the onslaught until its energy ran its course, that was not a feasible strategy.

Even with the combined energy of all the Blood Blessed, they could not hope to stand against the might of the red sun released by an Ascendant of such high ranking, and the plan was that they would depend on their bodies' nature to resist the effects of Time to break the hold of this move. At least that was the hope. No one here could say for sure if any of their conjectures would work.

The combined force field of three billion Blood Blessed should be enough to hold back the tide of devastation for a few seconds, and if that was not enough to break the hold of time in the red sun, everything would be over.

This was a plan built on hope. Its foundations are made of straw. It was a final gamble of desperation against a slow but inexorable tide of death that was encroaching on them, yet none of them backed down. How could they, for the first time in forever they were able to stand and fight for their fate, that was reward enough.

R

"You know there is something strange about this picture. You see, I expected some of you to flee, kinda looking forward to it actually, not for any sick sort of pleasure, but to see this situation through the eyes of someone else who is not so gung-ho about death. Do you understand what I mean?"

The color of billions of blooming golden flames was reflected in the eyes of Lost, as he spoke aloud.

His nimble fingers had been crafting a large amount of runes all these while and depositing them inside a pouch beside him, he did not stop what he was doing while he continued speaking,

"Surely you all must be feeling the power behind this misfortune heading for you all, it is simply common sense that when you are on the path of an unstoppable object, you would give way. I mean not you-I don't think you know the meaning of giving up, but not everybody can be you."

The golden giant had just resurrected from death and he was panting aloud, his body unconsciously shaking from the memory of the unearthly pain of having your entire body shredded to pieces repeatedly-his blood below would fill ten large pools and his flesh build a small hill, but upon hearing what Lost had said he grinned and slowly came to his feet, pausing in his grim acts,

"You don't understand my people. Not one bit. This fight, this moment, it is everything."

Saying only this short sentence, once again he began the process of ascension, from his estimation, there was barely one day left before trouble arrived, but something he saw in the eyes of Lost made him pause and decide to fully answer the question,

The golden giant thought about what he wanted to say for a few seconds before he began,

"You are aware of the many changes I made when I understood some of the nature of our power, especially the creation grass, yes?"

"If you mean your act of creating Watchers to supervise the Seeds of creation, then yes," Lost replied

The golden giant stroked his chin, "Seeds of Creation, hmm... Interesting phrase," shaking his head, he continued, "Then I am sure that you understand that among my people there are certainly many despicable individuals. Many arguments can be made whether evil is nature or nurture but that is not the point I am about to make."

The giant walked up to Lost and stood beside him, and then pointed to the hundred fortifications whose acts of nurturing their golden flames were making each fortification resemble a golden seven-pointed flower made of flames, extremely similar to the seven-pointed star in their hearts,

"Everyone here knows what is at stake, even the most vile among us. They know that although we fight this battle for the people beside us, the true reason we stand and fight is because of him," the golden giant gestured in a broad manner that encompasses the entire city, "We stand and fight for a creator we have never seen because we have seen the works of his hands and it is truly marvelous. The depths of knowledge he has is

ridiculous, his potential unmatched, it would be the greatest of sins to allow somebody like that to perish in the hands of monsters. His life is priceless."

Lost appeared puzzled and cocked his head to the side, but before he could speak the golden giant continued,

"Does that seem so very strange to you? I don't think it is, I dare say, perhaps more than any of us here, you can perfectly express the sentiments in our hearts. Living a life of utter hopelessness and being brought to this great city where our future could not have been brighter. Even if we all die in the defense of the Creator, we know that within him lies our hope. If we fall in his defense, in our ashes he will raise us up, stronger than before, and it would not matter if it is not us that returns but our legacy."

Lost seemed to recollect something and he smiled, "somehow I think he would consider this matter from an opposite perspective, where he is the umbrella that shields us all. I know nothing pains him more than seeing his children suffer. Imagine the hurt that a stone has to feel in order to cry, and then perhaps you shall understand what a loss of just one of you does to him, and now, I fear that pain would be worse."

"We will not fail him," the golden giant said with a tone of finality in his voice and he returned to his grim task.

"No, we will not," Lost whispered as he returned to weaving runes, "Lady of Shadows, now more than ever I need your guidance. Vraegar, Diane, Fat Sage, I am lost without you all by my side. The path is dark, and before me, all I see is the color of blood."

The Ascension Spear below released a subtle vibration, so slight that even Lost missed it. With his focus on crafting his runes and watching the descending disaster, he could not hear

the cry of rage that was arising from the Ascension Spear.

"No more...no more... no more... I want no one else to ever die for me again."

Chapter 1152: Dawn (5)

Hours after hours went by and the golden flames grew, the light it emitted clashing against the vast backdrop of red as destruction came ever closer.

At this time more than half of the Blood Blessed had collapsed, every single strand of power drained from their bodies, their minds were blank, every single mental energy spent, and if not for the superiority of their physique, the damage done to their mental space and bodies would have disabled them for life.

Anyone who looked at them would think they were simply dead bodies because their heartbeat was silent, there was not even enough energy in their bodies to maintain such a basic function. With the strength of their physique, even in this state, it would take many millennia before any adverse effect began to take root in their bodies.

Those who remained active despite the immense drain of building the golden flames were the ones who could thrive under pressure and had least made breakthroughs to a higher level under the strain of refining the golden flames and staying under the light of the red sun which was constantly screaming hate and madness into their psyche.

After lighting up the third star point in their heart, it gave the Blood Blessed the ability to summon their Natal Treasure, which enhanced their overall power, adaptability, and control over all aspects of their bodies and abilities.

Something amazing had occurred in the last few hours because every Blood Blessed here still pushing forward had undergone immense suffering under this trial by fire and the weakest had lit up three-star points.

This meant more than one billion of them had crossed this threshold of power, where a few hours back barely less than a fraction of a percent of their population had reached this mark, which was actually the god-child, even the closest Young Po was at the cusp and had not crossed this boundary.

Such rapid progress was tremendous, and none of them here had the words to describe it. They would have been going crazy with celebration but there was only a single thought in their mind, and that was refining the golden flame, most of them were not even fully aware of the great strides they had been making in the last few hours, only feeling glad that the burden of refining the flames seemed to get a bit manageable even when they thought their limits had been reached.

The impending catastrophe was not the only reason for these great changes in their bodies, but the act of refining the golden flames, which were supposed to be something they should be delving into at the end of their golden giant pathway, contributed to this unreasonable growth rather immensely.

There was great power in their bloodline, Rowan himself having what could be considered an infinite amount of Essence, so much so that all his children connected with him could tap into this unfathomable fountain of Essence, but the only condition was that they could connect and understand their powers well enough to do so.

As a dimension, Rowan was a fountain of unlimited power, and every drop of his blood was a part of his dimension, although they were taking different forms, it did not break the connection with his power.

For the Blood Blessed, refining this golden flame inside their bloodline had never been considered before because none of them knew that it could bring about such great

benefits, perhaps in the future it was inevitable that one person would have experimented with this ability, thereby unleashing a new understanding of their precious bloodline, but that timeline had been pushed forward and in a few short hours the power levels of the Blood Blessed had shot up dramatically.

However, this trial they were undergoing was nothing simple, and even those that had activated three-star points began to fall, their Natal Treasures going dormant after excavating every shred of power they could process and contain. Of the three billion people who began this journey, there were barely half a billion left at this point.

Every single second that passed they were dropping like flies, hundreds of thousands at a time, yet they never failed to pass on their nurtured flame to the one beside them, and gradually, on each of the hundred platforms, a single massive flame was arising.

This also heralded the first of the Blood Blessed to reach their fourth star point, an honor given to Young Po. His growth had always been fast and steady, and if not for the presence of the god-child, he would be the greatest in cultivation talent among the Blood Blessed.

His Ascension served as a lead to others, springing them on to push further into themselves and as many were falling many were also rising as a host of Blood Blessed followed him in his Ascension.

Many more fell behind, their potential exhausted, and for the Blood Blessed that could push to the Fourth point in their star in such a short time were those with at least two Natal Treasure, and among those people were the parents of the god-child. Although an extremely talented pair of individuals, their light had been covered by their son's.

In this fight against destruction, they had an extra motivation for working so hard, it was the simple act of a parent striving to protect their child. They were not able to follow him out of the city at first, and now there was no way they would allow him out of their sight. What sort of parents would that make them?

Even if their son was a sort of divine being, they were still his parents, and they would stand in front of him and shield him from any enemies with their bodies.

Knowing the incredible risk their two-year-old son was going through filled them both with pride and fear. They had long given up hope to ever control him or even teach him, the child picked up everything too fast, learning lessons before it even occurred to them to give it.

What they wanted was to protect him, no matter how much it took from them. Holding hands they kept pushing forward, the flames in front of them growing larger and the sounds of bodies dropping beside them getting louder.

R

The end came as expected, and no one shirked away from it. The red sun, as it was spreading out, was also expanding. By the time it was a few miles away from the city, its circumference was greater than a hundred million miles, and before it, the entire city was as small as a grain of sand.

For such an incredibly massive explosion, it caused no shockwaves because it was not pushing any air ahead of itself, it was instead consuming everything, and this caused this explosion to be relatively silent, at least that was what it seemed like until it neared the city and then the sounds of the explosion began to make its way to them.

It sounded like a weird mixture of screaming and laughter, pain and enjoyment, hate and happiness.

It was as if this red sun reveled in its destructive power, but still hated its nature. Like its creator, this red sun was a perversion of everything natural, and because of the height of its maker, it was alive and fully aware.

Chapter 1153: Dawn (6)

The red sun knew that its time was short, and for that it hated itself, and yet every single second it existed still caused it to hate those moments too, wanting it to be over. The red sun was mad, and this madness only grew as it got larger, fueling its power to greater heights while also killing it faster.

Within it was a rage and hatred towards its creator that was greater than any it could feel against the world, and its creator was aware of its hatred and made a mockery of it, and that awareness was like a knife sticking out of the small corner of the back where the hand could not reach, making the red sun hatred increase with every passing moment.

This was another working of the higher Dimension, Memory/Mind. With this power, a single spark could be made to destroy multiple universes.

The sounds of the red sun caused even the most hardy of the Blood Blessed to shiver in fright, many of them losing their footing as their body went weak, the only thing they could do was barely hold on to their golden flame and watch the entire heavens turn to a bloody red.

Doubt, fear, horror... all sorts of negative emotions flooded the minds of the people here. They were strong but the power of their enemy was overwhelming, despite their esteemed bloodline, they had no right to stand before the power of a sixth-dimensional Will Holder,

"BRING YOUR FLAMES TO ME!!!"

The roar of the god-child cut through all the noise, and the Blood Blessed left nurturing the flames were roused from their malaise, and looked in horror at how close the red sun had come to their city.

Their divine city was at the bottom of a seemingly bottomless ocean and outwardly it was hundreds of miles in circumference. The Blood Blessed here was standing above the city, at its center, just below the shields covering it, tens of miles in the air, and so they could truly appreciate the immensity of the power coming towards them, carrying all the hate in existence.

There was an unfathomable amount of water surrounding their city, and the red sun made the ocean feel like a pool, its bloody red color became everything, and although it was still hundreds of miles away, its size was so massive it was almost as if one could reach out and touch it.

There were barely a hundred thousand Blood Blessed standing, roughly a thousand each for every fortification built.

The golden flames they had nurtured had been pooled together, and it was larger than a thousand feet in diameter and burned as bright as a star. It was an amazing sight, but before the immensity of the red sun, it felt extremely paltry.

"We can still hold on!"

It was unknown who first roared out those words, but then it turned out to be the father of the god-child, and this sentiment was echoed by the rest here. They felt ashamed that in the end, they would have all fallen and left the burden for only one-the youngest among them here. "Yes, we can hold!"

"We can hold!"

They all stood up and began their transformation. Men and women of flesh and blood who once sat down cross-legged, rose up as golden giants, hundreds of feet tall, and they roared to the bloody heavens,

"WE WILL HOLD"

The boy swallowed and turned to Lost, "Have you ever seen anything like this before?"

"For him?" Lost replied, "Many more times than I can count."

The red sun impacted the city.

R

The swings of Rowan's Destroyer were almost mechanical at first, he had precisely calculated the best angle, force, and millions of other factors that went into making a perfect swing of his Destroyer, and aided by its Spirit, Rowan's harvest of the Will Chain was at its utmost efficiency.

He never thought that the peak was no longer enough for him.

Rowan knew that he should not be pushing his perception outward to investigate what was happening outside because no matter how much the Ascendants were scrutinizing the world outside, they had focused a million times more effort on finding the root of the disaster inside the infinity bubble, but he did not care.

They were showing him their resolve, how could he stand straight after today if the least he could do was to notice them? He would watch his glorious children, like stars they were, oh, how they burned so bright.

He had listened to their crazy plan and knew the cost of what they were about to do. Rowan wanted to give them the time and freedom to slowly explore their abilities for centuries, barely infants, they should be crawling, instead, they wore boots and took on the yoke of suffering and they were tilling his fields that were filled with rocks and countless traps,

"Has there ever been a Creator as useless as I am? Always standing behind my children as they bear the load their back was never meant to take."

The red sun impacted against the city, and Rowan wished that he could flinch, but even if his soul quailed, his form was perfect.

Hate shattered the force field over the city, and began eating its way through it. The city groaned as if it were a living thing, and in a sense, it was alive, although not in a manner that most could comprehend.

As the tide of hate neared the center of the city, just a few miles away from reaching his body, the fortifications began to move, all one hundred and one of them, arranging themselves in a star-shaped pattern, as multiple shockwaves erupted from them that rippled through the remnants of the city which heralded the unleashing of one hundred and one golden pillars of flames that rushed out with a roar, almost appearing like massive Ouroboros Serpents as they slammed into the wall of hate.

The brightest of them came from the god-child, who despite nearly two days of relentless torture still had the mental fortitude to summon more golden flames than any single

platform.

Hate did not seem to notice the flames that splashed against its side. It pushed on relentlessly. Yet his children did not falter. Even as they fought against hate, they did not stop refining the flames.

More and more of them continued to fall, their numbers shrinking from the thousands to the hundreds, but those that remained under the weight of expectation of all those who fought with them, pushed past their limits again and again, and they began lighting up the fifth point of their star.

This caused the golden pillars of flame to ripple and condense, no longer appearing like flames but plasma, like a golden river. The glow that erupted from it was so bright that it colored the entire wall of hate that was almost at the center of the city.

For the first moment Hate was unleashed, this was the first time it began to slow down. The entire red sun seemed to shake and then a malevolent Will that was content to devour everything in a relatively steady fashion began to gather towards the city.

Countless eyes began to erupt from the red sun, beaming around before centering on the city and those that defied its Will.

Chapter 1154: Dawn (final)

Hate knew no language, but it had a million ways to express itself, yet it chose only silence. Its nature made it so that any arbitrary change in its environment influenced its mental state and increased its hate towards everything.

All its eyes pointed towards the city and the pitiful opposition they had created. This act grew its rage and its speed which had become slow began to pick up.

Half the Blood Blessed still standing collapsed, and the homered pillars of golden flames melded together, becoming fifty. This caused a loud cracking sound like thunder as the power of the golden flames multiplied.

The red sun that had sped up began to slow down once more, but it was still moving, and now it was so close to the Ascension Spear, barely a mile away, and with its size, every Blood Blessed, including the ones that could not contribute their flames to this cause could see nothing but red.

When you were close to something so massive, it created a visual dissonance whereby the entire heavens would be covered, so whether they looked east, west, north, or south, the red sun was everywhere, and what was even worse than the sounds it was making were the eyes.

Millions of eyes jammed together that were looking down at everyone with such hatred, it was branding its form into their very souls causing cries of agony to erupt from the masses. The worst hit were the golden giants who still stood against it, the toll on their souls had reached a level that was almost impossible to describe, every second they were holding on could be literally described as a miracle.

Their number had fallen to a hundred, and the stream of golden flame had fallen to ten. One was held by the god-child and the other nine were held by the rest.

The golden flames by now appeared to be solid, and the roar it gave out reflected the tenacity in the hearts of billions of their people. They might be the ones standing, but the flames were the result of the sacrifices of all of them.

Among the hundred were the mother and father of the god-child, and what was amazing was that they were the two with the weakest talents among the hundred, owning only two Natal Treasures, while the least here had three. Their eyes were not on the red sun, but on the back of their child, who stood like an unshakable mountain.

Tears in their eyes, and intense pride in their hearts, they fought on. There was no energy even to scream, their cries only echoing in the flames.

One by one they began to fall, drained of everything, yet passing the flame to those that remained standing, until there were only two pillars of golden flames left, and of the hundred, only five remained.

For the god-child, these past few moments were the longest one he had ever known. Not even killing himself thousands of times to push past the limit of a golden giant could equal what was going on inside his body. Standing on his shoulder was the Lost Flames who was pouring all the runes he had woven into the golden giant's ear.

These runes were to serve as a source of nourishment and restoration to his mental space because the brunt of the load when unleashing the golden flames for the god-child was no longer on his physical body, which had nearly reached a state of perfection, but on his mind.

The runes Lost had been weaving were to aid the kid in control of the flames because ultimately it was this golden giant who had the most likely chance of standing, he would be the one to hold the final flames.

The world shrank to a dot in the gaze of the golden giant, all he could see was the red sun growing ever closer, and all he could feel was the ever-growing burden as the flames held by the rest were passed up to him, and it was too much... dear Creator it was too much.

The sun pushed ever closer, and this time when it felt like it was a hand length away, it was not a spatial distortion, the red sun was merely a few hundred feet away from the

golden giant. Of its many eyes, all were focused on the golden giant, and within that hatred, there was a faint sense of mockery.

With a roar that resounded for countless miles, the golden flames merged and a Primordial Ouroboros Serpent was born.

Born from flames, its roar echoed for eternity.

The boy could no longer hold. Handling a golden flame was one thing, but this serpent, dear god... this serpent, how can one mortal man hold an entire ocean, hold back a raging tsunami, how could one man...

The Primordial Ouroboros Serpent broke away from its control, its tail slipped from his hand and the serpent turned around, blazing like the dawn, beautiful and terrible, its pride was such that no one could control it, no one could bound it, and for the effrontery of holding it as a tool, the golden giant would pay the price.

The boy fell to his knees, and the form of the golden giant vanished, replaced by his small form that was now barely four feet tall, he had grown without his knowledge, distracted by the events of the past few days. This was it, he had failed, and he would not be dying under the red flames, but in golden fire.

He wept, not only for his failure, but he felt he did not deserve to be burnt by the golden flame. His failure should have come with a much stiffer penalty, he was only worthy to die in the jaws of hate, everyone here would fall because he could not hold back a primal force of nature.

He was aware that Lost was screaming, but he could not hear him, his gaze was only on the eyes of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpent, whose nature was known to him the moment he set his eyes on the beast.

"I am not worthy he whispered," head bowed, he waited for death, and the serpent did not linger, it struck.

For the next few moments the boy waited for the pains of his final death, but when it did not come, he slowly lifted his head and looked up and what he saw shook him to the core.

Even in their giant form that was a hundred and fifty feet tall, he would recognize them from anywhere, even if he were to go blind. Before him was the back of his mother and father, and these two, who had barely broken through to the fifth point of their star, both held the massive fangs of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpent.

Its fangs had pierced their bodies in multiple places, their golden blood but the two of them, despite being on their knees, held up a mountain, they held back a raging tsunami, they stood before the most primal form of nature, and they did not back down.

In his eyes, they shone like the first light in the morning. He had always disliked their name, Dawn. Both of them having the same name, but now, there were no other words to describe

them.

He was not sure they were still alive, their eyes were closed, their hearts were not beating, but they stood before him like a bulwark against everything, that was until he heard his father growl at the Primordial force of nature, "Don't you dare, touch my boy!"

Chapter 1155: Final Lessons

The boy was dumbstruck. In the midst of his amazement and pain, he was aware that there should be no way that his parents could hold back the Ouroboros Serpents, and yet they did, and it was as if the scales had been knocked away from his eyes and he understood.

In this world, power belonged to the strong. How can one man stand before an ocean or wrestle a tsunami to submission?

His parents had shown him the way. Will was everything.

A man can do anything if he is willing to sacrifice. His parents had always told him he had knowledge but lacked wisdom. He had thought there was nothing he could learn from them anymore, and yet it turned out that he could not be any more wrong.

Struggling from his prone position, he bowed towards his parents and began walking towards them, he passed Lost who stood with his mouth agape at what he was witnessing, a weird light flowing through his eyes because it seemed he had come across a realization.

The boy walked up to his parents and everything seemed to freeze around the three of them, the red un and Primordial Ouroboros becoming nothing but a backdrop to the three of them, with his present size, he was like a mouse beside their gigantic foot, and his raised hands could barely reach his mother's toe, he whispered,

"Dawn..." then he turned to his father, "Dawn..."

The eyes of his parents were closed as if they were asleep but they still smiled when they heard his voice,

"You finally called us by our name, our child finally called us by name... but we have not yet withstood one of your blows," his mother spoke with a smile, golden blood dripping out from the side of her lips,

"Thank you for all you have done for me, you did not force your knowledge onto me, instead you showed me the path, allow me to make use of it."

Saying this, his body began to grow, and it did not stop at his previous diminutive size that was under ten feet, in a short moment he towered over his parents, and now they were the size of ants before him.

Standing thousands of feet tall, he bent down and sized the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents by the neck, as his Natal Treasures erupted from his back with a fountain of golden blood, and before the fiery serpent in his hands could struggle the nine Natal Treasures in the forms of massive serpents attacked it from all angles and tore it to pieces.

Their form began to transform before his Natal Treasures had the form of massive serpents but there was something missing that made them incomplete, and now after devouring the Essence of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpent, their bodies had begun to fill in the blank spaces.

The red sun was only a few dozen feet away from him, but this golden giant was not even looking at it, instead, he crouched and gently carried his parents and placed them behind him, turning his back to the red sun, he gently caressed the faces of his mother and father, his

touch slowly healing them of their grievous wounds,

"Let your child show you, all that he has learned."

The nine serpents behind him that had completed their impromptu evolution opened their fearsome maws and roared, and within their throat was an inferno of golden flame. These serpents were the essence of the Ouroboros hunger.

As the golden giant slowly healed his parents, his nine evolved serpents charged at the red sun, and they were not trying to push it back, that was not the way the Ouroboros Serpent operated, instead they saw the sun as food.

Their bodies expanding into gargantuan colossi that filled up the small spaces separating them, they tore through the many eyes that were watching the ongoing event with hate and enjoyment and their heads penetrated the red sun, and with an alien roar that sounded as if they were screaming and inhaling at the same time, they began to feed.

The red sun at first did not seem to notice any changes, but suddenly across the best stretch of its body that extended for millions of miles, its bright light dimmed, and it grounded to a halt.

The countless voices emerging from the red sun went silent, and then it began to scream because, for the first time since it was born, it knew pain and fear, so much so that it eclipsed its entire mental space.

It might have been very powerful, but its creator did not make it to last, and so its mind had few defenses when it came to an alien situation like this. The red sun did not know how to process pain or fear and so it was stuck, unable to move, unable to understand, it could do nothing but scream.

The golden giant shuddered as his body was consumed by red flames, his serpents were draining so much power that the feedback reaching him was almost more than he could handle, but he had learned a fundamental lesson today, Will was everything!

It did not matter the heights of the waves, he would conquer them, it did not matter the size of the mountain, it would be made low. He looked at the seven golden suns below him and he beckoned and the central one flew towards him.

For this golden sun, he had suffered countless times, and now he understood that they had already recognized him, what was left was for him to understand himself and the potential inside of him,

Bringing the golden orb into his chest, it melted and entered inside his body and immediately the red flames that were burning across his body vanished.

The golden giant shuddered, took a step back and he roared. A beam of golden light erupted out of his mouth that sliced the red sun in half and continued onward until it slammed against the threshold that separated the lower continents from the upper continents.

What happened next was horrifying, and its consequences would have been more far-reaching if not for the fact that the threshold had a healing function.

The god-child had a single technique he wanted to bring to the apex, and that was his Splitting Slice technique, which could transform one slice into an infinite amount the moment it reached his target.

The red sun that was split apart could not even last a few seconds despite the impressive energy storehouse granted to it by Memory/Mind. An infinite number of the greed of the Ouroboros spread throughout its body and consumed all it had to offer. In a second, the red sun that was millions of miles across vanished.

In the heavens, something more drastic was occurring. The threshold began to shatter. It healed immediately of course, but an observer would have thought the world was glitching because the heavens above their heads would vanish and reappear many times, and the visions that were revealed anytime this happened were terrifying.

For the first time in forever, the many inhabitants of the lower continents saw the true face of their world.

Chapter 1156: The First Empyrean

Splitting Slice was a profound technique that acted on the entirety of the target that it struck. Of course, this move was held back by the power levels of the one delivering the blow, this made it impossible for the golden giant to instantly destroy all of Doom Star with a single blow, and if not for the conveyor of this technique being the golden energy of his Ascension, Splitting Slice would not be able to even cut an inch into the red sun.

His golden ascension energy had not only given this technique enough power to cut apart the red sun, but it also touched the threshold that separated the realm, and it dispersed the veil that hid the true face of reality, thereby destabilizing the heavens for a brief moment.

For the mortals below standing on countless continents, surrounded by an infinite ocean, it was a shocking thing to see the heavens change before your eyes.

Everything most mortals had ever known was a blue sky that held three suns, and when darkness came bringing monsters, there would be seven black suns. The fall of one of the bright suns was alarming enough, and now they began to see worlds beyond their own. They saw the upper continents, each shining with brilliant colors and so massive they defied imagination, and for the first time since forever, they saw the true face of heaven.

But the heavens closed up once more, making them wonder if what they had seen was simply a figment of their imagination, because for the past few years, the world had slowly been going mad, and nothing could be placed outside the table. Suns fall, madness roams and anything could happen at any time. The only thing that was constant was the endless war.

In a corner of the realm, the result of nearly two days of letting a sixth-dimensional level Will Holder's technique run rampant was revealed, and it was a scene of horror that no sane mind was supposed to witness.

As the red sun had grown wider, it had also plunged deeper into the ground, erasing the ocean for millions of miles and eating into the bedrock so deeply until it reached another barrier, and this barrier was made from vast living flesh.

One of Rowan's expectations, if his children would fail in his defense was to be this barrier of flesh, because he had quickly realized that the deeper Hate bore into the earth, the sooner it would encounter Calamity Gods, and although he did not expect these sleeping gods to be able to counter this level of devastation, he knew that it would

draw the attention of the World's Will if they were to fall into intense damage and mortal danger.

However, what Rowan had underestimated was the insane regenerative abilities of these Calamity Gods that effortlessly resisted the erosion of this technique. When his Ouroboros Serpent's Avatars had attacked a Calamity god, they had gone directly for its core, which was the pure darkness essence it contained.

His serpent's avatars had been able to directly consume this energy, thereby drastically weakening the regeneration of the Calamity God, but since the red sun had no way to directly consume the essence of pure darkness inside them, they could easily regenerate any amount of flesh they lost without losing any bit of their darkness energy that was powering this vicious cycle.

Rowan soon realized that this avenue of breaking the red sun technique was useless and focused on other things, yet what the red sun did was expose millions of miles of the horror that lies below the earth. Miles upon miles of yellow and red flesh filled with probing hungry eyes and gasping tentacles that stretched for miles. The foul breath of the Calamity Gods no longer bounded by the earth and ocean caused the skies to darken.

The sea would inevitably fill up the void, but in the time before it did, reality would be left exposed to the influence of the Calamity Gods who were not supposed to see the light of day for countless more eons.

In the heavens were the Ascendants in the vaunted continents and below the earth were the calamity gods patiently waiting for the day they would arise, and the red sun had revealed a glimpse of the madness that governed reality in Doom Star.

For the few who witnessed and understood both of these sights, madness shortly followed.

R

Back to Rowan's city; the golden giant fell to his knees, gasping aloud as the changes happening through his body were extremely grand. His sense of self had broken many times, and he was dimly aware that he might have won, but he was not going to survive what would come next. His soul was far too weak to hold infinity.

He had been able to climb to the top of the mountain with sheer grit and tenacity, but he could not survive under the harsh conditions here. Not everyone could be like Rowan, who no longer knew the concept of limits.

Will was important, it could break barriers that could not be broken, yet it was not everything, it would give you power, but if your hands were too weak to hold on to that

power, that hand would collapse to dust. What Will would do was make sure that this weak hand would last long enough, to hold on until the job was done.

The golden giant had done the impossible, it had broken a technique from a sixth-dimensional entity. It was only fair that after achieving such an impossible feat, greater than anything his past life could have ever done, he should go to sleep in the bosom of his creator, it was only right.

The boy fell into darkness.

He felt his soul shatter into pieces, and he opened his eyes one last time to his sleeping parents, and he smiled. Looking back at the sky he whispered,

"Why does this seem so familiar? How many times have I stood before this cross-road? I guess this is my fate, this has always been my fate."

"If this is what you think, then you do not know the power of your bloodline."

The giant body seized, and he screamed as the nine Nascent Treasures on his back delved into space and they began fishing inside an unknown dimension that his mind could not even understand, however, what he could understand was the feeling of needle-sharp teeth biting and holding onto the pieces of his soul.

Like fishermen hurling in the net full of struggling fish from the water, the serpents dragged the pieces of his dissipating soul and stuffed them back into his body.

Pain like he had never known wracked his frame, he could not touch his soul so he did not know how to soothe the hurt, only endure this pain as the burden of ascension was tearing his soul apart, the nine serpents refused to let him die, and when he thought he would be

condemned to a life of endless pain, power came.

Unlike Rowan who could instantly gain all the benefits gained from the devouring of his Ouroboros Serpents, for anyone else there had to be a filter. This filter was necessary because no one else in creation could handle the load of directly consuming Will that was superior to their level. Rowan could and he was the one that directly filtered this energy and gave it to his first Emphyrean.

Chapter 1157: The Perfect Tool

The boy felt his soul being rapidly stitched together and then strengthened, the intense flow of power being pumped into his body sent him into the air, and the golden radiance

he radiated began to awaken all the Blood blessed from their state of slumber, filling them with endless energy.

Their nearly mummified body was filled with golden radiance and those at the threshold of the next level broke through, and the overall power levels of their entire society took another step forward.

A moment before they had been aware that if they failed, none of them would be rising again, to see their bright golden sun once more meant that they had succeeded. The catastrophe had been broken, and they would live and prosper...

They all wanted to cheer but it felt almost strange to do so, they had no right to survive what they had just done, and it was hard to reconcile this fact in their head, but the figure of the massive glowing giant overhead and the absence of one of the golden suns was testament to the fact that among the Blood Blessed, a true powerhouse had arisen.

In the silence, a child asked, "Did we win?"

His voice carried and the golden giant who had just completed his ascension looked down and smiled, "We..."

The golden giant suddenly moved to the side while trying to bring up his arm but his reaction was stalled as Time grounded to a halt around him.

A thin line of red and black swept past his neck and his massive head tumbled from his shoulders.

Lost, who reacted just as quickly as the golden giant, was surrounded by chains of red flames and blasted into the horizon, his screams of anger fading into the distance.

Shisu, Ascendant of the Third Dan stood upon the bloody stump of the golden giant neck and bathed under his golden blood, he grinned,

"They want to crucify me because I cleansed such a small corner of the realm, but look at all the maggots that I find hiding beneath the earth."

If he had expected panic from the crowd there was none, they only looked at the fallen giant waiting for him to stand tall once more, but when they saw that his head and neck were wrapped with a red energy that denied any resurrection, they simply began transforming into their golden giant form as they prepared for battle, their objective was to free the god-child from the poison bounding his body from rising.

They knew that was their only hope because they smelled the power of Hate flowing from the body of this Ascendant alongside his words that brought the understanding that it was he who had unleashed the devastation that nearly wiped away their society, if they were going to die, it would be on their feet.

Shisu smile faded as he looked at three billion golden giants charging at him without fear and his visage twisted into a horrifying snarl,

"What madness is this?" Shisu growled, at his level, it had been millions of years since he last knew anyone willing to stand against him. Even without flaring his Aura, his presence alone would make Ascendants tremble, unable to move, even reality itself obeyed his whims, and yet, these mongrels still charged at him?

Shisu had seen many surprising things during his lifetime and this one ranked near the top,

"They are glorious, are they not, my children of the Ouroboros."

A voice sounded beside Shisu and he reared around in shock, but there was no one around him. If the crowd charging at him before was shocking, someone who could speak beside him without his knowledge was alarming, and suddenly he realized that perhaps he had been too confident and foolish.

His father, an Ascendant Sun at the Fourth level of the Dan had been killed by this entity, and he had strolled into its backyard with no thought behind it, not even calling for backup or alerting the other Ascendant Suns.

Shisu took to the air, and then he froze, not because he wanted to, but because what he was witnessing was impossible and his surprise had made him stall in his plan for escape.

The moment he touched the golden giant that had banished his technique and shook the heavens he had instantly felt the incredible amount of vitality in his body, and the vastness of its soul, and he knew that for a soul that was so mighty, killing the giant would take careful considerations, due to the fact that he was not sure he could extinguish the soul in one blow, and if any part of such a mighty soul escapes, it could easily recreate its body in another location.

Imprisonment was the best option at this time, and this made him cut the giant in two and wrap his Will around every single cell in its body, turning it into a pile of meat he could torture and slowly kill at his leisure.

However, what made him pause was that he could feel every single piece of his Will being stripped from the cells of this giant. It was not consumed as had happened with his previous red sun technique, instead, it had been controlled in a manner that he could not understand.

It was then that the final piece of the puzzle clicked in Shisu's head and he nearly screamed in fright. This entire debacle started because the infinity bubble had been tampered with, his father had fallen and the Dan had become unreachable to anyone who wanted to ascend to a higher level.

Because he still had perfect control of his Will based powers and was not close to ever ascending to a higher level, he had automatically dismissed this problem, with his selfish nature, what did not directly affect him was no concern of his, and now he was suddenly realizing that the entity who could kill his father and prevent others from accessing the Dan, could easily take control of his own when he was in its presence.

His speed barely carried him a mile into the air before he stopped as if he had slammed into an impenetrable wall. In front of him was a man, made from red flames. He recognized this red flame because it was his Will that was no longer in his control.

The man at first did not even seem to notice him, instead he was looking at his hands from different angles, and from the glow in his eyes he was not admiring it, instead he was studying his new form.

Seemingly satisfied with what he had observed, the man looked at Shisu and he smiled,

"This Will of yours is... peculiar. You should know that you are not leaving this place alive." Shisu took a step back, "What are you?"

Cracking his neck the man made from red flames took a corresponding step forward, keeping the distance between them perfectly equal,

"I have been asked that question so many times in the past it is almost becoming annoying. I guess it is partly my fault and also that book, I have always been under the radar, but with my upcoming Ascension, I can no longer be hidden. It is a good thing that while in Doom Star, I will have the perfect tool."

Chapter 1158: Mountain Of Mourning

At Rowan's cryptic words, Shisu's glowing red eyes tightened, somehow knowing he was hearing great truths but not comprehending them, "What book? Where is this Doom Star? What are you talking about?"

Rowan folded his arms across his chest and tapped the side of his head as if in deep thought even as he observed one of the more powerful beings he had come across, he sighed in a somewhat pitying manner,

"Ahh, I see, I had forgotten that you are all mice trapped in a spinning wheel. It is hard for me to reconcile sometimes that such great power could be paired with a greater amount of ignorance. I guess, this is the price you have to pay for power in this realm. I wonder how many places in reality such a phenomenon occurs, perhaps it is unique to this realm alone, it has to be, else why would I allow myself to become trapped inside of it for so long."

"Do not speak in riddles," Shisu snapped the unrelenting hate and madness that he barely hid beneath the surface bubbling up, his fear and irritation driving his Will into a frenzy, "You should be the remnant of that alien entity that arrived a million years ago, or a part of the Time Blight, I don't care which, but I shall delight in your screams of pain when I feed..."

"Oh, I see what that is, turning to your Hate, but you have forgotten something here," Rowan chuckled, and his body turned into a beam of light that shot towards Shisu, "Your Hate has a new master now."

"Stay back!" the Ascendant roared as a reddish-black colored shockwave erupted from his body.

This move carried such devastating power that being close to the city would shred everything around in a thousand-mile radius to nothing, but upon encountering the red beam of light that Rowan had transformed into, the shockwave was absorbed in its entirety, and the speed of the red beam of light increased as a result, and it pierced into Shisu's forehead.

The Ascendant screamed, clutching his head and he suddenly went silent, his body dropped from the air like a rock, yet his crash at the ground stirred no dust.

Due to the speed Rowan and Shisu operated, everything that occurred here seemed instantaneous to an outside observer. In one moment the golden giants were charging at an insurmountable foe, whose appearance was slight, but the Aura he exuded felt as if they were charging at a slumbering supernova, and the next, he clutched his head with a scream and collapsed.

They were rightly confused but their attention was drawn to the body of the god-child who had stretched his hand and picked up his head, and was setting it back on his neck.

A cheer rang out among the Blood Blessed before they turned to the prone form of the Ascendant, not knowing what had caused his collapse but not willing to allow the opportunity for revenge slip from their fingers, they charged at him,

"Stop!" the god-child called out, his voice was so loud it traveled through their ranks of billions, "This is the work of our Creator, he defends us, we have proven our worth before his gaze and this is a test that he would never let us fall. He is not cold and distant, but he is here with us." his gaze was drawn to the Ascension Spear, seemingly realizing something.

His gaze was noticed by the rest and a stir went through the crowd, as an air of sheer disbelief thundered across their ranks, was it possible that all these while, their Primogenitor had always been with them?

"Couldn't have said it better myself," Lost appeared in a blaze of golden fire chuckled, and nodded at the golden giant, "Against all odds, we have succeeded, we have brought him the time he needs to complete his great tasks, now just sit back, relax, and watch the sparks fly kid, I promise, it will be hard for you to see the likes again. He does not know how to do things on a small scale."

Lost was startled when the golden giant suddenly dropped to his knees, and the earth trembled as billions of knees followed his direction, they bowed towards the Ascendant Spear and silence swept across the entire city, only broken by the sound of tears hitting the ground,

Lost scratched his head, "Oh, you know that he doesn't care for worship, he doesn't need to leech on his people like any of those lesser gods."

"I thought you would understand. This is not just about our worship, Lost Flames," the golden giant said, not looking away from the earth, "If you know and understand the history of our people, then you will realize that this act is not just necessary, it is for us, a privilege to be able to worship him."

Lost eyes widened, "When you put it that way..."

"You should now Lost Flames, else my people would no longer look favorably upon you." "You little rascal, I am his..."

R

Rowan appeared inside the mental space of the Ascendant Shisu and found himself looking at a strange reflection in a stained glass window. It was of a youth, about fifteen years old, with extremely pale green skin and yellow hair, he looked at the edge of death, he was barely skin hanging onto the bone, and he understood that he was inside the body of a mortal Shisu, 9.6 million years ago, who despite his age was an Explorer at the Deific Rank.

A cold and sharp pain pierced through his chest, but Shisu hardly reacted, calmly bringing a white handkerchief to wipe the blood coming out from the side of his lips. He turned his head lazily to the left at the moment the door behind him opened up, and a man clad in heavy armor entered the room, which was a rather large library, holding thousands of books, Shisu loved to read, and if he was not in his labs, he would be here.

The man who entered should have been in his fifties due to the gray hair around his head, but his muscular figure had no hint of weakness on it, and he carried his heavy armor as if it were made from air. His deep but regal voice shook the room, this was a man of power,

"My Prince, your father summons you. The army has returned from the great campaign in the north, and a feast is to be held in their honor... and yours. Your presence is required."

Shisu replied, his voice the opposite of the soldier's own, weak and thready as if he was a talking ghost, "Do I need to attend this feast?" he smiled inside when he saw how the hair on the hand of the general stood up and he minutely flinched, but Shisu pretended not to notice this change, no one knew of his present power, his weak body masking that he was at the peak of the mortal's world.

"The feast is being held on the Mountain of Mourning, the entirety of the kingdom will be there, preparation has been ongoing for years now my prince, I know you must have missed it due to your... work, but such an event has never occurred before in the kingdom's history, and if I may be bold my prince, I believe you would regret missing it, even if you were not compelled by the majesty's order, which you are."

"If that is the case," Shisu slowly rose to his feet, "Who am I to refuse my father's summon."

- Chapter 1159: Mind Shock

Chapter 1159: Mind Shock

The walk to the Mountain of Mourning was an enlightening one for Rowan because overhead the heavens were different, there were ten suns above, five were bright and five were dark, and they split reality in two.

In the north was total darkness, held totally by Calamity, and in the south was light, held by Ascendants. In this time the ten suns never set, their power kept everything in balance, and in the center that divided darkness and light was a region of twilight on which there were ten massive mountains.

Five of the mountains belong to an Ascendant power and the other five to Calamity. During this time there were five massive Ascendant Lines, all descendants of the Ascendant Suns, and they created kingdoms to foster new Ascendants for their bloodline.

Resembling a volcano, but with the top of it flat and with a circumference of a thousand miles, this massive mountain and the other nine could be seen rising into the clouds half a world away.

Shisu was the prince of one of the Ascendant kingdoms, called the Ganem Kingdom, after the Ascendant Sun, Ganem, whose light shone directly over the continent.

Shisu walked slowly, the palace was built directly under the Mountain of Mourning, this twilight mountain directly belonged to the Ganem family.

There were thousands of paths that led to the top of the mountain, three were reserved for the royal family, and as Shisu looked to his side, he could see on those thousands of paths were people, their numbers unknown, all flocking towards the top of the mountain, and because the people from all over the kingdom had been coming here for months, the top of the mountain had already been filled, and it was the massive pathways that were now being filled

up.

Some of them saw Shisu on the royal pathway, and the news spread across the people. Soon a riotous cheer rose that kept spreading and spreading until the Mountain of Mourning shook under the cries of the people for their noble prince.

Shisu shuddered in disgust, 'Maggots, worse, brain-dead maggots. How could I share similar roots with these versions, how can they breathe the same air as me?'

"My prince, are you okay?" Elves the general who came to bring the prince up the mountain looked at him in concern, but deep in his eyes, Shisu could see the suspicion inside of them and this made him curious and amused at the same time, of everyone here, apart from his mother, only the sack of hard meat seemed to peer a bit into the true thoughts of Shisu.

Shisu smiled at him and nodded before bringing one hand to weakly wave at the people cheering him, which brought a further round of greater commotion. His other hand hidden behind his back was squeezed so tightly that it was bloodless. Elves who were by his side saw this and he felt cold sweat down his brows, Shisu looked at him again and smiled, and the general knew that this boy had deliberately revealed the sickness in his heart.

Elves did not know if it was his imagination, but deep in the eyes of the prince he had seen red flames, that shone briefly before they disappeared, but he knew that the prince was supposed to be talentless when it came to Aura manipulation, and except for his great intellect he could not wield Aura.

His feet became frozen to the ground as he watched the frail prince follow the royal pathway up the mountain and he felt sick to the stomach. Something was not right and he could not point his fingers at what was wrong, if Shisu was no longer striving to hide the darkness in his heart then he must have reached a sort of threshold.

This detail felt very important and Elves felt that he was before a crossroad, and his next decision could either save or doom his entire world. Such a thought felt ridiculous but at this moment it did not seem like that to him.

He looked up only to see the prince had somehow made it nearly to the top of the mountain, and if he was not mistaken, his steps were steadier than usual. Elves did not think he had been lost in thought for that long and wondered how the prince had made it up to the top in record time when even with the magic embedded in these stairs, it would take hours.

A sudden panic seized his heart and Elves clutched his chest, and without thinking he began to run, knowing in his heart that he could not let Shisu reach the top of the mountain.

"Ascendant Sun, Ganem, give me strength. I do not know why my heart is about to break, but I know that there is a rot in the heart of Shisu. I shall kill him today, kill one of your great bloodlines, and whatever happens to me, I am willing to bear the consequences of my actions."

He put on speed and raced up the mountain, beginning to discard his armor, they were for defenses alone and they slowed him down. His panicked rush to the top was beginning to draw attention, but he did not care.

Except for the royal family, everyone else was forbidden from gaining a Natal Treasure, and Elves had secretly obtained a Natal Treasure in the past, and no longer thinking of hiding it, a pair of golden boots appeared around his feet and he sped up the stairs leaving a trail of silver flames behind him.

No longer caring if he was torn to pieces after it was all over, Elves reached the top of the mountain and his emergence was so loud that it drew the attention of the people around him, and because he was following the royal path, he arrived directly at the foremost area of the Mountain of Mourning where the royal family gathered.

Thousands of guards and the members of the royal family turned to him, including the king who first appeared surprised and then stunned when he saw the flash of gold and silver flames around the legs of Elves.

Elves looked around widely, not even hearing the angered cry of the king calling for his arrest and near immediate execution. His eyes finally fell on a slight figure standing by the side of the king, a slight smirk on his face and that peculiar red glow he had seen hidden inside his eyes, and Elves knew he had been tricked, somehow his judgment was clouded and he had made a mistake.

Roaring in anger and fear, Elves shrugged off the guards who had surrounded him and were attempting to subdue him. He drew his weapon, and began to charge toward the prince,

"Traitor! He is attempting to assassinate the king, stop him!!!"

A loud cry erupted from the guards and they buried him under a tide of bodies. Elves' sword moved in a blur hacking bodies and shoving men aside as he was unknowingly screaming aloud, "He is going to kill us all, dear Ascendants in heaven, help me, he is going to kill us

all."

Shisu watched with a red glow in his eyes as Elves was butchered to pieces, the vitality in this general was ungodly, and he reached closer to his position than even Shisu had anticipated, drawing a slight trace of concern in his heart for a moment.

Chapter 1160: Revealing Madness

Thousands of weapons rose against a single man, but he pushed on without a single step back.

The adaptability and battle awareness of the general was insane, his hate and panic stripping him of any hesitation in his actions. Despite being set upon by an entire army of some of the best-trained men and women in the kingdom, he still managed to preserve his mobility and kept his fighting arm, his left hand had been long reduced to a bloody stump that stopped above his elbow after being used as a shield to block many blows.

Tens of weapons were sticking out from his body, turning him into a pincushion, but it seemed that none had hit vital organs, or if they did, the damage was not enough to instantly kill him when his entire being was primed towards killing the prince. He had virtually lost eighty percent of his skin, and he was just a screaming piece of meat and broken bones that refused to go down.

"Brothers... sisters... let me through, I need to stop this monster from killing us all. You can do whatever you want to me after."

Elves was a few hundred feet from Shisu when a particularly brutal Axe blow descended from above towards his skull that would have split his head in two, and he raised his left hand to block, forgetting for a moment that there was nothing there anymore but a six-inch stump, and realizing his error tried to move to the side while arching his back, and although he dodged a mortal blow, the Axe bit into his left shoulder, cutting deep into his sternum, and his body unconsciously vibrated as its blade chipped his spine.

If the wielder had used more force he would have been directly bisected in two.

Such a devastating injury should have thrown his forward momentum into disarray, but his Natal Treasure was geared towards movement so he was still able to maintain his

push forward, but that slight mistake had become his undoing because the Axe lodged in his body possessed powerful weight-changing enchantments and coupled with his devastating injuries, he slowed down and he was brutally hacked into pieces.

The head of Elves exploded from his shattered body due to the extreme violence done against him by the furious guards, and it slowly rolled towards the king, stopping a few inches from his feet.

The crazed eyes of the soldier were still fully aware and his yellow eyes rolled around in his skull before zooming towards Shisu with intense hate, and thrusting out his bloody tongue, he began to use it as a means to push his head towards the prince. Such a horrifying sight froze everyone in their place except for Shisu who was grinning so widely that the side of his lips began to tear open and bleed, it appeared it took everything from him not to fall to the ground and laugh.

"Fascinating," Shisu muttered to himself, "So, this is the power of Hate."

A mere foot away from Shisu, the life force in the head finally disappeared, but the grimace of hatred, protruding tongue and yellow eyes of the general was so hate-filled that the queen and several other maidens fainted, even the king went pale at this sight, and he shook in disgust and shock as Shisu went forward, picked up the head and brought it to his mouth, covering the bloody lips with his own, Shisu began to make chewing motions.

Shisu forgot himself in his pleasure, the world became nothing but the Hate he was consuming, and when he brought his bloody face up for air, he ignored everyone around him, they were meaningless maggots, only searching for the look in the eyes of his father, and smiled when he found it. It was the realization that everything he had ever suspected about his child was the truth. Shisu was a monster that made calamities seem like harmless children.

Tossing the head aside that no longer had a tongue or even a lower jaw, all eaten by Shisu, he did not need to eat the flesh, what he wanted from it was the ephemeral seed of Hate that he planted within and allowed to bloom so he could savor it, but he could not help himself, the flavor of hate-filled flesh was one he knew he was going to miss very soon, and he was a bit angry with himself that he did not indulge more in cannibalism before this moment.

The King pointed a shaking finger at Shisu, "Everything your mother said about you... it is true."

"Oh, you mean that slut," Shisu smiled and cocked his head to the side, "did she tell you that before or after I stopped fucking her."

The King sputtered in anger and Shisu's eyes glowed red, making him stagger backwards,

"Wait," Shisu licked his bloody lips as if he was savoring a memory, "don't tell me when you heard her screaming inside my palace, you believed it was because she was praying for my lost soul... hmm, interesting," Shisu rubbed his chin, no longer having any grin on his face, "You believed that to be the case. I always knew you were a fool, but I had underestimated the degree of it."

The King turned to the queen who had woken up and heard everything that Shisu had said, and she looked at the king with tears dropping from her eyes,

"My love, I... I..."

"Shut up you whore!" the king screamed with spittle flying out from his mouth, and his rage turned to his son who had begun laughing maniacally as he clutched his stomach, "heh heh heh heh so that is the face a king makes when he is cuckold by his son before the entirety of his kingdom... Heh heh heh heh..."

The King looked at the scarecrow-like figure of the cackling madman, and the Hate and fury that burst out from his heart was so intense that his eyes protruded nearly one inch from their sockets and turned red as countless capillaries inside them burst open, he ran towards his son seized him by the neck and slam him into the ground and began raining punches on his face and chest, but Shisu never stopped laughing, in fact, his laughter grew higher, as he spat out blood and a broken tooth,

"I wonder why she always comes for me, always insatiable that woman, I mean, of all the gifts you gave me, a small member was one of them, but now I know... haha haha... you hit like a fucking girl! How could you ever give it to her the way she wanted?"

The King screamed in rage and no longer used any sort of technique in his attack, just mindless rage.

All of this was happening in the full view of the entire kingdom, and because the royal stage was set up with enchantment to spread both auditory and visual information for thousands of miles, the entire kingdom watched the royal family fall into disgrace and in the hearts of many, everything seemed unreal.

They had anticipated this celebration for years because of a simple reason, for the first time in millennia, they had been able to push back the Calamity Scourge assaulting their kingdom into the darkness, assuring them of many centuries of peace with no calamity stalking their borders.