

The Primordial Record

Chapter 501: Feedback From The Universe

The Endless Vault Meditation Art had countless mysteries associated with it. The difficulty of its practice meant this technique was not even meant for a Mage or a being that existed in the material universe.

Andar could be argued to be a creature quite like this— A being who was not meant for the material universe.

Rowan had remade his body into something that was not mortal and not Empyrean, he had created something that was entirely new, and just maybe with his experiments he had ended up creating something wonderful, but for now, it was unknown what the limits of Andar's potential were.

Rowan was unique, and he had transferred part of what made him unique when he created Andar.

Rowan after all was still very young even though he was already ridiculously powerful, and for a Creator like Rowan, he needed experience and countless experiments before he could even begin to comprehend what his creations were capable of achieving.

The power that Rowan was controlling was not something a mortal could comprehend, as it was powers even beyond the gods and Archmages, and so it could be quite understandable when he did not know the true scope of his creation.

Andar could be said to be one of Rowan's first designs, and during the process of his creation, Rowan had not held back. He had created Andar's body when he was in slumber and he needed an Avatar that was powerful enough to achieve his objectives.

Rowan had succeeded, far more than he expected.

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Andar had not been able to piece together all the Scripts for the 100th level when he was inside the Endless Vault, but it did not mean he could not memorize the Scripts.

With his growing experience, he had been able to understand the portion of the scripts that he could not understand, and it did not take long for him to fit it all together, and the 100th Tile that was created inside his Spirit Matrix was black like the endless void.

He felt a wave of energy being generated around his Spirit Matrix, but he decisively dispersed it, for if he allowed that energy to grow it would lead to his Ascension and he would become a Rank 1 Mage.

Anyone else would have eagerly leaped at this opportunity to become a Mage, but Andar knew it would be a mistake to Ascend when he had not yet unearthed all his potential at the Acolyte level.

His Spirit Matrix revolved once inside his Mental Space and a new wave of subtle understanding flowed into his mind about the new Black Tile, that could be called his one hundredth Engraving Slot, or as Andar was getting to call it—Engraving Tile.

The first 99 White Tiles in Andar's Spirit Matrix gave his physique the ability to store an endless amount of information. This new Black Tile did the opposite!

Andar's body suddenly blurred as if he was not made from flesh but numbers, light, sound, and various other concepts and then he reversed back to his fleshy form, this happened for the barest amount of an instant, and even the Mages here missed it, but the effect on Andar's condition was instantaneous, he became "Refreshed."

The rapid petrification that had nearly reached his heart vanished, and the strain and pains of holding on to the bracelets disappeared.

With a last scream of effort, he gathered all the energy he could spare and directed it into the bracelets in an instantaneous burst that threatened to tear his body into pieces, only Gray Will gave him enough computational power to perfectly direct all that power into pressure without wasting a single iota of it.

Andar joined the bracelets together with a resounding crack, and suddenly there was silence as if the world was holding its breath.

The storm of energy and pressure surrounding Andar disappeared and a gentle wind blew across his tired frame as he nearly fell from the air.

Up above the phantasmal image of the Bracer made a low droning sound and descended like a meteor, an instinct from deep inside his Spirit made Andar bring his arms upward, and the phantasmal image entered the Bracer with a quiet embrace.

The violence of its descent suddenly dissipated when it came into contact with the Bracer. Andar brought the Bracer down to his face and watched in fascination as the material of the Bracer began to transform.

Previously, it had three colors, green, blue, and white from the combination of the three bracelets, but now it was turning black, with mysterious silver writings on it.

He had no idea what he had just made, or how the combination of these three simple bracelets he made could lead to such an event. However, he began memorizing the writings and pushing them into his cells because he noticed that the writings were beginning to fade away.

"You don't have to memorize it, now it's yours and the knowledge it contains will be available to you at any time." A voice sounded beside him, and he recognized it. It was the Steward of the Black Tower Khasos

Andar turned to the spectral figure of the two-headed Archmage who appeared beside him and he bowed deeply, he could barely keep his attention on the Archmage as the Bracer in his hands was calling his attention like a siren.

"Prepare yourself, the feedback from the universe will soon descend, if you can, try not to break through to become a Mage, instead use it to deepen your foundations, as you don't know your limits yet."

Andar was confused, "Feedback?"

Suddenly a chill emanated from where his fingertips touched the bracer and his consciousness was covered by an intense white light for a brief second before he appeared beside a field of grass.

Andar looked around confused, as he noticed that his body had been physically transported to another location.

He looked up in the bright blue sky and he saw seven suns, but their lights were not bright, instead, they were warm and filled his body with strength. The horizon in this place seemed to go on forever.

Andar thought he could see several gigantic pillars in the distance but he could not be sure because his sight and perception could not see that far.

Chapter 502: Examinations

Somewhere in the distance a sound like the world was being torn to pieces escaped outwards and a flock of gigantic birds that numbered probably in the billions took flight from that distant location and for the next eight minutes, they passed overhead and darkened the skies.

According to his estimation, each of these birds should be more powerful than a Rank 4 Mage. Hidden among their numbers were more gigantic birds whose scale of power was beyond what Andar could fathom.

Andar was struck by a sense of majesty that emanated from everything here in this place. From the creatures passing ahead and even the wind. It seems like a place that was untouched by time.

"Seen enough my young friend?" a sweet voice of an older woman sounded beside him.

Andar nearly rolled his eyes, were every being of power fond of taking advantage of his lack of perception? Although Andar understood that it was only due to his weakness, if they did not announce themselves then he would never know they were beside him.

Andar saw the kind face of an older woman beside him, standing just a few feet away. She appeared to be in her sixties and what struck Andar deeply were her eyes, which were brown and filled with warmth. He hurriedly bowed to her. She appeared like a mortal, but an instinct deep inside him made him aware that she was anything but one, there was a majesty around her that was impossible to hide even under the fragile form she carried.

"Oh my, you have such inquisitive eyes and they appear not to be dull. Such beautiful silver eyes, I don't believe I have ever seen it kind before, and you are also so young. Let me look at you child."

Andar stood still as she began to touch his face and shoulders, making quiet observations and nodding here and there. He could not help it, his body seemed to follow the wishes of this woman without any hesitation.

The old woman looked at him with a bit of perplexity in her eyes that Andar failed to notice. She had detected that the young Acolyte's body had felt the touch of her intent. This was already ridiculous, it would be difficult for even an Archmage to detect her touch, this child was a monster!

She was unaware that Andar had felt the touch of Labaletai, The Chaos Door, a being of Supreme Power, and although Andar had no memory of that encounter, his unique constitution remembered the touch of Intent.

"When they told me about an unparalleled genius born inside a young material universe, I took no mind of it, geniuses are like weeds. They sprout up from any corner given the slightest opportunity."

She pointed to her side at the lush greenery, "Those are just the barest fractions of geniuses in just one universe, talkless of the many universes sailing through the dark, but I can see that Erick is playing his cards close to his chest, and has undersold your worth even when I thought he was bragging. By the Supreme One, it is true, that you are not a genius, but a monster. The kind that appears once in an Era. One that I would believe was created rather than born,"

Andar's eyes lit up and his Spirit shook at the mention of the words— Creation, but the older woman smiled, "You don't have to worry about that child if you have ever been afraid that your talents were given to you by others for nefarious purposes, then you can put your fears to rest."

"I have checked your body and there is no mark of power placed on it, although I can see many that are trying to dig their claws into your Spirit. Your road ahead will certainly be very interesting. Let me show you a portion of what is inside of you."

She paused and touched Andar's arm, and to his shock, his flesh parted but he felt no pain, however, his expression did not change and his heart was steady, the old woman nodded in appreciation at his temperament.

His bones were revealed, white and gleaming, and even that was raised up and underneath the bone was a growing lattice of gold and silver wires, that was slowly replacing his bones.

The old woman started, a bit of wonder in her eyes, she looked at Andar in his eyes before returning and peering at his insides, "For a change like this, it would have to involve an Old One, and if they had touched you their eternal stench would be branded on your body, impossible to erase, there is none on you. This change was not made by an Old One."

Her eyes were filled with speculations but she continued speaking aloud, " I know of no mortal power inside this material universe that has the capability of an Old One, their touch is forbidden from touching this universe as it is still in its infancy. This universe is still very young and no Old One roams inside except for that bastard Labaletai, but he is a coward and a merchant, his powers do not fall under creation. That would only mean you are a unique creation of this universe."

Noticing Andar's confusion, she smiled at him, "You don't have to worry about what I say for now, but I have noticed that your body is quite unique and you have a perfect memory, so keep my words in mind. You are an extraordinary treasure from this universe, and even though some fools among our rank deprived you of your rightfully earned Meditation Art, you may have gotten something better."

"I was among those who argued in your favor so that the Endless Vault would be granted to you. It is a shame that your transgressor is beyond your might... for now. Seeing you now, I am optimistic about your potential. One day when you are strong enough, you shall seek your justice."

Andar breathed a sigh of relief, whether for the fact that she had not detected the signs of his main body or that there were no longer any invisible chains binding him that he was not aware of. If she was lying there was no way for him to know, so he just proceeded with her hypotheses, he saw no reason for such a powerful being to lie to a mere Acolyte. Even if she did, he had no way of knowing for now.

Chapter 503: Isle Of Rest

Andar digested her words and he bowed again to her, "Thank you for putting my mind at ease, your Eminence, I will not disappoint your expectations and those of the Tower Master, but I'm a bit confused, where am I and is this the Feedback I'm expected to be receiving."

"Aahh, I'm getting old," She slapped her forehead dismissively, "You are inside my Realm, a location where every Child of Fire who creates a Talisman that is deemed worthy of my attention, shall be bestowed with my grace. This is a benefit of being a member of a Supreme World. Well normally I don't do this personally, but you are not just any random genius, are you, child?"

Andar had no replies and the older woman smiled, "Okay, let's get back to you and why you are here. I cannot tell you my name yet or your Tower Master would go to war with me. My name can... influence you."

"Your Tower Master, he's very protective of you, and for good reasons, I must say." She laughed aloud before continuing to speak,

"This place inside my realm is called the Isle Of Rest. Although you don't feel it now, you are being primed in order to absorb Primordial Aether, something you would be lucky to come in contact with only when you become an Archmage or like in your case, if you create a Named Item."

Andar's heart shook, he did not know the true significance of Primordial Aether but he knew about Named Items. He always thought that the chance of creating items like that was very slim.

Named Items were occasionally created naturally by the fundamental forces in the universe or they could be created by an individual. A Named Item can be anything, from a Pill created by an Alchemist or in Andar's case, a Talisman.

There was seemingly no rhyme or reason for why something could become a Named Item, for there had been instances in the past where a carefully forged weapon with all the best materials ended up being just a powerful weapon without any chance of becoming a Named Item and then something carelessly produced caused a Tribulation and became a Named Item.

Andar was mute for a short while before he stammered, "How is it possible that I could create something as impossible as a Named Item?"

"Well, that question is something you have to ask the universe, and that silly girl is tight-lipped." The old woman laughed,

"I control portions of the Isle of Rest, but not all, this universe is still strong, total control would only happen if I can win it from the other Tower Masters, as they all hold a portion of this place and if this universe dies, there is a chance I could take it all."

Her expression was distant for a short while before she sighed, "Named Items are a mystery, but with my experience, if you find that valuable at all, then I will say it depends more on the person and the emotions they were feeling when they were creating whatever it was that called the attention of the Universe."

"Emotions..." Andar whispered, "But I was not feeling much of anything when I created this piece, the only time my emotions went haywire was when I began to fuse the bracelets, but by then the Tribulations had already begun. I had not anticipated that change and I thought it was something that happens whenever you create a Set Item, so I was wrong about that assumption."

The old woman shrugged, "That's my two cents, every universe is different and what works for one, does not necessarily mean it would work for another. Well, it has been nice chatting with you and I expect you to go far in your journey. When you reach the Rank of Archmage, come find me, I shall have a mighty gift for you."

Andar bowed again, everything happening was a little confusing but he would remember everything that happened here and go through it once more in his thoughts.

"Brace yourself, focus your thoughts on your Meditation Art. Primordial Aether is a force that is expansive in its scope and can easily lead to unwanted mutation in your body and Spirit Matrix if you don't have a firm will to direct its powers."

Suddenly she grinned like a little girl, "Normally for the grade of your Named Item, you would get seven drops of Primordial Aether, but I will give you ten times this amount as I believe you are capable of handling its potency. Your physique is a wonder, and you would be a great asset to our civilization. Will you accept this boon?"

Andar did not easily answer, getting ten times the amount of Primordial Aether that was allotted to him from the Universe was a gift that was impossible to measure, and he knew such a great prize could not be taken for face value.

"What price do I have to pay for this boon?"

The old woman smiled and Andar suddenly saw the endlessness of a universe inside her eyes, "Don't die."

Placing her hand on his chest, she shoved him and he disappeared. The darkness over his vision faded away and he saw himself standing with the Bracer in his hand as if no time had passed at all.

"Don't die?" Believing the words of maybe the most powerful being he had come across Andar braced himself for the storm, but he felt nothing and he waited, about to relax he felt it.

Like a mountain range descending on his head, a wave of power like nothing he could ever fathom, it tore through every defense he had, hurriedly activating Gray Will he could only channel all this power into his Spirit Matrix, where it sank into his Engraving Tiles.

The hundred tiles, both white and black began to glow until his Endless Vault Meditation Art seemed to reach a sort of breakthrough, and a pure wave of power was sent into every single cell inside Andar's body.

His feet left the ground and he began rising as a bright silver beam shot from his chest and penetrated the skies, pushing back the colors of the Archmages in the sky.

Chapter 504: Merging With The Endless Vault

The light that escaped from Andar's body penetrated the Energy Field shielding the Body Farm and reaching the skies of the Black Tower.

Countless powerful presence of Mages saw this light and those who were not aware of the miracle happening inside the Body Farm became quickly conversant, and the name of Andar was on millions of lips.

This number soon reached billions when it reached the Federation, and it quickly spread to the rest of the Great Towers, and then his name echoed among trillions.

Andar's popularity was reaching a feverish peak, and in his name, many powers began to rise, as ancient feuds and diabolical power plays were unleashed.

A storm was coming.

Andar's consciousness was flooded with an endless wave of euphoria as his body reached a peak and broke through it.

This did not happen only once, he had already counted this change occurring more than three times, and every time it happened, he had to dismiss the urge to Ascend and suppress his realm hurriedly.

Although he wondered how long he could last, it soon became clear to him that what he was doing would not work for long, the wave of power was arriving faster, and with each passing moment, the urge for Ascension was becoming stronger.

It would not take long before it was out of his hands and his body was saturated with power and began its Ascension even without his permission, and that was the best outcome here.

Although Andar's limits were far beyond any Acolyte and even a Mage, his cells could not take such rapid growth for long. It was as if he was evolving so fast that if he did not slow down this pace of growth, he was going to be torn into pieces, in both body and spirit.

His black hair he kept short had begun to grow in a feverish manner and was now coiled around his feet, more than twelve feet in length, this was a minor indication of the amount of change and growth happening inside his body, and any other Acolyte would be long dead.

Andar groaned, 'This gift came with thorns.'

There was no way he would allow himself to perish when he still had other cards left to play. Andar projected his intentions into the Aether around him and did not have to examine for long before he found it.

It was here, all this while, waiting for him.

Before Andar, the person with the highest recorded value for the Endless Vault Meditation Art was only on the 92nd floor.

Before Andar left the Endless Vault for the first time he had already Engraved 99 Engraving Tiles, easily surpassing the known highest practitioner for this Art.

Usually, a Meditation Art gives a Divine Ability at the 100th Engraving Slot and Andar had received something compelling as he gained the ability to turn himself into Data, and when he did, his body would be brought back to its peak, yet Andar knew that this was just a small portion of this Divine Ability's power.

With the creation of his 100th Engraving Black Tile, his connection with the Endless Vault deepened, and now with his call into the Aether, it responded to him, and behind the floating body of Andar, space was ripped apart and for the first time in countless years, the true form of the Endless Vault revealed itself.

Behind Andar a massive spine that seemed to stretch for countless miles yet seemed as small as a thin piece of string emerged from the spatial crack, and immediately plunged into Andar's back and began fusing with his spine.

He did not feel any pain during this process, it was almost as if this was not a true fusion between the spine and his body but a bridge was being created to close the gap between Andar and the Endless Vault.

There were undoubtedly many mysteries and benefits to this process, but what Andar needed at this time was to gain access to the higher levels of the Endless Vault so that he could grow the amount of Engraving Tiles in his body, this should expand his foundation and push the threat of Ascension to become a Mage to the side.

His consciousness easily accessed the 101st floor and the broken scripts that were swirling around chaotically became captured into his consciousness which has been split into many parts by Gray Will.

Perhaps it was because of the sheer amount of Primordial Aether running in his system or the fact that he was thousands of times more knowledgeable than he was at the first time he entered the Endless Vault, for he could easily crack the Inscription, creating a Higher Order Script that merged with his Spirit Matrix, and his 101 Engraving Tile was born, and like its predecessor, it was black.

Andar could immediately feel the effect of this new enhancement to his physique, as his cells that seemed to be filled to bursting suddenly had the space to receive more of the baptism being bestowed on him.

It should be noted that the reason Andar was able to successfully practice the Endless Vault Meditation Art to this extent was revealed here.

There would surely be other Mages who would be able to solve the Higher Order Inscriptions with ease, but their very bodies would not be able to handle the strain of the changes that every Engraving Tile had on them.

Unlike Andar's physique which was created using Rowan's unique Empyrean Shell that was born as a result of Rowan using Soul Energy to create far more Empyrean Essence than an Ouroboros Serpent could ever hope to receive, thereby leading to a brand new mutation that was unparalleled in its energy conservation and transference abilities.

Rowan had copied that ability into every single one of Andar's cells; without this drastic change, a monster like Andar would not exist.

Like a rising tide, Andar entered the 102nd floor and in eighteen seconds he cracked it, now he had three Black Tiles, and the pressure on him reduced, but he needed more.

Desperation fueled his mind as he began pushing Gray Will deeper than he had ever done before. He smashed through the 103rd, 104th... 107th before he began to slow down.

Chapter 505: Nine Lives

Andar had been nearly petrified into a pile of rocks, he had been ceaselessly using Gray Will without any pause, and previously he would have never allowed it to get to this extent, but now...

He groaned and activated his Divine Ability and Andar was "Refreshed." His concentration returned, and it felt as if he had taken the most pleasant rest, Andar grinned internally and waded back into battle with his Endless Vault.

With each floor he climbed, his connection to the Endless Vault increased and new bridges were created between this treasure and his body, Andar was not yet aware, but behind him, a black shadow hundreds of feet tall began to grow.

It resembled a massive bird that had thousands of tentacles on its back that was waving around violently. At this time every Acolyte here had been evacuated, and even the Rank 1 and 2 Mages were cautioned against peering into what was happening around Andar using their True Sight.

This warning was not heeded by a Rank 2 Mage who felt his realm was strong enough to understand a bit of what was happening. A silly mistake from a Mage, she did not live long enough to regret her stupidity.

Her True Sight captured the growing shadow behind Andar, and her eyes turned gray like a decaying corpse, and in less than a second her bones began to rot, and she collapsed into a pile of decaying flesh which withered away into black water.

A powerful Rank 2 Mage at the peak of her power had been killed in such a manner without even the slightest resistance.

The moment this happened, all the Mages at Rank 2 and 3, hurriedly retreated, the danger of being around this monster was growing.

In their heart, Andar was no longer being regarded as an Acolyte, but something else. He was beginning to resemble one of those ancient monstrosities that prowled outside the Material Universe.

Such creatures could not be defined by normal rules and conventions, doing so would only invite grief. Although they all wished to understand the mysteries inside this Acolyte, it would have to be acquired in other ways.

Andar reached the 110th level of the Endless Vault and his speed began to slow down even more dramatically, luckily for him, his body seemed to have adapted to the pressure from the Primordial Aether, and they had reached a sort of balance.

Yet Andar was not willing to stop proceeding up the floors until he reached his limits, this chance to grow using Primordial Aether was too valuable to be wasted.

Without the pressure of death hanging over his shoulders, Andar began to slowly excavate his potential, digging deep into each floor of his Endless Vault.

At the 115th level, his growth slowed to a snail's pace, but he was still making progress, and each floor he ascended was like a hammer nailing down all the knowledge and data he had collected over the past few months.

Every piece of knowledge was verified and tested and seemed to be added to his base of power. Andar could feel his physique transforming with each floor he climbed, the process nourishing, his mind, spirit, and physique at the same time.

It was at the 118th floor that he stopped, his knowledge base had been excavated to the limits, he had nothing else to give, he had used the ability to refresh himself eight times, and he did it one more time to bring himself to the peak of focus.

Andar brought his hands to his face, a few seconds back, they were becoming gray like rocks, but with a refresh, it was all returned to normal.

He suddenly felt a sudden barrier with this ability and he understood that while he was in the Acolyte Realm, he could not use this ability more than nine times, for a short period of time, and according to his deduction, it was within a year.

That means he would have to wait for seven months before he would regain this ability to Refresh, but that did not mean he no longer had access to the ability to turn into his Data Form, he could, but he would no longer be able to heal from doing so.

This ability, Andar had to admit, was too overpowered for an Acolyte, but he understood that it was due to the sort of Meditation Art he was practicing.

He basically had nine lives, and he was not just healing but returning to the peak of his power.

This ability solved one of Andar's greatest fears about losing his knowledge base if he got seriously injured. Backed by this insurance, if he ever got into a situation where he had lost a greater portion of his body, a single refresh would reverse whatever damage he suffered, returning his knowledge and power to him.

Andar finally breathed out a sigh of relief and victory, with the tension escaping from his heart, he felt the presence of the Endless Vault behind him in its true Primordial Form.

He turned around and could only catch the distant form of a massive bird with countless tentacles in its back, escaping into Andar's body.

"Light Devourer!" Andar gasped internally, as a brief feeling of dread stole over his heart, that he soon dismissed when he noticed no adverse reaction from the Entity

entering his body, it was the opposite in fact, a feeling of wellness surged inside of him and he nearly moaned in pleasure.

This Entity did not settle inside the Endless vault like he had first assumed but it traveled into his Spirit Matrix where it dwelled over it like a dark cloud.

A closer look at this figure inside his Spirit Matrix would reveal that although it was hazy like it was made from smoke, it was still possible to identify a part of its features, and he soon realized that its eyes were closed.

Andar could sense a distinct connection between him and the entity. The Light Devourer almost felt like a phantom limb, and he almost felt like he could make it open its eyes, he ultimately gave up after trying for a while, he would have more time for experimentation. For now, he still had some series of tests to go through.

Chapter 506: Completing The Seven Tests

Yet Andar still observed for a while without noticing any visible change in the demeanor of this creature that came to relax in his Spirit Matrix, and there seemed to be no adverse reaction with his Engraving Tiles so he left it for now, after the tests, he would begin his investigations.

As part of his Meditation Art, he should have access to the understanding of how this creature came to reside inside him and what abilities it had, but for now, he had other priorities. The prize that was to be given to him by the Archmage would surely be important and would be of invaluable help to him at this level of power.

The same thing goes for his Endless Vault which was merged to his spine and existed in a kind of spectral state. He could not investigate it now, but Andar quickly discovered a use of this treasure, which was to store items and even people, like himself.

He could enter inside the Endless Vault and it would seem to everyone around that he disappeared from existence, and he could stay inside for as long as he wanted, and while inside he would have no need of any kind of sustenance.

The Endless Vault existed in a place outside of time, yet it still kept pace with time. This was a weird function that Andae had no method to wrap his head around.

This place would be the best place for him to study and perform his experiments in the future, he could live for centuries inside or store perishable items inside it without worrying about what he placed inside going bad.

This place could be his greatest laboratory.

He opened his eyes and looked at the Bracer that had caused him so much trouble and given him so many benefits, he instantly understood its name, and he snorted in annoyance. Andar kept it inside his Endless Vault and proceeded to look around.

The name of the Bracer was Weeping Child! Andar did not want to think why this Bracer had such a strange name and whatever ability it had would be explored at a later date.

Calling up a mental clock, he saw he had spent a total of five hours on the previous two tests, and with the entire drama that was ensured during the Talisman Creation Tests, he had spent another six hours, making a total of eleven hours spent.

The entire testing time frame was slated for twenty-seven hours, which means he had only sixteen hours left, leaving him with not much time to complete the last four tests, which include, Alchemy, Weapon Refinement, Inscription, and Spiritual Plants.

He heard a loud call from the distance, and Andar nearly cried in relief when he saw the bedraggled form of his Cloud Whale returning to him, on his back was a smiling Mira, the only person other than Andar the Cloud Whale would permit to climb its back.

The cloud Whale stopped a few hundred feet away from the ground, most likely because it was still seriously injured.

Mira Leaped down from the Cloud Whale without a thought for her safety, Andar sighed in exasperation as he sent a warm cloud to catch her fall and bring her to his side,

"Are you alright?...."

"Will you be able to continue your test?...."

The two of them spoke at nearly the same time, and both paused before they smiled at each other, feeling high on his achievement, coupled with the vibrancy he had felt since he merged with the Light Devourer, Andar pulled Mira to him, and as natural as it could be, his lips found hers.

She froze for the barest of moments before she leaned into his kiss. Time lost all meaning for a short while as Andar luxuriated in a sensation he had never experienced before, his every cell drinking in every single detail of this moment.

Andar was the one that ultimately ended the kiss, no matter how much he luxuriated in this sensation, he knew he still had other difficult tests to face, and until it was over, there was no possibility for him to relax.

He pulled back and noticed that Mira was still frozen in bliss, her eyes were closed and it seemed like tears were escaping from the edges of her eyes. If he had not detected the raw passion inside of her, he would have never understood that Mira had this side to her.

Leaving Mira behind he floated onto the Cloud Whale which hooted in triumph, Andar smiled at this display, his heart pained at the wounds she had sustained for his sake.

Sending an endless wave of Aether into the body of the Cloud Whale, Andar sighed in relief as the body of the Whale began to rapidly heal under the effects of his Aether.

This was a feature of the Cloud Whale that developed after it mutated from being fed with Andar's Aether while inside the Aegis Script.

It would rapidly heal from any wounds as long as Andar was supplying her with Aether. With Andar's impressive stores of Aether, the Cloud Whale would be virtually impossible to kill as long as Andar was by her side.

"Let us break the rules we have set down, take me to the Inscription Testing Area, I want something that is a bit relaxing on my senses, Cloudy."

Yes, Andar named his Cloud Whale, Cloudy. It was an unimaginative name, but for someone as busy as Andar, it was amazing that he was able to bother naming his Cloud Whale. The important thing was that Cloudy liked her name.

Along the way, Andar cut his excessively long hair that was trailing behind him like a black curtain and burnt it to ash, and he continued heating the ash until it was vaporized to nothingness and even that vapor was placed inside his Endless Vault.

Andar knew anything from his body was now valuable and he would have to protect himself from outside influence as soon as possible.

The remaining tests went along as Andar had expected them to go, there were no surprises, and he even managed to complete them far more easily than he expected, which should not be surprising knowing how much he had gained in the last few hours.

Chapter 507: The Seed Of The Black Tower

In a short while, Andar stood inside the Magus Tower of the Steward, but the difference between when he stood here a day before and today was stark.

Instead of the two mountains that towered before him, there were now two more, and his knees were immediately slammed into the ground.

Andar felt that although the pressure he was facing from these mountains was still soul-crushing, it might just be his imagination, but they were now smaller than before... The mountain that towered in his mental-scape previously that made it hard for him to breathe, was something that he could now see the edges of.

Inside his Spirit Matrix, the Light Devourer suddenly shrieked. There were hints of struggles in its form as if the pressure from the Archmages was an affront to it, there were signs that it wanted to struggle out of his Spirit Matrix and charge at these Archmages.

If this creature in its prime could battle Emyreans from several universes at the same time to a standstill and could still butcher some of them, then he could understand its rage at this affront to its dignity.

Andar broke out in a cold sweat, and with everything inside him, he suppressed this Entity from escaping, he knew that however powerful this Shade of the Light Devourer was, its root was still connected to Andar, and presently, he was nothing but an Acolyte, it would be incredibly foolhardy to show any signs of challenge to the Archmages.

Andar's head bowed a little lower, as the Light Devourer's shrieking escalated, but suddenly it went silent, and Andar sighed in relief, it was all he could do to hold down this Entity, and he was getting tired of holding it down. The only thing he was grateful about was that in his desperation he had finally found a method of controlling the Light Devourer.

He did not know that when the bird became too excited and nearly broke free from his control, a pair of golden eyes that were colder than the endless void peered at it from deep within Andar's consciousness.

Whatever arrogance and anger in the heart of the Light Devourer fled away, as a voice entered into its budding soul, "Soon my child, you shall feast. One so great it will place the excesses of your previous life to shame."

Andar was Rowan's creation, and this made whatever fruit that was born from him, also become a part of Rowan's blood. They were all his children.

One of the mountains spoke and Andar easily recognized it as Khasos, the Steward, as always the sound of his voice came like thunder that slammed against his consciousness with unrelenting fury,

"Rise, young Acolyte. You have performed a meritable service and showed that the faith our Tower Master placed in you was not in vain. Andar Erikson, as of this moment you shall no longer be treated as an Acolyte, but the Prime Seed of the Black Tower. Do you accept this charge?"

Andar did not hesitate, he raised his head through the pressure and said, "I do. I accept the honorable charge of becoming a Seed of the Black Tower."

He felt a stir through the four mountains and the pressure covering his body was taken away.

"Then you shall rise Andar Erikson, no longer an Acolyte of the Black Tower, but the Seed. You shall carry the will of the Black Tower and in time, you shall be its inheritor, these are the wishes of the Tower Master."

With the pressure from his body gone, Andar fully rose and nearly slapped himself in annoyance when he became fully conscious that his line of sight was now different.

Andar had grown a few inches, and was approaching six feet three inches tall, yet with all the pressure he had been facing and tackling the last four tests, he had failed to realize that he was now taller.

The Steward continued, "As a Seed of the Black Tower, there are certain changes that are your due, the first and the most important will be the fact that from here on out, your training would no longer be handled by Mages, but by us."

Andar's heart shook, the chance to be trained by an Archmage was a boon that would be of more worth to him than even the Primordial Aether he had received.

Andar had quickly come to realize that with his Meditation Art, the greatest advantage it gave him was the ability to soak up knowledge like a sponge, and during the moment he used that knowledge to break through the floors of the Endless Vault, what happened was that the knowledge he swallowed was tempered and further verified, making it truly his own.

It was the difference between knowing all the words in a dictionary and being able to use them fluently when making speeches.

"As the first of your reward and the promise I made to you, that if you could complete all the Introductory Tests while achieving the foremost position, you shall be rewarded. Your reward for this is to have access to the Ancient Library."

He paused for a while and saw no shaking in Andar's Demeanor, at this time, Andar did not understand the full benefits such a place would give him, perhaps aware of this fact, the Archmage further elaborated,

"You may not receive much benefit from the Ancient Library, or you could find a particular knowledge that could lead you towards the peak. The Ancient Library is boundless and contains knowledge that is not found in this universe, but gathered from all the universes the Supreme World of the Magus had entered, it contains knowledge from lost civilizations roaming in the Endless Darkness, and many other... things, guard your mind when you are inside of its depths."

Four light beams escaped from the individual mountains and entered Andar's forehead and the information about how to locate all of the Archmages was branded inside of it.

According to the schedule outlined inside the information he had just received, he was expected to be training with them for two months each before he swapped to the next. Each of the Archmage had achieved the pinnacle in each field they were in, with some of them reaching the pinnacle in multiple fields.

Chapter 508: The Edge of Truth

From this light that entered Andar's consciousness, he knew of the four Archmages of the Black Tower as they had left different personal messages for him inside of it.

The first and most surprising was from the 4 Star Archmage, Hashim Prizahl, Watcher Of Blades, and as Andar was just discovering, Mira's father.

He felt his Spirit almost leaving his body as he recalled his daring action on Mira when his body was inflamed with desires, luckily enough the Archmage did not draw any attention to that matter in his message, but the fact that he introduced himself as Mira's father was compelling.

He could almost detect the note of amusement this Archmage left inside his message, but Andar was not at ease, but the opposite, an Archmage had countless methods to make him suffer.

Also, he was the second strongest Archmage after the Steward, this showed the incredible background of Mira, for it was very difficult for an Archmage to increase their level, each Star that was gained was almost as difficult as becoming an Archmage from a mage, of course, there were certain caveats like an Archmage was considered functionally immortal, and they could take as much time as they wanted until their Ascension was perfect.

The second was 2 Star Archmage Lucuis Gyfron The Pioneer Of Treasure, this Archmage seemed to be very interested in Andar's ability to create treasures that only a Mage should be capable of producing as an Acolyte, and as his Title suggested, although he was the weakest of all the Archmages here, he quietly pointed out that he was the richest, having produced and accumulated treasures for countless years.

The third was 3 Star Archmage Shemira Myrcelo Holder of the Crystal Rose. This was an Archmage that Andar had a history with.

The hunt for him and his master by the Mage Silas was linked to her as he learned that his planet fell under her jurisdiction, and even until this moment, Andar did not know the status of his master.

The blame for this incident falls entirely on her shoulders, but it does not mean Andar has the right to confront her over it. He was barely worth her attention at this time.

Numerous messages were waiting for Andar inside his communication device, but he refused to open that Can Of Worms, as it would only lead to grief and mistakes on his part.

Every problem he faced would be solved in due time as he got stronger, and some problems would even naturally disappear when the status and prestige of Andar reached a certain level.

Last but not least was the most powerful Archmage of the Black Tower, only underneath the Tower Master himself, 5 Star Archmage Khasos Mylos, The Golem King, and the Steward of The Black Tower.

This truly Ancient Being was the Archmage that Andar was most familiar with. With the identities of all the Archmage in mind, and knowing the direction of his future in the next few months, Andar proceeded to rest for the next three days before retrieving the passcode for the Ancient Library and finding his way over to that location.

The Ancient Library could be important for Andar, but he knew there was someone else who would find its services more important. It was not a surprise for Andar when he felt his consciousness begin to fall into darkness as Rowan took over his body.

This sensation was not supposed to happen, as Andar should be unaware of when Rowan took over his body, but the Meditation Art he practiced ensured that Andar's body would record and recall every single thing that occurred within and outside him, and although he was still too weak to understand most of what his body was recording, he would remember it all.

Even Rowan had no idea about what such a talent that was awakened in Andar could achieve. There was potential here that he could explore, but for now, he placed that aside.

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Rowan was aware of all the changes going on inside Andar's body, as he was directly partaking in it using his Reflection, although he kept himself from every action and decision made by Andar and the only time he interfered was when the Light Devourer inside Andar's Spirit Matrix threatened to escape from his control.

If his plans for Andar were to ever work out, the child must show supreme talents, but he must never be seen as someone who craved power, even though he would have access to a lot of it.

There was a subtle difference here and a careful balancing act he had to walk. Rowan wanted a figure that would command respect and adoration rather than fear. Essentially what he wanted was a leader, one whose prestige was not tainted by violence, but was powerful enough that no one would doubt his might.

He would not be getting that if it seemed like Andar was a Mage who craved brutality or conflict.

This decision was also easier for Rowan to achieve because the child was a born Scholar, with no single ambitious bone in his body. That would have to change in the future but for now, Rowan was satisfied with Andar's performance.

He looked around this Ancient Library and the full scope of the Supreme power of the Mages became clear to him.

The fact that they could hijack one of the fundamental powers of the universe that controls Tribulations and disbursing of Primordial Aether was alarming enough, but they could somehow gather knowledge from many different universes, even those that had long perished showed that the depths of a Supreme World was one that no Major World had the capability of touching.

Andar's body and Spirit were still too weak, and Rowan did not have much time inside this place. And so he began to move using Andar's Spirit and proceeded to the closest shelf.

To gain access to the information in this place, a large emphasis was placed on the Spirit. Although Andar could last for a total of three minutes inside this place, that was when he was not actively trying to collect the information given to him here, which could be done by touching the book of your choice and accepting the knowledge it contained.

Chapter 509: Comprehension

Rowan did not spend long deliberating on this aspect, since he understood that everyone that came into this library would spend their time browsing through the books, and when they saw the information they wanted they would 'download' it into their Spirit.

Except for Archmages, even a Rank 9 Mage would find it very difficult to collect more than a hundred books at once when they were inside the Ancient Library. It was well known that the Spirit, hence memory depended on the soul, and only an immortal soul could hold so much information.

There was also the aspect of the sort of books that could be collected, as some books contained far more power and knowledge than some other books, making the strain of acquiring them that much harder, and even an Immortal soul could sometimes spend decades or even millennia trying to digest the knowledge in a single book if that book was special.

The Ancient Library had a unique feature where any elements of knowledge placed inside of it would be transformed into 'books.' In a manner of speaking, nothing here was a book, but everything here was also a book.

The Ancient Library was massive, nearly infinite in scope, so it would be impossible to locate a particular book you wanted in a short time, and it would be possible for one to spend a million years inside this place without getting the information they wanted.

This Library worked by using the thoughts of the individual, and all the information about that particular subject that they sought would be delivered to them.

There were no restrictions placed on any information here, and if you thought you could handle the knowledge you called upon then that decision rested entirely with you, although many Mages had perished for seeking knowledge beyond their power, many had also profited a lot from here.

Rowan knew that Andar might be monitored while he was inside this place, even though there were countless assurances that this was not possible, he would be foolish to believe it to be so.

So whatever he needs to do, he must be careful and play his cards right. He must not implicate Andar in any of his affairs, at least, for now.

It helped that Andar was interested in all the fields of studies under the Magus Civilization. This was a great help here, for he could search for random and diverse pieces of information and it should not raise too many eyebrows.

It would only be considered as a young Acolyte trying to broaden his knowledge base.

Rowan had a burning desire to search for the Term—Singularity. was his greatest source of strength, yet it was also filled with mysteries, but he quickly rejected that notion, for there was no way he could justify the reason why Andar would search for something like this.

He had to settle for something lesser, and through gathering countless breadcrumbs he should be able to paint a clear picture about the universe that he lacked.

Inside his head, he called out for the Power System of this universe, and he felt the Ancient library respond to his thoughts. A large book zoomed towards him and settled on his hands and Rowan felt a rapid rush of information that would strain the mind and spirit of a Mage, but for him, it was simply a drop in the ocean.

He discarded the book and several others rushed towards him and he collected the information as well. To anyone passing by, Andar would seem like an individual who was just browsing through the books, but Rowan was not doing any of that, instead, he

was digesting every single drop of information inside them. He had limited time and he had to hurry.

After he was done going through thirty books, the next set of books he summoned for was on all the Major Powers inside this Universe, and he began digesting the information.

After that, the next was about the Gods, Mages, and Demons, he paused for a little bit as his consciousness rapidly digested all the known powers inside the universe before he inquired about the powers that dwelled outside the universe.

This query seemed to be a particularly heavy topic for everything seemed to have gone still, and then a gargantuan book the size of a thousand-story building descended from above and Rowan did not hesitate before he touched it.

He gasped as a cold wave traveled down his arm and flooded his consciousness. Rowan quickly realized that using one consciousness pillar would take too long to collect all this information, and then he instantly employed a dozen of it.

Each of Rowan's consciousness pillars was extremely powerful, and he could equate one of them to similar to a being at the Earth god stage, perhaps even higher, and he also did not have any strain in his soul when he digested a large amount of data, which gave him the immortal aspect of the soul of a god.

Basically, he had all the benefits of having a soul, without actually having a soul himself.

Andar's Spirit however was beginning to wane, and Rowan was glad that in five seconds he would have completed his goals and reaped a lot of gain that would still take some time for him to go through it all. He was just storing all this information for now without wasting any consciousness power in actually reviewing any of it.

He expected that after this moment, most of the ignorance he had about the universe would be solved, and the connections to some of the deepest mysteries that had been plaguing him for so long would be unraveled.

The Spirit of Andar could barely last twelve more seconds and Rowan was about to leave when he sensed something from a small golden book floating by.

The book appeared to be made from metal and was rusted, and there were many long gashes on the book that made it seem like it barely escaped from destruction. His blood suddenly boiled all the way in his main body and he almost felt as if he was about to faint.

'What knowledge dwells here that is making my bloodline almost explode?' he gasped.

Chapter 510: Great Rewards.... Great Costs

Like a fever leaving his mind in a daze Rowan hastily drew the book to his side. His hands shook a little and he did not even care at this time if his actions may implicate Andar. He brought both of his arms forward and seized the book.

As he touched it, he quickly realized that with even a dozen consciousness pillars it would take too long for him to collect the entire knowledge in time, and in a decisive move that he did not care if he regretted in the future he used his entire consciousness pillars to connect with this book and began downloading all the information.

He felt a snap inside his Main Body back in Erohim Palace but he ignored it all, everything was focused on gaining this information. He felt all the activity back in his Main body grinding to a halt as everything that was 'Rowan' descended on this place to feast on this absolute delicacy before him.

Andar's Spirit reached his limits but Rowan did not care, he pulled from the stores of power he had reserved deep inside Andar's body and began to expand Andar's Spirit. This power was not made for this purpose and it was a drastic waste, but if he could gain valuable time using it, then it was worth it.

This was his backup plan for when something terrible was about to happen to Andar, but he took them all and used them without a care.

It took an entire three extra minutes before he was able to collect all the information inside this golden book, and with a quick gasp, he disappeared from Andar's body. Leaving the Spirit of Andar far greater than before, but the child had fainted as his Spirit rushed back to his body waiting outside the Ancient Library, where he collapsed.

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Rowan might have been gone for three minutes, but because he was responsible for so many specialties and projects simultaneously, his entire War Machine nearly ground to a halt, what he did was incredibly dangerous and frankly stupid, but he did not care about that particular detail at this moment, for what he gained from that golden book was indeed invaluable.

It was so valuable to him that it could be the difference between victory and defeat. Rowan had always been searching for a weapon against his father, and finally, he had seen hope. He had by chance or by luck unearthed one of the greatest opportunities he had ever come across.

There was a reason he was so excited, the book he touched belonged to a universe that had been destroyed for an extremely long time.

A time so distant that it could as well be forever ago. What was important was that the end of this universe did not come via natural causes, but from war, and that war was between Angels, Demons, and Devils!

This was the first time he had heard of the term Devil, but they were equally as terrifying as their angelic and demonic counterparts.

This book was a record of the entire war that lasted for 350 million years and did not just consume one universe, but several dozens and this book did not even record the end of the war, for the universe it was inside of, was destroyed before the end.

Rowan did not even know if the war was still ongoing even now, and he did not care, such matters were still far beyond him for now, what made this book very valuable was because it revealed something important.

It showed him what a battle on a universal scale looked like, he had the logistics and the records of hundreds of millions of years of war. This amount of knowledge for anyone else would be a great asset, but for Rowan, it would be everything he needed for his war.

Instead of fumbling his way through countless campaigns, where he would have to sacrifice a great amount of assets to begin learning how such battles were fought, now he had a valuable road map to learn from.

As important as this information was to him, that was still not his greatest harvest

What was recorded here were extremely meticulous records of how Angels waged war, the types of equipment they used and their greatest of weapons, including details on their Armada and fortresses.

These include weapons that could be used to raze multiple Major Worlds to ashes, and all these weapons were unique to Angels alone. Some of these weapons were the size of a building while some were the size of multiple stars, the wave of power emanating from each one of these weapons was enough to warp reality.

Rowan had troops. He had Angels that numbered in the millions, and soon he would have billions.

Before this moment, he would never have known he was not utilizing his army at their full potential.

He knew that what he was commanding were powerful soldiers, but he had not equipped them for war. They were soldiers going to the battlefield using empty fists and if he had not come across this record of the war, he would have remained ignorant until he stepped outside the universe.

Why had he never thought that his Angels needed other supplementary tools to make their abilities shine in a war as broad as a universal one?

He had been swayed by the myriad of abilities that his Angels possessed and considered them good enough, but now he knew they were like tigers, if he could succeed in digesting all this information, then he would have given them wings.

While waiting for the information to be digested, Rowan quickly ran through all the events that transpired in the last three minutes while he was gone.

Because he pulled all his consciousness from his main body, all the Berserker Avatars he had been operating had simply gone still, but they soon resumed their operation as he returned and he has not suffered any loss in that area.

His Mental Space had gone silent as his three Chambers stopped their operation. The massive lidless eyes of Knowledge Well went dull and turned into gold, the swirling silver storm of Astrolabe stilled and the smoke emanating from Hollow Forge ceased.

The millions of Angels of Char turned to statues and his Primordial Sea of Darkness turned to black ice.

Even his Awakened Angels and his Ouroboros Serpents had fallen into slumber. This same effect happened across all the Angels he kept undercover in the Empire and the many galaxies he had been quietly infiltrating.