

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 1161: Bringing Down The Eyes Of Heaven

The surprising arrival and madness of the famous General Elves was enough to shock everyone, his brutal slaughter at the hands of the guards was even more shocking and if they thought this was the end of the story, something even more sensational began to happen.

To the people of the kingdom, their army was guided by a wise king, and the prince, although lacking martial prowess, more than made up for it with his mind, because it was his

inventions that turned the tides against the Calamity.

This unexpected invention was called Blood Gas, a strange name, but what it did to the bodies of Calamities was so strange and horrifying that the jokes associated with the weapon's name were swiftly silenced.

The blood gas resembled a sphere the size of an apple, it was yellow and red and stank like dead flesh, the first person who saw this weapon had said it resembled a diseased pustule filled with pus and dead blood, this description was not far off because it was warm to the touch and it felt gelatinous.

It was a weapon that was made to be used from a distance, as it should be thrown towards the enemy. The first demonstration of Blood Gas was against a large group of Calamities numbering in the hundreds of thousands.

A couple hundred of these orbs were chucked at the beasts and when they landed on the bodies of some of them, they splattered into pieces, dousing the beasts in foul-smelling liquid that seemed to have a life of their own and crawled into their bodies, and from there everything changed.

These infected beasts turned on their comrades and slaughtered them in a violent frenzy, disregarding any attempt for defense or preserving their lives, they kept killing until they fell apart.

The slimy sludge that had infected them would crawl toward the claws and teeth of the infected, and anyone that survived the mayhem would not take long before they began developing the murderous symptoms and they would pounce on those around them.

This weapon was stunningly effective and just using a hundred of these, nearly clearing out a million Calamity, the only drawback to this weapon was that its effectiveness could be counted in mere hours before the efficacy of the Blood Gas dissipated and a new

one would have to be applied, however, with the horrifying killing rate of this weapon it was rare that another batch had to be fired out, which was a good thing because firing these weapons were very hazardous.

According to the statement spread across the kingdom, their prince Shisu was able to create a weapon that could exterminate the Calamity scourge that was far more effective than anything before in their history. In countless homes in the kingdom, the name of the prince became sacred. What the people did not know was that the method of priming these weapons was quite disturbing.

Before any Blood Gas could be thrown, they had to be first swallowed by someone, and after six hours, the orb had to be torn out of the intestines of the poor candidate who swallowed the orb, only then would the weapon be primed, and according to the prince Shisu, special drugs would have to be taken by the candidates to ensure that the pain they felt must be extremely excruciating.

Once proud soldiers of the kingdom became butchers. They no longer charged at calamities head-on, instead, they became the ones responsible for holding down the screaming people as their bellies were torn open.

They first took the worst of the prisoners to be used as incubators, and then anyone who had made any minor offenses, and towards the end of the war, they began kidnapping their people, and those from the surrounding kingdoms. During all of these periods, the king and royalty barely knew the full extent of the people that were killed in order for the soldiers to completely exterminate all the Calamities inside their border.

They were aware of the process all right but chose to underestimate the true scale of the sacrifices that were made to accomplish it. Official numbers were placed at around three hundred thousand people killed, only those aware knew it was many times more, around thirteen million.

There were many times during the night that Shisu would wake up laughing when he thought about the fact that the soldiers did not need to incubate the Blood Gas inside the body of anybody. He had only given that rule on a whim, wondering if anyone would challenge him on his mindless cruelty, but they had all played along, allured by the temptation of an easy victory. From that moment Shisu knew the true nature of the world.

The soldiers returning for their recognition could barely wear a smile, years of butchering people had cleansed all light from their souls, and it would not be long before the true picture of what happened was revealed, but before that could happen, the madness on the royal stage began.

The King had been raging on the laughing Shisu and it was inevitable that he would tear apart the royal robes, and to the people watching in horror at the ongoing event, the

king suddenly reared back in horror, and took several steps backward, revealing to the world what could make the furious king afraid.

The body of Shisu was revealed that he had been hiding under his robes, and it was a thing of horror. His chest was packed with boils that pulsed as if they all contained a heart. The King immediately recognized these pulsing sores as the Blood Gas they had been using to cleanse their realm of Calamity, no time in a million years would the king have imagined that this loathsome weapon was grown on the body of his son.

"Where are you going, old man? Come on, keep on beating on me some more." glancing down at his exposed torso filled with pulsing boils, Shisu laughed, "Don't worry about these babies, at this level they are quite inert. What you should worry about is the thousands of Blood Gas I have been depositing into the water supply for the last eight months... daily."

The King pointed at his son with shaking fingers, "You said that it affects only Calamities." "Did I?" Shisu lampooned as he slowly stood up, "I guess I lied."

Most of the people viewing this spectacular event on the mountaintop were not aware of the full ramifications of what Shisu had just said, but the soldiers who had watched Calamities tear themselves apart in such a maddening frenzy almost went insane with fear.

The King looked down at the remnants of Elves his loyal general and the truth of what he had been screaming before he was butchered,

"You are truly evil incarnate, and you will kill us all. Why would you ever do such a thing? Does a thing like you even have a reason for committing such an act?"

Shisu had been trying to mend his torn robe so he could appear a bit regal, looked at the king and frowned,

"What do you mean by such frivolous statements, of course, there is a method to my madness. I am bringing the eyes of heaven to my door and showing it I am worthy. You pathetic maggots would never understand, the true face of reality."

## **Chapter 1162: You Bore Me**

The King seemed to have come to a realization and he looked at the heavens, gaping in astonishment as a massive entity made of rock, metal, and flesh began to descend, seemingly appearing out of nowhere and casting no shadows, it was unknown how long this thing had remained overhead, watching.

Something so massive had no right to be able to move this silently, and if not for the words of the prince, no one would have even tried to look above their heads to the descending mass. The King began to shake as a foul-smelling liquid ran down his legs. He knew about the legend of this ship, and the only thing keeping him from madness was the intense hatred of his son, which was an annoying coincidence, the sound of the prince's voice did not help matters.

"Do you know what that is dear father," Shisu crooned, "That is the ship of the Undying, a true visionary that would change the balance between Ascendancy and Calamity. Leading us to true victory. You have experienced what it is to see a true visionary at work, father. For the first time in thousands of years, our borders are free of Calamity, because of the work of my hands, and I can see that in your eyes, there is nothing but disgust, this is why you are all maggots, while I am the only thing worthy of leaving this shitpool. You see father, I may enjoy the things I do, but I am not an idiot with no end goal in mind."

The King, despite his shock, had ruled over this kingdom for centuries and understood the workings of the higher powers and the dark nature of history. Shisu may be fiercely intelligent, but there were many things he did not yet understand, dark histories that had been hidden, known only by kings, the boy had made a terrible mistake. The king began to shake his head in fear, knowing that he needed to put his hate and fear aside to plead for his son to see reason,

"Please Shisu, if you have ever had any concern for this kingdom in your heart, do not do this. That monster is not an Ascendant and has never been for a long time, he is just here to maintain the balance, and if you ally with him, the balance takes one step closer to crumbling."

Shisu smoothed his robes and smiled, his father could as well be speaking to a rock, "You are all maggots, and from the day of all your births, it was your destiny to become my stepping stone. Why should a future Ascendant listen to a maggot whose sights can only see the earth whereas I only see the heavens."

Turning away from the distraught king and knowing the eyes of the entire kingdom were on him, Shisu preening like a peacock opened his mouth to announce their doom, when a strong hand clamped down on his shoulder, crushing his fragile bones to powder, making him yelp in pain,

"I don't think so... boy. You have had your fun, and it bores me."

The hand and the strange voice shook Shisu out of his moment and he looked behind him at an alien creature who had all the features of a man, but was extremely tall, almost twelve feet, with skin made from gold and hair made from metal chains, the eyes of this being resembled the face of a clock, and for a moment Shisu was frozen in indecision and shock, unaware of who this stranger was or how his carefully made plan was abruptly interrupted.

The sensation he felt upon looking upon this being was like he was looking down into an abyss, cold and distant but yet so very aware of everything. It was a disquieting feeling as if he was seeing the world looking down at him.

He tried pulling himself back from the hand that held him as steadily as a vice but he could as well be an ant trying to move a mountain, his motion brought great spikes of pain that lanced through his spine and he spat in anger, "Who the fuck are you? Do you have any idea of the consequences of interrupting this ritual? The Undying stands above us and observes us all."

"Him? He can wait, our battle is not long before it comes." The being rolled his eyes, a shocking display of levity that made Shisu panic, it was not right seeing such an emotion from a creature such as this, and it smiled at him,

"Surely we don't have to play this game anymore. You are an Ascendant that has touched Memory/Mind and as much as I love to watch your actions in the past play out, I think I have had enough of it. You are nothing but mediocre and it is time to show me what I want to see." The eyes of Shisu that held all the fragility of youth vanished, to be replaced by something that was utterly cold, the Ascendants that had lived for millions of years had arrived, shifting away the mind of his pathetic past aside,

"How should I refer to you, Your Majesty,"

Shisu bowed gracefully, hampered by Rowan's hand on his shoulders, but he still managed to appear particularly striking. The world had frozen around them, not because of any particular manipulation of time, but due to how fast their consciousness could process reality.

Rowan had been watching events play out for the last few moments, curious about how a sixth-dimensional entity rose from a mortal to such lofty heights. If he was not wrong, Elura his mother was a sixth-dimensional entity also, and anything he could learn could bridge any gaps in his knowledge base.

It was not long thereafter that he became disappointed. As he had suspected, the realm of Doom Star had a drastically lower requirement to ascend to the state of Will, maybe because it was a close-off realm from the rest of reality and so the competition to gain power was far simpler, plus this child had come across great help from the beginning, shortening the difficulty he experienced further.

Shisu although a genius by any metric, for even at the age of sixteen had already made plans to kill off his entire kingdom to use the Hate generated from such a dastardly act to become an Ascendant, and yet in comparison to the geniuses Rowan had witnessed and known their stories in the reality outside, Shisu could only rank in the level of Tenma, a High god who began as a slave, freed his people from million-year-old bondage, and slowly grew to become the dominator of a galaxy.

Now, Tenma has evolved to become something unique inside Rowan's dimension.

Understanding the grand flow of events that was going to occur in this memory, Rowan simply interrupted it. If he wanted a Will such as Hate, which had promise but was doomed to never grow past the sixth-dimensional level, he could observe and soak into every mystery it contained, but he was here for something better, he was here for memories that could only be easily found inside this place alone.

## Chapter 1163: Wrath

Shisu was not allowed to bow for long and Rowan made him stand straight before he shoved his right hand into Shisu's chest. The boy gasped in shock as Rowan fished around for something, his mouth opened and closed like a fish, wanting to speak but Rowan had long snapped his spine in two, and he was only upright because he was being supported by Rowan. "You are a paper tiger. In the world where I am from, what sets you apart from the rest would have been taken a long time ago. Only in this realm where so much power is available to so few people can someone like you survive for long. You had the power to break this realm, yet you became only a pawn."

Rowan dug his hands deeper into Shisu's chest, far more than his fragile mortal body should be able to hold, and he brought out a red pearl, Shisu's eyes widened in shock and anger, before with a soul despairing scream, a bright beam of red light burst out of his eyes and mouth and blasted towards the skies that changed the weather for countless miles, painting everywhere in a shade of red.

Rowan looked at the heavens that had transformed and he smiled widely, his suspicion confirmed he only needed to be quick with his work before others detected changes in these Memories. It should not be possible, but he had learned that every Ascendant Sun was a seventh-dimensional entity, and so he could never be sure of the full stretch of their powers over this ephemeral dimension.

Slowly bringing the red pearl to his eyes, Rowan could not help but gasp in appreciation. It was a flawless orb with mysteries that tantalized the senses, and as Rowan's gaze dug into it, he discovered that Shisu had not even uncovered the surface layer of this treasure, it could be said he was barely using the glow that emerged from it instead of the treasure itself.

In Rowan's hand, the red orb vibrated and began to transform, falling apart like it was made from sand and when it finished its transformation, it became a red ring with a rather large symbol of a roaring beast that resembled a lion. Rowan turned the ring in appreciation under the wide eyes of Shisu,

"Lovely treasure, but I think I would prefer it in gold,"

Before the astonished gaze of Shisu, the ring turned gold,

"You know what, I think I prefer the red. It fits my mood better." It was without saying that the ring turned back to red and Rowan slipped it into his index finger.

"I have Greed and Pride, and now I have Wrath, welcome home, your brethren wait, not for long. I have slept for too long, and the day I rise, the world shall run red. On my right hand would be my Destroyer and on my left, my Weapons of Sins."

Shisu could not take his eyes away from the ring. He had found this red pearl when he was a child, barely two years old, or should he say it had found him.

His nanny had let him roam in the gardens way past his bedtime and by a stroke of fate, a meteorite was passing across the heavens before it reached the earth, it shattered to pieces, and a small piece of it fell a few inches away from the child, nearly crushing his skull.

The young boy had been attracted by the scent of this glowing red orb and he did not have any thoughts behind his action except hunger as he took the orb and swallowed it. Shisu lost his ability to process Aura for the next eight years, and no matter what resources he was given to treat his strange condition, none had worked, and the only consolation to the royal family on the condition of their only prince was his terrifying intelligence and quick wit.

Shisu had made the kingdom rich, making extremely favorable trade deals for the kingdom and solving some of their most pressing problems, and when he was able to cultivate Aura once more, he hid this ability from his people. After all, his sights had grown higher than the people because he believed that destiny itself had chosen him to become the greatest Ascendant to ever exist.

The red orb released certain waves that enhanced Shisu's mental prowess, pushing it towards a level greater than any mortal, he became a mortal with the mind of an immortal, it was not surprising he considered everyone around him to be maggots, and lesser than him.

His mental state also influenced what he could draw from the red orb which turned out to be the remnants of the attack made to crush this weapon, but Shisu was not aware that the entire power base that made him a sixth-dimensional entity, came from the remnants of an attack made in a distant time in the past.

Rowan had always been curious about the origin of his Sins Weapon, Greed, and Pride. Greed was his first weapon and held a special place in his heart, and then Pride which he took from Tenma, and with these two weapons together, he battled the might of three superpowers, The Magus-Children of Fire, the Demons from the Great Abyss and finally the Shadows of the Primordial of Time and Evil.

He knew that the origins of these weapons were most likely from the Abyss, or at least that was what he had previously thought, but unexpectedly getting his hands on Wrath had changed his perspective on this matter,

Shisu could no longer hold back his anguish and fear as he screamed, "How could you take my destiny from me? Even my father, an Ascendant sun, could not do this. Who are you?!"

Rowan tossed Shisu aside, done with his memories, "Let us find the answer to that question together you and I. In this world for a time, you shall be my vessel. First, let me see the Undying in all his glory."

Turning around and leaving the broken mortal body of Shisu behind, Rowan's golden body blurred and he arrived at the ship hovering over the Mountain of Mourning, his senses swept through it, and except for some pretty fascinating pieces of equipment that had a strange form of life, there was no one on it.

"Could it be that his memory cannot hold a form of the Undying within... or he is not here yet? If the latter is the case, then perhaps this memory needs to continue."

Rowan took to the air until he was hundreds of miles above the ship, and with a wave of his hand, he began returning things to the way they were before. With a sweep of his hands, he gathered all the Hate that Shisu had vomited from his body after he had taken away Wrath from him and made it into an orb which he shot into the body of the mortal.

Healing him to his previous state, he made sure everything was the same as it was, except now, he stood above the entire memory, and slowing down his perception, Time resumed.

## **Chapter 1164: Soul Domination**

With his preparations completed, Rowan watched what began to occur next with a mild form of disinterest, that did not mean he did not understand every single thing that was happening or that he did not care that millions of people were about to suffer a horrid fate.

Horrifying scenes like this were something he had come to understand as the way of the world, only the naive would not understand that reality was a slaughterhouse where the strong devoured the weak, also he was pushing the majority of his mental prowess towards understanding the changes in his soul and his Destroyer after he had finally gathered all the Chains of Will and deposited them inside the great sword.



At the end of the day, this was only a Memory, although with the power of the Memory/Mind dimension, there was virtually no difference between this memory and real life, and if he wanted he could interfere with the ongoing process and change reality, but this reality would only exist in this dimension, and maintaining it would be drawing on the resources of the Ascendant Shisu, and despite the power of the Ascendant, he would barely be able to hold on for a few millennia before he exhausted himself to death.

Rowan saw no use in changing the fate of these people and losing such a valuable pawn as Shisu, but then he smiled inwardly. The rational part of himself would choose to keep Shisu as a pawn, but the newly emerged soul in his body had a different idea.

What could be the best form of recompense that Shisu could pay to his people?

Rowan had not forgotten the fate of his children under the sun of Hate that Shisu had unleashed.

The cold part of him would have disregarded these thoughts, but his soul demanded justice, no matter how weird the form might take, or that he was not worthy to be the one to ever be called a giver of justice with the weight of the sins he had on his hands.

Reality, however, was not fair, and if justice could only be given by the likes of him, then for the moment he would simply have to make do, but first, he must understand everything that happened here before he began making changes.

To get to this point where he could begin to change the fate of higher dimensional Ascendants was both thrilling and slightly unexpected, even though he knew that this power would only work while he was still inside Doom Star, if he tried this stunt in reality outside, his soul would never be able to grow fast enough to swallow the body of Time spread across infinity.

Even if by some slight chance he could find the way to swallow the body of Time, then there are many higher dimensional powers that would tear him to pieces before he could even collect a single percent of this power for himself.

He could not access his Destroyer for the moment, as great changes were being made inside the blade, but what he had entrance to, however, was amazing. Without any Will Chain to sustain, the infinity bubble had snapped shut with a loud snap, ejecting every single strand of Ascendant Consciousness that was on the verge of locating him, before zooming into Rowan's soul.

Easily merging with his soul, the infinity bubble became a part of his Spirit as if it was always meant to be present in his soul.

At that moment, Rowan came about another realization of himself that he may have overlooked with the sudden acquisition of his soul.

Disregarding the changes brought upon by his bloodline of Time, the greatest change between his prior soul and this new soul was simple, previously his soul had been the soul of a man, powerful and enduring, able to achieve many great feats that all souls had the potential to accomplish, but now he no longer had the soul of a man, but the soul of a dimension.

Because he was always wearing the form of a man, it is easy to forget that Rowan was closer to a living universe than to a man.

He had gotten a Dimensional Soul that was perfectly paired with his dimensional flesh, and if his dimensional flesh could hold an infinite amount of mass in the future, then his soul should be able to hold an infinite amount of concepts.

This became the only reason he could essentially possess Shisu, a sixth-dimensional entity.

Having access to all the Will Chains inside of Doom Star was useless if his soul could not take advantage of this impressive ability.

With Shisu flaunting his Will directly on the body of Rowan, he easily saw a passage into this sixth-dimensional entity's soul and he took advantage of it. With Ascendants' nature being close to that of a soul, it was relatively easier for Rowan to gain this access.

Rowan might not be strong enough to wrest control of the Will of Hate from Shisu, perhaps he would need to be at the fourth or fifth-dimensional level to achieve such a feat, however, he had no problem suppressing Shisu's soul, especially since it was not defended. In this desolate corner of the realm, Shisu in his arrogance had not taken proper measures to safeguard his soul, if the Ascendant had equipped his Natal Treasures, then it would have been a hundred times more difficult for Rowan to take control of his soul.

When he had attacked Shisu and entered his body as a beam of red light gathered by the shed Will of Hate from the body of the golden giant, that had simply been a distraction. The true soul of Rowan was invisible, and he directly climbed Shisu's Chain of Will, which had led him directly to his soul.

In the realm of Doom Star, Rowan doubted anyone had a more powerful soul than him, and although it was not easy to suppress the soul of a sixth-dimensional Ascendant, Rowan had many edges that gave him an advantage, and that advantage would soon balloon to an impossible degree the moment he summoned the last and final portion of his dimensional flesh.

Below Shisu had begun his crazy rant to the shocked populace, and Rowan frowned in mild annoyance as he felt the soul of Shisu straining against his confines. The

Ascendants were fully aware of everything that was happening but they could not fight against Rowan's

influence.

With a quick application of his Time Stack ability, the power of the soul-cage he placed Shisu's souls into multiplied, and his quiet screams faded into silence.

The act that signified the end of this kingdom began with the death of more than six hundred million souls. The first to fall was the millions of normal folks with poor Aura attributes, all lower than the Legend ranks. Their eyes became red with hate and madness, they turned on each other in an orgy of violence that made someone like Rowan pause.

Shisu had mastered the acts of hatred and inflicting pain, and he made sure that every act of depravity that these people inflicted on each other only grew the hatred inside their hearts, even their bodies became tainted with hate, and their blood burned the ground as if it was

acid.

This was how much hate was in their heart, that even the earth burned.

## **Chapter 1165: Falling Short**

Inside this den of madness, those with weapons used them, but mostly it was down to their fists, nails, teeth... no thoughts were placed in their defense, as the lucky ones were pushed from the top of the mountain, and as they fell they screamed not out of fear but hatred as they foamed at the mouth and chomped at the air, up till the moment they splattered into wet pieces at the ground miles below.

The sounds of millions of people tearing themselves apart were a hellish symphony that could drive anyone to madness.

As the world around him ended, the king could only watch in horror and mostly profound sadness, so much so that it was enough to break him out of the cycle of hatred, because he recognized his hands in all of this, and he knew that horror that this event would unlock in the future, he was watching the beginning of the end.

The King suddenly feeling the weight of the world pressing down on his shoulders, fell to his knees, his crown rolling away from his head, and lost under the heaps of bodies that were previously his guards, as efficient killers, even in madness they had dealt with themselves swiftly.

Overwhelmed by everything he cried out, "What have you done?... Shisu, you fool, what have you done?!!"

Drawn by his voice, from behind the king, his wife fell upon him, using her teeth and nails to savage him like a wild animal, but the king was muscular and she had a small stature, and even on his knees, she could barely tear through his flesh, however in her madness, she did not stop, only becoming more wild, and before long she was covered with his blood and chunks of his flesh.

The King did not fight back, his eyes fixed on his kingdom which was beginning to turn red as everything became covered with broken bodies, even the animals were not spared this carnage. Blood flowed like an ocean, and the mad cries of millions of people tearing themselves apart reached the heavens, making it quiver.

Even Shisu himself, the architect of this madness, shuddered when he saw the enormity of the slaughter he had caused. He had imagined this scene countless times in the past, how it would sound, how it could feel, even how the very air he would be breathing would taste. Everything was done with an obsessive mind for detail, and still, it all fell short.

Nothing came close. No sane mind could ever truly know how such a thing would happen in precise detail, even his immortal mind fell short.

There came a brief moment in his heart when he felt a bit of disquietness when he doubted this path he was about to set upon, but it soon quickly passed, and a crazed laughter took its place, as he was the only one who could see the grand design behind the madness.

He turned to the sound of weak moaning and groans behind him and he saw the king on his knees, bloody tears pouring down his eyes as he weakly groaned while he was being savaged by his wife, yet he was praying to their ancestors, begging them for forgiveness, knowing that he had a great part in this ongoing horror.

The eyes of the king were glazed as if he were deep into his memory.

When his son came to him with a mad plan to destroy the Calamity once and for all and showed him that he had a viable plan, he had been beside himself with joy, wishing to become the king that rid the world of this blight, he could hardly imagine the glory that would fall in his shoulders for all eternity.

The news that to prime this weapon involves the sacrifice of people, which were to be used as incubators was shocking but he felt thousands of soldiers died every month to barely protect his people, it would be a small price to pay for victory. Ignoring the fact that Shisu had not made this a requirement when he had first proposed the weapon. The King wanted his glory so badly he had chosen to ignore this discrepancy.

He allowed himself to be convinced by this lie, he hid from the truth when the news about the scale of murder reached unprecedented heights.

He hid behind vast stretches of land inaccessible for thousands of years, finally free of Calamity.

He hid behind glory and disregarded the mighty rot growing in the center of his kingdom. He hid behind the endless cheers of his subject and ignored the growing protests in certain corners of the kingdom about their missing sons and daughters.

He hid...

His head fell loosely to the side, his wife having chewed through much of the connective tissue binding his head to his body, leaving his spine and airway free from massive trauma at the moment, despite his horrifying wounds his eyes could not leave his kingdom, as he watched the responsibility given to him by all the generation of kings that was being swept away in a single hour.

Shisu was watching his father being eaten alive and this drew a louder laughter from his mouth, it was this sound that drew the king away from his stupor and he began to speak, but he was already so weak only Shisu's enhanced senses could decipher his words,

"This would have been your inheritance by the time I relinquished the throne to you. The truth about history. Heat it now before I fade. Our world is held in place by the grace of the Undying, who holds all the light of Ascendancy in his heart, but it is said that he has grown weary of his tasks. No longer wishing to fight for us, everything he does is to break the hold of the light over him, and breaking our mountain is the first step. Listen to me Shisu, whatever he promised you, he is..."

His statement could not finish before his head was roughly torn from his body by the teeth of his wife, who soon collapsed on top of him, dead, finally revealing that someone had shoved his entire arm into her back, and had somehow left the limb that had been cut off at the elbow, hanging on her body.

The massive ship above suddenly released a loud sound, like a fog horn, and its shape began to transform, taking the form of a gigantic spear... Rowan recognized this weapon, it was the one that killed him, but something was strange about it, and he quickly realized that this weapon was simply a reflection of the real deal.

He had seen the Third Prince perform similar feats where he took the reflection of powerful Primordial weapons and used them in combat. His senses swept through the transformed weapon for the Undying but he could not find him, but instinct drew him to look at Shisu and The finally saw his target.

Shisu was still, he seemed to be mulling the final words of his father, as a look of confusion flashed through his eyes. From behind him a large fluffy green tail emerged, and several more followed. The tails seemed small at first, but as they spread like a massive flower in bloom, they dwarfed the body of Shisu, making him appear like an ant before them.

Berrion the Undying was here, and he had arrived underneath Rowan's senses.

## **Chapter 1166: Understanding The Sixth Dimension**

Aethernet

The appearance of the Undying was unexpected, but not surprising because, in a manner, Rowan's vision of this Memory was still being slightly influenced by Shisu's perception of events.

Memory/Mind was the sixth dimension, and unlike Time/Space which could be easily understood by him, this dimension was still strange. A mortal, even the gods could not imagine that their memories could become a dimension, where powers and other dimensional forces could be cultivated and unleashed. It touched on concepts so strange and unreachable that most would never have a chance to know it existed.

Rowan had always walked a higher path, and he could touch this dimension even when he could not yet understand it. His extremely powerful bloodlines meant he could easily manipulate these forces, despite not fully understanding them.

For a man to fly, he would need to create machines to touch the heavens, but Rowan was born with wings. In the future, he might need machines to boost the power of his wings, but this did not take away the fact that the heavens were always within his reach.

Understanding more about the sixth dimension made Rowan realize that perhaps, all those memories he had about times past shown to him by , were not just memories, but dimensions... higher dimensions that he did not understand their essence at that time.

As a living dimension, if he reached the sixth dimension, was it possible that unlike everyone else who could not manipulate dimensions beyond surface levels, he might be able to reach across Memory and access them in ways that were considered impossible?

Such thoughts were beyond tantalizing and were ultimately a distraction from what he needed to be doing at this time, so Rowan placed them aside.

He did not find it strange that he had not easily found the Undying. Inside this memory, he could stand above it all and observe everything from afar, but for the mortal Shisu at

this time, the Undying was such an unknown factor and a power beyond his comprehension that he could never fully encapsulate this character, thereby there were certain flaws in his memories that could not be explained.

It was the reason that Shisu saw the Undying to be a massive figure covered in green fog, making his only discernible traits the multiple foxtails that he had, and whose head seemed to scrape the heavens above.

In any case, these flaws were simply Rowan's High standards taking the foreground. As a Creator and World Bearer, Rowan's memory was so detailed, that being inside the memory of another, even a sixth-dimensional Ascendant was almost as if he was in the mind of a child drawing stick figures.

If Rowan was allowing the soul of Shisu to control this Memory in its entirety, then there was no doubt that he would be able to get a much better picture of the Undying, but that would be extremely risky because if he could see deeply into the Undying, the Undying would be able to see deeply into him.

If the Ascendant Suns were at the seventh dimension, then the Undying should be at this level, or maybe even at the peak of the seventh dimension.

Rowan also knew that the Undying had the favor of the World Will, he could as well be the representative of Doom Star, which should give him the powers that were approaching the eighth-dimensional level in certain instances.

Such an enemy, it was not likely that even Old Man Seed would be able to stand against him, but Rowan did not care, he would be leaving Doom Star with the head of the Undying on his belt.

With half his attention focused on the events about to occur below, the second half began to trace the lines of this Primordial Weapon covering below him that was releasing so much power that the heavens had changed colors, hiding the gaze of the Ascendant and Calamity Suns from viewing the earth. With his present sight, Rowan understood that this effect had covered the entirety of Doom Star.

This made him pause in contemplation. The method of hiding the gaze of the heavens from the earth was quite different from what the Undying had been capable of doing with this weapon in the present.

There could be two reasons for this; the first was that the Undying could control more of the powers of the Primordial weapon when he was using a copy of it, like in this instance, or the second was that, in the past, Berrion the Undying had greater control over the Primordial Weapon than he had in the present.

Rowan was leaning towards the second reason, but he felt that whatever would happen on this day might give him more evidence to support his logic. With that in mind, he

focused on capturing every detail of this spear, he would need this knowledge for his plans ahead, and it was crucial.

A million years ago, this spear had ended his life, and even if this was a pale imitation, its lines were still the same, and the instant he entered Shisu's mind and smelled the traces of the Undying in his soul, he knew he had to find the Memory where he had appeared and see what he could discover from it.

Turned out that Rowan's luck would make the devil cry out in anger, for not only did he find a third Sin Weapon, but he had now seen a copy of the Primordial weapon that killed him making his future plans more manageable because a section of his consciousness had been devoted to finding a solution to a problem that had become suddenly half-way resolved.

Just before he died, Rowan had used the entire power of Astrolabe to seize and launch this weapon away from the Undying.

Berrion could wield the Primordial weapon, which was an extremely amazing feat in its own right, but he could not control it, giving Rowan the chance to punish his killer in a way that he did not easily understand at that moment, because if Berrion thought that he could easily collect the weapon that Rowan had sent away with the full might of Astrolabe, then he was in for a rude surprise.

His three Chambers, Astrolabe, Hollow Forge, and Memory Well had reached levels of power that the original designs could have never anticipated was possible.

Every time he evolved his state of being, the three Chambers he received when he was merely an Avatar of Eve grew stronger and more versatile, and when he became a dimension, his Astrolabe received powerful new upgrades that made its speed that were already ridiculous even more broken.

Except Astrolabe was blocked by an extremely powerful force a few moments after it was launched, nothing could catch up to the speed of the Astrolabe given enough time to gather momentum, because its speeds would never stop increasing, and after a time this speed would reach a dimension that even Rowan could not understand.

Discounting the fact that anything that was carried by Astrolabe would become ephemeral, making it so that Astrolabe did not need to change its direction when moving and could pass through most obstructions in its way, when it was in this state, it was hard for Rowan to control Astrolabe, and this was the reason he needed to understand the proper shape of this weapon in order to call upon it when the time was right.

## **Chapter 1167: Will Orbs**



When Rowan had swept this weapon away from the Undying and sent it hurtling into the horizon, it was already traveling at many times the speed of light, and if Berrion had reacted immediately and say, froze Space/Time, maybe using his higher dimensional powers to bring back the memory of the weapon, he might have been able to stop it, but Berrion was still restricted by the power of the Primordial Weapon.

The same reason Rowan's Time Stack ability could not work on his Bloodline of Sheol to multiply his Soul cultivation, a Primordial weapon could not be manipulated by higher dimensional forces. It was simply too dense.

You could not freeze it in space/time or pluck it from a Memory, it could only be carried by those with great strength and mental fortitude. This was what made Astrolabe so valuable to Rowan at that moment, it only controlled pure speed and with the upgrades it had gotten, it could carry the Primordial Weapon.

Even after a million years, Rowan knew that Astrolabe still held this weapon, and when the time was right, he would summon this weapon to him, and in that manner, draw the Undying to him also, finally there would be recompense.

With the speed that Astrolabe had generated over a million years, it would be impossible to easily stop it, but with the shape of the Primordial Weapon firmly in his mind, a plan had been finalized.

R

Shisu bowed, his head scraping the ground, the presence of the Undying sweeping past and through him like a gale, and if not for his mental prowess, he would have gone insane and killed himself before he endured one more second beside the Undying

"I present to you the Mountain of Mourning. I am Shisu, the mortal heir of the Ascendant Sun Ganem. In return..."

"Yes... yes," the Undying drawled, a lazy tone in his voice, "I make you an Ascendant," bringing up a massive finger, "and not just any Ascendant, you greedy boy, you made sure you took note that the power of the Dan is involved. I cannot cheat you, even if I wanted to with this bargain."

Shisu nodded, his eyes brightened and grew wet and he nearly began crying, or had not been an easy road reaching this place, and he could not help but become emotional. The Undying looked at him with a weird sort of amusement as if he was looking at a bird with wings cut off who was trying to fly with the stumps, before muttering,

"Fucking mortals, I would never understand your kind."

Shisu regained his composure and straightened, coughing to hide his embarrassment, but the Undying was already looking away from him and surveying the dead kingdom.

"You do know that you only needed to kill your father to meet the requirement for our bargain. Not your entire kingdom, but this is okay, it gives me one path extra for you to follow, and I think you would love this path better than the ones I have prepared for you. After all, you are positively reeking of it."

It was then that Rowan sensed it again, and he nearly gasped in surprise and pleasure, now this was unexpected, and it might be even a greater treat than the sin weapon or the shape of the Primordial weapon in his head, he had finally felt the breath of the enigmatic second Singularity once more-The World Steele.

Rowan looked around before his sight focused on the green fog around the Undying, and he carefully peeled away the layers of fog around the Undying, but his subtlety turned out to be useless because Berrion simply reached towards his waist and took a large piece of yellow rock, similar to a slab.

Explosions went on in Rowan's mind and he nearly stumbled, as a fragment of a memory threatened to dig its way into his skull, but it would seem that he had not yet fulfilled the correct requirement and it faded away.

Yet it was simple for him to recognize a piece of the World Steele. Rowan did not know how it was possible, but Berrion was holding a portion of the World Steele on his waist, and the mysteries behind the power system of this world and how Rowan was connected with it took a step closer to completion.

The Undying took out the piece of the World Steele, holding it with reverence, even the mortal Shisu felt the power of what the Undying held and his eyes nearly bugged out of his head.

Pressing certain points on the Steele with one of his fingers, three orbs of light emerged from the Steele, the first was white, the second was black, and the last was colorless, and only the swirling haze it created by its presence made it possible to notice it.

"This first Will Orb is what I originally intended for you," the Undying pointed at the white orb, "It contains the pathway of your ancestor Ganem, and it is what led him to become an Ascendant Sun, it contains the Will of Heaven Trampling. This Will has a famed history that I can't recount to you, because you will not understand it, but I can assure you, even your Ancestor who became an Ascendant Sun could barely scratch the surface of this Will. Three of the Ascendant Suns use this same Will. It can take you far, but looking at your potential, it is extremely lacking and you should become a fifth-dimensional Will Holder with this Will. That means you will reach the second Dan."

Shisu eyes began to shine, achieving the Dan, even if it was the first Dan was everything he desired, if he could reach the second then that was overreaching his wildest dreams, he wanted to speak up, but Berrion shushed him,

"Are you forgetting that you have two other options? Hmm... Looking at your eyes, you are about to jump onto every opportunity I give you without checking all I have to offer... tsk tsk tsk, and here I thought you were some kind of genius, did watching your entire kingdom fall make you dumber?"

With a swipe of his hand, the Undying returned the Steele to his waist and dismissed the white and black orbs, leaving only the colorless orb behind,

"The second Will is similar to the first, but with your character and talent, you will only reach the second Dan, and I think this last one would fit you better."

Shisu swallowed his anger at his first option vanishing, but since the Undying had spoken he should listen, such a powerful being had no reason to deceive a small mortal like him,

"Why are you giving me only one option when you previously gave me three?"

The Undying chuckled, "It is because you always leave the best for last. Are you doubting me? Well, this last Will would take you all the way to the third Dan. Tell me, which one would you

pick?"

Shisu hands shook and he pointed at the colorless orb,

"I will pick that one."

"I thought so. It would be a waste if all your efforts here went to waste. The Will orb would enhance everything you give to it. I wish I knew how to create such a thing, but only this stone by my side can achieve this miracle. This kingdom is filled with hate, and if I gather it all into this orb, it would be enough to bring you to the sixth-dimensional level in time. Do you accept this bargain?"

Shisu's grin was so wide, and as tears dropped down from his eyes, he nodded furiously, "I

do!"

## **Chapter 1168: Fate Is By My Side**

The Undying glanced at Shisu for a moment, he seemed about to say something before he laughed and tossed the orb at Shisu before taking to the air, his fox tails leaving mesmerizing trails in his wake.

He reached forward and grabbed the massive spear, shivering as power flooded from the weapon into his body and it tested his qualifications to hold him.

A loud clang like a hammer striking an anvil resounded all through the heavens and the earth as his weapon finally settled in his palm and the Undying groaned with pleasure, steam poured out from his mouth below the bone mask he was wearing, it was as if all his internal organs were fried by just holding the weapon, and this was most likely the case that every second he was handling this weapon was creating great damages inside his body.

Shisu who had been staring at the Will Orb in rapture was shaken out of his reverie and looking upwards, a cry of fear emerged from his mouth, he only had time to quickly swallow the Will Orb before the mile-long spear struck down from above, and slammed against the mountain. With how slowly the Undying swung the weapon, it was as if he wanted Shisu to see his death approaching.

Unexpectedly a blue dome of force appeared around the mountain, blocking the blow, but the shockwave from the attack was so powerful it spread out like a catastrophic tide and it destroyed the entire kingdom of Ganem, the devastation reaching the other kingdoms as well, wiping them out, and it didn't stop there, it traveled all over the realm, crossing the ocean and killing all life it found until the destructive wave returned to the spear, the attack that crossed the entire realm had not taken a single iota of energy from the weapon.

For a time, all mortal life in the realm was lost.

Berrion looked around him, his eyes hardly glancing and acknowledging the fact that he had just ended all the life in the realm but focusing on the mountain below, a bit dumbstruck before he became angered, his furious gaze turned towards Shisu who was gaping at the devastation and shaking with barely repressed awe.

The Undying screamed his rage, his mouth extending below his bone mask, revealing the dirty black fangs within,

"You dare betray me, mortal!"

Shisu was taken aback, the anger from the Undying enough to break him out of the incredulous state of seeing the world end right in front of his eyes,

"I don't know what you mean, I gave you permission over the entire mountain, I have no idea what has happened or the reason you did what you did," and more quickly than Rowan had expected, the fear in the eyes Shisu transformed into hate,

"A moment back, you tried to kill me Undying, is this how your bargain works? If not for this accidental defense keeping this mountain safe I will be less than a stain at this point."

"Now, that is the selfish mortal I know," the Undying sneered, "I told you I would give you the ability to become a powerful Ascendant, and you would give me the mountain, that is what I have done. Do you expect me to baby you off of it while I do with my property as I wish?"

Shisu's eyes narrowed and he chuckled, his emotions going haywire, but his voice dripped with venom, "Look around you, it would seem that it is not your property yet to do as you wish. You have made a mistake Undying, and for this, you will pay."

"Spare me your pathetic acts of defiance," Berrion waved his hand to the side as if he was brushing aside a fly, "I see the cause of the problem, you are not the last of your line. Your loins as a mortal still hold some potency, for there is life in your mother's womb, twins, your children. Your actions have borne fruit."

"I am with child?" Shisu muttered incredulously, "Funny that I have never thought that this could become a possibility."

The Undying snorted with anger, "Yes, you have descendants, so finish the deal, and let me have my mountain. You shall not back away from this."

"Not so fast," Shisu slowly walked to his dead mother and flipped her around, "we are going to re-discuss the details of our deal, but first..."

Shisu finally noticed the bulge on her stomach after looking at her closely. Her loose courtly robes had done a lot to hide her figure, and now that it was covered with blood, it was sticking closely to her body.

Out of curiosity, he had begun manipulating the mind of his mother, bending her to his every whim and watching guilt tear the poor woman apart, hoping that he would break her before he Ascended, but her state of mind ended up being stronger than he had anticipated. He had never gotten any pleasure from the act itself, only in the mental torture of the woman who loved him with all her heart. Seeing that love fade day after day was one of the most potent sources of pleasure he had for years.

Tearing her robes, he easily pushed his hands through her stomach, his body was frail but he was still at the Deific Rank, and he groped around for a bit until he found his target, and then he unceremoniously dragged out two bloody living fetuses, holding them by the neck.

Looking at his two children, Shisu felt nothing, he could as well be looking at two stuffed dolls,

"Do not think about going back on our deal mortal, you do not want to go against me." the Undying pointed at Shisu, green fire emerging from his eyes like a torch.

Berrion knew that with the weird nature of mortals, especially one like this who lacked any moral baseline, anything was possible, and Shisu's next words did nothing to discourage him from that sentiment,

"I will not dare, but I no longer trust your word, our agreement just needs to be adjusted a bit, nothing here is going to change. I will kill these children to maintain our deal, but then it's only fair that before I do so, I become an Ascendant."

The Undying sneered, "Do you think becoming an Ascendant would keep you safe from me?"

"I know that even if I become an Ascendant Sun, I will not be equal to you, but I want what I want. It does not matter if I die after this moment. I must become an Ascendant."

"How charming your conviction," the Undying laughed, "Kill these two, and I promise on my name that I shall allow you to become an Ascendant. I shall even aid you to pass all the Tribulations that should have otherwise killed you before you made the Dan."

"So even with the Will Orb, I would have failed my tribulation. I had suspected as much, but I needed to try. Fate is truly by my side." Shisu smiled self-deprecatingly and unhesitatingly crushed the necks of the two babies, ignoring the fact that they had opened their bright green eyes and were looking at him.

He watched their eyes glaze over and he tossed them aside and looked at the Undying with both fear and expectation.

## **Chapter 1169: Changing History**

Rowan thought that despite the many flaws of Shisu when the time came he was decisive. It was not an easy choice to make, and although the conclusion was clear and Shisu would eventually have to give in to the Undying, not many would be able to quickly see this and make a decision.

"Hmm... good choice, the Undying snapped his fingers and Shisu vanished to reappear at his side, another snap of his fingers gathered the Hate generated by the deaths of all the mortals in this kingdom and he pushed it inside the orb in Shisu's belly, pausing a bit to look at the hate already gathered inside Shisu.

With a wave of his hand, Shisu vanished, sent to an unknown location, and then he thrust the spear down on the mountain once more, knowing his time on the mortal plane was short and soon he would be blocked by other parties, and this time there was no barrier to hold against the reflection of this Primordial weapon.

The Mountain of Mourning was shattered before a fiery explosion erupted from its base, similar to a supermassive volcano thousands of miles wide. The explosion shook the entire realm, and from its ruins, the first Calamity Gods arose, born from the darkness found deep in the earth, and the massive number of deaths around the realm.

The Kingdoms were made to suppress the darkness in the earth, but the Undying had broken the balance, giving the Calamity Suns a source of power that had been kept outside their bounds since the beginning of their conflict.

In the heavens, the brightness of the Ascendant Suns dimmed. There was a mighty roar that emerged from the heavens above and the earth below that made the Undying shudder and nearly scattered Rowan's consciousness, but the present state of his soul was able to handle the trauma of this level and he kept himself in one piece.

The Undying looked at all of these and he vanished, but for a brief moment he seemed to glance at Rowan's position with what felt like suspicion, and then he left.

It was not long after that great changes began to occur, as the Ascendants Suns above suddenly began to shine with a furious white glow that swept throughout the realm, burning a host of the Calamity Gods that had emerged from the earth into ashes, and making the survivors flee below the ground.

The ashes left behind from their passing were molded and used as a base to create the next sets of mortals to inhabit the earth, but that was just the beginning of the changes.

Rowan fell into deep thoughts for the moment, letting the events that followed play out. He had a rough idea of what would be occurring next and he did not particularly care for it.

At the end there, he was sure that the Undying had detected his presence, but it was unknown if he was aware of who he truly was. Rowan could not be sure, but this was one factor he had to be careful about going forward.

His speculation about the Primordial weapon was true. At this time, Berrion had much firmer control of it, and either these events or many other similar ones would have caused his hold to become broken, and no longer able to call upon the power of the weapon, he was essentially only using it as a sharp spear. Rowan was lucky he did not meet this version of Berrion when he entered Doom Star, else he would not have survived being attacked by the weapon.

The last cry that resounded over the heavens and the earth might have stumped others, but Rowan recognized it for what it was, it was the Will of this realm.

The deterioration of the Ascendants as Rowan had thought was not natural, and although his presence might have destabilized this realm further, there was already someone else doing so long before him, and what was saddening about it all was that

this person was supposed to be the savior of the Ascendant, instead, he was the one who seemed to not be able to wait for them to fall.

The events he had come for had ended, but before he could leave, he had to start making Shisu pay for his act of threatening his children. The Ascendant might have done more deplorable acts in his life, but Rowan lived in a glass house and he did not throw stones. This revenge was for harming his children first and foremost.

Rowan opened his eyes wide, and the dials in them began to spin backward and once again, Shisu appeared inside his library, a pale and sickly youth, but this time, events would not go as he had planned, and Rowan allowed the Soul of Shisu to truly understand what was about to happen next and he did not silence the cries of fear from the Ascendant.

Not caring for the state of the mortal body of Shisu, because Rowan would always be refreshing him with vitality, he pushed deeper into the Memory of Shisu, until the fateful day when he would be giving the Blood Gas to be tested.

Shisu with a smirk was about to announce the new feature of using real people as incubators for their weapon, but suddenly he was struck dumb, unable to speak, instead what he said was that instead of the one hundred crates of Blood Gas that he had been supplying to the army, instead he would be increasing it to one thousand.

Smiling at the amazed looks in the eyes of the general, Shisu who intended to leave for the palace to begin his torture of his mother now insisted on staying behind with the army and watching the demonstration from a few miles away using his mobile laboratory.

Blood Gas was produced using Shisu's flesh, bones, and blood, and every single one that he made weakened him and caused great pain. With his mental fortitude he could easily handle the creation of a hundred crates which usually contain two hundred pieces of Blood Gas orbs, but a thousand crates every month would be hell on earth.

This was just the start of what Rowan intended for Shisu, and he applied himself to reversing every decision that the prince made. After he made Blood Gas, he contacted the Undying using a ritual that he had founded, but with Rowan's influence he no longer contacted the Undying, instead, he began focusing all his efforts on ridding the world of Calamities and helping his kingdom prosper.

The soul of Shisu for the past few months that these changes had been ongoing had never stopped screaming.

As a Sixth dimensional Will Holder with control over Memory/Mind, everything that was happening here could be considered real, and if he were to leave Doom Star and head to reality outside, he could place this present Dimension inside the Nothingness, thereby manifesting



it in reality.

Although this was extremely unwise, due to how time was structured outside of reality. Shisu would not be able to bring the past to the present, especially if that past had been edited as much as Rowan was doing, but that was not the point of the entire exercise.

The act of changing events in this Memory was a costly exercise for any Ascendant since everything inside this dimension was under their control. Shisu should have been able to power these changes with his Aura, but Rowan denied him this privilege, instead the entire cost was being borne by his soul.

Rowan had undergone many painful events in his life, and he could boldly say that what Shisu was suffering would rank among his top ten.

Using the soul to power a dimension was not supposed to happen, but with Rowan's understanding of both dimension and the soul, Shisu had become a very successful lab rat.

Inside this memory was a complete copy of Doom Star as it was merely ten million years ago. It was not an exact copy of Doom Star, but everything on the surface was an exact match. The size of Doom Star could be regarded as infinite, but in Shisu's Memory Dimension, it became almost infinite, it was a slight change but it allowed Shisu's soul to be able to bear the weight of carrying this memory.

## **Chapter 1170: You Did Good**

This was all Shisu's soul was able to do-bear the Memory, but when Rowan began making sweeping changes throughout history, and without Shisu being able to utilize his Aura to support these changes, then it began to eat at his soul, using it for fuel to support this dimension.

His understanding of Will began to grow at a ridiculous speed, especially on matters of the sixth dimension, he could not have asked for a better lab rat. Any sixth-dimensional Will Holder that was to be found outside of reality would only reach this level after they had crossed over countless challenges and deadly dangers, they would be the best of the best out of countless geniuses for a nearly infinite pool of universes.

Even if they were weaker than Shisu in raw power, they would understand a far more intricate method of wielding their abilities and they would have something that this realm solely lacked, and that would be treasures!

The World's Will must have been aware of this lack when it introduced the concept of Natal Treasure to this realm, but it was not a great substitute for what could be found in the outside reality. Rare and powerful treasures that could protect the soul, powerful

spells and enchantments, unknown lifeforms that could be raised by the higher dimensional being to boost any sort of weakness they had and so much more, meant that Rowan could have never succeeded against a similar opponent like Shisu if this was to be the outside reality.

This difference could not be clearer when Shisu had been holding a Sin weapon inside his body for almost ten million years and he was unaware of the power he was holding, instead, he had been using the barest emanations surrounding this weapon as a source of power... pitiful.

If not for the presence of the World's Will that would strip away the powers of anyone who entered this realm, reducing them to almost nothing, then Rowan feared that the inhabitants of this realm would have been killed off a long time ago to harvest their powers.

Perhaps there had been other visitors in the past who entered this realm, but the cycle of Ascendancy and Calamity had been so short that Rowan was sure that the interior of Doom Star would be different because as far as he could tell, the entire civilization of Ascendants had not even crossed the fifty million years mark and Doom Star was a realm that had existed before the Supreme Era and who knew how far into the Primordial Era.

He could not afford to be arrogant when he faced Ascendants, because in a manner they were still children in the larger scheme of things, the true horror of this realm still lay beneath the facade of Ascendancy and Calamity, but for now, he would be delving deep into Ascendancy and using the knowledge he could gain to further his dimensional pursuits.

After crossing his Tribulation and becoming a fourth-dimensional entity, maybe even higher, he would take his revenge against the Undying, and he would leave this realm, if the World's Will sought to stop him then Ascendancy and Calamity would fall.

R

Shisu had the Will of Hate. This made him an embodiment of this concept. This Ascendant was self-serving, vain, hateful, spiteful, greedy, and hundreds of other negative packages all rolled up in a deeply sociopathic psyche, and every moment that Rowan used his power to commit good deeds in the kingdom, he was mentally tearing Shisu's sanity to pieces.

Like a fish being forced to walk on land, Shisu's entire being revolted against what was being done to his Memory dimension, but his soul was under Rowan's control, and it was played like a fiddle. If there ever came a day when any mortal was able to dig hundreds of miles into the earth, there they would hear the screams of Shisu, a creature of hate whose power was being transformed to one of love.

With the power of this memory and the impressive strength of Shisu's soul, Rowan knew that Shisu would suffer for many millennia before his soul perished.

Killing a sixth-dimensional Ascendant turns out to be more lackluster than he expected, but he knew that the majority of his battles going forward might not be resolved so easily. Besides he was on the last stretch before everything came to a head, and the battles ahead would be rough.

His main opponent in this realm might not be the Ascendants or Calamity, but one that had remained silent all this while, but was furiously gathering power-The Eye of the Primordial of Time and Evil.

R

A slight tremor shook the earth around the collapsed Ascendant and he stood up. Rowan might have spent centuries inside the Memory dimension of Shisu, but in the outside world, barely two days had passed from the moment he invaded Shisu's soul.

At this time, the body of Shisu had been brought to a secluded location and was hidden from sight.

With the creation ability of the Blood Blessed, a sort of forbidden temple was built that resembled a tomb, and Shisu's body was placed in the depths. Guarding it were a hundred thousand golden giants, all of them had activated the fourth point of their star, and their Natal Treasure was ready at all times, they were the advanced warning system in case anything went awry.

When the Ascendant of Hate rose, there was no panic among the guards, they sent the information to the elders as they smoothly pointed their weapons at Shisu, knowing that their lives could be forfeited at any moment did not stop them from performing their duty.

The body of the Ascendant, after standing, simply folded its leg in mid-air and a golden flame emerged from the forehead of Shisu. At the sight of this flame, all the golden giants pointing their weapons fell to their knees, the resonance between their bloodline and the golden flame was so strong, that they knew they were in the presence of their primogenitor.

The golden flame resolved into a hundred-foot-tall flaming giant who brought them to their feet with a wave of his hand, none of the golden giants could look at Rowan's face, it was like a mortal trying to stare at a bright sun, all they could do was try to catch a glimpse of his figure with the edge of their perception.

Rowan had tried as much as possible to reduce his presence to the minimum, but the growth of his soul had reached such a profound degree that only the similar bloodlines in their veins could allow them to stand in his presence.

A glance at the entirety of his city informed him of the present state of his children and he luxuriated in their happiness for a while, and then he vanished from the temple, leaving instructions in the minds of the golden giants on what he wanted to be done with the Ascendant he was leaving behind.

He appeared above the city and did not have to wait for a second before Lost appeared, followed by one of the most fascinating characters he had ever known.

'Father!' lost shrieked and hugged Rowan, because of the size difference, he was hugging his little toes with his two chubby hands with his feet kicking in the air, "You look like me now!"

Rowan bent and scooped up the Lost Flames with his little finger, bringing him to his face, and he used his thumb to gently pet the flames on the head,

"You did good Lost Flames, you did good."

Lost looked at him with wide eyes that were soon filled with flaming tears, and he hugged Rowan's thumb and began to cry.