

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1171: Final Stretch

Rowan was startled for a brief moment, and then he smiled and continued his caring motions. With the present state of his consciousness, of all his children, the Lost Flames was the only one he had access to that could slightly delay the onset of Calamity.

He could not use his Destroyer because he needed it to collect the Will Chains, and as these were among the only two abilities he could access at this time, the Lost Flames became his only choice.

The Lost Flames had never been one for complicated plots or a leading figure in a fight, yet that never stopped the boy from stepping forward when he was needed the most.

He was an extremely talented and powerful mage, but he was a boy that had never grown, and unless Rowan gathered the rest of his scattered flames from the leader of the Children of Fire who was the Supreme Magus and the ruler of the Magus Supreme World, the Lost Flames would remain a child forever.

Rowan did not much care if Lost did not grow up, he had never truly needed this power the Flame controlled, and the boy was happy with his reality, if not for the presence of Eva who tried as much as possible to always instruct the Lost Flames in tactics and combat, Rowan would simply let the child roam the immensity of his dimension forever, getting into little fights and being a headache to anyone he came across.

He saw a little of himself inside Lost, which represented the innocence he had lost. Rowan had never thought he would be calling on the flame again to save his life after the last battle in the universe where he had nearly lost the flames, and he was grateful to Eva who took the time to make sure Lost had the basics in combat and tactics.

Allowing the flames to cry away the stress that had gripped him for the last few days, Rowan looked at the golden giants whose hands were raised to cover his face, unable to stand the presence of Rowan.

The moment Rowan turned to him, he flinched, fell to his knees, and began to cough blood, but more quickly than Rowan had expected, the giant was acclimating to his presence, no longer coughing blood and slowly standing straight.

Rowan chuckled, "You know, you are not supposed to be able to do that."

"Do what?" the golden giant groaned in pain, "Barely stand in front of you when I am supposed to be able to duel you in the future?"

Rowan cocked his head to the side, "Well that...and also the fact that you could receive the Blood Core above. I never intended that Core to be used without my direct supervision, because I believed no mortal being would be able to suppress the pride of the Ouroboros. I don't know why I should be surprised, you have done this same thing before."

The golden giant wanted to say something but he paused and he remained silent before he looked around and said, "So, what's happening now? We are no longer hidden from the heavens above. I have seen it, the endless continents that roam above the threshold and the monsters they contain."

Rowan looked at the sky, "The end is coming, and battle lines are being drawn. With me awake, this city is protected, and it may not appear like it, but no one else can see it unless they come extremely close to it. I control Ascendant energy you see, and with that power, I can shade the entirety of my city to merge with the direction of this World's Will. You are all safe for the moment."

The golden giant sighed in relief, and then he struggled to face Rowan directly before saying, "You are leaving."

Rowan nodded, "At this moment, the greatest danger to you and everyone here is me. I am awakening my powers, and when I do, I won't be able to hold back my presence. If you all are around me, death would be your most favorable outcome."

The golden giant sighed, "Even with this power I have now, it is not enough." Rowan smiled, "Your time is soon to come. You are still extremely young and eternity is in front of us. Take this moment and appreciate it for what it is and the lessons it can teach you. In the future, there will be extremely few times like this when weakness is a good thing." "I will put it in mind, Creator."

"Call me Rowan, I prefer it. I will tell you my real name, but..."

"I know," the golden giant smiled, "death would be the most favorable outcome if I hear it."

Rowan rolled his eyes and vanished, and for a long time, the golden giant could not even stare directly at the spot he vacated. Gritting his teeth, he sat down cross-legged and began to meditate on the position.

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Rowan had left his ascended body behind in the city and was roaming Doom Star with his soul alone. Free from the influence of the Will Chains and his solitary position, Rowan's senses could finally fly free and he could see the realm in a manner that he could not before.

The first thing he checked upon was the Shiik, she was to be the tip of the spear in this battle, and he almost smiled when he saw the name she had given the continent she now ruled- Trion.

Accompanied by Nyla, the Shiik had made great progress, converting a greater number of Temple maidens every day, and soon a greater portion of the Temple Maidens would be under her control.

Although he had expected it, he was still surprised when it turned out that she had already reached the fifth-dimensional level, and with every moment that passed she was knocking on

the sixth.

Knowing that acquiring Will was relatively easier on Doom Star was one thing, actually seeing it in action was another. It has been six years only, approaching the seventh and the Shiik had already taken two major steps into the higher dimension in such a short time. However, despite how quickly she was progressing, Rowan wanted her to go much faster, he would need her to be extremely powerful before he could summon the last part of his consciousness.

Unlike the previous three times he had summoned the portions of himself, the fourth time would be different, because he would be awakening his entire dimension from dormancy placed upon him by his death.

When Rowan entered this realm, his entire dimension was shrunken into a stone egg, and much of his glory was hidden, but his reawakening would be different.

He had hypothesized that one of the reasons Doom Star was able to affect him as much as it did was because the moment he entered this realm, he had begun the Tribulation for his Supreme Circle, and if he could regain the last part of his consciousness, that would mean his Tribulation was over.

What did that mean? It meant Rowan would have completed his Nine Supreme Circle, learning a technique destined for the next Primordial for the Supreme Era, he had essentially become the face of this Great Era.

It meant that Rowan could begin walking the higher dimensions, freeing himself from the mortal circle that had plagued him for so long.

It meant that his entire dimension would be unleashed inside Doom Star, all of his powers laid bare for all of reality to see, and as had once told Rowan, it would no longer be able to shield him from the eyes of the higher powers.

Chapter 1172: Ebony Flame

Rowan did not spread his senses to check the other regions in the realm, for fear that he might be detected. The Shiik had always been his target, and because he knew her location, and the connection with her was extremely powerful, his body crossed countless miles and appeared by her side instantly, this journey had previously taken him nearly three years to traverse.

He found the Shiik miles underground, directly at the center of the Continent-Trion. She was sitting on a throne of red and black. This throne was her Will, the Will of Ebony Flame, a power that controlled darkness and fire.

The Shiik was many things but primarily she was a being of destruction and her Will represented that concept. Ebony Flame was a Will that reveled in destruction and was a hundred times more destructive than the Will of Hate that Shisu controlled, but every Will has aspects that they excelled in.

Her appearance had changed little since the last time he saw her. Not like any Calamity Gods in existence, the Shiik had a humanoid shape with long red hair that reached the ground, its ends hidden in the darkness that surrounded her throne.

The sharp fingernails that ended at a point were blazing red and lazily tapping the side of her throne in impatience. The gesture made Rowan sigh, he knew she had been performing the same action for years as she waited for the moment she could be unleashed on all of creation.

Unlike the golden giants who gloried in the sensation of their power growing stronger, the Shiik were different. Connected to Rowan on a deep level and sharing some of the innate qualities that enabled him to treat cultivation as easy as breathing, power came easy to the Shiik.

Her inheritance as a Calamity God when merged with Rowan's influence meant it would be hard for her to know the meaning of a roadblock in her road to power. The Tribulations that emerged for her were treated as a source of nourishment and pushed her power even higher.

What the Shiik was interested in was battle. Born from violence and growing ever stronger in the darkness, she yearned for the day she could reach across the heavens and pull down all the suns, both of light and darkness, and consume them all.

It was for this reason that during the time when Rowan was destabilizing the entire Will infrastructure of the realm she had not even noticed the changes. The Shiik grew by simply consuming the darkness generated by the millions of Temple Maidens with whom she had a symbiotic relationship.

The darkness fueled her flames, which in turn fueled her darkness, a cycle of destruction that grew perpetually stronger with the addition of darkness from every Temple Maiden she brought under her, who were all constantly supplying her with an impressive dose of darkness at every moment.

Rowan knew that even getting to the fifth-dimensional level in six years was insane, the Shiik had the potential to grow even faster if she was to engage in combat, Her Will was not one that required deep introspection about herself or reality in general in order to develop, it was still unknown how high it could grow, although Rowan pegged it to reach its limit at the seventh-dimensional level, this however gave her an incredible advantage at the start.

When Rowan reached her presence, the Shiik did not notice at first, her brooding gaze was focused on the heavens above, even the miles of earth she had buried herself in did not stop her from seeing the shining continents above and all the tasty prey roaming atop of it.

However, her brooding gaze transformed into curiosity as she felt that speed by which the darkness and the flames within her began to pick up speed, reaching ridiculous levels, and her power growth multiplied.

She sat up straighter, and for the first time in a long while, she began to check the cultivation of her Will. Her senses pierced through reality, and she became confused when she could not sense the infinity bubble in the position where it could usually be found, after she swept her gaze through various levels of reality without finding the infinity bubble, the Shiik shrugged and returned to tapping her fingers on her throne. Rowan blinked.

He loved all his children, but some of them were just... sigh

Making a throne of golden flames beside her, he sat down and closed his eyes, and the Shiik had no idea he was already here with her. Rowan did not bother informing her of his presence, when it was the right time, she would know he was here, before then he could continue his creation that was interrupted using one of the most potent resources he had come across in a while, which was the endless oceans inside of Doom Star.

Gaining access to his Hollow Forge Chamber had given the golden giants access to the power of creation, but it gave Rowan so much more than that, for he was able to break down any material that he came in contact with up to a certain level-Hollow Forge could not break down a Primordial treasure-and understand their basic component.

Imagine his surprise when he took a portion of the endless sea found in Doom Star and noticed that it was made from Aetherium that had been severely degraded to such a profound manner that it was almost impossible for him to detect it, and if this was difficult for Rowan to detect, then it would be almost impossible for anyone else, unless either by luck or an extreme amount of years spent inside the realm.

However, it doesn't matter to them if they discover it. Sure, Aetherium was one of the most potent sources of power in the universe, only wielded by those in the higher dimensions, and even then, not all higher dimensional beings had access to Aetherium unless they were given its seed by a Primordial force.

The Aetherium inside the endless ocean in Doom Star was so degraded it could only create Continents in the ocean, and it could not be harvested, even if someone was desperate enough to attempt harvesting the Aetherium in the ocean, then according to Rowan's calculation they would have to spend a hundred units of Aetherium Energy to harvest just a single unit of Aetherium Energy from the ocean.

Only a madman would want to make such a deal. However, Rowan would be taking this deal, his Chamber Hollow Forge made it possible.

For the last two years, Rowan had been draining an ungodly amount of the ocean and combining them inside the Hollow Forge to create his first unit of Aetherium. Every fraction of a second that passed meant hundreds of billions of gallons of ocean water were being siphoned into Hollow Forge, and yet after all that time, he had not even created one unit of Aetherium.

The amount of ocean water he had drained over the last two years would be enough to fill up the void between two galaxies, but it was not enough to create a single unit of Aetherium!

This proved how hard it would have been for anyone else to detect the Aetherium and how impossible it was to extract it, but Rowan's eyes were shining bright as he waited on his throne, in a month, he would be getting the first unit of Aetherium.

Chapter 1173: Three colors

The importance of Aetherium for Rowan could not be overstated, for although he had an infinite pool of powerful Primordial Aether in his dimension, Aetherium was the next step for this power, but it was gate-keep by the Primordial forces who used the seeds of Aetherium as a bargaining chip to draw geniuses to their side.

The act of gathering Aetherium from the ocean was two-fold, the first was to give him a potent source of energy as he wondered the sort of power he might be able to wield if he used Aetherium instead of Aether to power them, and the second was to learn how to forge his personal Aetherium using the degraded Aetherium of Doom Star as a guide.

If he could succeed, then his act of rejecting the offer of the Aetherium Seed from Elura would not sting as much, and as a hidden hand he could play, Aetherium would be a very potent weapon.

Despite the fact that he could observe every single aspect of the Aetherium being organized inside his Hollow Forge, he could not just replicate them with his Aether, because the Aetherium of Doom Star has unique attributes that were different from Rowan's.

He could however use it as a tool to guide his journey towards creating Aetherium.

The tapping of the Shiik was the only sound that could be heard inside this underground chamber for the next month until Rowan who had been sitting with his eyes closed, shuddered and opened them.

There was a calamitous rumbling ongoing inside Hollow Forge as the final portion of the Aetherium unit was created.

Inside Hollow Forge, a stupendous amount of water was rushing to a single point in the air and vanishing seemingly without a trace. That point had been slowly growing over the last few years until it was now the size of an apple, and the terrifying rumbling that was ongoing inside hollow Forge had been building up over the last two years and now it was at a crescendo.

With a loud pop and a crackle like lightning, the unit of Aetherium was created. It resembled a crystal that was doubly terminated. The crystal at first appeared pitch black, but looking closer at its center would display three colors, red, blue, and green.

Rowan manifested a copy of the Aetherium in his left hand, he could not bring out the real deal outside, because he was sure that no Ascendant in this realm had access to Aetherium, and the emanation of power that would arise if he brought it out would resound all through the realm.

The Shiik stirred, looking around she frowned and went back to tapping her nails on her throne. Rowan sighed again and looked back at the Aetherium Crystal. Holding it in his hands, he could see something that particularly interested him, which was the colors emerging from it.

Not interested in the power of the Aetherium Crystal for the moment, the swirling red, blue, and green color that emerged from the pitch blackness of the crystal was fascinating, and it was a picture of the hidden secrets of this realm.

When Rowan entered Doom Star and crushed an entire continent, something strange happened, he came across two sources of Aura, the red Aura of Calamity and the Blue Aura of Ascendancy. Due to the restrictions imposed on him by the World's Will, he was not able to choose either of these paths, and he was doomed to be swallowed by a Calamity God when his Primordial Ouroboros consumed both of these Auras and combined them into a new and strange purple Aura.

This Aura was the reason he could survive against the forces of the Ascendants and the Calamity God who would have consumed him, and despite the setbacks from the World's Will, Rowan would have won this fight, that was until Berrion came and finished him off.

However this incident had shown him a chink in the armor of this realm, and he had not forgotten this purple Aura, and the entire basis of the creation of the Shiik was to create a potent source of pure Calamity Aura and he kept his Ascendant body pure too, because when the time was right, he would be combining both of these Aura to be used as a weapon against the realm.

This was one of Rowan's trump cards and his ace in the oncoming battle, however, if this was the case, what was this third green color swirling alongside Ascendancy and Calamity? Was there a third hidden force in this realm that he knew nothing about?

Rowan felt his soul shiver, and the feeling made him pause. He was still slowly getting used again to the concept of having a soul and the certain quirks that came with it, one of them being intuition. He knew he might have just cracked one of the most important secrets of this realm.

His memory returned to the moment he had first laid his eyes on Doom Star, the thing that had grabbed his attention the most at that time were two things, the first was the intense feeling that this place was alive, and the second was the intense negative emotions that bombarded his mind, nearly making him gag in disgust.

Old Man Seed's voice still rang strong in his memory of that event, when Rowan had asked him if this star was alive,

"In a manner," he had said, "But the devastation that heralded its birth fractured the Will it contained, and so it could never take a singular Will. It is a good thing that happened, or else this entity would be at least at the eighth-dimensional level... a truly frightening thought."

For a while he had been sensing Doom Star as a colossal threat; he had missed one very important clue staring at him, the face and that was the color of this realm.

From above it was a green and black star. The green of it was like intense flames and the blackness was like an ocean of tar. When Rowan had fallen into Doom Star it was not with his power, wrapped by the power of Old Man Seed, he had been unable to understand the

sensation of passing through Doom Star.

Rowan frowned and looked at the heavens, analyzing the power structure of Doom Star. If the blackness he saw on the surface of Doom Star was the Pure Darkness that was a part of this realm and therefore the hidden power source of the Calamity Gods

and not the red Aura they utilized, then was the Green Aura the hidden power of Ascendants or was it a separate power entirely?

Also if he looked at the entire structure of Doom Star from a distance, the Calamity Gods inhabited the depths of the earth, and in the sky was the home of the Ascendants, what was above the Ascendants?

Could the answer be that simple? He only needed to go upwards, passing all the higher continents, passing both the Ascendant and Calamity Suns, and reaching above it to the power that supervised everything in this realm.

Rowan sat there in thought for a long while. The more he knew about the realm, the more questions arose.

Chapter 1174: Shrinking The Ocean

Every path has an end, and Rowan knew he would get to this one if he continued pulling on its strings. This was a mystery that had persisted for countless Minor Eras and who knew how many Major ones, he could not simply know everything within a short frame of time.

Understanding that he could not begin to get the answers he wanted by just staring at the copy of the crystal, Rowan entered his Hollow Forge and began to investigate the Aetherium Crystal itself, and he found out that his soul senses could not penetrate the shell of the crystal, so he could not tell what the three roving streams of power inside the crystal were. He needed his eyes, he needed his dimensional body, he needed Knowledge Well to understand reality from another perspective while his soul senses tackled it from the other end, Rowan would simply have to make do with what he had for now, and create a quick hypothesis before he focused on other pressing matters.

If his hypothesis was correct, then this meant that the green color was a third form of Aura, and it was one that was not mixed with the two present abundantly inside Doom Star.

Rowan knew that he needed to find out what this green Aura was before it was too late since he knew there was the presence of a third party in this conflict, who had always chosen to remain in the shadows, the best thing he could do was to understand their powers before they knew he saw the entirety of the board.

'No time to sit and think about the unknown, I just need to keep moving forward. Everything will be revealed in time. Hmmm, time, funny that I have you running in my veins. Now let's see how far I can push you.'

Palming the Aetherium inside his Hollow Forge, Rowan's soul eyes brightened as the dials inside them representing his Time Bloodline began to subtly vibrate, and for a brief moment, he wondered if he would be capable of something of this nature because it was not just a matter of complexity, but of power.

Aetherium was simply too powerful to be toyed with as he intended to, especially since he was sure that the Aetherium Crystal he had just created was very potent. In the creation of this Aetherium Crystal, there were many moments during the refinement process when he could have stopped and conceived a lesser variant of Aetherium, but he observed that he could still keep pouring more of the ocean into the spark he was kindling and he continued this process until he created something truly spectacular.

Rowan wondered if Primordials used Aetherium as their source of energy, and if they did, how did this Aetherium unit he had refined compare to theirs?

Disregarding any feelings of shortcoming in his head, the first dial in his eyes moved and the unit of Aetherium he was holding in his hand, doubled. He grinned, this power was ridiculous and he was beginning to grow fond of it.

Rowan's soul vibrated, and a loud shriek emerged from his Hollow Forge as if it was a piece of metal being placed under tremendous stress, he took a second to analyze the damages incurred to his Chamber and he shook his head in annoyance and a bit of worry. The damage was considerable, but he could take it... he had to.

The second dial in his eyes moved and the two Aetherium Crystals became four, his soul body began to flicker like a faulty light bulb and before he had time to think about it for long, he made the third dial move and the four Aetherium units instantly became eight!

There was silence inside his Hollow Forge for a short while, the calm before the storm, it was as if the Chamber was in disbelief that he had been so daring to not only repeat the process three times but also increase the load it would bear, without any further promoting, the Hollow Forge gave a loud groan and it began to shatter to pieces, those pieces further disintegrating until there was nothing left.

Rowan's soul began to shake itself to pieces but he did not care much. He was already healing from the effects of stretching his soul far past its limits, and despite the unreasonable pain he was undergoing, it was nothing before the eight units of Aetherium he was holding in his hands.

He had gathered the entirety of the power inside a universe before, and they could not fill up a single percent of the power present inside one of the Aetherium Crystals he was holding. During the battle in the universe when the Third Prince wielded Aetherium bolts against him, it had severely destabilized him, but now he realized that those could be merely compared to sparks flying off a grand flame. In his hands were the real deal, and

they were infinitely more potent than anything the Third Prince could ever dream of wielding.

His shattered Hollow Forge would be remade as soon as his soul was fully healed, but he knew that even if he became fully healed, he could not simply double his Aetherium units to sixteen, the load would be too heavy for his soul.

His soul might be extremely powerful, but such a burden was better carried out by his dimensional flesh, because his soul was suited for a different kind of task, not for creating Aetherium, and if not for the endless stream of soul energy being constantly funneled into his soul, he would have taken tens of millions of years to heal from the damages he had done to

it.

Besides, although he knew that the enemies he would be facing in the future would be powerful, he thought that the eight units of Aetherium should be sufficient for this oncoming battle.

He did not know how long it took for a higher dimensional being to create a single unit of Aetherium, but he knew that it must take a long time, and from the Aetherium bolts wielded by the Third Prince, there must be various levels to the processing of Aetherium, and this single crystal he held should be among the peak forms of Aetherium.

From touching the crystals he became aware of the various methods he could utilize in controlling this Aetherium Crystal, in this form it was just potential power that could be shaped if the Will of the user was strong enough.

At the moment he was not aware of its unique capabilities until he unleashed them, but because this Aetherium Crystal was associated with Aura, Rowan concluded that it must be related to the soul, and if this was the case, that would make this Aetherium Crystal one of the most valuable ones in all of reality.

Just like Aether, there were various forms of Aetherium, with each of them having their strengths and weaknesses.

He was not aware, but across the entirety of Doom Star, the endless ocean shrank by a very minute fraction when he created the eight Aetherium Crystals-the raw material for this process had to come from somewhere-it was a fraction so small that even an Ascendant Sun would not notice, but someone did, and their multiple eyes narrowed in suspicion.

Chapter 1175: Will Of Time

A deep growl came from their throat like a massive beast who had been enraged for time without reckoning,

"The end draws near once more, will you still make the same decision out of your greed and endless craving, or will you free me from my torment?... I have asked this question so many times, and now I no longer care for your answer, your actions and your silence are deafening, I have been blind for so long, and now I am coming for it all, one way or another, this torture must end!"

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Carefully placing the eight units of Aetherium aside, Rowan continued with his previous activities before he was interrupted by the surprising addition of a new bloodline to his soul. He had been attempting to form his fourth-dimensional Will.

As amazing as it was to gain a new bloodline that could control Time—and he was still unaware if there was any member of the bloodline of Time left behind—this would be a separate matter he would be focusing on later, for now, he needed to prime his Wills to immediately begin his Ascension to the fourth-dimensional level.

When the time came when he summoned the final portion of his consciousness, there would be intense chaos and battle all through the realm, and that was not the time he should begin seeking out the path for his Will.

If there was anyone who was able to do such a thing in the middle of battle, it would be Rowan, but he would rather be sure all his preparations were complete and smoothly ascend to a higher state than depend on luck, no matter how fiendishly good his luck was. With enough power, even his luck could be crushed.

He now had a new Ascendant Body and it would be a mistake not to take advantage of it. Rowan did not know what would happen to his dimensional flesh once he became a fourth-dimensional being, but he had a shocking idea of what might happen, this did not mean he would have to let himself remain in the third dimension because of fear, instead he would be climbing the dimensional ladder using his Ascendant body left behind in his city of golden giants.

It did not matter which body he used to attain a higher Will level, when the time came for him to ascend his dimensional flesh, he could simply exert the changes he already made with his Will on his Ascendant body and shift them to his dimensional flesh to trigger the ascension to a higher level.

He previously had three bloodlines and three separate Wills, now with the addition of a fourth bloodline, meant he had to acquire a fourth Will to ensure the proper development of this bloodline, and for him, it would not be that difficult, after all, his present soul body was made of Time.

Rowan closed his eyes and relaxed on his throne, sinking into himself as he allowed his body of Time to unravel before his senses. He tried not to control anything, he simply allowed himself to be.

Almost like a deep meditation, his soul senses began to spiral down like a machine that had been running at a previously feverish pace now finally settling down to a morose crawl. He felt lethargic at first and then his perception transformed and he saw himself from the inside out.

His soul was made from Time, and Time was his soul, wrapped around each other like one, they both could exist separately, but when they came together, something beautiful was created, and they became something new, something not Time nor Soul, it was as if it was a newborn whose future could not be determined.

In its normal state, Time flowed one way, its paths could not be diverted or stopped, and it could only be slowed down for a while, but its weight was so ponderous, that no one could hold it bound for long, it would always return to its previous speed without fail. This was the manner that Time behaved in all of reality, inside Rowan's body, the operation of Time had changed.

Instead of flowing one way like Time was supposed to behave, it was broken into many different flows.

Inside his body were mechanisms that appeared like cogs and gears, and they rotated in a pattern unique to them, their speeds of rotation being different from their neighbor, there were precisely 33,000 of these tiny cogs and gears inside his body, all rotating in their unique mystical pattern.

Some of them rotated so slowly it might take millions of years for them to make a single turn, while some moved so rapidly they appeared to be staying still, and their movements whether slow or fast affected the flow of Time around them, as Rowan realized that within him, the flow of Time became meaningless.

When he had acquired the bloodline of Time, on an instinctive level he had understood all of this, like how no one was taught to breathe, but discovering how the process worked was always an enlightening process.

This was the birth of Time and Soul being combined as one could accomplish, and he understood how the Time Stack ability came to be created as his first bloodline power. Only the chaotic time arrangements inside his bloodline could shatter the carefully controlled flow of Time that was applicable in all of reality and made his ridiculous time abilities possible. Rowan knew how incredibly dangerous such a chaotic flow of time could be if it was unleashed outside reality and he thought that perhaps he might have come to the truth about what had happened to Time, and the previously unknown power of Soul.

Before he could delve deeper into the speculation of the past, he felt a stirring in his consciousness as he gained the first level understanding of his bloodline of Time, and the Will of Time was born inside of him.

With his unique status as a dimension, and not just any dimension, he was a dimension that existed in all possible states at the same time. He was a combination of a first, second, and third dimension, which was the realization he had gained when he finally recreated his body and became something never before seen in existence.

His Will of Time did not begin in the fourth dimension, his path was different, he could explore power on a level that others would never enjoy, and his Will of Time was born as a one-dimensional evolving Will.

It was a shame that he could not observe the state of the rest of his Will because they needed his dimensional flesh to be manifested, the Will of Time however, did not depend on his flesh, but his soul and he was able to perfectly observe how his newly birthed Will began to interact with his consciousness.

His control over the dials of time in his eyes became clearer and he began to discern that they were not truly dials and that the cogs and gears inside his soul were something else, but he

needed to go deeper to find out what they were.

So, Rowan went deeper.

Achieving the first-dimensional level for an extremely powerful will like the Will of Time had taken him just a few moments, it was not even up to a second, and he began delving deeper to find the second level.

Chapter 1176: Forbidden Ground

Rowan's sight zoomed toward the various streams of time around the rotating cogs and gears in his blood, and he began to follow the flow between all these chaotic streams of time. It did not take long for him to notice that there was a pattern here, it was grand, spread across a distance that could be considered infinity, but Rowan had already conquered the Supreme Circles, and this would be easy for him to decipher.

Yet he stopped himself from following this path, not because it would not lead him to the truth, but because he wanted to feel time. He was not a soulless machine that grew just by gathering data, he wanted to experience it in its entirety, he wanted to love his powers in a way he had never set out to do before and Rowan disregarded all that he knew and he allowed his senses to fall deeper into himself.

Every moment after this one was a revelation to his senses, and Rowan delighted in it. If not for the vastness of his soul that made such a thing impossible, he could become a cultivation zombie, endlessly chasing the high if delving into the plane of the mysterious.

For the first time in a long time, Rowan held nothing back, previously he would always have an eye out watching for dangers, no matter how deeply he entered any sort of meditative state. He could never truly devote himself to a single thing, and although that should not matter as much for him, there were certain experiences that could not be appreciated if one had to hold back.

His paranoia and the state of his consciousness which was similar to a Hive Mind would never allow him to place himself in such a compromising position, but there was a reason he came to find the Shiik, and it was not just to prepare her for the coming battle.

If there was anyone in the entire realm who he could depend on to protect him when he was this deep into his mind, it would be her... although, thinking about the Shiik angrily tapping at the throne without considering anything else made him sigh once more... at least if danger unexpectedly came, it would go a long way to resolve her boredom.

The thought occurred to him that perhaps the Shiik might have trouble with his other children, especially the Lady of Shadows when he freed them all from his dormant dimension, but he shrugged, knowing that such conflicts would most likely be minor.

With these last thoughts, he allowed himself to sink deeper.

Time took him and tore his mind to pieces.

His senses entered all 33,000 streams of disjointed Time, and even with his powerful soul, Rowan had to take a while before his mind could fully accept being split into all these different streams of time.

One part of his mind saw a million years go by in a second, another saw a second move so slowly that a million years would have to pass before it was completed. As soon as he could perfectly grasp all these different time streams, the chaotic nature of Time in his soul ceased to exist and he began to glimpse the pattern that governed them all on an instinctive level.

This was different from his usual intellectual understanding of power, this state was deeper. Almost like breathing, all 33,000 streams of Time were known to him and he knew that this was a power that was unique to him, like a fingerprint.

He smoothly ascended to the second-dimensional Will level for the Will of Time, and his control over his bloodline deepened, and he felt the fourth dial in his eyes beginning to loosen, and he knew that if he wanted he could forcefully move it.

A little bit of pondering on this issue made Rowan realize how lucky he was to have acquired his bloodline of Time while inside Doom Star. If he had acquired his bloodline inside a material universe, the streams of Time he could have gained would be pathetic, smaller than a puddle, and the number of separate streams in his soul might not even exceed a single digit.

If he had acquired this power in the reality outside, whether it be inside the Great Darkness, or the larger realms outside of it, his soul would have been torn to pieces because there would have been too much time for his nascent soul to consume.

Inside a closed-off realm like Doom Star was just right for him, it contained an impressive stream of time that could rival a million material universes combined, and its laws of power were severely skewed toward Aura, leaving a large gap in its power infrastructure that Rowan had easily been able to come into and fill it up.

A thought suddenly came to him that made him shudder and then he dismissed it as he strove towards the third dimensional level for his Will of Time.

"Luck or Design?"

R

Across the vast stretch of land and ocean that had been vaporized by the red sun of Hate that Shisu had unleashed, the scars remained, even after nearly a month. The primary reason for this was the Calamity gods that were revealed below the ground, their pervasive essence had begun to corrupt reality on a large scale.

The frightening sights of countless eyes and tentacles that waved out from the earth, all possessing the desire to drag down the heavens and corrupt every living thing in existence held sway.

Now a great truth was revealed about the endless ocean and the folly of Shisu because it was the presence of the ocean that suppressed these Calamity Gods underneath and stopped their Aura from staining reality. With the massive explosion that cleared out a massive wave of the ocean and allowed the Aura of the Calamity Gods to build up, even reality could no longer hide their presence.

The darkness that their presence generated had stopped the ocean from filling the millions of miles of barren ground, and from afar this region was like a black hole in the center of the endless ocean, although many Explorers and even Ascendants had entered this region, none of them left alive, causing this area to be labeled a forbidden ground, and despite how terrifying it was, it was not given as much importance because the might of the Ascendants were focused on other matters.

The ongoing battle in the Time-blight region, the death of an Ascendant Sun, and the loss of the infinity bubble were all terrifying situations, and the only good news to

emerge from this debacle was that the Ascendants still held onto the power of their Wills, any other situation and their entire power base would have collapsed.

This entire region was dangerous, but since its influence was reduced to a single location and with the area surrounded by the ocean and no indicators that the Calamity gods below intended to spread their domain, it was considered that it was best to be left alone, but not for long as a powerful team of Ascendant was being set up to investigate the location and disperse the newly created forbidden ground.

Chapter 1177: Arrival

The entire reason for this disaster was because Shisu was chasing the perpetrators who were suspected to be linked to the death of an Ascendant sun and the loss of the infinity bubble, the disappearance of Shisu, an Ascendant of the 3rd Dan had spread a ripple of unease along the ranks of Ascendants.

This matter led to far-reaching consequences that shook the foundations of the realm further.

Chaos reigned across the entire realm, and of the two Ascendant Suns that remained, both of them began to pursue two separate directions that led to further confusion among the ranks. There had been three Ascendant Suns left after a million years of losses, and now one of them had perished, Ganem, who was the stabilizing glue that kept these three great powers at a balance, since the presence of a third Ascendant Sun would ensure no one of them would commit any radical actions that would lead to the other two Suns ganging up on them.

Without this balance in place, there was nothing holding the two major powers from setting up their separate camp. Such a decision might seem to be madness at a time like these, but the Ascendant Suns were used to having a balancing factor in their relationship with each other, and now for the first after millions of years, they had gained a weird sort of freedom.

The ways they looked at matters were different, and now they could pursue their individual goals as they saw fit without worrying about being suppressed.

The last two Ascendant Suns Dilos and Trelmol separated because of their ideologies. Ascendant Sun Dilos pushed for war. He felt that the events of the last few years have more than necessitated this course of action.

They were being rapidly weakened by an enemy they could not see, the best option going forward was to clear out the enemy they could find which was the Time-blight, and then focus on wiping out the invisible enemy.

They had suspects of course, and they knew it was related to the mysterious entity that arrived a million years ago, it was killed off, but they had suspected that it was not the only one who entered the realm.

Ascendant Sun Trelmol on the other hand cautioned for a more defensive approach. He feared the reason they had suffered so much losses was because the forces of the Ascendants had spread themselves too thin.

According to Trelmol, they were still operating their forces with impunity, the same way they were doing when they were five Ascendant Suns, and now the situation had changed drastically. They should consolidate their forces inside a fortified barrier and allow their enemy to come to them, this should kill any ambush plans of this unknown enemy and stop the unnecessary waste of life and resources.

Both of their plans had advantages and disadvantages, but the problem was that they could not set a common ground and this led to the split of the Ascendants forces.

Ascendant Sun Trelmol called upon the forces he controlled, these included a majority of the Council of Nine and several hundred Ascendant forces that flew under various banners back to the upper continent, where he began building a powerful fortification to safeguard his forces. Dilos began fervently increasing the push towards the Time Blight, hoping to wipe out this stain, therefore proving himself correct and swaying Trelmol to his side.

To prove his point Dilos no longer chose to stand and watch events ongoing on the ground and began physically moving towards the Time Blight, the one visible enemy he could see, why sending out small offshoots of Ascendants to investigate the various mysterious events happening and if it was possible for them, they should solve it.

For the first time since ever, an Ascendant Sun began to separate from its partner and drift across the skies, an event that caused great uproar across the realm.

R

In the desolate basin where the hatred sun had laid waste was tainted darkness spewed from the Calamity Gods below, the space in a nondescript area wiggled and subtly transformed, the area seemingly losing color despite the ever-present darkness.

Slowly, this area cracked into pieces, revealing an eerie location that was outside the bounds of this realm, from within the shattered space, green eyes glittered within, and it grew larger and brighter as the Chaos Door Labaletia emerged from it.

His small face was childish yet had wrinkles like an old man was stern as if he was expecting an audience, therefore needing to present himself in the best light, but he suddenly turned to the side and began to vomit explosively after he inhaled a large dose of the darkness present in the area.

With tears streaming down his eyes and snot running from his nose, he looked around himself and cursed aloud,

"Fuck you Rowan and this damned mission!"

His body jerked and he vanished, and after a while, the space he had vacated began to vibrate, and a small gap appeared from which a tiny blue snake slipped through it also looked around before unerringly finding the location where the Chaos Door headed, and it followed, slipping through space like a phantom.

R

Nyla Sheritz, now known as the Redeemer by many, had just escorted a batch of Temple Maidens to the island. This would be the last time she was expecting to leave Trion and head to the outside world for recruitment because the world had become truly chaotic as of late.

One shocking event after another followed in quick succession and she discovered that the only way she could find peace was back on Trion, beside her sisters.

She had news of grand events that she needed to transmit to the Shiik, and she hurried down to the central cathedral, where a series of hidden steps began taking her deep into the earth.

With her Ascendant body, she flitted down the steps like smoke, zooming past miles in mere seconds until she reached the chambers of the Shiik.

She touched the massive doors blocking this hidden chamber from outside detection and began pushing the unique Aura that was born from the darkness being generated constantly inside had mind, which triggered some sets of hidden devices inside the door that made it slowly rumble open.

Chapter 1178: Eyes Wide Shut

Ascendant Nyla entered the chamber and was met with the excited gaze of the Shiik, however, Nyla's eyes were not focused on this magnificent queen for long before it moved to the right where a heavenly being of light sat on a throne of golden flame, her jaws dropped open as it felt as if her mind was exploding, a buzzing in her ears that she soon identified as the Shiik brought her mind out of the daze she had fallen into,

".... Is it ready yet, I am tired of waiting!" the Shiik was tapping the side of her throne more furiously as she spoke, words flowing from her mouth in an endless stream,

"How far has the Ascendant Sun traveled, is it a hoax that one of the Suns had truly fallen or did he simply hide himself in fear of my Creator's return? When can we expect a Temple Mother's arrival on Trion?..."

"Um, what?" Nyla looked back at the Shiik flustered, "What did you say? I was... I was..." She fell back into silence,

Sigh. "Is the outside world becoming that dangerous? Come back to me, child, rod your kind of chaos and tell me everything. In my presence, you are safe from any outside influence. Tell me all about your mission."

Nyla's eyes snapped back to the Shiik and nodded, "Um, yes, of course, my mission... but my Queen, what... who is that beside you?"

The Shiik finally noticed that the state of Nyla had changed once she entered her presence and not before, turned to her side, and frowned, "What do you mean, I don't..."

She unexpectedly vanished from her throne and appeared beside Nyla, her red hair began to blaze and her nails lengthened as she bared her fangs, hissing like a snake, her heart had nearly escaped her chest when she saw that a presence had been with her for a while and she had not even noticed,

"Who is that?!" she shrieked, her confused gaze turning to Nyla for a moment before returning to the shining figure sitting calmly on his throne,

"My Queen, don't tell me you did not know that you were not alone all this time." Nyla looked between the Shiik and the sitting figure, not knowing if she should laugh or cry at this situation.

The Shiik transmitted her words into Nyla's mind, "Stand behind me, I will deal with this situation, if you notice that things are getting out of hand, evacuate with as many Temple Maidens as you can, if any single Temple Maiden survives, so do we all."

Noticing that the figure had made no threatening gesture and appeared to be sleeping, the Shiik relaxed a bit and her eyes blazed with black flames as she used her investigative methods, but the flames from her eyes gutted out as if blown by the wind and black and white blood erupted from her sockets making the Shiik grunt in pain.

This did not deter her as her eyes healed in a blink and she poured a tremendous amount of vitality inside of them while boosting them with her Will.

Black runes of fire enveloped her entire body and then blasted outwards as she used her Will for eyes, but when it reached the shiny figure sitting on the throne, the Will simply vanished, swallowed into it without any motions made to unravel the mystery quest.

The Shiik backed away, her eyes not filled with panic but resolve, she turned to Nyla,

"Evacuate everyone, leave as far away from this place as possible, and don't look back."

Nyla nodded, but there was something in the voice of the Shiik that made the Temple Maiden who was about to leave, pause,

"Are you going to be okay?"

The Shiik smiled and her head gracefully rose, "I am the Queen of Calamities."

Nyla looked at her for a bit before turning and leaving, a sense of sorrow erupting in her heart, she could feel the connection between the Queen and every Temple Maiden including her begin to loosen.

If she was taking this direction, it meant the Shiik believed she could not survive what was coming, and the fallout of this battle could be so devastating, that it did not matter if she could resurrect using any of the bodies of the Temple Maidens, so she decided to give them a chance at survival, no matter how slim it was.

'Was it possible that the missing Ascendant Sun, rumored to be dead, was secretly hiding under the continent of Trion? What could be his purpose? Most likely the destruction of that enigmatic being behind the Shiik.'

Nyla gritted her teeth, "As expected, this forsaken realm takes everything." behind her she could hear the roar of the Queen as she charged into battle, and knew that there could be nowhere far enough to run.

R

Rowan was deep inside his soul, his mind separated into 33,000 distinct time flows, as he began to explore the next step towards the third dimension. A part of him already knew the answer but he silenced it, wanting the result to flow naturally to his senses.

It took a few hours but then it clicked and Rowan's soul cheered. The cogs and gears were the frameworks, and the time stream around them was the coating, they may be separated into different time streams but that was looking at this picture from a two-dimensional perspective.

If he allowed himself to see everything as a whole using the senses of a higher dimension, he could see the marvelous painting they were creating. It was fiendishly complex, the operations of which could not be discerned by any mortal or even most immortal minds, but Rowan was not trying to solve a puzzle, he just wanted to experience his bloodline operation. Like a young bird learning to fly, it should be more of an instinctual process for him. His bloodline already held power, he could grow by

letting his instincts guide him. Within the vast complexity, a simple arrangement showed itself. Simple in the sense that it was the least of the possible combinations that this diagram could make, yet it was so complex that Rowan could only grasp it instinctively with his soul, and if he wanted to understand its make-up, even with the power of his mind and Knowledge Well, it would take him months, for others, forever.

It was his Time Stack power.

This deeper understanding of his bloodline and its first ability pushed Rowan to the third- dimensional Will of Time, and his soul jolted in pleasure, he had barely used eight hours to gain the powerful Will of Time and bringing it up to his present state, while also limiting himself, and he could not wait to finally touch the fourth-dimensional level to see what that scene would look like.

Noticing a disturbance, Rowan ignored it, the Shiik would block anyone from reaching him for a while, and he did not want to leave this state of enlightenment. The disturbance came again, and he frowned, his anger triggering his full mental capacity and in that instant, Rowan simply understood the path to the fourth dimension and he cursed in anger.

"Why am I being disturbed?!"