

The Primordial Record

Chapter 451: Silencing The Heavens

Lightning and thunder rumbled as Dao Ma began taking long deep breaths while preparing himself for the Ascension ahead ignoring Rowan.

For over a hundred thousand years he had gathered and reared hundreds of billions of creatures inside his Divine Kingdom, aided by his Divine Spark and his authority over the deep, he would make sure that nothing would reach him until he ascended.

Inside his armies were millions of Earth gods, he had sacrificed intelligence for strength but it was worth the price, he did not need intelligent subordinates, he only needed good henchmen.

His Divine Spark was fed by countless beasts of the deep, granting him access to large volumes of Essence, this was what had partly fed his quick ascension to the stage of a Major god. It was well known that he was among those with the greatest potential among the gods.

His armies, if he willed it, were endless.

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One of the Angels holding the strained Formation above happened to be at the exact spot where the clash occurred between the Creator and the horde of endless beasts.

The sound that erupted from the impact was surprisingly dull, and then a loud rumble followed by a shockwave that traveled through the horde nearly reaching the frozen Anima of Dao Ma.

The Angel became frozen in awe and many others too when he saw a massive red flower bloom. The red flower began to rise until it reached the heavens, and then it fell and scattered where it became a rain of blood.

What the Angel just witnessed was the entire blood of hundreds of millions of beasts blasted away from their shattered bodies and lifted into the air for thousands of miles before falling.

This was not just butchery on a scale beyond most mortal comprehension.... This was Art.

Eva spat, "Show off." but she did her part in making sure that the blue and green portals continued growing bigger, the green portal spitting out wind devoid of power while the blue collected all the powers in the winds.

She would be the hand inside the shadow that would quietly chip away at the foundations while Rowan could be the shining light in the open drawing all the attention.

That was the reason for her Title—The Lady of Shadows.

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Another flower bloomed and then another, and when they fell back to the earth like rain, the next blooming flower would push every blood drop back into the sky, making each flower bigger until it broke the bounds of the battlefield and poured into space, where it began to spread.

For millions of miles, blood washed the void of space where it froze like tiny red gems. These gems held sizable powers, as most of them were taken from the bodies of Earth gods, perhaps they might fall on a planet, and a lucky person or beast might acquire it, changing their destinies.

Life was a fickle thing, and great glory or endless mediocrity could fall to luck.

Rowan kept moving forward, below him was a carpet of bodies that continually thickened. His hair was carried by ephemeral winds and the scream of Envy reflected the savagery in every motion of his body.

Yet, it still fell short.

The creatures emerging from the Divine Kingdom of Dao Ma were seemingly unending and they were ejected faster than he could kill them.

Each swing of his Axe killed millions and more took their place, he could not get tired, but his killing speed had a limit, he was growing fast, but not fast enough to match the amount of bodies being thrown at him until he was buried under a press of bodies, thousands of miles in diameter, creating a ball of flesh that was sickening to look at.

The sounds and sight of billions of lives squeezing down on a single person were horrific.

Dao Ma looked below and laughed, for a while there he was a bit worried that his enemy would have charged through his horde, but he had an endless amount of beasts and his Divine Kingdom would produce an endless more of them as long as his Divine Source existed.

"Keep him leashed.* He commanded, "I will personally peel the flesh from his bones, and bathe in his screams"

Dao Ma turned to the first Flower of Eternity, bracing himself he stepped on it, a blinding light erupted from the flower and he screamed, as he underwent the Tribulation and baptism of the Eternal Flower. His attention was covered by the world inside the Eternal Flower and his perception of the outside world was cut off.

For a short while, only the sounds of beast howling could be detected from the horde as more beasts kept piling into the gigantic ball of flesh.

Rowan had been crushed, and there was no single inch of space for him to move, Envy vibrated, vaporizing large swatches of bodies, but more filled the gap before he could make any movement.

Slowly the weight increased as millions of tons were added to the unholy pile every second, until the size of this flesh ball was approaching the size of a large city.

The roars, hoots, howling, and shrieking increased until it could be all that was heard. The creatures disregarded their lives as they paid for time with their bodies.

A loud laughter was heard as Dao Ma succeeded in his first Tribulation and stepped on the second Eternal Flower, he was processing faster than he had thought.

Then a roar resounded, it was long and sonorous, like a trumpet blown from the depth of hell that froze the entire battlefield and the ball of flesh seemed to pause. Even the flood of beasts from the Divine Kingdom slowed.

The roar could not be described, possessing endless bloodlust and sovereignty. It was from a beast that could look down on all creation as inferior specimens, it was in a league all on its own.

A powerful Wyvern who was an Earth god wanted to roar back in challenge but was silenced when another roar followed, this one was slightly different but still possessed the same majesty and intent.

Another roar followed and another, until six mighty roars silenced the heavens, and the massive ball of flesh shuddered, and six holes that resembled vortexes opened around the ball of flesh.

Chapter 452: Exiting The Ball of Flesh

Like six black holes, millions of bodies were sucked into those vortexes and the ball of flesh began to drastically shrink. At the first roar, Dao Ma shuddered, and his eyes were filled with fear and desire.

As a reptilian god, he had a certain resonance with the Ouroboros Serpents, and he could feel the power of whatever these beasts were and it left him in amazement. Could he tame and control such a power? If he could, he could transform the very essence of his being, and become a greater creature, perhaps surpassing a Major god and becoming a High god.

He had already resolved himself that the beast he saw was an illusion, his enemy was capable, but nothing he had shown him had proven he could ever control a power such as this and the sound he heard was just the last gasp of an imprisoned foe.

But then he heard the second roar and the third, he was shaken and his Ascension was nearly disrupted but when he heard more roars, he was relieved, for surely the existence of even one of such creatures was improbable, to have six of them was sheer insanity.

'This should be among the damned illusion he must be creating, my mind must not be shaken by this!'

He waited for a short while and nothing changed and he decided it was all fake.

He stepped on the third Eternal Flower, and even as the pain and information flooded his mind, he still felt a bit of relief. He would have no chance to quickly finish Rowan off because he was occupied, but if his enemy had resorted to using illusion to battle, then he must be quite desperate, he had a bigger threat consuming his Divine Kingdom, that should be what should be taking most of his attention.

His consolation was short-lived when he sensed it, even while his mind was occupied and his flesh was in intense pain, he still felt a sensation like what a mouse would feel when it is gazed upon by a snake. It was this chilling sensation in the back of the neck that mortals felt when fear had overtaken their hearts, and their death would come in the next breath.

'By the Heavens! Don't tell me creatures like these can exist inside the universe. No, I will not believe it, this is not real, it's an illusion.'

Because he was going through a trial, he could not sense what was happening outside the Eternal Flower unless he surpassed this trial.

What he could do however was to accelerate the rate by which his beasts exited his kingdom, yet he could not burn too much power in his Divine Spark else his Ascension would fail, but he had built up enough resources to power his offense and defense at full

speed for an entire year even without his direct supervision against a dozen Minor gods attacking at the same time.

There was no way his foundation could be destroyed this quickly, he would win this fight, after all, if he was successful his Ascension should take at most six months.

He no longer throttled the speed he used in releasing his beasts and his Divine Gate was cracked open to its limit as he fully unleashed his Divine Might, he could now feel how deeply his Divine Kingdom was being corrupted by the golden tendrils that had overtaken the World Consciousness.

This brought the full weight of this threat to the forefront, if he did not Ascend he would truly die and his passing would not be a long one, like all gods were fated, but he would be gone so quickly it would seem like he had never existed. Such a fate horrified him to the core.

What were gods but endless egos and the thought that in a short moment, barely a blink in his long lifespan, he would just cease to exist, his power, soul, and spirit all gone made him understand that whoever he was dealing with was more dreadful than any gods or powers he had ever known.

Gritting his teeth he pushed through the third flower and into the fourth, and for the first time he wanted his potential to be reduced and his Trials shortened as fear filled his mind.

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The massive ball of flesh withered at an increasingly steadier pace. Rowan could feel six spots of heat growing in his chest as the Ouroboros Serpents devoured everything inside their endless stomach which was all rapidly converted into energy that fed the six void hearts.

This was the first time he was having this sensation, maybe it was because this was the first time he had ever fed such massive amounts of energy to these beasts at once. With every passing moment they were devouring millions of beasts, many of them were at the fourth great circle.

The important thing was that they were beginning to grow to their full size.

Rowan's Absolute Body had grown a lot from devouring the Berserker Tribulation and Seeding 212 Minor Worlds, and this growth was better reflected in the body of his Ouroboros Serpents.

The flesh ball had been growing steadily larger with the influx of new beasts furiously pushed by Dao Ma, but his Ouroboros Serpent did not feel any pressure, in fact, it was the opposite.

Rowan had always limited their movements, it was because he was not powerful enough to allow them to express their full nature, but that day was growing ever closer when they would no longer be bound, and for a battle such as this one, Rowan no longer bound them by any rules except to unleash their might.

With a roar, the six Ouroboros Serpents burst out from the flesh ball and began to ascend to the skies as their sizes increased until they filled the horizon.

What a sight they were! Their massive shapes coiling in the air were beautiful to behold as the golden scales on their bodies were darker and each of the scales felt as if it was indestructible. The pointed bony spine with the appearance of spears that were growing on their back resembled diamonds.

This bony spine began from the end of their tail to their heads where it curled into an elaborate crown.

Chapter 453: Acceptance

The Ouroboros Serpents spear-like scales numbered in the tens of thousands and they were harder than most Divine Metals. The serpents had unlocked a bloodline skill where they could be shot with devastating force.

Rowan had the knowledge of the Tiberius Family's so-called Lance of Destruction that was used on the battlefields of Trion, and he wondered how the current Ouroboros Serpent ability would stack against it.

He was about to know his answer, and it was spectacular.

A shockwave burst out from their bodies and a weird metallic hum resounded, the space surrounding the Ouroboros Serpents was twisted to pieces as 60,000 spikes shot out from their bodies with enough force to shatter a dozen Minor worlds to dust.

An expanding wave of darkness spread out from the bodies of the Ouroboros Serpents which should be the scene of space being destroyed, revealing the shadow verse underneath.

The sound that the spikes made as they destroyed space was oddly silent, but their destructive potential was anything but. They eradicated miles after miles of beasts, effortlessly tearing through hundreds of millions of beasts until they slammed into the space surrounding the gates of the Divine Kingdom.

Their assaults were unstoppable, tearing through everything in the field, as 2.3 billion creatures died in almost an instant.

Rowan had his answer, with his current Ouroboros Serpents, anything below the level of gods was meaningless.

The battlefield was silent for a while, only to be broken by the triumphant roars from the Ouroboros Serpents. Their majestic Aura overflowed and their eyes were brilliant as they looked down on all things, including the Angels above.

They had the right to, at least in frontal combat, no Angel currently was their match.

Their spikes were fixed in space in front of the Divine Kingdom and crowded around the gates like the fangs of the Ouroboros Serpents and acted like a blender, as more beasts poured out of the Divine Kingdom driven by a mindless bloodlust they ran into the spikes that sliced them into tiny chunks, and blood began to spew from the gate of the Divine Kingdom like a flood.

The Ouroboros Serpent seemed to be tired of this meal and they playfully seized some particular choice targets like Wyverns and Great Ogres, toying with them till death.

Any beast below the Third Great Circle in power usually froze to death upon setting an eye on the serpents, or their heads exploded or they went mad and dug out their own heart as a sign of sacrifice to a power beyond the gods.

The last born of the Ouroboros Serpents left the culling of the beasts to its brethren and shrank, wrapping itself around Rowan but not touching his body, since Rowan floated in the air, the Ouroboros Serpent with six eyes oscillated around him.

Its eyes seemed to be looking in every direction at once, even below the surface universe, as its alien mind was processing information in such a manner that even gave Rowan pause.

Rowan patted the hot scales of the Ouroboros Serpent which should be at 3,000° at the least, and looked to the top of the statue where Dao Ma stood on the fifth flower undertaking the Trial to become a Major god, Rowan slowly ascended to meet him.

At this moment the god had finished his Trials on the fifth flower and opened his eyes and he met the golden glow of Rowan's only a few feet away.

Dao Ma's eyes were fixed on Rowan's as if he was entranced and indeed Rowan's golden dragon eyes seemed to carry an otherworldly charm that could effortlessly pierce through the mind.

He could see such beauty and complexities inside, and there was a particular streak of lightning shooting through his eyes that seemed to emerge from the depths of time, and he wanted to follow the track of this lightning bolt, he desired it... deeply.

Dao Ma did not know when he found himself stepping forward his will seemed to be swarmed by a fog of desire.

His vision was suddenly crowded by needle-sharp teeth that missed by a few inches as a barrier stopped the sudden strike of the Ouroboros Serpent.

Dao Ma took a step back and looked at the Ouroboros Serpent, noticing them for the first time, before looking at the remaining five moving majestically in space. He felt a sharp pain in his heart and every flow of blood in his body ceased. His breath mysteriously went still and a sort of peace came over him that only enlightenment could bring.

Rowan cocked his head to the side in astonishment and then understanding. This god seeing the full scale of his might had transcended his fears and doubt and he had entered the state of acceptance. It was like a mortal seeing a ten thousand foot wave bearing down on him, and instantly knowing that this was the end of the road, his story would stop here.

Rowan knew that oftentimes it was the anticipation of something that ended up to be the most debilitating. Most gods would never see an Empyrean in their entire life, and his Ouroboros Serpent was something greater than any Empyrean could ever become after they had been transformed by the blood of Chaos and further transformed by his Soul Energy after he fed his bloodline an unusual amount of Empyrean Essence.

They were Ouroboros Serpents only in name, and Rowan knew the only thing holding them back was their Ascension to the second Great Circle.

A mortal or even an Earth god upon seeing these creatures would not understand the full scale of their might and the impossibility of their existence, only Rowan's ridiculous ability to harness Soul Energy could lead to the creation of such monsters.

Only a god would understand a small piece about the horror they were witnessing, and the slight knowledge about this would only lead them down a path of nightmare.

At this moment Dao Ma knew that he would not become a Major god, not just because of the presence of the Ouroboros Serpent, but unknowingly to him, the godly essence he had spent 150,000 years building had been quietly siphoned away, he looked at the Eternal Flowers ahead and they were becoming dim.

He sighed and looked to the skies, his eyes no longer colored by bias or the notion that what he was looking at was not real.

The massive volume of blood and bodies pouring out from his Divine Gate did not cease, and with the hold of gravity no longer holding sway, the blood and the tiny chunks of flesh began to rise until all he could see was red.

Chapter 454: Let Me In

The god looked back to the cold eyes of Rowan who had cocked his head to the side as if he was looking at a particularly interesting specimen, there was no bloodlust in those eyes or rage, or fear or malice, just a sense of curiosity like that of a boy pulling out the wings of a butterfly.

'Was all my resistance, my godly Ascension, was it all a game to this creature?'

Dao Ma looked away, "It is said that we the gods are cruel and merciless, and our arrogance knows no bounds. There is no slight we would not avenge, or no feats we can not achieve, we are the true children of the universe. Yes, we are all those things and more, but you... whatever you are, it is an abomination, a perversion of the natural order, do you even know what you are? Something like you should not exist! Every single moment you walk the earth, our mother bleeds, I can feel it, your nature shall bring our end..."

Rowan's chuckle interrupted him, "All I hear is the chittering of the fly before the spider, trying to riddle his way through its web," Rowan licked his lips, "But all the spider sees, all it hears, is the sound of the feast approaching."

Rowan stretched his hand to touch the energy barrier over the Eternal Flower, "Will you let me in... little fly."

Dao Ma straightened his back, his reptilian features and his broad shoulders carried a grace only a god could have, "I have never lived my life as a coward. I don't intend to start at the end of it. Come at me, monster."

He swiped his hand and the shield covering him opened for a bit, "You can steal my essence like a thief. But let us see if you are worthy enough to step on the Eternal Flower. I have opened a path, and if you are able step through this barrier."

Dao Ma stepped back and gestured, "If you are worthy, step inside and battle this god."

Rowan grinned, "Don't mind if I do." He pushed both of his hands through the gap and seized the edges, this action made Dao Ma's eyes shrink.

Rowan's body became covered with golden flames that were far more violent than he had ever summoned before, and when the flames vanished he was gone.

The shield that covered the internal flower began to crack, spider webbing the surrounding space making it resemble shattered glass, before it exploded with a dull bang, sprinkling multicolored lights into the atmosphere, the barrier covering the Eternal Flower had been crushed.

Dao Ma's reptilian eyes shrank to a tiny slit as Rowan's back touched his own, the back of both their heads touched and Rowan brought his hands and wrapped Dao Ma's own, interlocking their fingers like lovers.

"Oh, this feels so familiar, like the memory of a melody that just stays at the tip of your tongue," Rowan whispered. "Dao Ma know this with certainty, you will not leave this flower alive. You will die here, your Divine Kingdom shall be plundered and your Divine Spark shall be put out. These actions are happening not because of any fault from you, it is happening because I deem it so. As a god you should be familiar with such things, you have condemned billions to death before. But your station warrants honor and your death would be noble, this I can promise you. I task you with only one thing Dao Ma; I want you to shine bright, bring out your brilliance, prove your might before me, and be honored that for this short moment, you became my teacher, not everyone under creation would be worthy of this honor."

Dao Ma's shoulders loosened and the tension that knotted his muscles relaxed and he began to laugh, he could not believe at the edge of his despair a light was shown, he would not go silent into the dark, he would be screaming all the way.

He savagely yanked at Rowan's hands, and with a wet pop, he tore them clean from his shoulders.

There was no blood on either end and before Dao Ma could complete his action of turning around, Rowan had already finished healing. The hand that Dao Ma was holding unexpectedly turned into two massive golden chains that wrapped itself around the body of Dao Ma, before exploding or rather imploding.

Since the source of the explosion came from his body, Rowan could perfectly control the energy it released, a technique he learned from both Erohim and Fury.

Dao Ma was blasted to pieces, but with an angry roar, he remade his flesh.

Rowan frowned, "Do not disappoint me, for I will not be holding back."

Dao Ma growled and his body turned red, his tail transformed into a whip that separated into two parts, and he held a whip in his right hand, and a short spear in his left.

Rowan recalled the rest of the Ouroboros Serpent and they shrunk down to about fifty feet and surrounded him, and suddenly twenty-three eyes were looking at Dao Ma.

At first, there were various emotions across all these eyes but they soon copied the eyes of Rowan whose own only held an equal amount of focus and excitement.

Dao Ma laughed again, "You are Oblivion, you are the end of everything, and it would be my honor to battle you with everything I have. Every god shall battle you, and no

matter how deep your darkness goes, our light shall penetrate through it, for darkness shall ultimately be defeated by light."

In his heart, he thought, 'Perhaps this might not be such a bad way to go.'

Rowan smiled in his heart, 'I control the very Host of the Highest Heavens, which light can shine brighter than my own?'

With a roar that held all the rage and pride in Dao Ma's heart, he gathered all the skills he had accumulated over the long years and attacked.

The battle that followed was not flashy and did not destroy the world for endless miles, instead, it went in the opposite direction, and it became incredibly intricate, like a dance.

Chapter 455: Counterassault

Dao Ma roared as he poured everything he had inside him without holding back. The space inside the Eternal Flower was special, every action made here was a million times harder, and with every move you made, the strain increased until it would crush even a Major god under its weight.

Only the bold and the fearless would ever choose to battle on it. Today Dao Ma added a new candidate to this short list; only those without hope would battle here, and only those who were about to die would battle here.

His scales turned purple and his face shrank, assuming a more humanoid form, he may have failed his Ascension to become a Major god, but he had gained some benefit, certain insights about that level of power came to him and certain truths were understood.

Purple hair burst out from his scalp and he roared as he attacked.

Rowan paused for a short moment observing the god, and he sighed internally, if this god had survived, his human form would have been beautiful. His purple scale glinted in the light and his features were even more beautiful than those of Rowan.

"I shall not go quietly into the dark!" Dao Ma screamed.

"It matters not," Rowan responded, and he received the attack of the god, and the Angels above went still as they watched the first of the many battles that would occur soon.

The death of Dao Ma would spark a war that would raze across the galaxy, and they stood as witnesses as the Creator began his move on this galactic chess board.

Dao Ma made thousands of moves every second, his whip and short spear moving with such quickness that they left countless trails in the air, and even Rowan could not keep up using Envy even as he burned his vitality using Eruption, if not for the assistance of his Ouroboros Serpents that served as both his shield and spear, he would have lost in the first two seconds.

Countless moves were made and countered and Rowan tasked his Many consciousness to activate Eruption at the precise moment he needed it, else he would have burned through his time limits in the first few seconds of battle

A display of amazing martial intricacy followed. Dao Ma's whip covered every angle, assaulting the six Ouroboros Serpent and Rowan at the same time. His spear was like lightning bolts, fast and unpredictable, it was as if he could not feel the growing strain of battling on the Eternal Flower, and his beautiful face lit up in pure excitement.

At the moment of his death, he was living life to the fullest!

Rowan's eyes glowed and he could not help but praise out loud, "This is how a real god should battle!"

Rowan twirled Envy deflecting thousands of blows in every passing moment, not even trying to attack, he called up an entire fifteen Consciousness pillars to learn and follow the pattern of Dao Ma attacks, while he did his best to keep himself in one piece as he weathered through the storm.

The structure of the Eternal Flower aided and abetted him also. Dao Ma's moves were powerful, but lacked enough strength to shred through Rowan's defense, even while backed with Intent, and every cut that reached Rowan's flesh was healed in the blink of an eye, yet Rowan had to push more conscious power to find ways to resist against the constant growing pressure the Eternal Flower exerted.

His Ouroboros Serpents were the key to him staying stable for the first three seconds as they did not attack much for Rowan forbade them from doing so, as it would defeat the purpose of this battle, but they deflected the strikes that he had missed and sometimes pushed Dao Ma back in order for Rowan to adjust his footing.

Dao Ma's weapons could not even cut through their scales, only making loud metallic sounds and bright flashes of light that resembled exploding suns.

Rowan was slowly pushed back, and he was approaching the edge of the Eternal Flower, but although he was presently disadvantaged, his footing was still steady, it would take more than this to break him.

At the ten seconds mark, Dao Ma made an impressive combination with his spear and whip, thrusting his spear a total of seven times that targeted Rowan from his head to his groin, and with his speed, it was as if there were seven spears attacking Rowan at

once, his whip scattered into a thousand pieces and they wrapped around the Ouroboros Serpents giving the god valuable moments to intensify his attack.

Rowan who had been defending for all of eighteen seconds suddenly shuddered, his eyes glowed so bright it resembled two suns, and he brought Envy to the top of his head and sliced, parried, and swept the attack of the spear to the side.

Knowledge Well had finished analyzing, and now all the proficiency of Dao Ma's attack pattern that he had developed over countless millennia rushed into Rowan's consciousness pillars and was sublimated.

Rowan took a single step back and stopped, he was at the very edge of the Eternal Flower, and then he attacked, taking the first step forward and for the first time unleashing his Berserker Aspect that was at the Immortal level.

Envy became mysteriously silent, but that was not the case that this God Killer weapon was reducing her presence, but it was the opposite, she was now so excited that a Mortal would not be able to comprehend this degree of fanaticism.

She had only begun to make noise in a smaller spectrum of sound below the physical hearing of most mortal creatures, and anyone who could hear it would ascribe it to the scream you heard when a world dies.

A flood of red granules that resembled maggots flowed out from Rowan's body and encircled his weapon turning Envy blood red, and he made the first stroke, and the universe seemed to halt.

Chapter 456: Not Perfection... Just The Beginning.

Rowan knew his attack would not take long so he unleashed Eruption without holding back, and the Eternal Flower made an awful shriek of pain, as its petals began to bleed.

Rowan took another step forward.

No longer was he using the strict form passed down from the Berserker Aspect, what he fought with was the culmination of every battle he had ever been into, and every technique he had ever observed, all the methods of application of power came into one in his hands, and grew to become something... else.

He did not have a soul but Rowan still shivered as a fresh wave of enlightenment washed through his mind and then Rowan began to make...art.

The first attack he made perfectly cut through Dao Ma's defense made from twirling his whip.

The whip which was traveling at so much speed the barrier it made was almost solid, and it could even block out light, but Rowan made a million minuscule movements with his Axe in a fraction of a second and sliced off Dao Ma's hand.

Envy had gone through the barrier as if it was not solid, a barrier that would even stop light!

He turned his Axe a little to the left and blocked the incoming strike of the short spear with the hilt of his Axe, and he followed it with a punch to the god's elbow.

At the angle he placed the punch, the joint in Dao Ma's hand moved in the opposite direction with a sickening crunch, but this sound was still hanging in the air, for Rowan's current speed seemed to be breaking the limits imposed by the Eternal Flower.

Flowing with his motion as if it was all a dance, his Axe went through another pass and took out Dao Ma's left leg at the knee, what came next was a punch under the sternum to keep his body from falling to the ground.

This blow crushed every bone in Dao Ma's torso, his Axe blurred along and removed the broken hand of the god as he sliced through his biceps and in the same motion, passed through his body from the chest to the waist.

Before the god could even understand what was happening to him, Rowan had already made five more slices with Envy, each of the slices was symmetrical and every blow was a statement.

He held Dao Ma's decapitated head by his purple hair. The eyes of the god widened as he saw his body fall into neat little pieces, that resembled a blooming rose, even his spine was arranged around the rose, and it resembled its thorns.

This vicious work of art could not be admired for long before the Ouroboros Serpent roared and devoured the flesh of the god and they began to expand while flying into space.

All this happened in less than a fraction of a second. Rowan selected the precise move he needed to make to tear apart the god's defense and with Knowledge Well anticipated every move that Dao Ma might take.

"You... how did... I understand now, that you have elevated my Battle Art to the ultimate form that I have been searching for all these years. You saw all my flaws. You have perfected it" the resigned voice of the god sounded, but Rowan frowned instead.

"This is not perfection, it's just the beginning."

His Ouroboros Serpents sliced down from space, all six of them coiling around each other as they descended like mountain ranges made from living gold. They reached the

statue of Dao Ma and opening their massive maws, they began to consume it with gusto reveling in the great amount of energy.

There were billions of red particles around the severed neck of Dao Ma that were shining like blood with the appearance of squirming maggots. It was a horrible sight to look at, but this was Rowan's Berserker Intent acting on the injury of the god, preventing him from healing.

Rowan had gained so much in such a short time, as every god he defeated was like an endless feast he had to settle for a long while to properly digest.

Rowan flew down to the chest of Dao Ma, where the gate still spewed blood but it was slowing down. Dao Ma had used a lot of his Essence when he attempted to ascend, and Eva had quietly drained most of them, plus he was fighting another serious battle with the World Seed and he was on the verge of losing.

The Statue of Dao Ma began to slant to the side, as an overenthusiastic Serpent took a huge chunk out of the leg. Rowan sighed, something told him he knew which of his children would do that.

Even amongst all the Ouroboros Serpents, it was the greediest.

Rowan was before the gate, observing the fluctuating lights around it, there were millions of tiny Runes swirling around the gate that he was memorizing, the Runes had many changes and were mysterious, it did not take long for him to finish memorizing the Runes and he began stepping through the gate while holding the still living head of Dao Ma.

Gods were impossible to kill unless you destroyed their Divine Spark, even after that, they could still be resurrected after a long span of time had gone by. Their souls after all are immortal, and even though they would sustain grievous damages at their death, over time they would heal themselves.

This process could be faster if the god still had firm believers, who followed their laid down rites and traditions, such an act would stabilize the shattered immortal soul of the god and allow them to escape the jaws of death.

This process may take a short time like a few decades or a few centuries or an extremely long time like millions of years, or even billions. Some unlucky gods would not resurrect for trillions of years only to wake up at the end of an Era, which was the death of the universe, and only then would they die a true death.

All these were normal for a god that was killed, but in the case of Rowan, it was different. He came here precisely for the Immortal Souls of the gods, for only souls of this level could quench his thirst, and the so-called immortality of the gods was nothing before his bloodlines.

Chapter 457: The Swirling Maelstrom

The hunger inside the heart of Rowan began to manifest after the battle was over, his overly analytical mind was being washed under by a seemingly fragrant scent, like a divine feast waiting for him to indulge his gluttony and revel in decadence without any limits.

Dao Ma had looked into Rowan's eyes and he had seen the end of all things. The god had fallen into despair and acceptance that at the moment of his death, he would never rise again.

Eva appeared beside Rowan and looked at the head of Dao Ma, her pert nose wrinkled and she looked away, they both stepped into the Divine Kingdom and the large spikes the Ouroboros Serpents kept floating around disintegrated into dust as Rowan collected all the energy inside them.

With another step, Rowan strolled into a new world. One where there was no moon or stars above, just endless white of water and the green of plants.

Every Divine Kingdom was different, each of them was patterned after the power the god controlled. For Erohim his kingdom was one of ice and fire, but for Dao Ma was one of endless swamps with unknown depths and dense forests that went as far as the eyes could see.

Like every Divine Kingdom, he came to catch sight of, they had no edges but visibly folded themselves into a sphere. If the Divine Kingdom was to be a planet, then the planet would be hollow, and it would be situated inside of it, and the outside surface of the planet would just be its skin.

Rowan looked above and he could see only vast swamps and forests that defied gravity and did not fall but existed upside down. It was almost as if the sky was a gigantic mirror.

What could not be ignored however was the growing invasion inside the Divine Kingdom, massive golden vines in their millions were growing and penetrating through the swamps and the forest, draining it of life and bringing behind them a wind of change, as the corners of the Divine Kingdom became covered by a large fog anywhere the vines passed, Rowan World Seed was claiming the Divine Kingdom!

Countless beasts of all shapes and sizes ran ahead of the vines and the fog, but they were not fast enough, and before long, all of them would fall. Those that were worthy would rise, new beings, with a single Primogenitor—Rowan.

Dismissing this amazing view, he saw the target he was here to find and smiled at Eva, who nodded back.

The both of them began moving through the Divine Kingdom at speeds exceeding many times the speed of sound, their destination was a swirling maelstrom at what could be called the center of the Divine Kingdom, which at first seemed to be very close, but that turned out to be false because they had been flying for three minutes and they had barely crossed a fraction of the distance.

At their speed, they would have crossed countless miles and yet they were no closer to reaching it. This was not a trick of perception, the Divine Kingdom of Dao Ma was this vast, it was unlike a god like Erohim who was on his last leg.

Rowan wanted to finish this task quickly and he summoned Astrolabe and they all vanished only to reappear directly on top of the swirling maelstrom.

The size and speed of the maelstrom caused heavy winds and generated large amounts of lightning that plunged into the swirling chaos. If not for the innate stability of the space inside the Divine Kingdom, the force of the maelstrom would tear space to pieces.

The Maelstrom was 13 million miles in diameter and the amount of water it was violently moving around was enormous. It was the last line of defense between Dao Ma Divine Palace and the world.

The Maelstrom resembled a gigantic hurricane and the eyes of the Maelstrom were bright green and became steadily darker as you got closer to the edges where they merged with the great swamps.

Dao Ma smiled, " This is my Endless Eye, crafted from the Natal Treasure that came with my birth as a god, this Maelstrom is not water but Vorpal Essence. It is a Divine Metal that by chance passed across my sights during my Ascension to Godhood, a sign that the universe favored my rise. My Divine Kingdom was built using this Divine Metal as its foundation and I created a great Formation around it that would serve as my fortress. You will not be able to penetrate through in a short amount of time, even if you have the help of a thousand gods."

Rowan arched his brows, "Are you sure about that."

Dao Ma sneered, "You may have defeated me, but if you think you can quickly kill me, then you are mistaken, among all the gods, I am the most troublesome to kill precisely because of the presence of this Divine Treasure."

Rowan was quiet and he grabbed down with a large Telekinetic hand and attempted to scoop a portion of this Divine metal that resembled flowing green mercury. The

Telekinetic hand reached the surface of the Maelstrom and as the fingers of the hand attempted to push into the maelstrom, it was torn apart.

Rowan frowned, not only was this Vorpall Metal incredibly dense, but its speed of rotation was very fast, and before he could push his hand through it to collect even a drop, his attempt was thwarted.

'Interesting treasure. I have never heard of it like before.' Rowan thought.

'This universe was indeed filled with wonders, and even after a million years, he knew he would hardly be able to understand all of it. No, that would be the wrong way of thinking. He was considering this problem just like a mortal or a god would. If he seeded enough worlds in the universe, he would be near-omniscient and omnipresent, there would be nothing inside this universe he would not be able to understand.'

Chapter 458: Harvesting The Vorpall Essence

Rowan concentrated and gently wrapped one drop of Vorpall Essence that had broken away and was flying around due to the massive momentum of the swirling maelstrom. He finished analyzing its properties in less than three seconds and his golden eyes were filled with excitement.

Vorpall Essence was very pliable and was able to mimic the materials it came in contact with. This was a very rare and valuable property and when he looked below at the swirling maelstrom, he nearly laughed and cried at the same time, there was so much of it here, nearly thirty billion tonnes of this metal, and Dao Ma had used it as a glorified shield over his Divine Palace.

Although he could not fault the god, he did the best he could with the knowledge and resources he had. This was also an ingenious method of using this treasure but it was also incredibly shortsighted. When Dao Ma placed all this metal inside his swamp, it took the properties of his Divine Kingdom and became very dense and heavy and when he made the Vorpall Essence begin spinning, he created a dense heavy shield over his Divine Palace that had practically the weight of a black hole.

Rowan Ouroboros Serpents could devour this entire Vorpall Essence far quicker than Dao Ma would anticipate, but that would be a stupendous waste of this treasure. His Serpents would only transform it into energy, and whatever uniqueness it holds would be wasted.

He would rather feed the entire Divine Kingdom to his Serpents than allow them to consume this treasure, already he could anticipate all the uses he could make out of it.

Utilizing this treasure in its current state was not ideal and he would have to take them away from this place, luckily Rowan had a much better tool to handle this problem. He opened his hand and levitated the head of Dao Ma beside him.

The head of the god began to chuckle, "You are stuck here for the time being, the reverberation of our battle was shielded by whatever Formation you created, but every emergence of the Eternal Flower leaves traces in reality, traces that other gods can sense and follow, and if you want to kill me, you would not be able to escape in time," Dao Ma laughed, "They would soon come looking, and although you're powerful, you will fall when the might of all the gods in this galaxy falls on you."

Rowan smiled, "You have lived too long Dao Ma, and your imagination is limited, I bested you while I'm still technically a Mortal, and you still lecture me about the impossible?"

"hahaha.... You would battle against all the gods? I regret that I will not see you suffer and die a wretched death in their hands."

Rowan ignored the god, his end was approaching and his emotions were nothing but abnormal. His hands were now free and Rowan brought both of his hands up in the air, and he closed his eyes. Inside his Mental Space, he linked the three Chambers together, Knowledge Well, Astrolabe, and Hollow Forge.

His Chambers began to shift position inside his Mental Space, as he began to truly use these Chambers as they were meant to be used, and perhaps even more than they were intended, for each of his chambers was more massive and powerful than when they were just contained inside his Palace of Ice.

Hollow Forge became the foundation and rested on the surface of the Primordial Sea of Darkness, it resembled a slumbering volcano spewing out white smoke.

Floating a few miles above it was Knowledge Well which resembled a large lidless eye surrounded by massive golden pillars that were thirty-seven in number.

All except for one held the moving images of Ouroboros Serpents, the only one that was different among them had the face of Rowan embossed on it, his features were regal and his eyes were stern.

Above the Knowledge Well came to rest Astrolabe. It was shaped like a flat disk and it radiated a blue-white light that covered the two chambers below it, and they seemed to be vaguely merging.

Finished with his preparation, Rowan dropped his upraised hands, and with that gesture, a massive blue light with more than forty thousand feet across slammed into the swirling maelstrom.

The rotation of the maelstrom began to slow down, as the Astrolabe when used at full power no longer emitted a milky white light but an intense blue one.

The rotation of the Maelstrom ceased and as if gravity had lost its power, the Vorpall Metal began to rise and vanish inside the blue light, and its movement created massive commotions, as shockwaves and lightning burst out from the Vorpall Essence. The light coming from the Astrolabe was so bright it could be seen from all over the Divine Kingdom.

Dao Ma's eyes went wide with astonishment as the level of his Vorpall Essence began to disappear as millions of tonnes of this Divine Metal began to vanish.

"What sort of unholy sorcery is this?" the god screamed, "you cannot teleport Vorpall Metal, its properties will make it bleed through space and destabilize the teleportation. How is this possible?"

"It's simple," Rowan replied as he was smiling, "I am simply moving it across space."

Inside his Mental Space, the Vorpall Essence began to rain down like a flood, and Knowledge Well went into operation, weaving all the falling Divine Metal into massive ropes that were fed inside the square portal in Hollow Forge where it was disintegrated and stored.

The blue light stabbed deeper into the depths of the swamp and in a few short seconds it was over leaving traces of blue luminescent light dancing in the air and a fragrance of lemon behind.

There was a massive void in the middle of the swamp and strangely the water at the edge could not fall and fill it up. Dao Ma's purple face turned a paler shade in fear and astonishment. Rowan smiled and zoomed down into the crater.

Eva looked at the floating head and frowned a bit but she did not descend with Rowan, she only stayed up with the head, as if she was watching over it.

Chapter 459: God Stone

There was a loud thump as Rowan reached the bottom of the swamp. A brown force field was in his way but he blasted through it like rotten wood and his feet touched the roof of the Divine Palace.

Dao Ma all the way up above shuddered, he seemed to be a bit desperate, although he became resigned once more, he licked his patched lips and turned his decapitated head to face Eva, and as if he became aware of something, his eyes lit up, "It was you wasn't it? You were the true cause of my downfall."

Eva did not answer him but looked away, her keen eyes following Rowan's progress closely.

"Yes... it is you," Dao Ma sighed, "Your lord is powerful, so powerful it is almost impossible to believe that such powers could rest in the hand of one that is not even a god, even after I have personally witnessed it, I still find it hard to believe. Can you imagine that?... Fucking absurd!"

Maeve was still silent, but Dao Ma continued talking even without getting any response from Eva, "But there is something very important that I may have missed. You see, he's very powerful, no doubt about that, but he is still... ignorant about certain issues, most likely because of his age, I could feel from the fluctuations in his vitality that he should not be older than a century."

Eva was silent, but she was listening to him, although the thoughts that could be going on behind her black eyes were unknown.

Dao Ma smiled, "The most powerful weapons we have as a god are our souls, and even though I was spent from my attempt at Ascension to become a Major god, I would not have fallen so easily if you had not stolen my essence to deprive me of the power to drive my Immortal soul, you also stole my Intent, which I should have used as a Focus. I have lost this battle because you laid devious traps below the ground and I fell into it. You, pffttt...."

"Silence little god," Eva discarded the bottom jaw of Dao Ma that she had just ripped off, around the gaping wound in his face were blue maggots, Eva also controlled Intent!

"You have no idea of what you speak. Even without my intervention, you will still lose. You are a frog inside a well." Eva looked away, her eyes carrying a distant look.

Far behind her, the roar from the Ouroboros Serpents who just entered the Divine Kingdom was heard. As they rushed through the gate of the Divine Kingdom it would seem their presence was a sort of aphrodisiac to the World Seed as the speed at which they devoured the Divine Kingdom increased, and as the Ouroboros Serpents moved past, the golden tendrils thickened and chased after them.

Dao Ma Divine Palace was different from Erohim, he did away with the large size that Erohim favored and built a relatively small temple a dozen stories tall. Clustered thickly around the door of the temple were twelve massive crocodiles, who were all Earth gods.

From the bloodline feedback he could detect from these creatures, they must be the children of Dao Ma, they were all lethargic as their Essence had been drained from them, and Rowan could see a Formation binding all twelve crocodiles that had been broken.

With his increasing knowledge of Formations, he was able to determine that it was these twelve Earth gods that were driving the Formation to create the Maelstrom, and when he devoured the Vorpal Essence thus breaking the Formation, the backlash nearly killed them.

The largest amongst them struggled to stand, "I plead for the dignity of our Father, Your Highness. His Divine Spark lies within, and we have deactivated all the traps around it, we only hope you would give us his body so that we may leave with it. We the children of Dao Ma would forever be grateful and worship your great name until the end of our lives."

"Change is coming, look to your survival," Rowan replied and walked past them, and he placed both hands on the great door and pushed it open.

The Earth gods roared in anger and desperation and they gathered all their strength to attack Rowan.

With a burst of Telekinesis, he threw them away for thousands of miles as he continued into the Divine Palace. Rowan had an increasing disdain for killing those who were weaker than gods using his own hands.

It was not pride speaking, as only a godly being had the strength and the Divine Essence to handle his blows. He ignored the children of Dao Ma, they had nothing of worth to offer him or to draw his attention.

For a normal god, even the destruction of their Divine Spark was not the end of their story and they would be reborn. It was normal that during the death of a god, his enemy would usually honor his last wishes and they would have most likely listened to the children of Dao Ma for in the future the tides might change and the resurrected god might return even stronger.

Rowan obviously would never fear such a thing happening. Dao Ma had called him Oblivion, and for an Immortal god, he could as well be that sort of thing.

Not all the traps had been fully deactivated but Rowan tore them apart with a single swing of his Axe. He arrived at the central location that housed the Divine Spark of the god that was protected by a huge gate.

He recognized this material, it was a fusion of Adamantite and a dozen other alloys that made an almost indestructible material called God Stone.

Rowan had only read about it and had never seen it, this knowledge came from one of his Angels deep inside the families of Trion. A God Stone could only be created by a god using his God Spark and it was a unique resource that was prized all over the universe and outside of it.

An Armor made from God Stone could allow a mortal to survive several attacks from a god without sustaining any damage, it could be easy to tell how valuable it was.

Chapter 460: The Death of Dao Ma

A God Stone was powerful, but against his Chambers, nothing was indestructible. Even a God Killer weapon was taken apart, and that was more complex than any God Stone. All these divine materials he was gathering were important because Rowan expected that he would soon be making use of them.

Rowan gestured and another burst of blue light flashed and covered the entire door. The enormous door began to shrink as pieces of it began to disappear into the light, and the door made a clear metallic groan before it shrank to a dot and vanished, giving him access to the Divine Spark—The heart of a god.

No wonder gods were so difficult to kill, to locate their Divine Kingdom was supremely difficult as they could move it at any sign of danger, and even if you managed to do the impossible and locate their Divine Kingdom and somehow infiltrate it, then it would be an uphill battle to get to their Divine Palace where countless traps and obstacles would be arrayed against you.

Only Rowan's unique advantages and planning allowed him to stroll into this place in less than an hour after the battle began, and although there were a few complications along the way, everything went according to plan.

His eyes penetrated the bright green light being emitted from the entity before him as he beheld the God Spark of Dao Ma hovering silently inside a sacred chamber.

It was shaped like a scaled green egg that was glowing. It was fairly large, about eight feet in diameter. Inside of it, Rowan could sense a great presence. It contained the Immortal Soul of Dao Ma but it appeared weakened and spent.

Most likely this weakness came as a result of the god trying to ascend to a higher realm and failing. Failures like this would lead to intensive backlash. Also, the toll of battling Rowan could not be underestimated, Dao Ma had unleashed an incredible amount of power during the battle and all these would have taken much from him.

Rowan could feel the Soul of the god becoming stronger as whatever damage it sustained before was healing. He did not have long and he needed to take advantage of this moment.

Rowan felt a cool wind brush against his neck and he looked deeper into the God Spark where he noticed a skeletal face pressed against the egg and looking at Rowan with

two empty eyes, when it noticed Rowan looking at it, the Apparition grinned showing long fangs and it gave a lengthy alien howl that brought a chill to the soul.

Rowan did not doubt that if he still had a soul, this scream from the apparition inside the Divine Spark would have snuffed it out.

He began walking up to the hovering Divine Spark and charging up his abilities. Billions of red particles rushed out of his body and enveloped Envy, and with each step he took the red light emanating from the Axe grew brighter until it was as if he was holding a red sun in his hand.

Rowan began to burn his Vitality as Eruption was diverted into his Strength Attribute and it grew explosively until a single breath from him was like a hurricane, and he held all that power steady while still burning Eruption more furiously increasing the strength he was pouring into his body, and he steadily began to grow bigger as he took the form of a man-made from gold, Envy also grew with him.

With his next step, Rowan reached thirty feet tall, and he was glowing like the sun.

He did not take this form when he was battling Dao Ma because he could not control this level of power during intense combat.

His body began to vibrate, as billions of tiny pops could be heard all around his body, it was the sound of Rowan's body clashing and disintegrating every single atom that came in contact with him. Absolute Body could only be truly expressed in this form.

He diverted all his Telekinesis into the muscles of his body and his forcefield sank into his flesh. His next step shattered the Divine Palace in two and the crater that erupted from it continued until it tore the entire Divine Kingdom in two, reality itself seemed to shy away from Rowan and darkness fled far from his surroundings.

The Apparition inside the Divine Spark began to shake and then it went still and looked at Rowan, it opened its desiccated lips, "I curse..."

"Heard that before," Rowan whispered, reaching the Divine Spark, he made a simple swing, and Envy neatly bisected the scaled egg in two.

The egg flashed thrice before exploding. A powerful force equal to a thousand Megaton Nuclear explosions occurred, sweeping through everything with a force that could crack a planet.

A massive green mushroom cloud thousands of miles across rose from the crater, and the shockwave it generated devastated what was left of the Divine Kingdom.

Dao Ma's head shook, and tears filled his eyes as he looked at what was left of his dominion. Eva looked at him for a few seconds and descended.

Dao Ma's head remained for a few moments as if admiring what was left of his Divine Kingdom before it faded into ashes, leaving behind a forlorn sigh.

"I never told my children.... That... I.... Love... them."

Rowan was not pushed for a great distance by the explosion, but his surrounding was filled with green fog that was so thick it was almost like liquid. He waved his hand and pushed back the fog revealing what was left of the Divine Palace. His body shrank down and he closed his eyes for a short while, as he calmed the fire in his blood.

Rowan looked ahead and he saw the two pieces of the Divine Spark and drew them to him, they were now dull but still shone like an emerald gem, and he began to closely observe it, it was hollow, and inside were thousands of green grains that stung his eyes as he looked at them, and before he knew everything fell into darkness and his sight returned.

"Was I just poisoned?"

Chapter 461: Suppressing The Soul

The green fog that had surrounded this place was poisonous but it was not enough to phase Rowan, something was different about what had just occurred.

Rowan did not have time to deliberate again as his sight fell into darkness and returned, this was happening because his eyes were melting from their sockets.

This happened hundreds of times in less than a second, and Rowan looked away as he shifted the two halves of the remnant of the Divine Spark away from him, realizing that what he was holding was an incredibly toxic poison.

Rowan looked down at his body in puzzlement. Unknowingly he had withered away until he resembled a skeleton before it filled back up with muscles.

Rowan opened his mouth and emitted a large blast of green gas that melted the floor for thousands of feet. He had been deeply poisoned by just staring at the green grains.

What was weird was that he had not felt any bit of pain during this process, and if not for the unreasonable nature of his regeneration, he would have died without even understanding how it happened. For someone with Rowan's perception, that was an incredible feat to accomplish. Whatever this poison was, it was not straightforward.

It seemed to contain a method that could deceive the senses, even for someone like him.

Dao Ma had not been able to use his poison after Rowan snatched his scepter, and if he was not wrong the god was going to be using this poison as his foundation to become a Major god, this makes whatever poison it was to be very special.

Furthermore, this poison was incredibly stable, surviving such an intense explosion without any change in its properties. By itself, this poison would be difficult to truly harm Rowan, but if it was driven by Intent then it would elevate its danger to another level.

He was not too interested in its poisonous aspects but he wanted to understand the methods that were used to cloud his Perception. If he could do so, then it might turn out to be one of his greatest harvests today.

Rowan brought the two halves of the Divine Spark together sealing away the poison, as he was busy with this task, a great skeletal apparition with a vague resemblance to Dao Ma rose from the fog behind Rowan and looked at him with great hatred before attempting to leave but after moving a short distance away from Rowan it halted, as an inexorable force began to suck it back towards Rowan.

The Apparition shrieked in surprise, fighting against the pull, but although it was powerful, ultimately every effort to escape was futile, for the mark of Rowan's blow was embedded into its soul, and its fate was decided with that single blow.

The legs of the Apparition entered Rowan's body from the back and it clawed at the earth tearing it apart and causing so much commotion like an earthquake.

If Rowan was aware of what was happening behind him he gave no signs, he simply continued studying the God Spark, and satisfied it could properly contain the poison, he threw it into his Mental Space.

He turned around and watched the Apparition struggle to escape his grasp but it was useless. This formless power was coming from his Nascent Primordial Bloodline, something that even Rowan could hardly understand, and the Apparition was drawn into Rowan's body with a final despairing scream.

Rowan closed his eyes and watched the Apparition being sucked into Sheol, as it approached the City it was forced to kneel, and its powers became sealed, and slowly its body became frozen by the Primordial Sea of Darkness. Its features were frozen into a rictus of fear and astonishment.

Rowan saw tiny glowing pieces begin to break off from the frozen Apparition and gather on the surface of the Primordial Sea of Darkness where they were swept towards the piles of Soul Crystals that Rowan had placed not far from Sheol. As the glowing pieces neared the Soul Crystals they started to merge and soon transformed into a Soul Crystal.

In less than five minutes two Soul Crystals had been created. Unlike before when he had to control the process of creating Soul Crystals using his Throne of Ice, with his new bloodline, this process was done automatically and with no fuss.

Rowan opened his eyes and breathed out in relief, he knew his new bloodline was powerful but he had still expected a little bit of complication after all, this was an Immortal Soul, and he had even made plans if he was to fall into slumber or maybe become incapacitated if the burdens were too much for him to carry, but there should not be any concern of that nature for now.

Eva was beside him, her eyes were wide as she watched his features searching for any clues to know his present status, unlike when Rowan's bloodline was the Avatar of Eve, everything he did was instantly known by her, but now, if he did not share any of his thoughts or secrets, even Eva would not be able to tell what was happening inside his Mental Space.

Noticing his relaxed demeanor, she breathed a sigh of relief and began speaking,

"The first steps are completed, the gods are rousing, and we have barely hours for you to collect your prize and lay low for a while."

Eva manifested a glowing chart of the Cerulean Galaxy showing him all the spots of attention, especially the 212 Minor Worlds that were glowing in gold as an indicator that these were now his own.

Rowan nodded, "let us leave. The plan went flawlessly, especially your ingenious methods of draining his energy and your Formations. Thank you, Eva."

Eva smiled and bowed, and they both vanished in a bright flash of light. The Ouroboros Serpents finished devouring any choice bits of material inside the Divine Kingdom that caught their attention, including all the children of Dao Ma, and with a roar they pierced through the spatial barrier surrounding it and left, returning to Rowan.

The Divine Kingdom slowly fell to the endless golden web and was shrouded in fog and an intense storm, as new changes began to be enacted on them.

Chapter 462: A New World

Rowan appeared above what remained of the battlefield between him and the Crocodile god Dao Ma. It had been simply decimated.

Because of their clash, the space around this place was no longer stable, the energies that were here were simply chaotic, filled with poisonous miasma and many other powers and this area was rapidly transforming into a danger zone.

Their battle had spawned an area where Aether had begun to thrive, and with the remnants of the Eternal Flower that had once graced this location, the changes that may happen here could not be known.

Most importantly, a god had died here, such an event would leave a mark on every single thing that was in this area, as the despair of Dao Ma was soaked into every stone, into every single metal, blood, bone, and even reality itself. If you listened, you could hear his cries of rage and sorrow, and beneath that cries was a cold silence.

That silence was Rowan's growing Aura.

What had happened here would shake the universe in time. Gods could be banished, their corporeal form easily destroyed, and even their Divine Spark could be shattered to pieces, but it was impossible to truly kill a god because their souls were immortal and would only perish at the end of an Era.

Rowan did not know how long it would take before the major powers in this universe began to realize that their so-called immortality was being threatened. Whatever that time might be, then the full force of the entire universe or even all the universes would fall on him.

Rowan dismissed that thought and looked at everything before him, his eyes went to the shattered remnants of the Eternal Flower and he sighed. Stretching forth his hands, he expanded his senses until he could touch everything within a million-mile radius that their battle had touched and he unleashed his Telekinetic tentacles with a command, "Gather!"

Using the remnants of the Eternal Flowers as the foundation, the debris of everything that had occurred here, including space, blood, bones, and even the battle cries were all drawn together, and Rowan burned Eruption, channeling all that power into his Telekinesis and with a dull rumble, he shaped a new world from the debris.

It was multicolored, with parts of it shining with an otherworldly glow, while the other was mysteriously dark, but mostly it was red. The red of freshly spilled blood. Before this battle, this world was very dense, filled with the hardest metallic alloys that Rowan could forge.

Now it was much stronger and the force it was able to withstand was an order of magnitude higher, for during its creation, Rowan had added the God Stone into it, and the blood and bodies of tens of thousands of Earth gods were merged into it, and even portions of Dao Ma's body and blood were fused into this new world.

So many random energies, but all of them were undoubtedly filled with violence and bloodlust came together to form this world he was building, and Rowan knew that this was not the end.

"This would be the field of slaughter, and gods would be drawn here to die. Their Blood, their bones, and their screams shall grow this world. This world of slaughter began to shrink until it fell into Rowan's open hands and he kept it away.

With a flash of milky white light, he vanished, taking all his Angels with him leaving behind a slowing healing stretch of space.

®

THE BLACK TOWER, ONE HOUR AGO.

"You are still far from understanding Intent, young Traveller of the Blood, but before you do so, it is important that you make a choice." Labaletai the Chaos Door spoke to Rowan.

"Do I have any say in this choice I'm about to make?" Rowan replied.

"What a weird thing to say," Labaletai said softly, "of course you have a choice. You can choose to ignore everything I say, you can even choose not to listen to me and do whatever your heart pleases. Of course that would lead to a fate worse than death for you, but oh yes, you have a say, and you have a choice. But if I were you, I would rather listen to the Door who has lived for many Eras, there are not many older than me across the many universes."

Rowan did not deliberate for long before he nodded, and the Chaos Door laughed. He knew it was useless to argue with Labaletai, the intent of the Chaos Door had fixed him in place, and Rowan did not doubt that the Chaos Door would keep him here until he finished his speech.

"Good... good choice." Rowan imagined if the Chaos Door had hands, it would be rubbing them together in excitement.

"Okay, this is what you should know. The firstborn of Chaos despaired from the endless war, and Caine brokered a deal with the enemies of our father, and they created a Supreme technique that could be used to devour Intent!"

Rowan frowned, "I thought Intent could block and resist other foreign Intents."

"If it's a normal sort of Intent, yes that should work," Labaletai said, "yet you forget, that this is not just any sort of Intent, but it's one from a Great Primordial, this is the Intent from Chaos himself, driven by his murderous rage, you would have to be a Primordial yourself to fight against his Intent head-on."

"If that is the case, what sort of technique can allow you to consume a Primordial Intent?"

"Even after all this time, I have not been able to understand all of it. That is why Caine is called the greatest of us all, he is also called the great deceiver and traitor but who cares for all that nonsense, what is important is that without his help it would have been impossible for such a technique like this to be born."

The Chaos Door was quiet for a while as if he was deep in a memory before continuing his explanation,

"This is what gave us our freedom and ultimately what drove a rift between the Children of Chaos, for you see, not all of us wanted to be free from the control of our Father, for some of us, serving his will is the reason for our existence, anything short is a betrayal.... Lunatics, all of them! Those fools choose to ignore that we are nothing but disposable tools to our father."

Chapter 463: Hints Of A New Supreme Technique

Rowan could feel the wave of disdain and anger coming from the Chaos Door, who did not attempt to hide his emotions when he spoke of the other children of Chaos who refused to adopt this technique.

"I take it you are on the side of Caine." Rowan smiled.

"Of course I am, and you should be able to tell the benefits of the technique he passed to us. Don't you feel that sense of freedom in your Soul? The burden of our father's unreasonable demands has been stripped away and finally, you can make your decision with a mind not addled by madness"

"What decision?"

"You can side with us, the loyalists of Caine, and become a fellow Traveler of the Blood, or you can side with the fanatics that wished for their bodies to be nothing else but a flesh suit for Chaos. That decision lies with you, also when you truly understand all the intricacies of this technique, there will be many hidden benefits you will uncover. You know, there is a reason I am able to survive through the Eras, and a significant portion is due to this technique."

Rowan considered his words for a while before speaking, "Do I have to make this decision now?"

"What? For a child like you...pfft... you are funny. No, you don't have to make the most important decision in your life at this moment. You must reach the levels where you can move unaided outside the universe, only then would you be acknowledged and summoned before us all to make that choice, and although we develop quickly, it should

take you at least five thousand years to get to that level, that is, if you don't die before then hahaha.... Maneuvering your way into a Supreme World! The guts on you kid."

Rowan breathed out, "So, I have time to make my decision."

"Yeah, you do, but trust me, it is not as long as you think. Live long enough and time becomes shorter in your eyes. At first, a year would seem like a long time, then a century would become as short as a year, and then a millennium would become as short as a year, and then"

The Chaos Door began speaking increasingly faster until his words became a blur, "A myria-annum becomes a year, and then millions of years become as short as a year, and then...."

He continued for a while, already equating billions of years to be equal to a single year when Rowan interrupted him, his head beginning to ache, "I get it, I don't have as much time as I seem to think."

"Yes, you don't. Now it's my policy not to interfere with the lives of the young, and I have done more than enough to help you, so you can ask for nothing more from me. The Aura I consumed from your body was a ticking time bomb. Perhaps the Archmages here would not be able to detect it, but the Tower Master of the Black Tower would know this Aura, after all, he can already roam the many universes by himself and has come in contact with other fellow Children of Chaos. So I have saved your life and your plans, young Traveller of the Blood."

"Thank you Labaletai," Rowan said, truly grateful for this assistance, but he would not be deceived unnecessarily, as he tempered his gratefulness with caution, perhaps this was just a simple technique that all powers at the level of the Chaos Door had readily available to them, and he wanted to play on Rowan ignorance and sell a random piece of stone for the price of gold.

He hesitated before speaking, "Would it be possible for you to teach me this technique for consuming Intent?"

"Haa, dream on kid. A Supreme Technique like this is not easy to impact on others. Look at how difficult it was for you to gain access to a Supreme Technique, which I should say was relatively easy for you to accomplish, or do you think Supreme Techniques are easy to come by?"

'For me it is!' Rowan nodded internally, he had already gained two Supreme Aspects that he would begin to cultivate once he took his Berserker Aspect to its Origin state, but of course, he would never say this thought aloud.

The Chaos Door suddenly threw a bombshell, "Although it is not necessarily impossible for me to repeatedly use the technique on you for a price of course."

Rowan paused before asking, "Why would you want to repeat the technique on me?"

Labaletai chuckled, "Did you think the Intent of Chaos is that simple? I have consumed the Intents in your body all right, but in a century or less, it will return. You are as much a creature of Chaos as his fingers, and his control over you goes that much deeper. His Intent would inevitably grow back unless you have a method to surpass his bloodline, which is impossible, so you need this technique to suppress his Intent constantly."

Rowan nodded, this might just be what he needed, every Supreme Technique was powerful, but he trusted his Primordial Record to be able to copy this technique if it was used enough time on him, and in addition, he should not forget about his third mystical bloodline that controlled luck and wishes.

Recalling the description of this bloodline:

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.

What he needed was the power of this Bloodline to grant wishes, he did not know how powerful its wish-granting ability was, but he placed his attention on the wish that could be granted every Millenia.

Perhaps he could not make a wish to be granted a Supreme Technique out of thin air, but with the assistance of , he saw no reason why with the combination of this bloodline he would not be able to copy this Supreme Technique.

Rowan replied to Labaletai, "What would I have to pay for you to perform this technique repeatedly?"

Chapter 464: Striking A Deal

The Chaos Door's gaze sharpened, "You are too young and so I doubt you have anything I need, although some of the Aura you have around you are... interesting. I will hand it to you in ingenuity, you played your cards right and you entered a position that has promise. Kid, the Supreme World of Mages has hidden depths that if you reach a high enough position in the future, you will be able to assist me, that was partly the reason I used this Technique on you, it was because I understand that you have great potential."

Rowan asked skeptically, "You are going to be helping me because of my potential? That seems.... Careless."

"kid don't look down on what you have gained, in this universe, you have likely landed on the jackpot. The Supreme Technique that you failed to acquire can be considered your greatest luck for it has a history that is fraught with danger, and the problems and attention that come with it would be enough to bury you."

"You have a cunning and strategic mind kid, I respect that part of your nature. Most Children of Chaos are not very methodical in their actions. A side effect of our power and bloodline. You have promise."

The Chaos Door's eyes glowed with a prismatic color as he checked Rowan's body once more, "Now what you practice with this body is different and I will argue that it fits your nature, I believe you will understand what you have gained in time."

"So this is how the deal is going to work, every century I shall devour the Intent of Chaos on your body, and when you reach the level of an Archmage, you shall do something for me. It would be difficult, but you might end up benefiting from it. Don't worry, it shall not exceed the scope of your abilities."

Rowan agreed to the proposition and the Chaos Door grinned,

"Oh, and one last thing. I don't know how you were able to so cleanly possess this body, but you should do well to keep your presence deep inside Andar's mind like you were previously doing to avoid any mishap. This body is very talented, and that means you will be closely monitored, I also see deep threads of fate binding this body to various powerful figures in the Black Federation, there will undoubtedly be tribulations in the future, are you ready for that?"

Rowan nodded and the eyes of the Chaos Door flashed and it seemed to go to sleep.

Rowan controlled his body to lay down on his bed and he began to slowly breathe, as he perused the state of Andar's body.

He frowned a bit as he suppressed his desire to improve Andar's body. To everyone else, such a body was a Divine Treasure that could not be seen again even after a million years, but for Rowan, it was just passable, however, he knew that for him to gain something new, what was important was for Andar to be a blank slate.

Already there were changes in his Constitution after practicing the Endless Vault Meditation Art. Previously Andar's cells were patterned after his Empyrean Shell, but now they were beginning to transform, it was slow going but it seemed that each Cell was turning into an extremely deep well that was drinking all the Aether that Andar's physique was generating.

These changes in his physique were startling and Rowan began to use Knowledge Well to mark every single shifting cell inside of Andar's body, he hoped to understand a

deeper relationship between this technique and the Aspect he would be cultivating just as soon as he finished with the Berserker Aspect.

A Supreme Technique was not a joke, and before he carelessly plunged into the act of unlocking it and allowing it to affect him, Andar would be his poison tester, before then, he had many other abilities he could delve into and expand upon, his real work had just begun.

Rowan checked Andar's Mental Space and entered his Spirit Matrix where he saw that Andar's Spirit Matrix had begun to transform, as before him was a floor made from large white tiles.

Each of the tiles was large about 20 x 20 feet and they were ninety-nine in total. Rowan could feel a deep power slumbering inside these tiles that felt as if he was standing beside a black hole. An astonishing amount of power was hidden inside these Tiles and Rowan was eager to understand what changes would arrive when Andar became a Mage.

Yet as he looked around he was confused, from the information he gathered every Mage had what were called Engraving Slots inside their Spirit Matrixes, connecting all these Slots using various mystical patterns and powering them with Aether would allow a Mage to cast spells, but Rowan could see no Engraving Slot inside Andar Spirit Matrix.

Could the Tiles be acting like an Engraving Slot?

Well, all these mysteries he would leave for the young man to discover. With one last look inside Andar's body, Rowan's consciousness left, leaving only his Reflection behind, there had been a desire to consume that Reflection, but Rowan brushed it aside, the Reflection still had a purpose, and destroying it now was a waste.

He did not know if he would ever be able to repeat the experience he used to create this Reflection.

An hour later Andar stirred in his bed before falling deeper into slumber, this was the exact moment Dao Ma died and his soul was being digested.

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Rowan knew that it should take him about three months to completely digest this Soul, this was enough time for the strongest of his Angels to reach full maturity, at that time he would begin hunting the gods no longer alone, but with Archangels by his side who had powers equal to a god.

Rowan could not wait to watch his Archangels battle, with his short battle with Dao Ma he did not fulfill his purpose to fully test his powers. His Berserker Aspect had progressed too quickly for him to push his abilities to the limits.

Chapter 465: The Perception Of The Ouroboros Serpents

He did not even have the opportunity to use his Territory or even his Ouroboros Serpents to battle. Yet Rowan was not displeased with this result, if he could use the least amount of force to win, then he would do so. He could only infer that it would take fighting multiple Minor gods at the same time to place him in real danger.

He had no idea the sort of power a Major god would have but if he could infer from the abilities Boreas had used on Jarkarr he was sure it would be on an order of magnitude higher than what Dao Ma had been able to dish out. Rowan was not even sure if Boreas was even a Major god after all he had only used his Anima to attack and the destruction he had unleashed with a single thunderbolt was higher than Dao Ma's greatest attack could deliver.

Rowan had robbed Dao Ma of his Scepter at the beginning, depriving him of the ability to use his poison, but that power could not be easily controlled by the god seeing as he needed a medium to unleash it. Most likely if Dao Ma had succeeded and become a Major God then he would crush Rowan.

Although he should not sell himself short when it came to battling a Major god because most importantly, he did not know the true combat powers of his Ouroboros Serpents, they had easily killed billions of creatures with a single volley from the spikes in their bodies and they had been able to block the gate to a god's Divine Kingdom with just that single ability.

The frightening Aspect about his Ouroboros Serpents was that they were getting stronger with every single thing they were consuming, all that energy they were swallowing was transforming into growth and strength, also as he grew stronger the effects would spread to his Ouroboros Serpents and they grew stronger.

They had been feasting so much recently, that he did not know how big they were now, or even how much stronger they had become, he wondered if each of his Serpents could challenge a god by themselves.

They would soon need a name, and the prerequisite for that name was that they had to personally kill a god for them to deserve the honor of getting a name. Rowan felt they were ready, but further testing would not hurt.

At the moment he created his Archangels, his Serpents would battle them, at that time he would know which was stronger, his Serpents or his Angels.

Before his digestion of the Immortal Soul was complete, he decided to check his Primordial Record, as he was very sure that the changes he saw would surprise him once more.

Rowan was sitting on a Throne made from the coiled bodies of his Ouroboros Serpents, their heads were either resting on the ground or looking around, and their eyes seemed to be piercing reality observing the sights that were beyond reality.

He did not attempt to merge his mind deeply with the Ouroboros Serpents, the information he received was eerily different from anything he had ever known. It was like merging his mind with a storm or an earthquake, he knew there was a pattern in that chaos, but it was one that would lead to a place he had no desire to enter.

When Rowan brought out they all looked up at the red and green book in curiosity and for the first time, Rowan heard them hiss.

It was a long and frightening sound, and his Serpents looked away and proceeded to watch his surroundings, except for the fourth Serpent who continuously peeked at but when its eyes began to bleed gold, it stopped.

Rowan was amused yet he was still very curious, he had shared his mind with the Serpents, and his Primordial Record had opened itself to them, the intense burst of information was intensely irritating to the Serpents, but Rowan noticed that they had no problem viewing it.

This was valuable information, and Rowan was determined to understand how this process worked.

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 14/542,000

Strength: 348,392

Agility: 326,792

Constitution: 353,977

Class: None

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

Berserker (Tier 6)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 0)

Light Devourer (Tier 0)

Skills:

BERSERKER BLOOD (Immortal — Level 3)

Bloodline Skill: Eruption (41%)

Passive:

Decipher language (complete)

Berserker Intent (Black)

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 — 212

Awakening Primordial Bloodline [Sheol]

Berserker Tribulation Devoured(Intent Gained— Grade: Black)

Strength Gained: 90,000

Agility Gained: 90,000

Constitution Gained: 90,000

Spirit Gained: 90,000

(Spirit has submitted itself to the Authority of Sheol. Your Bloodline Grows.)

Soul Crystal — 542

Remark: Awakening Primordial

There were many new changes in his body, and he first checked his current lifespan, which had now broken the half-million years mark, he had a stake in seeing his lifespan rise as high as it could because it represented how long he could live inside the material universe, because it was easy to forget that his second bloodline Avatar of Eve and his now nascent primordial bloodline Sheol, could not exist inside the universe.

This bloodline was not just very powerful, but it possessed certain qualities that the universe could not defend against, and Rowan suspected that his Ouroboros bloodline was heading in that direction if he kept evolving it. The recent habit from his Serpents to be peering outside of reality was a sign that they were beginning to find the material universe to be stifling.

Chapter 466: Grade Of Intent

However before that time arrived, he would try to achieve as much as he could before he was expelled from the universe.

The second reason he was deeply concerned with growing his lifespan was because this was his true assurance to escape death if he was ever to be killed.

Killing him would be very difficult now because of his new bloodline, as his city of Sheol possesses features that even Rowan found incomprehensible. Since he had no soul, for any attack to truly kill him, they would have to crush his city first.

What sort of attack could destroy a Nascent Primordial Bloodline?

With Rowan's character, he would love to perform experiments to find out before he faced true danger so he could know the baseline of his immortality. How much damage could he safely sustain before he reached the edge of death? This would be the next goal for him when he battled the following set of gods.

Rowan knew that if he died, his Ouroboros Serpents would reach across time and resurrect him with the price being paid being his lifespan, of course, this ability was not foolproof, the stronger he got the more lifespan that would be consumed.

What he had to do was find a stable way to keep increasing his lifespan so he would not fall into the trap where he became too powerful to be resurrected, and the ability to seed worlds would be his primary focus in that Aspect.

Seeding World also increased his Attributes, but Rowan was sure that his growing lifespan would offset any powers he could gain. What cost him his lifespan when he resurrected was not his Attributes but his abilities.

What troubled him was that with his two new Supreme Aspects if he was going to be resurrection how much would they cost him? Pushing the Berserker Aspect to the Origin grade would not take a long time, and then he would pour his attention into this two Supreme Aspect.

He had been looking for a new weapon against his father, and now he had two. If the old man would expect his Berserker Aspect then he would shock him with two new Supreme Aspects and take his head.

Rowan knew his next battle would not be simple, he had bloodied the nose of the near twice, and the next time they met, only one of them would leave the battlefield alive.

His growing Attributes still made him smile. In the end, he was able to finish Dao Ma off quickly enough because every time he used Eruption, his base of power became greater, and more force would be generated.

Eruption was a powerful ability but it could not turn trash into treasure if there was nothing there to boost. The container for using such a tyrannical ability like Eruption must be particularly sturdy and powerful.

If Rowan's Attribute was similar to a mortal or a legendary, using Eruption for the barest fraction of an instant would turn him to dust and even if he could survive, it would not

give him any much benefit, most likely pushing his Attributes to the thousands, which was shocking, but ultimately meaningless in the larger scale of things.

Using Eruption when the total of his Attributes was nearing a million gave him more bang for the buck.

Rowan now had a new power from using the Tower of Greed and devouring all the Berserker Tribulation, which was surprisingly a passive skill.

Berserker Intent!

This was a power that was meant for godlike beings, and he should not have access to it until he had reached the Origin Grade in the Berserker Aspect. But after consuming all the power and knowledge inside the Tribulation he gained access to this power.

Rowan hurriedly went through the rest of the changes, including the increase in his Eruption Skill which now stood at an impressive 41%, nearly double what he had before the battle with Dao Ma, but he noticed that the growth of Eruption grew more difficult the higher it got.

His Soul Crystals were still growing and their speed of processing was getting faster, going by this speed he could complete digesting the god in about a month.

Rowan closed and returned it to its place among the leaves of his Tree of Desire. He opened his right hand and before long it was filled with red particles that resembled maggots.

They crawled all over his palms and the display of thousands of bloody maggots squirming in his hand would make the stomach of a mortal churn. From the knowledge he got from consuming the Tribulation, different Intents came with their grades, differentiated by color.

There were five different grades for Intent, from lowest to the highest; they were Yellow, Black, Silver, Platinum, and finally Purple.

An Intent at the Black grade was still extremely powerful, for most Intents would only fall at the Yellow grade, such as those of Dao Ma. It was the reason Rowan could easily cut through Dao Ma's Intent because his own was fundamentally stronger.

The Berserker Intent not only gave him the ability to reinforce every move he made including his speech, and he could literally command anyone weaker than him to kill themselves using Intent and they would do so, it also increased his direct combat abilities, but as Rowan discovered when he was battling Dao Ma, Intent could run out, and a bit of time needs to pass before it could regenerate.

Intent at the Black Grade was thrice as abundant as those on the Yellow Grade and could regenerate faster. This was another power he would need to understand to make full use of.

It was the reason a god would never use their Intent carelessly, it was one of their most powerful weapons, and if it was pushed to the limits, Intent would be able to affect reality, bending it to favor the will of the user.

Rowan looked ahead and a confused scribe who seemed to have lost her way stumbled into his room holding an apple. Rowan waved his hand and made her vanish to the other end of the castle before she exploded due to being in his presence.

The Apple fell on his open palm, and Rowan's eyes squinted in thought. When he manifested his Intent at this time, he was experimenting with it, he gave an unlikely command for an Apple to be delivered to him.

Chapter 467: If I Cannot Have My Prize. No One Will

Deep inside the universe, a red light was shooting through the darkness of the void. The speed of the movement was exaggerated as it zoomed past many different galaxies in a few short weeks. Inside that red light was the figure of the Third Prince, Rowan's father.

Something was different about his appearance however, he was visibly losing weight, and his true appearance was emerging underneath all the layer of fat on him, although for the moment the red light emerging from his body was so thick that his form could not be seen.

If Rowan was here he would have understood a frightening aspect about his father's power. The red light that he was using to shoot through the universe was none other than Intent!

Rowan had been frozen in shock for the amount of Intent his father was pushing out every single second was thousands of times greater than all the Intent in his body. It was unknown what grade this Intent could be, but it was vast.

With the restrictions placed upon him inside the material universe, the Third Prince could not quickly move through space using the Shadow-verse, it was the reason he needed the aid of Teleportation portals to quickly navigate his way inside the universe, but where he was going there was no known roads that led to that place.

He could no longer ask for help from the pawns he had set up over the years. Recent events have shown that he was wrong in solely focusing on this path.

It was the reason why he had been traveling through the void of space for the last three years now approaching the fourth, as he journeyed to where it all began. Ultimately in this universe, he had to seize his destiny with his own hands if he wanted the results he wanted.

He was not just going to play a new hand, he was going to break the fucking board.

He was heading to a place he had forbidden himself from ever reaching, for the risk he would face would be very great, and it was most likely he might perish.

The location he was headed was where he first pierced through into this material universe twelve billion years ago.

With the event on Jarkarr fresh on his mind, the Third Prince understood that he had underestimated the power of the Singularity, and most importantly he had underestimated the cunning of his son, who in a single day transformed into a creature he no longer recognized.

He had made sure the memory of Rowan was thoroughly wiped out, he also used Sigils to dull the sharp edges of this child as much as possible without making him an idiot, but his latest gambit had failed. Through the wiles of Fate and Luck, Rowan was slipping through his fingers.

He suspected that he knew the bastard that was causing these problems for him.

'This is your doing, isn't it?' the Third Prince gnashed his teeth, 'you will not let me win this game after all that I have sacrificed in your name, and still do. You still fear me, still despise my light. You will see me fail, even if it means the end of our glory...'

The Third Prince suddenly shouted, "I hate you. Since the dawn of creation, there has never been a hate greater than mine. With the dying tears of all the stars in creation, I shall rob you of your light. This I swear!"

The red light began to move faster through the universe, in four more years it would reach its destination, a place so distant it was at the edge of the universe itself, a place that even gods would not be able to reach in their lifetime.

It was only at that place, that the Third Prince would break his oath, and draw the attention of all those he had been trying to ignore all this while, realizing that if he could not win his prize, then he would destroy it.

While in the material universe, in order for him not to call too much attention to his presence he had restricted himself to use a single grain of the weakest Aether he could find. This had reduced his overall abilities and his combat potential to a fraction of what it might have been.

It had been incredibly frustrating, he was like a battleship that could be powered by a million stars, and suddenly he found himself using the flames from a single matchstick as his source of fuel. Through careful administration of his powers, he had been able to thrive for a short while, but those times were now behind him.

Rowan was a problem that needed to be solved immediately before it got out of hand. If a single grain of Aether would not solve the problem, the Third Prince was determined to bring a thousand. If a thousand would not do, then he would give a million.

He would bury whatever resistance was left inside that child, even if he had to crush this entire universe in order to do it.

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## PLANET BEORRYN

A carriage drawn by two large Runethors moved through a dusty street of an arid village. The streets were wide and the houses around the place were sparse and misshapen as if they were on the verge of destruction.

The Runethors were panting harshly with their tongue hanging outside their mouths. For such majestic creatures to appear this wretched must mean that the journey to this place must have been both long and difficult.

Yet as it was with their species, they all had a proud heart and they would bear any hardship until they couldn't. Luckily for these noble creatures, their journey was at an end, as whispered words by an occupant inside the carriage made them stop before a two-story ram-shackled building.

A hooded figure emerged from the carriage, on the shoulder of the figure was a sleeping black cat, the figure looked around before focusing on the building ahead, a stray breeze blew past the figure and a stand of blue hair escaped from the hood.

## Chapter 468: Myrdas

The figure adjusted their clothes and looked around, and then towards the horizon as a growing sandstorm was approaching. The figure turned and looked at the Runethors left behind, this storm was going to peel their flesh from the bones if they did not help.

The figure paused and then making a decision threw crystalized Aether at the Runethors, the two majestic animals seemed to be intelligent as they nodded at the figure and munched on the Aether Crystals.



A moment later they turned towards the storm and neighed in defiance as brown light blazed from their bodies as they waited for the storm to hit.

With quick steps, the figure entered the building ahead and pushed through the rotating wooden door which was almost falling from its hinges. The place appeared to be a bar but there were no occupants except for a single man whose head was placed on the counter and from the snores emanating from the figure, was deep in sleep.

The man had a face that had a weathered look on it as if he had lived under the sun for decades, he had multiple scars on his face and his blond stringy hair had been bleached by the sun until it was nearly white.

Behind the man was a bloody knife that was hung on the wall. The knife must have seen intense use as the blade was chipped and there was dried blood caked heavily on it, with pieces of hair stuck near the hilt of the blade.

Reaching the counter, the hooded figure knocked sharply but received no replies. After waiting for a while the hooded figure knocked on the countertop again, but this time the knock was accompanied by a flash of lightning that jolted the sleeping man awake.

"What!" The man called out harshly, "Why are you interrupting my bloody rest?"

"I am looking for someone." The hooded figure spoke softly.

The eyes of the man squinted as if trying to see through the hood of the inquirer before coughing and spitting out phlegm that was red with blood on the counter where he used his sleeves to clean it up.

At that very moment, the sandstorm hit with a loud boom like a meteorite slamming into the ground and the building shook. The hooded figure was about to turn to see what was happening outside but they were interrupted by the man behind the counter,

"Well, don't just stand there, who are you looking for?"

"I am looking for Mydas." The hooded figure spoke.

"Really? Wow, finally that bitch has a contract after all this time. Damnit, I lost the bet. So that would mean I have to lose half my liver.... Fuck!"

The man turned around and retrieved the blade behind him, and unceremoniously thrust the blade into his stomach, he grunted in pain as he began to saw into it with a maniacal frenzy.

His eyes were popping out due to the pain, and sweat was popping out on his forehead, and with blood spraying out everywhere including on the hooded figure who flinched, he successfully cut out half of his liver, and dumped it on the counter.

The organ was still pulsating and dripping with blood, and the hooded figure nearly gagged from the smell coming from the internal organ.

The man who just cut out half his liver gasped in pain, "She would be with you shortly, fucking bitch."

The man bent down and a series of disturbing creaks and pops began to emerge from his body, when he straightened he was no longer a man but a woman.

His thin blonde hair had transformed into a rich black hair that curled and fell down delicate shoulders. All this framed an oval face that was bewitchingly beautiful.

The lips of the woman opened, "Hello dear, I am Mydas, and you have summoned me."

The hooded figure paused and pulled back the hood exposing features that were also familiar and beautiful—Circe Boreas.

She shook the dust from her clothes and looked at the beautiful woman behind the counter. She was a little shocked by the transformation as the woman before her was still bleeding profusely from her stomach but if she felt it, there was no indication in her smiling face.

Circe had a strong stomach, but the strange and the eerie had always left a hollow feeling in her soul. Recently she had been exposed to a weird side of reality that she had never would have thought existed, and a secret about her past that threatened to shatter her worldview and everything she held dear.

Clearing her head she spoke, "I am here for a Safety Box placed here by a member of my family, she is..."

"I know who she is," Mydas interrupted and I also know who you are. Wait here I will retrieve what is yours and bring it to you. The payment for this service has already been given."

Circe did not have to wait for long before Mydas returned with a small black box, Circe stretched forth her hand to retrieve the box but Myrdas held it tight, not letting go.

Circe looked up, a look of annoyance in her eyes, and Myrdas smiled at her and Circe's anger retreated when she saw the pity in the eyes of this strange woman.

"I will warn you Circe Boreas, what is inside that box will change you, and you might be consumed by a rage that would lead you down a path you cannot go," Myrdas said the words in a tone that made Circe's mind shake for she recognized it.

How could she forget the way Nana spoke, the intonation and quirk of speech were as recognizable to Circe as her own face, after all this was the voice that had been beside her for the better part of fifty years.

Myrdas' tone returned to normal, "I have delivered the safety box and the message, our deal is over.... Or do you want to make a new deal? There are many services I offer, and the price would be fair. I can assure you of that."

## **Chapter 469: Stolen Tribulation**

Circe hesitated before deciding against the offer, she placed her hood back on her head and moved to the door of the inn, waiting for the storm to pass. Her eyes were focused on the Runethors braving the storm. The carriage behind them had been destroyed and the brown light shining on their bodies was like a beacon.

This sight gave Circe hope. Their struggles and bravery in adversity gave her hope, perhaps she should learn from them when facing great storms, and perseverance would pay off.

After a while the black cat on her shoulder stirred, before muttering out loud, "Is it finally over? Can we get off this godforsaken planet? My master is awake and I want to be by his side, no matter how much I enjoy staying beside you."

"Your master?" Circe scoffed, "You and I both know that Rowan is not your master. Whatever he is, that man is on a path that is beyond us. Archimedes, if you return to his side at this time, then our destiny will no longer be our own. You know in your heart that I speak the truth. We are better off on our own."

Archimedes sighed, "You are still a very young child, and sometimes I forget that. There are things that are far greater than us, vast events and plans on a scale that would leave your mind in awe if it doesn't crush you underneath its weight. Child, you should see this as an opportunity to be part of something greater than you could ever be, or dream to be."

Circe gritted her teeth, "No! I have lost too much due to my trust in a higher power, even my own family cannot be trusted, the road I will take will be all on my own."

She looked down in a downcasted manner, "Yet, I know I cannot do this on my own. You promised that you would follow me to the end, Archimedes. Are you breaking that promise? Rowan is now awake, will you leave me now?"

Archimedes looked conflicted before she sighed, "Your potential is unfathomable Circe, and you are dying because the heart beating inside of you is not yours and it cannot hold your powers. I am a lightning Kirin that is on my last life after all the years of

fruitless battle. Individually we are a pair of losers whose only destiny is to die a pathetic death forgotten in a lost corner of space, but together, we can make miracles happen. I will stay with you to the end, and if we fall, do not say I did not warn you."

"It is better to fall on your feet than to live on your knees Archimedes. Going to Rowan would be exchanging one leash for another, even if his own is made from silk. I have a bad feeling about what I will find inside this box, but I will never flee from it, I have spent the last three years doing that, and I'm tired of it. Even if we fail, I will no longer hide or run. Look at the Runethors Archimedes, see the way they brave through tribulations, we can be like them."

Suddenly even through the commotion caused by the storm, a loud bang that seemed to herald the beginning of creation sounded, Circe's frightened eyes looked up and something that resembled a red and black meteor was blasting its way from outer space into the planet, tearing through the atmosphere and impacted the sandstorm, where it tore it apart, and the world seemed to be divided from one horizon to the other.

Archimedes groaned and covered Circe in a shield of lightning. Inside that shield of lightning, Circe's eyes opened wide and her fingers began to dance as she took the lightning energy that filled up the inside of the shield and weaved it together as she created thousands of Runes in a few seconds, and the shield steadied as its strength increased by three folds.

The lightning Kirin watched in wonder as Circe worked with such raw energy, such talents could not go to waste, and every time she saw Circe display her talents, it left her stunned. Given enough time this woman would bloom to become a powerhouse that could rival the gods, and she wanted to be by her side.

With the power from Archimedes and the control from Circe, they were both able to stand firm. The descent of the red and black light agitated the sandstorm and it grew more tumultuous, over the edge of her vision she saw the two Runethors being blown away by the storm, their sorrowful neighs could be heard fading and combining with the storm.

The red light burst open and a sleek shape emerged from it and vanished, before Circe could blink a man stood before them.

No, not a man, a god!

He stood at eleven feet tall with braided red hair that reached his waist. Mysterious runes and tattoos covered his body and he held a great ax made from bone with one hand. He looked at Circe and the lightning Kirin on her shoulders and dismissed them with a glance before turning to the woman behind the counter, his leather boot making a loud booming sound with every step he took as he moved toward Myrdas who smiled at him,

"Urroghat, how can we be of service."

The god Urroghat growled, "Someone stole my fucking Berserker Tribulation, I want to know who is responsible for that shit and I want their heads in a fucking spike."

Myrdas laughed, "That is a heavy accusation, please sit Urroghat, I shall summon the Seer to attend to you."

The descent of the god had torn apart the storm and it had slowly died down. With the urging from Archimedes, Circe hurried out of the inn and took to the skies in a flash of lightning. Three thousand miles away she crashed to the ground where she began to bleed from every pore in her body.

Archimedes supported her for as long as she could, but the Lightning Kirin was also in pain as her skin was peeling off, she endured long enough to wrap them in a long-distance Teleportation Circle that gathered energy and shot them into space.

## **Chapter 470: The Body Farm**

A few moments beside a god should not be this devastating to the trio especially since the Lightning Kirin was a peak Earth god but Urroghat was not a Minor god but a Major god, and he did not bother to hide his Aura from those around him because of the rage in his heart.

This intense rage was understandable for a god, he had spent eighty-five thousand years searching for the powers of the Berserker, and after many trials, he had acquired it, and then he had consumed the last three hundred years in the singular pushing it to the Immortal Grade, disregarding so much of his duties and suffered heavy losses as a result only for the expected Berserker Tribulation that would give him the powerful Berserker Blood to vanish when he was at the cusp of accomplishment.

With the small powers of Fate he controlled he knew this Tribulation had been stolen, but he could not fathom how that was possible but that did not stop his rage from overflowing. Urroghat needed to know who denied him his prize after all the millennia of work.

He began bringing out his payment and filling the counter with treasures until Myrdas swallowed and began to shapeshift into something... else.

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Andar Erikson smiled in his sleep as he slowly opened his eyes which glowed a stunning silver. This rest was the greatest he had ever had in his short life and Andar

woke up knowing that he would never feel this way again, and so he treasured this moment.

Because his body was changing.

Andar had been noticing it inside the Endless Vault as he made progress through each level fitting the broken puzzles of the Scripts together. It was a distracting sensation but he had sunk his mind into understanding the Inscription and he pushed it aside.

Nevertheless, with each Engraving he made and with each Inscription he mastered, Andar felt the changes accelerating, sadly he needed to stop because his mind had reached its limits and gone beyond it.

He also could not fail to recognize that even though his talent of using Gray Will was a marvelous tool to use in understanding patterns, he had slowly approached a bottleneck and no matter how much he could glean from the data he was collecting, he could not understand or match it with what he knew, Andar finally realized that he needed more knowledge, and he had exhausted every single scrap of creativity and potential he had.

Andar rushed to freshen up, noting that he was now stronger, and whatever previously ailed him while his Spirit Matrix was in chaos or while using Grey Will was gone, he was no longer dying, and his body was currently filled with a weird sense of power that he found hard to describe.

The closest words he could use was that every cell in his body was like a spring, and with every level he climbed inside the Endless Vault, that spring continued to tighten as more pressure was added to it.

You would have thought he would reach his limits quickly as the pressure increased to a point that his body would implode, but the opposite was happening, as the pressure seemed to be refining his body instead of crushing it. His body was not getting stronger, but his capacity to hold energy was increasing.

His cells seemed to be a deep well that was being continuously dug with each Inscription he mastered, and his body's ability to produce Aether was finally countered as his limits had grown beyond until he could not even recognize his limits.

So with every level he climbed the pressure inside him increased and his ability for his body to endure it also increased, however, the only drawback Andar could recognize from this technique was that the mental pressure did not get easier to bear, and this showed Andar the supposed limits to this technique and why few people would be able to practice it till completion.

The mental strain to handle such growing pressure in every single one of your cells was daunting, and even with the knowledge that the body could handle this sort of pressure was useless, as the mind would begin to unravel.

The only way Andar could describe this process was if the mind always kept the pain that was felt throughout the lifetime of an individual even when their bodies healed. Over time, even if the injuries were minor, if there was no relief, the person would inevitably go mad.

At this time Andar could easily handle the strain of holding this Meditation Art and he had not approached his limits. He wondered if he even had a limit, but that was not Andar's concern, what he wanted was knowledge and the understanding of inscription, every other thing was secondary.

He looked at the Chaos Door in the center of his room and he had the desire to enter the Endless Vault once more and sink his head into deciphering the inscriptions but he knew that it would be a waste of time, even if he wasted years, his only result might just be a few levels more, but with proper sturdy, he could go much higher, more quicker.

He paused for a moment as he thought the wooden face of the boy on the Chaos Door was grinning at him but when he focused on the door he saw that nothing had changed, shaking his head at the wiles of this strange entity he proceeded to leave his room, opening his door and stepping into an unknown world.

Andar heard a description of this place from Mira, she had called it the Body Farm and described this place as a pyramid and his room was at the top. All that she had said was accurate but what she had failed to mention was the size of this place.

It was a pyramid all right, but it was the size of a small town. He looked up and it appeared they were underground with only the pyramid being the only edifice inside this place.

Andar cracked his neck and began to descend the pyramid. His new life was about to begin.

## **Chapter 471: SG–Harridon**

### CERULEAN GALAXY

Nine angels rotated on a stretch of space thirteen billion miles outside the closest seeded world, guarding against any intrusion into this area of the galaxy.

The world Rowan had seeded was glowing like little stars and the only reason their presence was not shining forth and painting the entire galaxy with their light was the deep clouds covering their surface.

Although the thunderous rumble emerging from the planets could not be disguised and could be heard even in space.



Since this was the fringes of the Cerulean Galaxy, there was not much interplanetary travel within this level of space because the power levels of these worlds were very low, and the chance that the news of what happened in these worlds escaping to the outside was slim, but it was not improbable.

If there was ever a chance that such an event would occur then Rowan wanted to be ahead of it as much as possible. The battle against Dao Ma happened a month ago, and from all indications coming from Rowan's Knowledge Well, the first of the Archangels would soon be born, and the next big push would be happening as more worlds would be assimilated and gods slaughtered.

The Angels could watch over this stretch of space perpetually, but because of the need to always touch the walls of Sheol to increase the rate of their growth, each Angel had to rest for a while before resuming their various duties.

This act of watching over this stretch of space was used by the Angels as a strategy to relax and heal. Using this method their efficiency was placed at maximum.

The Angel that was standing watch was nameless, but it had the potential of becoming an Archangel. She was standing with her hands folded on her chest, and the great eye on her chest was closed, with the light from her wings being put out, making her wings resemble carvings made from glass.

In this appearance, she was quietly healing her trauma and watching over the Creator's domain and her presence had been reduced until she was akin to a rock floating in space.

Over the previous weeks, a grand formation was created by the Lady of Shadow to act as eyes over billions of miles of space. This reduced the need for the Angels to use Astral Projection or to move around, they just needed to stay in a central location, and from there, they could oversee the entire area for billions of miles.

Nine Angels were now used to cover the entire area where they would have needed to employ a thousand before. The advantages that could be gained from the Formations of Eva could not be underestimated. Rowan had already assigned a single consciousness pillar to begin learning the art of Formations from her.

The Angel who resembled a statue made from gold and glass twitched, and a great eye opened in her chest, through the Formation she had detected a ship heading towards this region of space.

She recorded her observation and sent a report down to the lady of shadow, stepping on empty space and pushing against it she shot into the darkness of space. Her wings did not flare out with flames as she cut through the dark with stealth.

The other eight Angels began to quietly gather towards the approaching ship, none would be allowed to interfere.

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"I am telling you, Sir Reynold, this is the best bet. Sure we would spend a lot of time digging through dozens of planets, but the name of the game here is quantity Sir Reynold, quantity! The quality is shit, I can assure you of that, not what we are used to digging for, but the quantity is to die for! I know all the right spots, as I can smell them from space, you will not be disappointed. I promise you. There is a potential booty here that has been left for too long to waste and we are the only one who is here."

A rat-like man was nervously speaking to a figure that was clad head to toe in black armor, strapped to his back was a great black sword.

The rat-like man was rubbing his hands together and was sweating profusely, his eyes darting around, he was clearly trying to convince the armored figure of his plan.

Finally, the head of the armored figure turned to the distraught man, "This is your last chance to impress me, worm, remember the life of your entire clan lies in my palm. The services you have been rendering recently have been, should I say, less than satisfactory and I find it harder and harder with each passing moment to justify keeping your clan alive. I can find a thousand Seekers such as you as easily as snapping my finger. Your forebears were much better at this task and your ineptitude shames them. Fail me again and you shall die along with your clan."

Sweating more profusely, the rat-like man stammered, "Yes, yes... it's within your right Sir Reynold, but I have been building on this scent for decades and I know without any doubt, there is no one who would capture the essence of this metal more than me. I shall not fail you."

Sir Reynold snorted and looked away, his eyes hidden behind his helmet, focusing on the large viewing port ahead. They were on the SG–Harridon. A Commercial Class Space Hauler that had been retrofitted to serve as a mining station.

Sir Reynold was on an elevated platform, looking at the dozen or so crew moving about the deck of the control room as they steered the ship through space, avoiding the rogue meteorites and dozens of other dangers on trips like this.

The ship was thirteen miles long and housed a crew of two thousand, their captain Sir Reynold was a Leopard Beastman who was a known raider and a powerful Earth god.

The SG–Harridon usually did not frequent such desolate areas of the galaxy to hunt for precious metals, but for the last three years, their luck had been abysmal. Recent competition with better ships and crews had pushed them away from choice mining sites in the galaxy.

## Chapter 472: Clean Up

Sir Reynold sighed in exasperation, he had no choice but to bet on this Seeker who claimed to be able to find precious metals in the desolate areas of the galaxy, a bet that Sir Reynold had little faith in, but if he could get anything worthwhile from this trip, it would be worth it.

He dismissed the sniveling Seeker, he had not bothered to know the name of. As an Earth god, he could live for ten thousand years, and he was currently four thousand six hundred and thirty-eight years old, he had seen the rise and fall of countless mortal creatures. He had stopped caring about the names of mortals when he became two thousand years old, now he just placed them in a group.

There were either Drivers, Cleaners, Welders, Miners, Warriors, Slaves, Carvers, Divers, Killers....

This was not an attitude unique to Sir Reynold alone but was shared by most older Earth gods.

This was because unlike a god with an Immortal soul, an Earth god's soul could not contain information without limits, and they would have to find methods to either purge their minds of memories every few centuries or learn how to compartmentalize their thoughts.

There were tools that could be used to assist an Earth god, but they were all very expensive to craft, and except you are beholden to a god who would be willing to allocate resources for such a tool to be created, you were stuck with this problem.

Sir Reynold chooses to compartmentalize his life in this manner, choosing to keep every mortal in a group, except for one person. As if his thought had summoned her, he looked down to see a shape drifting towards him.

A woman with long blond hair and feline eyes that glowed yellow strolled up to Sir Reynold and hugged his armored arm.

The eyes of Sir Reynold softened and he bent down, allowing the woman to remove the great helm from his head revealing his features.

Sir Reynold had the head of a leopard, but his jaws were strange, they resembled those of a man, and this was what made him able to speak articulately. His fur was brown with red whiskers.

"My love. I thought I told you to stay in your quarters. This place does not deserve your beauty." Sir Reynold gently caressed her face, brushing the stray lock of hair

"I could not help it," the blond woman said, "I want to always be by your side. Every moment away from you is torture, and my heart cannot take it anymore."

"My love..." Sir Reynold drew her closer to him and bent down for a kiss. Her lips were warm and welcoming and Sir Reynold forgot himself in her taste. Everyone in the control deck shifted their attention away and focused on their duties, they still wanted to live, and spying on the captain when he was having fun was a quick way to die an agonizing death.

Sir Reynold felt his heart beating in happiness that spread a shocking wave of well-being through his system that he nearly swooned. After all this time, she still remained the same, still tastes the same.

He liked to lie to himself that he still remembered her name, but that was impossible. She died thousands of years ago, and he had made a bargain with the demons, paying a high price to shift her spirit to a new body after the current one grew old.

This was partly the reason why he was among the most wretched of Earth gods, he spent nearly all his resources on this venture. Some may call him foolish, but he could only live for this purpose. What was the meaning of life beside her by his side? Even though he had already forgotten her name.

He was making this gamble for more money. The lifespan of his love was coming to an end in a short hundred years from now, and he needed to renew the contract with a new body or she would be lost to him forever.

Sir Reynold groaned, his lover was especially enthusiastic today as her kisses were more fiery than usual. Wait...it was literally more fiery as a growing heat was spreading down his mouth to his stomach, his eyes opened wide in shock and horror as he watched his lover, and she was in flames! Her body was falling apart and before his gaze, her two eyes exploded with a dull pop from the heat.

Before he could scream out his dread, he was covered by a bright light and he felt a massive force and heat surrounding him, as his body was sent flying back.

There was pain, so much pain, but he did not care. What happened to his love? What the hell just happened?!

He could feel himself blasting through walls, bulkheads, and through the bodies of his crew members. When he finally landed, he groggily stood up to see that his body had torn through half his ship.

He groggily stood up, the explosion had ripped through a sizable portion of the armor around his chest. His face had been blasted to pieces exposing his grinning skull.

His pain however was nothing, for in his hands were what remained of his love.

The body part gave one last best before it stopped. He was holding her now dead heart.

"AAARRHHH!!!! I will kill whoever did this! Do you hear me? I shall tear your spirit to pieces and drink your tears. AAARRRHHH....MY LOVE!!!"

Sir Reynold's sorrowful roar echoed through the ship that was beginning to break apart. He looked up from his grief to see nine glowing figures around him and one of them was playing with the head of his love before slapping its burning face and carelessly throwing it aside.

Disregarding the danger, he leaped forward to cradle her head, just as nine flaming swords plunged into his back. His body freezes and as the swords were pulled out from his body he continues towards the head of his love, his blood staining the ground.

The sword returned stabbing through his body. Sir Reynold shuddered in pain, but his eyes were only for his love.

The swords left his body and stabbed again, and again, and again....

## **Chapter 473: Tracking**

In the darkness of space, a bright light flashed and it disappeared soon after. This light appeared inconsequential in the grand void of space, but this was the only indication that the SG--Harridon and her two thousand crew and Captain were dead or about to die in the case of the Captain.

In the wreckage, an Angel held up the decapitated head of Sir Reynold, it was a now smoldering wreckage, still burning with golden Angelic flames. The face was contorted with pain and despair, but there was still life in this head that was fading slowly, his mouth opened and closed as he tried to curse his enemies but it was futile.

An Earth god took a while to die, if he was left in this state, then without the immediate soul-devouring properties of Rowan it would take a while for him to perish, maybe weeks, months, or even years. An Earth god was the closest thing to the divine.

On the left hand of the Angel was the head of the so-called lover, and he looked at both of them as if weighing them both with his faceless gaze, his featureless golden mask peeled away revealing his beautiful features, this was Erudiel the sovereign, and he was the one that was charged to be the overseer of the area.

Bringing both of the heads together, he brought most of his power to bear and engulfed both of them in flames, what was strange was that the head of the Captain was destroyed faster than the head of his lover, and the last thing Sir Reynold saw was the head of his lover transforming inside the flames to something demonic.

The mouth he leveled to kiss opened so wide it reached her ears and razor-sharp fangs in the hundreds popped out from the mouth, her eyes became a pool of hate and her long blonde hair turned to large pale maggots.

Then she shrieked, her voice was like fingernails on a blackboard.

If Sir Reynold could cry out he would. The scales fell away from his eyes and he realized he was with a Demon all this while, his lover, Shynna.... Yes, Shynna was her name, was already long dead. She died of old age, waiting for him to return. How could he forget? He had been so thrilled with the joys of conquest and power that he forgot the love of his life and allowed her to die a pitiful death alone and rejected.

The only consolation he had in death was to hear the agonized screaming of the demon who had impersonated his wife for so long. He had tainted her memory for so long, that Sir Reynold felt that it was right that both of them should burn.

He savored the pain and wept. 'My love, I'm so sorry....forgive me.'

In two minutes, both heads were ashes and the Angels around Erudiel were long gone. He looked into the distance and frowned, this was the first case they had had, and it was a sign that the amount of time they could keep what had happened here under wraps would soon be at an end.

After the first, there would be the second and the third, and soon the matter of hundreds of Minor Worlds gone silent would shock the entire galaxy. He expected a dull response at first, for such an event to occur was incomprehensible to most, even gods. However their shock would not last forever, and then, there would be war.

Erudiel's golden mask covered his face, "Let them come!"

He vanished with a flash of white light returning to the Primordial Sea of Darkness, he was already so close to his peak form and his Ascension to Archangel was so close, he could taste it.

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Deep in space a small world that was filled with water rotated around a dying sun. The light from the sun was weak, placing the world in a state of endless twilight.

As the waves broke weakly against a small shore, the air overhead rippled and a powerful figure stepped through holding a great ax made from bone.

It was Urroghat, the Major god whose Berserker Tribulation was snatched away.

His search was nearly fruitless for whoever did it was outside the controls of Fate, as the Seer could not find any trace, which was strange but there were methods you could use to hide your tracks from fate.

Yet he was lucky, as the Seer foretold that there was someone who would lead him to his target, and he had just barely missed them when he had just arrived.

He remembered catching a glimpse of a mortal with a Lightning Kirin beside her; he had expected his presence to have killed them, but that turned out not to be the case.

Urroghat had traced their long-distance teleportation to this desolate planet, but after checking through every single living thing on the planet, his targets were nowhere to be found. The surface of this world was filled with water and their Aura had been dispersed all over the planet. For anyone else chasing them, this would be the end of the road, as it was quite impossible to track them after passing through this place.

Impossible for most, not all.

Urroghat rose into the air until he reached space, and he drew back his Great Ax, he waved it twice and then sliced it down. A solid wave of force that was colored red and black stretching for more than fifty miles wide shot out from the Great Ax and slammed into the planet below and crushed it.

Billions of tons of water, earth, metals, and everything that made up a planet were compressed into a large sheet before disintegrating into dust.

This process was incredibly violent and it only lasted for a short while.

A planet that had existed for a billion years was gone without a trace. There had been a small sentient population on this planet numbering a few hundred million, they all died without knowing their fate was decided with less than any thought from the god.

## **Chapter 474: Ascension To The Rank of Archangel**

Urroghat opened his hands and countless trillions of streams of light arose from the space where the planet had once existed, these were all the Aura of the living beings that had ever lived on the planet or passed through it over the last three million years.

He closed his eyes and bringing his Immortal soul to bear he began combing through every single Aura, Urroghat stood there for a week as he parsed through billions of terabytes of information every single second until he found what he was looking for.

He held the pale blue wisp of Aura that belonged to Circe and smiled.



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The Lady of Shadow Eva stood a few miles from Rowan who was resting on his thrones made from the coils of his Ouroboros Serpents. Their bodies were not touching the ground and their magnificent colors only served to highlight Rowan's magnificence.

They were hovering a thousand feet in the air and Rowan's right hand was resting on his chin as if he was deep in sleep, but the watchful eyes of the Ouroboros Serpents would show that he was awake.

These past few weeks as Rowan digested the soul of the god, Dao Ma, the Aura escaping from his body was steadily rising until even Eva could only stay near him if she entered his Mental Space. Rowan was not aware that he was emitting such a frightening Aura for he was concentrated on digesting the soul inside him.

This Aura was generated because the amount of Soul Crystals he was accumulating was reaching a frightening number. Except for his Absolute Body containing such a tyrannical presence that anchored him to the material universe, there was no way he could hold the amount of Soul Crystals while inside the universe itself.

He had used eighty percent of the powers in his Knowledge Well Chamber until he began to subtly increase the rate at which he digested the soul, and now there was only a small bit of the god left, in a few hours it would be done.

If the Immortal Soul had tried to struggle all these while, Rowan did not feel it, for the suppression that his City of Sheol had over souls was absolute, even if it had not fully awakened.

This short amount of time went by faster than the blink of an eye and with a last whimper, the soul was gone.

You would think that the true death of a god would have caused a more drastic change, but it was mostly silent, only a whimper announced the passing of such a great figure.

Rowan sighed at the death of an immortal and called up ,

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 14/542,000

Strength: 348,392

Agility: 326,792

Constitution: 353,977

Class: None

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

Berserker (Tier 6)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 0)

Light Devourer (Tier 0)

Skills:

**BERSERKER BLOOD** (Immortal — Level 3)

Bloodline Skill: Eruption (41%)

Passive:

Decipher language (complete)

Berserker Intent (Black)

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 — 212

Awakening Primordial Bloodline [Sheol]

Soul Crystal — 4,950

Remark: Awakening Primordial

He had gained nearly 4,500 Soul Crystals from devouring Dao Ma, if he went by the previous method he gathered souls then it would mean he gained nearly 4.5 billion Soul Points. A few years back, a thousand Soul Points was a windfall, now that was not enough to even fill the space in between his teeth.

The soul of Erohim had only given him such a small amount of Soul Crystal even though they were both Minor gods, most likely because the god was on the verge of death, and he was kept at the edge of death, not allowed to die and not allowed to heal.

If he had devoured such a powerful Immortal Soul before he upgraded his bloodline to that of a Primordial, then Rowan feared that he would have been sleeping for centuries for his previous Palace of Ice to process this amount of power.

He knew of the stirrings along the edge of the seeded worlds, time was running out and he had planned the invasion of the galaxy for just a single year.

With the first part of his plan settled, he began the next.

His consciousness went towards the City of Sheol where four figures that were shining with a blinding light were pressing their fists against its walls. They were at the forefront and for the moment no other Angel stood beside them, they all stood back and were awaiting the moment when these four completed the first great Trials.

Suriel, Erudiel, Nezirakim, and Dora. These were the Angels who were the closest to becoming an Archangel.

Going by the speed of their transformation, then they would be fully matured by tomorrow. Rowan smiled, with the help of four Archangel, he could begin his attack without too much fear.

He planned to hunt two gods next.

Of the four Angels at the cusp of full maturity, the growth of Erudiel had surprised him the most, but it was clear why he could closely match the rate of the three other Angels that were born before him.

He was the one that could endure the most.

He stayed the longest touching the walls, and he actively tried to heal himself using spells, and Rowan discovered that from all his Angels, Erudiel was the one that was most proficient in defense and survival. Truly he was named well.

Rowan idly wondered if the names he gave them determined their character. The process of him giving them names was almost instinctive as if each Angel already had a name and he was just the voice that could give their name form and life.

## **Chapter 475: 14,000,000 Angels**

With Rowan's growing understanding of Intent, he tried to decipher the method his city of Sheol was burning away the Intent in the bodies of his Angel, this process was quite special and was a superior version of what the Chaos Door did for him.

Already he could see that the only Consciousness Pillar that was free from the Intent of Chaos was reverting. His face that had been etched on the pillars was slowly fading away, it would take a while, maybe a decade or more, but the Intent that was taken away would return.

Except for the Intent of Chaos, Rowan also noticed another one that was slowly returning, but much more slowly, it was red and slimy and filled him with a deep sense of disgust. If the Chaos Door had not purged his consciousness pillar old the Intent entwined with it, then he would not have realized that he did not only have one seemingly immortal intent inside his body but two.

He recognized the other one as his father's. Rowan contemplated this issue for a while. Although it was not as powerful as the Intent from Chaos, the fact that this second Intent could regenerate itself meant the power levels of his father were far beyond that of a god.

Although he knew this before, he was a bit excited, because he was finally learning about powers of such high level, and with that understanding would come a way to

combat them. The mystery of his father would not hide itself for long, as Rowan strongly suspected that this man would no longer come with a subtle approach, he would come seeking blood, and Rowan would have to be the strongest in this universe to combat him.

He was not afraid, even though he knew that his father was most likely gathering forces to be used against him, Rowan would bet on himself any day that given enough time he would inevitably become the one who would have the last laugh.

This immortal Intent was a source of a hidden danger that he needed to solve, as such was not the case with the Angels, every Intent that was being consumed was not returning, and this should be Intent that was on a similar level to that of Chaos because Rowan had experimented with using the Intent of the Berserker to cleanse this taint, but it was like trying to scoop away the ocean using a tablespoon.

Rowan regretted the fact that he could not use the City of Sheol to cleanse the Intent of Chaos on his body, but he suspected that he would need deeper control of the city in order to allow it to affect his second bloodline.

As of this moment, his bloodlines were linked, but each of them was distinct, and although he had tried to push his Chambers closer to the city of Sheol, it turned out to be quite impossible.

This Nascent Primordial bloodline had a unique property that pushed everything away from it, and Rowan suspected that his Angels could only touch the city walls because of their innate spiritual nature. Angels appeared to be made of flesh, but their nature was closer to light and fire.

If the Angels of Char were coal, awakening them turned the coal into living flames.

During the digestion of the Soul of Dao Ma, there were many new Angels of Char that were created, their numbers were almost ten times as much as those created while digesting the soul of Erohim.

Presently, there were 14,000,000 Angels of Char, with almost 300 Angels of Char at the potential Sovereign level and above, although there was no new Angel of Char with the power level of that single Primordial Angel at the front. Whatever that Angel was, it was unique, the only one of its kind.

Rowan had hoped that whatever changes his City was having on the Angels of Char would have been completed by now, but it turned out to be a process that might take a long amount of time.

Rowan was not too worried about this affecting his plans to fuse his Angels to Archangel, even if they become corrupt once more, it would be easier to cleanse them of that corruption because they could directly touch the walls of the city.

Their ascension to the rank of Archangel would invalidate any drawbacks they might receive if they were corrupted again.

With that plan in mind, he would be awakening two thousand more Angels, but he would not be focusing on those of the Sovereign Rank and above.

Rowan had a premonition that if he allowed these powerful Angels to fully cleanse the Intent in their bodies before awakening them, they would be able to directly skip past the stage of maturation and proceed directly to fusion.

Plus, he could not risk awakening the Angels with the greatest potential this early until he was truly assured that he would prevail against his enemies.

Rowan understood that Angels were incredibly difficult to kill, but they were not as durable as him. If he was ever to face threats that would overwhelm him, then it would be a great shame to lose the Angels with the greatest potential.

This might be harsh to say, but Rowan considered every Angel that was below a Sovereign to be Fodder. In the grand scheme of things they would not matter to him, and would only hold dominion inside the material universe. Outside of it, they would be almost useless to him.

He was still growing and was not powerful enough to protect all his Angels if a truly powerful enemy attacked him, he would rather the Angels he lost now were not the greatest in his arsenal.

So for now, while inside the material universe, he would be using these Angels while saving his bigger guns.

He would also be increasing his Territory with another two thousand four hundred Soul Crystals, pushing him closer to completing the Second Great Circle, and leaving 500 Soul Crystals behind for emergencies.

Rowan would require a massive number of Soul Crystals to complete the second Great Circle, he had already used the full scale of his Knowledge Well to analyze how much Soul Crystal he would need and a conservative estimate placed it at 100,000.

## **Chapter 476: Giver Of Light**

Rowan needed to harvest all of the Cerulean Galaxy to earn that figure, which was akin to a trillion Soul Points, but this was what he needed in order to grow and leverage his overpowered abilities.

Having made up his mind on the next series of actions, he set his plans in motion.

Rowan began by expanding his Territory, not outwardly, for the Primordial Sea of Darkness had already reached the very edge of his Mental Space, and he only had to make this Sea that was less than six feet deep into a true sea with endless depths.

Using 2,400 Soul Crystals at once would create a massive commotion due to the trillions of gallons of Seawater that would be produced nearly instantaneously.

Not wanting to disturb the peace of the four Angels who were about to reach their peak maturity, Rowan moved the Soul Crystals to the edge of his Territory, and with a single thought, he crushed them all, channeling the Stuff of Creation to produce the Sea of Darkness.

A loud boom sounded from the area where he had just crushed the Soul Crystal and a black light radiated out with such great force that it sent a ripple that spread throughout his Mental Space, and from thin air a massive flood of Black Sea water began to emerge that spanned thousands of kilometers.

The sea below exploded as trillions of gallons of water were added every second as a massive wave with heights of more than eight hundred miles arose from the sea and began to spread. Black mist shot out with so much force that the space inside his Mental Space twisted and the mist ignited in the air creating white phosphorescent lights.

Rowan's consciousness shook and was forcefully pushed back because the force generated in that area was enough to crush multiple continents to dust.

Although the wave of water was massive before they reached the center of his Mental Space, it had subsided, leaving barely a ripple near the center of his Mental Space.

Rowan checked the state of the Primordial Sea of Darkness and found out it had deepened by another twenty feet. This was a massive growth and he wondered if he did not use his Sou Energy to grow his Territory but depended on time and cultivation to drag Aether from the universe, then he would have spent millions of years to bring his Territory to this level.

'No longer a puddle, now more of a pool,' he thought wryly. The increase in his Primordial Sea meant his power had taken a massive leap forward.

The time was coming soon when he would need to employ a great amount of power, as he did not expect what was happening inside the galaxy to be kept under wraps for long. At that time, battling so many gods and their armies at the same time would require him to unleash his powers without restraint.

Such a sight would be... apocalyptic.



With that task done, he set out to awaken two thousand Angels. He drew Eva to his side for this task, and she began to hand-pick the Angels of Char to be awoken.

The first that was selected was the Angels with resonance with Suriel, Erudiel, Nezirakim, and Dora. As these were to be the first Archangels, it was paramount that their fusion counterpart was awakened, after that was done, Eva made sure to select Angels that had resonance with the hundreds of Angels of Char with the potential of Sovereign and above.

The reason for that decision was to cleanse the Intent from these Angels in advance so at the time the powerful Angels were awoken they could easily begin fusing them at once.

After all two thousand Angels of Char were selected Rowan drew them to his consciousness waiting above the Primordial Sea, and in the same manner, brought out two thousand eyes.

Previously these eyes had surrounded his Throne of Ice, but now they were growing rapidly at the bottom of the Primordial Sea of Darkness, and if you could peer through the darkness and view underneath the sea, you would find a great number of lidless eyes dotting the bottom of the sea, so many they resembled sand.

Setting the eyes beside each Angel, he began to infuse all two thousand eyes with the Soul Energy he gained from crushing two thousand Soul Crystals, and like countless thermonuclear warheads going off, the bodies of the Angels of Char exploded with light.

The light was so bright that a tenth of Rowan's Mental Space was lit up. This glow seemed like a challenge to the city of Sheol and it transformed into a city of light.

At first, Rowan thought that this was a city that had buildings with bright lights, but he discovered that it was entirely made from light.

Light of all colors that weaved together to create a vast city. Bridges made from purple light and walls made from silver lights, houses, rivers, and trees all made from different colored light that shone in a soft manner that did not affect the vision of this spectacular city.

Rowan was awestruck for a moment, and a thought occurred to him, that perhaps the transformation of the city of Sheol was not random and each landscape it transformed into must exist somewhere or might have existed before in the distant past. He also wondered if he could trigger this change and what was the catalyst for doing so.

The changes happening to the Angels of Char were fast, and in a few seconds, the air above the Primordial Sea of Darkness shook as two thousand sets of knees slammed into empty air, and wings of gold and flames rose in the air.

Rowan created a Berserker Clone around his consciousness, and he was surprised when the red robes and armor that usually came with this transformation turned into armor and robes of white and gold.

His body began to shine with the light that was reflected from the glowing wings of his newly born Angels, and like thunder, they chanted,

"All hail the Creator."

"All hail the Giver of Light."

Rowan's glory shone over the darkness of the sea, and the hems of his robe extended for more than a thousand feet behind him, until his light was as blinding as the sun.

Behind him, five beams of light simultaneously shot out from the glowing walls of Sheol, that pierced far into the horizon.

His Angels were mature!

This beam of light from their ascension reached the top of his Mental Space, and they began to gather, bringing forth intense waves of light and heat and before the shocked gaze of Rowan, this light transformed into four suns!

## **Chapter 477: A Merger and A Sacrifice**

In a distant location beyond time and space, beyond all known universes, was a place that had been filled with darkness for an inestimable amount of time, a length of time so distant or could as well be called forever.

Recently in this place beyond time, there have been changes. Light had begun to appear in the darkness, at first there was one of such glow, then three, then a hundred, and now there were thousands.

This event was causing the darkness inside this place to shift as it was beginning to be slowly broken, yet this space was so vast, that you could fit thousands of universes inside it and it would not even fill up a fraction of its size, so this light was still lost in the darkness.

Every time Rowan awakened an Angel, a bright sun would be ignited inside this place, and slowly the light from so many new suns was beginning to disturb a delicate balance that had existed here for so long.

From all the new suns that were burning inside the darkness, four of them were especially bright, and the intensity of the light began to increase dramatically until

something inside the darkness began to stir. It was incredibly distant from that location, and what could reach this entity could barely be referred to as a sensation, nonetheless, it was beginning to wake.

However as the light from the four suns increased to a feverish intensity, it simply vanished. The entity that was stirring in the darkness settled back into slumber.

It was unknown if this was the result of Rowan's growing luck or by pure chance that he managed to escape a disaster.

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Rowan eyes widened in awe. These four suns that appeared in his Mental Space were not projections, they were real, their light and heat were astonishing and with his connection to them, he understood that these were the heart of an Angel, the source of their strength and the seat of their power, and they would exist as long as this sun kept burning.

Their sizes were smaller than he had expected, with each of them being only a thousand miles in diameter, and the light from them was not just white but mixed with a golden hue.

Rowan felt a tremor in all of his consciousness, as a deeper connection between him and the mature Angel was created. The four suns began to drift apart as they escaped into the distant regions of his Mental Space, carried by invisible currents of Aether.

Rowan watched them sail away, and he smiled as an epiphany came to him. He looked at the Primordial Sea of darkness below and the sailing suns above and they reminded him of the creation of a universe. Yet this one was also different in a manner. The knowledge of that difference was at the edge of his memory but he could not touch it.

The four mature angels appeared before him and they went on one knee, their forms were bigger, Suriel and Erudiel stood at fourteen feet tall, and Nezrakim and Dora at thirteen and a half. Their wings were folded behind them, and the armor was retracted, leaving them with only a white strip of clothes around their bodies.

Each of the four angels was perfect in their form as every single inch of their bodies had the perfect proportion without any single defect, their eyes burned like flames and the hair on their heads was as white as snow, even their lashes were white.

Unlike the Sovereigns who had not merged with any mortal, Dora and Nezrakim was shaking with barely disguised happiness, as the thought of being one of the first to become an Archangel had driven their minds to the edges of bliss and beyond.

The thought that they could serve their Creator in a more direct manner made their angelic hearts beat a thousand times a minute, and it was an intense struggle for them to maintain decorum.

Rowan felt a tremendous sense of happiness and fulfillment, it was like seeing your child grow up, with the connection of their souls being placed inside his Mental Space, a love for these Angels before him bloomed.

They were no longer just a disposable part of him, now they were almost like his children, in the real sense of that word.

"Rise," Rowan said and they rose, "Pick out the side of you that was lost, and Ascend, my beloved children."

The four Angels rose and spread their wings wide, from behind, four armored figures came out from the two thousand newly awakened Angels and floated to the four hovering Angels, their Armor was stripped away and their appearance was revealed to be very similar, almost identical to the matured Angels except for the fact that they were smaller.

They floated up to their respective partners and their bodies began to collapse into flames and light that were shot into the eyes, nose, and mouth of the matured Angels.

The flames they transformed into seemed unending and poured into the bodies of their matured selves, and it almost seemed as if they were inhaling an entire star.

Rowan was keen to observe this process, as he merged his senses with the Angels so he could deeply understand everything going on inside their bodies.

Inside the bodies of the Angels, great changes were happening. If their bodies were previously filled with blank spaces, now that space was being quickly occupied and perfected.

Trillions of cells were separating and merging in trillions of different configurations as every part of the Angel was fundamentally transforming. The rush of flames ended and the Angels floated in the air with their eyes closed. The flames were gone and the Angels that were just created had disappeared.

They had appeared for a brief moment and now they were gone, the true purpose of their existence was fulfilled, and the merger with their matured bodies was a mysterious phenomenon, as it was simultaneously a merger of bodies and also a sacrifice.

Everything was silent for a few moments when suddenly the wings on the backs of the Ascending Angels simultaneously spread out and wrapped around themselves. Covering their bodies entirely, in a few short moments another set of wings emerged

from behind them and covered them also. Once again the Mental Space fell into silence.

## Chapter 478: From Your Winged Backs

Every creature inside Rowan's Mental Space was not mortal, and if they wanted they could stay impossible still like statues.

This was the present state of everyone present here. They all stood still, including the Angels of Char, and observed the ascending Angels.

For the first time, even that enigmatic Primordial Angel at the front rotated his head that was floating over his shoulders, and the face that resembled a lion looked over, the lights burning inside its eyes were like two full moons.

This silence stretched for another eighteen hours, and Rowan looked at the distance where the suns manifested by the angels were silently drifting and a slight trace of anger colored his eyes before fading away, he had to remind himself, that he had expected something like that.

The suns that were the hearts of each of the four Angels were ascending higher into the sky as they began to grow larger. Their sizes almost doubled. Yet the heat and the light coming from the suns were now getting weaker as a black shadow began to spread over the surface of the suns like smoke.

Merging with another Angel had reintroduced the taint into their bodies, and the immortal Intent destroyed by Sheol was making its way back into their bodies. This was the price he was paying for a quick power-up for his Angels, but it was worth it.

The growth of the sun slowly stopped and was now more than four thousand miles in diameter. Rowan breathed a sigh of relief, as the corruption did not reach the core of the suns but was thickly clustered around their surfaces, that was why the lights from it were reduced, yet beneath that surface, it still burned hot.

It was most likely that the Intent could not penetrate the core of the Angels because they had been cleansed, and even if it could slowly infiltrate into the bodies of the Archangels once more, Rowan would not permit it, and before his Archangels would even be deployed, he must make sure that he destroyed every last scrap of Intent left in their bodies.

With time they would cleanse this taint and only then would they be fully his. Rowan made up his mind that before he leaves the universe, he must solve the problem of the various Intents that were entwined inside him, including those of Chaos and the mysterious Intent on each of his Angels.

Another thirty hours passed, and a clap of thunder escaped from inside the forms of the four Angels, and then a vast suction force emerged from their bodies, that instantly sucked all the Aether drifting above the surface of the sea.

Below them, the Primordial Sea of Darkness began to rise as if it were iron fillings being attracted by a great magnet. The ascending Angels were more than a hundred thousand feet away from the surface of the sea, but that did not stop their ascent, as a vast stretch of water hundreds of miles wide rose to the skies until they settled below the feet of the Angels.

Rowan gave permission to his Territory and it left and covered the Angels and began fusing with their bodies.

Billions of gallons of the black sea streamed into their bodies, and as if their physiques were bottomless pits, they drank all this power given to them, and their bodies began to grow. This change was also reflected in their suns, as they too began to expand dramatically.

From four thousand miles in diameter, they began to expand...

5,000 miles....

8,000 miles...

12,000 miles...

Before each suns stopped their growth at 15,000 thousand miles in diameter. The shadow that had covered them was suppressed to a small spot on their surface, and their light shone forth brighter than before.

The commotion from this occurrence was massive, as Rowan fed the growing Archangels enough Aether to power up a hundred solar systems, and yet it was not enough.

They continued drinking deep from the water for an entire hour before their bodies were satiated and with a loud cry, they shot into the air. Their bodies were now twenty feet tall with two sets of wings. They gave another great cry and their armor returned but now it was different.

No longer just gold, their armor now had parts that were made from a white metal, and there were no longer any runes merged with the armor, it was now blank. In addition to that, there were now two great eyes on their bodies. One was on the chest and another was at the back, fitting just between the two sets of wings.

A frightening Aura pulsed from their bodies and pushed everything back except Rowan, and this Aura traveled until it reached the ends of his Mental Space.

These were no longer Angels but Archangels, and the power and glory that could be easily found in every inch of their bodies would put any god to shame, even Rowan marveled at their beauty.

If before they could be mistaken for mortal then that disguise would no longer be possible for an Archangel.

Their large twenty-foot bodies did not look unwieldy, instead, they carried an elegant grace that attracted the eyes. They flapped their wings and vanished, their movements beyond what a normal Angel could ever accomplish.

They appeared before their creator and went on their knees, Rowan smiled and touched their armored heads that were nearly bigger than his seven-foot body.

He smiled, "From your winged backs, shall the foundation of my kingdom be built."

Giving them instructions to familiarize themselves with their new forms and powers, Rowan left his Mental Space.

His body shivered and he opened his eyes, and what appeared to be four suns drifted along his eyes, before reducing to pinprick. If one was to closely observe his eyes they would notice that it contained four bright suns.

He closed his eyes again as if he were asleep, but his mind was busy with various thoughts of the future.

Inside of Rowan's Mental Space, Eva was moving above the Primordial Sea of Darkness, as she followed behind one of the wandering suns, her eyes were wide with fascination, in her time as the previous Ruler of the Palace of Ice, she had never seen the heart of an Angel, Eva did not know that they even existed.

## **- Chapter 479: Ambrosia**

### **Chapter 479: Ambrosia**

The sun sailed ahead and Eva followed behind it.

She paused as something she saw caught her attention and she looked below her, her eyes squinted in thought at an unexpected change she was witnessing on the surface of the sea.

Wanting to investigate further, she descended until she stepped on the surface of the sea and bent down to scoop its waters into both of her palms. Eva stood up and brought the water to her face as she analyzed it with a little frown.



The water she took out was no longer black but was now colorless and sparkling as if it was filled with rainbows, she brought the water to her mouth, drank from it, and sighed in pleasure.

Unlike the Aether that was found inside the black sea that was filled with coldness, sharpness, and a sense of desolation, this water was the best she had ever tasted. Eva could only call it water because this was what Rowan Territory appeared to be, but what she should have called it was Ambrosia.

What she just swallowed was only fit for gods and not just any sort of gods, it was only for the greatest of them!

The Aether it contained while powerful was also incredibly mellow, containing a sort of healing property that calmed the soul and refreshed the mind.

Eva no longer followed the wandering suns and began tracing the paths of these small pockets of water, and she soon discovered that more of this water could be found as you got closer to the city of Sheol.

Eva had suspected as much, as this enigmatic bloodline that could displace her own was a source of endless novelty for her. She traced it until she was blocked by a formless force and her body was suppressed until she had to stand on the sea.

She could not get closer to the city, nobody could, but she could see that below its ever-shifting form, the water it rested upon was beginning to change.

Calling for Rowan's attention, he appeared beside her using a Berserker clone and she transmitted everything she had noticed and learned.

She saw his golden eyes lit up and Eva nearly smiled in return, pleased that she could find out something that had surprised and delighted him. At this moment she solely missed their separation.

The Sheol Bloodline was a great mystery that Rowan would only truly begin to understand at the Third Great Circle and possess rudimentary control of it at the Fourth Great Circle. It had begun making subtle changes in his Territory that he was not even aware of.

This gave Rowan the idea to always leave a single consciousness behind to watch over his entire Territory, he did not see any reason to do such a thing, as every single change that happened inside his Territory was known to him, but that issue was different when it came to matters concerning the Primordials.

He had not even been aware that his own Territory was being transformed! This was alarming news.

Rowan's consciousness returned to the outside world, and he opened his eyes. These changes in his Territory were unexpected, and he wished to experiment more with this.

Opening his palm he manifested a single drop of the seemingly ordinary water, and the air around him instantly felt cool and fresh, as if the entire surroundings had been cleansed. If this was the Primordial Sea or Darkness, then the space around him would begin to shatter, but this drop of water was far more gentle.

It healed instead of destroying.

Closer observation revealed that this "water" was not colorless, but was sparkling as if it was filled with starlight. The scent it carried was distinct when Rowan brought it to his nose, he felt a wave of relaxation pour into his consciousness pillars and he sighed in enjoyment.

It was like his multiple consciousnesses were receiving a massage. If not for his strength of character brought forth by his suffering and experiences, he could easily see himself sitting down here and sniffing this water like a crackhead.

The sensation was that good!

What would this water feel like for a mortal? For Rowan, any being that was not a god, or had equivalent powers to a god was a mortal.

He did not have to wait for long to know his answer when he felt a shiver in the air, and the joyful cries of countless souls, he looked ahead and his eyes widened as he saw tens of thousands of souls rushing towards him, their eyes filled with fanaticism.

Rowan's eyes widened as he rapidly placed the drop of water back into his Mental Space, and the souls looked around confused before with a last despairing scream they all returned to their comatose bodies.

Rowan wiped a metaphorical sweat from his brows, he had nearly killed every single mortal inside the Palace of Erohim when he brought out that drop of water.

The name Eva had given it was worth it, this was Ambrosia.

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Dera was once the owner of a tavern, which had been handed down to her from her father, and she had been running it for the last fifty years, she hoped to bequeath it to her son.

After the destruction of the entire world, she found herself in heaven where she continued with the job she had been doing for most of her life, someone had to, at least

that was what she thought at first, as it would turn out, heaven was very different than what she thought.

She was carrying a heavy basin filled with loaves of steaming hot bread down the stairs of a two story building to feed the many children in her Daycare.

Dera no longer felt any strain carrying what would have been impossible to lift even in her prime years.

In heaven, youth had begun returning to all. They said it was something in the air, Aether. She heard that in their previous world, the Aether present in the air was only a fraction of what was available here.

Dera refused to believe that it was only Aether that could bring about such profound changes. Their great god, Erohim, was surely the one who spread his strength and healing touch to them all.

## **Chapter 480: Booze Palace**

Before now, she was a woman in her late sixties, all her hair was gray, her back was bent, her joints were arthritic and years of breathing fumes from the kitchen had given her an acute case of pain, and coughing spells, and the local doctor had given her a few years to live.

All of that had disappeared a few days while in heaven, her youth returned and her hair turned black, the libido she had that had gone away for decades returned in a rush, and she was now six months pregnant, yet she still felt as healthy as an eighteen years old.

Dera did not know the father, but she did not care, as a woman of seventy years of age, she had gone beyond such social norms.

She learned that their lifespan had been increased to 140 years, double the amount of time given to a mortal, and their children would live even longer, and this trend would continue until everyone who worships the greatest of gods would live forever.

Also, there were rumors that those who were truly loyal to God would be called up to become one with the Angels, they would live forever, and their glory would never fade.

[What Rowan would have found amusing was that this sentiment was not far off from the truth, he was truly going to be watching and selecting the best mortals to merge with his Angels on the day of their death or even after they died. Their souls would inevitably come to him and he would decide whether to consume them or merge them with an Angel, their flesh was not needed for this process.]

She did not see the allure of living forever when she was a youth, but as age and sickness weighed her down as time passed, she understood the necessities of youth, a gift most would never appreciate until it was gone.

Dera no longer ran just a tavern but also a nursery for the kids, and recently she had found herself focused more on the kids than the tavern for a simple reason; it was impossible to make her customers drunk!

This was a seemingly stupid reason, but it was very important, as she could as well be serving her customers water.

Fermentation of wine was possible, everything grew quickly here and was very flavourful, every grape she had tasted was so delicious, that she found herself moaning with each bite, the wine made from it was also spectacular, but due to the same reason she was becoming younger, their bodies would quickly process away the alcohol.

There was potent alcohol of course, but those were filled with an enormous amount of Aether that their grapes could not yet contain. Although each generation of grapes that were harvested inside the Divine Kingdom was slowly getting better at absorbing and keeping Aether inside them, for now, there were no feasible methods for the people here to become drunk.

'There is also no reason to.' Dera thought. 'Everything a mortal could have ever wanted could be found here, safety, food, shelter, entertainment... What more could they ask for? There was no strife or wars, no currency, no rich or poor, everyone lived their lives knowing they were in heaven and it was enough.'

She had slowly found herself leaning towards educating the young inside their communities, a task that was giving her a great sense of pride and joy, and it was for the children that she was carrying the loaves of bread over for them to feed.

Dera had spent hours making each batch until they were perfect, having a long and carefree life meant you could place more time on doing the things you love.

Suddenly she felt a deep longing inside her, it was a feeling that was impossible to describe, but the closest she could call it was like approaching an orgasm at a breakneck speed, yet it was still rapidly receding away, it was like chasing a high you could never catch.

Her soul was released from her body and her body collapsed like a broken marionette, tumbling down the stairs, and nearly breaking her neck in the process. It was a good thing that her physique was now stronger, as that saved her from certain fractures.

The entire sounds from more than twenty thousand people who were partaking in their daily activities disappeared at once, but a short while later, every soul returned to their place.

The confused people would gather for a while in fear and astonishment before prayers and sacrifices were made to their god until they were assured of his mercy by the newly awakened Spell Weaver Diane and everything settled.

Although this event would ever remain a mystery among the mortals.

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Circe and the lightning Kirin were inside the Trion Empire controlled territories and were on a planet called Booze Palace.

No one knew who exactly owned this planet, maybe one of the gods of Trion, most likely it was Bacchus, but it was famous as a place where you could find any sort of beverage in the galaxy, and even beyond the galaxy, there were also rumors that some special places here also had drinks that could not be found even inside this universe.

Although no one would believe those claims, even the gods themselves had not touched the edges of the universe, of course not everybody knew of beings such as the Chaos Door Labaletai who could effortlessly open portals between many universes.

The main selling point for this place however was the fact that it was a place that was safe, as all forms of violence were forbidden.

The owner of this planet was very powerful, and anyone who had broken this rule had been executed without any scruples.

The Lightning Kirin had been coming to this place for a while now and was familiar with the location to get the best drinks on this planet, and it skillfully maneuvered Circe through the crowd and all the other establishments that made this place home and business.

The bar Circe found herself in was not exactly the best looking but it was very neat, the patrons were sitting at their tables holding concoctions of various colors and quietly nursing them. The bar had only two floors, and the first floor held close to fifty tables and at least half of those were occupied.

## **Chapter 481: Blue Fog**

Walking into this Tavern was a chore all on its own. Circle almost blanched when she felt the intense wave of power emerging from these figures, not all of them were Dominators, she would have sworn she also saw Mages and Demons sitting behind some of the tables, but she soon settled when she remembered that on this planet the Lightning Kirin had vowed that no one was permitted to commit acts of violence.

This was one of the safest places in the entirety of the Empire, second only to the capital Aroth.

Although she could sense a simmering wave of violence inside the patrons of this tavern that was only being held back by the restrictions in place. Great enemies sitting side by side, and none of them are willing to break this rule.

Circe sat on a vacant table near the middle of the tavern and Archimedes flew over to order their drinks. She sighed in relief when she noticed that her table was equipped with Runes that blocked the waves of power leaking from the bodies of those who sat there.

Whoever made the Runes must be a master Runesmith for it not only blocked the wave of power being emitted by those here, it also served other functions, like blocking out sounds or sights, it was even possible to watch current news, deal in business and many other functions that were available using a hovering holographic display in the middle of the table.

The pressure Circe had been under was astonishing these past few days. She had barely survived her brief interaction with the god at that place she went to retrieve the box Nana left for her which she had not yet opened, and with the increasing number of powerful beings she had been meeting as Archimedes carried her through the galaxy had made Circe more than once to question her motivations.

Conviction was a simple thing when you were in a safe environment, but those beliefs would truly be tested when there was nothing to shield you from the storm and Circe chose to believe in herself. That was pretty much her conclusion after going through the harrowing experience of the last few days and recognizing that it would be getting harder from here on out.

She was safe when she was with the enigmatic Rowan, but she did not want to be lured under his banner. That man scared her like nothing she had ever known, and she would not deny that she also found him endlessly fascinating.

He entered her world and everything changed, he was something both magnificent and terrible, like a storm, and being near him was tantamount to standing beside a hurricane or an erupting volcano. Circe was a firefly and Rowan was an eternal flame, she would lose herself if she did not flee.

Even now, the desire to reach out to him was ever present in her heart, she knew he would listen, and those golden dragon eyes would make all her problems seem insignificant. He would smile that soul-crushing grin, and he would say, "That is nothing before me..."

Archimedes returned holding in her paws, two heavy bottles of a mysterious frothing liquid, interrupting the fantasy in her mind.

"Drink up girl, after the tremendous stress we have been enduring for the last few days, we all deserve a few drops of the greatest booze in the galaxy in our bodies. Trust me, I got us here, the seventh greatest item on the menu, Blue Fog! I wish I could go higher, but I have to be a god to afford something at that price. Damn it, I want to taste the top drinks on the menu before I die."

The Lightning Kirin sighed regretfully and uncorked the bottles, Circe was nearly blown back by the strong scent from the opened bottles, ignoring Circe, the Lightning Kirin gulped down her bottle with relish, her catlike face squeezing together in pleasure. She fell into a satisfied slump in her chair, her eyes closed as she belched, blue steam began to emerge from her body and she sighed in pleasure before her body was entirely covered by the blue fog.

Ten minutes later she opened her eyes and frowned, Circe was still dancing around picking up her bottle, she shot a tiny bolt of lightning at the girl and groaned aloud, "For goodness sake girl, drink the damn thing, don't tell me a little bit of liquor is going to make you rub your hands like a little virgin about to be fucked. Wait, are you still a virgin?"

Circe frowned at her crude words, but she decisively picked up the bottle and began gulping it down,

"That's it..." Archimedes crooned, "Slow down a bit, you don't want to choke, if you do, your head will be blown clean off, you are ingesting enough energy to light up a city."

Circe choked, and with a force of will she stopped herself from spitting out the drink, even if she did not die, half her face would be blown off, 'this silly cat loves her game,' she fumed internally.

After she finished, she opened her mouth to condemn Archimedes, then she stopped when blue fog began escaping from every pore in her body, and a sense of relaxation she had never known flooded her system.

"Told you I would bring you to get the good stuff didn't I?" Archimedes smirked and relaxed back in her seat.

They stayed this way for a while, lost in bliss when they were distracted by a girl with white hair who came to their table to collect the bottles and asked if they wanted seconds.

Archimedes looked conflicted before she groaned, "fuck it, let's break the bank. Two more rounds."

"Coming right up," The girl smiled, her white teeth appearing a bit too blazing when set against her black skin.



Something about her black skin and her long white hair struck Circe as important, but she was too deep in the alcohol-fueled haze to understand where her source of disquietness was coming from.

The drinks soon arrived and they barely had the time to enjoy it when a strong presence that did not bother to hide his Aura barged into the tavern.

The figure looked around and his sight zoomed towards Circe and Archimedes and he grinned.

## **Chapter 482: Challenge**

Urroghat followed the trails of his prey through two other planets, and now he had them within his sights, everyone in the bar turned towards him, and he saw no god here.

The look of realization and fear in the hearts of his target, made him grin. Sometimes the hunt itself was far more pleasurable than the results.

Walking with quick steps to their side, he raised his hands, "The two of you know someone I need, come with me, or else the results..."

"I am sorry your Eminence, but that is against the rule of this tavern and this planet, you shall not commit any acts of coercion or violence while you are here. This planet is under the rules of the Gods of Trion and you are in their Controlled Space, their will on this matter is inviolable." The Tavern Keeper that had just served Circe and Archimedes appeared in front of Urroghat and stopped him from reaching the trio.

He frowned, he was aware that such conflicts might happen, as the gods of Trion were a troublesome lot, yet Urroghat was a god who would not be denied. He came from a very distant galaxy and even there the names of the Gods of Trion had reached him, but as a Major God, it would be quite difficult for them to stop him from leaving, talkless kill him.

Urroghat was a god who had no dominion and was, therefore a very dangerous element that none would choose to make an enemy of.

"I see no gods here that are worth speaking to me," Urroghat smiled, "And the gods of Trion do not need an enemy like me, I am not committing an act of violence against any folks here, I'm just taking back my property."

The Tavern Keeper frowned a bit at Urroghat words but she smiled and replied, "Then you should wait outside the planet for your... properties to leave. Your presence is no longer welcomed in this world."

Urroghat gave a booming laugh that shook the Tavern, "Little Earth god, you are a brave one, but surely you can't be this stupid, what is stopping me from turning this planet to dust and leaving before your arrogant gods leave their decrepit thrones to stop me. I am a Major God! Do you understand what that truly means? You shall know your place when you are before this seat! Your very existence is by my grace."

The Tavern Keeper smiled and her gentle disposition suddenly transformed into a visage of bloodlust that even Urroghat arched an eyebrow, he brought his hand forward and held her chin bringing her face up, she was barely six feet tall and Urroghat was presently standing at nine feet.

"You are an interesting specimen, it would seem another of my property that was once lost is about to be reclaimed. How very interesting. How did your gods manage to make Earth gods such as you? Don't tell me you're the one that is going to stop me?"

The Tavern Keeper pushed Urroghat's hands away from her chin, "I am!"

Urroghat burst into laughter once more and he was joined by another voice. A man had suddenly appeared beside the Tavern Keeper and he was the one who was also laughing alongside the god.

Urroghat paused his laughter, about to speak to this newcomer, but the man ignored him as if he was nothing and turned to the Tavern Keeper, "My dear, as much as I would love to see you put this ignorant fool in his place, you are still a few years away from battling a Major God. Let your old man show you some things I have learned over the years."

Urroghat surprisingly did not appear angry that a mere Earth god was insulting him in this manner, instead he looked behind the man and waved his hand.

A red and black mist poured from his hand and went behind the man that had just appeared where it gathered around something behind the man.

Urroghat frowned as he looked at what was behind the man and traced it up to the skies, past the planet and into the distant stars and his face gradually turned from mild curiosity to amazement, and then a bit of disquietness crept into his heart.

Behind this newcomer were many chains in their hundreds that were invisible until it was revealed by Urroghat, that each of these chains was linked to stars deep in space, and every motion of this man was moving the stars!

A god would be capable of this feat, but they would need to be burning a ridiculous amount of power, this man however was moving without any visible strain.

Yet he was just an Earth god, there was no Divinity inside him, how was this possible? What sort of aberration was this?

Urroghat frowned, when he entered the Empire-controlled space, he did not release his Intent to scan this area because it would be an open provocative to every God of Trion, because releasing his Intent would make him understand every single flow of fate inside this place, he would know all the power players and many secrets would be revealed to him.

Obviously, such a move would be frowned upon by any god in their dominion, yet Urroghat was beginning to see his courtesy as a mistake, for as a Major God himself, he knew of no methods to give a mere Earth God powers that should only be commanded by a Major God.

The Gods of Trion must have grave secrets and perhaps the culprit he was looking for must be among one of their number.

"Who are you?" Urroghat growled.

The newcomer cracked his neck and pushed the Tavern Keeper behind him,

"You don't know me? That is surprising. I have been gone for a few tens of thousands of years, surely not long enough to be forgotten. Then it means you are a traveler from afar. What sort of ill wind blew you to our shores?"

"Answer my question, I shall not repeat myself, twice."

The newcomer laughed, and his white hair began to float behind him, "Oh, it's been a long time since I have felt this way."

He pointed his finger at the nose of the god, "Take one of my blows, and I shall tell you my name!"

## **Chapter 483: Shock and Awe**

Precisely at a billion miles outside the Booze Palace planet, space warped and distorted, and two figures were thrown out.

The first was Urroghat who looked around him aghast at the thought that he had just been moved without his will, the second was the white-haired man, who had his backs turned against the god and was fingering some of the chains wrapped around his body while he muttered about being too slow.

He was distracted by tapping on the chains, and each tap he made made the stars in the distance vibrate, as large chunks of star matter were sprayed out into the universe.

Urroghat looked at the healing space behind him and his pupils shrunk a bit, because he noticed something very amazing that almost left him in awe. Urroghat was nearly forty-five million years old, he was far older than the gods of Trion

The time between the rise of the gods of Trion and their entire reign was barely a small part of his eternal life, and in the vast universe, even Trion itself was just a speck in the grand scheme of things.

So the fact that what had just happened that left him in awe was very shocking.

Urroghat brows were squeezed together in thought. They had not teleported, instead this mortal had dragged him all the way here.

That alone was enough to be called a godly feat that could shake a generation, but that was just the tip of the iceberg.

This mortal had moved so fast that his speed had transcended time and space, and although they were a billion miles away from the planet, they had actually not spent any time reaching her.

In fact what happened was the opposite, they spent less time!

Urroghat could see in the distance the scene of himself inside that Tavern with the white-haired man just before he made his move and hauled him into space

He had traveled so quickly that time did not just stand still, it reversed itself!

What was amazing was that this mortal had casually broken two very solid rules of the universe, and Urroghat had detected no power being used. He did all these with his body alone!

Urroghat's gaze became solemn, and he recalled the words of this man just now, he had complained about his slowness.

He looked at this white-haired figure and the many chains wrapped around his body shackling him and restricting his movements and Urroghat could no longer hold any arrogance in his heart. Of course, he could battle this mortal with his godly technique, but the thought of him, a Major God contemplating on battling with a mortal, was a concept so ridiculous to him that he almost felt as if he was dreaming.

His speed was just one factor, there was also the supreme control this man had over force, he had moved a Major God without triggering the hundreds of passive defenses he had around his body, all the while bearing such heavy burdens.

As a Major God he carried his Realm with him, which means he was anchored to his Divine Kingdom at all times, yet he had dragged him alongside his Divine Kingdom with no mishap, to precisely a billion miles away from the Tavern.

This was not a mortal but a Titan.

Urroghat's bearing changed and he cupped his hand, "Forgive me for speaking with you in such a reckless manner, it would be my honor to know your name."

He was being very sincere with no hint of ill will in his heart. Urroghat was a Major God but he knew it would be very difficult for him to replicate this feat, talk less of a mortal who had barely lived a fraction of his years with far less power and resources to call on.

Someone like this deserves to be respected, no matter how low their power levels are. If this man held Divinity and upgraded his soul, he would be a force to be reckoned with.

The White-haired man smiled, "If you can follow me for drinks and a chat, we can settle this difference, and perhaps you may gain what you want without any violence."

Urroghat smiled back, "The task I'm pursuing is very important, and I think someone like you can appreciate my concern. My Tribulation was snatched away."

Telmus stroked his chin, his features did not show any shock, Urroghat sighed and continued,

"I know there have been times during history when such things happened, but I am a Major God, and I see the threads of Fate. There were only two sources where the Tribulation was to fall, me and someone else. With the amount of energy that Tribulation had accumulated, it would have satisfied ten separate sources. Yet, with a method I cannot yet understand, the second source collected every single bit of the Tribulation Energy. You should know that such things are impossible, no single person's Tribulation can be so powerful it drains all the energy of the Tribulation, so that means this other source must have a method to store or seize Tribulations!"

The White-haired man paused before his features went solemn, "What sort of technique are you practicing?"

Urroghat hesitated before he replied, "The Berserker Arts. Do you know about it?"

"Intimately," The White Haired man smiled, and opened his palms, where billions of red maggots the size of earthworms flooded out, this was Berserker Intent at the peak of the Origin Level!

At first, Urroghat thought this man must only have an unreasonable powerful body and force control, but the methods he just used to unleash the Berserker Art at the Origin

Level, made him rethink the power of this mortal, with the Aura he could see hovering around this mortal, this was not even his central ability.

Urroghat took a step forward, his eyes shrouded in desire, this was the object of his quest for so long, and to see it displayed so easily here was like seeing a choice meal laid out before him that he could not touch, for a god this was beyond frustrating.

His anger began to grow once more, a Berserker Tribulation might seem like a simple thing on the surface but it was nothing but. The fact that the Tribulation had been stolen meant that he might have to wait at least hundreds of thousands of years or even millions for the energy of the Tribulation to gather itself again.

## Chapter 484: Capture

The white-haired man dismissed the Berserker Intent carelessly, he seemed to hate holding it, he looked at the dumbstruck look on the face of the alien god and he smiled, there was something simple and refreshing about this god that he liked,

"I won this technique from the God of War after his descendants lost a bet against me, this is the reason why Tiberius hates me. I have shamed his bloodline too many times."

Urroghat was nearly speechless before he spat, "Tiberius? The God of War? Is there any god out there that would be arrogant enough to take that mantle?"

The White-haired man grinned, "We the children of Trion are an arrogant lot you see, but we can usually back our bluffs, so that makes it okay in a manner. Also, I think you are beginning to understand why the children of Trion are so arrogant and... dangerous, I'm a child of Trion."

Urroghat was quiet for a while before he spoke, "The Berserker Art you stole... Is it precious on Trion? How many of your people get to practice it?"

The white-haired man arched his brows and shook his head with a slight bit of pity in his eyes, "You must be a god from a particular distant part of the universe, for your knowledge about Trion is sorely lacking. The Berserker Art is freely given by the God of War to his most talented descendants, and by my estimation, I would say maybe over twelve million people on Trion cultivate this Art. It is not a particularly favorable Martial Art because of the risk and difficulty of practice. We have better ones."

Urroghat blinked in shock, how long had he searched for this technique, but here it was given out to mortals as a sort of minor reward? This should be impossible, arts like these were not easily created, and could only be easily found in Supreme Worlds, how could a small Major World like Trion hold such powerful Arts and even more powerful descendants?

The white-haired man sighed before he smiled, "My name is Telmus. Come down with me for a drink, and I shall open a space where you can use your Domain to understand a bit about the Empire, but you will need to be quick, you came at a particularly volatile period."

Urroghat was silent for a while before replying, "Telmus, I shall remember your name and follow your lead, my name is Urroghat, and I come from the Merial Galaxy. I am a god of the deserts."

Telmus laughed, "Urroghat, god of the sands, it would be a pleasure to share a drink with you. Perhaps you would not need to go far for your answers and they would soon be yours."

They both looked at each other and laughed, a silent bond was created between them, sometimes friendships happened like that, and they began to proceed slowly toward the world ahead.

Telmus cleared his throat, "I can tell you something about the prey you hunt though, as a sign of my honesty. The girl is also a child of Trion but she is not from the Tiberius family, so I am indeed curious how she was able to come in contact with whomever it was that stole the Tribulation Energy, also the cat with her should be a Lightning Kirin, one of the favored children of the universe, although I can smell something of the Demon around it."

"Interesting," Urroghat rubbed his chin in thought, "she is not from the Tiberius family, and you are also not from that family, which one are you from?"

"Mine!" A cold voice like the personification of winter sounded behind the two men.

Telmus sighed, "This matter does not concern you, mother."

"Oh, but it does child," The goddess Minerva replied, "It is not easy that such a prize wanders into our shores, every Major God from all the surrounding galaxies has hidden themselves like rats, and digging them out is harder than finding the teeth of a crow. I let you have your fun Telmus, but this matter is beyond you."

Urroghat had been silent for a while but the attitude from the goddess triggered his rage, his eyes beginning to burn as swirling red and black sand surrounded him, each grain of sand was as heavy as a world.

"Oh..." Minerva exclaimed as if she was surprised, "We can not have that. This area must be kept free of conflict, you see."

She snapped her fingers and chains similar to what was tying down Telmus sprang all over Urroghat and tightened, Urroghat could barely scream his challenge when he was wrapped under a million links of chains that sparkled like moonlight.



A closer look would reveal that these chains came from her long white hair, and judging from the amount she had just used to imprison a Major God, it was only a tiny fraction of her hair!

A Major God was a whole realm above a Minor God and they could easily crush a thousand Minor gods with the snap of their fingers. What did it say about Minerva that she could effortlessly restrain a Major God?

Thunderous rumble emanated from the bound figure but it was useless as Minerva shrunk the god until he was as small as her pinkie finger and brought his bound form to her, she daintily placed the shaking figure inside a small purse she kept by her side and exclaimed,

"This is the 41st captured god, and I've taken the lead, with the capture of this Major God. Good job Telmus, you are my lucky charm."

Telmus growled, "Release him mother."

Minerva arched her brow and stepped closer to Telmus, so close the tips of their noses nearly touched,

"Then stop me child... wait, you can't. You refuse my gift of Divinity, trusting on an unknown path you choose to walk all on your own, yet after all these years you still fail for your dreams are impossible, trust me, I should know all about impossible dreams. If you take my hand child, then we shall be the ruler of the gods. I shall no longer punish you and you can have it all, even... me."

## **Chapter 485: Voices Of The Dead**

A weird look passed through Telmus's eyes, it was filled with so many varied emotions, from loathing, anger, lust, sadness, decadence, and so many incomprehensible thoughts that seemed to be generated out of thin air, but he bit his tongue until he bled and shook his head angrily,

"I am Telmus and my road is not yours to choose."

He took a step back and Minerva laughed, she was about to disappear when Telmus called out, "Tell me why you lot need all these gods Mother? Surely it is not to use them as subordinates? You usually eat them, don't you?"

"You're a smart boy, surely you would be able to figure it out." she laughed and her figure began to fade away, but Telmus continued speaking and she paused.

"Then I shall guess," Telmus whispered, "I have lived a short life however I know many things, and I also do not know many other things as well. Yet, one thing I do know is fear. For the past three years, it has enveloped Trion, I can smell its stench, like a Hydra's shit placed beside my nose. Something is coming Mother, something that has the lot of you scared. I can see the signs in the air Mother, I can see it in the waters. It tells me you are afraid of..."

A small fist traveled towards Telmus with the strength to destroy a thousand stars. Telmus caught the fist with his bare hand and grinned, "It tells me you are so shaken, you intended to fight me with your bare fist. You are many things Mother, but you are a bit lacking when it comes to that aspect, Tiberius would be a better choice."

Minerva quietly removed her hand from Telmus's grip, and she faded away, her last words echoed in the heavens but only Telmus could hear them, "You should be careful what you wish for child. we are the foundation of your existence, without us, you are nothing."

Telmus was quiet for a long while before he gritted his teeth, "We will see about that."

He vanished and reappeared inside the Tavern, to the eyes of all here, nothing had changed. Telmus had made his challenge and Urroghat had disappeared as if he acknowledged the rules of this place and left.

Circe and Archimedes hurriedly stood up and began to leave, Telmus wanted to stop them but with a resigned sigh he let them leave. There was a storm building behind his eyes that was slowly covered by a veil of anger and madness that would have astonished the goddess Minerva.

He looked at his palms, there were seven lines on it, and slowly one of the lines faded away. Telmus gritted his teeth and walked back to his place inside the Tavern.

Once there had been billions of those lines, but slowly he had begun compressing them. When he could reach a single line, he would be free.

As if forgetting his previous problems, he began to whistle a merry tune as he entered his room.

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Maeve had been quite busy since she had been captured and dropped in this place. For the first few days, she had armed herself and crouched behind a barricade she built, ready to spill the blood of anyone who came through the door.

After waiting for what felt like ages, she stopped her panicked actions and began organizing her thoughts. She recalled that golden giant saying it was sent by Rowan

before knocking her out, she hoped that it was the truth, nonetheless, she did not place any faith in it.

Maeve was at the peak of the Rift State and could find no methods to break through to the Incarnation State. The Pathway she was practicing was called the Pathway of the Giant, and she had only the technique of reaching the Rift state given to her.

Normally, at this stage, her master should be the one to impact the next level of her pathway to her. As the personal maid of the Royal family, her powers were important assets and were to be carefully controlled but not stifled.

This was the method the Nobility of Trion controlled their servants on lesser Pathways, it ensured their loyalty and kept them forever under their thumb.

Maeve had been able to quickly reach the peak of Rift State very early in the battlefield, because of the intense amounts of Aether in that place, but unfortunately, without a Pathway forward, she had been struck at this Level.

She had tried to move forward, searching for her Incarnation deep inside her blood, but she did not succeed.

Maeve was lucky, she should have died countless times over, if not for a weird mutation that happened with her abilities, and until now she had not been able to figure out why such a thing would occur.

Taking the time to explore her surroundings, she quickly found out she was underground, and she was inside a vast industrial complex, with heavy cogs and gears and elaborate machines that were bigger than buildings, but everything here was silent, and the metals were cold.

Whatever this place was, it had stopped operating for a long time. Maeve found ample supplies for her daily needs, enough to last her for decades, she also found training equipment, and beginning from the next day she packed the supplies she needed and began moving towards the surface of the planet, and if she had the opportunity...her escape.

There were no locked doors in her path, and it took her less than four days to begin nearing the surface of the planet. Behind her, a tiny girl's voice sounded, "Are you sure you are thinking this through? We don't know what's out there."

Maeve groaned, "Staying down there will get us no closer to the answers we need."

"She is right." Another separate voice said this one was gruff, clearly a man.

"But there is no reason to be careless about it," A female voice said, "You are close enough to the surface, you should send the boys to clear the way."

Many new voices began to chime in, and soon a cacophony of voices sounded behind her, all of them planning and arguing amongst themselves about the best way forward.

## Chapter 486: Anihuruhdda

Maeve moved forward through the labyrinth of dead machines for a while, ignoring the commotion from the voices behind her until she reached a great door where she stopped and sat down before it cross-legged. If she was not wrong, behind this door would be the surface of this planet.

Closing her eyes she seemed to enter a meditative state and her body began to slowly light up with a greenish glow. From her back two pairs of spectral hands emerged and then a head, before long the entire body of a man emerged from her body and stood behind her.

The figure of this man appeared both real and fake as if his body was in flux. He appeared solid in one moment and a stray gust of wind would make his body shake as if it was made from smoke. Yet his feet pressed against the ground signifying that his presence was tangible.

Maeve breathing quickened, but she steadied herself and continued, and soon another figure emerged, it was a woman, and another emerged not long after, a young man of about sixteen, then a boy, and then an older man, a young girl, a shy teenage boy...

This weird event continued for the next hour until eighty-five people stood behind her, another small figure that resembled a fairy with dragonfly wings hovered before Maeve, who finally opened her eyes with a gasp.

She looked behind her and smiled, for behind her were all the men, women, and children who had survived the Nexus.

In her hopes to keep the lives of her master subjects in such a torturous place like the battlefield, Maeve's ability had undergone a weird mutation, and she had been able to transform the bodies and spirits of these people into her own.

Their lives and Spirit fused with hers and they became one.

She did not know how she did it, but there came a moment during the battle when the shockwave from a Dominators death had threatened to kill everyone around her, and she instinctively used her innate Spatial ability to grab them, something that was impossible according to all the rules of her power.

Her powers were only supposed to move inanimate objects from one position to another, and at the edge of her desperation, she only wanted to keep these people safe.

Something unexpected happened with her Spatial ability, and it transformed the flesh and spirit of these people and made them one with her Spirit, so as long as she did not die, these people were unkillable.

Even if they died, they would be resurrected as long as her Spirit returned. In this manner, she had been able to protect her oath to Rowan, and his people had also protected her.

Many battles and close shaves with death had taught not only her about her new abilities, but the people merged with her Spirit had also grown, becoming warriors. Without all of them working together, they would have all perished long ago on a battlefield that had claimed those that were far stronger.

Although she did not have any idea about how her ability had transformed, she still suspected this small fairy playfully flying all around her head to be the cause of it, or it was a primer.

It had awoken inside her after her near death in the Nexus and her ascension to the Rift State made her form clearer. At first, her voice had been silent, but soon she began to hear them well, and Maeve wondered sometimes, why the voice of the fairy was so similar to her own.

Maeve began giving out orders to the people around her and before long, the exploration of this place began in earnest.

Unknown to her, an Angel stood by her side all this while and saw everything. Its smooth golden mask observed every single motion taking place, as a single golden eye in his chest blinked.

Rowan inside his Palace suddenly shook and his eyes widened in shock. The moment Maeve had manifested her new powers, his third bloodline suddenly pulsed, and when the small green fairy appeared behind Maeve, Rowan groaned as a memory shot toward his consciousness.

This memory was in a first-person perspective, and Rowan instinctively knew that this was his memory. One that he had lost, but seeing the image of that fairy had triggered its emergence.

He saw a pair of tiny bare feet and chubby legs, most likely those of a three or four-year-old child running through a lush jungle accompanied by the glorious song of birds and nature.

The feet appeared tender but there was great strength inside it, as he carelessly blasted through rocks and trees in his path.

The legs reached the shores of a great river and his reflection was shown to him. Rowan saw that he had green hair and eyes that sparkled like gems, his chubby childlike face was perfect, and held a pure joyful smile. On his body was a moving tattoo of a green book, and he instantly recognized it as !

The child suddenly looked ahead at what he had been chasing all this while and he laughed in joy.

He was chasing a green fairy through the jungle, one that was eerily similar to the one beside Maeve, but this fairy wore a much more elaborate outfit made from flowers.

"Fairy come here! I can take care of you!" Rowan shouted.

The little flying figure paused and stomped her feet angrily, "For the last time, I'm not a fairy, I'm a Nymph, and my name is Anihuruhdda! Guardian of the Greens. The same Greens that you are desecrating, you oaf!"

The Nymph began flying deeper into the river, and Rowan called out, "Come back, I just want to play."

Looking around for any way could cross the river and seeing no method, the child stomped his feet in frustration, similar to the method used by the Nymph just now.

Suddenly a giggle sounded beside him, and he turned only to see another Nymph, this one was smaller, and Rowan walked toward her, his childlike eyes wide in fascination and excitement, "Hello, would you play with me?"

## **Chapter 487: Hunting Plans**

The Nymph must have laughed too hard for she seemed surprised that Rowan had seen her and she retreated nearly flying over the river before stopping, she looked behind her and paused for a while before saying, "Will you hurt me, you are big and strong"

Rowan shook his head side to side so quickly he nearly went dizzy, "No... I won't hurt you, I only want to play."

The Nymph seeing his comical action, laughed and flew to him, as she settled on his palm, she shook one of his fingers and said, "My name is....."

Rowan's eyes snapped open for the memory ended there.

His many consciousnesses pulled out the memory he had with his mother outside Jarkarr, and a smile came unbidden to his face, she had said, "I remember 842,000 years ago, you had this unholy crush on a Wood Nymph, gosh it was so embarrassing seeing your star-struck eyes and your goofy smile."

That Nymph was the same one around Maeve, and Rowan began to see the touch of his mother in his life. Although she had been imprisoned she still made some certain plans for Rowan.

She had been giving him valuable hints at those moments because she knew sooner or later Rowan would have the means to dig out their meanings.

If this was the case, then he would need to protect Maeve and also find a method for her to get stronger. He could not be by her side for the risk was too much, but he could find a way to help her break her shackles.

He did not really value her for her strength, his base of power was enough, what he wanted was the answers that were locked inside of her, maybe it would be a turning point in the mysteries surrounding his life.

Rowan could now see intent, and her body was filled with it, not just from the red and slimy ones that reminded him of his father, but also many powerful Intents the likes of which he had never seen before. He guessed that this was most likely from the gods of Trion.

There were many eyes interested in her well-being, and Rowan was not arrogant enough that he thought he understood all the intricacies of Intent. He had not fully unearthed the true nature of Intent, and he would be doing so in his next battles, not with the gods, but with his Archangels, they were now powerful enough that he could battle them, so using them as whetstones he would bring his Berserker Aspect to the Origin Grade.

The plans for the Cerulean Galaxy were underway, but it was not fixed, Rowan's plans were malleable and he could easily adjust them on the fly because his powers evolved and grew so quickly, the plans he made a few moments ago, would no longer be feasible now or would be far much easier a few moments later.

Even Rowan himself was not aware of the direction his bloodline would follow and the surprises ahead, he only had to keep his head straight and adjust his plans as he went by.

He frowned and decided to go much bigger with his approach to the upcoming battle. He needed a larger net and bigger prey, he would no longer be hunting two gods next, he would be hunting more.



Rowan closed his eyes and settled back on his Throne made from his hovering Ouroboros Serpents, as he began to review all the information he knew about the gods of the Cerulean Galaxy

The method he was going to be using for this war was simple. The Soul of the first god was to be used as a primer for his abilities, pushing his power to a level he was comfortable with.

That plan had borne fruit, his Territory had taken a step forward and he now had four Archangels, along with many new Angels that were rapidly maturing using the City of Sheol.

The second hunting of the gods was to bolster his forces, pushing them to their peak and drastically increasing their numbers. Rowan would not be growing his Territory with this new wave of Soul Energy, instead, he would be creating tens of thousands of new Angels, while pushing them towards maturity as quickly as possible.

The reason was simple, the third hunting was going to be a total war. He hoped to have accumulated dozens of Archangels by that time, as he would be fighting the entire galaxy.

He could disguise the death of Dao Ma for a short while, but not the deaths of these gods that were to follow. He had only a short period of time after the second hunt to push his powers to the limits and then the final war to end it all.

No god in this universe had faced a threat like him, and he would use this as his advantage to wipe them out before they understood the full scope of his abilities.

Rowan had placed the total domination of this galaxy to a single year, he had been naive, but that was before he became aware of Intent and the use of his Sheol Bloodline to devour Intent and increase the Maturity of his Angels quickly.

Also, he did not have Archangels when he made those plans, their presence and abilities brought fresh new dynamics to the way he could proceed.

With that in mind, he might just be able to accomplish a greater victory if he was a little bit patient. Instead of rushing towards his second hunting plan as he intended, perhaps there was a method he could use to devour this Galaxy in a more thorough fashion, while following his hunting plans.

Rowan settled deeper into his thoughts as countless calculations passed through his multiple consciousnesses.

His plans and deliberation took three months, during that period, he had stopped hundreds of probes to check why so many Minor Worlds at the edge of the Cerulean

Galaxy had gone dark by various parties, and finally, the opportunity he was waiting for presented itself.

## **Chapter 488: The Ancient Library**

In the second month of Andar's stay in the Body Farm, he finally gained access to the Ancient Library.

This was a very significant achievement because the Ancient Library was only available to official Mages, and then it was only rewarded to the best among Mages, you could pay to get in, but that cost ran into the hundreds of Origin Shards, an unreasonable figure for most budding Mages to come up with.

Andar had been slowly burning through the hundred Origin Shards given to him by his master as he began gathering all the tools and knowledge he needed for his studies, and in addition to the other surprising ways he was getting money, he barely had 150 Origin Shards.

Andar was a Level 3 Acolyte and he had been able to make it here to this Library, and the story of how he achieved this was both remarkable and hilarious.

When Andar emerged from his retreat inside the Endless Vault and entered the Body Farm, he quickly reunited with Mira and the rest of the Limit Breakers, who by now had created a union titled... you guessed it, Limit Breakers!!!

With three exclamation marks behind their title, Andar did not bother asking why they did that, but Mira suggested that it was the number of times Andar chanted their slogan while inside the floating castle.

Since the Limit Breakers were the most populous group in this set of Acolytes and possessed some of the best Meditation Art, they quickly became a force to be reckoned with inside the Body Farm, with Andar and Mira as their leader.

The Limit Breakers soon dominated every Acolyte inside the Body Farm, gathering most of the Acolytes into their numbers, and only small random factions could stand against them due to the intervention of their teachers who did not want a monopolistic environment, for that would give Andar and Mira too much power.

Inside the Body Farm, there was a maximum amount of three years where every Acolyte was supposed to reach at least Level 3 Acolyte else the amounts of Aether inside the Body Farm would destroy any Acolyte beneath that level.

Perhaps it was because of the presence of Andar, this monster of an Acolyte in their midst but every single Acolyte had broken to the first level and strived hard for the

second level, and for the first time in seven thousand years, no single Acolyte died due to Aether corruption.

The Level 3 Acolyte had ten years to break through to become an official Mage else they would be thrown out of the Body Farm, their path to become a Mage of the Black Tower forever cut off.

So the Body Farm was an area where everyone had a time limit hanging over their heads and that reduced the conflict from having tens of thousands of young men and women with supernatural powers staying in a single location for an extended period of time, as everyone knew that their most important assignment was to become a Mage, everything else was secondary.

Yet this did not eliminate all conflict, but Mages were generally a group of people who acted more like scholars and the environment of the Body Farm was one of sturdy and growth, as brief glimpses of the wonders of a Mage's life were shown to the aspiring Acolyte.

They all knew without becoming a Mage, their entire existence was worthless, and like an errant breeze they would disappear into the annals of history, no one would remember them, only a Mage was worthy of having their name remembered.

This was what every Acolyte believed.

They were all busy with classes that were not necessarily compulsory but only a fool would disregard the chance to learn valuable knowledge from the Body Farm.

Everyone here knew that knowledge was precious and the chance to be given such massive amounts of important knowledge was priceless even though they had paid for it using their talents and perseverance when they acquired their Meditation Arts, none would think they were special, except for Andar of course.

He was known to all as the Number One under Heaven. A title which was given to him that had caused no small share of grief and disturbances to his calm life.

Everywhere he passed, people looked at him, not as if he was human, but something else. Andar was almost like an idea of perfection, everything that a Mage could become, and those looks burdened him for a little while, before he disregarded them.

He had no pride, he was just a random experiment by his Main Body, and everything he had was brought to him by luck, he needed to prove to himself that he deserved this luck.

Andar stood before the doors of the Ancient Library, a massive construct of steel and stone that moved silently aside revealing the insides as he recited the passphrase,

"Eulxhu Thyak." This was the Mages Language that was suspiciously similar to Medan, which means, "Reveal Truths."

As Andar stepped through the door he stopped and looked at what was before him in awe. Endless shelves of books were floating in the air, some shelves were as small as a desk holding only a dozen books while some were as large as a mountain holding thousands of books or one large solid tome.

There were clouds in the distance and with Andar's Sight he could not see the end of this library. This place was famed to contain all the knowledge in the universe and Andar could see the truth in that statement.

The wispy figure of a woman suddenly penetrated his body, turned and looked at the shocked expression on his face, smirked, and floated away to a passing shelf.

Andar organized his thoughts and took a step forward, his body began rising into the air. He knew the figure of that woman could be here in the Black Tower or somewhere on the other side of the universe.

The Ancient Library could be assessed by all Great Towers simultaneously, and even though Andar thought his body had passed through the gate, the truth was that it was his Spirit that entered this place, and his body was standing outside the gate.

The chance to enter the Ancient Library was precious and there were no time limits to be inside, except for the condition that you must have a powerful enough Spirit.

The longer you could endure inside this place, the more benefits that could be gained.

## **Chapter 489: Revisiting The Steward of The Black Tower**

There were many reasons Andar needed to access this Ancient Library, and he was sure the importance of it would be priceless for his Main Body.

Andar had brought his Spirit to its peak before he entered this place, but judging by the growing strain he was feeling he had less than three minutes before he was ejected.

In less than a second, Andar recalled everything that he had been going through for the past two months, as it was important and would fuel the actions he was about to take next.

Andar studies have been focused on all the classes available, these were all major courses that would need to be studied throughout the life of a Mage, they included;

'Introduction to Alchemy', 'Introduction to Weapons Refinement', 'Introduction to Formations', 'Introduction to Talisman Crafting', 'Introduction to Spiritual Plants', 'Introduction to Puppet Creation', and finally 'Introduction to Inscription.'

These were the foundational courses that would later branch out into deeper fields of studies that encompassed nearly every field of knowledge known to Mages.

For others, they took only one class, choosing to focus on only one specialty and boost it to its peak over the course of their lives, but Andar took the opposite route, he sought to learn everything, for the simple reason that he was capable of doing it, and because it was the only true way he could validate his importance before his Main Body.

Andar Spirit was powerful and he began noticing a feature from the Endless Vault Meditation Art he acquired. It seemed to transform every cell in his body into a seemingly unlimited vault, and every piece of information he acquired was digested with no issues, coupled with his Gray Will talent to help his body perform complex experiments, Andar had no problem focusing on all the topics and excelling.

This act of sheer genius had pushed his fame to the Limits in the Body Farm, and his prestige was second to none, coupled with the fact that Andar had no single arrogant bone in his body meant he had admirers aplenty.

It was known that not just because you have heaven-defying talents meant you would also have the capabilities to make use of them, Andar was proving to all once again that he was the complete package.

Andar estimated that in a year he would be done with all his Introductory classes, which was mind-numbing because most Acolytes took decades to complete a single Introductory Class.

He did not think that this amount of time was too short, for he knew his main body could accomplish this feat in less than an hour if he truly wanted.

Andar had won his way into the Ancient Library because he had performed an unreasonable feat, he took first place in all the tests for the seven Introductory Classes.

This spectacular event happened three days ago, the Introductory tests for all disciplines were performed simultaneously, not even the presence of Andar, someone who studied every course, would change this rule.

So Andar carefully planned how to utilize the 27 hours allotted for these tests and finish all of them.

It did not take him long to realize that he could not jump from one test to another, for some of the experiments needed to be performed in some of the tests would take at least eleven hours to complete.

The only way he would be able to complete all the tests would be to do them all simultaneously. Before he could even go about finding the methods he could use to make such a thing possible, Andar needed to obtain permission.

Because of his title and talent, he had free reign to visit the Steward of The Black Tower, but he never used that opportunity before, and now he decided to take it. The conversation he had that fateful day passed through his mind.

To reach the office of the Steward, you needed permission from many departments, but Andar did not need to go through all those troubles, he had made his way to the very bottom of the enormous pyramid, towards a small valley nestled by the side of a waterfall that had no point of origin, the water was just spewing from midair.

In the midst of this valley was a small cottage and Andar walked up to the door and knocked.

"Come in Andar," A deep voice emerged from the cottage, "Watch your footing, the floors are slippery."

Andar pushed open the doors and entered another world.

With his studies in the Black Tower, Andar had begun to understand that the Steward he saw previously was not his real form, else no matter how talented he was, his body would explode as his Spirit was corrupted into madness.

Andar entering the cottage hurriedly knelt, this was an unconscious action, his body did it without him being able to control himself. In his Perception, he saw two great mountains that penetrated the heavens and extended far beyond what his tiny mortal mind could comprehend.

One of the mountains was pink and the other was brown. The wave of power blasting from their bodies began pushing Andar backward and he gritted his teeth until blood stained his gums, and he clawed the ground until his fingers began to bleed.

If he could not hold he would be pushed out of the cottage by the pressure alone, this was the price to pay for speaking with an Archmage directly, no matter how high his talent was, there was an undeniable gap between a mortal and an Archmage.

Like a mortal trying to have a handshake with the sun, even if the sun was willing to shake his hand, the mortal had to bear the brunt of the full temperature of the sun on their mortal bodies.

Yet, Andar was not just any mortal.

Every cell in his body seemed to be vibrating as the mysterious swallowing force was activated to the limits, and with every pore in his body bleeding, his bones cracking as if he was bearing the weight of an entire mountain, Andar stood up.

From the edge of his perception, he heard a surprised gasp, and he felt a wave of pleasing emotion from the brown mountain, even still the pressure did not abate, for it was the price of his audience.

## **Chapter 490: Taking All Seven Tests**

Andar breathed in deeply, smelling the tangy smell of his blood straightened his head, and looked ahead, before cupping his fists and bowing, "I pay my respect to the Steward and the other Majesty, I apologize for my rudeness of not recognizing your eminence."

The Mountains replied to him and Andar heard the voice of the Steward and he gasped in pain, it was like thunder blasting beside his ears but he could keep his thinking clear and understand the words being spoken,

"Andar Erikson, I'm aware of the reason you came to me, and I will permit it, not only that, I will reward you if you can take the first position in all the tests. You should also know that if you succeed you will elevate the prestige of our Tower among all the rest, and your title as Number One Under Heaven would not be contested."

Andar bowed to the Steward, and the other Mountain in his perception spoke, "Andar Erikson, my name is Archmage Shemira Myrcelo Holder Of The Crystal Rose. I know your mortal master and you also know my disciple's servant.."

That was all the voice said before falling silent, Andar bowed towards the voice and retreated, the moment the door of the cottage closed, Andar collapsed to his knees.

There was a sensation in the back of his mind like an angry roar, it was as if something in his bloodline was rebelling against the thoughts of going to its knees, even if they were facing the very high heavens.

Andar silenced that voice, it came from a being without limits, if he thought he was the same, he would die without even understanding how it happened.

Andar had avoided checking all the blinking lights on his messages since he awoke because he did not want to complicate his life. Already there were thousands from close associates, and an unknown millions from all over the world, perhaps from other Great Towers as well.



There was no way he would be sorting all these out in time, and even though he must be disappointing some people who were close to him with his silence, he expected them to understand that this period of time was the most important for him.

He did not want to be burdened by any outside troubles, even when it was hinted to him by an Archmage, he did not forget the sacrifice of his master, but he would be failing that sacrifice made on his behalf if he did not live according to his master's wishes for him.

His master paid with his life for Andar to shine bright. To become the greatest Mage that ever lived. Andar would fulfill this promise, even if it meant he had to be cruel to those close to him. He was too weak to play such high-level games.

Andar called Mira and the leaders of the Limit Breakers and informed them of his plans to take all seven tests simultaneously. Together a plan was developed to make such a thing possible.

On the day of the test, members of the Limit Breaker ensured that Andar was registered for the tests for all the courses, reserving a position for him.

Since each of the test locations was on different parts of the Pyramid, Andae had to use his Cloud Whale to move around swiftly, and the night before he made sure it was properly fed, for he would be moving Andar all around at its top speed, also the path for the Cloud Whale was cleared in advance to avoid any mishaps when it was moving at great speeds.

The plan Andar came up with was to move across all seven venues, for the test he could perform halfway he would do so, and then jump to others, and in this manner, he would be able to simultaneously conduct the seven tests, this was going to be very rigorous and would test his knowledge, skills and motivation to its limits.

A loud bell chimed to signify the start of the test, presently Andar was looking at himself in the mirror, his silver eyes were glowing in the dim light, and in the few months he was here, his short black hair was now reaching his neck.

He called the wind to his palms and ran them over his hair cutting it I, so that once more it was short. Unlike his Main Body, Andae preferred short hair.

Such applications of elemental powers were easy for him since he could manipulate Aether using his powerful and sensitive Spirit. While other Acolytes were struggling to learn spells and such.

Andar was not fond of those areas of research, he focused on acquiring knowledge, yet with this knowledge he gained and the unreasonable amount of Aether he could unleash and control, he was undoubtedly the strongest Acolyte in the Body Farm.

He did not need spells for every element was seemingly under his control, and with every day that passed, his control of Aether grew deeper.

He was wearing all black, with silver buttons, and a long black jacket that reached his knees completed his attire, the jacket had a hood but Andar did not use it.

The test would begin in seven minutes, and Andar opened his door and began to run, leaping over his railing he began to fall, the pyramid was more than 35,000 stories tall, which was about twelve miles tall, and Andar could not survive this sort of fall, but his left hand lit up and a deep roar like a foghorn resounded in the air, so clear it reached the entire Body Farm and everyone outside looked up as the Silver body of the Cloud Whale appeared in the skies.

The Cloud Whale had evolved from the enormous amount of Aether inside the Aegis Scripts in Andar's arm. Like a bolt of silver lightning, it flashed through the air leaving rumbles like thunder behind.

Andar stayed on one knee and held the fin of the Cloud Whale as it reached three times the speed of sound in twelve seconds, just enough to reach the first test zone, which was for the Introduction to Formations test.

## **Chapter 491: Lava Blade**

There were more than three hundred Acolytes ranging from Rank 1-3 standing before a raised dais about four feet tall in front of all of them.

Andar's appearance caused quite a stir for his Cloud Whale stopped two hundred feet in the air and he jumped from that height. He pointed his palms down a gust of wind erupted from below him in such a perfect proportion to his weight that he stood in mid-air.

With jacket billowing around him he made steps of air that led to the ground as he descended like a black spirit. When he stepped his foot on the ground, the entire testing site was enveloped in silence as different looks were reflected in the eyes of everyone here.

From envy to resolve to intense admiration akin to fanaticism from the Limit Breakers, everyone was silenced by his arrival, and Andar settled at his workstation waiting for the test to begin, he nodded towards the Acolytes he recognized and to the Mages who were conducting the tests.

None of them were above the Third Rank as a Mage, and many of them had been serving as teachers and mentors for hundreds of years. Andar was known as the treasure of the Black Tower and they all did what they could to accommodate him.

The head of the test coordinator whispered to Andar and it sounded as if he was speaking beside him, "We have heard of your pursuits, and we shall give whatever assistance you need to succeed."

Andar acknowledged their helpful sentiments with another nod, he knew they were all hoping to board his boat when he arose in the future, and his every action had slowly encouraged most of them that he was deserving of such accolades. It should be known that even Mira, the person acknowledged to be the second most talented Acolyte after Andar, was still a Rank 1 Acolyte!

Even though Andar spent nearly a month inside the Endless Vault without receiving any outside assistance, he became a Rank 3 Acolyte, this speed was not just unprecedented it was ridiculous, especially when it became clear that the Meditation Art he was practicing was the famed Endless Vault, something lauded for its difficulty.

With Andar's arrival, the test began. Each test was random and could either test the theoretical knowledge of the Acolytes or a practical test to test their grasp over arranging formation.

However, this current test was a bit different, as it combined both, which was the first time this has happened on an Introductory test, because it was usually one or the other, not both at the same time.

Andar assigned this change as a result of his actions, someone must be trying to humble him or find his limits. He would be making sure to be disappointing them today.

The top of the dais slid open and revealed three sheets of Soft Steel, a primary material for carving Formations. Beside it was a large book and a pen. The book contained a thousand questions.

The Formation to be carved was a simple Barrier Formation with a slight twist. There were three pieces of Soft Steel here, and carving the Barrier Formation on just one of them was enough to score you a pass mark, but to excel, you have to have ingenuity, so more Soft Steel was provided for the candidate's experiments.

The first place would be the person that used the Formation Plates which in this case was the Soft Steel, given to them in the best possible manner to maximize the effect of the Barrier Formation.

Also, the questions given would be the toughest and most confusing questions under Introductory Formations, and there were a thousand of them.

Time was the greatest factor to his success and Andar was aware of that fact, calling up three bursts of controlled wind he had spinning in a vortex he lifted the three Soft Steel and positioned them in front of him.

He closed his eyes for a brief moment and organized his thoughts, rapidly making hundreds of calculations with his Gray Will, until he came across the most effective blueprint for the Barrier Formation he wanted.

Using another burst of air, he flipped through all thousand pages and began to solve them all inside his head, Gray Will was very necessary in this step, as he quickly went through all the thousand pages in a blink of an eye.

Gray Will could not make him think faster, but it accomplished more than that, as he could endlessly create simulations, the only catch was that he could not activate it for too long else he would turn to stone. However, as he grew stronger in the future the side effects from using this power would also get lesser.

It took twenty-five minutes before he was done with all his simulations and calculations. Around him, everyone else had either begun carving their Formations or answering the questions.

Andar was the only one who seemed to be lost in thought and staring into space like a lunatic.

He breathed out after he was done and his silver eyes glowed. It should be noted that Andar rarely displayed any sort of power except briefly and only when he needed to do so. It was rare for him to arrive in the way he did, but he was no longer holding back this time.

He disregarded the sharp blade used for carving on a Formation Plate, and created a blade made from the earth and fire elements, and a bright lava blade appeared beside his left hand gently carried by the wind.

Andar also crushed the pen and collected the ink in a little ball, his actions were beginning to gather attention, both from the teachers supervising the test who were all Mages, and most of the Acolytes who wanted to know what the most popular Acolyte in history was about to perform.

Andar could not multitask as effectively as his main body, but his Spirit was strong enough that he could split his consciousness into three parts, which was a talent mostly acquired by Mages because of their Spirit.

Wrapping the lava blade with air he began carving the path of the Barrier Formation on the Soft Steel with it, and he created three streams of ink from the ball of ink he had floating beside him, using it to write on both sides of the page at once.

## **Chapter 492: Reverence**

Andar had chosen Introductory Formation as his first test because it was relatively easy to run through it without wasting much time, but that was only relative to someone like Andar.

The Lava blade danced across the sheets of Soft Steel making precise cuts with no wasted movements, and because Andar had sharpened both ends of the blade, he could make them rotate and bend them in any shape he desired for the desired results he wanted.

All these while his eyes were closed, that was because he had already simulated everything he needed to do, and his eyes did not need to be open to see his workings, for it would serve as a source of distraction to him.

Deron was one of the Acolytes that had been carving slowly on his Soft Steel using the blade given for this test and did not distract himself like others were doing when the Wonder Boy arrived.

He had been here for thirteen years and was still just a level 3 Acolyte, this was not a strange thing for many Acolytes to be stuck on this stage for decades, so many used the opportunity to begin studying another field of knowledge, that could perhaps help them to find the inspiration to become a Mage.

With this test, he was confident that he should be able to carve out twenty percent of the Barrier Formation, which was enough to earn a passing grade, and he could answer four hundred questions with reasonable accuracy.

He would not be earning the top score in this test, but Deron was sure he would be average, such tests were created not to be totally solved but to push the Acolytes to their limits.

He knew of Andar, and although he envied his talents, he understood that life was a race you could only run alone, and it was useless to be envious of the gifts of others, with this mindset in mind, he focused on carving his Formation, after studying for three years in this field, he was confident in his approach.

In a decade or two if he failed to become an official Mage, he would have learned all the basis of Formation and Inscription, and his expertise would be sought, all over the Federation, even by Mages, that meant he should focus on what he was doing now as nothing else mattered.

Yet he could still feel a growing tension in the air that was getting more difficult to resist, it was in the silence, as if the world was holding its breath. No longer able to stand the tension he looked ahead to the lights he had been seeing at the corner of his vision and he swallowed, his carving knife falling from nerveless fingers.

You could hear about something a thousand times but it would never hit you as hard as seeing it once.

He barely broke out of his reverie to bring out a Recording Talisman to ensure he captured every single moment of this amazing display before him, distractingly noticing that nearly every student here was recording. He also brought out his personal communication device and connected to the forum where he started streaming live.

Andar had his two hands stretched before him and his eyes were closed, he was surrounded by a soft silver wind that moved around his body like dragons, making his jacket flap like wings.

Deron noticed that in front of his right hand was something that resembled a black octopus, which turned out to be the ink from his pen. Several black 'tentacles' were dancing across the pages and making notes and diagrams.

Above his left hand, the three Soft Steel were arranged in a triangular manner horizontally, so that the blade made from what resembled lava could be carving on all their surfaces at once, this act was amazing to Deron, it was like watching someone juggle a thousand blades using only one hand.

The movements of the Lava blade was entrancing for it was not just making dozens of intricate carving every second on three surfaces, it was also flexible like a serpent, twisting in various positions to make sure that no single movement of the blade was wasted.

Deron began to sweat, was this something that an Acolyte should be capable of doing? Could an official Mage perform better than this? Is this what supreme talent means? Why do I have this crushing sensation in my soul that all the efforts I have been placing towards myself have been in vain? Why is the difference between us so vast?

Through the bright flashes of light that resulted from the Lava blade spinning very quickly, Andar's face was highlighted and Deron no longer watched the magic but he watched the man.

What sort of thoughts would someone like this have in his mind? Does he even regard the rest of the Acolyte as his peers?

This thinking would resonate among the Acolytes throughout the various testing zones, but Andar did not care, he was in a state of mind where the world was reduced only to the problems before him.

It took Andar six minutes to finish answering the one thousand questions, the answers he gave were not only detailed but very thorough. Andar foundations were incredibly deep and he drew insights from every field he studied.

There were areas where it was required to draw diagrams of Formation, and he did not just draw a diagram, using his knowledge of Inscription, he created an interactive diagram that could be accessed using Aether to give a much more detailed view of the Formation.

Now that he was done with the questions, he created two more Lava blades and focused solely on finishing the Barrier Formation.

To pass this test effectively and take the first position without question, the Barrier Formation he created would be a reactive Formation that would detect the amount of force being exerted on it and adjust its energy output to match.

This would solve the biggest problems concerning low-level Formations, as energy wastage was their biggest flaw.

Andar was done in two hours, but he needed to let the Soft Steel rest for another eight hours before he could test if his work was in order. Not wasting his time he leaped onto his Cloud Whale, heading to the next testing zone.

With a deep cry, his Cloud Whale vanished in a flash of bright silver light and a clap of thunder. Only then did the spell Andar cast over them all by his presence dissipate, and they began checking the work he left behind, their gaze no longer holding envy, but something else... reverence.

## **Chapter 493: Puppet Creation**

Andar's next stop was towards the Introduction to Puppet Creation test. This class was the least popular amongst the Acolyte because of the sheer difficulty and the monotony of memorizing billions of parts and manuals for even the low-level puppets, which was just the barest minimum needed before a Puppet Creator...

Puppet making was also subdivided into many different sections from Humanoid Puppets, Bestial Puppets, Puppet Structures, and Vehicular Puppets, and as always Andar disregarded all the different departments under Puppets Creation and learned them all, this would make his testing even harder.

It should be noted that a large portion of a Mage's Tower construction fell under the Art of making puppets, but every Mage Tower was unique especially when it was an Archmage Tower. The small cottage of the Steward that Andar visited was a Mage Tower, but one that was far ahead in its evolution it could no longer be called just a building, but rather a life form.



What Andar had accomplished in the Basic Formation tests had already reached the ears of those here for the Puppets Creation test and also the other Acolytes and mentors in the Body Farm who were not taking part in the tests.

They all rushed down to see what he would accomplish on such a complicated test like Puppet Creation, and if his genius was unlimited like they suspected it to be.

Andar reached the test area to see hundreds of Acolytes and Mentors had already gathered and from the Incoming stream of lights coming from afar, there were more on their way, shaking his head at the spectacle of it all, Andar proceeded to land at an open area filled with millions of parts from puppets scattered chaotically.

He should be performing part of his master's wish for him to shine brighter than the stars, yet what Andar really craved was the challenge.

The test was straightforward, it was to clean and assemble as many fully functional puppets from the mountain of scraps laid out before the Acolytes.

There were various mounds of parts spaciouly laid out, and each Acolyte would proceed to the mound they felt they could tackle and begin to assemble their puppet. To pass this test you needed to fully use every bit of parts in your mounds, also the size of the mounds selected would determine your final score.

Some of the mounds of parts were the size of a small basket, and the largest was the size of a house. No one in living memory had gone for that mound in the Introductory tests, it was generally accepted that only mages could tackle that challenge.

This test would push your knowledge and ingenuity to the limits, but this was the sort of test that Andar preferred, as it was the right choice for his Gray Will talent. Andar went and stood before the largest mound, and drove away the whispers carried in the breeze as the entire Body Farm was becoming enveloped by mania.

Scattering the triangular-shaped piece of dust inside his Spirit Matrix, Andar's silver eyes rapidly began turning gray as he pushed his computational prowess to its limits.

To facilitate a quick conversion using his Gray Will he called upon the wind to push up the parts into the air until he had a swirling tornado of parts in their hundreds of thousands creating quite a visual spectacle while mapping out the parts he would use to create the puppets.

Andar raised his left hand and began directing the floating parts into a blender of elements he made using earth, fire, water, and air, this was to clean and polish the parts.

Rusted metals and dirty puppet parts entered one end of the blender and when they came out they were polished. He did not just polish them, Andar made sure he fixed the countless minor defects that covered each of the parts.

This was something most Acolyte would miss, and for those that could detect these defects, they could not perfectly repair it as Andar could.

'This is why I was reborn' An errant thought passed through his mind which he quietly dismissed as he focused on his daunting task ahead.

Andar application of the elements was something that only a Mage was capable of doing, and even still most of them would not have the sensitivity to perfectly combine so many opposing elements to work smoothly, nevermind having a talent like Gray Will that gave Andar the equivalent of a million supercomputer working simultaneously.

The Puppet Creation test was the only examination he would know the type of trial he would be facing, but the twist was that the materials provided were always random in the mound you selected.

If you were someone who focused on humanoid puppets, you may find yourself in luck if most of the parts here could create a fully functional humanoid puppet or you may have less than what you needed, and instead would be finding parts for other types of puppets.

Of course, puppet creation was malleable and you could choose to combine all the parts to create something new, but it was unknown if such an experiment would work. This was what made the test for puppet creation to be so difficult, because of this added randomness.

To score the first position, Andar had been researching all sorts of blueprints that could be used with parts that should be available during the test.

With all his preparations he was still sure that he might still fail to find the parts he needed inside his mound for the blueprints in his mind, so he had only one solution to that problem, which was to memorize every single blueprint in the basic level Puppet Creation, so he would be able to tackle any challenge given to him.

Inside the Body Farm, only Andar could consume so much knowledge as an Acolyte. For others, cramming so much information depended on their Spirit, but Andar Meditation Art made it possible for each of his cells to store seemingly an infinite amount of information.

Like the Library that represented the Endless Vault technique, Andar was getting closer and closer to that state where he would one day possess all the knowledge inside the Body Farm.

## Chapter 494: Battleship

There was a peculiar weakness to this Meditation Art that struck Andar as strange and he hoped to be rid of it soon when he became a Mage or else it would present its own set of challenges.

Andar could not allow himself to bleed or become injured for long, and if his blood was spilled, he must make sure that he stayed near the site of his injury for a while, if not he would begin losing knowledge.

The Endless Vault Meditation Art stored information in his cells, when he was injured, the information contained in his body would follow his discarded body parts be it his skin or his blood, and if he stayed close enough, the data could be copied into his body once more and added to his newly grown cells.

This was not much of a problem inside the Body Farm for Andar as he was relatively safe here and he did not register for any combat class, reducing any avenue for him to get injured by mistake. Yet it was always on the back of his mind that he must never let himself get injured or his battle prowess and even sanity would be flowing away piece by piece.

Andar looked at the parts that would soon be repaired and polished and now had a unique problem before him, he did not have to worry about not finding the parts he needed for this test for he already saw he could use every part here, however, what he needed to do was find the best puppet to be created with these materials in the shortest time possible, after all, he still had five tests and they all came with their special sort of difficulties.

It did not take him long to realize that with the Materials he had before him, he could create a couple of mechanized soldiers and weapons and dozens of other designs, or... he could do something very different!

Excited, his eyes shone bright and he saw that the materials on hand would not be enough to create the full vision in his head, so instead of giving up, Andar began to improve on that design, pushing himself into the air until he sat cross-legged on a cushion of wind.

He stayed in that position for an hour, and already his body was now gray and dull as if he was turning to stone, but he gritted his teeth and persevered through the pain of his body slowly ossifying inch by inch for another thirty minutes before succeeding with a joyful cry.

With the impossible amount of Aether in his system, Andar could heal pretty fast, and the damages he sustained from petrification should be gone in about an hour, and what

he intended to be building would take two. Enough time for him to be at hundred percent before the next test.

Andar calculated the weight of what he would be building and placed it at fifteen tons. This was nearly the limit he could support comfortably while performing delicate work.

Andar did not waste any more time contemplating as the simulation for his creation had already been run a thousand times inside his head, he began to assemble the puppet, a single-passenger light battleship!

This was the only true way he could display his unreasonable foundation as the proprietor of the Endless Vault.

The air in front of Andar warped as blue flames burning as high as 2,000° ignited in front of him, fuelled by his seemingly inexhaustible Aether, tentacles of water and air began retrieving polished parts floating in the air and began to assemble the framework of the ship.

At first, everyone watching his actions with bated breath did not understand what he was doing, the framework he was creating seemed too massive for any basic-level puppet that any Acolyte could create, yet the sheer amount of power Andar was emanating was enough indication that whatever he was planning was not small.

It took three more minutes before a gasp went through the crowd, a knowledgeable Acolyte had pointed out that the shape he was creating was similar to a ship. When that statement passed through the crowd, at first most of them were skeptical, but Andar's speed of building his puppet was so fast they could not deny the shape of what was being assembled before their eyes.

A proud Acolyte holding an elaborate skull of a Manticore puppet, looked at what she had been creating for the better part of five hours and had to struggle to keep her heart steady, however, like everyone else, she quietly dropped what she was doing and watched Andar.

In her heart, she understood that it was a blessing to be here when such a person existed.

Mage were pragmatic individuals, and they all understood what it meant for such a genius to exist. It was rarer than a Quillin tear. Perhaps someone like him would never be born again in this universe.

This was not an overly romantic sentiment. Every god or Archmage in a manner was truly a unique individual that stood above uncountable trillions. Their lives and stories were unique, and to see their likes again was difficult if not impossible.

There was clanking and low thrum like high voltage electricity passing through a copper wire. That sound announced a surge of lightning shooting out from the tips of Andar's fingers.

Unlike uncontrollable lightning bolts, Andar shaped this lightning into the shape of a staff more than three hundred feet tall and placed it behind him. Various high-level Inscriptions were dancing around the staff preserving its structural integrity.

Harnessing such a powerful force of nature would be amazing enough, but his control over it was what was awe-inspiring.

Andar at this moment with his actions, did not resemble an Acolyte, or even a Mage but an Archmage!

The pillar of lightning behind him appeared as if it could pierce the heavens, and the flames, water, and air he conjured as he created the battleship were bright and stunning and could be seen from miles away.

Andar floated in the air and drew power from the pillar of lightning behind him, using it to power various components inside the battleship before he installed it, a necessary step before he sealed them inside the hull.

Gears whirred and metal parts clanged, with the last part fitted neatly into the shell of the battleship, it hummed to life, as bright blue flames poured from six ports below the ship holding up its twelve-meter, fifteen-ton body up in the air.

## **Chapter 495: Undercurrents**

Andar lowered himself to the top of the ship, his breathing was a little labored, he had been ceaselessly engaging his mind for the last three hours and it was beginning to take a toll. He lowered his head and rested for three minutes, while everyone was silent as they watched him rest.

The members of the Limit Breakers had a lump behind their throat and even some of them began weeping. There was pride inside their hearts, but also a deep sense of awe. A battleship like this could not just be created by a single Mage, but a team of Mages specialized in nearly all the fields of study

Yet their leader was just an Acolyte, and he performed this marvelous act, also it should be mentioned that the methods he used were stunning, as he crafted this battleship using the raw power of the elements. What sort of monster was this?

Andar's audience had increased, and from the signs in the heavens, as their color began to change, even the Archmages themselves were beginning to pay attention.

This act was also unprecedented, an Archmage paying attention to the affairs of an Acolyte would be absurd, but that was the present situation. Andar was really living up to his Title, as the Number One Under Heaven.

Atop the battleship he built from parts, Andar figure seemed lonely, and he was not yet aware that his image was sweeping through the entire Black Federation, and now it was reaching the other Great Towers and the Federation under their care.

Details about Andar's life were being unearthed and shared, and deep in the underbelly of the Magus society, in places of dissension and saboteurs fighting against the rules of the Magus World, there came the rumor of a supreme genius that was robbed of his rights by the arrogant powers that be.

Andar may not have known this or perhaps he would have suspected it, but his image was being circulated in the world of Mages, and he was beginning to mean different things to different groups of people.

A silent change was beginning to sweep through the world of Mages, it was barely making any waves at this moment, but what it needed was fuel, and perhaps something truly shocking would erupt inside the Supreme World.

Inside a deep cave filled with a purple corrosive fog that could disintegrate diamonds in less than a second, the lovely figure of a woman with long black hair dyed with purple streaks was looking at the image of Andar that she created using the purple fog.

This image was not of the present Andar but one where he was much younger, barely eight years old. In the eyes of the woman, there was no hint of love or even fondness, just a general sense of goodwill towards the image.

For anyone who knew the Vice President of the Black Federation who was Andar's mother, such a show of emotion would have been surprising. The Meditation Art she practices is one where every single bit of emotion is discarded along the way, traded for power.

She sighed and closed her eyes. Her body had been slowly breaking down, and everything below her stomach had melded into the purple fog. On her Ascension to Archmage, if she did not successfully merge with this purple fog, then death was the only option.

As she merged with the Purple Fog she began to forget her name, her identity, and her dreams, even the young man whom she knew his name just a moment ago was forgotten.

Becoming an Archmage was like dying. If she survives it would be similar to a resurrection, and everything she had lost would be returned, if she failed, it would only mean she was not worthy enough.

She could not know love or joy or sorrow unless she became an Archmage, if she failed, her life would have been one of bleakness and silence, a life she lived as if she were a walking corpse.

But for ultimate power and immortality, this was a price she was willing to pay again if that was what it took.



Andar did not need to draw Aether from his environment, his Spirit Body supplied more than he could ever need, if he wanted he could decide to push that excess Aether into his surroundings, but that would end up killing the poor Acolytes around him.

The changes Rowan made to his body made him incredibly robust and he wondered if this ability to store information inside his cells was a result of the changes Rowan made to his cells. He had investigated the users of the Endless Vault techniques, their core spells were hidden from the public, yet there was no mention of this function from the technique.

His body was perfect as far as he could tell and his only weakness was the strain on his mind when he used such powerful abilities. There must be a method to increase the tenacity of his mind, and he placed it as his priority.

Andar eyes opened and he propelled himself away from the ship, leaping directly onto the Cloud Whale hundreds of feet above who was looking at the battleship with disdain, Andar did not bother trying to figure out why the Whale was envious of a mechanical ship.

Andar heard a surprised gasp running through the crowd, they saw he did not use any spells or magical abilities to make that leap. Most here, except for the Mages did not understand the sheer power inside Andar's body, and they were not aware that he was only showing a small part of his physical capabilities.

The next step was Talisman Crafting, and Andar had begun to make his strategies to clear it.

Formation and Puppet Creation are complicated but they mostly focused on the macro perspective, while Talisman Crafting was the opposite and focused on the micro.

Talismans were usually small, most were not greater than twelve inches, and crafting it requires delicate control and the ability to work in a small space measuring a few nanometers.

## **Chapter 496: Talisman Crafting**



When Andar arrived at the Talisman testing site, the crowd was triple the amount of those present in the Puppet Creation Test, and when he stopped over the testing area those that followed him behind further swelled up the crowd, until Andar would not be surprised if everyone in the Body Farm were here except those not conducting tests and experiments.

He did not know whether to laugh or to cry at how much attention he was generating from his tests. Luckily his crowd were not rambunctious idiots who would make noises and nonsensical comments at every single action he made, they understood the importance of silence and most of their communication was done in a subtle manner, thereby Andar was not distracted by their presence.

He looked into the skies for a brief moment in thought, 'Is this what you want?'

Andar had not been detecting the presence of his main body for a while and he wondered if he was alone, but that was a stupid idea to consider, for him, Rowan was something that transcended the concept of life and death.

He was watching always, and when he wanted to reveal himself, he would.

The Talisman Crafting test site was fairly crowded with candidates, a majority of them were female, and Mira was one of the Acolytes taking the test for Talisman crafting. On Andar's arrival, she smiled at him, but he could still detect the competitive glow behind her eyes.

Over the months she was becoming more beautiful as her body was slowly transforming as she grew in power as an Acolyte with a Spirit Body.

Andar returned her smile with his own wider grin and landed beside her, the Crafting Bench beside her was reserved for him. No one else would dare to stay by his side when Mira was around, except for when she was with Andar, Mira was a terrifying person to be around.

He peered at her work and gasped in appreciation, she was placing a Talisman inside a beautiful rainbow butterfly pendant, and with every touch she made, a beautiful phantom of a butterfly flapping its wings emerged from the pendant.

If she were to succeed this pendant would be imbued with the Rank 1 spell model, Fairy Wings, and could be used indefinitely but needed time for it to be recharged by Aether after it was used three times, judging by the material she was using which was Starlight Essence, this Talisman would last for thousands of years before it was degraded by the amount of magic that had been conducted through it.

This was a particularly massive achievement for an Acolyte to perform, as most Acolytes can only create a Talisman that could only be used for one time. Mira's Spirit

Body coupled with her Heavenly Fate Meditation Art was coming into play as she had more than enough Aether in her body to create this elaborate and powerful Talisman.

Obviously, she had experience in Talisman Crafting even before she came to the Body Farm, but those would have been purely theoretical, her improvement over these short few months showed her frightening genius.

Talisman Crafting also falls under three categories, which are protect, heal, and harm. The Talisman Mira crafted fell under the category of protection. In fact, all of the fields of study that Mages specialized in, from Alchemy to Formations also fall under these three broad categories, they can be used to protect, they can be used to heal and they can be used to harm.

"Are you here to upstage me?" Mira drawled, her eyes returning to the Talisman she was crafting, it was a testament to her expertise that she could have a conversation at this very moment.

"No, just competing." Andar smiled and peered through the materials before him, "Don't blame me if you are not good enough, I will not be holding back."

Mira laughed, "Bring it, golden boy! While you were away learning everything under the sun, I was pursuing a single craft, I refuse to believe you would do better than me in this area! You brought quite a crowd with you, don't disappoint your fans, and let me steal your glory."

"You can try, but we all know that is not going to happen." Andar laughed aloud, his voice was resonant, drawing the attention of nearly all the female Acolyte here, who looked at him with a strange glow behind their eyes.

'I know someone golden,' Andar mused internally, recalling what Mira had just said, and he wondered why he was feeling so melancholic.

Ignoring Mira's words of challenge, he focused on this test, Mira loved challenges, and she might not be aware of what had transpired in his previous tests even if she could guess, but he knew the only way to convince her was to prove himself.

For Talisman Crafting, you were presented with seven objects you could Craft your Talisman into, and each of them had its order of difficulty.

After Andar looked through all of them, he did not pick any object to craft the Talisman, instead, he brought the seven materials together. What he intended to be creating would require using all of them.

This technique was not new, as experienced Talisman Crafters would make Talismans that worked in a set, giving them powers that would be greater than the sum of their

parts. They could combine three Talisman with Rank 1 power and their Set Effects could be so powerful, it would be equal to a Rank 3 Spell.

The only issue was that they needed the services of Weapon Refinement Masters and Alchemists, but Andar was versatile in all those subjects.

For the Talisman Crafting test, the reagents and magical materials needed would be supplied to each candidate according to their wishes. There was a Data pad beside the Crafting Bench where you could input the materials you needed and it would be promptly delivered.

It took twelve seconds for Andar to input the three hundred materials he needed and he closed his eyes and began to run the simulation inside his head.

Even when his materials arrived he made no indication that he noticed, everyone here following his progress knew of his methods of preparation and so they waited with bated breath for him to begin making miracles.

## **Chapter 497: Set Effect**

Andar knew there may be more powerful Mental Talents for a Mage, but for him, Gray Will even with its drawbacks was perfect. However, not every Mage would think so because of the strain it placed on their physique.

Disregarding the difficulty needed to acquire this talent, even operating it was impossible for an Acolyte without the Half-Empyrean physique Rowan bestowed on Andar that was further strengthened by his Awakening, he would not be surprised if a talent like Gray Will could only be used by Rank 4 Mages and higher.

Nevertheless, this gave him quite an advantage as an Acolyte that could not be equaled. In the case of Talisman Crafting, he was especially talented in this area, as the advantages of Gray Will lend itself more towards the Micro and worked better in a controlled environment.

It should be noted that Andar had never created any Talisman with a Set Effect before, as he did not want to waste his Origin Shards on purchasing the expensive materials required, but he had gathered enough data through his experiments and the knowledge he had collected.

After fifteen minutes, Andar opened his eyes, satisfied with the results he had arrived upon after tens of thousands of trials, he just needed to...

"Boohoo!" Mira suddenly shouted rolling her eyes like a maniac, hoping to startle Andar, who rolled his eyes. There were many ways he could use to distract Mira, but that would

lead to her failing this test, and Andar did not want the headache of trying to console the sobbing princess later, so he ignored her.

She knew her attempts did not go over Andar's bottom line, and in her way, she was trying to encourage him.

He would not be able to make a Seven Set Talisman given the time he had, if he tried there was no assurance that he would be able to succeed at 100%.

This was what Andar had been doing all these while, most people here thought he had been giving his best efforts, but that was far from the truth, everything he had made so far was always the most stable results from his simulations.

He did not go for flashy or powerful, just stability, but even so, this was not a result that any Acolyte could ever hope to reach in their lifetime.

He broke the seven materials into pieces with clean cuts using a summoned wind blade, and he began to forge them using blue flames. In three minutes, he had three bracelets that could be joined together to form a single arm bracer. Creating such a tool was quite simple for him.

He locked them together and when he was assured that the fitting was without any flaws, he brought them apart and began to imbue them with the Talisman he had selected.

Talisman Crafting usually requires the Acolyte to learn the Tier 0 Spell, Clear Sight. This spell would allow the Acolyte to peer into the microscopic world, but Andar could replicate this spell while manipulating light, heat, and wind.

His eyesight was already fantastic and the world inside the bangles was revealed to him, one that was filled with particles that vibrated and behaved in manners that were erratic.

The other part of Talisman Crafting was to process the materials into what was usually a material that resembled a clear liquid, from this liquid a long string ten times thinner than a spider's web would be extracted.

It was this string that was fed into the object in a specific pattern called Talisman Map, which mimics a Spell to create Talismans.

On these changing particles he began to imbue the string into the particles drawing a Talisman Map that began linking all the particles together, and when enough of them were linked together, the internal structure of the bangle began to transform.

Andar reversed his sight to see the brown metallic bangle begin to shrink as it began to blaze with a greenish glow. He shifted his focus back to the microscopic and now began

imbuing the remaining two bangles with the Talisman String, mapping three separate Talismans on each of the bangles. He did this at the same time.

The first bangle was glowing green, the second was blue and the last was white. When Andar focused on the microscopic his entire eyes turned silver, similar to his eyeball, added to his pale features, red lips, and black hair, he resembled a specter.

In one hour time, he had finished exhausting all the materials he gathered for making the three Talismans and they were completed, only needing the final steps to make them part of a set, which was merging three bangles with different properties to integrate their energies producing a new force that was greater than the sum of their parts.

This process would usually be quite loud, Mira was in her final stretch of producing her Talisman, and any distraction would undo her efforts, so Andar created a shield of air around his Talisman Bench.

He was following the broad category every Talisman followed to create these bangles which was Protect, the Blue bangle was responsible for that. Heal was assigned to the green bangle and Harm was assigned to the white bangle.

The White Bangle had three Rank 1 Offensive Spells, Ice Touch for close-up encounters, Ice Spear for distant assaults, and Ice Blast for an area of-effect attack.

The Green Bangle also had three Rank 1 Spells, Regrowth, Minute Muscle Control, and Hemeostasis.

The Blue Bangle Spells were Rank 1 Spells, Hardened Shell, Mirage Steps, and Light Host.

Andar's Spirit Matrix was an enigma, up till now he had not been able to even engrave a single Tier 0 Spell on it, as the white tile that made up his Endless Vault Meditation Art seemed invulnerable, but this did not stop him from memorizing every single Spell he came across, and from experimentation, he began to slowly mimic each of these spells.

His understanding of how spells operated made it easy for him to create Talisman Maps inside the object he desired.

Holding the three glowing bangles with a gentle cushion of wind, he began to slowly bring them together, immediately there was a reaction as a loud blast erupted in between them.

## **Chapter 498: Pushing The Limits**

Andar was not concerned about this reaction as he was already expecting it, Gray Will came into play and as if he was picking through a lock, he rotated the bangles in opposite circles, until he felt the connection deepening between them and brought them closer.

As they grew closer together, the opposing force they were sending out increased dramatically until the force erupting from it began to crack the ground below him, creating a violent blast that resembled a miniature erupting volcano.

He hastily tripled the shield of air around him as he had not expected such a violent reaction, that turned out to not be enough, and he quadrupled it and began fighting against the forces being generated by the resisting bracelets.

Mira looked up briefly, her eyes widened before returning to her work. 'You are a monster! You're a freaking monster!' She kept repeating inside her head. She did not know what level of Talisman Andar was creating and by the surprised look in his beautiful eyes, he was also not aware of the true nature of what he had just made.

"Others struggle their entire life to create a fraction of what you can achieve. Yet here you are creating miracles, and you are still surprised." Mira muttered to herself.

She would have found such an occurrence funny before, but she knew that although Andar seemed complacent about a lot of things, there was this invisible desire that was driving him to become the best of the best. Except for those times she had to force him to play, he had spent every waking moment increasing his power and knowledge, such a drive was impossible for most people.

She did not want him to fail, and she quietly chanted words of encouragement for him inside her head. He deserved every right for his unique genius to be shown to the universe. Even though he was robbed of his prize of a Supreme technique, it was impossible to hide gold within glass.

This reaction from the Talisman Andar was building was observed by those around him and soon the understanding of what was happening spread among the crowd, making them know that Andar was not just making a single Talisman, but multiple Talismans with a set effect.

Also, the Talisman he was creating must be very powerful for the reaction it was given out was shattering his surroundings. It was impossible to know if he would be able to complete it in these conditions.

Andar had never created a Talisman with a Set Effect before, as he needed to conserve his money and use it to procure other things he might need. This miserly nature of his was now biting him back at this moment as he knew there would be a great opposing force to merging a Set Item for the first time, but his own felt more powerful than usual.

Andar silently vowed that if he succeeded in his tests, he would never hold back any resources when it came to learning. He would use his entire Origin Shards and look for other methods to earn money.

With his potential, it was a rookie mistake to avoid gaining all the resources he needed when he had the chance, his excuse before was that he could get access to higher-level material in a short amount of time, and using his funds now would be a mistake, but even Andar had underestimated the rate of his growth, and the high-level materials he thought he might need in the future turned out to be what he needed now at the present.

He could handle the force now erupting from the bracelet, and it did not take long for him to understand how much the force was increasing as he drew them closer to each other.

The amount of power that would be erupting from these bangles the moment they touched and activated their Set Effect would be unprecedented and according to his calculations, it could easily exceed what a Rank 3 Mage was capable of handling, and closer to the powers of a Rank 4!

Andar did not know if he would be capable of holding such forces in check, he had not pushed himself to his limits before and he had no idea how strong he was. There was no reason to ever try.

He looked at Mira, she was not yet through with her Talisman, and if he continued with his merger the commotion would be too much for her to withstand.

Mira must have sensed his gaze for she turned to him and understanding filled her eyes, and before Andar could protest, she decisively stopped her crafting.

"What are you..." Andar could barely cry out but it was already too late.

Her Talisman exploded into bits and fragments, turning to those Acolyte around still taking their tests, they looked at her eyes and they all decisively stopped their actions, and for a short while, loud bangs echoed throughout the testing area as everyone stopped their testing, all of them in solidarity.

No one here felt they had lost out on failing this test. To watch Andar achieve history was far more monumental than any test they could take, also if someone like this felt he owed them a favor, they also did not forget that the commotion that resulted from Andar's action would make it impossible for them to Craft, and it was better to leave the stage for him to shine.

Andar's heart shook, even if he knew that not all their intentions were altruistic, it was impossible for him to ignore this great favor given to him.



This expectation from those who gave up their chances for him firmed his resolve, and he looked up at Mira, she was grinning, somehow he knew she was expecting this outcome, she was forcing him to succeed, even if he did not think he was capable.

Andar fell in love with her at this moment.

His eyes firmed and his heart steadied, his heartbeats slowed until he could barely hear them, he did not know his limits... Well, it was time to find out.

## Chapter 499: Growing Pressure

Andar made a pushing gesture with both of his palms as if he were trying to touch them together, this motion began drawing the bracelets hovering in the air, together.

The three bracelets were about six inches away from each other, and with every inch he brought them closer, the force generated from their resistance increased. Loud blasts erupted from the space in between the bracelet like a volcano erupting, bringing with it hurricane-class winds.

Each of the bracelets was either rotating clockwise or anti-clockwise, as Andar was deciphering the mystical combination that would allow him to fit them together. This was both a rigorous and delicate process that needed his devoted attention.

This process was still difficult, almost as if he was trying to solve a Diophantine equation while randomly tapping on the pages with a pen and hoping something would stick. Well, Andar had a lot of pens, his Gray Will gave him millions, and those pens could write really, really fast.

He was like the monkey given a typewriter and unlimited time, after an infinity, he would write a complete work of Shakespeare.

[Andar did not understand how this Analogy came to his heart. He dismissed it as a vestige left behind by the Main Body.]

Yet, Andar understood that Gray Will had already been used to decipher the equation up to this extent, and he was already spent, he could no longer determine what would happen next because this fell outside his equation, he only had to push on and merge the bracelets, which slowly came closer once more.

At this time there were five inches separating the bangles and Andar began to feel a crushing weight around his body, ignoring that sensation because his physique was tough enough to handle it, he pushed forward and was rewarded with the bangles coming closer, reducing the distance to four inches.

As the pressure was ramping up, he did not hesitate to push it closer, leaving three inches. His footing nearly gave way as the ground before him vapourised, spreading cracks for hundreds of feet around. His quick reflex saved him as he diverted a portion of the force threatening to squeeze him into a paste, and set them below his feet so he was standing in midair.

The Acolytes screamed in surprise at this new development, and the supervising Mages began moving everyone backward until there was a space of at least a thousand feet around Andar. Looking from the corner of his eyes Andar sighed in relief and finally released the barrier he was using to cover his body and the Talisman Bench.

A loud crack like thunder escaped from his body, and an ephemeral force he had been keeping locked around his body was now released.

The ground around him for six hundred feet was suddenly pressed down twelve inches as if a giant fist had slammed against the earth, crushing the hundreds of Talisman Benches to rubble, all the Acolytes had been drawn away from that region by the supervising Mage, else thousands would have perished.

However, this was not the end as every Acolyte below the Third Rank fainted including Mira as the air for thousands of feet became congealed like concrete, and a formless pressure that was physical as well as mental impacted the audience.

There would have been mass casualties among the Acolytes if not for the Mages anticipating this oncoming pressure and blocking the pressure that the Acolytes could not withstand, however, they did not cancel it entirely leaving the pressure below Rank 3 of the Acolyte realm, for this was a form of training for the Acolytes who were lucky to be here.

This pressure was Tribulation!

Any Acolyte that could withstand this pressure and rise would end up stronger for it. The eyes of every Mage here shined with appreciation at the pressure that Andar had been effortlessly enduring all this while.

Even a Rank 1 Mage was getting uncomfortable as the pressure was making them sweat, but they would be damned if they retreated before an Acolyte. They would have no face to ever stand before this monster anymore.

With the pressure reduced on his body, Andar could breathe a little easier. The force that spread out from him was only ten percent of the pressure he was enduring, judging by the fact that the earth beneath his feet had been vaporized and he was only holding himself up by a cushion of hardened air.

Andar was performing many tasks by himself and unlike Rowan, he did not have multiple consciousnesses to bear all the weight of it all.

He had to be simultaneously fighting off the bone-crushing pressure, and maintaining his focus while aligning the bracelets together.

In addition to all that, there was a repulsive force from the three bracelets he had to carefully manage, otherwise, all his work would go down the drain.

His head felt like it was about to burst open, every single muscle and nerve was screaming in discomfort, but he continued pushing through the agony, for him, pain could not trump the sweetness of victory.

Mira's eyes struggled open, and she coughed blood, she looked at the ground in shock and looked at the figure of Andar. He seemed to be underwater as his figure was shrouded in a haze of violent rippling forces.

Directly over Andar's head, a spectral image was beginning to be created, it was a bracer with three colors that appeared hazy but was slowly solidifying.

She looked down at Andar whose face was locked in concentration, his hands slowly came closer and a shockwave erupted from his position accompanied by a flash of lightning.

Mira blacked out once and she was not the only one, many Rank 1 Mages staggered and fell to their knees. The faces of the Rank 2's went white and the Rank 3 began to have an uneasy feeling in their heart. They recognized what Andar was creating and the sheer impossibility of it was causing them to reassess their estimation of this young man's potential.

## **Chapter 500: At The Edge Of Defeat**

Andar blinked, this was the first time he had done this since the last hour, this action was voluntary, he was making sure he was always at his peak for he could keep his eyes open for weeks if he wanted.

There were only two more inches to go before he could complete this process, but the repulsive force was almost getting to a point that he could no longer bear it.

The ephemeral image of the Bracer in the sky was getting clearer and it began to impose a new weight on Andar, compounding the stress he was enduring, and he could hear tiny popping sounds underneath his skin, as his bones began to crack.

Andar skin began to develop tiny tears that made him frown, he could be injured but he could not lose any of his body tissues or he would have to give up, losing just one drop of blood here would be devastating because the hurricane-class winds around him would hurl his blood to the distance and a part of his knowledge would be lost.

Knowledge was the foundation of his power, without the vast knowledge granted to him by his Endless Vault, his vast stores of Aether would be useless to him.

For a brief moment, he nearly gave up, but then he realized that he had not played all his cards yet. He had paused his usage of Gray Will a while back because he was at his limits, but now he began using it once more.

The pale skin on his arm began to rapidly turn gray like stone, and the physical durability of his flesh nearly tripled even though this action was killing him, proper timing was the key to ensuring he won this gamble.

Andar did not have much time, for if this gray reached his heart, he would lose consciousness. His increased computational ability made him draw the bracelets closer and now only one inch separated him from his prize.

That last inch could as well be a billion miles.

A massive shockwave erupted from the bracelets, and he nearly lost his hold, but with a loud cry, he endured the blast. His surroundings had been devastated as a deep pit hundreds of feet deep appeared below him.

The mounting pressure was killing him. Andar figured out, that whatever he was doing was not meant to be achieved by an Acolyte, not by a long shot. Maybe even his Master, a Rank 4 Mage, would have thought twice before he attempted what he was doing.

He groaned internally, 'With all my knowledge, I'm still ignorant.'

The pressure increased again, and Andar began to scream, his clothes were torn apart and the thousands of air shields he was constantly placed on the most important portion of his body like his head and heart were being destroyed faster than he could replace them, and he had truly reached his limits.

He was blasting every bit of power he could into maintaining the complex weaving of forces around him and he could not push any more power or computational ability from his body any longer.

It was a hard pill for him to swallow but he knew that he had failed. He had done the impossible and created something beyond his limits. He should stop now or it would be too late and he would fail the rest of his test.

On the verge of giving up Andar heard a resonant cry, and he struggled to lift his head to see what gave it off, it was his Cloud Whale who was pushing through the terrifying catastrophe surrounding Andar, trying to get to him.

"My friend..." Andar could hardly whisper, "Stay back..."

The Cloud Whale roared its defiance and pushed to come closer to Andar, the winds began flaying its skin and the Whale wailed in pain, yet it did not try to protect itself, and when it reached fifty feet from Andar, a silver light began to glow around its body that was linked to Andar.

It could only maintain this light for a few seconds before it was blasted far into the distance, trailing blood along the way, and Andae could not tell if the Cloud Whale was alive or dead.

There was not much strength in that light that the Cloud Whale sent to him, but what flowed down alongside it, and into Andar's Spirit was the unshakable convictions of the Cloud Whale that utterly believed in her master. Every moment she had spent after bonding with Andar had been precious to her, and her belief in him was complete.

It seemed to tell him, "Master, everything you set out to do, then you shall surely achieve it."

This was the final reminder to Andar that there were many things riding on him, and he was too damn important to allow the possibility of failure to destroy his mental resilience.

"This is not my limit," Andar whispered and somehow, this word reached the clouds above, where the many frightening colors in the skies representing the watching Archmages had been swirling around.

Andar looked deep into himself, his time was running out as the petrification from using Gray Will had reached his stomach, and he pushed his mind into his Spirit Matrix.

He had stopped Engraving his Meditation Art when he reached his limit at 99 Engraving Slot, he had intended to resume when he finished all the foundational courses as a Mage. He should be knowledgeable enough to push for more Engraving Slots at that time, but he could no longer wait for that day.

Andar began to practice his Meditation Art in the midst of a Tribulation, even as his body was slowly turning to stone.

'I cannot fail, I refuse to let myself fail, I have been given too much, I have been loved by so much, to let their expectations of me die. I shall fulfill the promises I made to myself. I deserve to live and love and learn.'

With a strong shudder that made his petrified body almost snap in half, Andar silently made his one-hundredth Engraving Slot, and instead of a white tile appearing in his consciousness, a black tile appeared.

