

The Primordial Record

Chapter 401: Cheating With Soul Energy

The tremendous chaos inside Andar's mind was enough to rouse Rowan from slumber, as he took another ten seconds from his eight– 'ten seconds' that was remaining.

His mind grasped everything that happened and he scrutinized the situation from all angles, this was one of the eventualities he planned for before entering the Magus society.

It would be impossible to perfectly infiltrate the world of Mages, even if he chooses to stay low-key. Although that would have been a better option, Rowan was always constrained by time and powerful enemies, he had to always be one step ahead.

At this time he had been suppressed inside Andar's mind due to the damages the Spirit Matrix sustained.

This did not happen by chance.

Rowan had sensed a destructive will bearing down on Andar, and at first, he thought his presence had been discovered but this Will had no malice, only an endless amount of apathy, and it was directed more towards the hand of the Chained god than to him, he was just a side note.

Whomever this was, Rowan was nothing and they wanted to shake him off the board, he realized that if he allowed this will to fully accomplish its task, then Andar would be left in a vegetative state for decades and he would then be useless for his purpose.

Rowan decided to bear the full brunt of the attack, knowing that what did not kill him would ultimately be considered a useless assault as he would heal and return stronger.

Judging by the damage his Reflection suffered, it meant he would not be in contact with Andar for over a year, maybe even less if Andar was able to solve the chaos in his spirit Matrix, but he was not too hung up over this, perhaps it would turn out to be a good thing.

Rowan with his Empyrean body had developed a habit of recklessness, and his innate immortality would have influenced the young Andar to commit acts that were beyond his capabilities.

Andar had been developing a disturbing habit of trying to impress Rowan, and he would have properly channeled the thoughts of Andar soon enough but now he had been temporarily blocked from his side.

If nothing changes then in a year, he will see what progress this child has made. Rowan looked inside himself, all was not lost.

Rowan could not open his Primordial Record to check its status, because this treasure was an absolute item that obeyed its own rules, Rowan could not force it to open inside this split time he had made, but he sensed that at the moment he encountered the Supreme Meditation Art, his Primordial Record vibrated.

He would bet that if he opened to the seventh page, he would see a new technique.

Frostmourne!

The only Supreme Meditation Art of the Magus World.

In a manner, Andar had performed his duties to Rowan, and so he shifted his gaze away from the boy and into the Divine Palace of Erohim.

The boy had given him many gifts, and the most important of all was the ten seconds he gave him. With those ten seconds, Rowan would be able to change his fate, if the only thing Andar achieved was to give him these ten seconds, then it was enough.

He had created precisely 140 World seeds because that was all he would need to wake up.

Normally a World Seed would need to gestate for a decade while feeding on and corrupting the host planet, but with Soul Energy, Rowan could skip all that.

He only needed to generate enough energy for the World Seeds to mature and take over the planet and in turn, they would feed him the Essence of that world, which would in turn grant him massive amounts of Attributes and lifespan while laying the foundation for him to craft his Territory.

He had controlled Soul Energy without before but due to the constraints of having so little Soul Energy, he could not really flex his will and experiment. This was not a problem for him anymore, the soul of Erohim and the world of Jarkarr was enough for him to digest for decades.

Each of the World Seeds was the size of a small calf, and within it was a complex machinery that was impossible to describe, because parts of it did not even exist in the material universe.

This was an ability that surpassed the limits of the original Ouroboros Bloodline and was born from his Chaos blood. It was this ability that brought about shocking changes in his Ouroboros Bloodline.

Eva had trained her full attention on the developments of the World Seeds and previously Rowan wanted to release them as they were, but he was beginning to detect a hint of danger that he could no longer deny.

Although that intuition of danger was ever present around him, this was the first time he had been so disabled for an extended period.

This situation was all right and proper because any action would have consequences. Rowan had eaten the soul of a god, by all right, he should have slept for millennia while he digested this bounty.

He was getting impatient, he needed to wake up, because, well... he could cheat. His Soul Energy was the ultimate trump card, coupled with the other amazing abilities from his bloodline, Rowan could accomplish wonders.

The Knowledge Well Chamber was now a part of him, and after analyzing all his memories, including the times he used Soul Energy without , it had already created eight strategies to manipulate Soul Energy, and Rowan used all his time to rapidly go through them.

He levitated a Soul Crystal that contained one million Soul Points. Using all the guidelines that Knowledge Well had simulated Rowan discarded six of the methods, they were either too slow or too wasteful.

Even if Knowledge Well could create accurate simulations, he still needed to test them in reality.

He had already lost more than 300,000 Soul Points to his experiments, but it was not a waste. The strange tree inside his Palace of Ice grew a few inches with the energy that was lost.

Chapter 402: Matured World Seeds.

The last two methods were the most suitable, the first manipulated Soul Points in a finer manner, and Rowan decided to call that method the Minutiae Realm. It made a single needle of Soul Energy and he would be able to use it to perform works that required a firm and dexterous touch.

With Minutiae Realm Rowan should be able to thread Soul Energy through the eye of a needle and work with Soul Energy on the Cellular level.

He had not forgotten his dreams of becoming a Mobile Alchemy Forge. He shuddered to think what he could forge using Soul Energy while using Minutiae Realm.

With every experiment he made using Soul Energy, his Knowledge Well would gather data and improve the methodology, until he could manipulate Soul Energy on the atomic level and even smaller than that. In time he may be able to access the quantum realm and use the Minutiae Realm method to introduce changes to it.

The second method used Soul Energy like a hose, controlled but released in massive amounts. He called this Method—the Big Bang. There was nothing subtle about this method, he only needed control, direction, and a massive amount of Soul Energy.

His experiments used up the ten seconds, and he drew forth another ten seconds leaving him with seven-ten seconds left.

It was the Big Bang Method he required at this time, and so he directed his sight towards all 140 World Seeds and he sacrificed six out of the seven ten seconds he had until time became a bit linear, leaving him with the last ten seconds.

He pushed all his concentration into the single consciousness pillar he had available to him, and he called forth the full might of his Knowledge Well for control, as he unleashed 140 Big Bangs!

Instantly ten Soul Crystals were crushed and his opened right palm began to glow red-hot, 140 thick purple tendrils made of Soul Energy grew from his palm and waved around like serpents looking for prey before pouncing on the hovering World Seeds.

"Eva, cover my hand with a shield, to reduce the fluctuations of my Soul Energy," Rowan whispered with his last breath before falling into slumber.

Eva already understood her instructions, and gathering thirty Angels she began to create a formation over Rowan's right hand; it was made just in time before a massive pulse erupted from the World Seeds, cracking the formation but it barely held.

They hastily began repairing the formation, as Eva watched the World Seeds begin to expand. Another stronger pulse erupted, but now the formation was strong enough to contain it.

One hundred and twenty-three pulses erupted from the growing World Seeds before it settled, and now each of them was as large as a story building with countless golden filaments surrounding them like hair.

The World Seeds resembled massive dandelions, and each waving tendrils left clean slices in space. Whatever they were made from was very sharp.

They pulsed slowly as if they were a beating heart inside them, and the Aura they gave off was filled with mysteries. These were all fully matured World Seeds!

A World Seed would need to drain a planet of consciousness and massive amounts of resources before they would be able to begin transforming the planet, but with a single Soul Crystal, Rowan had become able to accomplish this task.

Apart from creating dozens of Angels, this was his single biggest expenditure and it was worth it.

Eva turned to the Angels, her eyes shining with a bright purple light, they rotated in their sockets as she made millions of calculations every second.

She had finished checking the status of all World Seeds, and all of them were perfect and without any defects. These steps were necessary because any World Seed here was a powerful force for change, that any god or great power in the universe would do anything to get their hands on.

Every World Seed was both powerful and incredibly delicate, with trillions of connections and pathways inside that any single deviation from the norm would lead to disaster.

An Empyrean with this ability was both a bane and a curse, for there could be unknown mutations in their World Seeds while they develop due to factors they could not control, making all of their World Seeds different, and so their qualities were naturally different, with some World Seeds being superior to others.

Most of the time they had to destroy the World Seed they created because they rebelled against their creator, making each seeding of any world a dangerous and cumbersome task for any Empyrean with this ability.

Although this ability was broken, most Empyreans would not willingly select it from their bloodline source, because of the unknown factor that could arise during the process. Besides most World Seeding Abilities could only seed perhaps a dozen worlds.

Every World Seed Rowan created was perfect. He did not have to depend on the messy energies inside the worlds he was seeding to feed them to maturity, they were all superior-grade World Seeds with enough vibrant energies that they could light up a star.

"Are the worlds to be seeded fully monitored?"

Erudiel the Sovereign replied by opening his palm and realistic models of 140 worlds floated above it, Eva's eyes went through each of the worlds in excruciating detail one more time before nodding,

"We shall be seeding worlds, ten at a time, starting from the edge of the star cluster. Each World Seed is going to be accompanied by three Angels. The Space routes have been calculated, go with haste."

Three Angels encircled a single World Seed and shielded it with a circle of flames and they shot into space like golden beams of light.

The full attention of the Scribes, Spell Weavers, Angels, and the Entire Divine Palace was focused on this task and Eva created a large two hundred feet realistic hologram of the ten World Seeds being escorted by the Angels, as the entire Divine Palace seemed to be holding its breath.

Chapter 403: Seeding Worlds

Inside the Cerulean Galaxy were vast amounts of worlds numbering in the billions, but few of them had the required resources that Rowan wanted.

Aether could be found in every corner of the universe, but it was not distributed evenly. For the planets that were lucky or some would say unlucky to have a suitable amount of Aether in their vicinity, changes would begin to develop on these planets, giving the world a consciousness and creating various mystical resources.

These resources included magical metals like Davross, Adamantite, Silverine, and many others. There were also magical plants, locations, and most importantly, an indigenous population that had potential and was in sufficient numbers to feed him a vast amount of Soul Points when they died of natural causes, or due to war and sickness.

The Cerulean Galaxy was mostly filled with humanoid populations, and they had worlds that were filled with such resources, but among the many billion worlds, barely three thousand of these worlds had the requirement Rowan needed, and such worlds inevitably drew the attention of the strong.

The challenge, therefore, was to find suitable worlds that did not have the presence of gods or guardians more powerful than the Third Great Circle. Vraegar and the two Sovereigns had powers on this level but any battle of that scale would draw attention.

They had to avoid all confrontations at this delicate period of time.

This was the restriction Rowan gave, at least until he woke up, at that time he would begin a wholesale hunting of the gods of the Cerulean Galaxy. He would have enough Attributes in his Absolute Body to be able to support the growth of his Avatar of Eve bloodline.

Rowan intended to reach the peak of the Second Great Circle with his Avatar of Eve bloodline at the moment he woke up. This would give him the ability to begin fusing his Angels and give him the strength to battle Earth gods.

With the assistance of his Absolute Body and Angels he would be able to battle the gods in this galaxy, with the wave of Soul Points and Essence he would receive from their Divine Kingdom, he would push his two bloodlines to the Third Great Circle.

At that time, he would have the ability to begin his battle against Trion. His enemies however were greater than these, so his goal was to push for the Limits of the Fourth Great Circle, at that level, he did not care how powerful his father may be outside this universe, for Rowan would have no equal inside this universe.

If it was not enough, Rowan would seed the entire universe until every gesture from him would shatter the very fabric of reality.

That was the overall plan, but first, he would have to start small.

So he could take subpar worlds for now, he just needed to awaken from his slumber, and then the true conquest would begin. He had millions of Angels of Char surrounding his Palace, and the universe was awaiting their glorious light.

Every obstacle in his path will burn.

Eve had fine-tuned the selection of worlds to eight solar systems, and to avoid unnecessary interference from outside influence, none of these worlds had space-traveling capabilities, and their level of technology was equal to the nineteenth century in Rowan's previous life, so much of their magical resources had not been tampered with because their inhabitants were incapable of exploiting those resources.

The most powerful figures in those worlds were at the Second Great Circle in power, and any of his Angels could sweep through the entire world in a matter of hours.

The solar systems were also not too far apart and they were all generally around a small cluster of stars that was overseen by a single god, but still far from its attention.

The first batch of Angels arrived at a solar system with precisely ten worlds, the worlds were orbiting a small blue sun and of the planets, three had sentient life while the rest were filled with bestial creatures.

With ten beams of light stopping over the planet, their presence was detected. It was impossible not to, for each Angel appeared as if another sun was shining in the sky.

Across the ten worlds, heads were raised to the skies, in astonishment and fear. Countless beasts seemed to understand that change was upon them and roars and howls came from countless throats.

The Major powers in the worlds were filled with fear and confusion, the Angels did not hide their presence and the World Seed was shining bright like a star.

Each Angel coldly assessed the planets below them, some were arid lands with vast spanning deserts, and others were filled with forests and lakes, every planet was different.

With the final check complete, Eva from the Divine Palace made an arcane gesture with her fingers, and the World Seeds were enveloped with a milky white light and vanished, each of them was shot into the center of the planet using the Fast Travel ability of his Astrolabe Chamber.

The World Seed passed through the planet without shifting a single grain of sand and arrived at the core of the planet. It luxuriated in the intense heat from the planet's core before its program went into effect.

The millions of waving fine tendrils around the World Seed shot into space and infiltrated the growing World Consciousness. For a Minor World like this, their World Consciousness had the mind of a baby and its actions were instinctive.

It was a simple thing for the World Seed to wipe its mind and begin to transform the World Consciousness into an extension of Rowan's consciousness.

If Rowan's brain were to be the size of a universe, then this planet would have become a single neuron inside his developing mind. This was one of the purposes of the World Seed.

Having accomplished this task the World Seed got access to the entire structure of the planet. Since it did not need to draw on any of the planet's resources, the tendrils on the World Seed expanded from the size of a hair to a gargantuan size, tens of thousands of miles long.

Chapter 404: Primordial Worlds

The birth of a World Consciousness was influenced by Aether and the living beings on the planet, and over a long period of time, the connection between the World Consciousness and the planet would become inseparable.

The World Consciousness had a plentiful web of Aether that was spread all over the planet, this invisible web of Aether was what it used to influence various functionalities of the planet, including the birth and death of the inhabitants, their overall developments, and many other duties that would be impossible to list out for it numbered in the millions.

Over time a World consciousness may develop enough presence of self and if there were certain unique factors that were present, including many sentient populations that

worshiped an aspect of the World Consciousness, it had the chance to reach the Universe Origins and ignite its Spark, transforming into a god.

This was how many gods were birthed.

The gigantic tendrils of the World Seed followed the passage of the World Consciousness web, and from each massive tendril that numbered in the thousands, smaller tendrils in their millions sprouted from it, and this trend continued until the entire planet system was fully taken over.

This happened simultaneously on all ten planets, as the fully matured World Seeds infiltrated its Aether network and took it over with supernatural speed. The entire planet shook, and every living being whether sentient or non-sentient, saw golden dragon eyes.

On one of the planets, a fisherman going home from a long day of work did not see the golden light of the World Seed appear over in space because he was on the other side of the planet, but he could not miss the world shaking beneath his feet and throwing up massive waves in the river or could he forget seeing two dragon eyes as if they had been engraved into his soul.

He had hardly settled his beating heart when he saw a glow inside the water, and when he looked over into the clear river he saw a strange growth emanating from the bottom of the river, like countless golden threads crafting a web?

The golden thread flashed, and a bright glow suddenly enveloped all the planets, and everything fell still as if time was frozen, the winds stopped and even light appeared to be frozen in place.

A golden Rune that resembled a coiled Ouroboros Serpent appeared on the forehead of the sleeping fisherman. The Rune slithered around the body of the man before penetrating his heart.

All over the planet, the same Rune appeared on the uncountable trillions of living things, from bacteria to trees to people. The Rune entered the power center of every living thing and it began to change the world and its inhabitants.

Such sweeping changes affected the very rotation and revolution of the planets and all their motions ceased.

It was a very strange sight that would cause anyone who saw it to be left scared and dumbfounded, for with every passing moment, visible changes were happening on the planets.

Flora and fauna began to turn to dust as new trees and shrubs sprouted from the ash; the same thing happened to all living beings on the planet. Some did not make it, and

the change wiped out millions of species on each planet, but something new was taking their place.

The air began to thicken like soup and massive storm clouds covered the planets with golden lightning bolts that spanned continents roving through the cloud. The many worlds seemed to have reversed to their primordial state.

The changes happening on the planets were hidden by the storm clouds, but a frightening Aura was emanating from all the planets that made the sun on that solar system begin to shudder as if it was about to go out.

Eva nodded in appreciation at a smooth World Seeding, keeping her attention on the figure that could cause a problem, she was happy to note that there was no movement from the god in the local star cluster. Eva authorized the next rounds of World Seeding and watched in rapt attention as the new batch of Angels took off.

When the first worlds were seeded, Rowan's body shook as if a jolt of electricity passed through his veins, a wave of color passed through his gigantic body, and his body began to heat up, and a loud detonation like an enormous heartbeat erupted from his body, pushing the Angels a few hundred feet back, only the Sovereign Erudiel and Eva kept their position.

With every World being seeded his temperature increased until it was burning at thousands of degrees Celsius. Angels were children of fire and they were comfortable around such a ridiculous amount of heat, the Scribes and the only Spell Weaver had to retreat.

The Scribes had to move two thousand miles away to other sections of the Divine Palace, while Diane gritted her teeth and wrapped her body in a shield of gold, as she retreated for ten thousand feet, she wanted to be here when her god opened his eyes.

The ground below Rowan's body began to warp and the floor transformed to lava, and Diane had to fight off the intense growing heat and pressure, such powers left her weak and in awe, as she screamed and kept her shield up, she wanted to walk by his side and to achieve that she must be strong.

In the midst of the intense commotion happening around Rowan, Vraegar flew into the hall like his tail was on fire, he had something on his mind as his mouth was opened to report but he was struck dumb when he saw the present state of Rowan.

Rowan's waist-length golden hair had risen like massive pythons and was waving around, his body was emitting shocking heat, now and then a loud heartbeat would erupt from Rowan's body that spread a visible wave of force and made cracks appear in space around him.

The sound was getting louder with each beat, and it began to spread for millions of miles.

What was occurring was that with each seeded world, massive amounts of Attributes were streaming into Rowan's body, and such shocking growth was now being reflected in his size.

His five hundred feet body began to increase explosively, going to 600 feet, 700 feet... The cracking sounds made from his growing body began to shatter the hall around him.

Chapter 405: My Sun Sets, Only To Rise Again

Vraegar shouted, "Lady of Shadows, I bring warning."

Eva turned to the dragon in annoyance, but after remembering the task he was given she tempered her wrath, "Report!" she said to him.

"They are beginning to draw closer to the Divine Palace."

Eva frowned, she could not tell why the Children of Ruin were following the Divine Palace, she left it alone because until now they had caused no disturbance and she did not have the force to challenge them, this new movement from them was disturbing, for they could not have picked a worse timing.

she turned to Vraegar, "Stand at the Million-mile mark and let none of them get past you. Hold them with your dead body if that is the last thing you are able to do."

Vraegar growled in anger, he was about to leave when Eva said, "Erudiel, join him and make sure nothing goes through you. We need three minutes." Erudiel flew over and tapped the snout of the dragon, "Let us go."

Eva had already devoted all the spare Aether she could harvest from Rowan into a defensive formation around this chamber; if the Children of Ruin attacked, it would not be enough to stop them, but it could delay for seconds, and that could be the difference between victory and defeat.

She turned back to Rowan and watched his growing body which was at a thousand feet now, each loud blast from his body represented a new seeded world, and there were now 35 of those blasts. A ridiculous number for such a short time, but not fast enough.

Reducing the escorting Angel by one, Eva began seeding Worlds, 15 at a time, this was her bottom line, and she would not go any lower.

Devoting most of her attention to the Worlds about to be seeded, she kept monitoring each of the processes, when it reached 50 Worlds, the tension in her heart did not reduce but increased, they were nearing the threshold.

140 Worlds were the absolute maximum Rowan needed to quickly wake up; he could wake up using 70 Worlds, but he was a perfectionist.

She briefly went through the message from Erudiel, who informed her that the children of Ruin stopped at three million miles from the Divine Palace, there were no aggressive movements from them, in fact, the atmosphere around them seemed to be solemn as if they were waiting for something.

"I don't care if they are dogs wagging their tails, keep them at the million miles mark."

The number of Seeded Worlds reached 80, and Rowan began to stir, underneath his eyelids were movements, his eyes were beginning to move, and it was possible to see lightning flashing beneath his closed sockets.

At 100 Seeded Worlds, the Ouroboros Serpents began to awaken, on Rowan's chest, you could see their faces pressed against his skin, as dull roars that sounded utterly alien came from their maws.

At 120 Seeded Worlds, Rowan's mouth opened and a sleepy Ouroboros Serpent with a single eye came out from his mouth. This was the first Ouroboros Serpent and in many ways, it was the strongest.

It was in a reduced size yet it was still longer than 5,000 feet (1.52 kilometers), the crystalline crown on its head and spine seemed to be reflecting a light from another age, and it shook its head and began circling Rowan's body, its massive head came to rest on his shoulders, and the Ouroboros Serpent roared.

In short order, the remaining five Ouroboros Serpents escaped from Rowan's mouth, and they coiled around him, their massive bodies hovering in the air and producing arcane patterns that made reality twist.

Each seeded world brought astonishing changes to their bodies and their sleepy eyes were becoming brighter. The savagery in their blood was rousing and they roared.

The Worlds reached 140, and the heat from Rowan's body retreated and a chill took its place, he took a long breath and Rowan's golden eyes opened.

"My sun sets, only to rise again."

A golden light pierced from his crown tore through the Divine Palace and shot into the universe.

"Creator," Eva whispered.

All his Angels bowed before him in every world they were in. Even Nezirakim and Dora on the far-off battlefield in Trion stopped and looked to the west, and they bowed and worshiped.

An ephemeral force swept through the entire Divine Palace and every mortal was pressed to the ground.

Rowan's eyes were still in a daze, and in another second steadied, and he brought forth one of his palms and took Eva up.

"Creator, what..."

That was all she could say before Eva screamed in pain.

At the moment of his awakening, Rowan did not waste a single moment. He was already at the peak of Incarnation in the Avatar of Eve Bloodline, he immediately began ascending to the second Great Circle.

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Fury Kuranes had been waiting for eight months for a council with the reigning ruler of Trion.

Which was not a long time to wait for the Empress of Trion. There was a waiting list for centuries from the many worlds and even gods who wanted her ears.

Fury knew he would have to wait for at least three years for her to answer him, and he had been seated with his eyes closed for months now, the only indicator he was alive was that he would breathe every week or so.

He felt a soft tap on his wrist and his eyes flew open, a brief burst of surprise went through his heart before he saw who nudged him, and his astonishment that someone could get this close to him without noticing was eased, after all, it was this person.

The Royal Hand for the Throne.

Whatever this person was, he was nameless, but he had served every single Emperor and Empress and had been behind the throne for all these endless years.

His voice always felt familiar to anyone who heard it. For Fury, the voice sounded like the Phoenix queen who helped him to understand his summoning ability.

"The Empress would hear you now."

Chapter 406: Sky Treading Phoenix

Fury stood up suddenly feeling his heart beating wildly, it was impossible to be settled when you were about to see the Empress of Trion and he was not immune to it, even if he called this woman mother in secret.

He vaporized the tiny beads on his forehead and began moving to the Throne Room but was stopped by a raised hand, "Forgive my impertinence Your Highness, but she waits for you in her Royal Garden, not the Throne Room, follow me."

The Royal Hand walked as if he was gliding, and Fury followed, before long they were in the Royal Gardens, a picturesque place with floating mountains, sparkling waterfalls, and the most beautiful flowers in the galaxy.

The Aether currents here were so thick it gave birth to various auspicious creatures that flew and crawled, in all that beauty was a single shining star that drew all attention, a presence that commanded awe, and like the sun you should not stare too long at her, or you would burn...

Fury braved one more second before he looked away.

Her mantle as an Empress of Trion floated behind her, shining with seven colors, they were like great pillars that stretched far into the clouds, and they reverberated with such great power that he shuddered.

'What would it be like to hold the powers of the seven gods of Trion?' His mind whirled with the possibilities before he shut them down.

As the Empress and greatest Earth god in Trion, her Mantle allowed her to call on all the powers of the seven gods without any limitation.

Her powers were unassailable. She had held this power for the longest in all of history, and she had become more familiar with it than any other Emperor or Empress in history.

The Royal Hand announced to Fury, "You stand before The Empress, Scarlet Sinshirin Kuranos, Daughter of the Sun and Earth, Ruler of Trion for 30,000 years and in time, another 10,000 more, Defender of the peace, Holder of..."

"Cut the lines..." The figure said, "My child knows me by names more precious than that."

Fury came before the Empress and knelt while kissing the left hand she presented to him, he did not dare look up at her face, but he could feel her blazing red eyes looking down and onto his being.

A brief wind brought her long red hair into view and brought with it her smell...

It was of roses and fire, of earth and blood. It was primal and all-powerful, and once again Fury felt as if he was before an erupting volcano and he was nothing but a mortal.

"You bring news of my wayward son's death without bringing me his killer, of course, I know of this lost Breaker of the Kuran family and your encounter with Boreas. Do not despair for your first loss, but know in the nearest future your fated nemesis will return to Trion and you shall collect his head, it is your destiny."

Fury looked away, his shoulders shaking, her words always were like Divine laws. Every single statement made the surroundings shake.

"I can sense your fear and concern my dear child, this state does not suit you, my Fury. I understand your plight and I can feel your pain. I will not give you a task you will fail at. You are Fury, my blade, and I shall not leave you unsharpened. Take this..."

A fair hand with razor-tipped fingernails that were red like blood opened and a glowing pendant appeared.

The pendant was in the shape of a five-colored phoenix, and it emitted a lot of heat that was warping the air around it. If this pendant was dropped in an ocean, a hundred years later, the entire ocean would be boiling.

"This is your chance to take the inheritance mantle of the sixth Matriarch of the Sky Treading phoenix,"

A rune was created on her finger and shot into the Mental Space of Fury, "This is the location of a Divine Spark hidden by our Primogenitor Kuran, and now it would find a worthy successor. The coming war does not require Earth gods, but stronger."

Fury's eyes were wide with astonishment. He may have delayed his advancement to steady his foundations, but one great reason he was not in a hurry to reach the fourth circle even after all restrictions on bloodlines had been lifted was that he knew his path would come to a halt.

For someone like Fury, such a fate was worse than death, he knew of the bloodlines of the Sky Treading Phoenix, this was a branch that was supposedly wiped out by the primogenitor Kuran 400,000 years ago.

Before him was the key to a Divine Spark with the potential to reach the realms of a Major god and with the talents of Fury, he could push this power to a higher realm.

"Did I not tell you to wipe the dissatisfaction from your heart my beloved? Reach the peak of the fourth circle, become an Earth god, and make your way to the inheritance ground, the first god of Trion after a million years shall be you."

Her words were final and unshakable, and they seized his consciousness, he could not refuse her words even if he wanted to, and he would be crazy to do that.

"By your will Empress." Fury cradled the pendant like an egg and kept it safe inside his Spatial Artifact.

"Go with haste, your glorious destiny awaits you."

Fury bowed until his forehead scraped the ground and he turned and left, a spring in his steps.

The Empress watched him leave for a while before she sighed, "You do not agree with my decision Malekith."

The Royal Hand bowed, "Who am I to judge your decision, only the child is too weak."

His words were formal, but his tone was light-hearted, sometimes during the 30,000 years reign of the Empress, these two had become friends.

The solemn atmosphere was instantly shattered as the Royal Hand manifested a tea set and began brewing tea.

"Chamomile or Niccyll?" The hand asked.

"Niccyll, I will be deliberating with Bacchus tomorrow and I need the energy to handle his insanity."

"I do not envy your duties, Empress."

Chapter 407: Cracked Mantle

The Empress smiled, "We are called to serve, every one of us, about my child. He is still young, give him time and he could blossom into something more. It is a shame he was born at this time, else he would have been able to cover one part of the sky with his hands."

"Ha, good point, but there is not much time left. It is also his fortune, I thought you were saving that Divine Spark for yourself, it was your reward." Malekith the Royal Hand replied while bringing the steaming cup of tea to the Empress.

She sipped the tea and sighed in satisfaction, "Becoming a god is boring, battles no longer carry any thrills, and the prospect of living until the end of time does not fascinate me, it just makes me shudder in disgust, reducing existence to just endless numbers."

"I prefer the certainty of a mortal life, I prefer the option of death." The Empress whispered more to herself than the Royal Hand.

"But you forget, there is a Godkiller on the loose." The Hand pointed out,

"Bah, he would fade away like dust. The gods have handled worse before. He is just a time footnote in this glorious time such as now. In the history of my Trion, there could not be a more chaotic time for a Royal selection. At this point, every god wants this mantle and when it starts, I must have the ability to fight against Minerva or she would rule all indeed. I would admit, the goddess plays a long game."

"That outcome is not set in stone, and you should give more credence to this Godkiller, there is something strange about him," Malekith said.

The Empress's glowing red eyes looked at him fully, "You hold this mortal in high regard."

The Hand laughed dismissively, "Oh, it's just something I feel in my old bones, he reminds me of the God King all these years ago when he told us he would make us kneel and wipe the rest of us out from Trion, no one believed he was capable of that."

He sighed before turning and looking at the skies, "You intend to make Fury your champion for the Royal selection, is that not killing an ant with a hammer? Surely even Minerva's Champion would not be as strong."

The Empress laughed, "You say that because you have not seen him fight. Telmus is a monster, he is a unique individual who will never exist again, and if I am to stand against him, I need a monster of my own. Fury would serve, he is young, but he needs to be every bit as powerful, plus I have it on good recommendation that Minerva has punished her child due to his arrogance, with those chains around Telmus's limbs, Fury should be able to shift the tides towards our favor."

Malekith the Royal Hand, once a god of darkness, bowed towards the Empress and turned to leave, a word from her however stopped him.

"Your Domain once intersected with Minerva's, what do you think about her will?"

"That is hard to say..."

"You were a god once, Malekith, you are my Hand not just because you make a great cup of tea."

"I don't know if you would like to hear this from me, but you should know more than anyone else that the gods of Trion are a strange lot, and Minerva is the oddest among the lot. By all rights, you should win any confrontation on the surface of Trion, yet fate is unpredictable."

"That's a roundabout way to say a whole of nothing Malekith, see to your duties."

The Hand bowed and walked away, the Empress sighed and she jolted as if she had been electrocuted.

The mantle above her began to shake, and cracks spread on its surface, her eyes widened in shock as the entire world of Trion began to vibrate.

Deep tremors ran through the ground swallowing cities and killing millions, when it settled the Empress was shaken.

Her will spread through her Mantle to locate the source of the chaos, and she was shocked to discover that it came from her.

It was the statement she made to Fury that set across such a chain of devastation. She had told him,

"You bring news of my wayward son's death without bringing me his killer, of course, I know of this lost Breaker of the Kuranos family and your encounter with Boreas. Do not despair for your first loss, but know in the nearest future your fated nemesis will return to Trion and you shall collect his head, it is your destiny."

Her words on Trion were law, and her statement once inviolable could not hold. Apparently, there was more to this Godkiller than meets the eye.

The Supreme Will granted to her by her Mantle could not dictate the death of this Mortal was shocking. She wondered how such an enigma should be hidden by the gods, his presence shifted to the sides for lesser concerns.

'Kuranos had been holding back on her.' The Empress thought, 'It is time for answers.'

"Who are you, Rowan Kuranos? Why is the destiny of a child of Trion out of my reach?"

The Empress canceled all her upcoming appointments, she needed answers from the gods.

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The Palace of Ice shuddered and began to collapse.

To create something new, a part of the old would have to be changed.

shook a bit inside his body as if angered Rowan skipped its page and began ascending his bloodline without its assistance.

He did not care, at the moment he woke up he had detected powerful fluctuations around him as powerful as those of gods, his first instinct was to become stronger, he would figure out the next phase when he was at the peak of his strength.

Even though he was awake, it was not all the way through as most of his consciousness pillars were still unavailable but they were slowly rousing from slumber.

Chapter 408: Opening

Rowan's body began to shrink, unlike when he upgraded his Ouroboros bloodline that brought with it countless phenomena; the only outside effect that could be noticed as his Avatar of Eve bloodline entered the Second Great Circle was a visible reduction in his overall size.

Apart from his Angels of Char who were still embedded in the massive Soul Crystal of Erohim, his entire palace of Ice including his Chambers and Throne were crushed to a speck that glinted with a purple and black color.

That speck pierced through the Angels of Char and ascended far into the void of his Mental Space and a dreadful gravitational force erupted from it almost like it had turned into a Black Hole.

Rowan's massive frame shook and a visible flash of pain crossed his face. Eva could barely hold on, and she silently fell asleep inside his palm. He could see all the power inside her being drawn away and in short order, she became as weak as a mortal.

Rowan rapidly wrapped her in a shell of Telekinesis, her body would not last a single second by his side in her current state. In the periods when he did not take note of her, Eva had begun to separate from his bloodline.

Even without any drop of his power inside her body, she did not fade, she only became mortal. This observation was poignant because it meant she was her person and no longer his.

He did not feel a single bit of loss or possessiveness, he only felt happy, and even through the pain he was feeling, he was smiling.

He made a small groan and his body began to shrink. Inside his Mental Space, countless streams of gold began to pour into the tiny purple and black speck as the avatar of Eve's bloodline drank the Essence from his Ouroboros Bloodline.

This act was not just to steady its presence in the material world, it seemed as if it required a foundation, and his Ouroboros Bloodline which seemed to possess a state of super-reality was the perfect foundation for its territory in the Material Universe.

Rowan knew that the Territory of his Avatar of Eve bloodline should be something that no normal universe should contain, and his Ouroboros Bloodline was the container he could hold it with.

He bore the pain as his Ouroboros Serpent roared in anger and frustration and they entered his body to bolster him with more Essence. There was a growing irritation in the hearts of his Serpents, as they were getting dissatisfied with the running and the pain, they only settled when Rowan whispered the vision of a future to them.

The future that was not too far off.

They would have to suffer at this time because the drain was increasing even if he was the one carrying most of the load, in every second the amount of Essence collected by his second Bloodline was greater than the total amount of Essence he had when he just entered the Rift State.

From nearly a thousand feet tall his body began to shrink until it fell below 500 feet (0.15 km) and the drain did not stop...

300 feet (ca. 91 meters)...

100 feet (ca. 30 meters)...

20 feet (ca. 6 meters)...

10 feet (ca. 3 meters)...

It began to slow, and finally, it stopped at 8 feet 6 inches. The drain did not stop, it was only maintained at a level that his body could hold indefinitely.

If he grew stronger he could allocate more Essence to his Territory, and collect them at his will. Rowan realized that this was a perfect method he could use to control his size in the future. The more worlds he seeded and the more gods and essence he consumed his size would increase, he could store all his essence into his Territory thereby shifting his mass from the material world into his Territory.

In a single breath, he could be as big as a planet or smaller than an ant. With a little experiment, he was sure he would get the hang of this ability.

Rowan fell on a knee, his breathing was harsh, the incredible suction generated by the Avatar of Eve bloodline would have driven a lesser god mad.

It was not just the pain but also the feeling of being stripped down to your core as your vitality was ripped from you.

Rowan looked inside his Mental Space where a quiet tension seemed to be brewing, he sat down and gently laid Eva's head on his lap. This was the first time he was really looking at her, and he traced his fingers down her lips barely touching her skin, it was not his intention to hurt her.

Unlike what he felt when he saw other mortals, Eva was special, she may have no hint of power in her body, but her body was not made up of normal flesh, and even with no power inside her, this body would not age.

She smiled as if she was dreaming. Rowan hoped it was a good dream.

He sighed and closed his eyes, and while waiting for the inevitable turmoil that was to happen, he called up his Primordial Record, and the changes as always never failed to surprise him.

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 14/470,000

Strength: 138,540

Agility: 117,600

Constitution: 141,995

Class: None

Title: Plane Walker, Chaos Blood, Reality Butcher, Creator.

Berserker (Tier 3)

Skills:

Enrage (Level 1 — Heaven State)

Vortex (Level 2 — Heaven State)

Bash (Level 1 — Heaven State)

Dash (Level 2 — Earth State)

Smash (Level 1 — Heaven State)

Combo Attack (Level 3 — Heaven State)

Bloodline Skill: Eruption (16%)

Passive: Decipher language (complete)

Records:

SIX HEADED OUROBOROS [CHAOS BLOOD]- level 3 Completed [30,000]

AVATAR OF EVE: Level 5 Completed (1,000,000)

Legendary Skill: Chaos World Engine [6/6]

Chaos World Engine [Minor— Completed]

Legendary Skill:Word of Enoch [Blank].

Rift Rule: Absolute Body.

Palace of Ice Chamber Unlocked:

Astrolabe

Knowledge Well

Chaos Worlds (minor) — Limits Exceeded

Minor Worlds Seeded — 140

Omnipotent Aspect Gained: Lament Of Celestials

Territory Gained: Primordial Sea of Darkness

Soul Crystal — 543

Remark: A child of Chaos!

Chapter 409: New Beginnings

The first thought that entered his mind was, 'You have begun evaluating my growth once more.' Of course, he was referring to , this mysterious Singularity.

For a while, it had made remarks on Rowan's strength and inexplicably it stopped. Maybe it was because it was no longer satisfied with his growth, or maybe because it was waiting for something special.

Rowan did not prefer the title Child of Chaos, nevertheless, he took note of the name, oftentimes many mysteries were hidden behind names.

His mind brushed through his current Attributes and he swallowed, although he had imagined that because his Ouroboros Bloodline remained at the Rift State he would no longer be depending too much on it proved to be very false.

Before he slept, his total Attributes had been below 60,000 points, and now a single one of his Attributes is greater than that. Rowan wagered that his Attributes were now equal to those of an Earth god.

With all of his consciousness pillars sucked into his developing Territory, it was hard for him to understand the full power his body was now capable of, but going by the numbers, it was dreadful. Perhaps he could tear apart a Minor World with his bare hands.

His Attributes alone could not judge the true extent of his powers, because his Empyrean Constitution and passive abilities like his Telekinesis made it harder to put an accurate number behind his attacks.

All of this progress came from his Seeding of just 140 Worlds. He planned to seed three thousand Minor Worlds, what sort of ungodly attributes would he have at that time? Would it be enough? Would it ever be enough?

With his current power, if he were to confront Erohim or Fury once again, it would be a different story as it would be difficult for them to even scratch his skin. His father had been bound by powerful laws, yet he knew this level of power was not enough, it was just the start.

His Attributes meant he had one extra weapon he could wield—his body. He would not be putting himself at the forefront of the oncoming battles, but if anyone thought that would make him the weak link in the chain, they would be very wrong.

His second concern was his lifespan, he could easily deduce that each seeded Minor World gave him a thousand years of lifespan. This was a valuable resource to him, for if he ever died, his lifespan was his get-out-of-jail card.

After understanding his basic abilities his focus shifted to his more esoteric abilities. Normally it should be able to seed only 33 worlds in order for him to ascend to the Incarnation State with the Ouroboros Bloodline, he could see the indicators that his limits had been exceeded, but Rowan was never one to follow norms.

If he did, then he would be dead somewhere behind in the many challenges he had faced so far.

He had two powerful bloodlines and their merger had led to a sum greater than both parts. His Knowledge Well Chamber was responsible for managing the thousands of worlds he would be seeding, as the Ouroboros Bloodline was not capable of handling such massive amounts of information.

Unlike other Emypreans who had a fixed amount of World Seeds, he was different as he had the World Engine itself. His limits were only dictated by how much weight his soul was able to bear.

Yet who would have ever believed that such a tyrannical ability could be paired with a Soulless creature like him? His Soul was no longer defined by limits.

It would be mistaken to even think that his bloodlines were similar to their Emyprean roots at this time, for he had left that level of power far behind him.

Now he had three concerns he would have to focus on. The first was his Soul Crystals. He had 543 Soul Crystals which should equate to 543,000,000 Soul Points!

This was a ludicrous amount of Soul Points, but Rowan understood the risks he took to gain them and the sacrifices he had to make. He knew that he had to break the mold and change the pattern of engagement or he would be left dancing in the palms of his enemies.

He should be careful yet bold, he should both be compassionate and cruel, to himself and to those who stand in his way.

So, he hunted Erohim and he laid a trap for whoever came to hunt him, and although he had losses, he also gained so much more. His Legion of Angels was no longer a far-off dream but reality, his plans to seed 3,000 Worlds were now achievable.

When his Territory was complete, he would take the Cerulean Galaxy and he would hunt down all their gods.

Like a boulder rolling down from the mountaintops, his momentum was growing and soon every move he made would crush worlds. Nodding with satisfaction at his harvest, he shifted to the next agenda

The second was the result of his gamble with Andar Erikson, which had led to the addition of a new Aspect, and it was an unexpected Omnipotent Aspect!

He knew there were Omnipotent Bloodlines, but he never knew that an Aspect could also be like this. The Meditation Art of a Mage became an Aspect when it got to his hands.

He had suspected as much when he saw that the Berserker Aspect he was cultivating was used as a Script in the world of Mages, and he knew that if he searched through all the Meditation Art available, then he would come across a Berserker Meditation Art.

Rowan hesitated to activate this Omnipotent Aspect because he understood that if he did then it was most likely that he would lose the Berserker Aspect.

He shifted this concern to the side for now, he had an idea about how he could keep the Berserker Aspect while cultivating this new Omnipotent Aspect, most likely it would become one of his most valued battle arts soon enough.

The last concern was also the thing brewing inside his Mental Space. His Territory.

called it the Primordial Sea of Darkness, which threw him off a little, for he had no idea what sort of Territory would be born from his bloodline, but there were hints in the name.

Chapter 410: Raising The Past

His Palace of Ice was a Territory of a sort, even before he had access to that level of power, and he was eager to see what his Palace would transform into when it was now a fully realized Territory.

He had already received great benefits from the Palace of Ice and now with this new upgrade, his abilities would take the next step forward.

His Mind shifted to Andar. Rowan had woken up a few moments after Andar was struck down by an unknown force, and currently, the boy was still in slumber, and from the patchy feedback he could receive from his body, Andar was healing.

Rowan could predict that he would be waking up two to three months from now, and by the time Andar may have cleared all the mess inside his Spirit Matrix another five months may have passed in total.

Rowan was mildly amused by the response of Andar and his Reflection if they knew he was now awake, while it was them that were sleeping.

Pushing that distracting thought away, he focused on the sensations that made him begin upgrading his powers.

The presence outside his Palace had not come closer to him after all these while and so he could breathe a little easier. He had only a single strand of consciousness to use as the rest of himself was stuck inside the tiny purple and black speck.

Whatever the presence outside the Palace, they were powerful, but their power did not feel like any he had ever touched before, not like the gods or Mages, in fact it reminded him of himself a bit.

To be more specific, it reminded him of a period in his life that had been kept away by , an entire timeline folded away.

Reality Butcher!

This was what he was reminded of, something about this Title he had seemed to be resonating with the presence out there, and if he was to bet, it might just be the reason why these creatures were surrounding him.

Their presence reeked of destruction and ruin and this Aura resonated with his Title— Reality Butcher.

Could there be a use for Titles beyond the seemingly obsessive need by to quantify everything?

If they were, then he would need to properly investigate all his Titles and their usage. Rowan reminded himself once more that every detail on his Primordial Record must mean something important, even if he did not understand its purpose.

Rowan gently placed Eva down and stood up, during the motion of his rise, he fashioned a robe as red as blood that was more than twenty feet long and so it draped behind him, he had a belt made of gold around his waist and he left the top of his robes undone and his powerful muscles could be seen underneath.

Such a gallant robe was not for the sake of vanity on his part but this was the design of Royalty that had been worn for millennia fit only for Emperors, and designing something like this was almost like instinct. He saw himself as nothing less.

For the first time in three years, he took his first step.

"Rise."

He gave his first commands, and his Angels rose.

Rowan smiled at them and felt the air in the distance tremble. A glint and a slight vibration shook the air and Envy was in his hands, appearing like a specter. The Great Axe shivered and Rowan tapped it twice with his fingers, the sound was like thunder.

He took his second step and he paused, there was a small sound that escaped from the black and purple speck inside his Mental Space, it was like a sigh, and then it grew louder and sounded like waves.

Then there was a silence inside his Mental Space as if the universe herself was holding her breath and then an intense explosion.

A black and purple light exploded from the speck, and that black and purple light turned out to be a river.... No, a river was too small to compare, a Sea, but one that was vast beyond comparison, yet it was strangely shallow for its depth was not more than twenty feet, but it had spread for an insurmountable distance.

From this Purple and Black Sea, great structures began to rise that were so vast they exceeded the scope of a mortal sight countless times. The first and most visible was the little tree in his palace, but it was no longer small.

It grew many roots that stretched for millions of miles, and like living snakes, they shot into the endless sea and drew from it in such massive volumes a roar could be heard as billions of gallons of water were drawn into the tree in every passing second and it grew until it was gigantic, the space inside his Mental Space was inestimable and there was no problem with limited space holding back its growth.

Rowan had no way to estimate the tree's current size but now it was bigger than the massive moons of Jarkarr, and it did not stop growing, although the intensity of its growth had reduced, it seemed that this tree would never stop growing.

Such a strange sight naturally drew most of his attention and then he felt his body beginning to shake and his Primordial Record vibrated so strongly it was shocking. This was the greatest reaction that he had ever detected from it.

He opened his eyes and saw the Black Book escaping from his chest and hovering before him. The black cover of began to bleed away as if it was wrapped with shadows, and in the center of the cover, an image of a tree was revealed.

The red pages from the book began to bleed away, and half of the page turned green in the middle, parting each page equally in two from the top.

Rowan brought his hand to touch the image of the tree on the cover of and he knew a truth that had been denied him for so long.

This was the reason why descended from the unknown depths of the endless chaos, it was because of this tree... because he was born.

Chapter 411: Tree Of Desire

This tree was of his bloodline. The first and the most hidden, and he barely had any trace of it, but remembers, and in its way, it was bringing his past back to the present,

his lost bloodline that he no longer remembered, which had been taken from him had emerged from history.

This tree was his own as linked with him as the blood in his veins, but he had forgotten the name of it. With shaking hands, he opened his Primordial Record and watched as the arcane scripts of its writing reconfigured itself and he understood it.

Omnipotent Bloodline Regained: Tree of Desire.

Rowan did not have to activate it before a voice entered his heart, almost as if it was pushing the understanding of this bloodline to his consciousness.

"My beautiful boy, you are everything I desired."

"My precious project, you shall give me everything I desire. With your gifts, everything shall be mine."

The first was from the familiar voice of his mother Elura and the other was from his father.

He saw the memory playing out before him. A mother held her child and raised him to the heavens, tears of joy and happiness on her face.

Behind her was a massive shadow that was grinning, the white of its long fangs gleaming in the darkness. The shadow looked at the child with amazement and desire before looking to the skies and its grin widened.

The heavens were torn apart, and something that existed before time began descended surrounded by long trails of lightning.

The baby let out a loud shriek as it entered its chest.

The vision ended.

Tree of Desire: Controls the flow of luck. Once every year collect lost treasures and dreams. Once every Century collects lost wishes and Destinies. Once every Millenia grants a wish. Once every Era grants an Impossible wish.

Passively collect dreams, prayers, and wishes and produce fruits of wisdom and desire.

This was the strangest bloodline he had ever seen. Was this bloodline the union between his mother the Empyrean of Life and whatever creature his father turned out to be?

It seemed more a product of their dreams and desires than a product of their bloodline union. It would seem he was born due to an intense desire from both parties.

One of them saw him as a precious child she wanted, and the other saw him as a means to an end.

But he could see traces of his mother's power from the abilities of the Tree of Desire, after all, was not the Elura Shards known to grant wishes? There were no fruits on the massive tree, and all of its abilities could not be used as they all seemed to depend on time.

'Time' Rowan mused, 'Perhaps there could be an unknown synergy with my Ouroboros ability to influence time and the abilities of this tree.'

The Tree seemed to be linked to his Avatar of Eve bloodline and its growth was in synergy with that bloodline.

With another layer of his past being peeled away and revealed, he began to construct the original past that was lost.

He was born at least a million years ago from the union of his mother Elura the Empyrean of Life, and his Father, a creature from outside the universe. Although they might have had two different purposes for bringing him to life, his birth had drawn a Singularity to his side—.

His father had taken him and performed countless experiments on how to retrieve the Singularity from his body but he was unsuccessful.

Whatever methods were used on him during that time must have been so wicked his mother could no longer tolerate his torture and went to war against his father. But she failed and was imprisoned.

Her flesh was stripped away from her and used as currency. Her children were separated and their essence stolen from them only to be used as puppets that could be easily manipulated by his father.

In recent years, around two to three hundred years ago, his father stopped trying to collect , but now he sought to control it.

Using various methods including killing him and moving his soul to a different host over the years, he found some success using the Order of Broken Eyes, where part of the pages were separated from him using Sigils.

This method turned out to be very successful and his father was at the cusp of success when an unknown factor entered the mix. A Transmigrator who happened to have a similar or the exact Soul Origins as Rowan Kuranos came to dwell inside his body.

The Transmigrator did not come with empty hands but carried with him across time and space, two Omnipotent bloodlines that were outside the control of his father.

Perhaps the reason his father had separated his soul from his body at first was because of his ridiculous bloodline, Tree of Desire.

Rowan had always wondered if there was such a lucky coincidence that he was to be transmigrated into Rowan's body while having such powerful bloodlines merged with his soul, but all these could be understood if his Tree of Desire had been able to make an impossible wish come true.

With the power of his new bloodlines and the detachment formed by adding a new soul to that of Rowan, he was able to escape and his journey had finally led him here.

His Primordial Record had recreated his marvelous bloodline of the past.

If he looked back, he could see the subtle hints that had been giving to him. Including lines about his abilities. It had told him in plain words then that the confluence of his abilities were impossible, and at that time he had reasoned that he was being manipulated by outside forces.

Well he was right and wrong at the same time.

He was being manipulated, his fate and his luck were being tweaked, not by anyone else.

But himself.

Chapter 412: Bloodline Upgraded

The changes in his Primordial record made Rowan begin to wonder if he could communicate better with this enigmatic treasure. He knew the book had a form of sentience, and with this change, he felt that the Singularity had merged with him better than before.

Rowan looked at the pages, it was two colors, red and green, but Rowan felt that a true merger between him and would make the book possess more colors, after all he had three bloodlines, and it would seem only one of them had truly merged with the book.

Nevertheless, it did not stop him from attempting to communicate with it.

Rowan touched the cover of the book and closed his eyes, he searched for that connection he had with this book that seemed to transcend the limits of time and space.

He felt it. It was hazy and hidden behind endless layers of cryptic information that felt incredibly dense. Even with all his current computational capabilities it would take him hundreds of millions of years to understand a fraction of it.

This was ! Rowan was inside it, and it was a rare glimpse of what sort of treasure this Singularity was.

He sensed a general sensation of amusement from it.

"What are you?" Rowan whispered in awe.

There was a shift, and Rowan's mind went blank. When he came to, he instantly understood had attempted to communicate with him, but due to his current powers were still not enough, he blanked out as his mind was overwhelmed.

'When would I be able to finally understand this level of power?' He thought.

Knowing it was futile to delve more into , he asked a burning question that he felt only would have the true answer to,

"Who is my father?"

He waited for a while and received no response from it, and then he felt a sensation of disgust, anger, fear, and bloodlust.

Rowan paused, he had discovered that the method used in its communication with him appeared to be with emotions. The two emotions he felt were separated and distinct.

The feeling of disgust and anger seemed to come from a vast array of people, almost like an entire world having a collective sensation of disgust and anger towards one person alone, and he knew who that was directed towards.

They were all directed towards his father. For he recognized the other two sets of emotions of fear and bloodlust, as he had felt it not too long ago. It was from his father.

What conclusion he could draw from this cryptic message was simple yet profound. There was someplace outside the universe that was so threatening to his father that he had felt fear, and not just any sort of fear, it was an intense mind-numbing fear, like the sort that a prey felt before a predator.

This was all the information he needed going forward. It was not what he had hoped for, but it was an aid to him nonetheless. He kept the emotions that his father felt inside his heart.

Whatever had made his father feel such fear, he would make sure he did worse.

He had regained enough of his past memories to know what sort of monster he was dealing with.

His Primordial Record closed their connection, but there was a last sensation it left behind. It was of satisfaction.

returned into his body and now he saw that it did not dwell inside him like before. Instead, it zoomed toward the gigantic growing tree and rested on one of its branches, where it seemed to be playing with the leaves.

This Singularity was a thing of endless complexities and yet it still felt like something simple and pure like a child.

Rowan imagined he could hear its laughter as it played with leaves the size of houses.

It was a stark reminder to him that power should not only be forceful. He should not forget to view the scenery even as he raced to the top, such sights were rare in the universe and it was a privilege to be able to see them.

Rowan moved his gaze away to the other growing structures on this Endless Sea.

This time it was his Palace of Ice, but now it was different.... Transformed.

He once had a memory about the previous Palace of Ice, it was gigantic and it was an exact copy of his own. That Palace had been surrounded by billions of Angels and its glory had lit up an entire galaxy.

But now what he had was different. His Palace of Ice had evolved. It was no longer just a Palace, but the beginning of a vast city had surrounded it.

He summoned again and in his hands it began to vibrate, opening the seventh page, he was astonished to see the name of his bloodline began to morph.

With his growth, he was surprised that he was leaving his root bloodline behind, he had always imagined that he had the peak bloodline, and there could be nothing better, after all his bloodlines were already extremely broken.

Perhaps he should not have been too surprised because the rate of his growth was unprecedented plus he was enhancing his bloodlines solely with Soul Energy. This was a factor that he had always ignored. It must be undoubtedly rare for someone like him with such a powerful bloodline to be able to exist inside a material universe.

This was the reason he had such a resource as Soul Energy, and he had it in abundance.

Whatever energy flowing in his veins was very pure with no trace of impurities, he had attained the perfect state for his bloodline on every level and for that reason, they would begin evolving when the right conditions were met.

He looked at the sleeping body of Eva, perhaps he had achieved what the pinnacle of this bloodline had been craving after all these long years, he had made an Avatar of Eve.

The activity on the page of his Primordial Record increased to a feverish intensity as the gargantuan city rose from the Endless Sea and when the city was finally revealed the name settled.

Bloodline Upgraded:

Avatar of Eve > Sheol

Chapter 413: Sheol

What a strange name for a bloodline. Whatever this new bloodline was, it had far exceeded an Omnipotent bloodline.

He now had not only a Territory but an entirely new bloodline.

Turning to for the details of this new bloodline, he devoured every single word, eager to understand what he had unlocked.

Awakening Primordial Bloodline [Conditions Not Met.]

Title Gained: Nascent Primordial

Sheol: This is a Refuge for Souls. Every Soul returns to your grasp for rest, they shall give you all their karma and energy they had accumulated in their lifetime and you shall give them peace eternal.

Abilities Locked: Purgatory Gate. (Requirement not met.)

Rowan froze. This revelation was as unexpected as it was pleasing.

He had stood on a mountain and he was able to see a higher mountain.

Eva had told him of a time before all creation. A turbulent period when time itself had not yet been born. Where there was competition among beings that transcended space and time and fought for the first powers in that primordial ooze.

Beings such as Chaos, who could give birth to countless universes.

Rowan knew that he was not on that level, and maybe one day he may reach the peak, and he would still not be able to touch that level.

Yet, he could see the hint of such powers within his grasp. Was this the true reason his father wanted the Singularity? Rowan knew that what may have influenced the rise of a Primordial Bloodline inside him was not just because of Soul Energy, most likely was a key component for this change.

him was not just because of Soul Energy, most likely was a key component for this change.

This bloodline was different from his Soul Seizer or Soul Reaver bloodline of before. Those seemed to be only able to seize or steal souls, yet this new bloodline was suggesting the fact that he was going to become a sort of resting place for souls.

Did this mean he was not just holding the authority to collect souls, was it now possible that the souls in all the universe would be under his care at the moment of their death?

What did that amount of power suggest?

His second bloodline was a source of endless mysteries as it was inextricably linked to the most fundamental nature of all existence which was the soul.

The ability that came with this new bloodline Purgatory Gate would only be available to him when he reached the Fourth Great Circle, and as it was he could not even enter this city.

Accessing the mysteries of his new bloodline was denied to him until he reached the Third Circle, but Rowan was not too distraught, it would not be particularly difficult for him to reach the fourth Circle, and with the knowledge from his bloodline, he knew he was still too weak to access his latest bloodline powers.

It was not a question of power, but his levels of existence had not reached the class where he could touch this City. It was similar to not understanding when it was placed before him, he simply was too small to understand something of that scope.

But he could start learning. The one thing his bloodlines afforded him was the chance to learn and grow faster than anyone else.

He looked at the City before him and he lacked the words to describe it. It was like a combination of science fiction and fantasy. Each home was a palace with a sweeping courtyard, and vast pools of sparkling waters entwined with glorious trees heavy with fruits.

Yet this all seemed to be in phases, as the City changed its shape before him, as vast stretches of its metropolis folded itself like it was made from Origami and a new City took its place.

This one was strange and alien, with buildings made from gold and diamonds, each of them shaped like spikes that extended for millions of miles, and again this structure did not last, as it folded into itself and a new one emerged. Endless and ever-changing.

One thing that never changed was the Palace at the end of the City. It placed all other palaces he had ever seen to shame, and his consciousness began to sting from viewing the city for so long.

It was almost too hard to drag his eyes away from the city, no matter how much it hurt to view it.

He soon noticed something peculiar about this city, all the Angels of Char began to gather closer to it, they were drawn like a bee to honey, they all seemed to be repelled by it, and it was a struggle to come closer to it, but there was an insurmountable fascination inside all of them to reach this city, even if they only got to touch the walls.

The more powerful Angels of Char with shapes that defied meaning were able to push closer to the city, yet the closest was still ten thousand miles away.

There was one particular Angel of Char at the forefront, he was different from the rest, as he seemed more like a demon, even while he was still in the diminished form of an Angel of Char.

Rowan could not tell which potential he had but it must far exceed a Sovereign. He had great bat wings that had been shrunken down to a ragged canopy held behind him.

There were many holes on the wings, and somehow Rowan understood that those holes would be filled with eyes. It had not one but twelve tails sweeping behind him, and his legs ended to a spear point.

The head of the Angel of Char was not connected to the body, instead, it floated above it. On the left side of his face was that of an eagle, the right was of a lion and the front was of a man, while the back was a woman.

Even in its withered form, this Angel of Char still commanded a prestige and grace that left even Rowan shocked.

This was the strangest and most powerful Angel of Char he had summoned. To summon such a powerful Angel, Rowan had calculated that he must have at least a billion Angel of Char.

Did his Tree of Desire bloodline aid him in the process of the creation of Angels of Char? Statistically, such a powerful Angel must be very rare, maybe even unique.

Chapter 414: The Sound Of Luck

Rowan looked at the gigantic tree that was slowly growing in the distance, at every hour it would grow a single inch, this was not slow at all, for if Rowan did not die in the nearest future, then millions of years from now, this Tree would be able to hold many worlds on its branches.

Each waving leaf seemed to contain endless puzzles and the motion did not depend on wind but on other mystical factors.

Rowan activated his Empyrean Sight, as this was the first he was using it inside his Mental Space, this was because he mostly understood everything happening inside him at a glance and did not need to investigate.

Yet with his power growing ever stranger with every passing moment, it became necessary for him to use this portion of his abilities to investigate.

Rowan activated his Empyrean Sight and his Mental Space rippled to life before him, and his consciousness nearly exploded before he stopped. He had used the full range of his sight and the information he received was too much.

Learning from his error, he reduced the intensity of his vision, and filtered it, removing information streams that he deemed unnecessary like light and heat, he was looking for something much more ephemeral... he was looking for Luck.

While focused on the tree he cut out all other information spectrum as his vision penetrated deeper into the structure of the tree and around it, and then he saw it.

The best way Rowan could describe it was, it resembled music. He could hear an endless wave of songs that felt like a rising symphony that never seemed to reach a zenith, and when he thought the song had hit its highest note, it turned out that it could go higher, yet the sound did not turn harsh, instead, it grew sweeter. A melody that you could listen to for an eternity.

Rowan was frozen in that state for eighteen hours before he reluctantly pulled away from that song and returned to his full faculties. He may have seen the true form of Luck but it did not mean he was coming any closer to understanding it.

He only knew that this song was spreading all over his Mental Space and beginning to seep through into his flesh, the effects on the physical world were almost nonexistent, but as always this was a game of time.

In the near future, the amount of luck he would have accumulated on his body would be ridiculous, enough that every move from him would make probability inviolable.

He should be able to throw a dart from space and it would fly through a million rings and hit the bullseye on the other side of a planet.

In the hours he had been entranced with the music of Luck, the Angels of Char had gotten closer to the City.

Rowan watches for any effect that might happen as they get increasingly closer to the city, and he sees the ashes slowly flake away from their skin and their bent bodies begin to straighten.

The most powerful Angelic Figure was in a huge lead and it finally came to a stop a million miles away from the City, where it stayed and slowly its body was being perfected.

More powerful Angels of Char that had the potential of becoming Sovereigns and above stayed far behind it, they could not reach as close to the city as this leading figure.

Rowan counted a hundred powerful Angels of Char at the potential Sovereign level and above. Behind them were two million Angels of Char.

The sound of ashes and bones creaking from millions of Angels of Char was a nightmarish sound to hear, but Rowan found this sound to be incredibly pleasing, because he knew before him was potentially the most powerful force in the known universe.

Soon, the beating sounds of his Angels Wings would shatter the skies and would be the sign of his presence among the stars... No, not just the stars, among the universe... among the multiverse!

Dead skin and flakes of ashes fell away from their bodies, only to be replaced by more dead skin and char. This process continued repeating itself with no visible difference but over time he could see that the ashes were beginning to reduce and the Angel was standing more steady.

The effect of the city of Sheol on the Angels of Char was undeniable and it made Rowan excited about the process of awakening them and if there were going to be any surprises.

It was a slow process, but there was an undeniable growth and change in the bodies of his Angels of Char. If this was the case then what would happen to a fully realized Angel?

Immediately drawing one of his Angels into his Mental Space, he directed it to go as close to the City as he was capable.

The Angel bowed to him and turning towards the heavenly city he began flying closer to it, but a formless pressure dragged him down and he slammed with bone-breaking force on the surface of the sea.

Rowan smirked and the Angel bowed in shame towards him and began walking slowly towards the city. It soon reached the area where those powerful Angel of Char were struggling to go forward and it shivered, a growing sheet of ice beginning to cover his body, he rapidly moved away from them.

Rowan was fascinated, how powerful were these Angels of Char and what was their exact potential? Eva had been able to tell at a glance, but he did not have that particular skill.

The Angel soon passed all those figures and when he reached the area where the most enigmatic Angel of Char was situated, the Angel's face went pale as the color began to drain from his entire body, even the golden armor it wore appeared to be fading.

The Angel hurriedly bowed towards that figure and began to hurry up and soon surpassed it as he headed closer to the City.

Whatever forces were assisting the growth of the Angels of Char also seemed to be holding them back, but the Angels did not seem to be affected as he quickly reached the walls of the city, Rowan wanted to recall him back, but the Angel touched the wall and was enveloped by a bright white light.

The light was blinding, and for the first time, Rowan heard an Angel screaming.

- Chapter 415: Five Years To Break The Balance

Chapter 415: Five Years To Break The Balance

The body of the Angel was launched from the walls as if he had been fired away by a cannon. His body went through a perfect arc in the sky before it slammed into the ocean surface once more.

It took a while before the Angel could stand. He was injured and bleeding golden blood that had shining specks inside of it like stars. It reminded Rowan of his blood. It was also the first time he had seen an Angel bleed.

The Angel appeared stunned in place before it began to recover. The damage it had suffered was not only physical but also spiritual, yet there was a healing energy inside his wounds that was soothing.

The Angel injuries healed and with it came growth. The Angel grew taller, his Armor thicker and his wings began to glow brighter as flames rushed out of his wings until they were burning as bright as a star.

His excitement however was not equal to Rowan's own, as he repeatedly checked the status of the Angel and he nearly began to laugh in joy.

Rowan knew that before he could begin fusing his Angels to become Archangels, he needed to allow them to fully mature. This was an essential process that Angels who had the potential of becoming Archangels and higher had to go through so he could fuse them to another Angel and in that manner, he would create an Archangel.

When he needed to create a Sovereign he would need to fuse an Archangel to another Angel, this fusion was also not random, as only specific Angels had a close enough resonance that they could be fused.

His biggest challenge was not finding candidates for fusion, with his million-strong Angels of Char, there would be many candidates to be fused, the challenge was the issue of time.

Every Angel that was to be fused must be matured, if not the fusion would fail. This growth was supposed to take decades.

This was the reason he was currently excited, from what he had noticed from the growth of this Angel, a considerable time had been shaved off from its time of maturity, weeks maybe months had been reduced from him, and he had only briefly touched the walls.

However, the Angel could not go through this process again and would have to wait for some time before he could continue after he had recovered from the damages he sustained.

Checking the recovery process he could see that the Angel needed to recover for at least a week. This was mostly due to the spiritual trauma it suffered.

Calculating the time frame would mean he could reduce the growth rate of his Angels to five years from the time of their birth till maturity. For those that had been alive for these past three years, he would need about two years until they were fully mature.

This was a very short time. If he could be creating Archangels every five years, this would push his abilities to a dreadful level.

To fully understand why he was excited, a fully matured Angel was equal to an Earth god. Before the Bloodline Restriction on Trion was lifted there were only seven Earth gods in Trion.

Rowan had millions of Angels, if he could awaken all of them and push them towards maturity in five years, then he would have millions of Angels with the powers of Earth gods, every Angel was heads and shoulders more powerful than any Earth god.

If he could begin creating Archangels then his forces would have taken another step that would terrify all the universe. Because the power of an Archangel was equal to a god!

What did it mean to have a force that comprised millions of gods under him? He doubted anyone in this universe could answer that question.

The time for his vengeance just shifted a bit more closer. He returned the Angel to the Divine Palace for him to heal in peace, and he sent a consciousness to control his body as he brought out .

He no longer read the book inside his mind, instead, he brought it over to reality and opened the pages with his hands until he reached the seventh page.

This action was almost instinctive, as Rowan felt that if was sentient, then he would use any method to become closer to this treasure, even if it was just with tiny gestures like opening the book with his own hands.

He reached the page he had collected from his clone inside the Nexus and it remained the same, there was no change in it, and Rowan knew he could only truly access this page until was complete or he got even stronger.

His eyes went over every detail of the page until he was satisfied and he turned over to the next, eager to see if there were any changes before he began making his moves.

He still had all the abilities from his Palace of Ice, and now that he was at the Second Great Circle, he checked his overall status once more.

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 14/470,000

Strength: 138,540

Agility: 117,600

Constitution: 141,995

Class: None

Title: Plane Walker, Chaos Blood, Reality Butcher, Creator, Primordial.

Berserker (Tier 3)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 0)

Skills:

Enrage (Level 1 — Heaven State)

Vortex (Level 2 — Heaven State)

Bash (Level 1 — Heaven State)

Dash (Level 2 — Heaven State)

Smash (Level 1 — Heaven State)

Combo Attack (Level 3 — Heaven State)

Bloodline Skill: Eruption (16%)

Passive: Decipher language (complete)

Records:

SIX HEADED OUROBOROS [CHAOS BLOOD] - Level 3 Completed [30,000]

SHEOL - Level 5 Completed (1,000,000)

TREE OF DESIRE - Level 5 Completed

Territory: Primordial Sea of Darkness

Bloodline Ability: Purgatory Gate (Locked)

Territory Gained: Primordial Sea of Darkness

Legendary Skill: Chaos World Engine [6/6]

Chaos World Engine [Minor— Completed]

Legendary Skill: Word of Enoch x2 [Blank].

Rift Rule: Absolute Body.

Palace of Ice Chamber Unlocked:

Astrolabe

Knowledge Well

Chaos Worlds (minor) — Limits Exceeded

Minor Worlds Seeded — 140

Awakening Primordial Bloodline [Sheol]

Soul Crystal — 543

Remark: Awakening Primordial

There was nothing much that had changed beyond his new bloodline upgrade, new Omnipotent bloodline, new Territory, new Omnipotent Aspect, new Title, and new bloodline activities.... Okay, there were plenty of new upgrades.

Chapter 416: Hollow Forge

Rowan saw Eva was beginning to stir, and she would be waking up in a minute. That was a long enough time to achieve many new changes and begin pushing his powers forward.

His eyes captured the figure of Diane flashing towards him, as she ran like a mortal forgetting that with her new powers as a Spell Weaver, she should be able to fly, Rowan smiled, it would take another two minutes before she reached him, this was enough time to accomplish wonders.

He closed his eyes and entered his Mental Space once more. The City of Sheol had emerged completely from the Sea and two structures emerged soon after, the first was the Astrolabe.

It still carried its previous shape, a circular platform that had various shining points like stars that moved in a fixed pattern that was mesmerizing to watch, the Astrolabe glowed a pale blue color, and there was a moving star chart on the surface that showed every location he had ever traveled using the Astrolabe.

This included all the locations his Angels had also traveled because technically they were all parts of his body, and so a vibrant map of the universe was unfolding before him.

He could find the world of Trion and the Black Federation on this map, he made a note to send his Angels on expeditions that would allow him to survey the entire material universe, using this method, no location would be hidden from him.

The Astrolabe was carried by an intense field of yellow lightning bolts that reminded him of the yellow crystals used for Teleportation.

The only difference now was the size. Formally it was about four hundred feet or the size of a football field, but now the size of his Astrolabe was a hundred times more, which would make it 40,000 feet in diameter.

The edges of the Astrolabe appeared to bleed into space signifying there were still areas for more expansion in the future, although the functions it previously had were now much improved.

Not only could he move more massive amounts of personnel and items, but the ridiculous speed of its fast travel ability had also increased by three times. There was now hope for Rowan to cross the entire universe in less than a decade.

With his growing Knowledge, he realized that Astrolabe would be the only method he could use as a form of transportation if he were to ever find himself outside the material universe.

This method of traveling meant he would no longer depend on Teleportation Portals to reach other universes or distant locations. Eva was right, Astrolabe meant freedom.

His second Chamber, Knowledge Well had also transformed, now it was in the form of a giant lidless silver eye surrounded by enormous golden pillars.

The pillars were his consciousness pillar, and at this time he had 35 Consciousness Pillars!

Knowledge Well had fused to his consciousness pillars, making this Chamber ability just a thought away. It served as his subconscious and if Rowan was to ever go into battle or perform activities that were mentally taxing, it would automatically boost his mental process.

Rowan recalled that he still had one more chamber he had not created, and luckily even though his Territory had evolved, he still had access to his Chambers.

This was a good thing because if he had not activated any chamber before he evolved his bloodline, he would have lost the opportunity of owning any chamber for the time being because they would be locked inside his new bloodline.

It was the reason he could no longer access Word of Enoch. He could now create two words but he could not call up this ability, he could feel the words resting deep inside the City, but he could not access them.

It was a simple thing to select the last chamber, Hollow Forge and he began its creation. Trillions of Runes sank into the endless sea as a portion of the sea for millions of miles went still and then a massive thump was heard like a meteorite crashing to earth.

The Endless Sea of his Territory rippled and a massive vortex formed on its surface.

It was at this moment that Rowan fully realized that this endless sea was his Aether. Entwined in every single drop of this sea was a dense amount of Aether that made what Andar had access to resemble a single hair on a sheep.

With that realization came the Knowledge that at this time it would be impossible for him to run out of Aether unless he was powering enough abilities to shatter an entire galaxy.

The vortex grew more violent as another great structure began rising from the sea. The speed of its ascent was fast, as countless runes merged with the Aether in the sea, and billions of bloodline connections were made that created every single inch of the chamber that was emerging from the sea.

Every Chamber had reality-breaking powers that seemed suited to serve gods and he expected the same from his Third Chamber.

Loud blasts emerged from the structure as shockwaves began to erupt around it, the structure was wrapped by long arcs of electricity, and his entire Mental Space rippled from its emergence.

Hollow Forge almost seemed different from his other Chambers, he could not tell if it was because he was creating it while owning a Territory or if it was because this Chamber was unique.

The creation of the third Chamber finally ran its course and what revealed itself turned out to be a mountain three hundred thousand feet tall. It was shaped like a volcano, but the tip of the mountain was emitting white smoke that moved in a circular pattern and it was not dissipating.

Rowan could see an opening near the top of the mountain and his consciousness entered inside the opening.

He appeared inside a vast space with borders that went far beyond his sights, it was filled with a raging blue wind.

The Knowledge of this space ability entered his mind. It was a simple one: Disintegrate.

He looked upwards to see a square portal that was shining with a grayish hue, and the function of that portal was: Replicate.

These two functions seemed simple, but no Chamber here was simple. If this Chamber worked the same way Rowan was thinking then it would be a game changer beyond even his wildest dreams.

Chapter 417: The Power of Three Chambers

Stilling his growing anticipation, he manifested a random sword that would be a treasure in a Minor World, taken from the Spatial Ring of the Governor of the city of Jarkarr.

Rowan threw it into the swirling wind and it was grounded to micro components that floated into the portal above.

He immediately received information on all the components that made up this sword, from the metals and all the alloys used to the runes and coating applied to the weapon.

This was the basic application of the two abilities of the Hollow Forge, Disintegrate and Replicate.

If he wanted he could perfectly reproduce the weapon again, but doing this was the least useful method to use Hollow Forge.

It was with the creation of the last Chamber that he truly understood the true use of all his Chambers, as they were all part of a single whole. Each of them would only work to their full potential if the three were used together.

Rowan connected Knowledge Well with the Hollow Forge and an incredible change happened to the image of the Great Sword he had inside his head.

Previously the Hollow Forge could only perfectly reproduce the sword that had been collected, but now with the vast library of weapons that Rowan had come across, his options were no longer singular.

Knowledge Well had scanned all of the weapons, armor, vehicles, and other miscellaneous items he had come across all through his adventures in the Nexus and on Jarkarr and had documented them all, down to their molecular arrangements.

It was the reason why so many of his Consciousness pillars were assigned to it, as with every moment, it was constantly updating its library, but that was only a small part of what the Knowledge Well was also doing.

All of these details were now available to Hollow Forge. An image of a floating Greatsword appeared inside his head and then many branching paths were shown leading away from it.

He instantly manifested three long swords, each of them was far better than the great sword in terms of sharpness and hardness, and the materials used in their creation all came from the single greatsword.

The three long swords turned into thirty shurikens, then transformed into two bows with eight shiny arrows, with a flourish a great cannon wielded by the Boreas family guardsman appeared.

It was exact to the last metallic detail, but it would not be able to fire a single shot because other necessary components to make that possible were not available in the material of the Great Sword.

This was where Astrolabe came in, white light began to flash inside the Hollow Forge bringing a wealth of metals, Aether Stones, and other resources and they were all disintegrated and stored into the portal above.

Hollow Forge could also serve as his storage, and Rowan pushed every single material that was not nailed down into Hollow Forge, it could store them all and perfectly duplicate them or change them into something useful.

With Hollow Forge, Rowan's wastes turned to zero, and he would be able to wage wars on all corners of the universe without worrying about the logistics. Nothing he ever owned was ever going to waste again.

With this influx of this new material, the Hollow Forge rippled, and soon a perfectly working lightning cannon was created, with a sizzling sound, a thousand cannons were produced with little fanfare.

Each of them was not just an exact copy of the cannons Rowan had seen on Jarkarr, there were clear improvements in their damage, range, and firing rate, for the Knowledge Well was also improving the designs of everything he came in contact with.

Pulling data from various sources all in service of improving every aspect of Rowan's life.

One of the improvements to this cannon was that it was now linked to the Endless sea of Aether inside his Mental Space, effectively granting this cannon the effects of unlimited bullets.

He began to fire a thousand cannons simultaneously and thousands of feet ahead the air shattered into pieces as countless explosions of lightning and fire bloomed.

If a thousand mortal men were armed with these cannons, they would tear an army of Dominators at the First Circle apart.

Rowan felt a slight dip in the Endless Sea beneath him, but it was meaningless to the overall size of the sea and it soon was replenished.

He soon experimented with producing armor, vehicles, houses, and roads, until he was satisfied with the creation ability of Hollow Forge.

This was an amazing way to gear an army and there were so many ways to utilize Hollow Forge that would be game-changing, but for now, the thing he was interested in the most was the level of weapons it was able to replicate.

Rowan hesitated for a moment before manifesting the weapon he collected from Dorian, bringing it before him. The long blade which he had called Lady.

No matter if he was able to produce a billion cannons or a trillion swords, against the sort of enemies he faced, those could as well be toothpicks. What could change the direction of the battle was weapons such as these.

God Killers.

These sorts of weapons were very rare, and he hoped that the Hollow Forge would be able to perform wonders and he could produce these weapons en masse.

The possibility of having his legions of Angels each armed with weapons like Lady and Envy was so attractive a prospect that he was nearly salivating. Yet he still tempered his expectations as weapons like these were alive. These were weapons worthy to be wielded by gods, Archmages, and Demon Princes.

Not alive in the way most mortals understood life, but they had a vitality of their own that was undeniable. He did not know if such sentience could be duplicated.

Lady was a powerful weapon, but unlike Envy which could grow increasingly powerful the more enemies he killed with it and could drain their emotions from them as its meal, he had hardly begun to scratch the surface of what this weapon was capable of.

Rowan had unearthed most of the mysteries of this blade, and although its Soul-killing properties were powerful, he could endure the loss of this weapon if the refinement failed to duplicate its properties.

Chapter 418: Weapon Spirit

Rowan did not hesitate and he threw the blade into the swirling blue wind, and Lady shrieked. He heard notes of surprise from the weapon, and then there was anger, when the blade began to slowly disintegrate, he began hearing notes of sadness and plea, before resignation.

The range of emotions he was detecting from the weapon was astonishing and he was surprised at how much the weapon wanted to cling to life.

Rowan hoped he had not made a priceless mistake. He dismissed every form of disquietness in his heart, knowing that the results would be worth every sacrifice.

What happened next surprised him, and reminded him again about how much knowledge he needed to find and understand.

The weapon disintegrated into bits that were smaller than dust but there was a noticeable difference. Lady was a large blade more than six feet long. Whatever material was used to make it should not be more than a few tons in weight, at least that was what Rowan had expected.

What escaped from the disintegrated blade was something more... much, much more.

Rowan's sight darkened as the vast space of the Hollow Forge was filled with countless specks of various colors that should measure more than 500 million tons in weight.

His jaws nearly dropped as he did not expect a Great blade like Lady would be made up of materials that could build ten cities. This broke every law of reality that he knew, yet he was not too surprised as he was expecting something like this.

Rowan discovered that the higher a being went on in power, no matter if it was a weapon or a Dominator, their bodies became increasingly more complex. Each god and Archmage was like a world unto themselves.

He recalled using the eyes of Ohrox the Demon prince of Destruction to peer at the Archmages around him at the Covenant and seeing the images of worlds around them, perhaps his analogy was closer to reality than he thought.

The rushing sounds of the materials being sucked into the portal above were thunderous, as more and more gray dust kept appearing. It took an entire hour for the components to be sucked entirely into the portal above and Rowan could only watch in shock.

The components used in the creation of Lady were enough to fill an entire moon or even a planet! It was no wonder that weapons such as these were rare.

To produce it was a monumental undertaking that few could ever achieve, most likely this blade was created by a godly power, for it was impossible for any mortal smith, artificer, or alchemist to make something like this.

Yet it was not over, left behind was something else, that could not be disintegrated by the Hollow Forge, for it was alive.

A red specter that resembled a woman appeared, she was kneeling and her face was covered by her hands, as she appeared to be weeping.

Her dress, her hair, and her skin were all red, and Rowan was intrigued because she felt like a soul yet she was not. Yet she shared enough properties with a soul that Rowan could easily manipulate her, and so he drew her to him.

Rowan made her remove her hand from her face, and what was exposed was smooth with no discernable features. Delving deeper into her structure he saw that she was very complex, and although he tried communicating, his efforts were futile, as it appeared as if she could not understand anything he spoke.

Sighing, he kept it away and focused on the materials used in creating the blade, and he swallowed. Adamantite—24,000,000 tonnes, Purple Twittering Stones—11,000,000 tonnes, White Copper—7,000,000 tonnes, Swordfish-King Bones 1,000,000 tonnes, Deep Earth Ores—43,000,000 tonnes, Azure Flower Spine—67,000,000 tonnes....

The list went on for hundreds of lines, each line holding the name of a resource all weighing in millions of tonnes. With his experience, he understood that such materials could only be obtained after scrapping through different planets.

Some of them were extinct for hundreds of thousands of years. Rowan could speculate that perhaps Lady had been created hundreds of thousands of years ago, and in the process of her creation, her makers had driven some species to extinction, as this weapon was not just made from metal, but also from living creatures like Swordfish King and so many others.

Rowan soon beamed when he understood that Hollow Forge could not only replicate Lady, with the resources it collected, he could make two blades of the same quality.

His Knowledge Well had gone through the entire configuration of this weapon and was able to improve the methods it was pieced from. The understanding of how to craft this God Killer weapon began to stream into his consciousness aided by Knowledge Well, and it took thirty seconds for this data inflow to be completed.

This process brought along unexpected benefits and he could feel the space around his Consciousness pillars beginning to ripple, it was apparent that soon enough, a new pillar would be created, which was amazing because each new pillar was harder to create than the previous ones.

Then the expected bad news arrived. The Hollow Forge could perfectly replicate the blade, even improve it, and make two blades of the same quality, the only catch was that There was only one Weapon Spirit.

That was the name for the Red Lady, it was called a Weapon Spirit. These creatures were born in areas of intense conflicts or could be found by chance when roaming the Universe.

Each Weapon Spirit was unique, and even if he could find another and imbue it into the second blade, the effect it would grant would be different. Whatever abilities the weapons would gain were also random, and according to the instructions on the creation of such weapons, fusing a Weapon Spirit with a Godly Weapon was permanent.

Special care was given to collecting Weapon Spirit from great sites of battle, those usually ended up giving the weapons powerful abilities, such as this Weapon Spirit's ability to poison souls.

Chapter 419: Summoning The Angels

He needed to satisfy his curiosity and understand if it was feasible to gear his Legions with powerful weapons such as Lady.

Rowan immediately connected his consciousness to Nezirakim and Dora on the Great Battlefield on Trion and commanded them to use their Astral Projection to find traces of Weapon Spirit around.

Doing this would blow their cover but Rowan would be retrieving them soon, and using this opportunity they could also search for Maeve.

He would begin pulling all Angels with non-essential tasks back to his side for them to begin upgrading their levels. It was incredibly important for him to be able to create Archangels as soon as possible.

If he guessed on the amount of resources he would need to reach the Third Circle and finance his war machine then he would need helpers with the powers of gods in their millions to help him.

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Nezirakim and Dora bowed in celebration and acknowledgment.

Before the Creator awakened and led them to ultimate victory they had to reduce their presence and go about their duties with a guarded approach.

Although Angels were master infiltrators, able to take over or share the same body with any organism, they were ultimately beings of light that shunned hiding in the darkness.

It could be said that their possession ability was a new one that came about because they were previously Angels of Char. Such an extreme state caused a new ability to be written in their Divine Bodies.

They had been on this great battlefield for three years, and they had lost as many battles as they had won. All this tribulation made their growth rate accelerated, and beside Suriel, both of them were the Angels who were closer to maturity.

Their powers were currently at the Peak of the Second Circle, but due to the fact that they had to hide their presence as much as possible while searching for their target, they possessed the bodies of two Incarnation State Dominators and used powers only slightly above that level.

As they got closer to their target, the travails and the setbacks they faced increased, and for the past two weeks they were being hunted by a company of six Mages and three Demon Warriors.

The Mages were all peak Rank 3 Mages all sharing the same school for they wielded the power of Ice. During the long and ceaseless battles, most Mages would end up exhausting their Scripts, talismans, and potions.

This would force them to go back to the basics and focus on their Spells.

In a manner, this made them more dangerous foes to contend with. It stripped the mages of distraction and every bad habit they may have learned during their life, reducing them to elemental powerhouses who could raze a world to ashes with a snap of their fingers.

All Great Mages had to be baptized in war and suffering.

The two Angels had been suffering from the assaults from the Mages because a Mage could wield the powers of Ice more effectively than most Dominators.

The Demon Warriors also on their tails were Imps. They were five feet tall with wicked long claws more than twelve inches long, they had small bat wings that could propel their gangly frame through the air with surprising speed, and they also had the ability to spit acid that could eat through metal and earth as easily as a hot knife through butter.

Originally there had been three times their number on their tail, but during the hunt, the two Angel had been able to whittle down the number of their pursuers.

However, this did not deter their assault, only increased their bloodlust. The pursuit had been a terrible one for both sides, only the vitality of the Angels could keep the bodies they were inhabiting in working shape.

With the order from their Creator to find their targets and return home they no longer had to manage pushing through this land broken by war with the nearly destroyed bodies of the Guardsmen they possessed.

They had been given free rein to unleash their might and they stopped and looked at each other, the joy in their eyes could not be denied. They no longer ran but waited for their pursuers, and Dora simply collapsed to the ground while looking at the war-torn sky.

She could appreciate the beauty in the chaos of war, for what were Angels, but warriors made to battle across the stars.

Nezrakim glanced at her and also sat down, he slowly began taking off what was left of his Power-Armor. He had maintained it as best as he could for he was the Shield while Dora was the Spear.

"Look at this world consumed by chaos," Dora whispered, each word she spoke made blood run from her mouth and throat, the body she was holding was missing its left hand and a sizable chunk of its guts, the acid from the imps made regenerating these bodies extremely difficult, even when you burn away the infected parts.

"Soon, it would all be cleansed by the Divine Flames of the Creator." Nezrakim cracked his head, "Stand up, those who are here to die have arrived, I am weary of wearing this body any second longer."

"Nah, I'm too lazy to stand for such tiny annoyances. Do your thing and let us leave, all this time that I've been far from the Creator's light, it had been painful."

Hooting and weird laughter suddenly came from the air as three imps flew over them.

Then a thirty-foot wall of ice rose and surrounded the two battered warriors. On top of the walls were six Mages who eyed them with glee after finally cornering their prey.

One of the Mages laughed aloud, "Finally stopped running? Well, we are going to tear the two of you to pieces and torture your flesh for as long as you can endure."

"I suddenly find myself eager to stretch my limbs again. Will you do it or should I?" Dora asked and began to slowly rise from the ground.

Nezrakim smiled, "You have been having all the fun while I was the punching bag. Let me flex my wings, they have seriously gone cramped."

One of the Mages, Kopas, a grizzled veteran of war who was here to seek fortune after being stuck as a Rank 3 Mage for two centuries with his lifespan running out.

Over the years he had become particularly adept at reading the flow of battle, and his instincts were screaming at him, it was almost as if they were the ones who were surrounded and not their prey.

Chapter 420: Astral Projection

Kopas no longer used a staff, he had learned to cast powerful spells without its aid, and everyone with him was also capable of such feats. He slapped both of his palms together and rotated his Spirit Matrix, rapidly linking eighty-four Engraving Slots to form the most popular Rank 3 ice-based attack spell—Frozen Spear.

Months of battle had given the rest of his companions a firm grasp over tactics and cooperation. They all attacked at the same time even without any prompting from each other. The Imps held back, they were creatures of opportunity, and they would attack when any opening was given.

The attacks were excessive, but this did not stop everyone here from giving it their all, Dominators were a tricky bunch, with some of them having earth-shattering bloodline abilities.

Dozens of icy spears rained down on the body of the two Dominators pinning them to the ground and tearing away parts of their limbs. The combined assaults caused the Frozen Spears to implode, further tearing apart the bodies into gory bits and pieces.

An Icy fog encircled the ground, and Kopas waved his hand to dismiss the fog, and cheers went around as they saw the result of their attack, finally the long hunt was done, and a sizable amount of points would be rewarded to all of them.

These Dominators must be geniuses from their families, for they were more powerful beyond their rank. One of them had insane defensive capabilities and the other was a deadly sniper, the battle awareness these two displayed over the course of weeks was mind-numbing, and Kopas still found it hard to believe that they would choose to give up after all this time of furious resistance.

The Imps shrieked in happiness and dived down to feast on the flesh of the Dominators, and before long the cracking of bones was heard alongside the slobbering sounds from the Imps.

Kopas turned away, ready to return to the camp, as the battlefield had become especially dangerous during this period.

He was in no mood to watch the stomach-turning display of the Imp eating their meals, although the other Mages here seemed to be enjoying the spectacle, many of them had lost loved ones and friends to those two during the hunt.

Suddenly the joyous cries from the feasting imps ceased.

Kopas immediately felt a chill inside his heart, and not doubting his instinct, he fled. He did not turn, or shout any warnings to his team, He channeled all his Aether to link ninety-four slots in his Spirit Matrix and activated the peak Rank 3 Spell—Ice Gust, and his legs were surrounded with a large explosion of ice and wind propelling him for thousands of feet in an instant while constantly accelerating.

He fled for three hundred miles before coming to the ground, as any more flashy movements like that would risk his death from enemy combatants and even friendly fire, only the truly powerful ruled the skies of the battlefield.

Turning around he gasped as he saw he was alone. The five Mages with him were gone. Kopas swallowed, he had seen many strange sights on the battlefield and he would chalk this one as one of them, and he was lucky to survive whatever just happened.

He turned and he was stopped by a single massive eye that was looking at him with a bit of curiosity. He looked up to see a golden giant, standing more than eleven feet tall.

The giant was wrapped in seamless golden armor from head to toe with arcane Scripts engraved on it that felt very ancient. The single large eye on its chest blinked and Kopas's mouth opened in a scream but nothing escaped as he felt an intrusive force inside his chest.

He looked down to see a massive golden hand had been shoved through his back and out his front, the golden hand gently opened and he could see his beating heart, which slowly stopped thumping.

He could only see from the corner of his vision that another similar giant had appeared behind him. It was this giant that took his heart. The horror he was feeling reached his zenith, this was like nothing he had ever seen before, and the closest description he could draw was of those mysterious atrocities that prowled outside the material universe.

His oncoming scream was cut short when a gigantic hand seized his head and pulled it from his body, as easily as pulling out grass from the ground.

Nezrakim kept the head inside his Storage Space, throughout their time in battle they had been gathering the bodies of Mages and Demons, these were all needed for experiments by the Lady of Shadows.

Nodding to Dora, flaming wings sprouted from their shoulders that were more than fifty feet from one end to the other, Nezrakim faced North-East, While Dora faced South-West.

With a wave of their wings, their entire feather was dispersed. Millions of flaming feathers shot into the skies and began to spread around for thousands of miles.

This was the Astral Projection ability of the Angel, with both of them working in tandem, they could cover thousands of miles and everything inside that range would be revealed to their senses.

The moment they assumed their true form, they were already on a timer. There were countless rumors abound on the battlefield about a strange race of aliens infiltrating their numbers. It would not be long for the anomaly that their presence represented to be detected.

Dora soon detected two Weapon Spirits, one was floating around on the battlefield while the other was captured. It was Nezrakim who detected their primary goal, and the two rushed in opposite directions.

Nezrakim was the first to make contact with Maeve. This individual was holding a great ax forged from the bones of demons and was in a small unit besieging three Rank 2 Mages

Nezrakim swooped down and held her by the waist before shooting into the skies. His arrival turned everything around him to ash for miles.

He dismissively caught the ax that Maeve sent towards his neck with a wicked swipe that nearly dislocated her shoulders.

She screamed, attempting to claw at his armored hand while bending down to bite at his hand, and Nezrakim laughed in appreciation of her bravery and ferocity, "Your Master sent me Maeve."

Chapter 421: Dancing Above The Battlefield

Maeve went still before she resumed fighting with much more passion, Nezrakim sighed and knocked her out with a tap on her forehead. He was already ten thousand miles up in the air and was joined by Dora, they were about to push their speed when the ground below them shuddered, and the air shook.

Below them, the air turned a shade of black and red, as screaming bolts of destruction arose from the ground.

"Wow...." Dora drawled, "It is so magnificent when you look at it from this side."

Below them the Tiberius Family Lance of Destruction had fired, tens of thousands of missiles that were hundreds of feet long and traveling at five times the speed of sound had been launched and the ascending Angels were in the way, or they were the target.

Nezrakim did not care for attacks of this speed coming from so far away, he placed a protective spell on Maeve's body and he shook his wings a hundred times in four seconds, accelerating to Mach 9, which was nine times the speed of sound.

He transformed into a golden beam that shot towards the heavens. Dora on the other hand laughed and began to dance.

Her magnificent Angelic form moved through the screaming missiles as they barely brushed her, missing only by a single inch. She even closed her eyes and reduced her senses, letting her instinct guide her through a field of destruction.

In her heart, she understood that with the Creator's light on her side, she would walk through a field of death and emerge unscathed.

This magnificent sight was seen by Dominators, Mages, and Demons, and for a short time, this corner of the battlefield was silent. Her flaming wings, her supernatural graceful movements, and her golden body, all held her audience in awe, and for those that were weak weak-minded, a feeling of adoration began to arise in their heart.

The missile barrage ended much to her disappointment, Dora soon flapped her wings and vanished into the horizon, as she caught up to her counterpart.

"Was that really necessary?" Nezrakim sighed, and only the giggle of Dora replied him

The moment both Angels broke through the barrier of the sky and stepped into space, Rowan used their eyes to see the so-called Palace of the God King.

It was made from wood, and fourteen moons were rotating around the Palace like jewels, this goes to show how large this palace was, making Erohim Divine Palace resemble a kid's playground.

There was a vast and powerful Will that was encircling this Palace and Rowan was careful not to come in contact with it. For the will felt sharp as if it could cut through anything in existence.

If he was not wrong then it was very possible that this Palace was made from the bones of his mother, and was been displayed for the entire world to see. Not content in just killing her, he had also made a Palace out of her bones.

Rowan placed this affront in his heart beside the many he had already listed. He had sent the lights of Astrolabe ahead of him even before he contacted the Angelic duo on the battlefield.

With its new speed, twelve seconds later a milky white light enveloped both Angels and they vanished from sight.

A few seconds later a figure appeared in the area where the Angels vanished from, after looking around for a long time using various mystical methods as it searched for traces and found none, the figure soon vanished.

A constant stream of investigators also came to this location and tried as much as they could to investigate this area, but they all left disappointed.

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Rowan pulled both Angels across space and deposited them on a planet just outside the Nebular galaxy. This place was outside the reach of the Empire and there was a safe house there created by Eva.

It was an abandoned mining planet that was filled with countless tunnels, deep inside these labyrinthine structures was the Safehouse Eva built for emergencies and other purposes.

She had created such Safehouses on hundreds of planets, a single Angel was given the task of constructing such safe houses throughout the galaxy.

They placed the sleeping Maeve at the safe house and they both vanished as Rowan recalled them to his side. It was too risky for him to bring Maeve to his current location, for there would undoubtedly be trackers placed on her body.

Yet he felt the risk was worth it to bring her away from the control of the Empire. There was no way to actually track the movements of Astrolabe through Space and he was not worried that he could be tracked back to his location.

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Rowan sighed as he pulled his mind away from the Angels, he took a little longer than expected and two minutes had already gone by but he had accomplished the tasks he wanted fulfilled.

He opened his eyes and smiled, his face lighting up as Diane fell into his arms while weeping.

"You are awake.... You are awake. I'm so glad." She said through her tears as she buried her face into his stomach.

'She did not grow tall, even with a trace of my power flowing in her vein.' Rowan thought.

Rowan smiled and patted her on the head, and he looked to his left where Eva had arisen. Her black eyes were deep like the ocean, but Rowan could see the astonishment inside them as she looked at her mortal form.

Tears slid down her eyes as she looked at Rowan, he could see surprise, joy, apprehension, and many subtle emotions that were flooding her mind.

Rowan could understand part of her emotions, the prospect of having her own mortal form after all these while was a great surprise as she would never have thought that this sort of change was possible.

Although she was happy, she was undoubtedly afraid about her future and purpose, suddenly the person that she was inextricably linked to was now separated from her and she could feel the void that he left behind.

Chapter 422: Living Without A Soul

Rowan could understand all these emotions at a glance because he was feeling the same way too, disconnected from the person who knew him the most. When the tension between them was thick enough to cut through with a knife. He suddenly grinned and created the connection once more.

He linked Eva back to his Knowledge Well, Astrolabe, and Hollow Forge, and he gave her authority to control his Territory, the Primordial Sea of Darkness.

Her eyes widened and her hair flared up, as waves after waves of endless power filled her mortal flesh once more transforming her into the realm of Divinity.

Black Shadows poured from her skin like ink and yet her deep black eyes could be detected inside that Shadow. Eva looked at him in joy and happiness and he nodded at her.

Even though she was Mortal she was still a part of him, and doing away with her would be like losing a limb. Rowan had deliberately waited for her to wake up and see her mortal form so he could give her a choice, plus it was a bonus to see this fragile side of Eva, she had never displayed such a range of emotions before.

Nevertheless, he had wished to give her a choice he never had. Even if she chooses to live the life of a mortal, he would protect her for as long as she wanted to live, any form of war or disaster would be shielded from her and he would never go against her interest.

In the life of battle he had ahead of him, he could only drag everyone and everything alongside him, his every movement causing countless disturbances to the reality of countless people all around him.

Just seeding 140 worlds had placed the lives of hundreds of billions in his palm, he was an undeniable force that would drag everything alongside him. If he would give anyone the option to leave his service, it would be Eva.

Eva understood all that, and she was happy he would make this choice for her. But she was not a mortal and she had never been, the mercy that Rowan wanted to afford her would be a curse, and it would break her spirit.

She was made for war, for long battles spanning endless millennia, for commanding billions of angels on a billion battle fronts, for directing an Empire that stretched throughout the universe.

The Memories of her past lives were slowly resurfacing, and everything she had remembered was War, endless wars on a million fields. If Rowan was going to survive, then he would need her assistance.

The life of a mortal was a curse that would kill her in a single day.

Yes, she appreciated his mercy, but she would rather die screaming on the field of battle than spend a million years living as a mortal.

Eva pierced into Rowan Forehead in her shadow form and hovered above the Primordial Sea with her eyes closed as she digested all the information and changes that Rowan had just shared with her.

Rowan sighed, he understood the sentiments in the heart of Eva, if this was what she wanted, then he would be grateful to have her by his side.

Rowan looked in amusement at the weeping Diane, a short while back, she had wiped her eyes and saw that her face was pressed against the rock-hard abs of Rowan.

Rowan's body was the dream of a Greek god, and although packed into every single strand of his flesh was enough power to crush a mountain range to dust, it still appeared to be relatively soft and filled with vitality.

His new form came about at the moment all of his Attributes passed a hundred thousand points. His body did not appear to be made of metal any longer, but sights could be deceiving, it would take a forge that had the temperature of the sun to begin melting his skin.

Diane's face went red and she began coughing after she swallowed and nearly choked on her saliva. After three years she was a young woman of eighteen, and her status as

a Spell Weaver gave her the golden hair of Rowan giving her a similar appearance to him.

Rowan's attractiveness was beyond the scale of what any Mortal could conceive, and only a strong will allowed her to focus her thoughts on what was important and perform her duties in service to her lord.

Spending some time comforting and discussing with her, he soon sent her away to announce the good news to the people. It was a great thing to reconnect with friends, but war was on the horizon, and he needed to prepare.

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Rowan entered his Mental Space once more and his attention was driven to his Knowledge Well where the consciousness pillars had exited their immaterial form and became material.

The understanding of how to create such a powerful weapon rippled through his consciousness and another two consciousness pillars began to emerge around his Knowledge Well, and they increased to 37.

When Dora returned with the Weapon Spirits he would begin his experiments once more. He was eager to know the results of this experiment.

Rowan had been leaving most of his consciousness pillars to the Knowledge Well to aid it in computational efforts. He had been developing an incredible amount of Power, and since he had no Soul, he had to perform many tasks that should have been left to the soul that most people were not aware was taking place every day.

The seat of consciousness was not in the brain but inside the Soul, and to manage the vast array of power Rowan had amassed, and that was also still increasing by the day. His Knowledge Well needed to have enough consciousness pillars. The greatest reason he could seed worlds beyond his given limits was due to the power of Knowledge Well.

It was the reason why gods and Archmages had immortal souls that were vast and powerful, nothing short of that could understand and support their incredible abilities.

It was the reason why the Spirit Attribute was so important, although most people understood the connection of the Soul with the Spirit, they did not realize the full nature of their souls and all the tasks it was performing.

Chapter 423: Expanding The Territory

He may have lost out by losing his Soul but he had a worthy replacement in the form of his consciousness pillars and Knowledge Well.

Rowan had left only two consciousness pillars for his use when outside battle, it was more than enough.

He went to the side of Eva who was watching both the massive numbers of Angels of Char, the Divine Tree growing in the distance, the enigmatic City of Sheol, and the dazzling amounts of Soul Crystals that represented an oncoming upsurge in their strength.

Her breathing was rough as she did not expect this amount of improvement in the short time that Rowan was sleeping.

Calling her to his side, Rowan began to outline the plans he had for his growth.

The first on his agenda was to grow his own personal power. He was in the second Great Circle and for an average Dominator that would be he was in the first of the three realms which was the Spirit Territory Realm, after that was the Incandescent Realm, and finally the Proclamation Realm.

For a normal Dominator, this was the start of a grueling journey to ascend through the Realms. They would have to gather various exotic resources to build their Territory, like magical earth, alloys, or even living creatures.

This second Great Circle was also called the Great Equalizer, for building your Territory did not require much talent on the part of the Dominators, only good luck and a lot of resources.

If you were lucky enough to reach the Second Great Circle with bad talents, then with enough riches, you would be able to grow your Territories until you ascend through the Realms to the Peak of the Second Circle.

If you were lucky enough even without riches, you could come across great treasures that would propel you through the Realms in the blink of an eye.

This was the generally acceptable method of growing your Realms as a Dominator, but there was a second method that was considered taboo.

Rowan only learned this due to the fact that even at this moment, he had ten Angels inside the Great Families of Trion, where they funneled information to him.

This method was taboo because it only worked on members of the same bloodline. This method was devouring the Territory of others.

This could only be used on members with similar bloodlines and Pathways, ultimately their Territories no matter how different it was on the surface still belonged to a single bloodline from their primogenitor.

There were risks to such activities, but if a Stronger Dominator had a robust will, they would be able to devour the Territories of those weaker than them.

Rowan allowed this information to pass through his mind while looking at the Sea of Darkness below him. The vast Sea was an indicator he had stepped into the Spirit Territory Realm.

For him to grow stronger, he would need to deepen the level of this Sea while also expanding it. His Realm would be said to be fully completed when the edge of this sea had touched the endings of his Mental Space, only then could he ascend to the Third Great Circle.

Yet he knew that he could also immediately ascend to the Third Great Circle this very instant. His foundation was not the best for now, but it was beyond what any Dominator could ever hope to achieve.

Even in his base state and his Territory at its lowest levels, his foundation was stronger than millions of Dominators placed together.

But this was not enough for him. He was not a Dominator, and as he got stronger, he was not just an Emphyrean any longer, he was something much older. He was becoming a Primordial.

If he was ever to reach that level, then he could not take any shortcuts in his foundation. He would complete every single level completely.

This task before him was monumental, for it was even difficult for Rowan himself to locate the edges of his Mental Space. With each evolution of his Bloodline, his Mental Space grew.

If he did not find a way to quickly grow his Territory, it was very possible he would be stuck in the second Great Circle for a million years or more.

He had a short cut but Rowan doubted it would do him much good with the amount of Soul Crystal that he had, but in order to check if his thoughts were correct, he brought out a Soul Crystal and placed it over the Endless Sea.

Using Knowledge Well, he focused his will on the form he wanted the Soul Crystal to take, and he held that image so firmly in his mind it could as well be reality.

Crushing the Soul Crystal that possessed a million soul points inside it, he let it drop into the Sea.

There was a long span of silence as if nothing was going to happen, and then a massive wave that was more than a thousand feet tall surged up from the position he dropped the Soul Crystal.

Billions of gallons of the Primordial Sea of Darkness were produced out of seemingly empty air. The commotion continued for ten minutes before it stopped.

Rowan Knowledge Well had captured every single drop of water that was produced and it gave him the figure of one hundred quadrillion gallons.

This was a spectacular amount of water, enough to fill up a hundred rivers, it could almost be called an ocean of water, but for Rowan, this was just a drop in the bucket.

It was not so long ago that he was celebrating the fact that he had more than five hundred Soul Crystals, and now this number was no longer impressive.

How many Soul Crystals would he need to reach the peak of the Second Circle? A thousand would not do, ten thousand? One hundred thousand?

Would there be enough gods in the universe to satisfy his needs?

This was just for one of his Bloodlines, what about when he began upgrading his second one and took both of them to the Third Great Circle, would he need millions of Soul Crystal to even make a dent in his upgrade?

Chapter 424: Maintaining Bloodline Purity

The forbidden method of consuming the Territories of others entered his thoughts but he quickly rejected that idea. If he had not seen a rare evolution in his bloodline, then he would have seriously considered this option.

Surely if he could consume every single Dominator's Territory and the Divine Kingdom of every god he came across, then he would quickly fill up his Mental Space with the Primordial Sea of Darkness.

This idea was feasible, but it was flawed. He was only able to evolve his bloodline to this level because he depended primarily on Soul Energy.

Applying any form of outside energy would most likely pollute the flawless energy streams inside his body.

In the same manner that the bloodline Avatar of Eve came about, as a matter of fact, this bloodline was a result of unintended Mutation.

He had pulled power from the face of the goddess in his mental space and was connected to the Primordial Darkness, that darkness had fused with his Soul Reaper bloodline and created a foreign power that led to a variant bloodline.

In a manner of speaking the fact that his bloodline had evolved past the Avatar of Eve, was a telling fact that he had expelled most of the corruption that arose from him merging the darkness with his Soul Seizer Bloodline.

The clear divide between the Primordial Sea of Darkness and his present bloodline appears to reject and cleanse every fruit of his previous bloodline like the Angels of Char. This meant that the evolution to a Primordial Bloodline required a pure bloodline source.

Rowan could easily guess that Sheol was a Primordial Bloodline that birthed his Soul Reaper and Soul Seizer bloodline, and he was presently evolving towards that state.

Yet he still noticed the link between this present bloodline and his Palace of Ice, after all, they were both bloodlines that resembled each other. Perhaps it was the Palace of Ice that served as a foundation for him to be able to evolve into this bloodline.

Although this corruption turned out to be profitable, not all of them would be like this, and Rowan was determined to keep his bloodlines pure. It was desperation that made him corrupt his bloodline previously, and he would not make that same gamble again.

Then that meant the only way he could rapidly increase his powers was to create more Angels, and seed worlds and hunt down godly beings, all these would create a positive feedback loop that would ultimately feed him more Soul Energy in the long run.

Also, he did not forget the primary reason he was searching through this desolate area of the universe... that world with the Red Moon. That world seemed to be a graveyard where many powerful beings had died and many still remained.

He did not know how much Soul Energy he would be able to harvest from that world but it would be a lot, at the least, it should be a hundred thousand Soul Crystals.

If he wanted to truly push ahead and keep his bloodlines pure, then he needed to find that world, it was almost as important as his plan to take over the Cerulean Galaxy.

With the investigation from Maeve, he had been able to finally understand a bit about what the yellow crystal was. There were not many details about it, but what she could piece together was that this crystal could only be found on Trion, suggesting that it was brought here by someone or it was a unique resource that could only be found on Trion.

Rowan tended to support the first option because his Angels had searched all available resource-gathering spots on the planet and there was no hint of the Yellow Crystal being mined anywhere.

Dorian had a small piece of this Crystal, and his Knowledge Well had been assigned the task of unlocking its mysteries. This task however would turn out to be a monumental one, but as long as he kept increasing his consciousness pillars and gathering Knowledge from all the Worlds he entered, he would soon understand its origin and hopefully, it would point a way to that world.

This step was very important to him because he had still not received the full benefits of Seeding worlds. The Attributes he gained were just the tip of the iceberg.

The worlds were in an embryonic state at the moment and when the transformation was completed, he would have access to all the Soul Energy inside the worlds, all their knowledge, histories, all the wealth of their manpower and resources would be his.

The transformation should not take too long, a year at the most.

A new race would be born on all these worlds, they would have vastly different shapes and possess different abilities, but they all would be his children, and when they all began to grow in power they would be able to link with him, their Primogenitor.

Rowan expected that he would harvest at least 5,000 Soul Crystals from the worlds when their transformation was complete. Then over time, he expected each world to be able to supply him with at least 10 Soul Crystals every year, and that number would increase as their population grew more powerful.

His World Engine ability was very valuable, and Rowan would argue that it was one of his best ones, and he must take full advantage of this ability.

He could start the Creation of Angels immediately, for in order for him to seed more worlds he would need to hunt down all the gods inside them.

There could be no middle ground, as the Divine Kingdom of the gods were linked to the worlds of their origination. Seeding a world linked to a god was similar to robbing them of their foundation, they would not stand aside, and with the arrogance of gods, they would not bend their heads in subservience.

War was the only option, and he intended to win it.

Rowan did not plan to rest, he had already been sleeping for three years, and he planned to occupy the entire Cerulean galaxy in a year, and then he would digest the benefits of acquiring an entire galaxy.

This galaxy would be his springboard to the Nebular Galaxy and Trion and from there the rest of the universe

Chapter 425: The Origin Of Angels (I)

The air before him shimmered with a white light and Nezrakim and Dora appeared before him, they both bowed and Rowan could sense the intense wave of adoration flowing from their bodies.

Rowan's main body welcomed the two Angelic duos, and he immediately drew them into his Mental Space. Rowan noted that since his Sheol Bloodline resided in his Mental Space, his Territory was born inside of it, if his Ouroboros Bloodline reached the Second Great Circle then where would his second Territory be situated?

He had a hunch, but he could be wrong, the direction his bloodline took could be very strange, and he was not yet knowledgeable enough to understand all of its intricacies.

They both immediately gaped with wonder as they saw this place. His Mental Space had an undeniable majesty and glory that would be hard to describe, could it be his ever-changing City of Sheol, the gigantic Tree of Desire, the millions of Angels of Char, or the many wonders that could be seen at a glance?

Nezrakim and Dora fell on their knees and worshiped him. The chance to behold the mysteries of the Creator was a privilege they would hold dear.

They were among the first Angels to be born, and with each passing year the power of the Creator went deeper and became more profound, a million years from now, it would be a source of pride among the legions to be among your first to see the rise of the Creator.

Rowan could understand the sentiments in their heart, and a desire to be as strong and as infallible as the image they had of him grew in his heart. Their belief in him served as a formless source of strength that he began to treasure.

Their current size also intrigued him, it would seem that Angels grew bigger the stronger they became, going by the current size of these two, he expected that a fully mature Angel should be at least twelve feet tall.

There was an intense form of fanaticism in every Angel that bonded with a mortal, that was different from those Angels that had not yet bonded.

They were more curious and adventurous, their joys and sorrow went deeper, as it seemed the mortal parts inside them enhanced every flavor of emotions they felt. The fact that they were also stronger than a normal Angel was a plus.

Rowan knew of the bonding plan by Eva, and with the number of Mortals inside his seeded worlds, it would not be difficult to find worthy candidates for this process.

For now, Rowan had not seen any great drawbacks from their action, and with the innate difference growing between himself and every other lifeform, he was not against the notion of worship for he understood that such actions carried power he would be needing in the future as he grew stronger.

The Second Great Circle built up the Realms or Territory, what did the Third Great Circle develop?

Pushing this thought aside for the future he began collecting the Weapon Spirits from the Angel, he was disappointed to see that their form was gray and held far less power than the Weapon Spirit he collected from Lady.

He doubted if they would be able to inhabit a complex weapon like the blade, but that answer would soon be revealed to him.

He ordered the creation of the two God Weapons and from the feedback Hollow Forge gave him, it would be completed in two years. This was a very short time, for the complexity of these weapons would take a fully stocked Alchemy Forge at least a thousand years to produce this weapon.

The first blade was constructed over the span of 5,000 years, if the original creator knew that his work could be disintegrated and rebuilt into not one but two superior copies in the future, and in two short years, he wondered what thought might inhabit their heart.

He turned to the Angelic duo, curious about how they would fare against the Walls of Sheol. Ordering them to reach the City and touch the walls, he stood back, Eva remained by his side, her eyes curious to see how they would manage.

She had no idea what sort of bloodline was Sheol, and what it was capable of. A Primordial bloodline was a myth, even among the powerful. Those influential figures in ancient times would never allow their bloodlines to be spread, and even if they wanted to, it was incredibly difficult for them to achieve it.

For a god to give birth was difficult, talk less of a Primordial, a being that was as much an embodiment of eternity than a living flesh.

Rowan began to speak to Eva, the two Angels were not in a rush to reach the City Walls, they both seemed to be praying and their movement would suggest they were pilgrims going to a holy site.

"I am curious about the Angels of Char I have resurrected. Especially that one in the front. Disregarding its demonic form, the sheer power I can feel inside of it is astonishing."

Eva sighed, "Rowan I can tell you the potential level for every Angel that is here, but I don't know the potential of that Angel at the front. Most likely because during my time as the Ruler of the Palace of Ice, I have never summoned an Angel with this power. This suggests to me that whatever Angel it was, it existed before my time, which would make it truly an ancient being, perhaps... it was alive during the Primordial Era, for that is the only period of time that my previous self did not exist in."

Rowan's interest was piqued, as he grew further in power, he began to realize that the true seat of power was not to be found inside the universe, but outside of it, and the truly powerful were not gods, Mages, or even Emphyreans, but something much older, Primordials.

Eva continued, "I would think the only reason an Angel of this stature would be born was due to your emerging Primordial Bloodline. I would have advised you to immediately awaken it, but whatever the effects of this City on Angels, it seemed its benefit is stronger on the Angels of Char, and perhaps it would be better to observe those changes before we begin awakening any of them."

Chapter 426: The Origin of Angels(II)

He deliberated for a short while, "I agree," Rowan said, "I have an intense feeling that whatever changes are happening with the Angels of Char, if they are completed, it would create something monumental. Yet I cannot delay the fusion of my Angels to Archangels. I will be awakening a hundred Angels of Char that are compatible for fusion when the time comes, even if they are not done with the changes being made upon them."

Eva hesitated before she spoke, "I would also advise that you should grow stronger before you awaken that strange Angel, due to its incredible powers, it would be hard for you the Creator to not be influenced by it."

Rowan's face darkened, "What do you mean by influence?"

Eva swallowed, "I now have access to many of my previous memories, and it would be easier for you to understand if I shared them with you."

I do not know the Origins of Angels, for they existed far before I was born, and I was among the first to be born after the Primordial Era."

A memory came to Rowan, it was of a young Eva playing in a field of bluegrass, she appeared to be about eight years old, and was very adorable, her high-pitched laughter brought joy to the ears of everyone who heard her, and her knee-length hair... Was blue.

The field of blue grass she played with seemed to extend for an infinity, and only she existed in this place. Rowan looked around him and nearly choked when he noticed the density of Aether around him.

Every blade of grass here was filled to the brim with Aether, which was denser and deeper than anything he had ever witnessed, rivaling even his Primordial Sea of Darkness. He looked at the sky and did not see any stars but two massive worlds that defied comprehension.

Vast streams of Aether floated through the void that would put the Aether Geyser in the Black Tower to shame. Rowan nearly fell down in shock when he noticed that some parts of the moving streams of Aether were Primordial Aether!

A small part of these would create gods and Empyreans, yet he could see entire streams of it, millions of miles long flowing through the universe.

What sort of place was this?

"I don't know when I was born, but I was alone for the first few years of my life. I believe that perhaps I was a natural Spirit born from the bluegrass. Everything was happiness until they came."

Rowan saw the skies darken and a gigantic hand, trillions of miles in size appeared, just the hand would make his Ouroboros Serpent resemble tiny maggots.

From the hand, many small dusts like locusts poured from it, a closer look would reveal that it was not locusts and they were not small, each of them was the size of Major Worlds!

They attacked the two massive planets he could see above and all existence seemed to shatter, for a while nothing but chaos existed.

"My life was in disarray for countless years as I fought to protect my home and to survive, and I was at the edge of death when he arrived. He gave me a throne and he charged me to fight. He gave me my first Angels..."

Rowan saw a bleeding Eva kneeling on the ground, she appeared to be fifteen years old, and her eyes were no longer filled with happiness but with a cold madness. Behind her, the last of the blue grass turned to ashes and she stood alone... It was here that the last blue light faded from her hair leaving it black.

A figure cloaked in light happened to pass by, with a wave of his hand he disintegrated all her enemies and he said, "Good Seed."

The memories ended.

Rowan came to, he looked at Eva with a new light in his eyes, what he had seen had shaken him to the core, he suppressed the astonishment in his heart and looked at the millions of Angels of Char, their history filled with more mystery than he could fathom.

"So you see Rowan before you reach the Fourth Great Circle and command the power of your Primordial Bloodline, I would advise you not to awaken the first Angel here, maybe it would easily solve all your problems, but you would not be the master, but its puppet, even if it only wants to serve you."

Rowan understood her point, it was not so long ago that he had been scared witless about upgrading his Soul Seizer bloodline because of the threat of the Primordial Keepers, it would be wise to temper caution when he used these powerful abilities of his that he did not yet understand.

It would not be too long before he reached the Fourth Great Circle, even if the resources he used could fill up an entire galaxy, he would succeed and then he would master this power.

He settled his troubled mind and looked ahead, the two Angels finally reached the walls and as one they lay their hands upon it.

Intense light flashed on the contact between their hands and the wall, and they both began to scream, but unlike the first angel who lasted for less than a second before he was thrown out, these two managed to last for twelve seconds.

Their armor was glowing red hot, and their arms pressed against the walls had melted off. With a bright flash of light, they were blasted away from the walls, they landed in a pathetic state, but Dora was laughing.

The Angels began to heal and also grow, their armor receding and regrowing around them, and when they spread their wings, the light was blinding like a star, yet it appeared even more holy as if their bodies were being cleansed.

Rowan then summoned all the Angels in the Palace and ordered them to touch the walls, he soon returned them to their posts while waiting for them to heal of their Spiritual trauma.

This would be a regular activity every two weeks, as every Angel would be expected to touch the walls of Sheol. In five years, they would all be mature, and for some among them like Nezrakim and Dora, they would be mature in two years.

Chapter 427: Angelic Rank

When all the Angels had left he asked Eva a burning question, "Tell me about the potential rankings of all the Angels here."

Eva nodded, "At this time, there are 1.8 million Angels whose potential ends at the Angel Rank, many of them are viable candidates for fusion, so it is necessary for them to be awakened. There are 203,453 Angels whose potential ends at the Archangel Rank."

Her breathing seemed to quicken as she looked at the hundred Angels that were at the forefront, in the future, these hundred Angels would be holding high positions in the Legion, commanding millions of Angels and Archangels.

"Of this hundred, ninety-five of them are Sovereigns, four of them are Powers, and one of them is a...Cherubim!"

Even as she spoke, her words sounded unbelievable to her ears, at the height of her power, she had billions of Angels under her, but she only had twelve Cherubims and Seraphims.

The notion of a Cherubim appearing in such a small number of Angels made her dumbstruck, she turned to look at the Tree of Desire with a pondering look in her eyes.

This bloodline that had become linked to Rowan's second bloodline was showing its ridiculous powers. It may not have any direct offensive powers, but its utility went beyond what any other bloodline she knew could accomplish.

This bloodline could create miracles.

"Your full might will be revealed in a decade, but before then we must go through the hunting plan, do you have any suggestions, Rowan."

"Just one," He answered, "This god we have selected as the first, I want to test myself against him. Create a battlefield where I can battle without intervention, I want to know how much I've grown with tangible experiments."

"It shall be so, of the 65 Minor gods and three Major ones, this one is among the most powerful of the Minor gods. The seeding of the 140 Worlds encroaches on his Domain, although by all indicators, he does not yet understand what is happening, that would soon change, the challenge is to make sure he does not contact other gods before we trap him. Plans are being set up to avoid that outcome."

Rowan responded, "This god has only two more Minor Worlds under his name, and he mostly dwells in one. In the coming months, I shall focus on understanding all my current abilities while growing my Angels, use my child Vraegar and Diane to bait out this god, My Ouroboros Serpents shall also aid you. We must shift this battle away from his homeworld for he may have strategies that he could use to contact his peers."

"By your will."

"Oh, where is my Contracted Companion Archimedes?"

"The lightning Kirin is a feisty creature, Rowan, even as we speak it roams through the Great Darkness while being accompanied by Circe Boreas, the lightning element they share seems to resonate with them and the beast has adopted her as his own. They do not know about your awakening, but I'm expecting them to return in the coming months, although I can summon them if you wish."

"No, do not do that, maybe they will be able to find the place I'm seeking." Rowan glanced at the tree of desire in the distance,

"Let me settle the feud I have with those creatures outside my Palace, I suspect that my Title as a Reality Butcher echoes within them, it would be great to understand the purpose of it."

Rowan's consciousness returned to his body and Eva appeared beside him, creating a Berserker Clone and imbuing it with a single consciousness pillar, he closed his eyes again and settled into his Mental Space.

Using Astrolabe, he transported his Clone and Eva to the target's location and they instantly arrived beside Erudiel the potential Sovereign, and Vraegar the dragon.

Erudiel was looking at the distance, he had already manifested a blade of flames and he kept it pointed downward, his two hands were upon the hilt of the blade and his flaming eyes watched the distance like a hawk.

With the appearance of Rowan, he bowed towards him, and Rowan smiled at him and drew him inside his Mental Space, he turned to Vraegar who was looking at him with an expression of loss, anger, sorrow, fear...

So many expressions passed in the eyes of the young dragon but it all went away when Rowan opened his arms.

Vraegar's eyes lit up like a star and he shrank as he swooped into his hands. Rowan felt a slight bit of shame and sorrow in his heart, but it felt muted, like an echo of a habit that was long lost.

Vraegar was useful to him, so it was a good thing to make him happy. If being a father to the young dragon was all it took then he would do so.

Yet, Rowan was still amazed by how much emotion he had felt at this moment.

"You stole from me little dragon." Rowan began to scratch the scales near his spine, making Vraegar swoon, his body twisting like a little cat.

"A thousand apologies father, I was just..."

"Hungry?" Rowan chided.

Looking down in shame the dragon nodded.

Sigh, "I have been a bad father, and many lessons that you should know have not been taught to you. The first thing you should understand about life is the value of patience and timing. You think the reason I was angry at you was because you stole from me, but that is not entirely the truth. What you stole was worth less than a single breath to me, easily replaced in the blink of an eye. I'm truly angry at you because of the methods you used, and the shortness of your vision."

Rowan held him up by his nape, turning the dragon's head so he would face him directly, "Tell me Vraegar, at that time I found you at the edge of death, what was the reason? Were you being chased by gods, by a couple of Earth gods perhaps, were you caught in the destruction of a world?"

The dragon was silent, he wanted to look away but Rowan did not permit him

"Answer me, child."

He muttered, "I was chased and nearly killed by one man."

Chapter 428: The Children of Ruin

Rowan sneered, "The last time I remembered, Fury was at the second circle while you were at the Third, yet you were the one who had to run with your tails tucked, even if he was special, did you forget your roots? Have you ever wondered why the distance between both of you should be so great?"

"I...I, don't know, Father."

"It is simple, your foundations are rushed and unstable, your body was born of my flesh, yes, but it was assailed by madness, every power you swallowed was untested and it did not fit with your overall nature, but your greed blinded you and you only ate more. The siblings you ate had different elemental properties and alignment, yet you did not seek the power that was sorely yours, you only devoured with no intelligence behind your actions, and the more you collected, the less you had."

Rowan's voice had been growing louder, and Vraegar's head sank into his chest, the spikes running down his Spine that were red like blood began to slowly turn pale.

"I gave you my blood and reforged your body anew, this was a chance for you to recognize your failing and work on your personal base of power. You should understand the strength that makes you unique and improve on that, yet your greed for quick progress made you consume my Essence. Just because you are my son does not mean our Essence is the same! You are lucky my Reflection arrived, else your foundation would have been tainted!"

Vraegar's eyes that were clouded with shame began to slowly light up as he came up with a realization, and he nearly laughed at his stupidity,

"Yes, I can see that you are now piecing it together, careless child of mine, do you even know where your strength lies?" Rowan sighed, "I do not trust your judgment any longer, your growth shall now be personally overseen by me, and I shall charge you with only one task when you have satisfied me, before then return to the Palace, your training has just begun. If you want to be worthy to bear my blood, you must hold yourself to a higher standard."

Vraegar shuddered at the sound of Rowan's voice, but the happiness in his eyes could not be hidden, the opportunity to learn and grow under the supervision of his father made his draconic heart to beat faster in excitement, he merrily flew towards the palace while swishing his tail from side to side.

Rowan sighed and rubbed his brows, "I expect you have come up with a Training Plan for him?"

"Oh yes," Eva smiled, "it was a simple thing really. The dumb dragon has a profound control over blood and bones, it was the reason he was able to steal part of your Essence. As a start, there is no need to look far for a suitable technique for him as your Berserker Aspect would be more than enough to teach him the method to control his power."

Rowan nodded in appreciation, "We will follow your lead for now. Well, it's best we get to the reason while we are here. It is rude to keep guests waiting, you know."

"Well, they do seem contented to wait." Eva pointed out, "Yet, the notion of personal space is not one they share I think."

She looked around, peering at the massive eyes that surrounded her and Rowan. The Children of Ruin had silently surrounded them and they were focused on Rowan as if trying to peer inside his body.

They had been in the same position for some time now, and they made no indication to attack, they only stared, their eyes were like deep wells containing destruction, as images of the destruction of countless worlds played on them.

Rowan stared at these giant creatures that reminded him of the gigantic beasts he had seen inside that world with a Red Moon.

There were seven of them here, according to Eva there had been more, numbering up to a hundred, but most of them had drifted away as the years went by leaving only these seven who refused to leave.

Their appearance was like statues, reminding Rowan of the gargoyles of his previous life but without the wings. Each one of them stood at more than thirty thousand feet tall, and there were countless cracks on their body that glowed with a red and black light as if a brewing volcano was contained in all their bodies.

They all carried pitchforks made from similar materials to their bodies, and a single long horn extended from the middle of their head. The seven all had similar appearances making them appear like siblings.

He was not here with his main body and he detected no malice from these creatures, but he knew they were powerful. The method they used in encircling his clone was almost undetectable, and only with his increased Attributes could he barely notice a shimmer in space as they all surrounded him.

It seemed they had finished scanning him and with a dismissive wave, they destroyed his clone and turned to stare at his palace. Rowan could almost feel the disdain in their action, after all, they did not charge into his palace because they easily could do so, their stand seemed to suggest that they had shown their goodwill to him, and he needed to reciprocate.

Rowan sneered internally, that action would be impossible for him, for he would never allow himself to be placed in a situation where he was the weaker party.

They had waited for three years, and then they could wait for another three. At that time he would know what game they were playing. Besides he could easily leave with the Astrolabe Chamber, but he was curious about these entities and he decided to stay close to them.

Anyway, he hoped to conquer the entire Cerulean galaxy in a year, if he seeded the one thousand-plus Minor World and the single Major World in this galaxy then he would have enough attributes and Soul Energy to evolve to a higher level.

Chapter 429: Drop Of Blood

Rowan's reptilian eyes peered at the Children of Ruin in the distance, they had all settled and were looking at the palace, he could feel their gaze on his body and he

turned away and headed deeper into the palace until the sensation of being watched faded.

Eva floated beside him, carried on a cloud made from shadows, Diane was occupied with breaking through to the next level of a Spell Weaver.

There were seven levels to break through to become a full-fledged Spell Weaver, and each breakthrough you went through gave you access to another Weave.

The first Weave Diane got was the Weave of gold, breaking through to the second would be harder, and it may likely take her at least two years in order to do so.

A Berserker Clone was with the girl, giving her last-minute advice. Before he left Rowan Posted one Angel to be at her side and protect her, keeping her safe from any hazards or distractions as those could be fatal during this period for her.

Rowan's body floated through the air, carried by Telekinesis, he did away with the elaborate Royal costume and wore a black long jacket with golden trims, he asked Eva,

"The object I wanted you to retrieve, where is it?"

"Stored safely on a distant planet. I had no idea what sort of complications may arise with an item of that nature so I was careful to place it as far away from us as possible. The area it is placed has been shielded multiple times and is bereft of all forms of life."

"Good, this location must never leave the circle of me and you, you can imagine how important this thing is to me. Bring me to it."

Creating another Berserker Clone to perform this task, Eva gestured, wrapping the clone in the white light of the Astrolabe, and it was shot towards the stars.

Rowan nodded in appreciation of her deft wielding of the Astrolabe and continued flying deeper into the palace, Eva following by his side.

When the Berserker Clone arrived at the destination, he looked around in surprise and appreciation at the location that Eva had picked.

Her ingenuity was fully engaged as the location she selected was on an asteroid that was revolving around a decaying Gas Giant. The failing gaseous planet was spewing large chunks of itself into space and generating various anomalies like an irregular increasing and decreasing gravitational pull, massive planet-wide storms, and pieces of its core being flung out into space.

Rowan could appreciate such a scene of sheer chaos, and he almost felt an urge to sit and watch, as a spark of inspiration was born in his heart as he looked at tiny Spatial Tears being created by the violent events happening.

The Asteroid that was circling the planet was in a decaying orbit, in a decade or less it would collide with the planet and it would be destroyed, the item he had gained with so much risk would be lost.

His Berserker Clone created two large bloody palms that seized the Asteroid and cracked it in two. In the middle was a spherical device.

Rowan had taken the risk of sending his Angel to retrieve it outside Jarkarr even when that area was heavily monitored. If he had failed, he would have kept sending until he retrieved it. This item was too important.

His hands shook a bit as he held the device, and he paused for a while before opening it. The locking mechanism was very complicated and it took an entire thirty seconds for it to open.

During the creation of this device, Eva had made sure that every sort of signal that could pass through the device was blocked, and Rowan was quick with his actions, immediately the device opened up, he quickly took a small part of whatever was hidden inside the device and closed it up.

Using Hollow Forge he constructed a container that was very durable and sent it to his side, he placed the spherical device into the container and then he shot the container into the Gas Giant.

With the density of the container he just created it would be difficult for the Gas Giant to eject it into space. When he was done with that, he looked at the small piece of what he had just collected. It was a drop of blood.

If he was right then the importance of this drop of blood to him could not be underestimated, because it belonged to his father!

Three years ago on Jarkarr, Rowan had made a bet with fate. He was determined to catch or kill whoever could be chasing him from the Order of Broken Eye.

His audacity had paid off and someone had fallen into his trap, and that person turned out to be his father, and although there were many unexpected situations that came up during the struggles, he had succeeded in making this enigmatic figure make a mistake.

That mistake led to his mother escaping her imprisonment for a short time as she was being held captive inside the body of his father.

Although Rowan was shocked at her presence he performed a subtle action that most would dismiss, he cleaned his mother and created a dress made of Aether from his Berserker Aspect.

That first action he made was important because when his mother pulled her way out of the body of his father, she was covered in blood.

Rowan had appeared incredibly confused and distraught at that time and it would have been easy to dismiss the fact that the blood he wiped away from his mother's body was thrown away nonchalantly but that was just a ruse.

He had carefully protected the blood, but he never took it with him, he had covered it in a random container and placed a tracker inside it, and when his body was destroyed no one noticed that small action he made.

Rowan Berserker Clone vanished from this location only to reappear on a desolate planet. The clone shot into the ground, piercing through the planet until it arrived near its Core.

The Berserker Clone exploded into bloody liquid and surrounded the single blood drop. Rowan decisively used five consciousness pillars to begin carefully analyzing this blood.

This was a long-term project, and he hoped that it would bear unexpected fruits.

Chapter 430: Tearing Space

With that done, his thought focused on the next project, which was to find a method to search through the Underverse, or the Shadow verse, for the Page of he stole from his father.

This was another benefit he had obtained on that day.

He had tasked Fiona Shadowsoul to steal the items on his father's body and dump them into a space crack. While he still had the authority of Ohrox the Demon Prince, he was sure that she would have followed his instructions.

There was no way he would be using that identity anymore before he grew stronger, else it would be easy for the Covenant to imprison his consciousness. Who knows what sort of trap has been placed on the Anima of the Demon?

To retrieve that page inside the Shadow-verse would be difficult but not impossible. He had an intrinsic connection with and he would be led to it soon enough.

The search could take a few months or it would take ten thousand years, the Shadow-verse was as vast as the universe, and there were no landmarks to locate, space and time performed weirdly here and he would have to take it slow.

Inside the Divine Palace, Rowan opened his eyes, and red blood began to gush out from his pores like a flood until another Berserker Clone was created. Still admiring the versatility of this Aspect, he attempted to tear open space but the entire Divine Palace vibrated and resisted his effort.

'This is a pleasant surprise. So a Divine Palace passively defends against Spatial Tears and Folds, that means Teleportation would not work inside or it would be extremely costly to do so.' Rowan mused.

There were no hindrances to his Astrolabe when he used it inside the Divine Palace so he had no idea that such a feature was part of the Palace designs, but it should be a normal feature, after all, the Divine Palace of a god was their sanctuary, where their Divine Spark was kept, it had to be kept as inviolable as possible.

He appeared on the top of the Divine Palace alongside his Berserker Clone, and he brought a single finger that appeared normal, and he parted space with it.

It was a weird sensation to feel the very fabrics of reality coming undone, it almost felt as if he was pushing his finger into an ice-slushy.

The rip in space was razor-straight and it was slowly healing, but he pushed both of his hands through the gap and began to pull it apart. He could feel the razor-sharp edges of space slicing across his palms, but it left only thin white lines that faded in the blink of an eye.

Suddenly the inspiration he received when viewing the death throes of that Gas Giant came to him, and he closed his eyes in deep contemplation for a few seconds, and when he opened it, he seemed to have understood something.

Stretching his hands wide open, space was torn apart and shattered like glass, he brought his hands to his face, where the remnants of reality were wriggling in his closed palms like living smoke.

'Fascinating.' Rowan thought.

The Berserker Clone armored itself with Enrage and entered into the shattered space with no delays. They were all a part of him.

The crack soon healed itself, but there was a portion missing that was taking longer to heal. The piece of space he held in his hands was beginning to grow more violent, and Rowan was determined to see what would happen if he did not release it.

As the missing portion in space grew closer together, his palms began to glow red hot. The intensity of the clash occurring in his palms had become so violent that cracks had begun to appear in his palms.

Rowan's eyes were intrigued and kept his fist closed until the space crack healed itself and the violence in his hands ceased.

Rowan could feel that the pieces of space he held had become docile and cold, and he opened both palms to see their current state.

Two seconds later he said, "Oh."

Rowan was swallowed by a bright light and an explosion equal to that of a nuclear bomb erupted in his hands!

His body was swept into space for hundreds of miles before his momentum ceased. Amazingly the only damage he suffered was a slight charring of his skin before that faded away.

His clothes were made from the bloody Aether of the Berserker Aspect and it healed so fast of the small damages it sustained, it was almost like it was never damaged.

When Rowan escaped from the devastation it appeared as if he was not hurt at the least. This was to be expected because his passive force field and Telekinesis had taken a massive step forward with his Current Attributes.

The primary reason he could hold 'space' was due to wrapping his hands with multiple barriers of Telekinesis. During the explosion Rowan had lowered his forcefield to check the durability of his body, else he would not have suffered any damages.

Rowan may have just found a powerful weapon due to the inspiration he received at that Gas Giant.

The cause of the explosion was that Rowan released the barriers of Telekinesis he used to cover the piece of space he took. When that piece was exposed to, well space, the clash between them released an enormous amount of energy.

Now Rowan was hooked on discovering more about this phenomenon.

He called on Knowledge Well to review the process and give him a better application for this method. It may not work well against gods because the damage was too spread out, but he could destroy countless weaker beings by holding a larger portion of space and then releasing it.

Eager to experiment with his new abilities, Rowan soon returned to his Divine Palace. There was a celebration ongoing among the mortals, and he sent a Berserker Clone to stand in his place, although he only stayed for ten minutes before he left.

Chapter 431: Nosferatu

He could not stay long with the mortals, and he may soon cut off contact with them.

No matter how much the mortals loved him, his presence, even through his weaker Berserker Clones was stifling, both physically and Psychologically.

They would celebrate him, but in their thoughts, they would very much prefer his statue that they worshiped. Gods should not walk amongst men.

Rowan remained inside his Palace for two months, refining his Current abilities and practicing with his Berserker Aspects, without a worthy opponent the growth of the Aspect was slow, nonetheless, he still ascended passed the Heaven State of the Berserker Aspect and brought it into a new Realm.

Rowan had opened up a hall that was bigger than a thousand miles, beside him was a gigantic Vraegar whose eyes were closed as he was surrounded by a massive sphere of blood.

The Sphere of Blood was generously provided by Rowan after he created and shattered thousands of Berserker Clones for the Dragon to use as practice material.

With every breath the dragon was taking the blood sphere was becoming smaller, and when the Dragon finished absorbing every drop of blood, his technique would have reached full completion.

The dragon was really talented in the path of blood as he was already breaking through to the Heavenly State of the technique Rowan gave him.

Although the Berserker Technique he practiced was quite different from Rowan's own.

Rowan had to pattern the Technique to enhance Vraegar's dragon body and unique capabilities. Which he created with the help of Knowledge Well coupled with all the information he could gather from Trion and the World of Mages allowed him to create something new.

The normal Berserker Technique focused on using the body's resources and burning the vitality to bring about an impressive amount of force and also create versatile techniques. This was an elaborate Technique that had both offensive and evasive abilities, although it did not focus on defense.

To fully enhance Vraegar's uniqueness, Rowan went in the opposite direction. The technique he was training, drained the blood and vitality from his opponents and used them to create terrifying abilities.

Even with the force field around Rowan's body, he could still feel a vague 'pull' constantly coming from the direction of Vraegar. The Dragon was at the second Great Circle, but he was already a force of nature.

Rowan had forced him to remain on that level until he had fully mastered his abilities to the peak, and could stably enter the Third Great Circle with no issues.

This new technique made Vraegar uniquely dangerous, for he could not only absorb vitality, but with an unleashed technique, he could also drain Spirit. Using the vitality and Spirit of his opponents he could enhance his overall abilities with no limits. In time this dragon would become a force of pure destruction.

Unlike a normal Berserker who loses their enhancements at the end of a battle and some even lose parts of their power due to damages to their Constitution, Vraegar instead got more powerful with the Vitality and Spirit he drained from his victims.

Rowan patterned this technique with the tyrannical constitution of Vraegar's Emphyrean body, and he called it, Nosferatu, after a terrifying legend from his previous life about vampires. A Nosferatu was known in some stories to be the god of Vampires, and the current dragon satisfied all the requirements.

The technique had originally stopped at the Heaven State but with the new Ascension by Rowan, he would be able to develop the technique further.

Rowan was not too interested in this technique for his Absolute body was perfect, and Rowan would no longer taint his bloodlines with any foreign powers.

He hoped to be able to evolve his Ouroboros Bloodline which was already far stronger than an average Emphyrean bloodline to a Primordial Bloodline, but to achieve that, it involved not just keeping his Bloodline clean, he also needed a primer to push it to another level.

If everything went according to plan, then the next Ascension of Rowan's Ouroboros bloodline would be heaven-shattering.

Behind him, the figure of a massive Meat Tree filled with bleeding branches and leaves began to shrink, and from afar the trunk of the tree resembled the torso of a man, the roots were the legs, and the waving branches were the arms.

If Rowan was correct, the next upgrade of the Berserker Technique would cause the Blood Tree to transform, and the next levels should not be far from him.

There should be only two more levels before he can bring this Aspect to its peak, and he expected great changes to happen when he reached the next level.

Rowan opened his eyes as the bloody tree sank in between his eyebrows and entered his Mental Space where it was rooted in his Territory, drawing Aether and nourishing itself.

His Berserker Aspect could barely deal with the quality of Rowan's Aether, but it would not be long before he brought this Aspect to the peak, and that weakness would disappear.

If he was not wrong, the peak of the Berserker Aspect was similar to the power of a god.

To push this technique forward from here on out, he would require battle.

Rowan opened his Primordial Record with his two hands to check the growth of his Attributes.

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 14/470,000

Strength: 148,400

Agility: 126,400

Constitution: 153,985

Class: None

Title: Plane Walker, Chaos Blood, Reality Butcher, Creator, Primordial.

Berserker (Tier 4)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 0)

Skills:

Enrage (Level 1—Transcendent State)

Vortex (Level 1—Transcendent State)

Bash (Level 1—Transcendent State)

Dash (Level 1—Transcendent State)

Smash (Level 1—Transcendent State)

Combo Attack (Level 1—Transcendent State)

Bloodline Skill: Eruption (19%)

Passive: Decipher language (complete)

Records:

SIX HEADED OUROBOROS [CHAOS BLOOD] - Level 3 Completed [30,000]

SHEOL - Level 5 Completed (1,000,000)

TREE OF DESIRE - Level 5 Completed

Territory: Primordial Sea of Darkness

Bloodline Ability: Purgatory Gate (Locked)

Territory Gained: Primordial Sea of Darkness

Legendary Skill: Chaos World Engine [6/6]

Chaos World Engine [Minor— Completed]

Legendary Skill: Word of Enoch x2 [Blank].

Rift Rule: Absolute Body.

Palace of Ice Chamber Unlocked:

Astrolabe

Knowledge Well

Hollow Forge

Chaos Worlds (minor) — Limits Exceeded

Minor Worlds Seeded — 140

Awakening Primordial Bloodline [Sheol]

Aspect Upgraded: Berserker (Heavenly > Transcendent)

Strength Gained: 9,860

Agility Gained: 8,800

Constitution Gained: 11,990

Spirit Gained: 17,700

(Spirit has submitted itself to the Authority of Sheol. Your Bloodline Grows.)

Soul Crystal — 542

Remark: Awakening Primordial

Chapter 432: Eruption

Observing the details on the page, he closed the Record with a snap and levitated into the air as his eyes were closed and he absorbed all the new details and understanding about the Berserker Aspect at the Transcendent Level, allowing it to fill his consciousness.

This was a necessary process for him so he could create the Transcendent Level of Nosferatu for Vraegar to use, only then would he allow the dragon to attempt reaching the Third Great Circle, after that, he would be unleashing the dragon on his enemies to train him, and he had the first target in mind.

The Attributes he gained from a Transcendent grade Berserker Aspect were secondary, but he noticed that he gained an increased amount of Spirit Attribute which indicated that the higher your level, the more dependent on Spirit your technique became.

With a greater Spirit comes a greater Soul, but since he no longer needed the Spirit Attribute, they were added to his Bloodline as food. He also noticed the terminologies used by each bloodline when they devoured the Spirit attributes.

For the Palace of Ice, wrote: Spirit has been sacrificed to the Palace of Ice.

Rowan had always had a feeling of disquietness whenever he saw that term, but he pushed it aside because he did not have enough information about this bloodline.

With the new revelations from Eva, it became clear however that the Roots of the Palace of Ice did not come from her, but from someone else. A being of light, that if he was not wrong was most likely a Primordial or had powers equal to one.

The Sheol Bloodline on the other hand had a different message: Spirit has submitted itself to the Authority of Sheol. Your Bloodline Grows.

This was a clear sign that he was gaining a tangible benefit from collecting the Spirit, and also they were submitting to his bloodline authority and not being sacrificed.

Also unlike The Avatar of Eve bloodline where an unknown figure had threatened him, Sheol has shown no indication that anyone else was linked to this bloodline.

He hoped to push his Ouroboros Bloodline to this state and make them truly his own.

Leaving these matters for the future, but still doing all he could to plan ahead, he continued analyzing his growing Aspect.

The Transcendent Grade Berserker Aspect came with some nifty new tricks. His Berserker Clones were now more powerful, each of them was now nearly indistinguishable from a real person. They had bones and blood, their heartbeats were strong and he could send them to live among mortals or Dominators and it would be hard to know they were not truly alive.

Rowan was sure no other Berserker Clones could have this same feature because they were born from the endless vitality of his Ouroboros bloodline, making their foundations incomparable to any other, plus the Aether he had access to was getting closer to those that existed during the Primordial Era.

A Berserker Clone could now unleash all the Berserker Skills without any limit. At the Transcendent Level Rowan could begin using his Aether to power the technique by a limited amount thereby doubling the power.

There were also other new developments that he was eager to test during battle.

Yet all these changes paled in comparison to a small shift on his Primordial Record that would easily be missed.

Eruption had grown from 16% to 19%.

This change almost felt minimal, as it was only a growth of three percent, but the power it freed up for him to use was enormous. He had resigned himself to keep Eruption at just 16% until he reached the Incarnation State or higher, but he was amazed that the Transcendent grade Berserker Aspect could achieve this.

Maybe it was because, as he developed this Aspect, he received a great amount of information, which was a form of inheritance from this Aspect. This information was a guideline on how to utilize power in an increasingly efficient manner.

That valuable experience was also being transmitted to other parts of his abilities and enhancing his overall body control.

Eruption worked by burning his vitality. To anyone else, this technique would be quite useless, and no one would willfully practice it, even if they did, the power they would gain would not be worth the cost.

A decreased lifespan was the best result, sudden death from a failed vitality was the common result.

Rowan was different, for others, this was a curse, but for him, this technique was the foundation that he would use to battle gods.

For one, his vitality was inexhaustible, this was a concept that only his Ouroboros Bloodline could manifest in the material universe, for they represented infinity.

If eruption was a furnace that would give out more heat without any limits as you fed it more vitality, then Rowan's unique ability completely breaks the system as he had an inexhaustible vitality to give.

With all the vitality he pumped into Eruption, he could gain massive amounts of energy that he could channel into any part of his body to increase his strength, agility, or his constitution. Theoretically, the Energy it gave him could be increased to infinity.

Up until now, Rowan was always careful not to use this technique to battle opponents he could not quickly win against because there was a drawback to this technique that came from his bloodline.

He could burn his vitality without any limits, but there was a timer. Every second he was using Eruption he was drawing closer to madness and his bloodline rebelling against his control.

If he was not careful then the vision where he devoured the universe was not a distant possibility, it was a certainty. Eruption was a skill that was born from that crazy act and left it behind for it was truly the greatest weapon he had in his arsenal, but it was also his greatest source of present danger.

Every percentage he gained in Eruption would lead to him being able to utilize the technique for longer, and also increase the amount of Vitality he was able to burn enhancing the power it fed to him.

His upcoming battle with a god, no longer seemed like a far-fetched dream but a certain possibility with this enhanced weapon in his pocket, and bringing his Berserker Aspect to the peak was now the short-term goal.

Chapter 433: Two Pieces of Good News

Having such a clear goal he could achieve in a short amount of time was intoxicating and he applied himself with a fervor that only quick progress can bring.

He did not forget to formulate the Transcendent level for Nosferatu for the dragon while monitoring the progress of his Angels, the most surprising was Erudiel and Suriel the two Sovereigns.

It was a mistake to judge the progress of all his Angels as a single unit, for those with higher potential would always be stronger.

The first time Suriel and Erudiel touched the walls of the City, they lingered for an entire minute. When they were thrown out, the damages they sustained both physically and spiritually were minimal, and they recovered in less than three days.

They soon went at it again, and again... Their progress these last two months was astonishing, and Rowan expected that in less than eight months, they would be fully matured!

This unexpected good news meant he would no longer have to carry the entire load when it came to battling the gods of the Cerulean Galaxy, he would have two potential Sovereigns that were now Archangels.

Rowan could hardly wait.

He did not connect with Maeve to understand the overall direction of the plan to lure out the first god on the list, he only focused on pushing his Berserker Aspect to a higher realm.

A month later, two pieces of good news came to him. The god had been lured out and was currently chasing one of his Ouroboros Serpents to the designated zone where he would be trapped and he could now connect to Andar.

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The moment Andar left the Endless Vault, his mind fuzzed and he fell to his knees, he thought he was just feeling the signs of exhaustion after three long months of Engraving his Spirit Matrix, even though he did not feel any inklings of hunger or thirst inside that place, it was undeniable that the mental strain was horrific.

Even Andar's fanaticism for Scripts had to be pushed aside for his body to function properly. Andar did not care that he was now a level three Acolyte or how he even reached that level, the only reason he stopped deciphering more of the Scripts was that if he did not rest, he would collapse.

His progress had been monitored by an excited Steward of the Black Tower who had sent his daily progress to the Tower Master Erick Black, although Andar was not aware of all of that.

He managed to crawl to his bed while noticing that he was missing something obvious, if he had been a little bit more aware of himself he would have realized where those feelings were coming from, but he was so carried away by tiredness that he had forgotten the feeling of Rowan's invisible eyes behind his own.

Rowan watched the sleeping boy with a weird look in his eyes. The direction of Andar's character without his supervision was captivating. The boy was a researcher at heart and was not interested in power in the least.

The opportunity to study magic and unearth the mysteries of the universe was the driving factor behind the madness of the young lad.

The opportunity to live again had instilled in him the desire to learn as much as he could even if his end would turn out not to be a good one, every single moment he was alive to learn was a miracle to him, and so he treasured every single moment, and studied Inscription until he literally collapsed from exhaustion even with his powerful body.

It was a simple thing to read all of Andar's Memories for the past three months, and he became aware of everything that had occurred while he was away.

He became aware of the Tower Masters and many details about the power system of the Supreme Magus World.

He also became aware of the politics and power play in the Magus world and he took note of it, his assumptions about the Covenant were correct, that they were not the best the Supreme World had to offer.

A Tower Master was a mighty Rank 9 Archmage, and it was entirely possible that they could sweep through the entirety of Trion in a single second, even the God King should not be as powerful as that, else a Tower Master would have been a member of the Covenant.

There was a deeper game at play here involving the wars on the Surface of Trion that went beyond just stopping that world from ascending. Rowan could guess some of the reasons.

Most would not know the truth but Rowan now understood that Trion was once the home to his mother, who was the Emphyrean of Life, such a place must certainly hold many mysteries that no other Major World could attest to.

The fact that this world wanted to be a Supreme World was enough to question its foundations. Also, there was the machinations of his father.

Rowan sighed as he began brainstorming this issue, perhaps Andar's presence here might be crucial to understanding what was happening behind the curtains, it might shed a new light and allow him to view this problem in a way he had not thought to do before.

He decided to not interfere in the life of this child and he would leave his growth to fate at this early stage. He would only watch in the background and see where the path of Andar leads him.

Rowan wiped his presence from the mind of the boy while noting the coming storm he was bound to face, the actions of Andar's Master were not normal, and Rowan reviewed the message he left for Andar and frowned, he wanted to intervene before deciding to let fate play out.

The boy had begun gathering allies around him, and with his drive for knowledge, it would not be long before he could go far as a Mage.

Rowan's attention was drawn to something else, the Endless Vault. This creature, this Devourer of Light, was not an Emphyrean but it was also not a Primordial, it was something alien...

Rowan was not too interested in its bloodline, but it would be interesting if he could learn this Technique because it would become an Aspect, and he wanted to see which was superior among the two Omnipotent Aspect.

He had already felt the vibration of his Primordial Record, and he knew he had already copied this Supreme Technique, he was about to leave Andar's consciousness and retreat deeper into his psyche where he would watch and wait.

When he noticed something in the memories of Andar, that was also in the same room at this very moment...

A force that could detect the presence of Rowan...

Chapter 434: Preparing The Battlefield

With Rowan's plentiful Consciousness Pillars, he could focus on the situation in Andar's room and still perform other activities.

His abilities to multitask would also take a great leap forward when his seeded world came online and synced with his mind. Each World Seeds would be able to draw on the processing capabilities of the entire planet. Basically, he would have hundreds of mini-consciousness pillars.

The only weakness of these mini-consciousness pillars was that he had to be close to them to make them work effectively unlike his Consciousness Pillars which could be scattered around with no issue, but as he continued Seeding more worlds, and the number of planets he controlled passed a certain threshold, then this flaw would be eradicated.

Learning the methods of multitasking was a long-term project and this was something he was getting increasingly used to doing, at this time his consciousness pillars were scattered in four locations across the universe and even outside it.

He also had a consciousness pillar at his Hollow Forge to maintain a speedy delivery of whatever armament he wanted, another was overlooking his Angels upgrade using a Berserker Clone, while another was overlooking the mortals and pondering on his next steps.

Rowan many minds were working with a shocking efficiency that had begun to approach or even exceed the realms of gods and Archmages.

The encounter at Andar's Room was still ongoing but Rowan's main body was already halfway to his destination. Astrolabe was pushing him through the universe at a speed many times faster than light, and it was a bit funny that Knowledge Well had a problem calculating his current speed, it seems the method Astrolabe employed broke countless laws, and Knowledge Well was not that equipped to deal with it.

Rowan arrived over a nameless planet with a flash of white light, it was a swampy world lit by the lights of a distant star. He folded his hands over his chest and observed the planet with his golden eyes.

This world existed outside the Cerulean Galaxy, a freak solar storm pushed the planet away from its orbit, and it was pushed far away from its sun, this left it to become a wandering planet, and every living thing on its surface died out.

The world glowed a pale green like an emerald jewel, and it was a surprisingly large planet, that had a solid crust containing lots of metal, but over that was an endless swamp, which was no longer warm but instead cold, but the water in this planet was too dense to be frozen, and so it flowed perpetually.

This was the destination where his first great battle would occur, Rowan squeezed Envy with his Telekinesis and the weapon vibrated in reply. The Great Axe was floating by his side, its desire for battle turning its surroundings red.

Rowan had seen everything he wanted and he grinned and plunged into the world below, as his body tore through the thin atmosphere of the planet, he opened his arms wide, increasing his presence and shockwaves blasted out from his body that were so loud it could be heard from every corner of the planet.

His speed was approaching twelve times the speed of sound when he reached the surface but he landed as softly as a feather, he was testing his Telekinesis, and he had instantly collected all the excess kinetic energy of his fall and held it in his hands.

He wrapped this force with his Telekinesis and molded it with his hands as if he were playing with clay before tossing it into his mouth and chewing.

Rowan smacked his lips, kinetic energy turned out to be tasty! It almost reminded him of tangerine from his previous life.

He touched the center of his forehead and a shockwave erupted from that point, it was a mixture of his Empyrean Sense that was carried by his Telekinesis, which he used to check the entire world and found out that the planet was clear of any obstructions.

There were three massive continents on this planet, and he was currently on the largest continent.

He moved above the waters until he reached the precise center of the planet, he opened his right palm, and for the first time since he gained his Territory, he brought out a piece of it.

Above his palm, a small globe of water formed that was as black as ink, this was the Primordial Sea of Darkness, and when it came into reality, the skies splintered.

All around the planet, thin lines spread all over the clouds as if the skies were made from broken mirrors. This was space tearing apart at its seams at the presence of such a dense amount of Aether.

Rowan could not bring out any more of his Territory without weakening the fabrics of reality to an alarming degree, after all this planet could barely be called a Minor World.

He dropped the globe of water into the swampy ground and instantly, the entire planet was frozen, and it instantly shrunk to a tenth of its previous size.

Rowan had not lost the freezing aspect his Aether contained, instead the effects had been multiplied. Rowan breathed out and the frozen air that escaped from his lungs traveled for miles.

The planet was now far smaller, but it was also denser, this was calculated because he did not want this planet to break apart easily when he fought.

Using Hollow Forge he created a coating of metal around the planet, made from the most durable alloy he could process at this time, this was not a waste as he could easily retrieve every single piece of metal he used when he was done.

He was satisfied with this battlefield and then Rowan disintegrated the Jacket he wore, leaving him shirtless, and he sat down on a small bump on the ground, meanwhile he waited for the god to arrive while playing with Envy.

"Who is a good God Killing Axe?"

Envy vibrated, "Me!!! Me!!!"

His eyes never left the skies.

Inside his body, his Ouroboros Serpents were roaring with blood lust.

Chapter 435: Traveller of The Blood

Inside Andar's body, there was not only a Reflection dwelling in it. Rowan was now awake, so he could directly control this body, and so his senses were sharper even if he did not have all the tools he needed due to Andar's weak body.

He could feel a presence touching his own, and it was oddly intrusive as if both of them shared a similar origin.

Rowan hated this sensation, it went against his Empyrean nature to have something so alien be allowed to touch his mind so easily. Yet it still intrigued him, for the possibilities it brought could be imagined.

His consciousness zeroed in on the target, and it was not far, it was less than six inches away from the face of the sleeping Andar.

It carried the face of a child that was fused with a door, so it appeared as if it was carved from wood, the two eyes that were swirling with a weird color were a window to another world that allowed Rowan to feel a vast presence that was utterly alien and powerful beyond measure.

Yet, why did it feel so familiar?

That presence covered the sleeping form of Andar, and he felt a cold breath on his face, and something rough touching his lips and heading towards his eyes.

'Was he licking his face?'

Even though the boy was still deep in sleep, Rowan still controlled the body and opened Andar's eyes.

The wooden face of a boy was pressed against his own. The head of the boy had extended from the door that was standing at the center of the room, and his neck had been elongated behind him and swayed around like a wooden snake.

"Hello, fellow Traveler of The Blood." The wooden boy spoke, "It is not every time one of us walks the material plane. I find it oddly comforting, hmm, the Heavens must be changing."

The voice that came from the boy was old and grave, like a ninety-year-old man who had spent his life abusing his lungs.

In Andar's memories, Rowan recalled the explanation given to him by the Steward of the Black Tower. This Entity was called a Chaos Door and was an entity that could freely move in between universes. Numerous Civilizations used it as an easy way of transporting inside and outside the universe for a price.

This being had been performing service for an untold amount of years and the resources and power it should have gathered over the years had to be inestimable.

Rowan wondered how such a powerful creature like this would want to communicate with him, and how much danger he was in. He could not afford another enemy of this power at this time...

"Don't worry your young mind, fellow Traveler of The Blood, I have no allegiance to the Children of Fire."

Rowan stood up and appraised this creature before him, he had none of his Empyrean senses and capabilities of his Chamber when he was inside this body, but his Reflection could feel the otherness coming from the Chaos Door, like an endless tide of maggots pouring on top of him.

Of course, he did not inquire about the elephant in the room, instead, Rowan's first question was, "What are the Children of Fire?"

The face of the boy seemed taken back by surprise, "Oh, they call themselves Mages in this universe, because the first of them was born inside the First Fire, hence the name. I believe you have met the Children of Ruin too, I can smell the stench from you, tsk tsk, as a fellow Traveler of The Blood, you are truly young and ignorant, and your death would come easy if you are not careful. Let me do you a favor, as a fellow Traveler to another one."

The mouth of the boy opened wide and he began to suck. All the air in the room was instantly taken away, and only the powerful physique of Andar allowed his body to be relatively stable inside the vacuum that was left behind, but he began to shake as the pressure increased, and Andar's eardrums exploded.

'Ouch, the kid will feel that in the morning.' Rowan thought, but he became quickly distracted by what was happening inside the consciousness linked to Andar's body.

From inside his consciousness smoke with various colors began to escape and was drawn into the mouth of the boy. Rowan was shocked by this development, as his mind tried to capture the details of this smoke and discovered that they were similar to Auras, but they were different, plus there was a lot of it.

At first, the face of the boy was normal, the Aura he was collecting was dense but it was normal for a Traveler, even one that was very young, but then a frown began to grow on his face until he was scowling.

'What sort of unholy shenanigans has this young Traveler placed his grubby little hands into?' The door sighed, as he grumbled internally, 'The young ones are truly a handful, it's no wonder few of us survive to reach adulthood. Yet it is strange that Father has already begun releasing his seeds to the universe, this Era is still young, and he usually releases his seed at the End of every Era. Could he be getting ready to escape? Is he now stronger or are his bindings weaker? Else, how can there be such a young traveler here?'

Rowan staggered when it was done, the process taking close to thirty seconds, he had noticed the changes in the face of the boy and was very curious how the sort of Aura of so many people had unknowingly tainted him.

These were not Auras of mortals, no, they were of all the powerful figures he had come across in his lifetime. Those that were worthy of note were the Children of Ruin, Erohim, Members of the Covenant, and others that he could not even understand, most likely those belonging to his mother, father and someone else.

Chapter 436: Labaletai

His single pillar of consciousness linked to Andar's body suddenly felt free, as if he had been carrying around a thousand-pound weight.

This single consciousness pillar felt so clean and unencumbered, that Rowan almost swooned with joy, he would have brought the rest of his Consciousness pillars over for this cleansing but that represented one of his greatest secrets.

The effect of this cleansing was drastic, as this Single Consciousness pillar was now three times as powerful as before. The pillar that this consciousness stemmed from had also changed. It was no longer filled with the images of moving serpents, now only the face of Rowan was on it.

'Is this the true state of my Consciousness Pillars?'

Rowan's main body frowned as he waited for the battle that was coming, 'How come he was not aware of this burden he was carrying?'

The worrying thing was that these Aura appeared so thick, but this was just on one of his consciousness pillars, what would it be like on his main body? Which method did this creature use to extract them from his consciousness? What does he mean by Traveler?

His thought leaked through into Andar's face, of course, this was a conscious decision made by Rowan.

The Chaos Door sighed after seeing the expression on the young boy's face, "Sit down young Traveler, I can see you are a newborn and your confusion is so loud, I can hear its screams on the other end of the universe."

A formless force pushed Rowan until he was sitting down, the mouth of the boy was chewing something with gusto, probably the Aura he just drained from Rowan but his face was squeezed together like it was eating vile excrement.

"Bah, what sort of nasty creature did you entangle yourself with?"

'You have no idea.' Rowan thought.

Not waiting for an answer the Chaos Door continued to speak, "Ahem, I know you must be confused about how I'm able to see the real you inside the body of this child. Of course, I can't literally see your real form unless you show me, which would be a stupid action from one that is so young, but I am beginning to ramble, hahaha, don't blame me, it has been a while since I have talked with a fellow Traveler."

Rowan was quiet and allowed the creature to ramble, every word he spoke, holding countless meanings to his plentiful consciousness which had begun focusing on the words of this Entity and analyzing every statement he made.

"Well, I have already known this truth since the first time I saw you at the CTB. Okay, that's not entirely true, I was not too sure when I saw you, parts of our unique nature make detecting one of our kind very difficult, even for us, hahaha, can you imagine the irony?"

Rowan wanted to speak, but he was shushed by the door, "Be quiet young one, the words of an elder are heavier than stone, especially to one that has strayed so far without guidance."

Rowan growled, "Who are you?" Rowan's patience was infinite, and his mind was calm, but the face he showed to the world was different from his thoughts, there was no need for anyone to know how dangerous he was until he wanted them to.

This Entity felt familiar to him, and it did not take long to trace that familiarity back to his Ouroboros Bloodline, and in that manner understood that this matter was related to Chaos.

Rowan had two bloodlines, and his second helped with maintaining his clarity of thoughts. If he was a young Empyrean of Chaos Blood without his second bloodline, he would be arrogant and reckless.

The Chaos Door believed he was a young chick, it would be harmful to dissuade him of that notion. So he decided to play the part of a powerful, but hot-headed young fool.

The door sneered, "I am trying to help you, silly Traveler, according to the treaty signed by our kind, it is forbidden for two Travelers to conduct business in the same universe, but I can see you have laid no Gates on this Universe, and signed no deals with its powers, so I will go easy on you."

Rowan began to struggle to break the invisible bond holding him and he replied with a hint of impatience in his tone, "This Traveler you call me, what is it? Also, what did you collect from my body?" Rowan asked, he discovered since his body had been pressed down by a formless force, that he could not move a single inch no matter the force he exerted.

"Bah, young Travelers, always in a haste, time for you has just been a short interlude, if only you understood the sheer enormity of the time you have left with the gifts of our Father inside you. If you knew, you would fall into despair, yet is it not odd that when your death approaches, you begin to wish for more time, that is when he strikes you see... that Old Dragon!"

Rowan was beginning to think that this guy was not the best individual to be demanding answers from, how old was this door anyway? I need to direct this conversation or there will be no meaningful progress.

Rowan gritted his teeth in annoyance, his mouth was the only part allowed to move while playing his part as a chaotic Empyrean perfectly, it was as if he had just discovered that this Chaos Door tends to ramble if left to his own devices.

"Patience young Traveler, I shall satisfy your curiosity. In this universe and many others I am called the CHAOS DOOR, I've always hated that name, to me it signified a root I cannot escape, but amongst family, we use our real names. My name is Labaletai, and I am a child of the Primordial, Chaos. So are you. That makes you my sibling, and for discovering one so young as you are, I'm responsible for guiding you.... For a price of course. Hehe"

Chapter 437: The Children of Chaos

Rowan had the sudden urge to punch this boy in the face, his grin and laughter was that annoying.

The first time Rowan heard the Chaos Door calling him a Traveler, for a brief moment, he had thought that his status as a Transmigrator had been revealed since he had no idea that the true identity of this being was so similar to his own, his mind went to one of his Titles Chaos Blood.

Rowan had acquired this title and his World Engine abilities when he reached the Legendary State with his Ouroboros Bloodline, he was not aware of how he acquired this ability and perhaps the truth would finally be revealed.

Whatever happened that day had conferred the status of a Child of Chaos to him, and among his peers, he would be called a Traveler of The Blood.

Since the moment Eva had revealed the truth of the progenitor of this bloodline, he had always been curious about his history. Chaos was the only true Primordial he knew, and he was curious to understand why a powerful being such as that was missing and to acquire knowledge about his bloodline.

Rowan asked, "Since the moment of my birth, I knew I was special, I was born to rule this universe. How come you are also a Child of Chaos?"

The Chaos Door laughed, "Haa, the expected megalomania, it all goes away after a few million years if you're lucky, if not, then you are headed for a world of pain. To answer your question, I want to know? Are you daft? Do you dare doubt my credibility, young one? It's in the name, Chaos Door. I have been called that name by many Eras, but don't you dare call me that, only the peons and the sheep call me by that name. What is yours? Oh silly me, you are still too young to have a name, yet you're already playing with the forces of a Supreme World, I admire your boldness fellow Traveler."

"You have been speaking a lot, but I have not seen any evidence to believe your claim. Why do you call us Travelers?"

The Chaos Door seemed to be enjoying itself, and he recited, "Are we not all Travelers of The Blood? Are we not all endless wanderers, chased from our home? Do you know about the history of our father? Did you not question why I could detect you so easily when it is a piece of your mind inside the body of this youth? How are you still alive with such a great amount of ignorance? Well, I will give you proof. It is very easy to do that you see, close your eyes, and try to see me without the barrier of my flesh. Don't worry, I know your sight would not work for you, so I will open myself for you to see. Treasure this gift, after all, I'm very shy."

Rowan was silent, perhaps he had overplayed his hands a little, but that was alright, it was impossible to expect perfection when it came to beings that were this old and powerful.

He peered at the door, eager to understand more about the children of Chaos, his Silver eyes glinting. The face of the boy suddenly grinned and with a creak, the door began to open itself and Rowan saw what lay behind.

It was hard to understand at first, but Rowan saw he was looking at only a small part of this vision, and to truly understand it, he must look at it like a single whole, and so he back a single step, the movement was insignificant but it seems to trigger a change in his perspective and he gasped,

What he was looking at made no sense, the dimensions were wrong and the light acted weird, the true form of the Chaos Door Labaletai was reflecting in angles that transcended time and space, and his body seemed to be both mechanical and also made from living flesh.

Yet within all that chaos was an undeniable attraction that Rowan could feel, that reminded him of the Throbbing World Engine in his body, and he knew that this feeling could not be faked, this was someone who had the same Source Blood as his.

He had to look away before Andar's eyes exploded, but he could feel his Ouroboros Bloodline boiling as they resonated with that spectacle behind that door.

Labaletai shut himself, and there was satisfaction in his eyes as if he was a pervert who managed to show something naughty to a minor, again Rowan felt like punching this door.

"Now, I should answer the first question about our father." The Chaos Door said, "About his betrayal and his fall, but... no if I do that without bringing you to the Inheritance Ground, those fanatics would skin me alive... hehe, it seems that I cannot tell you about some things, not yet, else I would be placed under Trials, and my charges would be spreading false information, but there are some things I can tell you. Yes, rules are dead while our reasoning is alive, burning like a furnace I tell you."

He began speaking, but Rowan noticed he lowered his voice until it was almost a whisper, "We are all children of the almighty Chaos, and our father was not stingy with his Bloodline Origin, I am sure that is one reason why he was hated. He gave his Source Blood to everything. He gave it to a fish, he gave it to a bird, and he even gave it to a rotten door he found forgotten in the woods.... Oh, that is how I, the mighty Labaletai was born, from such a humble root."

'You don't have to be so proud of something like that.' Rowan groaned internally.

"The detail of the fall can only be told to you when you reach the Inheritance Ground, but our father was betrayed, and besieged by many great powers, but he was too powerful and it would be impossible to kill him and so he was imprisoned at the Gate of Oblivion, and a war was waged against his us his children. Those were dark times and for many Eras, the many universes ran red with blood."

Chapter 438: The Slaves of Chaos

The Chaos Door Labaletai licked his lips and continued speaking,

"Although a lot of us were slaughtered, we were still stronger than most of our enemies anticipated, our Father had been wise and the range of our powers across all of us was broad, and a surprising amount of our brethren lived. You would be expected to go to the inheritance ground where our father Chaos is being imprisoned, only there would you find your true self."

Rowan kept one important detail in mind, Chaos was alive and the reason he was missing for so long was due to his imprisonment. Also, did the Chaos Door just mention the location of his prison?

"Wait... Do you know where our father is imprisoned? Why has he not been freed?"

"Freed? Oh, the foolishness of youth. You can be a mortal and wish for water to be dry but it would follow its nature. Of course, every powerful member of the Chaos Bloodline is aware of that location, it is not hidden as those winged bastards want all of existence to know of our father's shame. Of course, we all want to free our Father, but against the Gate of Oblivion, we might as well be mere mortals, wishing for water to be dry."

Rowan's gaze slightly sharpened at the mention of 'Winged Bastards.' He knew of only one creature whose defining feature was its wings.

"Who is this enemy that could imprison a being as powerful as our father?"

Labaletai sighed mournfully, "You will have to reach the inheritance ground to find out, but luckily for you, they detest the material universe, or one as young as you would be dead, those arrogant pricks. Although I have been hearing some troubling rumors recently about a world called Trion where there have been sightings of a creature with fiery wings, I cannot verify it for now, most likely it is just something else. There are many beasts that can take that shape. You know what they say about speaking of the devil.... You don't. That's how you keep him away."

The Chaos Door did not try to hide the fact that he was scared of these beings with fiery wings. If the great enemy of Chaos turned out to be Angels, then it would be a great coincidence that he had two of such bloodlines coinciding in his body.

'Coincidence or is it luck' Rowan thought

"Okay, now to understand about yourself and our father Chaos, and to answer the first question that you asked me. This is how you are born, this is how I was born, and all the Travelers of The Blood; We were given this privilege by our Father Chaos"

"Although Chaos is imprisoned, it does not stop him from gathering power slowly, in fact, it would be truly impossible to completely imprison someone as powerful as him. I have it on good authority that countless universes depend on the breath of Chaos to exist. If he were to be fully imprisoned, it would lead to destruction on such a massive scale it could signal the end of reality itself... Not just the material universes but all of reality!"

"I told you before that our Father is sneaky, he knows he cannot be fully locked away and he uses the opportunity to spread his seed. Every Era Chaos releases his bloodline into all the universes, and many lucky creatures or items are lucky to collect his inheritance and they become his children."

Rowan's mind was deep in thought and he asked, "That is a great opportunity he is giving to multiple creatures all over the universes, what is the end goal of all these, how is spreading his seed really profiting him, the children he created are not strong enough to release him from his torment."

The Chaos Door laughed, "That is a great point but one that is born of ignorance, the smoke I drained from you is called Intent, and although your Spirit was covered by many random Intents and some truly foul ones, my target was the Intent of Chaos our Father."

"You see, in the Eras long past, we were not known as Children of Chaos, and we were called the Slaves of Chaos. We had no free will, and Chaos could easily control our bodies, using our innate gifts in ways we could not expect, surprising us and also his enemies."

"A great war erupted between the Slaves of Chaos and his enemies and although his enemies were mostly victorious, the fact that Chaos could constantly create more of his children every Era meant prolonging the war was futile, and with every Era that went by it was difficult to ascertain who would finally prevail, and so they struck a deal with us the Slaves of Chaos."

"Some of us had become tired of the endless battle but we had no choice because the bloodline of our father compels us, but some of us gloried in the privilege of being used by our Father, and for a long while a suitable resolution could not be passed. Until he came along and changed everything...."

The Chaos Door stopped speaking for a long while as if he had become frozen in time, before rousing himself and looking at Rowan deeply,

"There are many things I cannot tell you, but there is one name you should put in mind above all else, and that name is Caine. The greatest of the Travelers of The Blood. The Brightest Light in Creation. He who had suffered more than anyone else, and borne the full brunt of our Father's rage for so long. Longer than any of us even if we were placed together."

"He was the firstborn of Chaos, and before the rest of us were born, only he had to take up the banner of our father's rage for countless Eras. He was the one that brokered the deal with the Winged Bastards and created the technique I used on you previously to devour Intent, thereby freeing us of the shackles of Chaos. He was hated of course by many of us, but some like me and other members of our bloodline understood his sacrifice. He freed us from the madness of our father's rage. I wonder if he did it for himself or all of us."

Chapter 439: Dao Ma

Rowan's main concern was no longer on the battle with the god, he was focused on analyzing the breath Labaletai used to drain the so-called Intent from his Consciousness Pillar.

He pushed the full might of Knowledge Well behind his effort and he was stumped, there was too much information, and even till now, his Knowledge Well had not analyzed every facet of reality for him to make an accurate judgment.

The moment he learned that the Primordial, Chaos could control his children, making them slaves with his Intent, it became his priority, but searched as much as he could, but he could not find it inside his body.

He felt he should be able to recognize this intent, as it felt familiar, almost like the Sigils that bounded his Primordial Record, but there was something he was missing... something obvious.

In the distance above the planet, a golden glow was approaching that was being chased by a brighter green glow, but Rowan was no longer concerned about the incoming confrontation, something had happened that drew all his attention.

One of his Berserker Clones was watching over his Angels as they undertook the trials of touching the walls of Sheol. This process of touching the walls had begun to carry a very strong note of reverence amongst the Angels.

At this time, Suriel was touching the walls and struggling to stay in place, the contact point between his hands and the wall was glowing red hot, and he had endured for more than three minutes before he was blasted off.

He coughed out golden blood, folded his glowing wings behind him, and began to heal but something was happening inside his body that Rowan missed because he did not pay any particular regard to it.

Every time any of his Angels healed from the damages they took from touching the walls of Sheol, there was a healing force that repaired the damages they sustained and

during this process, there was a general sense of well-being and freedom that lingered and became even stronger every time the Angels touched the wall.

At first, he had assigned this marvelous sensation that his Angels felt as a side effect of growing stronger as they matured, but with his knowledge about Intent and the freedom he had felt inside his Consciousness Pillar after Labaletai sucked out the Intent from it, he finally understood the true reasons his Angels was growing faster.

What is Angels were feeling, although in smaller doses was the same thing he had experienced. It had been happening all these while but he did not have the experience to understand it.

There was a powerful Intent on the bodies of every Angel, that the walls of Sheol were burning away.

His eyesight moved over the multitude of Angels of Char whose bodies were slowly being reshaped and the ashes falling from their bodies slowly reducing and a thought entered his mind.

'The base form of my Angels of Char that is so deformed and in such a pitiful state, was it all because of an Intent from a powerhouse? Even after their death and resurrection, they are still filled with this Intent?'

Even as he pondered, his guest arrived as the Ouroboros Serpent plunged into the planet and the golden glow reached Rowan's body with supernatural quickness and entered his forehead.

If he was aware that the Ouroboros Serpent he sent to lure the god just entered his body, he gave no indication, because his mind was aflame with the possibility that he would be able to solve a hidden danger and this god had been relegated to a lesser importance.

A massive presence that resembled a gigantic crocodile landed a few hundred feet with a loud crash and the entire planet shook, if Rowan had not reinforced the planet multiple times it would have cracked down the middle.

The presence erupted with a green wave of poisonous Aether that spread for millions of miles around the planet and turned this section of space into a poisonous wasteland.

The entire planet was shrouded with a green fog and visibility was reduced to near zero. A pair of bright green reptilian eyes looked at the figure of Rowan who did not even acknowledge its presence.

The eight-hundred-foot-long crocodile snorted and loud cracks began to emerge from the fog as his form began to shrink, before long a fourteen-foot-tall humanoid figure with green scaly skin and a crocodile head appeared.

The figure was holding a golden scepter and wore a golden belt with purple loincloth. A long scaly tail waved behind him. He was shirtless and his body was covered with a glowing tattoo of a massive crocodile, the eyes on the tattoo were moving around as if watching everything that passed.

The reptilian mouth opened, and a calm voice that carried a note of antiquity in its tone spoke, such a calm voice from the ghastly visage of the god was jarring,

"Hmm, this planet is made from a dense alloy gathered from many precious metals, not natural, no doubt. It seems I will pick up two treasures here. Hahaha, my light shines bright on this day. So you are the one who wanted to draw me out? I see no traps and you are alone, a mortal? Now I can say that I have truly seen everything. State your case before the Great River God, Dao Ma, and if it is worth my time your rewards would be your service to me forever, but..."

"Show me your Intent, Dao Ma." Rowan interrupted the River God

The green scales of the god seemed to darken, and the scales along his neck began to shake, making a shrill sound like a rattlesnake, "What did you just say to me?"

"Your Intent," Rowan stood up, "Show me!"

Dao Ma looked at Rowan with rage and disbelief in his eyes and began walking towards Rowan, his footsteps sounding like earthquakes, "Listen here, impudent help..."

Overhead the skies were covered with fifty golden beams as fifty Angels surrounded the planet brought over by Astrolabe, under the lead from Eva, a grand Spell Formation created by their joint power shielded the entire planet.

"That was not a request," Rowan said as Envy settled into his palm, vibrating with eagerness.

Chapter 440: Underestimated

Dao Ma the River God ignored Rowan's words and looked at the vibrating weapon that he was holding,

"What sort of weapon is that?" Dao Ma called out partly in shock and partly in greed.

Rowan smiled, aware that the god did not find this situation any bit threatening, "Answer my question and I will answer yours."

Dao Ma's head reared back in surprise, the gall of this mortal was annoying, and then he seemed to figure something out and he laughed,

"Hah, here is the trap! The arrangement is ingenious and I don't even understand the energy flowing inside the Formation. For the first time in many millennia, the efforts of a mortal caught my attention. Tell me who is the god behind you?"

Dao Ma looked at the skies and shouted, "Come out and stop playing games, except you wish your vassals here to be sacrificed to placate my irritation."

Rowan went mute in shock, not knowing if he should laugh or cry, this god had truly underestimated him, if it was any other time, he would have found this development to be pleasing, an enemy that underestimated him was a sure sign of their impending doom, but now he needed this god to show him all his tricks and to fight him with his all.

He was even ready to die and lose some lifespan if it meant he understood the combat capability of a god. Rowan groaned in annoyance, should he make the first move?

The River God began to call out various names, he seemed to be using a sort of homing sound to trace if his words would have any effect, most likely searching for the so-called perpetrators. Rowan noticed that gods tend to use their words in many intriguing manners.

Dao Ma waited for a reply, getting none, his eyes began glowing with anger, "It would seem I don't know you, yet you wish to cause a quarrel between us. You have spent a lot of time and effort setting this thing up, and I'm sure the Divine Beast you used to attract my attention is fake as well. Hmm, very creative, but still foolish. If you leave your mortals to die, so shall it be, I shall feast on their brains, and I will hunt you down to the end of the universe and wear your skull for an eternity for disturbing my peace."

Dao Ma observed everything around with a relaxed look on his crocodilian face, "This trap must be the height of achievement for a mortal, did the god you serve promise you a great reward on your death? For you, what did he promise? A thousand virgins? Hahaha. But are you not forgetting something very important, you impudent mortals,"

His voice began to rise, and the scepter in his hand began to glow with a bright green light,

'Finally.' Rowan's eyes sharpened, "Interesting, he pulls power from his Aura!" he muttered to himself.

Dao Ma roared, "Before the might of a god, all your plans are nothing!"

The green light gathering on his scepter exploded out. Rowan did not move and before the green light swallowed his body you could see the white of his teeth, he was grinning.

Andar's face frowned, Rowan's Reflection was a bit annoyed that the god attacked without much provocation, even though he figured out it was something that his Main Body craved, but it was just a passing thought. You cannot request anything from a god, you can only plead for it or you compel them.

The Reflection was hidden deep inside Andar's psyche, and due to its unique state, it was very possible that even the Chaos Door Labaletai was not even aware of his presence.

This sentiment from his Reflection entered the consciousness of Rowan that was inhabiting Andar's body and he nodded internally.

Rowan would not plead, it would most likely go unanswered, every god was the definition of arrogance, and it went against every fiber of his being to forsake his dignity and plead to a god or anyone else.

He had tried it once, on Dorian, Son of Scarlet, and his only reply was to watch the families and the people he swore to protect burned to ashes in front of his eyes, he would never place himself in that position.

The only option was to compel, and after three years of sleeping, he really wanted to know if his fist was big enough.

All these thoughts passed in the blink of an eye and he looked at the Chaos door and asked, "How does all this information help me?"

The Chaos Door Labaletai chuckled, "I thought that should be obvious by now, everything all boiled down to the gift I gave you by taking away the Intent in your body."

Rowan had a disbelieving look in his eyes, "What is this Intent you took from me, also, am I free from the manipulation of Chaos in the future?"

"Free from Chaos? Hahaha, you are a very funny child. I understand your confusion, I never truly explained what Intent was all about, no wonder you are not more grateful to me, don't worry I don't blame you, I know it is hard for the ignorant bones to recognize the usefulness of the skin. I doubt you are older than a millennium, and you cannot comprehend powers that wield Domains."

"Well, I will try to explain it in a way you can understand. But before I do that, I have to ask you a question, do you remember the moment of your birth? I don't mean the birth of whatever creature you were before, I mean your real birth, the moment you became a Child of Chaos?"

Rowan's voice was sharp, "Why do you want to know about that?"

"Oh, I see you are a bit suspicious, don't be, young one. The reason I ask is simple, usually, our Father Chaos only releases his blood at the end of every Era, it takes him at least that long to gather his strength, so you see my dilemma, this Era is still young, yet here you are, a Newborn Child. It calls into question some certain disturbing possibilities."

Chapter 441: Understanding Intent

Rowan was very curious about the implications of this development, the fog that covered his acquisition of Chaos Blood had always placed him on edge. Why would this Primordial go out of his way to provide his blood to him, did he sense Rowan's potential? Perhaps he saw he was able to use Soul Energy.

If that was the case then Rowan could be in far more danger than Labaletai knew, if Chaos truly understood the potential of Soul Energy, and he most likely did, then Rowan would be the best candidate for him to use, Rowan was barely at the second Great Circle and his bloodline was ascending to that of a Primordial, his potential could not be underestimated.

His emerging Primordial Bloodline seemed to have the capability of destroying Intent, yet he wanted to acquire the ability that the Chaos Door used and also learn as much about Chaos as he could, both tasks were vitally important to his future.

Rowan did not show any of his thoughts on his features, but he was eager to continue his conversation with the Chaos Door

"What are the implications for the emergence of a NewBorn like me?"

The Chaos Door seemed to be in a daze, "That would mean that our Father is somehow getting stronger, or his prison is beginning to fail. Anyway I would advise you to never leave this universe for the next 100 billion years, else there are many powers who are going to be very interested in you. Your presence is a sign of doom."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Bah, so many questions that we begin to forget the crux of the matter, let me settle your queries on the issue of Intent first and the gift I gave you. You must have heard or perhaps seen what happens when a charismatic mortal leads a nation, or when certain brave acts by someone can inspire countless people."

"I have," Rowan replied.

The Chaos Door nodded, "A brave man or a cruel one, can inspire countless people to follow under his banner and perform feats of good or ill, sometimes The charisma of

someone can be so strong, that they can usually leave their target under their spell, even long after they are gone. A word from a holy man can lead a million people to take their own life...That is Charisma, and it is the foundation for intent."

"An Intent is similar, but a million times stronger, for it affects not just people but also fate. You see when someone reaches a certain level of power, they create a Domain around themselves formed by their beliefs and their power. This Domain makes the words that speak to be law. To reach that level of power you would have needed to crush countless people under you and be assured of your indomitable strength. At that time your will would begin to warp reality. A god would wish for a field to be watered, and if there are no clouds in the sky, then a group of mortals would slit their throats to water the fields, this is Intent."

"Take for instance, the fact that you cannot move, that happens because I simply wanted you to be still. I exerted no power from my end, but reality itself obeyed my will. I don't know the reason why you can't move, perhaps your mind has convinced your body that it can't, or perhaps a freak spatial anomaly just happened to settle over your body at this instant, whatever the reason, reality itself obeyed my will. This is the true stage for the powerful. Yet if this body was strong enough, they would be able to fight against my Intent, but that does not mean a mark would not be left behind."

"Even if you have the power to fight against my Intent, every time we clash, the mark left behind by my Intent will grow, especially if you are the weaker party and you don't have a Domain to fight against the intrusion, suddenly you will find yourself at the whims of your enemies with no idea how you got into that situation, for reality itself betrayed you."

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The green light unleashed by Dao Ma from his Scepter swept past Rowan and a short while later, through him. The light had a solidity behind it that felt as if he was hit by a truck.

His feet dug a few inches into the ground and he braced himself. The green light spread past the planet and impacted the formation above with a loud blast. The light from the formation dimmed significantly.

Rowan did not fight against this wave of power and watched every single application of force as it was used by the god even while it ravaged his body.

Previously, his Force Field held against the blow at the start, and then millions of tiny holes were torn in it and the green light pierced through it and into his body.

This green light was a deeply sinister poison that seeped into his flesh and actively hunted down every cell in his body. Rowan did not concentrate on the war ongoing in his body as his cells fought against the poison. What he was focused on was the method the poison entered his body.

Each drop of poison acted like a drill, and across the entire planet, and even in empty space, tiny holes filled every corner of its surface. This sight was so horrifying that it would fill a victim of Trypophobia with such a deep revulsion that they would tear out their eyes.

The attack ended as suddenly as it began, and the green light faded away. Dao Ma looked up with a bit of shock and anger that the Formation was not destroyed, his single attack had aimed to wipe out every living thing here on the surface.

'Another blow would finish it off' he thought to himself and he turned to the foolish mortal who dared to command him, and he sneered, "You should commend yourself that you were able to withstand one of my blows and remained standing, but for how long? I commend your pride, but that backbone of yours is at the edge of breaking, can you hear it creaking?"

Dao Ma brought one hand to his ears and a long tongue licked his snout.

Chapter 442: Breaking Limits

Rowan's body was revealed and it had shrunk. He appeared like a victim of intense severe starvation as he was nothing but skin and bone. His golden hair was snow white and had begun to fall out.

However, his eyes were closed but his eyes were moving rapidly underneath, and he seemed to be muttering to himself, now and then a small smile crossed his lips before disappearing.

The slight interest in the heart of Dao Ma died away, he wondered why he had even paid much attention to a mortal, whose mind broke at the slightest revelation of his power, but he looked around in greed.

Whatever power was behind this mortal had spared no expenses to set this field of battle, Dao Ma was a little worried, could there be a foreign incursion of gods or monsters from another galaxy?

'why am I bothering myself, if the heavens collapse, there are larger hands than mine who can prop it up' Dao Ma muttered to himself, meanwhile there was a lot of good stuff here, especially that weapon, it reminded him of an old legend, where was...

A golden light flashed ahead and Envy buried itself into his forehead with so much pressure, that one of his knees was nearly forced to touch the ground, as the metal he stood upon caved it for hundreds of feet. The edge of the keen blade left a bright white line on his scales but could not cut through it.

His eyes flew wide with shock and then he roared in fury, "You dare..."

The Axe left his head with supernatural quickness and slammed into his long snout, and his jaws slammed shut so quickly he did not have time to retract his long tongue, and his razor-sharp teeth sliced through it, the crocodile tattoo on his chest seemed to look at the falling tongue that was lined with green blood with a disbelieving expression.

With a twirl that was as natural and effortless as water flowing in between two stones, the Axe slammed into Dao Ma's forearm and released an unexpected intense wave of vibration that vapourised fifty feet of metal underneath the body of Dao Ma, causing his Scepter to be shaken from his grip.

A hand caught the falling Scepter and retreated. Dao Ma was stunned for a brief moment and he looked ahead.

Rowan was back in his previous position and he was looking at the Scepter with curiosity. It was heavier than he expected. A white light flashed and the Scepter vanished. His body was still like a bag of bones, but with a golden flash, he returned to his previous self.

He now wore armor, but it was patterned after this River god, except his own was red and golden. This was the first offensive move that Rowan had made since he woke up, and his still blood had begun to boil

"Dao Ma, it seems you are not aware of the situation you are in and I will need to educate you. Don't worry, we have all this time to ourselves and you are not going anywhere. This is not a battle..."

Rowan's body suddenly burst into flames that burned with a golden light, making him resemble an Incarnation of the sun, but a wave of red blood erupted from his arm and wrapped around the blade of the Axe, making his holy image carry a heavy shade of bloodthirstiness and barbarism, he twirled the Great Axe and vanished.

In Rowan's eyes, reality stopped.

Dao Ma's eyes opened wide in shock, and his mouth flew open in a pained gasp as Envy buried itself once more into his stomach, the Axe was swung with so much might, that it buried its head and half of its shaft into the god's stomach.

Dao Ma was nearly folded in two, as his legs left the ground. His tongue had not healed yet, and a pained croak like a frog came from his throat. The sound of countless bones breaking inside his body was like hundreds of firecrackers going off at the same time.

Space around the area of impact shattered and the entire region was surrounded in darkness as space vanished in this place.

Reality and speed seemed to catch up with Rowan with a low droning sound and the god was launched like a rocket from the great blow he had just received, his body was moving with so much force that it was leaving spatial cracks behind.

This was the blow carrying all of Rowan's current Attributes into account, using three Transcendent State Berserker Skills thousands of times in a single moment and imbuing all that power in his Axe, all of this was done under Eruption whose massive energies were channeled towards his strength.

This blow from him could crush Jarkarr to pieces, finally, he was beginning to hit as hard as those powerful figures he could only helplessly watch the battle.

Rowan looked at the body of the god that had been shot away for at least ten thousand miles, as bright green blood that was enough to fill up a lake rained from the skies following the path of the god that had vanished into the horizon.

His body flashed with gold flames once more and he vanished, appearing on the other side of the planet, waiting for the god who had been flung towards this direction by his blow.

He crouched and held Envy with both hands, red blood once more poured furiously into the weapon and time seemed to slow down as the shooting body of the god appeared before him.

He doubled the Berserker Skills he was imbuing on the Axe to thirty-five thousand skills concurrently being activated, and the Great Axe turned into a small red sun, he fed Envy all the vitality it could hold for a single moment and reality around his Axe began to shatter for miles around him.

His Eruption burned more fiercely than before, as he brought his power to the limits and then he brought it further...

"This is an execution!" He swung the Axe down and it connected with the stunned face of Dao Ma.

Chapter 443: Brutal Battle

Rowan was deeply connected with Envy and he could feel that the Axe was becoming stronger from feeding on his emotions and those of Dao Ma. It was collecting only what Rowan gave to it, but it was draining everything it could from the god, and Envy sang for joy, this was what it was born to become.

The weapon moved faster, even accounting for the force that Rowan exerted, Envy was also adding momentum to the swing.

When the hit landed on Dao Ma's stunned face, the top half of his head exploded, and he was pushed down so fast that he resembled a meteorite falling at ten times the speed.

Knowledge Well screamed a warning to him, and before he could block with his left arm a gray blur slammed into his neck and vapourised his head.

The clash that occurred between them was so fast that it transpired within a fraction of a second, but the resulting explosion that erupted from it was as bright as a sun, and the heavy blast could be heard even far in space, carried by Aether generated from their clash.

This portion of space was devoid of Aether but the level of the combatants was so high, that their presence alongside every move carried endless energies that began to warp the surroundings.

The single hit from that gray blur that Knowledge Well rapidly analyzed turned out to be the tail of the god, he had sneaked in a devastating blow that propelled Rowan's body into space, where he impacted against the Formation with a resounding crack.

His body burned golden and he was anew, every single injury he took was gone, his insane healing properties boosted by Eruption when he poured all the energy it gave him into Constitution.

This new method of using Eruption was only possible with Knowledge Well, Rowan had a timer on this ability, and he did not use it for long stretches of time, instead, it was in small bursts.

Each activation of Eruption happened in less than a tenth of a second before he switched it off. This method of using this ability would be quite impossible if he had a single consciousness.

Eruption was such a powerful ability that forcefully ending the technique before it began to gather steam was difficult and damaged his consciousness to a great extent.

He had multiple consciousness pillars, so every time he used Eruption, he would swap his consciousness, and in a short while, the previously damaged consciousness would heal. Rowan had enough consciousness pillars he did not have to worry if he was going to run out.

Using the ability in this manner was fairly cumbersome but the advantages of using this method to utilize Eruption went beyond increasing the time frame he could safely use this ability, he could also burn his vitality more furiously.

Originally, Eruption should last for maybe twelve seconds before his Ouroboros Bloodline went insane, but now, he should be able to battle for at least a whole day.

The shadowy form of Eva appeared beside him, "You are taking your sweet time getting up, my Formation cannot handle your weight any longer, don't tell me you need a cheerleader?"

"Fuck you too, Eva, the only thing I need right now is BGM," Rowan growled and he launched himself from the glowing Formation towards Dao Ma below.

Eva cocked her head to the side in confusion, "What is BGM?"

Inside the crater, the nearly decapitated Dao Ma stood up, his clothes and armor were in shambles, and they faded away into mist.

The head of the god slowly healed up, and his eyes were no longer green, but blazing red. That red began to travel from his eyes and colored his skin. The expression on his crocodilian face warped until he was a picture of menace.

His belts and loincloths returned but now they were red, and blood appeared to be dripping from them.

From his six-fingered hand, long red claws that were the size of swords erupted with a burst of gore, their tips so sharp they pierced through space, leaving black lines with every movement he made.

Bloody gas began to rise from his body, and he screamed a wordless challenge. Gods with animalistic traits had always been brutal, and their bloodthirstiness was only hidden by a few scraps of sanity and decorum.

For a mere mortal to hurt a god to this extent triggered a blood lust in Dao Ma that would not be quenched unless he drank every drop of blood inside Rowan and tortured him for an eternity.

His eyes followed the rapidly approaching figure of Rowan and he crouched and shot into the air, and in less than a second, Rowan and Dao Ma clashed in Midair.

"BOOOOM!!!!"

Reality parted in two, as the skies were painted golden with the flames of Eruption, and the ground was painted red with the bloody gas escaping from Dao Ma's body.

Countless large blasts erupted from the point of impact, and the planet below rippled, as an entire layer of it was torn off and vented into space, but they were all blocked by the Formation and they fell back to the ground, but the atmosphere was now so thick with energy it was as hot as a furnace, and the metals melted on reentry, and gave the skies an appearance of twilight with countless flaming stars falling to the ground.

There could be no doubt that two beings with power at the Divine level clash here.

With a roar from Dao Ma that could be heard for millions of miles, the red glow swallowed the golden one, and Dao Ma tore through Rowan's defenses, slicing apart both of Rowan's arms with a flurry of quick strikes that Rowan failed to defend against and plunging his entire right arm into Rowan's chest, nearly cutting him in two.

Dao Ma breathed deeply in satisfaction, "Mongrel, I shall..."

Rowan struck like a snake, his mouth closed around Dao Ma's throat and with a burst of Eruption tore it out.

Dao Ma barely had time to shudder from the pain, when both of Rowan's hands healed with a flash of golden light and he seized Dao Ma by the throat, before pushing both of his hands into the gaping hole.

Chapter 444: Immortal Level Berserker Aspect

Rowan unleashed forty thousand stacks of all the Berserker Abilities he could combine directly into the wound, and a flood of red blood that when released over a long period of time would equate to a million gallons of blood rushed into the hole in Dao Ma's neck in less than two seconds.

This action was so violent that Rowan's hands were blown off, judging by his present Constitution, he could casually crush diamonds.

With a spin kick that landed on the god's chest, Dao Ma was shot into the distance, his hand was forcefully torn away from Rowan's body nearly cutting him in two, but he recovered in less than a second.

The horror of what Rowan had just done to Dao Ma revealed itself in the next moment.

Rowan had unleashed every single Berserker Technique inside the body of Dao Ma and they were ravaging it like a billion hungry locusts, ten thousand Berserker Clones were unleashing all the abilities they could inside the body of the god, and the resultant force was tearing him apart.

This method of using his Berserker abilities was made by imitating the pattern Dao Ma had used in unleashing his poison. Knowledge Well had analyzed the technique and improved on it, and as a result, the Proficiency of the Transcendent State Berserker Technique was increasing at rocket speeds, because so many of his clones were using this ability in the best environment for growth, which was inside the body of a god.

Dao Ma screamed as his body contorted and folded into weird shapes as if a thousand battles were taking place inside him, with a loud cry his chest exploded, followed by a single arm, and then both of his legs exploded below the knee.

His head began to twist around, his eyes were weeping blood, and he made a weird groan as his neck snapped. Dao Ma had lived a long life, but this was the first time he had ever felt pain as terrible as this one from a mortal, the shame he felt seemed to compound on the pain and he snapped.

"When did I, Dao Ma became this fragile?"

Rowan wanted to continue his assault but Knowledge Well barely had the time to scream a warning when the space around his body was sliced into neat cubes a hundredth of an inch in size.

'How did he attack me? Is this Intent?'

The brief warning was all it took to save Rowan, but he was left with only the upper parts of his head that contained only his eyes and nose.

The eyes of these two seeming immortal combatants met and as the rest of Rowan's body began to heal downwards exposing his mouth, he grinned. Dao Ma was now taking him as a true opponent.

Whatever that move was, could have killed Rowan, but the knowledge of his near demise did not bother him, because, at this moment, his Transcendent Berserker Technique had taken the next step forward.

The fifteen-foot-tall body of the god began to shrink until he matched Rowan perfectly in size, his tail fell off and began to stretch until it turned to a whip with a wicked-looking blade at the end, that quietly crawled into the hands of the god.

Dao Ma would lose his sanity when he fought, but only when it was advantageous for him to do so. A god would not survive for long if it could not accurately judge and assess threats.

Rowan had shown strength that could threaten him, and he no longer treated him as if he was just a mortal, his carelessness had made him lose his Scepter, thereby losing a large chunk of his offensive powers, for he had kept his poisons inside that Scepter.

The Source of his poison was still inside his Divine Kingdom so he was not too bothered by the loss of the scepter, yet the ease by which he was disposed of his weapon was a blow to his pride.

Dao Ma will no longer fight as a brute, he will fight like a god.

Behind Rowan, an apparition of a large tree made from blood and bones appeared, in just this short clash with Dao Ma, Rowan's Berserker Technique had reached the next level.

It was firm proof that although fighting with a god came with unbelievable risks, the resulting gains from your survival were worth it.

The Berserker Aspect had seven levels to reach its peak, they were Mortal, Refined, Earth, Heaven, Transcendent, Immortal, and finally Origin.

It was unknown if there was anyone who had reached the highest level of this Technique but from the information gathered by his Angels in the Tiberius Family, Most Dominators barely made it to the Earth Level of this Technique, and few made it to the Heaven Level, and for those that had reached the Transcendent Level were mostly Earth gods.

Rowan had barely been on the Transcendent level for a month before he blew past it, this signified that his level of talent was too great and even though the Berserker Aspect was powerful and still useful to him, he could easily complete it.

The apparition of the tree became real and overhead a large storm cloud encircled the planet. Rowan was linked with Eva, and she silently manipulated the Formation, and the storm cloud passed through and headed for Rowan where it settled over his head and began to thicken until it began to glow red like blood, and the white lightning that flashed inside the red storm clouds resembles bones.

Dao Ma paused as he assessed the growing storm cloud over Rowan's head, if he understood what was happening correctly, this person was elevating his Technique, and judging by the fluctuations coming from the cloud, he was upgrading it to a rather high level, maybe enough to even begin to threaten his corporeal existence.

Dao Ma grinned and waved the whip, the end of the whip holding a spear tip disappeared in the air and appeared a few inches from Rowan's right eye, and he was too slow to dodge it even though he began to shift the moment he saw Dao Ma movements.

The spear tip dug its way into his eyes and emerged from the back of his head before vanishing. Rowan's body went into shock for a brief moment, and the storm cloud above seemed to have seen a weak point and they surged and buried Rowan.

Chapter 445: Pincer Attack

The red Tribulation Cloud surrounded Rowan's body like a tornado and massive red lightning began to slam into his body destroying massive portions of it, but Rowan Knowledge Well was focused on the attack of the god that pierced his head.

That whip attack, if it was before his understanding of Intent, he would have thought the move was so fast that he missed it, but that was not all there was to this move, there was speed, yes, that could not be denied, but there was also Intent!

Everything worked in the favor of Dao Ma, assuring that his attack must always hit his target.

Knowledge Well showed him a rapid replay of what happened, as various spatial cracks appeared in just the right spot to cover the movement of the whip head from his senses.

'Amazing' Rowan thought, 'I am about to die now, but seeing Intent in action is worth it. Yet who knew the Berserker Aspect could become something like this?'

The power inside this storm was ridiculous, and Rowan realized the moment it hit him, that he did not need to reach the Origin Level for the Berserker Technique to touch the level of gods.

Although he had calculated how much Attributes and knowledge were given to him at each successive level of the Berserker Technique, with that data he had judged that there was still one more level of power before he reached the level of gods.

He was wrong.

Although it was by no fault of his, the Berserker Aspect was a strange technique that separated its top levels into two portions giving its user access to powers of a greater level, this was advantageous to every user of the Berserker Technique, but such a great advantage also came with great cost.

The Tribulation Cloud that should have come at the peak of this technique would arrive early and users of the Berserker Aspect would have to face two Tribulations. This was what made the Berserker Aspect a very difficult power to master, as death was most likely the option when their Tribulations arrived, although they gave their users great powers in exchange.

Dao Ma's strike was incredibly sneaky and arrived at the best moment to take advantage of this Tribulation. When the spear point passed through Rowan's head, he might have appeared fine on the surface, but the open hole in his head that did not fade away even after a few seconds was a telltale sign that he was suffering a heavy attack.

His body might appear whole, but that was only a facade, he was being diced finely into minute cubes and although there was no force preventing him from healing, that single attack was persistent, and with his body under such a heavy attack, the Tribulation Lightning struck, each bolts not only carrying an enormous amount of energy but also a frightful Will that sought to annihilate him from existence.

Rowan's Absolute Body reached the limit, after enduring attacks that would destroy many Minor Worlds and he was turned to ash, and the frightening powers did not cease but leaped into his Mental Space.

The Tribulation Lightning from the Berserker Advancement appeared inside his Mental Space like a warrior made from red lightning and he screamed a battle cry and charged towards the depth of Rowan's Mental Space, while the attack from Dao Ma took the form of a thousand-foot green crocodile with cunning eyes that followed.

Although the techniques were fast, there was a formless pressure inside his Mental Space that reduced their speed, and judging by the size of Rowan's Mental Space it would take a considerable amount of time before they reached the center of it.

Rowan relaxed, he could handle these powers later and focus on the battle outside but he became mute in shock when the Primordial Sea of Darkness rose and swallowed both godly attacks.

The Berserker Lightning Avatar gave a shrill scream as it froze and was devoured by the sea, and the green crocodile faded even faster.

Except for a slight decrease in the overall level of the Sea, it was impossible to tell that he was just struck by an attack from two god-level powers.

Rowan's body returned in a flash, and he looked at his hands in wonder. His Territory had driven his survivability up in such a drastic manner.

Because the Avatar of Eve bloodline did not have such great defensive prowess, he had unknowingly looked down on the power of this bloodline.

He suddenly noticed that the Primordial Sea began to bubble and its volume increased a bit. Endless waves of information entered his mind as the Immortal Level of the Berserker Technique not only enhanced his mind but flooded his body with a great amount of Attributes.

Rowan opened his eyes; he was stronger, the Immortal level of Berserker giving him a ridiculous amount of Attribute points, but... he was not satisfied.

His mind touched his Territory and it had perfectly assimilated the powers it had just devoured, and it did it so well there could not be any contamination of his bloodline, and if he wished to carry on his plan of assimilating the Territories of Dominators and the Divine kingdom of gods was now a viable idea.

This would have been his thought if he did not yet understand that there was a deeper level to the power of gods because he had just been contaminated by Intent.

What he wanted was not attribute points he gained from Berserker or the easy growth of his Territory, he desired to keep his bloodline pure and untainted, even though his Primordial Sea of darkness seemed to have the ability to assimilate the powers from other bloodlines, all those extra powers came with Intent.

Before he had a method to effectively cleanse the Intent from his body and Territory, he did not want to assimilate more of it.

With his conversation with the Chaos Door, he understood that the only way to fight against Intent was to have a Domain, but that was only available when you became a god.

Luckily he had a method that he could solve this small crisis for now. With a Treasure that had aided him greatly in the past—The Tower of Greed.

Chapter 446: The Greedy Ouroboros Serpent

This white Tower was nearly destroyed after he used it previously because his Bloodline especially his Ouroboros Bloodline seemed to have a peculiar relationship with time, as his body would carry every change that had happened to it back in time, this Origin Treasure although powerful, was not meant to bear that sort of load through time.

After the last time he used it, only a tiny piece was left, but with the assistance of Eva, and his ever-growing Mental Space that acted as a nurturing spot for this Treasure, over the past three years, this bone-white Tower had healed and risen to five floors.

Each floor signifies the number of times he could use the Origin Treasure.

With no hesitation, he activated the Origin Treasure, and the top floor of the Tower crumbled into ashes, and a mighty force seized his consciousness.

The vision he saw happened so briefly, barely a blink in time, and only with the assistance of Knowledge Well was he able to piece it all back together.

Rowan saw a massive river that seemed to contain countless stars and worlds flowing in a single direction and then a Massive Ouroboros Serpent larger than multiple stars tore through the surface of the river, fighting against the strong flow before plunging back into it, and Rowan's eyes snapped open.

Above him, a lightning Tribulation Cloud began to gather.

He had just gone back for a mere five seconds, which was even worse than when Ohrox used it, but the Demon Prince had developed the Origin Treasure to the twelfth floor, so maybe a difference occurred when it reached such a high number.

The figure of Dao Ma was about to wave his whip, and Rowan knew what was coming next.

Suddenly his body shook as a flood of Attributes and knowledge returned to him, the world slowed down, and he could perceive the flow of the universe, this was such a weird sensation, that it took more than five consciousness pillars to appreciate it.

He saw the Tribulation Cloud above him suddenly weaken as if a large portion of its vitality had disappeared, and his eyesight could track the path of the whip head as it sliced through space.

Countless green threads wrapped around the blade like maggots and they shifted the direction of the blade in a subtle manner, making billions of micro-movements that would have surely hidden it from him before.

'What is this?'

Rowan soon realized that he was seeing the flow of Intent!

Dao Ma had used this same power once before and his Territory had consumed it, but unlike changes that happened with his flesh due to the bloodline of his Ouroboros Serpent, his Territory did not share that advantage, but that did not mean he did not digest the path of this weapon that once plunged into his head.

He called up and opened up the pages inside his mind, to verify the changes that had just happened. His Territory had returned to its previous state but his body was brimming with power stolen across time.

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 14/470,000

Strength: 178,400

Agility: 156,400

Constitution: 183,985

Class: None

Title: Plane Walker, Chaos Blood, Reality Butcher, Creator, Primordial.

Berserker (Tier 5)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 0)

Light Devourer (Tier 0)

Skills:

BERSERKER BLOOD (Immortal Level 1)

Bloodline Skill: Eruption (29%)

Passive: Decipher language (complete)

Records:

SIX **HEADED OUROBOROS** [CHAOS BLOOD] - Level 3 Completed [30,000]

SHEOL - Level 5 Completed (1,000,000)

TREE OF DESIRE - Level 5 Completed

Territory: Primordial Sea of Darkness

Bloodline Ability: Purgatory Gate (Locked)

Territory Gained: Primordial Sea of Darkness

Legendary Skill: Chaos World Engine [6/6]

Chaos World Engine [Minor— Completed]

Legendary Skill: Word of Enoch x2 [Blank].

Rift Rule: Absolute Body.

Palace of Ice Chamber Unlocked:

Astrolabe

Knowledge Well

Hollow Forge

Chaos Worlds (minor) — Limits Exceeded

Minor Worlds Seeded — 140

Awakening Primordial Bloodline [Sheol]

Aspect Upgraded: Berserker (Transcendent > Immortal)

Strength Gained: 30,000

Agility Gained: 30,000

Constitution Gained: 30,000

Spirit Gained: 30,000

(Spirit has submitted itself to the Authority of Sheol. Your Bloodline Grows.)

Soul Crystal — 542

Remark: Awakening Primordial

The first thing he checked was his ability to use Eruption and was stunned when he saw that it had grown to 29%, the power he had access to had nearly doubled, and he felt a new mystical power begin to grow inside him, as his body made countless tiny cracks as the new strength was accepted and adapted to almost instantly.

All this strength, all this knowledge, came to him in a flash, and he deflected the whip strike with the broad side of Envy, before the incredulous look on the Dao Ma's face could begin to form, Rowan activated Berserker Blood and Eruption at the same time and his surrounding exploded, and he appeared three feet in front of Dao Ma.

With a yell he swung Envy at his head, the shrill sound from the descending Axe nearly stunning the god, Dao Ma rotated his whip forming a circular shield that blocked the mighty blow, but that was just a ruse.

Rowan's left hand lightly touched Dao Ma's chest and unleashed Berserker Blood, and a heavy rumble resounded, Dao Ma took three steps backward and his chest imploded, the force went through his spine and exploded out of his back, flinging out gore for miles.

The god valiantly ignored the injury because he knew his opponent was not one to let a single opportunity slip in battle, with a yell, he swung his whip in such dazzling arcs that Rowan amazingly kept up with, his body flaring with Eruption forty times in less than three seconds, but the whip made a wicked curve that nearly took off his head from the side.

Rowan had to bend backward with a flexibility that defied his muscular body and he punched the ground while activating Berserker Blood and thirty feet away, Dao ma left leg exploded.

The god had been about to swing his whip in an arc that would have bisected Rowan in two, but his exploding leg pushed him a few inches to the side where he saw the rapidly approaching blade of Envy.

About to yell in anger, the Tribulation Cloud ahead that had not yet dispersed suddenly rushed and surrounded Rowan.

- Chapter 447: Devouring The Berserker Tribulation

Chapter 447: Devouring The Berserker Tribulation

The Tribulation Cloud covered Rowan as bone-white lightning strikes slammed repeatedly into his body as if seeking to annihilate every single speck of his being.

Dao Ma shifted backward and grinned, he was truly surprised when Rowan dodged his Intent-fueled strike as he had anticipated the Tribulation Cloud to strike alongside him, but instead, it mysteriously weakened.

This occurrence stunned him long enough for Rowan to take advantage, but now the flow of battle fell to his advantage, rapidly healing his godly body by drawing Essence from his Divine Kingdom, he prepared to attack.....

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Dao Ma swung his whip in a cunning arc to take out the head of his opponent from the side but he dodged by folding himself backward in a boneless manner, he continued his assault, now angling his whip to cut him in two when his enemy punched the ground.

He detected the force a bit too late and both of his legs exploded, he yelled in anger as he noticed the Great Axe rushing towards his head and then the Tribulation Cloud overhead that appeared mysteriously weakened rushed and enveloped the body of his enemy, he hurriedly drew essence from his Divine Kingdom and healed the great Damage he had just sustained.

He had been waiting for this opportunity for a long time, he would attack alongside the Tribulation Cloud.

Dao curled his whip and charged his attack, he wanted to aim....

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Dao Ma swung his whip in a cunning arc that would take off the head of his opponent, when he dodged the blow with a graceful movement, his attack was not over, and he was about to swing his whip to....

'Wait.... Something is wrong!' His Divine thoughts screamed in panic, 'Something is very wrong here.'

Instead of attacking he hurriedly retreated backward, not knowing the cause for his unease.

He looked at the skies, why did it seem like the Tribulation Cloud was shrinking, looking back at his opponent, he was not even looking at Dao Ma but was staring at the Tribulation Cloud with desire in his eyes.

'What sort of fucked up situation did I find myself into?' This thought began to cross through Dao Ma's head. A Tribulation kills ninety-nine percent of all those that crossed it! Most people had no capacity to train their Divine Powers to this stage and only gods were assured of surviving Tribulations, but he could sense nothing of the Divine in his foe.

'Who are you?' Dao Ma wanted to scream, but he quietly observed.

When has there been any situation where one would crave something that could kill them nine out of ten times?

What happened next made Dao Ma begin to flee because instead of waiting and bearing the perils ahead, the man leaped into the Tribulation Cloud and inhaled it. That was like drinking poison to cure your thirst.

"What the fuc..."

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Dao Ma swung his whip but halted his motion for he suddenly had a feeling of intense danger and he retreated, 'Something is wrong.' He thought, and he observed his surroundings instantly noticing that the Tribulation Cloud had disappeared.

His Divine Thoughts were poised on a trigger's edge, and he did not know what he was afraid of and then he felt it...

Like ants crawling on his eyes, a burst of Intent exploding from the body of the mortal so strong it pierced through the skies...

'What sort of Intent is this? Have I been fighting a fellow god?'

Dao Ma's desire for this battle had fallen to a bottom point, he even had a growing suspicion that what he was witnessing was not real and that he was in a gigantic formation that suppressed his senses. When that thought latched on, it was almost impossible to dispel.

Did he not chase a Divine Beast all the way to this place where it vanished? In what universe could you see a mortal that could battle a god to this extent? That Formation above was unrecognizable alongside the beings spectating this battle. When did Tribulation events just appear and vanish without any indication?

'No, my mind is being clouded! This is not real, I have to leave this place!

If Rowan knew Dao Ma's thoughts, he would have laughed, for he was both right and wrong at the same time.

Having made up his mind, Dao Ma brought his palms together as if in prayer, and behind him a tiny green light shone like a firefly. The light began to expand until it formed an oval doorway that was sealed with a green gate with mystical runes on it.

"I wouldn't advise you to do that if I were you." The voice of Rowan called out, "It would make killing you so much easier, and I need you to bring my Aspect to its final form."

Dao Ma sneered and with a touch of his hand the sealed door began to open, "Whatever god or monster you are," he called out to Rowan with a venom in his tone, "I shall hunt you down and kill you. What happened here this day will be brought before the Forum of the gods and you shall be judged, the rage of all gods shall fall on your head and you shall perish in body and soul, but that would only be the start of your suffering."

The door behind him finished opening, and the Divine Kingdom that was revealed was one that resembled a swamp, there were vast amounts of trees and waters, and massive forms of gigantic beasts roamed inside.

Dao Ma had barely used his true powers to fight this battle since all battles would inevitably lead to the consumption of resources, and if he wanted his plans to become a Major God in the next ten thousand years to come to fruition, he must be frugal with every ounce of resources or power he spent.

If he needed to run away with his tail hanging between his legs, he would do so, but he would make sure his shame would be repaid a thousand times over.

Dao Ma finished making his speech and was about to enter his Divine Kingdom when the doors suddenly snapped shut.

Chapter 448: I'm Taking It All

There was a stunned silence from the god as Dao Ma retreated, in confusion and then it evolved to a dawning shock and horror when he saw golden threads begin to stitch their way across the gate of the Divine Kingdom.

"Who attacks my Divine Kingdom?!" he roared, as he realized that the Gate to his Divine Kingdom shut itself because it was an instinctive reaction to stop a growing web of invaders that surrounded it, if the gate had been open for a fraction of a second longer, they would have gotten access to it.

"You made it too easy." The disappointed voice of Rowan sounded beside Dao Ma. Somehow he had appeared beside the god as he was staring at the gate of his Divine Kingdom in shock.

"how...how is this possible? This is... Aahhh... my world is being devoured!" Dao Ma cried out in horror.

Rowan tapped him on the shoulder, and the god looked at him with a growing rage and horror in his heart, Rowan pointed at the skies, "That shiny formation is not just to keep you inside this place, that's just one of its function, the second most important one however, is to keep your senses locked on this battlefield, because while you are away... I can play."

©

On his conquest of the Cerulean Galaxy, Rowan knew he was not strong enough to consume this massive meal in one sitting, at least not in the time frame he gave himself, but if he could gain a foothold, he would be able to drain all the Divine Powers from this galaxy, piece by piece, and when his presence was detected it would be too late, and he would be far stronger.

This whole plan would not take a long time, only a couple of months, and for all the gods that were on the grim list that would be selected to be the first to fall, Dao Ma took the lead.

He was a peak Minor god who was on the verge of ascending to a Major God, and to avoid being sabotaged by other gods on his verge of ascension he isolated himself on

the edges of the galaxy. His increased strength was factored as a risk, but Rowan found it acceptable, if the plan went awry, he had seen nothing that could block his escape if he wished to while using Astrolabe.

There were a total of 1,043 Minor Worlds and a single Major World in this galaxy; the bulk of the Minor Worlds were clustered around the center of the galaxy.

At the edges of the galaxy were 212 Minor Worlds and Dao Ma had claimed two of those worlds at the edges, because they were among the least important Minor Worlds in the galaxy, generally the levels of the worlds grew stronger when you got closer to the center of the galaxy, with the only Major World residing at the exact center.

The hardest task was to draw the god away from his Divine Kingdom which dwelled somewhere in the World of his choice, it was a good thing that an Ouroboros Serpent seemed to be a Siren's call to any major power.

Dao Ma was successfully lured here and when he was encircled by the Formation, Rowan sent World Seeds to the remaining Minor Worlds at the edges of the galaxy.

With Dao Ma inside the Formation, he was not aware that drastic changes were happening outside his perception.

Rowan World Seeds were mature and when unleashed they could take over a planet in less than five minutes, such a great speed of corruption would leave any means of getting messages outside the planet to be ineffective.

Dao Ma had been cunning, even when Rowan had just seeded all those worlds he could not find the Divine Kingdom of the god, it had been cleverly hidden on a random Minor World that he had not been seen openly approached.

When he had opened the gate to his Divine Kingdom, Rowan had warned him to stop, not because he was afraid he would escape, instead it would make Rowan's victory too easy, he wanted to use this god to farm his Berserker Aspect to the limits.

He had been receiving so many Attributes from seeding all these worlds and consuming the Tribulation Cloud that was filled with so many Attributes and power he was almost vibrating with his intense power growth.

The Divine Kingdom of Dao Ma could passively defend itself and hide from the attention of his World Seed but only for a short while. Since the Divine Kingdom of a Minor god was deeply connected to the world it resided in, it was only a matter of time before it would be found.

When Dao Ma opened the gate, the reverberation from that action was enough for the World Seed Rowan had planted on that Minor World where Dao Ma hid his Divine

Kingdom to detect its location, and immediately massive golden tendrils surrounded the Divine Kingdom attempting to infiltrate it.

The gate snapping shut in front of Dao Ma was the instinctive response of his Divine Kingdom to protect itself, and Dao Ma's action had destroyed any opportunity to stall Rowan's advance.

"What did you do?" Dao Ma's panicked cry was loud as he attempted to push Rowan back, but was surprised that Rowan barely moved.

Instead, Rowan quickly grabbed his hand and prevented him from retreating, "I'm taking it all."

"Bastard..."

Dao Ma's curse was blocked by a heavy uppercut that snapped his crocodilian jaws together with so much force that pieces of his teeth were sent flying into the air, his feet left the ground about to be launched into space, but Rowan's left hand dragged him down for another uppercut.

This second blow was far more powerful and Dao Ma's neck was broken with a loud snap, this time Rowan allowed his body to leave the ground a bit and then he blasted thirty straight punches on the chest and stomach of Dao Ma in a tenth of a second.

The light, sounds, and heat generated from such rapid assault caused massive shockwaves to tear through their position straight into space, but the reverberations of this godly battle were hidden from the rest of the universe by the Formation.

Dao Ma's body shook like a boneless fish in the air, Rowan opened his palm, Envy had been floating behind him, slid into his hand with a quiet purr, and his hand blurred delivering a thousand blows in three seconds.

Chapter 449: Fierce

Whatever changes happened to Rowan when he devoured the Berserker Tribulation, his control over his powers had taken an explosive leap forward.

Dao Ma's body exploded, a large part of it vaporizing into mist, while the little pieces shot out with so much force they ignited in the air, shooting past the formation like countless meteors and escaping into space. Such a spectacle was like countless meteorites flying through space.

Dao Ma was left with only a single eye and his whip. The former floated in the air filled with rage and indignation so deep it was nearly bottomless.

Rowan just smiled, "For a god you are a bit slow, wonder if it's your head... hmm, why do you keep your head like this? I don't see many goddesses willing to marry you if you keep your head in this state."

"I WILL..." Dao Ma's voice thundered around the entire battered planet, "KILL YOU FOR THIS SACRILEGE!!!"

"Get in line." Rowan backed away but not fast enough for he was swallowed by an explosion that if he calculated using the previous level of a nuke in his previous life, would be equal to a billion Megaton or even more!

This was a release of power that should have been seen from all over the galaxy because, for a brief moment, the light that shone was a million times brighter than the sun.

The explosion was powerful, but the important part was that it was not focused on Rowan entirely, and even though he was vaporized to atoms, no power entered his Mental Space and he returned in full in less than a second and he was destroyed again, and again and again.

After the umpteenth time, he became a bit accustomed to the level of Energy after a large part of it had been spent and its momentum exhausted.

Remarkably, the world he built for this battle had not been entirely destroyed but had melted in half, making it resemble a bowl filled with lava. Such a blow would have wiped out a billion Earth gods, no wonder the Domain of a god was unreachable for mortals.

Rowan had been pushed towards the edges of the planet after his body had been swept more than a million miles away by the explosion.

The first thing he noticed as he looked around the planet was its new shape and he chuckled, "Flat earth hehe...Now this is how a god should smite!"

His amusement was cut short when a vast presence filled the planet, green lightning and fog filled the hollow skies and began to converge to create a figure thousands of feet tall, that soon began to reach the size of miles and kept growing until it began to cover the heavens.

A growing pressure began to emanate from the massive body of the god generating massive winds that froze the lake of lava and Rowan had to brace himself to avoid falling off the planet, the Formation above began to crack as pieces of it began to fall off, his Angels was at their limit and we're barely holding on.

The god roared in the distance and continued growing bigger, as the surrounding space began to quake.

Eva appeared beside him, the wind blowing her dress and hair into a mess, "Is he attempting what I suspect?" she asked skeptically

"Your conclusion is as good as mine," Rowan replied, "But yes, I think he is attempting to become a Major god, which is weird, I don't think I gave him much of a threat to push for that option so soon, I thought, we would fight for a few weeks at the least."

Eva rolled her eyes, "I can see you have already grown stronger, and the Tower of Greed has been ruined, it would take at least another three years to bring it up to its previous level. Was it worth it?"

Rowan clenched his fist, feeling the billions of red tendrils flowing around his fist, as the Berserker Intent he had awakened prematurely filled him with strength, coupled with all the Attributes he had stolen, made him feel five times stronger than when he began this fight, plus his Eruption was now at an astonishing 35%

"Oh it's worth it alright," Rowan replied, "But I don't think it would be enough if Dao Ma becomes a Major god. It's time to go all out."

"You would think so," Eva muttered, "but you seem to be enjoying yourself a little too much. You must hurry, if he reaches that level, his Divine Kingdom will ascend as well, and with the present level of your World Seed, it would no longer be able to threaten him."

"I know... I know... Don't be a nag Eva, it's not cute." Rowan opened his hand and Envy settled in it, and stepping into the air he blasted towards the growing figure of the god, whose head would soon touch the Formation above.

Eva cursed and began making mystic gestures, "I'm not cute... I'm fierce."

The shadow around her body thickened, and what resembled a cape streamed behind her that extended for hundreds of feet, and horns made from shadows grew behind her to hover at her back like a mystical barrier, and her magic burned the world blue.

A portal opened in front of her that resembled a black hole colored blue, that portal began sucking all the wind flowing around this planet, it was filled with power and Dao Ma may require it for his Ascension if she could rob him of this resource it would go a long way to assure them of victory.

It would seem Eva had begun to awaken knowledge of her spells from her previous life. Another portal opened beside her that was colored green, this portal began spitting out the winds the blue portal collected, but now there was no longer any godly energy inside it, but it would be hard to detect that change unless you observed it carefully.

As the portals operated they began to grow in size and the difficulty of operating it also increased, but she gritted her teeth and persisted, "I am fierce, but maybe also cute."

The faith she had in Rowan was near absolute. He would win, as over time, he had proven he would scrape victory from the unlikeliest of odds and he had plans within plans that worked together perfectly well, and even if he failed, he would pick himself back up and come up stronger.

Chapter 450: Flower Of Eternity

Rowan flew through the air, moving faster than he had ever been before without using Astrolabe. Using Telekinesis he tore space apart and his body seemed to be teleporting across the distance.

Lightning clouds and raging winds blasted him, but he tore through it like a bullet.

"GODLESS INFIDEL, YOUR ATROCITY SHALL DAMN YOU TO THE DEPTH OF PERDITION. YOUR BODY AND SPIRIT SHALL BE BURNED WITH MY FLAMES FOR ALL ETERNITY."

The voice of Dao Ma encircled the planet as the growth of his body stopped. A shockwave erupted from his body and he turned to stone that glowed a greenish color like a mountain made of jade.

Blinding light escaped from the chest, forehead, and shoulder of the statue as Dao Ma's voice resounded over the planet.

"I CALL ON MY AUTHORITY AS LORD OVER ALL THINGS GREEN IN THE GREAT DEPTHS. I SUMMON YOU WITH MY AUTHORITY OVER THE LIFE OF THE SCALES IN ALL THE OCEANS, COME TO YOUR GOD'S CALL, TEAR MY ENEMIES ASUNDER."

The light in his chest opened wide, where it was revealed that it was the gates to his Divine Kingdom.

Dao Ma was no longer playing it safe, or else he would be slowly ground to death, he was risking it all on this bet, pushing all the power and authority he had accumulated for the 175,000 years he had been a Minor god, after countless years where he remained an Earth god.

The chest of this green statue of Dao Ma was broader than an island, extending for more than eight thousand miles, the Divine Gate that was opened was gigantic, and from it countless howls that stirred the skies and cracked the earth erupted and massive beasts began to spew forth from the gate.

From afar they resembled ants, but each of these beasts was larger than fifty feet, with some among them growing up to a thousand feet and more.

They were all reptilian creatures like crocodiles, snakes, lizards, turtles, and many others. All these made up the bulk of the creatures but there were special beasts here that drew Rowan's attention like Gnomes, Ogres, Lizardfolks, Wyverns, and so many stranger beasts, and they came out like a flood.

A force was ejecting them from the Divine Kingdom at astonishing speeds and in a short while the front of the state was being filled up.

From a few thousand to hundreds of thousands to millions, they poured out in an unstoppable flood, and the world broke in half, as multiple quakes sundered the earth.

By now this area resembled a field of massive metallic asteroids, but every beast here was at least at the third great circle and they could travel through the void with no hindrance.

The roars from millions of beasts rushing towards Rowan continued to grow until their numbers began hitting hundreds of millions approaching a billion.

Rowan stopped and seeing the immensity of this horde laughed in joy, not because they represented a massive amount of Soul Energy, but at this moment he was simply genuinely happy.

It was a happiness that could only be felt when you could stand in the void of space while holding a God Killing Weapon in a shattered world where millions of foul creatures from the depth of the darkest rivers surged towards you, their numbers so massive they covered the horizon leaving no single gap from the earth to the skies.

Rowan had always wanted to see the beauty and horror of the universe, whatever was presented to him filled him with a sense of life and contentment, he would rather be, right at this present moment, than anywhere else in the universe.

He could feel the strong heartbeats of all his Angels, he could hear the roars of his Ouroboros Serpent as his bloodline boiled with such intensity it could melt diamonds, and he no longer felt any hesitation in his heart about the brutality in his bloodline.

His laughter carried through the horizon and Envy in his arm shrieked a call of unbridled joy, over time the weight of this weapon had steadily increased to 275,000 kilograms, but to Rowan it was light as a feather, as no matter how heavy it would ever get, in Rowan's hand it would ever be as light.

Normally, Envy was not supposed to behave in this manner, her wielders would always have to bear her weight in full as a test that they were worthy of wielding her but for Rowan, she was aware that it was impossible.

How could she compare to a being whose potential was infinite? There could not be anyone more worthy than him in all of existence, this she was sure about.

On the left shoulder of the great statue, Dao Ma appeared, and his appearance was more beastly as his figure could not stand straight and he resembled a humanoid crocodile. Whatever he just did had drained a lot of power from his body, but if he succeeded, it would all be worth it.

He looked at the charging figure of Rowan and he sneered. Turning to the glowing light in the head of the statue he began to recite the Incantation for Ascension, and with every word that streamed from his lips, a massive green flower would emerge from the light in the forehead of the statue, which should be an Anima.

As he continued chanting the flowers began to descend creating a staircase that would lead to the head. This flower was called the Eternity Flower, and for everyone it was different.

In total, there were seventy-seven flowers that emerged and if he succeeded in climbing every single one of them, his Essence would transform and he would become a Major God.

He relaxed when the Eternity Flowers were completed, seventy-seven was not too high and not too low. It was a perfect number for Dao Ma, and his slight regret at Ascending a full ten thousand years earlier than he expected was eliminated. Perhaps there was a silver lining in this tribulation he was facing, after all, he had ignored his Ascension for so long because of fear of failure.

Now he either ascended or died, such stark choices before him, made every argument against Ascension pointless.