

The Primordial Record

- Chapter 511: The Silence Of Death

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This was a calamity for Rowan for much of his hidden network in the Empire and the Cerulean galaxy had just been compromised.

This would mean he would have to pull all of his undercover Angels from their duties as they had all been compromised. Rowan was sure that there would be people powerful enough to sense some abnormalities in his angels as soon as fell into that deathlike slumber.

With what had happened here, he may have lost years of progress in his infiltration, but Rowan knew the rewards he gained for the price he paid were worth it.

Rowan looked at the stillness of his Mental Space and smiled, "So this is what it would look like at the moment of my death."

His mental Space was larger than an average galaxy, and it appeared so still as if an entire universe had gone silent. There had been so much activity ongoing inside of this place that he had taken for granted and now that everything was still as a rock, he could appreciate the grandness of this vista before him.

His city of Sheol was still shining, and although it appeared to be moving very slowly, his City was still transforming, in the distance, he saw the four Archangels with their four wings spread wide, suspended in the air as if trapped inside Amber.

Slowly the flow of time was beginning to return to his Mental Space since his Consciousnesses had all returned.

For someone who fed on death, Rowan had ceased being afraid of the phenomenon of dying, and if he survived the next few upcoming years, sooner or later the number of beings in the universe that would be able to kill him would get smaller until he became something like Chaos, a being that could never be killed, only contained.

Rowan now realized that his consciousness pillars served a more profound use than he had first thought about, and every operation that was linked to him was not as autonomous as he had once thought it was, and that idea greatly troubled him.

Rowan did not know when he would be dying, and he was not arrogant enough to believe that he was free from the clutches of death at this time.

Yet he had always thought that at his moment of death, his legacy might remain, including all his children, but according to what he was seeing if he died, all his dominion would follow shortly behind him, it was not easy to kill him and even now, Rowan wondered what it would take to truly kill him, since his Primordial Bloodline was the seat of his consciousness.

Yet it would mean if he was ever managed to be killed, everything he had wrought would be gone, and his story would end.

He did not know how to truly feel about this. and he was silent for a while until he shook himself from his malaise, there was something he could do to avoid that situation, if he could not, then he would just refuse to die.

Rowan must find a way to keep portions of himself alive even after death to make sure that his children will live after he is gone. Not just because of his legacy, but because they were all something great, perhaps even greater than him as their creator.

Rowan chuckled sadly, "What am I, more than a merchant of death? Yet, even if I'm gone, I still want my children to live. The irony of it all is profound." His deep baritone voice echoed over the blackness of the sea below.

The first of the books he collected began to sublimate inside his consciousness, but Rowan was only truly interested in the power system of Trion and the Supreme World of the Mages, and he focused on those.

He had been able to collect a very detailed view of the power system of Trion because of a simple fact, even the supreme World of the Mages acknowledged Trion as an Enigma. Their power system was not rated at the universal level but beyond.

There were some texts that placed the power system of Trion even above those of the Mages, but for the one single weakness that there could only ever be seven gods of Trion apart from the Godking.

It was generally accepted that if the gods of Trion could multiply their numbers as easily as other gods in the universe, then they would be unstoppable in this universe and many others.

The power system of Trion synced with the records of a power system outside this universe.

These findings coincided with what Rowan had suspected for a long time, that his father was the one that introduced the bloodline system into Trion was clear, as he made some simple Minor tweaks but they were generally the same power system as those used by Emphyreans!

Since the root of the power of Trion came from the Emyrean of Life, Rowan was not too surprised to learn of this link to the Emyrean System of power.

For the Emyrean power system, there were Nine Supreme Circles, but his father had tweaked the power system and introduced the concept of godhood after the fourth Great Circle.

What was important however was that the godly power system he added after the fourth Great Circle was quite different from what the gods of any other world practiced, and Rowan could not even be sure if his father's version of this power system was more valuable and versatile than the Emyrean Power System because even against a Supreme World like the Magus World, the power system was still on par.

Rowan did not know the true power level of his father, but with all the knowledge he had just collected, he should have been able to figure out how dreadful he was. To design a system of power that was equal to those from a Supreme World would take immense power and experience.

Who was his father?

Now that he had the true map to the paths of power in his hands, he began to slowly review it, alongside the power system of the world of mages.

Chapter 512: The Nine Supreme Circles

The dominators of the first Great Circle had Four States of Change: Mortal, Legendary, Rift, and finally Incarnation. A Mage also began their path to power as Mortals, before Awakening their Spirit Matrix and becoming an Acolyte, which was equal to a Legendary.

A peak Rank 3 Acolyte was equal to a peak Legendary, and when the Acolyte became a Mage, it was equal to a Dominator Ascending to the Rift State, a Rank 2 Mage was equal to an Incarnation State Dominator, and a Rank 3 Mage was equal to a peak State Incarnation Dominator.

Rowan was surprised about how much Dominators, well... dominated Mages at this early stage of power, but when he knew that this power system was equal to that of an Emyrean, he understood why that was so. Of course, this all depends on the talent and bloodline of both parties.

Andar was a Rank 3 Acolyte and Rowan doubted if there were any Legendary Dominators that could battle him. With Andar's stores of Aether and his control over every single element, joined alongside his Talents granted by his Meditation Art, he

could easily slaughter Incarnation State Dominators, which were equal to Rank 3 mages.

Although Andar was not a warrior, he doubted that even a Rank 3 Mage could withstand a lightning storm the size of a city thrown at them. Of course, Andar did not realize how powerful he was as he did not even think of battle.

This talent of his was equal to that of Fury Kuranos and might even surpass that arrogant Dominator in a manner, because of how versatile Andar's talents were.

Rowan did not even try to compare them with himself, until now, he had not seen anyone his equal in the same level. Technically he was still a Rift State Dominator or as a Mage he would be at Rank 2, but yet he could already kill gods.

But that was because, if the pool of power everyone had available to them was a cup, Andar would be a deep pool or a small stream and Rowan would be an endless ocean. It was no wonder why he would have to feast on an entire universe if he ever wished to reach the peak.

At the second Great Circle a Dominator would go through the Spirit Territory Realm, the Incandescent Realm, and finally the Proclamation Realm, all these were equal to the Rank 4, Rank 5, and Rank 6 Realm as a Mage.

Rowan had discovered that his power system had shifted when he got to the second great circle with his second bloodline. His Realm was not divided, it was just one single Circle, just the same as an Emyrean.

It would seem he no longer walked on the path of the Great Circle but followed the Emyrean path of the Nine Supreme Circles.

If he used that path, then he was at the First Supreme Circle in his Ouroboros Bloodline and the Second Supreme Circle in his Nascent Primordial Bloodline—Sheol.

He did not have to complete his entire Territory to ascend to the Third Supreme Circle for he could easily jump to that stage, as there was nothing truly stopping him from Ascending to the Third Circle at this time, but that would be a waste of his potential.

If he was any other Emyrean, then his foundations would already be beyond robust, and they would have not wasted any more time and jumped to the Third Circle, as waiting to accumulate more foundations would be a waste of time.

Rowan had once calculated how long it would take him to fill up his entire Territory if he was not using Soul Energy, and the barest minimum ran from tens of millions of years to hundreds of millions.

Even if he could extend his lifespan by Seeding worlds, he doubted he would be patient enough to withstand such a long span of time while staying at a single level, and would have elevated himself after a few million years, that is if he was not killed long before then.

The Third Great Circle had two Stages, Cinder Spark which was equal to a Rank 7 Mage, and Pyre Lord which was equal to a Rank 8 Mage. Before the battle on Jarkarr, a Pyrelord was the highest level most Dominators were allowed to reach, and there were only seven Earth gods which equated to a Rank 9 Mage.

The fourth Great Circle, simply titled Earth God, is a creature closer to Divinity.

A Mage on the verge of becoming an Archmage.

Rowan knew that at this time there were now hundreds of Earth gods already on Trion. These were not the standard weak Earth gods, instead, the Earth Gods of Trion were as strong as Rank 9 Mages, and judging from the powers of the average Earth gods Rowan had butchered in the tens of thousands while battling Dao Ma, a Dominator who was an Earth God would be hundreds of times stronger.

Rowan knew why his father wanted him, it was just for , but why would he take his time to create such a powerful power system that was equal to that of a Supreme World?

His mother had told him his father was bound by certain rules, what rules were those?

However, with this new information he was digesting, It did not take long for him to figure out a certain pattern in his father's actions.

Previously on Jarkarr, he surprised his father with an ambush. That old bastard had been very content with using proxies, and he stood back and let other people perform his dirty work.

Rowan did not think it was because he was lazy, far from it, he still accurately recalled the memory of his father trying to break through to the Material Universe, he had spent countless eternities trying to figure out the method to enter this plane of existence.

A creature like that was beyond the mortal weakness of laziness, there must be something holding him back all these while, and on Jarkarr Rowan had showed his fangs.

There was no way his father would allow him to escape from him one more time, then that would mean his old man would no longer be using proxies, or if he was going to use them, it would be his best—The gods of Trion.

Chapter 513: The Tyranny of The Gods of Trion

The gods of Trion were the twisted shadows of Rowan's flesh and blood. These were his brothers and sisters robbed of their Light, in service of the true Abomination, his father.

Rowan sighed and delved back into the power system that came after the fourth Great Circle, this was where his father diverged from following the pathway of an Empyrean and followed the conventional path of a god.

Yet the foundations of the Empyrean Power system were already deeply embedded inside it and had already been laid out so that the gods of Trion would Dominate any other gods, and even an Archmage at the same level was not equal to them.

Such an achievement was ridiculous, as it should be noted that since the battle on the surface of Trion, not a single god of Trion had ever fallen, but Demon Princes and Archmages had fallen on that field.

To begin to understand how that was possible, you would need to know how the powers at the level of gods operated.

Generally, there were five levels to Godhood, the first was to become a Minor God, then a Major God, a High God, a God King, and finally a God Emperor. A 1 Star Archmage was equal to a Minor God, a 2 star Archmage was equal to a Major God, and so on, and A 5 Star Archmage was equal to a God Emperor.

Yet the path of an Archmage did not end here, they could still get stronger, and Rowan knew there was a 9-star Archmage, usually called Tower Masters. This showed the superiority of the Mage power system, but the Gods of Trion did not follow the normal conventions and rules, or else they would have been swept aside in a single day.

A 2 Star Archmage was barely equal to a Minor God of Trion, a 4 Star Archmage was barely equal to a Major God of Trion, a 6 Star Archmage was barely equal to a High God of Trion, and it was important to realize that Trion also had a God King!

Perhaps Golgoth would be able to battle a 9-Star Archmage by himself! This was their foundation to battle for the position of a Supreme World.

If Golgoth became a God Emperor could he battle a Supreme Mage?

Rowan did not truly understand the full meaning of the word God-King before, thinking it was just a title given to a King of Gods, most likely ceremonial but not having any much power boost associated with it, but he was wrong and Golgoth was a being with powers beyond what he thought.

It was a great choice that he created Andar or else he would have thought he was strong enough to challenge Trion after devouring this galaxy and he would have ended up being very surprised when he found a being that was as powerful as a Tower Master inside a Major World like Trion.

He also doubted that any of the gods of Trion was a Minor God, they were at least Major Gods or even High Gods! Rowan had not even fought a standard Major God before, what about the Gods of Trion that must be countless times stronger than the average?

Rowan could not wait for the Golden Book to be digested inside his consciousness, as the weapons that would be available to him would change the game. There was a reason why he was given those three chambers, and their full utility would only be realized when he created his Angelic Armada.

"Rowan! What happened a few moments back? I felt everything about you just faded, and I feared that you had fallen!"

Eva appeared from the shadows, her eyes were worried, and Rowan looked at her and smiled, he replied,

"When did your eyes turn blue?"

"What? That has nothing to do with the question. Why did you fade?"

Rowan suddenly burst into laughter, the deep worries that were plaguing his mind were gone. Even if he fell in battle, all was not lost, did he not have Eva here? She had been unaffected by his sudden passing.

His presence in the universe would not be gone like the wind, instead, a miracle would be left behind, a vestige from the ancient past, brought to life in stunning glory. She would carry the last of him.

He was not too much of an idiot to keep Eva in doubt for long and he explained that he needed the full weight of all his consciousnesses for him to achieve a goal that was very time-sensitive.

"Speaking of time," Rowan said, "Vraegar would be ascending to become an Earth God, I have deciphered his Nosferatu Aspect to the Transcedant Grade and that should be enough for now. I will be pushing my Berserker Aspect to the Origin Grade using his help, and then he shall be the one to sound my Horn of War, but before that, I need to show you a bit of what I gained, and the reason I sacrificed so much for it."

Rowan touched her forehead and sent a large burst of information containing a portion of everything he had deciphered from the book. The amount of data present inside of

this book was truly voluminous and it would be impossible for anyone without an immortal soul to even begin to comprehend them.

The only reason could even begin to understand it was that every single piece of information he unearthed seemed eerily familiar to him, most likely this information was buried deep in his bloodline and he could only understand it because it was linked to him, as a Creator of Angels, Rowan suspected that even an Archmage would have to spend millions if not billions of years to understand a small portion of the information here.

Even if they did it was doubtful if they could even make use of it, for it contained powers that were very different from the powers they controlled.

Eva collapsed when Rowan sent only twenty percent of the information he wanted to show her, and he hurriedly stopped the transfer.

Rowan idly noted that he had not even deciphered five percent of the information presented in the book, it would appear that even Eva could not understand the full scope of this information.

Chapter 514: Training The Dragon

Rowan pulled his hands away, a bit disappointed that Eva could not handle this amount of information, forgetting that even a god would be overwhelmed if they collected just one percent of it.

He was quickly realizing that even though Eva was powerful after separating from him, there were drawbacks to this occurrence. For one, she was no longer limitless like him. Rowan took a lot of his abilities for granted, but he still understood how ridiculous his powers were compared to others, and as his most trusted confidante and partner, her recent performance was not up to his standard.

She could get stronger, he was aware of that, but he wondered if she would be able to keep up with him after a certain point.

Rowan sighed, at least it was a good thing that she was able to understand twenty percent of the information passed across.

He lifted her with a burst of Telekinesis and deposited her in a Heavenly Bed he created using Hollow Forge, idly wondering if any of the items he created using this method were ever going to be getting the acknowledgment of the universe and becoming a Named Item.

His creations were flawless, even down to their molecular arrangements, perhaps what they needed was a personal touch.

Rowan did not require the power from any of those Named items, but the Primordial Aether to be harvested every time one was created, was a potent source of temptation for him. Rowan dismissed that thought for now, as he was never going to the Isle of Rest anytime soon.

With the presence of the Supreme World of Mages inside that place it was undoubtedly very risky. That old lady was undoubtedly a Tower Master, a 9-Star Archmage.

Rowan sat down in midair and summoned Vraegar, the Dragon had been battling with six newly born Angels before now, and his body when he arrived was scorched with a large portion of his batlike wings missing from his body.

He must be in pain but he was grinning like a lunatic because inside his mouth he was chewing an Angel's arm like a candy. The arm was shooting out flaming golden blood that was absorbed by his body, not wasting a single drop.

"Father you summoned me," Vraegar swallowed the arm and belched as his body quickly healed up from his injuries, his white scales shining with a lustrous glow, and his claws that were red like sin appeared to be bleeding blood.

Rowan rolled his eyes internally at the antics of this Dragon and said, "Prepare yourself, you will be upgrading your State to become an Earth God."

Vraegar gaze shone with joy, "I am ready ready for my Ascension father, but..."

Rowan waited but Vraegar was still hesitant and he sighed, realizing the hesitation that the young Dragon was carrying inside his heart.

"Do not worry about your foundation, you are now going up the path of power the way you were supposed to do it. Becoming an Earth God is just the start of your journey, and before long you will strive to become a true Empyrean, and in time, you shall surpass them."

Vraegar laughed in relief, the thoughts inside his head that were troubling him gone. He wanted to make his father proud.

"Brace yourself," Rowan said as he summoned a hundred thousand Berserker clones that he crushed creating a blood pool over the body of the dragon, he shot the technique pathway for Nosferatu that reached the Transcendent grade into the head of Vraegar, who digested it like a sponge.

With a roar, the Dragon changed into the hovering pool of blood with his mouth wide open and he began to practice, causing an intense rumble that vibrated the space

around as if an unearthly battle was taking place inside that pool of blood, which should not be far from the case.

Every four hours Rowan would be crushing a hundred thousand Berserker Clones making sure the Blood Pool was filled to the brim and he soon settled into this pattern, while a bulk of his attention was inside his Mental Space as he digested the information inside the Golden Book.

Rowan did not care that the vitality he was giving up to train Vraegar would make countless gods and Archmages salivate in greed. Why should he? He had a limitless amount of that stuff.

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The Cerulean Galaxy had fifty billion stars and as many planets, and inside this vastness, the fact that there were only a thousand plus Minor Worlds and a single Major World was enough to show how rare and special these worlds were.

The universe was too vast and Aether was a scarce commodity. It could not reach every corner of the universe, and those who were blessed with Aether could have the chance to Ascend.

Although Rowan had harvested 212 Minor Worlds on the edges of the Cerulean Galaxy, the vastness of this space meant that it would take some time for any information to reach the core of the galaxy where all the major powers were mostly gathered.

Rowan had made sure his Angels were always rotating over the entire stretch of space to keep any prying eyes that entered never leaving again.

In addition to that Rowan had sent a thousand Angels, the greatest number he had ever sent out at a single time to begin roaming through the billions of worlds and stars to find the right worlds that would need all the materials he needed.

Since the moment he had begun digesting that Golden Book, it had been a month, and in that time he had finished deciphering all the knowledge inside that book, and the results were mind-numbing and brought a fresh wave of shock to his mind.

To build even the basic weapons and equipment needed for his angelic Host, he would need an enormous amount of material, and he could only gain those from resources found in the universe, and as planets served as hotspots where resources all over the universe tend to gather, it was necessary for Rowan to survey all the planets, to locate what he needed.

Chapter 515: Eating Worlds

This was not an easy assignment, some may say it was even impossible, but with his growing resources, all these troubles could be easily swept aside like the wind.

Each of the Angels was tasked to locate worlds without sentient life and record every single bit of resources that were available in those worlds, whether they were magical or not because unlike what most people needed to forge powerful weapons or equipment which depended a lot on the magical qualities of the materials, Rowan did not require all that.

He had his Hollow Forge, a power he was able to use to combine and smelt any resources he obtained into the form he needed them to take. He could turn trash into treasure.

With this power, what he only needed was an enormous amount of material, even if they were not magical in nature, as he was capable of achieving something even the universe herself was incapable of, for the last thing he lacked was Aether, even if he had a useless piece of metal, that would soon change when he infused them with enough Aether to drown out a galaxy.

The universe had to allocate her resources to a few locations, while he did not care about such nuances, he would take them all, and drown them inside his Sea of Infinite Aether.

However, this would not solve his problems because that was not how magical materials were created, as not every material responds in a positive manner to Aether. Even with the presence of Aether, not everything could become a treasure.

His Hollow Forge could perfectly solve that dilemma for him. With his Hollow Forge linked with Knowledge Well, it was not very difficult to come up with alloys that would be able to contain Aether.

Rowan could combine metals, earth, and even gasses to achieve a stable Alloy that would yield a positive effect when combined with the presence of Aether, and not just any sort of Aether, his unique and powerful Aether.

This was what led to the first step of his expedition. His Thousand Angels all located suitable planets that were dense in metallic resources like iron, gold, platinum, iridium, and other precious and heavy metals, and other things that he particularly needed like rare earths, gasses, and liquids.

All these could be combined inside his Hollow Forge, while Knowledge Well would create the best alloys and resources that could be combined using them.

When his Thousand Angel made the final decision on the planets they had selected, they began channeling Rowan's consciousness, and from all their eyes he could 'see'.

Anywhere he saw with the eyes of his Angels,

He could touch....

He could take...

In space above the thousand worlds, a light flashed, and a beam of blue light slammed into the planet, and began consuming everything in its path, boring its way through the planet until it reached the core where it began consuming hundreds of millions of tonnes of material from the planet every single second.

Massive storms ravaged the planet as those with atmospheres were drained away in a spectacular display that was horrifying to witness. The planets began to shrivel like an orange being devoured from the inside by a massive worm.

A mortal could not even imagine this sight, and the fact that it was happening on a thousand worlds at the same time was both impressive and incredibly horrifying.

Rowan had reached the step where he could casually devour a thousand worlds.

This process took eight hours to complete and the bright blue beam of light vanished leaving nothing behind.

Every planet selected had no accompanying heavenly body like moons or asteroids, so their absence did not cause any unnecessary commotion, also they were all quite distant from the closest stars, so there was not much light being reflected from them.

This was a very important step to consider when Rowan began consuming planets using Astrolabe as he did not want any observing individual to begin noticing that there were missing stars in the night sky.

He knew that not every light shining in the sky was from stars, some of them were from planets, so he had to be particularly careful about that point.

It was the reason he had not yet consumed a star, although it had many resources he would need, he gave up this benefit for now, only because he wanted to stay low-key.

All those countless billions of tonnes of resources were funneled into his Hollow Forge where they were disintegrated and stored inside the square-shaped portal above, immediately Knowledge Well began to sort through and comb the materials collected.

He was not carelessly combining all these materials hoping to gain something from it. That would take too long even with the aid of Knowledge Well to find something suitable for his needs.

He had an advantage, that would make this process far easier and lead to an outcome that would greatly aid him.

There were descriptions of various metals and Alloys inside the Golden Book that were classified as Emyrean Class Metals and Alloys used by Angels, for the Demons and Devils, they had Abyssal Class Metals and Alloys.

What was important was what differentiated these Metals, either Abyssal or Emyrean was often the energy imbued inside of them.

For demons and devils, their Alloys and Metals were filled with demonic Aether, and for Angels it was similar, but it was from a more Divine nature.

Rowan had been able to collect some of these blueprints for the Alloys used for these Emyrean Class and Abyssal Class Alloys, as it would be impossible for him to find an Emyrean Class Metal unless he was outside the universe and the chance for finding it inside the universe was very rare.

Even if anybody else had these Alloys, it would be impossible for the true potential of these metals to be shown without a powerful source of Demonic or Angelic Aether.

Rowan came to the realization that he had both.

It was quite shocking for him to realize that the Primordial Sea of Darkness that he used in birthing his Angels—beings of pure light, was demonic in nature.

Which should be quite obvious now that he was looking back on it, as he should realize that his Angels of Char all fell in battle, and the foes that could devastate such a legion were most likely Demons and Devils as the intent wrapped around their bodies were Demonic in origin.

Chapter 516: Light Breaker

When Rowan awakened these Angels and gave them eyes, he had drawn them from the darkness, and the flames that prevented their resurrection and made them his own.

The eternal Intent that kept them chained was being slowly cleansed by his Primordial Bloodline, and he would never have understood the root of it all in time if he had not unearthed the portion of the truths from the Golden Book.

Another mystery about his bloodlines had been peeled away, and Rowan was eager to understand more, nevertheless, he proceeded to create the Emyrean Alloys using materials harvested from the planets.

Not Emphrean Alloys, it should be called an Abyssal Alloy, because his Primordial Sea of Darkness did not originate from an Angelic root, but a Demonic one.

Similar to God-Killing Weapons like Envy and Lady, Rowan had to combine millions of tonnes of metals, rare earth, liquid, and gasses to create a few hundred tonnes of these Alloys. Altogether he produced a hundred and sixteen different types of Alloys.

They were powerful in their own right, stronger than even Davross, a metal Rowan once thought was among the hardest in the known universe but would fall short when brought outside of it.

These Alloys he just created would only show their true power if he began imbuing them with his Aether. He began his experiments to understand which of them would yield the best results.

Most did not survive his experiments, he was finding out that his Primordial Sea of Darkness was a potent power that few things could contain, even Alloys that could only be found outside the universe.

In twelve hours Rowan already had eight unique alloys that could store massive amounts of Aether without exploding.

Another rigorous sixteen hours of testing eliminated five of those Alloys, for when combined with Rowan's Aether, they either failed to last very long, degrading in a few hours, or the effect they developed was lackluster.

To achieve his plans, Rowan needed the best of the best. From the three remaining, he had two very promising candidates that he called Hollow Gold and Emphyrean Adamant. The former was an Alloy that when combined with his Aether from the Primordial Sea of Darkness would be able to conduct an astonishing amount of energy without heating up, making it a perfect superconductor.

The latter grew increasingly denser the more of Rowan's unique Aether was poured into it, with the added effect of the alloy not increasing its weight.

What made these Alloys very suitable to Rowan was that he was the only one who produced them and they were useless for anyone else even if they were acquired in a manner beyond his control, Rowan would be able to retrieve his Aether from inside of them anytime he wanted, making them something only he could truly control.

The last alloy was a gamble he took and it bore fruit, this Alloy had no spectacular ability when he paired it with his Aether but it was different when he paired it using the clear stream of water that was being created by his Primordial Bloodline Sheol.

The alloy would begin to glow with a bright and beautiful light, that was the color of the rainbow and many other strange colors that defied description.

At first, Rowan had thought this particular Alloy was useless as he had a cheaper method to produce bright lights of any colors he desired, but he knew that nothing born from his Primordial Bloodline was simple and he was right.

The bright light emitted from the Alloy did not spread far and seemed to never be able to travel a few feet away from it, creating a peculiar effect.

If you were a few feet away from the metal you would not be able to detect any glow emanating from it, but if you were close enough, only then would you see the light it gave out.

This light served as a shield, not against flames or ice or against force, a solid blow would destroy the metal for it was relatively not that difficult to destroy for beings with great power as its hardness was at most equal to that of Davross, and using the Aether from his Primordial Bloodline reduced the durability of the metal.

However, what it defended against was Intent!

Rowan could hardly contain his excitement when he understood what the Alloy could accomplish, it could turn any attack sent against him that was accompanied by intent and transform it into a normal blow. He summoned Eva to test the power of this Alloy and the result surprised him.

She shot a blue arrow covered with Intent towards his throat, and when the blow reached a few feet away from him, the billions of blue maggots that represented the Intent of Eva mysteriously vanished and the arrow that was almost impossible to detect became clear in his sight.

With his current speed, he easily caught the arrow using his hand, his eyes shining bright.

To produce this Alloy was not that difficult for him, the only constraint to this was that for him to produce just a few spare inches of this metal he would have to use more than a hundred thousand gallons of this new Aether his bloodline was producing, and presently he did not have enough of this Aether.

Yet with what he had been gathering, it should be enough to produce a full-size suit of armor for him, that he would cover with Emyrean Adamant, placing its soft shell behind an unbreakable barrier.

He would make his gloves and boots to be made from Hollow Gold, so he could channel any sort of power effectively, In this manner, Rowan would be fully armored with unique armor that could be created by him alone.

He called this Alloy made from the Aether of a Primordial Bloodline; Light Breaker.

He gave it this name because he recalled something he had read a long time ago, It was said that gods were the holders of flames and light, and under their light, everything must follow their commands.

With his growing knowledge, Rowan interpreted the Light from the gods to be Intent, and since this Alloy was the bane of Intent, then it was only right that he called it by this name.

The only drawback to this metal was that it could not purge the intent already situated inside the body, yet this result made him think of the other possible use of this Aether his bloodline was now slowly producing.

Chapter 517: The Destroyer

Rowan nearly slapped himself out of frustration for the opportunity he had been missing all these while that was right in his face.

He blamed his inexperience for this oversight, but as the Ancient library had filled in so many blank spots in his worldview, he could begin making the most out of his experiences.

The only reason this Aether could bring out such an effect from this particular alloy was that the alloy could contain so much of his Primordial Aether without being destroyed.

In small quantities, there had been no changes, and these magnificent results were only born because he was able to push so much Primordial Aether into the Alloy, it was the same way for the Hollow Gold and Empyrean Adamant he made.

This made Rowan begin to wonder, what would be the changes in his body if he began to imbibe his Aether?

This thought had never occurred to him before, and it was because of the information he gleaned from that book from the Angelic wars that made him aware of this new sphere of power and its applications.

His Aether had always seemed more like a tool for him, an alternative source of power because his physique was already powerful, he did not think he might need any sort of boost to it, and consuming his Aether had always seemed useless.

Yet he knew that outside the universe, any great tool would hold an unfathomable amount of Aether, and for someone like him whose body was closer to that of an Empyrean Metal than flesh and blood, what changes would it bring to him?

In small quantities there would not be enough changes, but what if he did not just take in a few gallons of his Aether, what if he did a million gallons or even a billion?

He did not spend any longer deliberating on this matter and immediately began drinking the clear stream of water that seemed to be filled with countless stars.

Except for the mind-numbing orgasmic pleasure he felt from drinking it, there were no other changes, yet he now understood that he would need large volumes of it in order for any change that may occur to happen, and he placed this project on a long-term basis.

Rowan would be drinking millions of gallons of this Aether he was now calling Primordial Ambrosia, and his hope was that he would be seeing the effect in a few months or a few years down the line.

The results from his experiments with the Alloys and the armor were stunning, but it was not his true intention to create these Alloys; however, it was for something quite different. Rowan would be making a Universe Killer!

This was a weapon that was claimed to be available only to the greatest of powers in the many universes, and even a Supreme World would find it difficult to produce a weapon like this, that represented the ultimate power there could ever be.

Every Major Power outside the universe knew of this weapon, but knowing about it did not mean you could build it.

Digesting the information inside that Golden book showed him various outlandish weapons used by both sides, he saw the drawbacks and the flaws of each of them and he evaluated the best weapon he could use in his battles in the future and a single one kept entering his head.

Apollyon — The Destroyer.

It was a simple name, and it did not need any further elaboration, for it was ranked to be one of the most powerful forces that had ever been created since the beginning of time.

It was a battle fortress that had several levels. The first level was the size of a massive solar system that had hundreds of worlds, the second was the size of a thousand Major Worlds, the third level was the size of a Galaxy, the fourth level was the size of multiple Galaxies, and the fifth level was the size of a universe!

There were rumors that the Apollyon could be built up to the theoretical Ninth level, which should be as massive as multiple universes, but for now, there were no signs of such a thing being possible.

The thought of owning something of this size made Rowan void hearts shake, for the power these things contained and could unleash would make a god seem like a petulant child holding a stick.

Apollyon at the first level could contain hundreds of millions of Angels of great ranks, and it held more than a thousand types of weapon systems that could unleash every power imaginable.

The Destroyer could kill anything.

Rowan wanted to own such a weapon.

At the Third Level, Apollyon was a super weapon that was able to raze an entire universe to dust given enough time, and it was one of the most terrible weapons in the arsenal of the Angelic hosts.

As a battle fortress when it began to move, it would bring despair to all who witnessed it. The light from Apollyon by those who experienced it was the greatest sight in all the universes.

It was the weapon that gave the Celestials, the faction from which Angels were born, an unshakable advantage in the greatest of stages. Of course that was a long time ago, the Era where this weapon reigned supreme had changed.

Rowan immediately knew that this was what he wanted to build. Nothing else would carry his will through this universe or outside of it better than this Battle Fortress.

This decision was quite easy to make because only the blueprint for Apollyon took more than 85% of the data inside the Golden Book. It was as if the presence of this Battle Fortress was so powerful that everything it came in contact with would be corrupted by its Aura.

This was why Rowan wanted this information so much that he would risk everything for it.

The 'Golden book' he read was the last remnant of the Apollyon, this Battle Fortress was destroyed in that devastating war and it was unknown if it had ever been rebuilt again.

What Rowan found particularly interesting was that even if the first level of this Battle Fortress was the size of a large solar system, that was just the recommended Average size of an Apollyon, if someone was powerful enough they could make it bigger.

Chapter 518: Ascendance and Tribulations

Rowan wanted bigger, his bloodline demanded it, and his potential expected it.

Of course, that would mean the energy required to power it up would increase exponentially, but energy was the last thing that Rowan lacked. His Primordial Sea of Darkness could power an entire galaxy, not making use of it was wasting his great advantage, he doubted anyone else below the gods had the amount of Aether that he controlled.

To begin creating Apollyon, he had to begin from its core, and to create the Core, it was incredibly simple, yet also complicated. Simple for him, but unreachable for most.

Rowan began organizing the creation process inside his mind and time slipped away, day by day, he was lost inside Knowledge Well, running calculations every second that Andar at his current level would have to do for centuries.

Another benefit that he did not expect was that as he began unwrapping all the processes to create the core of Apollyon, his Consciousness Pillars began to grow, and now he had forty Consciousness pillars, and a new one was currently being created.

This process was enjoyable for him and he could spend centuries like this without any effort, that was until he felt an intense vibration inside his body and outside of it almost at the same time.

Vraegar had reached the Transcendent Grade of Nosferatu, and at the same time, Rowan had also reached the Origin Grade of the Berserker Aspect. Two great pieces of news at the same time.

Every time Rowan had been producing Berserker Clones and sending them over for Vraegar to practice his Nosferatu technique, he had also been using this opportunity to rapidly develop his Berserker Aspect.

Due to the opposing nature of both techniques, they had both grown faster than Rowan had anticipated and he had finally completed this Aspect, making it possible for him to begin training a second Aspect.

Rowan had already collected two Omnipotent Aspects with the aid of Andar and he could not wait to begin exploring this new branch of power.

Every step he was taking, whether it was seeding worlds, upgrading his Aspects, Devouring Tribulations, creating Angels, or increasing his Supreme Circles, all these were foundations that he was slowly accumulating, until the day when he reigned Supreme.

The Berserker Aspect was already a source of great power for him, and if he looked at it at a larger scale of things, the Berserker Aspect was quite powerful, but it was not the

best among the powers he could use, yet Rowan understood that sometimes it was the utility of a technique that was far more important than its power.

Rowan could feel his Tribulation descending, but it seemed that the Divine Palace was delaying its gathering speed.

This oncoming Tribulation felt quite different from those he received at the transcendent Grade, and his intuition was telling him that it would be quite special. Inside his Mental Space, his Tower of Greed had surprisingly already grown to the fourth floor.

He had been able to quickly regrow this treasure because Eva was far more powerful than before, making her employ more of her skills, with his Aether from the Primordial Sea of Darkness serving as a potent fuel to aid in its development and repair.

Rowan felt that the fourth-floor tower would be enough for him to devour the entire Tribulation given that he would not be under attack while he was doing so like previously with Dao Ma, and he was stronger now.

First, he gave Vraegar the green light to go outside the Divine palace and receive his Tribulation.

The Dragon stood up as his body began to expand to more than a thousand feet from the tip of his snout to the ends of his tail. Vraegar suddenly gave a long roar as his body began to grow increasingly stronger, as he finally broke the chains he had kept over the brimming power that had been threatening to explode out of him all this while.

He had been suppressing his realm all along to the peak of the second circle so he could keep his bloodline and abilities pure, and now that the Tribulation was coming he could not hold himself back anymore and broke into the Third Great Circle.

His Ascension was like a rocket rising as a red beam of light so condensed it resembled fresh blood erupted from his body, struck the roof of the Divine Palace, and melted the Divine Materials as if it were nothing thereafter it shot into the universe.

Vraegar growth stopped at the peak of the Third Circle and his Draconian eyes which were filled with arrogance and greed looked at his Tribulation gathering outside the palace and he spread his wings wide and erupted from the ground like a meteor.

He pierced through the hole his Ascension made and appeared outside the open space. His bloody Tribulation cloud that spread for thousands of miles would bring fear to the heart of a god, but it only filled his heart with joy, because Vraegar saw it as a testament to his power and potential.

The miles-long lightning bolts that were scarlet lit up the bloody cloud and the intense stench of blood spread out for millions of miles.

In the distance, the Children of Ruin were roused from their slumber, the seven of them stared at the expanding cloud of Tribulation over Vraegar's form, and a hint of interest entered their eyes, but it was still just a little bit.

Power on this scale had no effect on them, and they slowly yawned and returned to sleep.

Although there was something special about this Tribulation, something that was... new, they were still not that interested, for they had seen grander sights, and what they were all waiting for, was still a mystery at this point.

Vraegar eyed the Tribulation above and roared, as a challenge he spread out his wings.

The Tribulation did not keep the dragon waiting for long as a torrent of scarlet lightning bolts in their hundreds rained down upon him, slamming into the dragon with the force of a thousand meteorites.

Chapter 519: Nosferatu's Tribulation

The sound of the Tribulation slamming into Vraegar was so loud it would shatter a continent.

A shockwave erupted from Vragar's position which shattered reality, as an intense flame burning bright red covered the dragon.

His pained but defiant roar echoed through space, as with a flap of his wings he dispelled the flames covering his body. Peering down at his scales he found them all uninjured and Vraegar laughed.

The Lightning gathering in the cloud above seemed to pause before it began to increase in feverish intensity as if the dragon's amusement was stoking its fury.

Rowan observed this display from the Tribulation Cloud with great interest, as he documented all his observations. Why would the heavens have such petty emotions like anger? Was it more aware than he gave it credit for?

His Tribulation was on its way, but he was still suppressing it, everything he was observing served as valuable agencies for him to truly understand Tribulations, since he would be having them.... A lot.

Rowan could feel the power of his Tribulation building up, at least, ten times as powerful than when he was at the Immortal stage of the Berserker Aspect, and this fact only brought him great joy.

Apart from devouring Gods, eating Tribulations was his next best source of power, and Rowan knew he would be abusing this loophole in the universe. It was dispersing Tribulations to hinder the growth of power, but since the laws of domination were still fair, it would grant rewards to those who passed the trials.

The incoming Tribulation of this level was just too weak to catch Rowan's attention, even though it was ten times as powerful, it was just an easy meal for him, and since he could rapidly level any of the techniques he collected to the highest level, he saw no reason why he should not gather all of them and take them all to the limits.

In that way, he would harvest enough Tribulation Power to bring him to the peak, and that was disregarding the fact that he would gain valuable Intent for every Aspect that he brought to the Origin State.

Berserker's Intent was so impressive, what if he could have a hundred more just like that?

Focusing back on the Tribulation ongoing with Vraegar, he brought out the Tower of Greed, this powerful Origin Treasure that would be used as an ultimate treasure, even in a Supreme World, and has now been relegated as a tool used in harvesting Tribulations.

Focusing back on the ongoing Tribulation, he observed that the Dragon was no longer waiting for the Tribulation Cloud to gather energy, instead Vraegar began to charge up one of the ultimate techniques born from Nosferatu.

This blow would be deciding the winner in a single ultimate clash, and Rowan watched in passing interest.

He was not impressed.

Even though Vraegar at this moment could battle Dao Ma to a standstill and if the conditions were right, he could kill him, although without locating the Divine Kingdom, any battle with a god was a waste of time, what Rowan was interested in was the Dragon's combat power.

This was a situation unique to Rowan, however, for even a Major God would be astonished by the might of Vraegar's Tribulation.

Rowan's first Berserker Tribulation was not as powerful as this one. This was because, unlike the Berserker Tribulation, Nosferatu was a new power being introduced into the universe, and because of this, the Originator of this power would be tested, if they were worthy, then a great reward would be granted.

Rowan had quietly introduced a new power system into the universe and if he was even aware of how monumental this achievement was, he gave no sign.

Vraegar body began to grow and his white scale began to transform into something crystalline, almost resembling the spikes on the Ouroboros Serpent. He opened his mouth and a shapeless energy began to gather that was incredibly hard to describe.

What Vraegar gathered inside his mouth was his Draconic Breathe Attack, arguably one of the most powerful tools in his possession, but unlike any other Breath Attacks from dragons, what Vraegar emitted from his mouth was similar to a vacuum, it was almost invisible and had an incredible pull on anything around it, the closest thing to equate this attack with was a Black Hole.

His jaws stretched open so wide it was almost as if his head was about to split in two, and with a thunderous rumble that shook the surrounding space for millions of miles around, the Tribulation and Vraegar's attack was released at the same time.

The Tribulation lightning that descended was so compact it was solid, like a divine spear made from blood a thousand miles long descending from the Tribulation Cloud, almost draining it empty.

This blow could slay Minor gods with ease, and it made the eyes of Rowan light up, this energy given out was peculiar.

This diabolical spear of blood plunged down towards the dragon, shattering the fabrics of reality and leaving an enormous gash where the darkness from outside time and space flowed through.

The Children of Ruin looked over, and there was a solemn light now burning in their eyes, this Tribulation had exceeded their expectations. Vraegar did not cower before this devastating strike and instead roared in defiance, pushing more of the energy into his invisible breath attack.

Unlike the Tribulation, Vraegar's attack was silent, the only sign of its passage was a slight distortion in space as it moved through it. Their blows were moving at terrifying speed and when they impacted against each other, there was no sound, the collision, if you could even call it, was silent.

The spear of blood tore through Vraegar's blow like it was a bubble without losing any momentum and continued on its path, unerringly heading towards Vraegar's skull, it was quite apparent that when it struck him, the only result was death.

Vraegar eyes went wide in panic for a bit, but when he understood what his power was capable of, he smiled, his white fangs gleaming in the darkness as he did not move and waited for the Tribulation to reach him.

The spear fell like the judgment from the gods, but when it reached a hundred feet away from Vraegar it collapsed into dust.

Rowan, seeing the victorious smirk on the face of the dragon, nearly squeezed his brows in anger and amusement. In the end, this silly dragon had begun to doubt his abilities. Perhaps Rowan should not be so harsh against him, because, for a Dragon, it was still untested.

Chapter 520: Origin Stage Tribulation

Vraegar's abilities were enigmatic, and Rowan built it in a manner that would take advantage of all the advantages of his powerful Emyrean body.

His scales were harder than Davross, gearing closer to the density of his Emyrean Adamant with every day that passed, his claws were sharp and his movements were swift, he would be a force of devastation when he attacked, and so Rowan saw no need for the Dragon energy attacks to do more of the same thing, instead it was to focus on other things, namely spirit, and vitality.

Vraegar energy-based attacks were not destructive, instead, they acted as a form of devouring force that consumed energy, vitality, and even Spirit.

When Vraegar's blow had clashed against the Tribulation, it did not fight fire with fire, and it appeared that it had been destroyed, but that was far from the truth, instead, it went the opposite route and absorbed the energy from the attack.

This attack was all the energy the Tribulation had to spare and it began to disperse. The dragon roared his victory to the heavens and eyed the palace in the distance, pride in his eyes for conquering his Tribulation before the gaze of his father.

Vraegar suddenly groaned as his scales began to split, from out of nowhere a profound sense of power and incredible vitality flooded through his body. These all came not only from the Tribulation attack he just absorbed but also from the feedback from the universe, for surviving his Tribulation.

He was essentially gaining more than ten times the benefits to be gotten from a Tribulation, and this energy was enough for him to break the boundary of the Fourth Supreme Circle, even after he had suppressed his growth to the limit, there was nowhere for all this power to go, and he had to ascend.

Vraegar began to curl into a massive ball, and his tail and wings covered his torso and face, as the temperature of his body dropped to below zero.

His eyes were slowly closing when he saw the figure of his father appearing beside him.

Smiling weakly at his father who patted him on the snout, he struggled to open his mouth, but the change coming over him was swift and he could hardly move. Rowan's reassuring smile was all it took for him to relax.

'Of course, my father understands my accomplishment. I can finally be of use, and not those feathered chickens, I shall become the Herald of his rise, and one day my father shall depend on me for victory. Hehehe...that day is surely coming. My wings shall cover him and keep him safe.'

Vraegar's fantasies ran deep, but suddenly a sense of threat so profound it nearly froze his heart shrouded him, and his consciousness began to flee as he fainted from pure panic, but before he fell into the darkness of unconsciousness he saw it.

His Tribulation Cloud that stretched for thousands of miles was beginning to dissipate, and through it he could see something behind, much higher in space, it was another descending Tribulation, and if his own was the size of a house, what followed behind it was the size of an entire planet!

Vraegar dimly realized that there was only one person in existence that such a Tribulation could come for—His Tyrannical and unmatched father.

Even in the depths of unconsciousness and vast changes ongoing inside his body. The dragon was smiling, even as a single tear fell from his eye, 'When can I become like you?'

Rowan swept his hand, and a burst of Telekinesis quickly dispersed the remnants of Vraegar's Tribulation Cloud, and he moved Vraegar's evolving body into the Divine Palace.

He grinned at the enormity of his current Tribulation as he was expecting something like this, he rubbed the Tower of Greed in his hand in anticipation of what was to come.

From the knowledge he collected about the powers in the universe, one of them was about Tribulations, and he knew what he had done with the Tower of Greed was unprecedented.

There had been other individuals in the long history of time who sought to return and change the past, some had succeeded, but there was none like him who could bring the future back into the past.

It was normal that the amount of Tribulation-Power consumed when a genius ascended was different, as they were more powerful than the average Tribulation contenders and so the universe responded by making their Tribulations more powerful, but the benefits they gained were also more abundant.

This was important to note because every Tribulation you went through left a mark, and the more Tribulations you surpassed, the next ones would be more powerful than the previous. This was to prevent someone from abusing the system and depending on Tribulations for quick growth in power.

This mark also recorded the power of the Tribulation you surpassed, ensuring there was no way for anyone to cheat the system, and so a genius would receive increasingly more powerful Tribulations, and if he could survive them, they would get more powerful.

So the race was on. If the genius could live long enough and survive long while keeping his power at a level that was greater than the next Tribulation they would be challenging.

This was a lesser-known fact, but Telmus was such an individual. But Rowan had no way of knowing that at this time.

Even if two people had received the same amount of Tribulation, the gains they would end up receiving would be quite different.

Rowan had devoured an entire Tribulation of its power, even a Supreme Genius like Telmus would have collected thirty percent of a Tribulation Energy at most.

Vraegar who had just gone through his Tribulation had consumed only twenty-eight percent of the Tribulation Energy, and although the Tribulation Mark left behind on his body was great, how could it compare to Rowan who had devoured the entire thing?

With the knowledge about the power systems of the universe he collected from the Ancient Library, his understanding of Intent grew deeper, and he soon realized that his Berserker Intent which was at the Black Grade when he reached the Immortal Stage was a misnomer.

Anyone else who reached the Immortal Stage of the Berserker Technique received a Yellow Grade Intent and not the Black Grade Intent he got, Rowan could only ascribe this reason to the fact that he devoured the Tribulation in its entirety.

Recall that there were five grades to Intent, Yellow, Black, Silver, Platinum, and Purple.

Chapter 521: The Narghal Tyrant

To have a Berserker Intent at the Black Grade when he was ascending to the Origin Stage was considered impossible, and consuming the entire energy inside a Tribulation was also considered impossible, but these two impossibilities had appeared in the body of one person.

The universe had now responded to this abnormality in Rowan Ascension with a Tribulation that could raze countless worlds to dust! The sight of such a Tribulation would awe anyone who was seeing it, but since Rowan was in the depths of space, he was alone for the most part.

His Tribulation Cloud stretched for millions of miles with no end in sight, and to avoid collateral damage, he pushed the Divine Palace using Astrolabe away for billions of miles, and he closed his eyes as he waited for his trial to arrive.

His mind was empty, his void hearts releasing subtle vibrations that matched his physique and trembled in harmony with it.

So many mysteries in his body, that he would take millions of years to unearth every single one of them.

When he opened his eyes he saw the Children of Ruin around him, observing him with their peculiar eyes showing scenes of great destruction.

"Are you here to witness my Tribulation?" he asked, somehow feeling no distaste for these creatures, even his Ouroboros Serpents did not look on these Children of Ruin with any concern, they mostly ignored them, which was always surprising, as his Ouroboros Serpents had been growing increasingly irritable.

The Children of Ruin ignored his question, even after he asked them in another three older languages he knew.

Instead, they looked up to the heavens that had transformed into a scene of apocalypse and looked back again to Rowan, and he could see the query and surprise inside them.

It seemed they were about to speak, as their mouths opened but they slowly closed it and retreated, vanishing into space, and Rowan was left alone.

In space there was no up or down, as it was all a matter of perspective, Rowan grinned as he turned his body, and now the Tribulation did not seem to be above him, but below, and from his point of view he was stepping on the Tribulation.

The universe apparently had a nasty sense of humor as the Tribulation cloud already millions of miles in diameter began to expand once more.

Rowan laughed, "If that is all it takes to get a rise out of you, then do not blame me if I take advantage of you in the future. If you want to stop me. If you want to kill me. Then you need to do better than this."

The universe responded to his words as the Tribulation below him rumbled, the sound was like the tread of a trillion giants.

Like a python circling his prey to begin suffocating it, the Tribulation Cloud which was the color of red and pale yellow began to circle, this process happened very fast.

The tumultuous clouds that had spread for countless miles shrunk to the size of a nine-mile ring and appeared solid, like a ring made from blood and bones, placing Rowan firmly in its center.

Rowan waited for the lightning bolts, but what appeared was different.

He rubbed his chin, "Oh, so this is what a Tribulation at the Origin stage is all about when taken to the Limits."

From the circling Tribulation, a large portal opened, and a humanoid figure that seemed to be made from blood and bones stepped forth. He had four arms, each holding swords and axes made from bones.

His ten-foot frame was a picture of pure savagery and power, every muscle on his body rippled with each step taken, and above him, a bloody pillar appeared so massive it touched the heavens and vanished into a space that Rowan's perception could not touch.

As he moved towards Rowan, the world changed with every step he took and a river of blood and bodies flowed out from beneath his feet.

When he reached Rowan and stopped, there was an ocean of blood and bodies behind him.

Rowan looked away from him for a second and observed the corpses floating in the ocean behind this figure, they were all similar in appearance, all possessing four arms, but they had all been butchered in a horrifying manner.

Cocking his head to the side, Rowan turned to observe the figure before him. This being resembled a Minotaur, with long cow horns that left twin trails of blood behind, his eyes were entirely black like twin orbs of darkness but it was still filled with a fierce intelligence.

A dull voice speaking an ancient language that was similar to Medan emerged from its thick lips. It was older as if this was the language from which Medan was derived but Rowan's talent made it possible for him to understand it all.

"You are to be my successor? How ridiculous, you are but a mortal. Was I summoned by a sort of Divine Joke? Has the standards of the universe fallen so low that a mortal like you can summon me?"

Rowan ignored his derision and asked using the same language that was being spoken by this entity, "What are you?"

Perhaps struck by how cool and composed Rowan was, the creature paused and assessed Rowan, it must have sensed something, as its eyes lit up, and suddenly it gave a short bow, that was oddly graceful,

"I am a Narghal Tyrant, one of the First Borns, and for good or ill, the universe has changed since the last time I walked upon it."

Rowan shook his head in understanding, "It is the destiny of all things that will pass away to change under the unending flow of time. The universe would fade away in time, and, naturally, there is a change that heralds that moment that is to come. Yet that does not matter for the both of us that are here, for what is important is this..."

Bringing up his right hand, Rowan manifested the Berserker Intent, and continued speaking,

"This signified that I did not just Transcend the Berserker Tribulation, I did it in a complete manner, beyond any other before in history, and your position whatever it may be, is now mine."

The Narghal Tyrant paused at Rowan's words and accessed the Black Grade Intent that he was holding,

"The universe has gone mad or something is very wrong. Tell me, are there many monsters like you in this Era?"

Chapter 522: Pillars of Ice and Blood

Rowan thought for a short while about the question this entity asked him before replying, "As far as I can tell, there is no one else like me in all of creation."

The Narghal Tyrant smiled a toothy grin revealing its black and sharp fangs, "In my Era, for me to become the only Narghal Tyrant in existence I butchered all of my kin until there was none left. My Berserker Technique was born from that day of unrelenting slaughter."

He looked to the heavens above and the ocean of blood beneath his feet, filled to the brim with bodies, his eyes became filled with mania, and his voice grew increasingly louder as he continued speaking,

"Oh... how they screamed! It is impossible for anyone else not present there to imagine the vibrancy of it... the intensity! When an entire race is put before the sword, then the true face of reality reveals itself. The universe herself wept and her tears of blood laid the foundation of this power you choose to take from me. It is good that there is only

one like you in all creation, perhaps you shall be worthy of inheriting my power, although I sincerely doubt your capability."

"Why would you slaughter all your kin to become the only one left standing? Was it just for this measly power of a Berserker?"

The Narghal Tyrant laughed deeply, and it sounded like the beating of a large War Drum, "The answer to that question is incredibly simple, yet hard for most to understand. Kill me and you shall find out or you will not, it all depends on the individual. Although I wonder how much power you can hold in that Mortal frame to challenge me, even though you have survived the previous test with flying colors."

Rowan's body flared up with the golden flame of Eruption for a second, and the heavens lit up with a golden color that could be seen for countless miles,

"Oh..." the Narghal Tyrant said in shock, "You are indeed special, haha... my awakening was not a mistake, I shall enjoy this battle."

He slammed his four weapons together and appeared before Rowan, seemingly crossing empty space faster than even time itself could register his movements, and the only reason Rowan could block the blow with Envy was because his instinct forged from battle and his Knowledge Well gave him the slight edge he needed.

It was still a little short, as the sword in the third arm of the Narghal Tyrant slipped past his defense and disemboweled him, not stopping its movement as the same stroke from the blade nearly took off his head, as it nearly divided Rowan in two.

Rowan's retaliation was instantaneous, burning Eruption, Envy came with a sweeping blow that sliced its way downward shattering all the four weapons in the hands of the Narghal Tyrant, his left hand threw a punch that was skillfully deflected by the Narghal Tyrant, who then discarded his destroyed weapon and threw a nasty combination with his four arms in a blazing manner that launched Rowan like a cannon bolt until his body slammed against the Tribulation Ring.

Rowan gasped in pain, as his body began to disintegrate into nothingness, whatever energy was in these Tribulation rings was one of the most potent powers of destruction he had ever come across.

His body was being destroyed so quickly that by the time he pushed himself away from the Tribulation Ring using Telekinesis, he had only his golden eyes left, and even that was still degrading slowly.

Space for countless miles echoed with Rowan's scream of rage as he burned his vitality channeling all that power into his constitution, his eyes seemed to be filled with countless dancing Ouroboros Serpents and his body returned in full accompanied by a flash of golden fire.

Rowan did not have time to fully recover as the blows of the Narghal Tyrant were heading for him without any respite, his foe was leaving no quarter for him to take advantage of. He was now holding four hammers that shattered Rowan's body into four places and launched him against the Tribulation Ring once again, even though Rowan blocked with Envy it was not enough, as the blow he received from this entity was the hardest he had ever received since he was reborn.

A single blow from this creature would kill a thousand Dao Ma with no issue, his strength was that ridiculous.

Envy had been bent into a mangled mess, but the weapon soon returned to her previous shape, while releasing a slow buzzing of intense anger.

"That sort of weapon would not work on me, it kills gods but I'm beyond a god!" the Narghal Tyrant laughed aloud.

'Good to know,' Rowan thought as he dismissed Envy, ignoring her protest as the weapon shrieked in anger, Rowan did not listen, for what was coming may be so destructive, that he might harm the weapon by mistake, he had not yet seen the limit of this weapon and he was curious to find it.

Like a switch being thrown, Rowan's eyes suddenly became cold. He would not be holding back in this battle. It was time to use his true power.

Learning from his lessons Rowan wrapped himself with a shield of Telekinesis and whatever energy inside the Tribulation Ring began eating its way slowly through it, but not fast enough.

Free from the distraction of his body being destroyed, he pulled out a portion of the Tribulation Ring with brute force and watched it squirm in his hands, his golden eyes filled with curiosity and irritation.

The Narghal Tyrant paused in shock, "Impossible! How can you hold back Decay!"

"So that's what this is. Then watch me closely for what I'm about to do next, if you blink, you might miss it."

Rowan opened his mouth and a darkness deeper than any in the Material Universe rushed out and blasted towards the Narghal Tyrant shattering space along the way.

The Narghal Tyrant attacked the wave of darkness with his hammers, but this move was a mistake as he was frozen in place upon touching this darkness, but that was not all, for whatever Rowan released had so much energy, that a black glacier that glistened like a black diamond encased the Narghal Tyrant's body creating a frozen pillar that was longer than a million miles and more than two miles in circumference.

Chapter 523: The Might of A Nascent Primordial

All of reality seemed to shake as the pillar of ice appeared to be holding the heavens as both of its ends extended for millions of miles into deep space with no end in sight.

This might seem to be challenging the pillar of blood standing behind the Narghal Tyrant.

Even Rowan was a bit shocked at the power of his Primordial Sea of Darkness, he had only spat out a small fraction of it, and already it was breaking the rules of reality, for if this pillar was not destroyed there was already a possibility that it would continue extending for another billion miles, the energy inside it seemingly infinite.

This sort of power was faintly exceeding that of a god or an Archmage.

Rowan pushed himself away from the Tribulation Ring, pushing himself away from the relentless force of 'Decay' his eyes peering through the ice where the Narghal Tyrant's body was slowly pushing his way through his primordial Sea of Darkness!

This being was very tough and also very powerful, what a dreadful combination.

Rowan understood the strength of this Black Ice, even Dao Ma would not be able to move a single inch encased in a fraction of what he used on this creature!

A piercing red light was beginning to shine from the eyes of the Narghal Tyrant as the ice made a subtle creaking sound, he would be breaking out soon., but it would still take a while.

It was because Rowan's perception was so acute that he could even detect that the Narghal Tyrant was moving, and if he maintained that speed, it might even take him centuries to escape from its confinement.

Rowan settled down as he was quickly analyzing the skirmish that had transpired.

This Narghal Tyrant was not a god, or an Archmage, in fact, Rowan could detect no trace of Aether in any of the moves he had made and everything he was doing was just using pure strength, but was that all to this picture? Rowan thought not, there was something he was missing.

Rowan's body suddenly flared golden and he vanished from his position, Just barely a fraction of a moment after he vanished the space he had occupied shattered into pieces, as a massive hatchet made from bones tore through that area.

Rowan reappeared a few thousand feet away and looked solemnly at the body of the Narghal Tyrant that was building himself from the leg up from billions of red squirming maggots. Four massive hatchet waved through the air held my large strands of red maggots, the body encased in the Black Ice slowly collapsed into nothing.

That red light in the Narghal Tyrant's eyes was not just light, it was Intent!

This was what he had been missing! The strength of the Narghal Tyrant did not come from his muscles or blood, it all came from Intent, but it was not Intent that was directed towards the world, this was all focused on one's body.

This novel way of utilizing Intent was interesting, and it would surely require a special kind of physique to pull it off, or was it the benefits of having your Technique at the Origin Stage?

Rowan did not think so, as outlined in the information he gained from the Ancient Library, Intent even at the Origin Stage could not transform the body to this state.

This must be a unique physique granted by the universe to the one who created a Technique that could reach the Origin Stage.

"You do not fight like a Berserker," the Narghal Tyrant said, his body had finished reforming but Rowan noticed that portion of his body would freeze and break apart only to be replaced by squirming red maggots which replaced the damaged parts.

He may have escaped from his prison of ice but the Narghal Tyrant had been damaged to an extent, and Rowan was very pleased by this result, as the first time he was employing this power, the results did not disappoint him.

"Of course, I don't fight like a Berserker, I'm not one, I am just here to harvest its strength," Rowan replied, his piercing golden eyes looked at the Narghal Tyrant and he smiled, "I am more."

"Then you will not win." the Narghal Tyrant growled and charged, his speed almost teleportation, but Rowan flared Eruption, channeling all that power into his Agility, and the world grounded to a halt, as time seemed to cease functioning.

He could now barely the snarling Narghal Tyrant approaching him, the effect of Rowan's previous attack still apparent because it was not moving at its previous impossible speeds, although its velocity had been delayed by just a fraction, at their levels of power it was enough to tip the balance of the scales of battle to Rowan's favor.

Inside his head, Rowan recited, 'The time to hold back is behind you, fight with your true strength, you are a Nascent Primordial, you are meant to stand at the pinnacle of all creation!'

His void heart stilled, and a peacefulness surged through his consciousness and he almost felt like singing.

He waited until he could smell the musk from the Narghal Tyrant, and peer into his eyes filled with battle lust. The four blades made from Intent nearly touched his body and then Rowan smiled.

The universe stopped.

From every single pore on his body, he unleashed darkness. The Darkness of his Territory. The Primordial Sea.

To understand what happened next, a spectator would have to be a million miles away from the Tribulation Ring, no... ten million miles.

Space was vast and from this distance even though the Tribulation Ring shone as bright as a star, it could barely be noticed from this point. A reverberation that resembled a shockwave erupted from the position of battle where a Nascent primordial and a Narghal Tyrant crossed arms.

A wave of coldness swept past this place that was ten million miles away from that battle traveling farther into space, a wave that froze everything, even reality itself, and space seemed to have turned into a mirror.

Then a world made of black ice instantly appeared, more than a million miles in diameter, a world that was as large as a star in the heavens, and shining with such a profound darkness that made all of reality freeze, and then for untold millions of miles around reality broke like glass.

This was a true Apocalypse.

Chapter 524: Leave Your Foolish Dreams Behind

This power he unleashed was now equal to or even surpassed every single exchange that happened on Jarkare involving his father, Boreas, and the Demon Prince, when greater than the final attack made by his father in a feat of anger and frustration.

For Rowan to reach this power scale immediately he ascended into the Second Supreme Circle was enough to show his potential as a Nascent Primordial.

To understand how powerful this move was, Rowan could have used it to instantly kill Dao Ma, and with the range of this World made of Black Ice, it could have easily infiltrated his Divine Kingdom, freezing it to dust.

If he had unleashed this same move in the Empire-controlled space, he would have destroyed tens if not hundreds of Minor Worlds, almost crippling half of this Empire's worlds in a single stroke!

Of course, he would have to be a lunatic to deal with such wholesale slaughter, it would be better to seed those worlds because his Primordial Sea of Darkness would totally disintegrate those worlds leaving nothing behind.

Without his soul, Rowan's intellect was now cold, killing billions was not as important anymore to him, but their utility after death was what he considered important.

Rowan knew for Dominators of the Second Great Circle, the power they made use of was mostly comprised of their Territories, it was the best weapon they had, unlike Mages who depended a lot on Aether, this was also how Emphyreans fought, as they also had Territories of their own too.

During his previous battles, Rowan needed to bring his Berserker Aspect to the Origin Grade and also to test his martial skills and his physical abilities to the limits, so throughout the battle he did not use the most powerful weapon available to him—His Territory.

He barely heard a surprised scream before the Narghal Tyrant was eradicated, even the Tribulation Ring was torn to pieces.

When Rowan unleashed a fraction of his Territory he looked as if he was breathing out, and then he breathed in, drawing back his Territory into his body.

Looking around him, Rowan nearly shuddered at the devastation. Although he had retrieved every single bit of his Aether, Reality around him was in chaos. Everything he could see for untold millions of miles was just gone, down to the fundamental building blocks of reality.

What remained was just the Underverse, this shadowy location that acted as the last barrier over a universe. Rowan had once mistaken this place as the Darkness outside the Universe, but he was wrong, this was the last barrier separating the fragile universe from the dangers outside it.

Yet as he watched parts of the Underverse freeze and were destroyed, he soon noticed that whatever stuff it was made of was especially tenacious and regenerative, and Rowan had pulled off all the Aether from the universe inside his body so it could quickly heal, destroying Reality was not among his plans for today.

The power of his Territory fell into the range he did not expect but he had always suspected, but knowing something and seeing it in action was quite different.

Was this power enough to fight against his father?

He felt his void hearts suddenly shuddered and a wave of power from the universe entered his body like quicksilver scraping through his bones. It was painful and exhilarating at the same time.

Rowan groaned and nearly reeled as he steadied himself and breathed harshly, there was no atmosphere in space, so what Rowan was pulling forcefully into his lungs were pieces of reality itself that had been broken and were still healing, they scalded his throat as he breathed deeply, almost like he was drinking a potent liquor, and then he breathed out, and white flames poured from his nostrils.

Rowan smacked his lips enjoying that sensation, it was almost as if he was drinking alcohol.

He had conquered his Tribulation and the universe was rewarding him with powers so quickly that his body was aching.

Usually, only powers at the Major God level could survive a Tribulation at the Origin Grade, and Rowan did not just crush a Tribulation at this level, this Tribulation was against the founder of the Berserker Aspect itself, meaning he gained more benefits than usual.

As he felt his body changing, Rowan closed his eyes to fully experience everything happening inside of him, he did not experience this blissful state for long before he was distracted.

His golden eyes opened as he sensed the Narghal Tyrant appearing before him, his body was now a bit faded but he appeared every bit as powerful as before.

The Narghal Tyrant was looking at Rowan with astonishment, as he surveyed the destroyed Reality around him and groaned aloud,

"You are not a creature that any universe can birth, what is an aberration like you doing inside her glorious body? You are a dragon dwelling inside a tiny pond, and if you are not careful, a slight shake of your body will shatter the pond. Still, it is a shame you cannot kill me, for my blessings go deeper than you know and nothing can take my throne. Not even something like you."

"Then is it..." Rowan was interrupted by the changes ongoing inside of him as he groaned feeling his spine shatter to pieces and regrow itself repeatedly, he could shut off the pain and move it to another consciousness, but he did not want to do that, pain and pleasure were both sides of the same coin, and he would experience all of it

Rowan gasped, "... is it all a scam? You can have no successor, and even after I destroy you, then I will not inherit all your mantle. That does not feel entirely fair, is it?"

The Narghal Tyrant frowned, "Do not besmirch my honor, Abomination. The prize is open for you to take, yet you are too weak to collect it. You have failed, a worthy successor would be found in the future, and it would not be you."

Rowan smiled, "Yeah, I was expecting something like this, what I have learnt in my short life is that anything worth doing is worth doing well. Taking your Throne is something worth doing, so don't think I will leave anything to chance."

The Narghal Tyrant laughed a bit, as his body began to fade, taking with him the Tribulation Ring, "Failure has made you mad, leave your foolish dreams behind Abomination, you are not enough."

Chapter 525: Shouldering The Present, Past, and Future.

Rowan smirked, "You call my dreams foolish, yet you flee, like a rat with its tail on fire."

The Narghal Tyrant frowned before saying, "You are lucky that a greater portion of my strength lies in the pillars it supports, or else I shall crush you like the bug that you are."

Rowan shook his head in pity, "I am coming for your throne."

"You have already lost the chance." the Narghal Tyrant replied and apparently done with the conversation, turned to leave, and he did not place the next actions made by Rowan to be his concern, it was his greatest mistake.

Rowan brought out his Tower of Greed, but he covered it with his fist after he shrank the Treasure to the size of a grain of sand, and he said to the departing figure, "My words are heavier than gold," even as he activated the Origin Treasure—Tower of Greed.

A single floor from the Tower was consumed, leaving three floors behind, the pale Tower gleaming like bleached bones under the midday sky...

This was not the first time he was using this Treasure and he aimed to understand the mysteries behind its creation and usage, this was a long-term goal, and every chance he had, even in the midst of battle, he took the chance to learn as much as he could from it.

Rowan burned his vitality and channeled Eruption into his Agility to make sure that time went by as slowly as it could make it in his perception, what he saw happened is fast, only with this method could he glimpse a small portion of it.

A familiar sight came to him, something he now knew was called The River of Time. A place so powerful and mysterious, it affected all the Universes inside the Great Darkness.

The River of time, If it could truly be called a river, was a place where its dimension defied anything he had ever personally witnessed

He could hardly understand what he was even seeing, but he could feel its Aura and it was palpable, it was broad and endless, and Rowan knew trying to understand any part of it would lead him to madness.

It contained multiple universes and other primordial bodies that defied meaning and comprehension, he could feel certain Auras floating above the River of Time that any sort of observation from him would be enough to turn his mind to mush.

This place appeared both conceptual and real at the same time, almost like... his Nascent Primordial Bloodline!

His City of Sheol had a similar concept, it could change endlessly, seeming both real and unreal at the same time to an observer.

Then he saw the Ouroboros Serpent break through the water, pushing a spinning universe aside with its broad head and struggling to push itself through the wave that flowed inexorably in a single direction.

Rowan's quick action bore fruit as he discovered something new about the entire process.

There was not just one single Ouroboros Serpent pushing through the River of Time as he had first thought, because beneath the waves five other Ouroboros Serpents were coiled around the body of the single Ouroboros Serpent fighting to stay above the wave, lending it their collective strength and battling against the very flow of time itself.

Rowan suddenly had a thought, he always went back a few seconds because he believed he was too powerful, but was that the only factor here?

He was bringing part of the future into the past, something that anyone else would call impossible, perhaps the reason he could not go back further into the past was due to his current strength.

He queried that if his Ouroboros Serpents were to become stronger, then would it not be possible for him to be able to last longer and push his way further back into the past while holding all the gains from the future?

The quickest way to settle this hypothesis was to quickly develop his Ouroboros Bloodline further.

He was so close to his goals of Incarnation, and when he reached the Second Supreme Circle with his Ouroboros Bloodline, then his babies would have enough power to push back not just seconds, but maybe even days!

With the speed he could develop his strength, Rowan would be invincible in a short period of time.

The deed was done, and he had broken the universal rule again. Time was his biggest supporter.

Rowan's eyes opened thirty-five seconds in the past, and he was inside the Tribulation Ring attempting to push his way out of it, the Narghal Tyrant appeared before him, and as it was attacking he screamed, "Then you shall not win!"

"I already did, now I'm just cleaning the house," Rowan whispered as he unleashed another wave of the Primordial Sea of Darkness, this time, he wanted more control, than an all-around blast, but it was still useless as he could not control his Territory in a fine manner.

What he managed to do was to unleash another Icy world the size of a Minor world, but he used almost double the amount of Aether than he previously used to defeat the Narghal Tyrant.

He could easily move through the frozen world, and he reappeared over it. Standing on its surface, he could see how disastrous his Territory was to the reality around it.

It was like his Aether was as heavy as a mountain, and reality was a fragile piece of paper trying to hold it up.

Rowan sighed before he drew back his Territory inside of him, all this while, what he had been unleashing was just a single percent of his Territory, and already he was destroying the universe on a large scale.

He had unleashed two percent and the Narghal Tyrant was dead, the Tribulation Ring destroyed.

Rowan scowled in thought, he could not fight like this, not when he was still inside the universe. If he did he would draw too much attention, he was not afraid of just enemies, that was just a small factor in this issue, the real problem would be the universe itself.

He had to know how much damage Reality could sustain before he was rejected from the universe if he damaged it too quickly. This was something the universe was very capable of doing, as it would send its guardians against him, to purge him out—An Emyrean would be sent to do this job, and Rowan did not believe he was strong enough to win at this time.

Chapter 526: Silver Grade Berserker Intent

Rowan did not want to leave the universe, apart from the dangers waiting for him outside of it, the quickest rate of growth he would ever be able to achieve was inside this universe, where he would Seed worlds and be able to perpetually harvest souls from them, even when he was no longer a part of the universe.

The Tribulation Ring had shattered to pieces and what was left was far dimmer than before, barely visible against the darkness, as the destruction Rowan had wrought upon it was greater than the first time, in addition to the fact that a greater portion of its power had been stolen sometimes in the past/future.

Rowan knew what was coming, having experienced it not too long ago, and he closed his eyes as he reveled in the power that came rushing into his frame once more.

He sighed, power was a drug that was addicting. The Berserker power filling up his body was an especially addictive one.

As the strength in his body not just doubled but appeared to multiply, this change was transferred to his Ouroboros Serpents, and the strength in their bodies exploded, even while inside his void hearts the roars from the Ouroboros Serpent could be easily heard.

It could be said that Rowan's real body was the Ouroboros Serpents, and his body was just a conduit for them to acquire greater powers, and vice versa.

It was sometimes impossible to define the ability of creatures like Rowan.

His Serpents grew stronger, but also restless and Rowan wanted them to hunt prey but not yet, the Narghal Tyrant was not their target.

To destroy this Tribulation, he must suppress it in its entirety, for unlike a normal Tribulation, this one wanted to escape, and if it inferred the methods Rowan was using, the Narghal Tyrant would cut his loss and flee faster than Rowan could think.

Rowan felt a change inside the power filling his body and he gasped in happiness as the Berserker Intent in his body ascended another Grade, and now it was no longer an Intent at the Black Grade, but a power Silver Grade Intent!

Manifesting the Intent in his palm, he could observe the changes in the squirming maggots. The wave of power he could see erupting from his Intent was warping the world around him, and he could almost see lines of probability and Fate itself weaving around him.

These lines of fate solidified in his vision and he could truly see them! He had been aware of this sort of power since he gained his Emyrean Sense but he had no way of understanding them or even accessing them. His new Intent at the Silver Grade changed all that for him

Fate was something that Rowan had no idea of previously, but this was a very recognizable phenomenon, it was a power that was mostly unexplained outside the universe as it could only hold sway inside of it.

The universe was an environment that was largely under control and its inhabitants were not overly powerful that they could disregard the power of Fate.

His Intent at the Silver Grade was now touching one of the fundamental rules of the universe, a realm left for the strong.

Rowan could immediately feel this change in his Intent, each of the 'maggots' was visibly longer and more robust, their numbers did not increase, but the strength in each of them was multiple times its previous self.

Rowan knew that he could now use his Intent for longer and it would also easily regenerate, he could now easily crush the Intent of others that did not have Silver Grade Intent and above, as his own would leave its mark on their bodies, and victory was assured.

A Silver Grade Intent was rare, and generally, only a small portion of Major gods, High gods, and above usually had Intent at this level.

From all the records on the powers in the universe, no one had ever been able to bring their Berserker Intent to the Silver Grade, even after passing their Origin Stage Tribulation, the highest recorded Intent was at the Black Grade.

Another change followed this Ascension in his Intent as Rowan felt a tug deep inside his bloodline as the Tree of Desire appeared to be attracted not to the Silver Grade Intent, but to the lines of Fate being dragged towards Rowan.

This was an interesting development, Rowan had been searching for a method to increase the power of his mysterious third bloodline, but he knew of no method to do so, if not for the description from his Primordial Record, he would have no idea about what power his bloodline contained.

His Intent, which was usually known to the universe as The Light of the gods, was now powerful enough that reality itself, which could be called the Subconscious of the universe, would obey his will and Fate would submit itself to him.

The tiny amount of Fate he was receiving suddenly exploded in intensity and he could hear his Third Bloodline cheering in happiness as it growth multiplied, Rowan smiled as his guest remade himself from Intent woven from the remnants of the Tribulation Ring.

When the Narghal Tyrant reappeared he immediately sensed the flow of Fate escaping from his reforged body and the startling weakness in his flesh. The Fate that backed his actions was surging towards Rowan like a flood, and his eyes opened wide in astonishment, "How is..."

Rowan did not let him speak, he already heard this sort of thing before, and time at this moment was a valuable commodity, he activated the Tower of Greed again.

His Serpents were stronger, he could feel it, and the result of their growth was apparent, they could push deeper, and Rowan went back an extra five seconds, making him return forty seconds in the past.... With Silver Grade Intent, and much greater attributes than before.

His eyes opened and he was inside the Tribulation Ring, but something was different about him, and the charging Narghal Tyrant immediately sensed it.

The Silver Grade Intent flowing out of Rowan's body was impossible to disguise, the Narghal Tyrant wanted to stop in panic for he immediately felt impossibly weak as if he was on the threshold of death and his Throne was about to be wrested from him.

The Pillar of Blood above him was creaking, as large portions of itself began to collapse, even before Rowan made a move, the Tribulation Ring appeared to be about to collapse.

Chapter 527: The Gaze of The Universe

Rowan could as well imagine what the Narghal Tyrant would be feeling right now.

To the Narghal Tyrant, Time was linear, he had just successfully attacked Rowan twice and had won their short confrontation, and he was about to continue his attack to further push his advantage before he suddenly found himself devoid of energy, his Blood Pillar above on the verge of destruction and his Tribulation Ring about to be extinguished.

To add salt to injury, he could feel a purer source of Berserker Intent that did not come from him, but from the Mortal who had a much weaker grade of Intent, a second ago.

"What unholy madness is this?"

The first thought that occurred to him was Time Manipulation, but one that was so profound it went against all universal laws he knew should be possible inside a material universe!

The very structure of the Material Universe made it impossible for Time to be manipulated to this extent, this was what he had always known, but he could not deny the evidence he was witnessing.

'Something is very wrong here, this is most likely a Machination from an Old One, I have to flee!' The Narghal Tyrant screams internally.

He had no time to organize his thoughts before he was swallowed by darkness, and then a deep numbness like a mortal dragged into the midst of a winter storm, but he could not shiver, he could not even scream, he felt his death and the Narghal Tyrant smiled.

'No matter how unbecoming my passing got to be, at least I died in battle, but the universe... she is in mortal peril, I need to warn her, but how?...'

This was his last thought and he was no more.

The Last Narghal Tyrant, the First Berserker was now a footnote in history and it was hard to know if there was ever a record of his life and his people left behind.

The universe was too large, and time was an inexorable force, even the greatest of powers, except they could transcend the laws of the universe, would eventually fall and fade away.

Rowan dismissed his World of Ice and instead made a throne. He sat and closed his eyes as his body began to change with the fresh wave of power being bestowed from the universe... well, more like stolen from the universe. He had taken more than his allotted share after all.

A thousand miles over his head, the heavens opened and a crown made from blood and bones began to descend.

Rowan made no move as if he was not aware of the descending crown, but from his back, six Serpent heads emerged as his Ouroboros Serpent encircled his head like a crown, their glowing crystal-like horns encircled Rowan's head and it appeared so magnificent it would make a god weep.

The blackness from his throne merged with the gold and crystals, and his glory became a part of the universe.

When the descending crown reached a few hundred feet from Rowan, his Ouroboros Serpent surged forward and they tore it apart, each of them swallowing a portion of the crown amidst its fading screams filled with fear and anger.

Rowan's eyes were closed as if he was not aware of the actions of his Serpents, but as they followed his will in all things, this was clearly his will.

Rowan wanted power but he did not want a mantle, that would turn out to be a fancy way to open himself to the control and manipulation of the universe while he was still too weak to resist its power. He had been chained before, never again, not even for power.

His actions had consequences and they were not far behind, as he could feel a gaze that began to assemble slowly in this location, Rowan did not wait for whatever it was to find him, and he vanished from this place using Astrolabe.

A few moments after he departed a formless gaze settled in this area, and it did not leave.

The universe was powerful, but in some things, she was not very observant, due to her sheer size, and the fact that her attention became weakened when she was in the area where there were limited amounts of Aether.

She was involved in countless affairs all over its entire span, yet the situation here was enough to draw her attention, and like a patient hunter, she would remain here.

One of her Pillar Bearers had fallen, but this did not draw too much of her attention, as the Pillar still remained, she just needed to locate another Bearer, but she would keep watch over this place, perhaps a clue would reveal itself in time.

Nothing in existence could be as patient as a universe.

®

Rowan appeared inside the Divine Palace of Erohim, his eyes were a bit cloudy as he used his Knowledge Well to analyze the last moments before he fled and the Tribulation he had just encountered.

That gaze from the universe struck him as odd, almost like a robot, for he had felt no will inside it, almost like an emotionless camera pointing in his direction, nonetheless he thought it was important to understand how the universe worked, for it was an important player in the game.

Rowan's action was already powerful enough to draw her gaze, then he should start gathering information about this entity. He expected to be performing actions like this in the future, this meant an inevitable clash with the universe would happen.

His eyes cleared up and the Ouroboros Serpents escaped from his body making a throne, their bodies were a bit different, appearing more like constructs than flesh. Rowan had indeed harvested a lot of power from this last Tribulation and it showed.

He looked at his Serpents and frowned a little, he could feel that although his Ouroboros Serpents were very comfortable and filled to the brim with power, their bodies were becoming a bit too potent for their realm, and it was making them a bit irritable.

No Ouroboros Serpent in all of time were as powerful as they were at the Rift State, and there was a certain abnormality that began to brew inside them that he was beginning to take note of.

Chapter 528: Lines of Fate

The descending Crown sent by the universe was destroyed by his Ouroboros Serpents when they sensed the barest hint of dissatisfaction in his heart.

They were growing more irritable and savage as they grew stronger, and if he unleashed them in the future then it was possible that they would cause great destruction, as a result of this, they could no longer be used as tools for delicate pieces of work, but for wholesale destruction.

Which was okay for Rowan, although his Territory was overpowered to the extreme, it was also something that was not even intended to be used inside the Material universe, he still had his Ouroboros Serpents that were still as powerful, but would not draw the attention of the universe, at least not for a short time.

If he finished consuming all the worlds as he intended then, it was safe to say his Ouroboros Serpents at the Second Supreme Circle would be terrifying. At that time he wondered how long he would be able to remain inside the universe.

This was a problem he would need to figure out in time, with Rowan's character, there was no way he would leave the universe without making sure he had taken advantage of every single opportunity inside of it.

With so many great changes happening to him in a short while, it was necessary that he checked his current Attributes using , and even though he expected such great changes, he was still stunned.

Unlike before, he did not bring out , with the state of his Serpents, he did not need anything more to trigger their irritation. They would lose against the Singularity but that would only make them more vicious.

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 14/542,000

Strength: 648,392

Agility: 626,792

Constitution: 653,977

Class: None

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

Berserker (Tier 7— Completed)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 0)

Light Devourer (Tier 0)

Skills:

BERSERKER BLOOD (Origin — Level Completed)

Bloodline Skill: Eruption (45%)

Passive:

Decipher language (complete)

Berserker Intent (Silver)

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: Silver)

Strength Gained: 100,000 (x3)

Agility Gained: 100,000 (x3)

Constitution Gained: 100,000 (x3)

Spirit Gained: 100,000 (x3)

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

Class Gained: BERSERKER

The Universe celebrates at the Rise of the Berserker Pillar.... Error~ Link to the Berserker Pillar has been severed, Class has been rejected.

Soul Crystal — 542

Remark: Awakening Primordial

He earned no soul from killing the Narghal Tyrant, which meant whatever the first Berserker had become, he was now an it.

No longer a thing of flesh, blood, or spirit. It becomes more like a cog in a machine, a program in a computer.

Rowan idly wondered if the Narghal Tyrant understood the sort of creature it had become.

'The price we all pay for power.' Rowan mused inside his heart.

Dismissing these thoughts, he focused on the benefits he had obtained. Rowan knew getting an Aspect to the Origin Stage would grant him great benefits, but doing it three times made his harvest ridiculous.

With his new understanding of the methods that powers operated, he knew that for everyone else, getting to the peak of the Origin Stage would give them the maximum of twelve to twenty thousand Attributes in each stat. Rowan's physique made it possible to harvest five to six times as much.

This was a phenomenon he observed as he began evolving his Ouroboros Bloodline and acquiring more Ouroboros Serpents, he had noticed that the number of Attributes he gained from every technique he mastered was growing, which should be a unique feature of his bloodline after all he could be seen as having six heads or six entire bodies, and the Attributes he gained was six times as much as others.

His Eruption had also grown, nearly reaching the halfway mark, and Rowan could already feel the amount of freedom that Eruption at this level granted him, and a slight grin broke across his features.

He had finally found out about a unique feature in his Primordial Record that had been bugging him for a while now, that was the issue with his Class.

He had not found any records of the meaning of a Class in all the knowledge he harvested, but now he found out the reason, you had to do something phenomenal to gain a Class, as each created Class was made to become one of the Pillars holding the universe.

What was a Pillar of the Universe?

Rowan had no idea, but he could easily infer the meaning, perhaps it was the foundational structure that held up the rules and laws of each individual universe, and the difference between one universe and the next might be because of the amount and types of pillars they contained.

With his growing experience, he felt this inference was correct, and maybe the universe turned her gaze to him, not because he used his Territory to utterly destroy the Narghal Tyrant, but because he was now close to something of great interest to her, which was one of the pillars.

Killing the Narghal Tyrant thrice did not just give him a Silver Grade Berserker Intent, it pushed the Berserker Aspect to the peak of Origin, and this level of power was not only reflected in his Attributes, but in the way he saw the world.

He saw the Lines of Fate from all the mortals inside the Divine Palace begin to stream into his body, as his Intent acted like a magnet, all this power converged and entered his Mental Space, streaming towards the massive Tree of Desire waving in the distance.

The Tree of Desire began to glow a soft green color, and its growth that had been slow and steady before began to visibly quicken.

Chapter 529: Infiltrator

A subtle wave that Rowan could barely notice, but he understood as luck began to fill his Mental Space and slowly seeped into his flesh.

Intent was a power that only those at the level of Gods, Archangels, and Demon Princes and above should have access to, and there were many mysteries to this mysterious power that met the eye.

Was it possible that another method of growing stronger at this level was from harvesting Fate? This should be the method the other gods grow their power, unlike the gods of Trion who had access to other ways of growing stronger.

Fate seemed to serve as a method for gods to accelerate the methods their bloodlines and abilities grow. He would be learning more about this power, it was unique and now that he had access to it, soon he would fully control it.

Unfortunately, such details about this power were not collected by him inside the Ancient Library. It had a positive effect on his bloodline and Rowan wanted to understand all he could about it.

He did not need Fate to grow his abilities, he doubted there was anyone who could develop their abilities faster than he could, but if his bloodline could feed on it, then its importance was paramount.

Rowan suddenly had a thought, 'Wait, maybe Eva would have an idea about what this all meant after all the method she used to awaken her Intent is still a mystery to me, and I don't even know the grade of her Intent.'

Rowan summoned her to him, and when she appeared a few hundred feet from Rowan, his Ouroboros Serpents began making a low hissing sound that would make an

Archmage's leg shake from fright. Rowan sent several consoling thoughts to his Serpents before they allowed her to come closer.

Eva however did not come too close, only taking a single step closer, the Ouroboros Serpents seemed to be satisfied with her gesture of deference and they settled down, their eyes staring deep into reality, guarding against any threat.

So it was not too surprising to Rowan when his One-Eyed Ouroboros Serpent suddenly struck out into midair and dragged a screaming figure out of the ripped space.

The bleeding figure was clad in starlight and appeared to be a youth of sixteen, his body brightened up and Rowan knew intuitively that he was about to escape, he shot out two beams of his Black Aether at the figure from his eyes, who became frozen in place, half of his body already merged in space.

"Eva!" Rowan yelled, but she was already moving, weaving trails of shadows in the air, she cried out softly, "Trzarok Schiyuh!"

Rowan understood what she said, and it was similar to the intonation used by the Narghal Tyrant, but this one was older, she said, "Space Lock!"

The surrounding space seemed to fluctuate like ripples on the surface of a lake, and then seemingly solidified into diamond.

Except for Rowan and Eva, everything here had frozen in place for five hundred feet all around, even time seemed to be moving far more slowly.

Rowan's eyes blazed with golden flames replacing the black Aether from his Primordial Sea of Darkness, his fury was growing cold when he realized that this figure trying to escape was a god.

One that he recognized.

His Knowledge Well quickly retrieved the details of this god, Murrihm, The Star Gazer, a Minor god known for his stealth and evasiveness.

This was one of the gods of the Cerulean Galaxy.

What Rowan was most worried about at the early stages was whether there was anyone who could slip through the blockade he had over this region, he had many countermeasures against that event happening, but he knew if there was anyone who could do so, it would be this god!

Rowan had information about every god in the Cerulean Galaxy, and he could almost accurately trace the moment his cover was broken, which should have been a month

back when he pulled out all his Consciousness to collect every information that was stored in the Golden Book.

'So, this is the price I had to pay to collect this great power?' Rowan had been slowly gathering evidence of all events that had been happening to him in the past till now, and he had been gathering various pieces of evidence, but he pushed that line of thought to the side for now.

War was here.

The blockade he had set up was opened, and for this god to have found his way into his chambers, must have taken some time, most likely a month, his chambers were guided by Angels who never slept, and Murrihm must have carefully worked his way through the void to avoid any slip, else he would have been caught.

Rowan almost marveled at the daring of the god, indeed any being that could reach this level was not simple.

Suddenly the short time frame he gave himself was shorter, and he could only hope Murrihm would not have sent valuable information back to the gods of this galaxy, else he would find himself in a war that would prove more tricky to fight than he had previously anticipated.

Immediately releasing his Ouroboros Serpent to prowl through the entirety of the palace, he released five thousand Angels to roam the surrounding space for millions of miles, before concentrating on the frozen god before him.

He could not imprison this god inside his Ice forever, because it was also slowly killing him, and Rowan would have preferred that outcome but killing the fleshy body of a god was useless, as he could simply channel more essence from his Divine Kingdom and heal any damages taken, or he could simply recreate his body in his Divine Kingdom.

Plans were now rushing at him very fast, but he was cool and collected, his many consciousness pillars working quickly as he began to access all the information he had available to him.

The report from his Serpents and the Angels was that there were no other intruders and Rowan was silent for a while in thought before he asked Eva,

"Tell me all you know about Intent, specifically at the Silver Grade and above."

Chapter 530: Counter-Strike

Rowan's question was abrupt and Eva seemed confused for a while before her eyes lit up in understanding.

When Rowan revealed his Silver Grade Berserker Intent, with her knowledge about all of Rowan's abilities, she could instantly comprehend the plans he just come up with, it was bold and daring, and subverted all the plans she had laid down for this war, but this was his sort of style, Eva mused inside, 'his adaptability is frightening!'

"Of course," Eva replied, "But if you are planning to do what I think you are intending to do, we should be quick,"

Nodding towards the frozen god, Eva continued working, "Your Territory is the antithesis of life, the god will not last for long, nor will this Divine Palace."

Rowan knew she was telling the truth, not only was the god dying from the attack he just used but the entire Divine Palace was beginning to break, as massive portions of it were collapsing, his Angels were running around keeping it in one piece, the concentrated beam of his Primordial Sea of Darkness he shot out to freeze the god would soon destroy the palace.

Although it would seem like Rowan had released a minor amount of his Aether, he had made sure to concentrate as much of it as possible in his eyes. Manipulating his Aether like this was getting more familiar to him, as his Knowledge Well was refining his techniques at every moment.

Rowan muttered quietly to himself, "Well, time to get this war on its way then, it's been long enough."

Rowan summoned his Ouroboros Serpents, and like phantoms they entered into the ice holding the god captive and surrounded him, each of them opened their mouths wide, anticipating the feast ahead, as the eyes of the Murrihm, the Star Gazer slowly widened in panic.

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It had not taken long for Rowan and Eva to come up with a plan, it was still rough around the edges, but it was the best they could do, given the limited information they had, and they could as well be too late and a host of angry and scared gods were barreling towards them at this very moment, but Rowan had to take this step to make sure the pieces he had on the board were in the best position.

The great war to consume the Cerulean Galaxy had begun!

Rowan nodded at his Serpents that had been salivating all these while, "Leave the head behind, savor your meal, it is to be, the first of many."

He did not have to repeat himself twice, with violence only an Ouroboros Serpent was capable of, their six heads descended on the god, and they ripped him into pieces, each bite taking a large mouthful from his body as they gulped down his Divine Flesh, even though it should not be physically possible, Murrihm, The Star Gazer was screaming.

The pain from being devoured alive by the Ouroboros Serpents could not be comprehended by a mortal mind. Their fangs carried venom that did not just melt the bodies of their targets whether it was divine or mundane, it also had the capability of inflicting massive amounts of pain, either to the living or dead.

The gruesome feast was all over in less than a minute, longer than Rowan was expecting, but his Serpents were in a cranky mood and they ate the god slowly, Rowan did not even blink at this brutal sight, his six hearts were now colder than the void.

They threw the head of Murrihm at him and he observed the features of the god frozen in pain.

The face of the god slowly loosened, freed from the ice, and his pain-filled eyes turned to Rowan.

Murrihm could barely mouth words of hate before his face was covered by one of Rowan's large hands, the eyes of the god widened and his mouth opened to scream but it was filled with bloody maggots in their millions, they covered his entire head, and began to chew, devouring the head of the god inch by inch.

Murrihm screamed, and his cries of pain could be heard for millions of miles, even surpassing the threshold of the Divine Place, and the Angels did well to shield the Mortals with their wings of fire, or else they would all perish from his agonized cries.

In a while nothing was left of the god and Rowan took a step back and closed his eyes, his brows furrowed as if in intense concentration, and he stayed like that for a few minutes before he sighed.

His gamble was futile, and he had lost the trace of the god, he turned to Eva, "Prepare for the second stage of the war, we don't... wait, something is different, I can see him!"

Rowan grinned as a bright blue light surrounded him, it was so dense it was almost like a river of bluish water, and he vanished from sight.

Eva looked at the place where Rowan once stood and she sighed at his impatience, she waited and looked to the skies while twiddling her thumbs, and when her body was covered by the blue light of Astrolabe, she smiled.

Murrihm, The Star Gazer opened his eyes which were filled with stars inside his Divine Kingdom, and he shuddered as he collapsed to his knees, his face was still squeezed in memory of the agony that assailed him.

He had spent a few minutes afraid of reconfiguring his body once again, for the pain had been total, like nothing he had ever experienced before.

Murrihm felt his stomach roil, and a feeling of intense disgust covered his consciousness and he began to dry heave so violently he began vomiting blood, this continued for a while until he vomited enough blood to fill up a small pool, and his fingers and legs were soaked with blood.

Tears and snot filled his face, and he almost began another fresh wave of vomiting when he saw dancing inside the pool of blood were thousands of maggots.

A silent voice entered his ears and he leaped up startled, "I was wondering if I had lost you for a minute there, turned out I just gave you PTSD. How disappointing."

Murrihm, looked around his Divine Kingdom and he could find no one, but he recognized the voice, it came from the Devil he had been investigating for the last few weeks, but where was he? How could he breach his Divine Kingdom?

Chapter 531: Children Of Light

Murrihm shook his head violently, a burst of Divine Might erupted from his body, and the tears, snot, and blood on his body were wiped away,

'No, this was not the question I should be thinking about, I need help! I need to inform the Forum of The Gods, that a great enemy was at their shores, and it was possible that the missing god Dao Ma had fallen in his hands.'

His Divine Sense erupted from his body, about to link with his Divine Spark so that he could begin broadcasting his findings to his fellow gods when an instinct made him look down.

Ignoring the disgust it brought him as he was feeling a deep revulsion in every fiber of his godly being at being violated by the Intent of this monster, and the thought of even looking at the remains of its Intent still haunted him.

Yet he still looked, and his eyes widened in shock and horror.

The red maggots that had filled his body previously had gathered and formed a single large eye with slit pupil like a dreadful snake and were staring at him with such apathy that Murrihm, The Star Gazer cried out in horror and took to the skies.

He drew his palms close to his chest where he pulled starlight from the millions of stars he had fixed in the skies of his Divine Kingdom, pulling such large amounts of starlight that the light from his Divine Kingdom became a fraction dimmer.

With a cry of rage and fear, Murrihm blasted the powers of the gathered stars towards that dreadful eye made from Intent.

Even though Murrihm, The Star Gazer was not known for his sheer brute force and power, every god inside his Divine Kingdom was supremely powerful, and in many ways, reality could bend to obey their wills, after all, they were the foremost authority in this space.

Murrihm made every single strand of his starlight burn as hot as 30,000° degrees and transformed the earth of his Divine Kingdom to become a reflective surface, so that as the starlight landed in the ground, it reflected and bounced back to the skies where he pushed it back towards the ground, and when they reached the ground again, it ricocheted back and he pushed it down, creating an array of pure devastation.

He had created this technique eighty-five thousand years ago, and he had proudly called it—Starlight Grinder.

Manipulating millions of strands of starlight in such a complex manner involving millions of micro interactions happening at every moment, was a power only a being with an Immortal Soul was capable of doing.

This created a horrifying reaction where the starlight he kept bouncing back grew hotter and brighter until his entire Divine Kingdom was filled with light.

He kept at it for three entire minutes until the earth of his Divine Kingdom evaporated into nothingness. He was not afraid of wasting any of his resources for his Divine Kingdom was special and nearly empty of life.

The only thing he truly treasured were the starlights above that he gathered every day for the last fifty thousand years, and he gave every single strand a name.

Many would call such actions useless, but he was a god, Murrihm was capable of naming all the billions of strands of starlight he had gathered.

Like his children, he knew them by name and he loved them. Endless years he had slowly spent finding the unique names for each spark of light.

With his power, this brief spark of light that should have only appeared for a brief moment in time did not fade but remained, and as long as he lived, it would never vanish.

Such a miracle necessitated that they had names, and it was the reason he hardly used them in battle, he became known that he was one of the gods with the weakest combat power, but that was very far from the truth.

He just abhorred using the lives of his children to battle, even now when he was in mortal peril, he was careful not to drain the power from his children, and he stopped when he had felt he had collected enough.

Murrihm wiped the sweat from his brows, 'Whatever entered his Divine Kingdom must have been banished, right?' The power he just unleashed was nearing the peak of what a Minor god was capable of, that should be enough to destroy any Intent.

His eyes scanned his Divine Kingdom, and he nearly missed it, the devastation was very thorough, and it was easy to miss something so small out of all the rubble, but he looked back at what he glimpsed and his face went white.

A golden skeleton was kneeling in the middle of the devastation, with bright strands of starlight flowing down the golden bones.

The skeleton stood up and appeared to be observing the bones of its arms and torso, and its ever-grinning skull made it seem as if it was enjoying this experience.

"It has been a while since I saw my insides," a deep voice resounded from around the skeleton, the Aether around his body becoming his mouth, "I have almost forgotten what it was like to see it, and it makes me wonder..."

Horror flooded Murrihm, he had no idea where it came from, perhaps it was in the air of apathy around this creature, that made his actions seem as inevitable as the rising sun,

"Die you monster!" Murrihm screamed, and he gathered starlight once more in his chest that was at least five times more powerful than the previous one he used, but instead of attacking, he turned to escape, clearly his words and actions were a diversion.

Even now... the god did not want to sacrifice his children to give himself a little time in order to escape.

Rowan's hearts felt a little bit stifled, the god refusing to use his entire might to battle was making him a little angry. He was aware that this state of mind must be a bleedout from his Ouroboros Bloodline, and he deliberated internally if this was a bad thing, before dismissing it out of hand.

There were very few things he craved, and a good fight was one of them.

Chapter 532: Beauty In Chaos

Rowan was physically inside Murrihm's Divine Kingdom and that meant the god was dead, and he had many ways of accomplishing that task.

"Tut... tut... we can't have that, can we?" Rowan said, he had already finished healing instantly, in fact, he was the one who suppressed his regeneration just to wonder at the sight of his bones, because they were now different from before, in his perception he could see trillions of tiny golden seeds on his bones that were slowly growing.

This peculiar change did not draw much attention from Rowan, he could feel his bloodline power sublimating inside of all these seeds, this change was most likely because of his current level.

His body was too powerful at the first Supreme Circle, and for his Absolute Body to contain all that power, it created what should be called storehouses to stock all the quick growth of power he was experiencing, then over the next few days the seeds would disappear after his body had finished adjusting to the power.

His Absolute Body was having issues adjusting to the amount of power he was obtaining and the speed he was acquiring it!

This was a problem Rowan never thought he would ever encounter, all these thoughts happened on a single Consciousness Pillar, and for Rowan, no time had gone past.

Done with his Introspection he clad himself not with his Berserker power but with his Berserker Intent, millions of red maggots transformed into a robe of white and gold that stretched for hundreds of feet behind him in long strips that waved around like massive pythons.

Rowan's golden hair was long and flowed out behind him like a cape of gold, and nothing of his beauty was of the earth or the sky but was something higher, both Divine and Demonic.

His serpentine eyes watched partly in fascination and partly in annoyance as a god tried to flee from his own Divine Kingdom, although Rowan did not blame him if he were in Murrihm's shoes, he would flee as well.

The attack from the god had been pathetic, possessing no more power than just high temperature, his low-level Intent barely neared Rowan before his Berserker Intent consumed it.

Bringing one of his legs up, he infused it with his Aether, and it turned pitch black, he performed the same action with his left hand and he simultaneously punched towards the sky and slammed his foot on the ground.

A pillar of black ice traveled towards the skies from his left hand, and the ground beneath him froze up in a concentric circle that traveled at Mach 30 from his left foot.

The surrounding space made a cracking sound, as the earth froze, but what happened above was one of the most spectacular sights Rowan had ever seen, and he stood marveling at its beauty.

"Why do I love seeing the beauty inside chaos?" Rowan wondered aloud as the skies of the Divine Kingdom shuddered in pulses that resembled pain, as if a mother was giving birth, or she was dying as the blood drained from her body.

A million stars exploded from the hellish cold, releasing their starlight in billions of streams that did not escape far before they were frozen in place.

The exploding starlight had all been frozen in midair!

The Divine Kingdom suddenly transformed into a space that held a peculiar beauty and profound horror.

Rowan whispered, "My Primordial Sea of Darkness is terrifying!"

The Primordial name attached to this Sea in his Mental Space was incredibly significant, and now Rowan was beginning to grasp the full scope of his powers.

The god retreated from the frozen sky, his body shaking as the surrounding space was now so incredibly cold he had to be healing himself constantly or he would be frozen in place.

He wanted to weep but the tears were frozen before they left his eyes, and with the endless crying of his children as they rapidly approached death, his heart screamed in pain.

He knew the names of every single one of them that were dying.

"Why.... Why... what did me or my children do to deserve this fate?"

Murrihm strained to reach for his children, as his frozen tears burst from his eyes like stars.

The source of his Divine Power which was the stars he collected seemed distant to him, and penetrating to reach his stars was taking all his concentration, so much that when he was covered by darkness he did not notice it at first, and then an incredible heat and suction force violently dragged him down a passage that reminded him of a weird combination between flesh and metal.

This odd sensation made him look around and spread out his Intent, his horror was short lived, as soon after he was drained of every godly essence he had, before falling into a darkness greater than what he had ever thought possible.

He had just been devoured by an Ouroboros Serpent.

Rowan watched the Three Eyed Ouroboros Serpent move faster than its brethren and swallow the distracted god whole, knowing this would not kill a god, only consume Divine Power, nevertheless his objective was completed, Murrihm, The Star Gazer was blocked for a little while and had not escaped, this should be enough time for him to find the Divine Palace and the God Spark.

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The Star Gazer Divine Kingdom resembled a great cave, the top of it was filled with crystalized starlight in their millions and not real stars, perhaps in the future when he becomes a Major god or a High god, he might transform all these starlight into real stars.

The growth of this god was weak at the initial stage, but given enough time, perhaps in billions of years Murrihm would be a dreadful force to be reckoned with, but for now he was still very weak, as a young Minor god of fewer than 200,000 years.

At this moment, the Divine Kingdom had been transformed into a world of black ice and since this black ice was a physical manifestation of his Aether, which was also his Territory, he could sense everything that it covered, including the fact that Murrihm was slowly regenerating inside his Divine Palace while hastily trying to activate an apparatus.

Chapter 533: Vibrational Force Upgraded

Rowan whispered, "Sneaky little god," and he smiled as he summoned Eva, drawing her from the other end of the galaxy to his side, quickly revealing to her all the details of the confrontation and Murrihm's current actions, he already reckoned on what the god was planning and Eva confirmed it,

She cursed aloud, "We must stop him, the signal coming from that device is to create a portal, not to escape but to summon, most likely other gods."

Rowan nodded and moved them to the gate of Murrihm Divine Palace.

This place resembled a cross between a cave and a tree, with massive beams and pillars that were spread out in weird configurations, that soon quickly resolved themselves as mimicking the form of a sparkling star when you viewed them from a particular angle.

"Can you stop or delay the summoning?" Rowan asked,

Eva muttered, "If we were in any other location? Yes, but deep inside his Divine Kingdom, I don't have any control over the governing laws here, and my Intent cannot move this massive amount of Divine Essence entrenched in every single inch of this place."

"What if I added my Intent to yours?"

Eva paused for a short while in thought, "It won't work, the Berserker Intent is powerful, but for manipulation of essential laws of reality, it falls short. Rowan, I have hundreds of Techniques in my head more powerful than the Berserker technique, but I'm not like you and I could only master a small portion of it. You do know it is okay to leave and return in a few months you would be tens of times stronger than you are now, and you would clean up this entire galaxy with a snap of your fingers."

Rowan shook his head and gave a small laugh, "It is okay, I have passed my most dangerous state, I would have loved to be able to wrap up this galaxy with as few struggles as possible, but there is nothing wrong with this current plan. The war came faster than I wanted, I will not refuse its call."

He did not mention that he did not want to stay long in the first and second supreme circle any longer, and the quickest way to surpass this level was souls.

He was noticing slight changes in his character, clearly, his bloodline was being supercharged, and his state was still too low, he did not want to fall into the trap of losing control once more.

Turning to Eva Rowan ordered, "Go prepare for the oncoming war, you have access to all of my Chambers, I will be killing Murrihm, and I will be unleashing my Angels on this galaxy, your focus will be to direct them while focusing on all the Minor Worlds for my Seeding."

Rowan released the slight control he had over his Serpents, and like six rampaging mountains, they slammed into the Divine Palace, tearing and consuming massive portions of the structure.

Just as he expected from a Divine Palace, it was a massive structure that extended for miles, but his Ouroboros Serpents were now the size of eleven thousand feet long and eight hundred across. He had reached the Rift State with his Ouroboros bloodline and his Serpents had been five thousand feet long and six hundred across, but with the growth of his stats from seeding worlds and the amounts of energy, his Serpents had been consuming, their true sizes had continuously increased until they had reached such massive sizes.

Their size was also not a true representation of their power, his Serpents were already far stronger than they were a few years ago, and even though he was still in the Rift state with his Ouroboros Bloodline.

His current Serpents could utterly destroy ten of their previous selves with ease.

The defenses of the Divine Palace activated, and millions of beams of starlights poured on the bodies of the Ouroboros Serpents, which could barely scorch their scales however, but they were still painful to the Serpents, and their cries of pain and anger were terrible.

The lights shining from their eyes turned colder and were filled with madness, attacking the Divine Palace with a renewed gusto that saw more than thirty percent of it destroyed in a short while, as they penetrated deeper into the structure.

Rowan retrieved Envy and consoled the weapon by stroking it, the attack from the Narghal Tyrant had made his weapon feel weak, and Envy was seething with hate.

What made Rowan surprised and rather delighted was that this Emotion from the Axe seemed to be feeding its growth!

Envy was getting stronger from the hate she was feeling because of her weakness.

'What a peculiar weapon' Rowan thought, but he still had his attention focused on Murrihm, who seemed to have sensed his gaze and shivered in fear as he quickly finished assembling the device, and a large oval portal the size of fifty feet appeared before him.

Rowan was waiting for the right opportunity to strike, his Ouroboros Serpents were tearing a path through to the gods, devouring countless tonnes of Divine Materials used to construct this amazing abode, and Rowan's serpentine eyes were simply focused on the body of the fidgeting god, and also further behind him, sealed by a God Stone which should contain the Divine Spark of Murrihm, The Star Gazer.

Gathering his strength, Rowan began to push the Origin Stage Berserker Intent not around Envy like he used to do before, but rather inside it!

With his Ascension to the Origin Stage and defeating the Narghal Tyrant, a new method of employing this power came to him, and he had access to a path of power that made it possible to begin infusing Intent inside an Object.

The Berserker Intent was fuel to Envy's hate and rage, and like a volcano erupting, the weapon vibrated so loudly that a circular pit, a thousand miles across appeared around Rowan as the vibrational force from Envy entered a brand new realm.

The Weapon paused as if in shock before a scream of pure joy erupted from it, that deepened the hole further.

Chapter 534: Fate or Blind Luck?

Rowan was delighted at this new application of his Intent and in fact, this was the chief reason he had been able to make it inside the Divine Kingdom of Murrihm, The Star Gazer.

Rowan had filled Murrihm's Divine Body with Intent and infused that Intent inside every single fiber of the god's body.

Of course, such an intense violation of the flesh would lead to the death of most creatures, including a god, he had expected all that.

Yet, a god could remake their flesh easily with their Divine Essence, and the true tyranny of the Berserker Intent at the Origin Stage showcased itself, for although Murrihm spent time in the void trying to get over the violation of his flesh inflicted in the hands of Rowan, once he had remade his body however, Rowan Intent returned with his new flesh.

Intent was a power that could not be treated with any common sense, even through the destruction of the body, it still followed the new one that was made. Rowan was very clear about this usage of Intent, perhaps more than even the gods themselves.

His Berserker Intent at the Silver Grade was not the same as the Immortal Intent of Chaos that could not be destroyed, they could still be destroyed by those with equal Intent, but Murrihm, The Star Gazer had an Intent at the Yellow Grade, the lowest grade of Intent, and he had succeeded in purging his Intent from his body, but it was already too late.

It was not an easy task for Murrihm to purge this Intent with his Yellow Grade Intent, but being inside his Divine Kingdom would make his Intent regenerate quickly and he could handle the strain of purging such a high-grade Intent from his body.

This was the normal process that happened after every fight between godlike beings and was usually the start of the recovery process.

Two factors worked against the god's favor, his Intent was at the Yellow Grade, and even if he could purge Rowan's Intent from his body, he could not easily destroy it as it would take a long amount of time for him to do so. This means Rowan's influence could still persist after a while, even inside his Divine Kingdom.

The second factor that led to this point was that Rowan had access to Astrolabe. This unique Chamber with its ability to Fast Travel to any location Rowan was currently laying his eyes on, with his Ascension to the Second Supreme circle, this Chamber became more powerful and many more times faster than before.

Rowan could not do much with the Intent Murrihm had purged from his body, but he could do one simple thing with his Intent after he had queried Eva if that was a possibility and she agreed that it would work.

Rowan could create an Eye from his Intent and he could see wherever this god was currently at.

For any other god, doing something like this against their enemies was useless, what was the use of seeing inside the Divine Kingdom of their enemies? Without the exact location of this place, it would be impossible to infiltrate it, but Rowan was not like them, he had Astrolabe as his transporter, and his Intent inside the Divine Kingdom of Murrihm—The Star Gazer as his destination.

"Come on... come on," Murrihm hastily called out towards the swirling portal, his mind going over the events that had led to this calamity.

He had been tasked with understanding an abnormality at the edge of the galaxy, a problem that most of them ascribed to Dao Ma, as they all knew the wily god was on the edge of Ascension, and maybe the silence at the edge of the galaxy was a way for him to keep his Ascension secret, and prevent any third party from harming his interest.

Yet such actions were too drastic for Dao Ma to accomplish alone, and without sufficient reason, no one would believe something was not up besides his Ascension, but wary of the wrath of a newly emerged Major god, they all agreed to send Murrihm who could easily infiltrate into anywhere to check up on this mystery.

When Murrihm came closer to the edge of the Galaxy, he had indeed felt a fragmented Aura of an Eternal Flower, furthering his assumptions that this peculiarity here was due to Dao Ma, and he had nearly retreated, not wanting to anger a new Major God, but then he detected something else, which was screams, pain, and fear... intense fear.

Looking back now, that should have been the moment he should have escaped, but he had been alarmed and yet very curious, this sort of fear was alarming because it was the kind of fear that only a god was capable of making.

A god was mostly fearless, their immortality guaranteed that unless they were imprisoned, even true death with the destruction of their Divine Spark would not last for long, as in the future they would soon resurrect.

It was indeed a very difficult thing to make a god feel fear, and yet the fear he was sensing was so... total, it was almost incomprehensible to him, and so Murrihm entered deeper, collecting more data along the way.

That was until he reached the location where Rowan battled Dao Ma, and he almost screamed in fear himself when he noticed the thick Aura of fear in this location, and worse still it was a familiar fear, it was from Dao Ma.

At this moment, Murrihm unequivocally understood that Dao Ma was dead, and not a normal sort of death, something much worse. That was what his instincts were screaming at him, although his Divine Mind knew such things were impossible, the Aura of complete fear here was impossible to ignore.

With anxiety in his heart, he attempted to retreat but it was too late.

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Something peculiar had happened when Murrihm neared this location, either by the stirring of Fate or just dumb luck, the Star Gazer had been able to pass Rowan's host of Angels without being detected or himself detecting them because he arrived precisely during the moments when Rowan had pulled all his consciousness into the Ancient Library!

When his consciousness was pulled out of the body of his patrolling Angels, they reverted into a state that was closer to rock, and no sign of life could be detected from them, in fact, Murrihm had passed by a dozen Angels thinking they were nothing else but specially shaped space rocks.

Chapter 535: Murrihm's Tale

At the moment Murrihm wanted to retreat, those 'rocks' had all blazed to life, emitting a kind of power he had never felt before, he had also sensed a larger reverberation of this power far into the distance that made him shudder in despair.

'It would seem like he was already in the pit of the vipers,' Murrihm thought, 'if he retreats now, he would hardly come out of here with any meaningful information, and if perhaps it was because of a fluke he had been able to enter this place, then it would be a great shame if he did not take advantage of this chance.'

Murrihm trusted his guts and his powers, pushing his anxiety to the side, if he wished to stay hidden inside the depths of space then it would be difficult for even a High God to detect his presence, this was a unique ability he had that had kept him safe for a long time, and made him a particularly valuable member of the God's Forum.

He stayed somewhere just near the surface of the Underverse barely touching the edges of the Great Darkness outside the universe, this was a place most could not see or even attempt to reach.

He was untouchable here.

It had nearly been a month since he started his investigations, but he had barely unearthed any information about what these creatures with golden armor and flaming

wings were, the only thing he knew was that hundreds of Minor Worlds in this stretch of space had been altered.

It was with great horror that he surveyed all of them, covered in dense apocalyptic storms and emitting Auras that made his heart freeze.

Any time he caught sight of these worlds it was almost as if he was not looking at a planet, but the beating heart of a creature. His time here made Murrihm feel more like a mortal than another moment in his life, and yet he could hardly see any movements, except for the beings with flaming wings ceaselessly patrolling the area.

'What was their purpose? How were they able to do the things they were doing without any visible location where such great powers would emanate from?'

All these thoughts were in the mind of the god as he went deeper into the region until he saw a Divine Palace floating in the void.

Murrihm knew the true perpetrators of this calamity lay inside this mysterious Divine Palace that was floating alone in the void.

This area was filled with mysteries, and no matter how much he tried, he could not penetrate through the defenses of this palace, even though he was mostly immaterial and fully invisible, he instinctively knew from his Divine Sense that if he got too close to any of these golden beings, that he would be detected.

He had never tried getting close to any Angel, the eyes on their Divine Armor had a penetrative quality that made him understand that he would be detected.

'How fascinating, yet incredibly scary too.'

After a while, he had nearly given up, he had gathered all the information that he could and he planned on visiting one of those chaotic worlds and finding out what was happening on their surfaces, when the appearance of a Tribulation changed the entire gameplan.

With the chaos of the upcoming Tribulation, he had managed to slip into the Divine Palace, and although he did not witness any of the Tribulation, the Aura that came from it was powerful and disturbing, as his curiosity was peaking, another second greater Tribulation arrived and when Murrihm had sensed the might of this Tribulation even while shielded from the vast brunt of it inside the Divine Palace, he knew he could not be anywhere closer to a being who could summon a Tribulation like this.

Yet his plans to escape were foiled when a bright blue light surrounded the entire Divine Palace, and he had sensed himself moving across vast distances with no visible change in time, there was no hint of any Teleportation Energy associated with this movement,

only an unreasonable amount of speed that was many times faster than the speed of light.

Murrihm had witnessed enough, and he wanted to escape immediately, he did not know what sort of powers he had infiltrated, but there was enough evidence for him to understand that what was happening here was so far beyond him any more time wasted here was a sure recipe for disaster.

During his wandering through the halls of the Divine Kingdom, he consistently stuck to the edges of it, trying to find an open area he could escape from, but unfortunately for him, Rowan did not place his personal chambers in the center of the Divine Palace where it was generally known to be safer, but towards the edges of the Divine Palace so he could have easy access to his surroundings.

After all the Divine Palace itself was not meant as a protection for him, it was far too weak for that purpose, it would better serve the mortals here.

This was how Murrihm had wandered into Rowan's chambers and laid eyes on the being who was most likely at the root of everything happening inside this place, there was no way he could tell that this was true, but he could feel it deep in his heart, there was something regal about this man, that reminded him of a High God.

'Was this their enemy?'

At first, he was a bit surprised that the dreaded figure seemed to be nothing but a mortal, although everything about his disposition screamed grace and incredible power, there was no trace of Divinity in his body, which mostly came from the fluctuations of an Immortal Soul.

This was the great divide between gods, Archmages, Demon princes and so many other powerful forces in the universe, they all had a Divine Soul that was capable of shouldering the burdens of great powers, and Rowan's lack of an Immortal Soul made any great power firmly believe he was not that powerful.

The god knew that appearances could be deceiving, and his speculations were soon rewarded when he saw six ethereal serpents crawl out from the so-called mortal body, and unlike Rowan who appeared like a mortal, there was nothing benign about these creatures.

From the moment they appeared Murrihm was almost frozen in place because he could feel their eyes tearing through the void, it would take only a brief move from him to be discovered.

Chapter 536: Shush

At the location he was at in space, Murrihm could smell a peculiar odor from the Ouroboros Serpents that reminded him of rusted metal, thinking a little deeper, he resolved that the smell was closer to blood.

His Divine Spark all the way in his Divine Kingdom shook, he could feel a dread from the core of his being from every movement made by these monsters, and he watched one of the... snakes? Or were they dragons? What sort of beasts were these? More Infernal than Divine, were these Demons? Am I looking at an acclaimed Demon Prince?'

The Serpent which had a single eye that was so large it covered the central part of its head and was entirely milky white as if it was blind, yet there was nothing of such weakness in these creatures, looked around suspiciously as if it had caught a scent.

Murrihm felt his heart slowly fill with despair as if like a hound catching an interesting fragrance.

The beast turned slowly and looked at him, noticing him truly, with the camouflage doing nothing to hide from its gaze, their eyes met for a brief moment and the Ouroboros Serpent grinned.

As horror flooded his heart, the Serpent suddenly charged at him with speed exceeding his expectations, he could hardly move as the needle-sharp teeth in their hundreds tore through his Divine Body even with his partly ethereal nature.

The beast tore him away from the shadows of the void, accompanied by pain as he had never felt before as a dreadful kind of venom flooded his system before the 'Mortal' ahead froze him in place.

In his mind, Murrihm was already calling this figure a Demon Prince, as all the evidence seemed to fit that pattern.

Whatever the method used to freeze him, it was also killing him, but it was doing it more slowly than the poisons in the fangs of that dreadful beast, and in some way, Rowan's black ice delayed the death of the god, but that was not a mercy, it only prolonged his suffering.

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All these thoughts rang through the head of Murrihm, The Star Gazer as he looked with despair behind him as his Divine Palace was crumbling. His appearance had always been young, like a fourteen-year-old boy with short and curly blond hair.

He had always been carefree, ignoring conflicts and seeking a simple life, his talents ensured he was useful but not necessary, keeping him safe from those with greedy intentions.

Murrihm did not want to die, he was still so young, and many of his children were still out in the cosmos, if not him, who would gather them all and give them their names?

A helpless mewling sound escaped from his mouth, as half of his Divine Palace crumbled to nothingness, his enemies were before his gates, and he was going to die, his God Stone would not protect his Divine Spark, Dao Ma was powerful and he had fallen, that means he was next!

Hi panicked panting was interrupted by warm hands on his shoulders and he yelped in shock and jumped backward, his eyes widened and filled with tears when he saw who had appeared, three figures stood behind him, having stepped out of the portal,

They were two male and a female, and they blazed with light so bright they resembled three suns.

These trios were called the Three Horsemen of War and Judgement, the female goddess was a Major God called Shario the Scourge.

The two male gods were her subordinates, they were Minor gods with powerful combat abilities that synchronized perfectly with Shario the Scorge, enhancing her already formidable powers to the limits.

The sun blazing from their bodies faded and displayed the form of the three gods. Shario The Scourge appeared to be a heavy-set woman in her fifties, her waist was thick and her breasts were large, her eyes were big and bright blue, filled with a weird sense of mirth that only this goddess could understand, but anyone who knew her would know the amusement in her eyes only held sadistic pleasure.

From afar she appeared to be a soft woman, but only when you came close and began to see the scars decorating her thick arms filled with rippling muscles would the title of the Three Horsemen of War and Judgement begin to make sense.

The other two gods were in full body armor, and nothing of their features could be seen behind their black and gray armor, the only indication of their appearances was the furry tail waving behind their waist that pointed towards their animalistic origins.

In fact, most of the gods of the Cerulean Galaxy had roots that descended from the Sacred Beast that had been worshiped for countless years and later gave birth to Divinity after countless years of worship.

Many of their gods stayed at the Earth god stage for an extremely long amount of time, before perishing due to their souls collapsing after enduring countless years, or perishing to war or other maladies that assailed beings of this level, only the very lucky few ascend to the Throne of the gods, gaining an Immortal Soul and living forever.

The regal voice of Shario The Scourge sounded out, "You summoned us into your Divine Kingdom Murrihm, does whatever troubles you be so great that you would open your privates for your neighbors to help you scratch your balls? If so, open wide, I always wanted to play with them!"

Murrihm, The Star Gazer laughed aloud, ignoring her infamous biting words, as he cried out, "Quick, you got to..."

Suddenly he felt his perspective change, his vision spinning in circles, and then it suddenly steadied, he was confused as he saw his body a few feet away standing without his head, he rolled his eyes upwards and saw his hair was being held by the monster inside that Palace.

This monster looked down at his head and grinned, with his other hand he brought a single bloody finger to his lips and said, "Shush!"

Chapter 537: Desperation and Despair

Rowan's golden eyes turned to the three gods standing before the swirling portal without moving his head.

He recognized the Three Horsemen of War and Judgement, and except for Shario the Scourge, the rest were useless, but they could boost her powers to a ridiculous level, but at this moment Rowan did not care about whatever abilities they might have, he had decided that the final war on the gods of the Cerulean Galaxy had begun, and everyone was now prey.

"To the left." He smiled at the three gods, before moving towards the direction of Murrihm God Spark, ignoring their dumbfounded expression at the sight of him holding the head of their fellows.

The three gods still appeared shocked about his appearance and how easily he had just taken the head of the gods even when he passed them and headed deeper into the Divine Palace.

Shario the Scourge, a Major god who had seen countless wars wanted to curse out towards Rowan before they were covered with darkness, and they turned to see Serpentine Beasts the size of mountains with needle-sharp fangs longer than oak trees pouncing on them.

"Full Guard!" Shario screamed and their bodies blazed with light, but they appeared minuscule as they were all covered up by the bulk of the Serpents who clashed against their Divine shields, sending them through the other end of the Divine Palace and into the distance, where the rumble of battle began to collapse the entire Divine Kingdom.

Rowan did not focus on that battle, instead, he sealed the head of Murrihm with his Intent to prevent him from healing and tossed it toward the horizon.

Killing this body was similar to cutting off a fingernail from a god, it was useless. It was better if he could delay his resurrection long enough for him to destroy his Divine Spark.

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The Divine Spark of Murrihm was hidden behind a thick oval slab of God Stone more than thirty feet in diameter, Rowan stretched out his left hand and a thick beam of blue light descended from above and began to devour the large God Stone, and he was just a few steps from his target when the Divine Spark was revealed to him after its last defenses were stripped away.

Without wasting a single moment in admiring the prize before him, Rowan brandished Envy, and he sliced down, but then the entire Divine Kingdom fell in darkness, and a bright flash of light erupted from the Divine Spark.

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In his desperation, Murrihm the Star Gazer drew all the Starlight inside his Divine Kingdom and collected it inside his Divine Spark, and then he aimed all that power at Rowan.

At the edge of despair, he had slaughtered all his children, and with the incredible amount of pain and rage in his heart, he wanted Rowan to suffer.

Rowan's eyes lit up at this attack, and he grinned, he did not let off on his own attack so that he could defend himself, instead, he added more force to his blow, burning Eruption with all his might, and his body turned into a golden statue that was so bright it almost rivaled the starlight erupting from Murrihm's Divine Spark, and with a reverberation that could almost be heard outside the Divine Kingdom, their blows clashed.

Vibrational Force against Starlight!

Their clash tore the entire kingdom in two, the shockwave from their clash reached the Six Ouroboros Serpents who were battling Scario the Scourge, she was currently alone, as her two helpers were already dead, and their bodies turned into energy in the bellies of the Serpents.

Her body was blazing with golden light and she held a Maul bigger than fifty feet that she was swinging with devastating force accompanied by a flash of light carrying both an incredible amount of heat and force, for a while she was holding her own, but not for long.

The shockwave from the clash between Rowan and Murrihm was so powerful that it was enough to push her back, distracting her for a minor moment, but it was a moment too long, as the Six-eyed Ouroboros Serpent shrank itself rapidly, all the way down to four feet, and then bypassing her defense, it slammed into her large breast where it opened needle-sharp teeth and bore a hole through her flesh, entering her body.

At this moment Shario screamed in pain, as blood and organs sprayed out for hundreds of feet as the Ouroboros Serpent chewed through her bosom heading towards her heart.

Her pained screams were soon blocked when another shrunken Ouroboros Serpent entered her body through her opened mouth, she began to gag in pain and panic, but the worst was yet to come as the remaining Serpent dug their way into her body using both her eyes and ears as passages.

Her body began to pulsate as if it were a sack filled with excited rats, a tiny groan escaped from her throat, and that was the last sound she made before her body was devoured.

The Six Ouroboros Serpents emerged from her shattered body and they pounced on her weapon, but it was consumed by a bright blue light, as Eva with her control over Astrolabe drew this impressive weapon into Hollow Forge.

The Serpents roared in irritation and they pounced at the Divine Kingdom of Murrihm, there was plentiful energy in every single inch of ground here and as they opened their large maws and began to consume everything, their bodies began to rapidly grow, feet by feet....

Inside their bodies an anticipation of the upcoming feast to come was beginning to drive them crazy.

The clash between Rowan and Murrihm, The Star Gazer was not diminishing and it was growing stronger in intensity.

Rowan's body seemed to be stuck in amber, he resembled a giant more than twenty-five feet tall, and Envy had also grown alongside his new size.

He was pushing his Axe down to tear the Divine Spark in two, but he was held back by endless blasts of starlight, coming in such vast quantities that it appeared as if it was a solid sheet of bluish-white water.

Rowan and the Divine Spark were emitting so much light, heat, and force, that several devastating shockwaves that could crush planets were erupting from their position every second. At his death, Murrihm erupted with so much power that it would leave even a Major god in awe, his screams of hate and pain were loud.

Chapter 538: Trypho

"Such great potential!" Rowan grinned, his skin began to peel away from his body, making his manic grin grow wider as his golden skull was revealed, he was surprised at the amount of force this god could bring to bear at the edge of death,

"Great!" Rowan screamed, " You do your name proud, Murrihm, The Star Gazer. Show me more! Blaze with light and power, let your passing light up the stars!"

Rowan had a thought, even though all these gods would die by his hands, there was no reason why their passing should be without note, they were unique creatures out of uncountable trillions of lives, they had exceptionally lived their lives and left great legends behind, but Rowan was the end of it all...

He was death, but he was not pitiless...

He would collect their light...

He would collect their dreams, ambitions, fears...

Their passing shall remain forever in his memory, this was the greatest solace he could grant them.

"Shine Brighter!" he called out to Murrihm, encouraging the angered god to scream out as more power was uncaringly shoved out from his Spark.

Rowan responded to this increased power by suddenly exploding with more light, his arms began to move forward,

'Murrihm had shown him everything, it was time for the god to die.'

The edge of Envy's blade touched the Divine Spark which was shaped like a drop of water that was sparkling with the lights of a million stars.

A loud keening erupted from that slight touch between Blade and Spark, it sounded like Murrihm was screaming in pain.

Rowan brought his Axe lower, cutting through a third of the Divine Spark, and the Keening grew louder until it pierced the boundary of the Divine Kingdom.

TRYPHO, THE MAJOR WORLD OF THE CERULEAN GALAXY.

In a bustling metropolis on the only Major World of the Cerulean Galaxy, the seat of the gods, the populace was going along their lives, everyone here was powerful and

beautiful, for they were the chosen ones, either connected to the gods via birth or were all-powerful beings in their own right.

Trypho was a world that uniquely melded the fantastical with the mundane, as a street could contain a large hundred-story building, and beside it would be a small hut constructed from bamboo and reeds, but this vision was not chaotic or out of place, due to the fact that every single piece of material used in their construction would be Divine Treasures that would be difficult for most to imagine ever acquiring in their entire lives.

There were altogether 95 billion people on Trypho, and there was no other village or city in this world, the entire planet was a sprawling metropolis, and millions of feet in the air were shining starlights, the seven brightest of them representing the Divine Kingdom of some of the gods.

Although this was an unsafe manner for any god to situate their Divine Kingdom, this was done to showcase the strength and stability of the gods of the Cerulean Galaxy.

There were usually seven bright stars over Trypho, and every ten thousand years, the stars would change.

These seven stars were the gates to the Divine Kingdom of seven gods, and for the next ten thousand years, their light would shine on Trypho.

For the mortals, this light was a source of strength, it signified the ever-watching eyes of their all-powerful gods, but unknown to them, this served as a means for the gods to easily harvest fate!

The power of Fate was too important, as a technique that would take a god millions of years to master could be reduced to several thousand years.

Every god knew the risk of letting their Divine Kingdom be easily located, but the benefits alone were worth the risk, and due to how important harvesting the Fate from the inhabitants of a Major World was to the gods, they would fiercely protect each other's collective interest so they could benefit when their turn came in the ten thousand years rotation.

Murrihm, The Star Gazer, was one of the lucky gods who would be shining over Trypho for the next ten thousand years, this information was not even known to the other gods, it was also a safeguard to keep the identity of the gods safe, in case their enemies ever decided to break protocol and attack.

There was only one god who knew the names of the current gods present over Trypho, it was the oldest and strongest god in the Cerulean Galaxy, Tenma.

The Ruler of the Cerulean Galaxy.

The dying scream of Murrihm suddenly erupted from one of the seven stars and swept throughout the planet of Trypho.

The entire Major World seemed to pause. In that single moment, a billion mortals perished, their bodies swelling up before exploding into tiny chunks of flesh.

They died, not from the volume of the dying god's cries, but because their Fate was being actively harvested by Murrihm, and with his coming death, those that were linked to him were tragically destroyed too.

The entire world was suddenly filled with a bloody scent, panic seized every single heart on the planet, and Chaos descended, as fathers cried over the exploded bodies of children and wives who a moment ago had been laughing.

Mothers fainted over the bodies of their dead children, children screaming in fear and shock at the exploded remains of their families...

All over the planet, paradise had turned to hell.

The ever-present stars of the gods above seemed to vibrate in agony, as if in response to the dying cry of the Stargazer. Every mortal looked upwards at one of the stars from the god no longer shining bright, but was now beginning to dim before it turned to a bloody color.

The horror in the heart of everyone exploded when the star above, rippled once more, and like a meteorite, the star began to fall, tearing apart large chunks of space.

There was a moment of shocked silence before a primal panic seized the heart of everyone, due to the unique nature of the seven stars over the World of Trypho, everyone on every corner of the planet could see the stars, whether during the night or day and so, with the star falling from the sky, every single mortal panicked, even the unborn babies in the womb of the pregnant mothers opened their mouths and shrieked, several of them tied their cords around their necks and choked themselves to death.

Chapter 539: Mass Slaughter

The entire Major World of Trypho shook as if it was in pain.

Some people collapsed as they watched the entire horizon covered with the sight of a falling bloody star.

"The world is ending, flee!!!!"

Similar cries filled the entire planet, as the death of everyone on the surface of the planet was quickly approaching.

Rowan knew of the seven stars over the World of Trypho, but he did not think he would hit the jackpot, and the god unlucky enough to fall into his trap would be one of the gods who was in this ten-thousand-year rotation over the planet, he was also not aware that the death of Murrihm, The Star Gazer would lead to the fall of his Divine Kingdom on the Central Planet of the Cerulean Galaxy.

The descent of the Divine Kingdom had turned the weather into an apocalyptic scene and with each passing moment, thousands of mortals were dying, being blown away by hurricane-class winds, and thunderstorms that were melting entire streets when they landed on the ground when it seemed that the world was about to see its end, a loud voice like a beacon of hope covered the planet,

"HAVE NO FEAR, I AM HERE TO SAVE YOU FROM THIS CALAMITY."

"It's the God of Strength, Zekiel! We are saved, we will not die!"

"Everyone, gather and give praises..."

A bright purple light erupted from a tear in space and flew up to the descending Divine Kingdom while growing bigger and brighter with every passing moment, and with a yell of effort that was heard all over the planet leading to cheers and laughter, a god standing more than ten thousand feet tall caught the falling Divine Kingdom.

"DO NOT DESPAIR, THE CRISES HAS BEEN AVERTED. ZEKIEL THE MIGHTY IS HERE!"

This massive god caught the falling Divine Kingdom that was the size of a small city shaped like a bloody teardrop.

A hush settled over the entire planet before a resounding cheer went out collectively over the entire planet.

Spatial tears began to open, and dozens of powerful gods stepped out, their eyes filled with astonishment and intense anger at the death of one of their numbers, and a call was about to be proclaimed by one of the gods when a slight crack was heard.

It would have been easily dismissed, however, that sound came from Murrihm's Divine Kingdom and it seemed to have an attractive quality that dragged the attention of everyone to look at it.

A long jagged gash was beginning to appear on the surface of the Divine Kingdom, like an egg being cracked from within, the crack spread until the entirety of the surface of

the Divine Kingdom was filled with it, and from the cracks, golden fog began to emerge, and then another louder crack sounded.

Every mortal who heard this sound suddenly felt like they were about to faint.

Pieces of the Divine Kingdom began to fall, each of them was the size of a large building, thousands of feet across, and weighing millions of tonnes, any material from the Divine Kingdom was incredibly special and the properties of Murrihm's own were its weight and explosiveness.

The mortals below fell into peril, and now the gods did not rescue them for their focus was on the vague figures moving inside the golden fog.

Screams resounded all over the surface of the planet as millions of mortals perished from the chunks of the Divine Kingdom hitting the ground and exploding, spreading out hot streams of starlight that vapourised everything in a hundred-mile radius, those were the lucky ones, those a bit farther from the explosion suffered intense burns that slowly killed them.

Zekiel the god of strength had an awful premonition, and it occurred to him that perhaps he should not be holding up the Divine Kingdom that was mostly holding the perpetrators of whoever just slaughtered one of them, but before he could make his move, six mighty roars holding such great power and a sheer menace that he could not even imagine erupted from the crumbling Divine Kingdom that pushed the golden fog away covering the Divine Kingdom.

Zekiel let go in shock, the movement was instinctive like an arm retreating from the strike of a poisonous snake.

He hastily retreated and the Divine Kingdom he was holding up began to fall once more, but his eyes and the eyes of every god were fixed on the six massive Ouroboros Serpents whose top half was out of the Divine Kingdom.

This was the last look every mortal on the planet saw before 94 billion mortals perished in the next moment.

The Divine Kingdom weighing more than a billion tons, and holding untold billions of streams of decaying starlight landed on the ground with a bright flash of light that for the next few seconds made the entire Major World of Trypho shine brighter than every star in the Cerulean Galaxy, accompanied by the pained and irritated roars from the Ouroboros Serpents.

Luckily for the mortals on the ground, their death came quickly, only those at the Earth god level survived for a few seconds before they all perished, even the last gasp of a dying god was not something a mortal could handle, even if they were at the Earth god level.

Whether by coincidence the last people to die on Trypho were a mother and a son, and if Rowan was aware of this moment he would have seen a near resemblance between his young self and this seven years old boy with green eyes and blond hair and the panic-filled face of the mother with tears in her eyes as a wave of starlight and flames swept past them and they were reduced to ashes in less than a second.

Perhaps Rowan was aware of everything, but he did not care.

It was impossible to describe this tragedy that had just occurred, a civilization that had existed for 600,000 years, slowly growing and developing, filled with history, life and laughter, pain, strife, wars, celebration, and everything that life holds in its abundance was gone in a blink of an eye.

The countless stories and lives of 94 billion people, a number most mortals could not even conceptualize inside their heads, were gone!

Chapter 540: Releasing Cats

Every god here felt an incomparable amount of grief as more Spatial tears began to open up and except for the leader of the gods, almost every god was assembled here.

The Cerulean Galaxy once held 65 Minor gods and 3 Major gods, a number that was sufficient enough for them to defend against most threats, but in a short span of time, even less than a year, two of their numbers had been cut short.

There were forty-eight gods present here, and only one them among them was a Major god, Shario The Scourge, the rest of the gods were Minor gods, the missing gods were too far off, but they were all rushing back home using the quickest methods available, defending their collective home was a priority for the gods of the Cerulean Galaxy, for without their home, they would be lost and doomed to fade to nothingness.

Zekiel, the God of strength, looked at his hands in disbelief, his heart aching, 'why did I let go?' was the thought ringing out in his head, his descendants, disciples, and numerous mortal lives under their care were gone, and the only thing left was a smoldering world.

A Major World was very large, and could not be easily destroyed, many of its infrastructure, even though they were destroyed could be rebuilt, although the destruction seemed exaggerated, still, no one had ever exploded the Divine Kingdom of a god before over a Major World before, so there was no way to accurately judge the destructive scale of such a move.

It could be rebuilt, but at this time no one else was thinking about this, all eyes were focused on the six mighty creatures rising above the wreckage of the world below.

The Ouroboros Serpents were covered by flames that clung to them like oil, this was the flame that had burned the world to ash, and as they were at the epicenter of the explosion, they had taken the full brunt of the attack.

A blast of this level was not enough to injure the Ouroboros Serpents, but it could cause them pain, and their pain would only lead to an increased level of aggression and ferocity within them.

The firstborn of the Ouroboros Serpents rose higher than the rest and then it roared, the sounds it emitted were so loud it pushed away the flames from all their bodies and created a shockwave that swept through thousands of miles, blowing away the ashes that were left on the surface of the destroyed world revealing the earth that had been washed clean by fire and still shining red from the heat.

Each of the Ouroboros Serpents was now more than 13,000 feet long which should be the size of a building measuring 1,350 stories! Their bodies filled the horizon, and the Divine Light emitting from each of their scales caused reality to shudder and retreat from their presence.

Above them, the heavens opened and Rowan emerged holding the Divine Spark of Murrihm that he kept away in a flash of blue light, he was clad in white and gold, his feet were bare and Envy floated behind him, her form was shivering after feeding on the rich emotions from a fallen god.

If this scene was captured by any mortal mind it would be difficult for them to understand, yet their Soul would feel the tension in the air.

Rowan was standing over the heads of his Ouroboros Serpents, compared to their size he was like an ant, but his presence was everything that a mortal could never understand, and what every god feared. It was that persistent itch in the back of their mind that would never leave... it was their mortality staring at them.

Rowan opened his hands and the remaining pieces of Reality he had captured faded away, revealing the true reason why every mortal on the surface of Trypho was dead.

Of course, the descent of the Divine Kingdom of a god was a terrible thing, but the scale of destruction was too exaggerated. What truly happened was that Rowan had assisted in the destruction of this world.

He had gained enlightenment on a frightening technique when he was watching a Gas Giant on the verge of destruction, he had seen space moved in unique ways, and with his Telekinesis, he knew if he held on to the shattered pieces of reality long enough, the wounds left behind would heal, but if he reintroduced the previous missing pieces back to the space that has already been healed, a massive amount of energy would be released, equal to numerous Thermonuclear warheads exploding at once, as two pieces of Realities that were virtually the same could not exist side by side.

That was exactly what Rowan did to expand the explosion.

As the Divine Kingdom fell from the heavens, the weight and its power shattered space for endless miles, and Rowan drew all those shattered pieces of Reality to his hands.

The Telekinesis and force field around his body directly scale with his growing Attributes, it was the reason why most attacks from Murrihm were futile against him, especially when he was burning Eruption.

Rowan had drawn all those pieces of Reality to his side, and the nature of a Major World now worked against her, for every Major World had an incredibly stable spatial structure that would easily heal from damage.

The pieces of Realities that were seized by Rowan did not stay long in his hands before the tears in space were healed, and at the moment the Divine Kingdom slammed to the ground, Rowan opened his palms and unleashed devastation on the entire planet.

He remembered the feeling of opening his hands and killing every mortal on Trypho, it was like letting go of a feverish cat.

This was the greatest amount of lives he had ever taken at once before, and his void hearts shivered as a chill spread through his golden bones, not from regret at his actions, but as an early warning to hum.

The Souls of the dead were coming and in such great numbers, the world went still.

Rowan had seeded 212 Minor Worlds, and although the process of the transformation of each planet was violent, the number of lives lost was still incredibly low, perhaps a few million would perish on each planet, but this was nowhere near 94 billion dead in less than thirty seconds.

Chapter 541: Soul Origin

Rowan knew the total number of mortal creatures he had killed since his Transmigration, and that number did not bother him much, but during moments like now, he wondered if there would ever be a number that would break him.

Or perhaps instead of breaking him, they would become meaningless. A grim statistic in his ledger that was dripping red.

Unlike the Soul of Murrihm which he presently froze inside his primordial Sea of Darkness and was now being slowly consumed, the mortals were different, their soul was stable but lacked the strength of a god, and he did not really need to digest them.

Yet something was different about this soul harvest... something unexpected that his many consciousnesses struggled to find how he had been able to achieve this change.

Rowan's golden eyes went a bit pale as billions of screaming souls shrouded by an aura of desolation plunged into his Mental Space, drawn towards the City of Sheol like a moth to a fire.

His Nascent Primordial Bloodline, the City of Sheol suddenly transformed into a field of lush grass filled with flowers and trees holding large fruits, sparkling rivers flowing with scented waters and honey. It was an image of paradise that would make the heart of anyone relax in the sheer enjoyment of its beauty.

The Souls that were previously filled with rage and despair gathered around this field in their multitude, and Rowan saw they became filled with peace.

The sight of billions of souls of men, women, and children of various races, tribes, and cultures all clustered around the City of Sheol was shocking, and only when brought together would the full enormity of their numbers be truly seen.

For endless miles they crowded, their clustered bodies packed so right, that their only distinguishing feature was their heads.

A long sigh went through the crowd that was akin to the last breath a man gives at the edge of death, and as one, they willingly offered all the energies their soul had to give.

Rowan was shocked when the first mortal who gave up his energy stepped on the field of grass and his body transformed into a glowing orb of light that came to settle on the grass, and the City of Sheol became fractionally brighter.

This moment seemed incredibly holy. A profound sense of mystery shrouded his city and an understanding was beginning to dawn inside Rowan's mind, but for the moment he could not touch it.

This process continued among the billions of souls, each rushing to enter his city, the happiness in their eyes could not be denied.

There was an impossible grace and nobility each soul seemed to gain when they reached the fields of Sheol.

The glowing orbs began to fill the entirety of the fields in their billions, and the many colored lights they emitted began to cause a great change in the Primordial Sea of Darkness, as a greater amount of its black water began to be converted into Ambrosia, that clear and sparkling water that appeared to be filled with starlight.

His Angels witnessing this glorious sight were left stunned, their Divine Bodies began to shake, as Rowan noticed delighted that the Intent on their bodies was beginning to fade faster than before as the light from Sheol increased.

Tens of thousands of wings rose above the Sea, and it was unknown which Angel started to sing, but Rowan knew it was Suriel, his first Sovereign.

His resounding deep voice was like that of the sweetest Bass notes you have ever heard, and it was taken up by the host of Angels, and a symphony to rival the ages was taken up by the Heavenly Hosts.

When Suriel became an Archangel, he had awakened the language of the Celestials, and as he sang this powerful song filled with heavenly brilliance, the knowledge of the Celestial tongue entered Rowan's consciousness and he entered a state of enlightenment.

This enlightenment would turn out to be the greatest Rowan had ever encountered that would shift the course of his life forever, as the knowledge that should be hidden from the gods, Emphyreans, Titans, Celestials, Infernals, and perhaps even the Primordials came to him, slowly.

His Nascent Primordial Bloodline was not just collecting souls, it was doing something much deeper, he was giving Rowan their Soul Origin!

This was not the first time that Rowan had come across this term, and he did not understand its meaning then, but now with every shining light filling up his city of Sheol, the true meaning of a Soul Origin came to him.

In his previous life, he was an atheist who believed in the Bing Bang. He accepted that life had no meaning and came from nothingness and chaos, every act of the universe was random and without any plan behind it, all life was just a product of sheer coincidence brought on by a massive amount of passing time.

Just like a monkey that would type out the full work of Shakespeare given an infinite amount of time to do so.

The truth however was very far from that.

Everything had a beginning, everything had a creator, and although the mysteries of the past may be buried deeply forever ago, their effects were still felt in the present.

A soul had its origin, and previously when Rowan thought he was consuming a Soul in its totality he was right and wrong at the same time. A weird concept but at this level of power, common sense stopped making sense.

Indeed he was consuming everything the Soul had, but he was not collecting its Origin.

Rowan did not fully understand how the mechanism of the soul worked, but with this Soul Origin in his hands, he now realized that even if he consumed all souls in the universe, they were not being entirely destroyed.

Their Origin had returned to a place he did not know, and perhaps in a few million years or in a time much farther than he could conceptualize in his mind, all the souls he had once consumed would be returned, maybe not in this universe but in another.

This understanding did not bring Rowan any relief, instead, it brought fear and confusion. It was hard enough for him to trust his senses, but every new revelation about the true nature of everything made his paranoia increase.

A great cry erupted inside his Mental Space, that made all his Angels bow in fright and pressed his Angels of Char deep inside the Primordial Sea of Darkness, "WHERE IS THE TRUTH!"

Chapter 542: Fair Game

This was the first time Rowan had ever uttered words like this with this amount of emotional weight behind them.

His three bloodlines seemed to come aflame, as tremendous eruption shook his Mental Space, and for a while, it was as if the Apocalypse was about to erupt inside his Mental Space, but a calm sound entered his consciousness and Rowan recognized it as the sound of luck emerging from his Tree of Desire.

The Tree was waving its gigantic branches furiously as a bright green energy storm gathered around it, his Ouroboros Bloodline sent a vast river of golden energy into the Tree of Desire and the sound of luck became deeper.

This sound seemed to have crossed a certain threshold and it became louder than ever, able to pierce through the pandemonium in his Mental Space and showed him something amazing that was happening which was being shrouded by the chaos in his Mental Space.

His Sheol Bloodline was beginning to transform during the moment of his anguish, and unlike this time, it did not change into a new city, but a fragmented image was revealed to him that resembled an old Polaroid picture covered by static.

Whatever this image was, it was so powerful that his City of Sheol nearly shattered and was destroyed after showing it to him for a few seconds, before reverting back into its previous state.

However, that brief amount of time was enough for Rowan to understand a small part of what he had glimpsed.

It showed him a ragged throne at the end and beginning of everything.

The throne was empty and seemed to be covered with dust, however, that was not what drew his attention, engraved deeply into the bottom of the Throne was a single word that carried so much complexity that it could as well contain all the endless universes inside the Great Darkness, and yet it would be only a small part of its mystery.

The word was in a language similar to the Enochian Script, yet it was different... Older, as if it were the source of every language in existence. From the barest edge of it, Rowan had been able to infer a single meaning—TRUTH.

Rowan's Mental Space quaked, as his Primordial Sea of Darkness arose for thousands of feet, he muttered softly to himself,

"If I can make it to this throne at the beginning and end of everything, then I shall understand everything, nothing would be hidden from my gaze and every truth in all of reality would be mine to know."

Rowan whispered these words to himself as a sort of peace came over him, there was much he did not understand of the world, but he now had a goal that would satisfy all his craving.

The path ahead was clear: continue to grow, get stronger, enhance your bloodlines, understand the mysteries of the universe as much as you can hold, and push for that throne. That is all there is— The pursuit of truth.

Everything else was ephemeral, the truth was all that mattered, and he was determined to find it.

All these events might appear as if they took an extended amount of time to take place, but they hardly even took a few seconds, the gods of the Cerulean Galaxy were still too stunned to make any move, and Rowan had been able to pass through his metamorphosis and enlightenment in relative peace, and now his hunger for conquest and growth could not burn any hotter.

Because the Soul Energy was easily collected by him due to the fact that these were all mortal-level beings, he now had a sizable amount with him, 1,350 Soul Crystals, which should equate to roughly 1.3 billion Soul Points.

A sizable harvest from the mortal souls he had gathered, but still far lesser than the harvest collected from a god's demise.

Killing the gods was always the best option for him to grow.

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The image of Rowan and his massive Demonic beast seemed to freeze for a few moments before they resumed their activity.

Such a great shift in their countenance was noticeable and Shario The Scourge stepped forward, her figure holding back barely suppressed fear and fury.

Her gaze pierced through the distance separating them from Rowan until she could see his golden serpentine eyes, and whatever words she wanted to speak stopped, for in those eyes she understood fully that anything she said was futile because she recognized this look, but in those eyes, it was magnified a million times.

This was the gaze a wolf had when it was peering at a flock of lambs behind a fence.

This was the cold gaze of a predator, a creature at the top of the food chain, perhaps even exceeding the damned chain.

For the first time in so long Shario, the Scourge now understood this ephemeral emotion she had forgotten so long ago when she was just a mortal beast. It was one of pure fear. This emotion made her shudder, and then she laughed, it was a sorrowful and confused sound, as she could hardly comprehend why the Cerulean gods had angered such a creature.

Yet she could not find the strength within her to ask Rowan, why he had slain two of their numbers, instead she turned to the fellow gods beside her.

"My brothers and sisters, fellow gods, do you recognize what stands before us?"

A young and beautiful goddess with pink hair turned to Shario, "Sister, what is happening, what..."

Shario smiled sadly at the young goddess, "Death comes, but we are gods, and our will is everlasting. For what are we if not champions who have tread on the bones of tribulations that would fall a billion lesser men? Hold fast, and together we shall purge this cancer stuck on our feet."

Rowan rolled his eyes at being called a cancer, but he felt it was enough for the gods he was about to kill to blow off steam anyway they could, the way he saw it, no god here was innocent, no matter how benign they might appear.

Murrihm the god he just killed valued the lives of his stars over every living mortal, and similar sentiments were rife among the gods.

They were all old monsters that had lived for endless years. Rowan thought that if you had lived for more than a hundred thousand years, then you were fair game.

- Chapter 543: Fifteen Years Old

Chapter 543: Fifteen Years Old

A slow breeze borne by Aether swept past Rowan and his Ouroboros Serpents and reached the gods, stirring a myriad of emotions in all their hearts.

They all stood in the air, and if Rowan had not burned the atmosphere there would be massive clouds passing by, but now there were only the faintest signs of a breeze, as the world itself struggled to awaken from the massive wounds inflicted on it.

As the last of the breeze went past the gods Rowan looked down at the massive serpents below him, and he gasped inside as he sensed a weird change in his physiology, rapidly calling up his Primordial Record, he smiled when he saw what just happened.

He was now a year older.

Although a lot has happened during the past few years, it was an undeniable fact that Rowan was now 15 years old, ironically the same age as Andar.

The universe itself was being threatened by a pair of teenagers!

He had felt a slight change in his Physiology that he had not witnessed before, perhaps it was because during the last three years that went by he had been asleep, but the world was slightly different in his eyes.

The change was so slight only his enhanced perception detected it. If he went by this change and calculated when he would be able to understand this change that was happening to him, it would take at least a few centuries.

He smiled again, 'I have time, if I win this battle here, then I will win the war against my father... then I will have time.'

"My babies," Rowan whispered and all the eyes of the Ouroboros Serpents turned to him, "kill!"

His Ouroboros Serpents roared, and like a charging golden avalanche, they headed towards the gods, their bodies shattering space, as an Aura of incomparable menace surrounded them.

The gods were taken aback at first at this dreadfulness charging towards them, but they were gods, their minds had been toughened by the ages and the power they had all held for so long.

They did not really understand the true meaning of fear, after all, most of them attributed the death of Murrihm to the fact that Rowan had found his way into his Divine Kingdom, as far as they were concerned, Rowan could not easily do the same to them, not while they were all resisting him together.

Death was nearly impossible for these immortal creatures, and the only thing left was the war.

Shario was the first to charge ahead with the two armored Horsemen of War and Judgement; they were followed by twelve other gods who were versatile in close combat.

Their war cries were stunning, sending shockwaves that pushed against the planet below, flattening mountains!

The rest of the gods left behind began to cast their Divine Might wide as they connected to hidden nodes all around the planet, pushing out so much energy that it could be felt trillions of miles away, any mortal creature would be blessed and cursed in witnessing a sight such as this.

They linked to each other with clear streams of Aether that burned the space around them revealing the darkness of the Underverse, as a grand formation was revealed on the earth and in the skies above.

Of the 48 gods present here, fourteen were charging at the Ouroboros Serpents, revealing godly weapons or enhancing their physique to divine levels, the remaining 34 gods pushed more of their Divine powers into the earth and the sky above, as they activated buried formations set in place ages ago that were constantly being nurtured by the World Consciousness and every god in the Cerulean Galaxy, leaving their unbreakable signature deep inside the Grand Formations.

Since nearly all the gods here were versatile in various fields and specialized in different strengths, often their powers would clash, and their effect would become reduced as a whole, so the best method to collectively do battle was to pool their Divine Powers and channel them into a single formation or device that would be able to take advantage of so much of their power with as little waste as possible.

The Grand Formation above was called the Myriad Nunceple Light Armament Formation, and the one below was called the Myriad Grave Light Formation.

These two extremely powerful formations were not created by the gods of the Cerulean Galaxy but were purchased by them after they collectively pooled their resources.

These two Grand Formations were obtained from the region with the most amount of underground activity in the universe—Terminus. The boiling pot of the entire universe.

It was said that there was nothing that you could not purchase on Terminus, you only needed to be able to afford it. Everyone traded in this place, from gods to demons and other fantastical creatures too numerous to mention.

These Grand formations were purchased by the gods to be both a world-guarding and attacking Formation, and it would be something that would only be activated at their desperate hour, or when facing great enemies, the presence of Rowan warranted both options.

The gods that charged ahead to engage the Ouroboros Serpents in close combat did so in order for the Formations to be quickly charged up and activated. To fully activate both formations, it would require all three Major Gods and fifty Minor Gods, but with the situation they found themselves in, they would only have to make do with what they had.

Nevertheless, it was more than enough, after all the combined power of 34 Minor gods could not be overlooked, and each of them possesses the might to shatter countless worlds.

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Shario fully remembered the pain she felt when she was devoured by these Serpents, and as the distance between her and these massive monstrosities neared she closed her eyes.

At the far edges of her perception, she dimly heard the sound of music and laughter, it was a familiar tune and a familiar voice, it was one she heard only once at the moment she became a god, the music was from her heart and the laughter was from her lips.

She remembered the strength this music had given her, the utter assurance in her purpose and her might, she had felt unassailable and perfect, and that moment she knew she could never retrace, for that single moment encapsulated everything a god was all about, in its entirety.

She was surprised that she could feel that urge and that motivation at this moment, almost as if this battle was reigniting her long-lost faith.

Chapter 544: Shario The Scourge

Shario could feel the strength pulsing through her Divine Body in an ever-growing wave, reminding her of the journey she had embraced for so long.

Fetching out the two Authority she had mastered, Fire and Light, her body became shrouded by a bright glow as the temperature inside her core reached that of a star, her

two horsemen behind her lent her their own Authority, and the Temperature in her core quadrupled!

Her form began to transform from the heavy-set woman to a goddess made from blue flames, her eyes shone with a bright white light, and her dress extended for thousands of feet until they shrouded the earth below in flames measuring millions of degrees.

If this was not a Major World and Scario controlling the might of her flames, this planet would have been reduced to ashes in a short while.

All this energy, enough to burn a thousand worlds to ashes brought to her hands and made from it a blade so massive that it was more than fifty thousand feet in length and so bright that the light from it covered half of the Major World.

This was the reason she was called Shario the Scourge. At this moment in time, she was the brightest being here and her glory made Rowan's eyes light up as an excitement he could hardly contain began to burn inside his hearts.

If he could, he would weep for joy, as he felt blessed witnessing powers like these—A goddess made from blue flames, holding a flaming sword long enough to easily cut a planet in half.

Divine Light bloomed from the twelve other gods as power enough to tear the galaxy asunder was concentrated on a tiny area in front of them, space acted weirdly as instead of shattering into pieces, it was congealed until the air ahead became denser than a diamond.

The two unstoppable forces coming from opposite directions had caused reality to become unbalanced, as they neared each other, and this battle of immortals commenced with a loud cry that came not from the combatants but from the World Will itself.

Rowan's act of killing every single mortal on the planet had stunned the World Consciousness and it had fallen into a state that was similar to a coma, as it was grievously injured by this action.

It recovered within a short time and because a World Consciousness at the level of a Major World was smart, it chose the best time to assert its dominance. Destroying all the mortals in a single blow had caused great harm to it, and its rage was terrifyingly deep, it was hatred on such a level that only a world would be capable of accomplishing.

The cry made by the World Consciousness slammed into the Ouroboros Serpents, making them hiss in frustration and distracting them at just the right moment for the attacks of the gods to connect.

The clash sounded like the world was ending, as a shockwave erupted from the point of impact that was like a vertical blade that sliced deep into the planet, and the other end escaped into space where an unlucky moon was in its path.

The shockwave sliced the moon into two, and it came apart like an orange. From the heavens, the two pieces of the moon began to fall to the planet below as it caught aflame

Since the dawn of this world, this was one of the greatest clashes that had ever occurred on its surface.

The Ouroboros Serpents lost to this confrontation, the World Consciousness had played its hand well and gave the gods the edge.

The Serpents were pushed back, roaring in anger as their mental state was destabilized for a short while, only the One-eyed Ouroboros Serpent was stubborn enough to push through the distraction, roaring its fury, but it was short-lived.

The one-eyed Ouroboros Serpent was beheaded halfway through by the chop from Shario's heavenly blade, its roar of frustration and pain was cut short as it was fully beheaded by the other two Horsemen of War and Judgement as they conjured massive flaming-bladed chains that sliced through its neck.

An exhilarate god rejoiced too early at this victory but the falling head of the Ouroboros Serpent which was larger than a hundred-story building suddenly snapped towards him, and the millions of needle-sharp teeth inside its mouth grounded the god to dust.

The massive body of the first Ouroboros Serpents began to fall from the skies covered by bluish-white flames burning millions of degrees hot, as it slowly turned to ash. Shario's heavenly blade could not be easily withstood, even by an Ouroboros Serpent.

Its single eye held such hatred and rage towards the gods that the reality around its disintegrating head collapsed to pieces. The light in its eyes slowly faded as its massive body collapsed into dust.

The remaining five Ouroboros Serpents coiled among themselves, presenting a large ball of golden flesh that was as large as a small city, and then they weathered through the blows from the gods, as building-sized golden scales began falling off their bodies from the massive blows they were withstanding.

"Hahaha, Scario, why did you make us scared with your speech, these beasts.... They ain't so tough, all bark and no bite!"

An exuberant warrior god with the head of a shark called out while laughing aloud. He was clawing at the skies, his claws creating a black claws attack in space larger than a

thousand miles which slammed against the bodies of the Ouroboros Serpents tearing massive gashes on them.

Shario cursed, "Focus more closely you fool, they are more dangerous than this. Before the Formation is completed there can be no mistakes, or I will have your head."

The words had not finished leaving her mouth when she sensed a faint stirring inside her heart and her Divine Sense screamed at her, with a roar of rage she exploded into a massive ball of flame and vanished only to reappear in front of the gods who were busy transferring their Divine Power into the two Grand Formation and she channeled all her power into a flaming shield, thousands of miles in size, the shield was as large as a continent and could be seen easily from outside the planet.

It was just in time as a wave of something that resembled silver and darkness erupted from the coiled bodies of the Ouroboros Serpents

Chapter 545: Tenma

Their ability to change size at will gave the Ouroboros Serpents many methods of attack when they were at different sizes.

When they were at their largest, their most powerful weapons were the tens of thousand four hundred foot spikes on their spine, descending from their head down to the tail.

The five Ouroboros Serpents collectively released 345,748 spikes the size of forty-story buildings and traveled at Mach 60, which was sixty times the speed of sound or 45,660 mph.

The spikes seemed to disappear through space, and the first casualties were the gods attacking them with gusto disregarding their defenses.

The wave of silver was the spikes from their spine and the darkness was reality being torn to pieces.

They passed the shocked gods without any hindrance and continued towards the large flaming shield conjured by Shario.

The gods who previously were attacking in gusto turned to each other, shock in their eyes as they all collapsed into dust. Whatever defenses or weapons were placed on their paths were destroyed and their Divine bodies were grounded to nothingness.

Shario cursed aloud, "Fucking bastards..." She was cursing the useless gods with her who only had one job, which was to hold back these beasts for a short amount of time for the Formations to be activated.

While she still had the remnants of the power the two other Horsemen of war and Judgement left inside her, Shario cried out as the shield she controlled thickened considerably, giving it a depth of a mile thick, and it was just in time as the first of the spikes slammed into the shield and before her shocked gaze, it penetrated ninth five percent of their way through it, before losing momentum, and even then there was a weird suction force coming from the shield that was draining the Divine Energy she placed inside it.

The spot the spike entered began to turn black from its bright blue color previously.

Time for the gods worked very differently, and their abilities to process information and react in a fraction of a moment grew increasingly profound the older and more powerful they got.

From the first Spike nearly tearing its way through her shield, Shario knew she could only endure a few thousand of them before she failed, the problem was there were far more headed her way. She could not stop them in time.

Her conclusion was true.

In real-time, it would appear as if no bit of it had passed at all for when the first spike slammed against Shario's shield and the others followed behind. There was no visible sign of hindrance to their movements as they overwhelmed her defense in less than a second.

Her eyes looked behind her at the panicking gods, they were only ten percent done with their tasks and they would fail, for a brief moment she was tempted to draw her Divine Kingdom into her body in order to boost her powers to the limits, but she did not know the full capabilities of these creatures if she failed, it would mean her death would be wasted and she would end up grievously injured.

Accepting the destruction of this body, she began to prepare her essence for the next resurrection as darkness covered her sight.

She made peace with the fact that she would have to sacrifice a lot of her Divine Essence, but she was determined to learn as much as she could from these creatures and slaughter them as painfully as possible, the memory of her previous death still haunting her.

A pleasant scent entered her nose as a strong but fair hand appeared beside her.

A rich male voice that was deep and possessed endless warmth entered her ears,

"Shario, the Scourge, I never knew you for someone who would easily give up at the first sign of a setback."

Shario gasped in surprise and then in pleasant relief as she could not help herself but laugh aloud, "I also never knew you for someone who was ever late to the party...Tenma. Especially one such as this."

The arm that appeared beside was holding pure darkness that shielded the entire formation behind them effortlessly.

The god who was capable of this was the leader and the strongest god of the Cerulean Galaxy. A genius who rose from nothing and ascended the unofficial throne of the leader of the gods, he was the oldest god with his history shrouded in antiquity.

Shario believed he must be stronger than a Major God, but for whatever reason he chooses to keep himself in a manner unbefitting of his status. She was a Major God also and was unable to understand his true depths.

She had always hated this side of him that she was unable to understand, but now she found such unfathomable strength to be oddly comforting.

He had long black hair that framed a handsome face, behind him was a guitar resting on a pillow of darkness. He was a god that had mastered two Authorities—Sound and Darkness. At least that was what he chose to reveal to the world.

Tenma looked at the flustered face of Shario, and cupped her flaming chin burning as hot as a star, bringing her face up to his own he said, "You look cute when you are afraid, shame that I have ever only seen this expression a few times."

Shario slapped his hands away angrily, "Are you fucking kidding me Tenma? Our fellow gods are dead and the world is ashes and ruin and you have the time to flirt?"

Tenma seemed surprised at her outburst before he shook his head, "Ahh, Shario, for all your powers, I am still surprised at your youth. We have faced greater threats... and greater losses in my lifetime."

"what has that got to do with what is happening now?"

"He smiled sadly at her, "I had forgotten how to cry a long time ago... the only thing I understand now is how to smile, as I slaughter my enemies. Watch me, Shario and you shall understand me."

Behind Tenma, portals of darkness began to open, and all the Cerulean gods appeared behind him, even those slaughtered a moment ago, and the last Major God appeared, Herod, The Flayed.

"All of you... activate the formations, I shall hold back the beasts at our door." Tenma announced and turned towards the massive Ouroboros Serpents, uncoiling themselves from the flesh ball.

A fiery blue hand touched his wrists, Shario stopped him and said, "These creatures are dangerous."

Tenma laughed, "Oh ye of little faith, watch me!"

Chapter 546: Tasty Revenge

Tenma's regal features turned serious, the white of his eyes turning entirely black and he suddenly turned from a charming figure to one that was demonic.

His long black hair turned to black smoke, and the light shining on the surface of the planet dimmed until it appeared as if the world was in twilight.

The darkness he had conjured when he arrived had clasped the hundreds of thousands of spikes shot by the Ouroboros Serpents and with a squeeze of his hand, he crushed them to dust. The sound made from crushing those spikes was apocalyptic, and a slow grin began to grow on Tenma's face.

He pointed his second hand at the angered creatures, whose spikes were already halfway regrowing and he snapped his fingers, and a wave of darkness drawn from the boundless immensity of space and shrunken to hundreds of thousands of miles wide swept towards the serpents and slammed into them with enough force to crush a hundred worlds.

This force tore through the scales of the serpents pushing them back for miles and vaporizing a large portion of their bodies and their large golden bones could be seen underneath.

With a cry of rage and pain, the serpents opened their large mouths and began to inhale the darkness, drawing into their bodies this frightening power, and in a stunning display of adaptability, the corrosion brought by the darkness was beginning to lessen, as their bodies adapted to the energies they were consuming.

It was clear that if Tenma performed this attack once more, then it would not work as well as before.

Tenma's eyes opened wide at this display, "You are right Shario, these beasts are special... but only just."

With his hand still raised he bent a finger as if he was strumming a guitar string, and reality seemed to pause, as a subtle vibration escaped from his finger that grew increasingly magnified as it went towards the serpents, and when it reached them it sank into their flesh.

What was not readily apparent was that the string of the guitar behind him moved in conjunction with his fingers.

He made the gesture three more times as a subtle vibration escaped from his fingers and sank into the bodies of the serpents.

The first wave of vibration that entered their bodies made them flinch, the second caused them great pain, the third made millions of cracks appear on their bodies, and the fourth destroyed the five Ouroboros Serpents in their entirety, leaving a mountain of fallen golden ash behind.

"How do you like that?" Tenma laughed, "I call this move, Tasty Revenge. I have slayed many creatures that caused me pain in my life using it."

The entire world was enveloped in silence, and Tenma turned to Scorio and grinned once more as the darkness retreated from his eyes and his hair, she gulped.

Tenma had proved once more that he was the strongest and wisest.

He turned his gaze towards Rowan while addressing Scorio and Herod who came to stand beside him.

Herod The Flayed was a god who appeared to have been tortured so badly, that most of his body was covered with ghastly wounds.

He had clothes made from living thorns that circled constantly around his body and tore him to shreds, and his blood was ever flowing from his grievous wounds creating a large rain of blood underneath him constantly.

"I assume this is the leader of those beasts," Tenma pointed out towards Rowan, "Still it is surprising that he just stood there and watched them be destroyed. I had assumed he was going to attack and was holding back a greater portion of my strength for that reason, yet he made no move.... Strange. Who among you knows what he is or what sort of creature he commands? My guess is he is most likely an Infernal creature, either a Devil or a Demon. Every now and then such foul monstrosities emerge from their pits and cause havoc."

Shario cursed, "If he is a Demon then how are we supposed to win?"

"We can't," Tenma replied, "We can only chase him away, show him that there are easier targets outside the gods here."

A chilling hiss emerged from Herod's mouth, his tongue was far too shattered to speak clearly, but everyone here could perfectly understand him, "He seems... to be... waiting... for.... Something."

Tenma stroked his chin, "although he might be an Infernal, we must know what sort of being we are dealing with. If he is a Demon, then we might be able to go through this battle in a more structured manner, but if it is a Devil, or worse... a Titan, then we have to endure a war that would last for an Age, and many of us would perish."

He looked at the Formation behind them, it was almost eighty percent full, the addition of the rest of the gods making a great impact on its completion rate, "Scorio, Herod, join the rest and activate this Formation, let me go talk to our guest, perhaps I might discover a clue about his identity that would make this war easier for us all. If we can strike a bargain and give him what he wants, we might just avoid a war altogether."

"Be.... Careful." Herod hissed.

Tenma nodded and vanished in a burst of darkness, appearing a thousand miles away from Rowan. That was the closest he could appear to a being of power to show his strength and also his willingness to give ground if necessary, for he understood that although Infernals were inherently chaotic and loved bloodshed and slaughter, they could also be swayed by greater benefits.

From a distance Rowan's body had been shrouded by a dim reddish haze that was a side effect of wearing clothes made from his Berserker Intent, although he was not a god, his Berserker Intent at the Origin Grade gave him powers that only those at this level could control.

Tenma could only pierce through this haze because he came this close to Rowan, and he could see his features, a flash of recognition passed through his eyes but it disappeared so quickly, that most would never notice.

Rowan was not like most people, his unique nature made him very aware of the smallest change in emotion in someone,

'How fascinating, he recognizes me.' Rowan thought in interest.

Chapter 547: Hidden Intentions

Rowan did not hurry to attack or interfere with the destruction of his Ouroboros Serpents, without killing him, any casualties caused to his Serpents were useless, he would rather wait, as far as he was concerned every single moment that passed, he was getting stronger.

His Ouroboros Serpents had already finished healing inside the void in his hearts, and rearing up for round two, roaring their anger at their killers, they curled around the ring in his chest that was his World Engine, their blood burning.

Rowan kept them in check, they had already played their part for now. He had to be careful with the way he moved his pieces to achieve the best results possible.

Rowan had tasted the power of a Major God, and the abilities of Tenma, the so-called leader of the gods, must be at their very peak, as he was most likely not a Major God, but a High God.

He was quiet as he listened to the god speak, Rowan quietly pulled his Berserker Intent closer to himself, reducing his presence as he began to prepare himself for the battle and the slaughter ahead.

"I'm Tenma, the Ruler of Music and Darkness, the appointed leader of the gods of the Cerulean Galaxy, and you are the monster who comes to our shores without any provocation from any of our number. You have slaughtered our kin, and you have crushed our children to ashes. Whatever you are, you shall pay for your crimes in full. Yet, I'm a merciful god, and this is a place where civility and honor hold sway. I will give you the chance to state your case and plead for forgiveness, and then you shall submit yourself for our justice. Accept this condition or accept death!"

The voice of the god crossed through space, and Rowan noticed that it was not carried by Aether itself, but from every shadow and every darkness present around, the voice even appeared from the shadows around Rowan, and there seemed to be a bit of dissonance coming from the voice around him as if it was seeking for something but it could not find it.

It was not surprising because Rowan had no shadow.

He noticed it was gone when he lost his Soul and created Eva, in a manner, Eva was his shadow.

There was a power in that voice that was cleverly hidden but ultimately turned out to be useless against him. This was a new method of application of a god's power that Rowan found fascinating, as it was not Intent but something else; Authority.

A power that Rowan had recently begun to understand.

For every god, their utmost quest in life was to master an Authority. Without mastering any Authority a Minor God had no hope of becoming a Major God, because one of the prerequisites to becoming a Major God was to master at least one Authority, and a god without an Authority was not necessarily weak, but they would never be able to ascend past the first stage of godhood.

Murrihm, the Stargazer was a god that had not mastered any Authority, and this reflected inside his Divine Kingdom as it was bereft of life!

If the Stargazer had mastered the Authority related to his power and Divine Spark, then his Divine Kingdom would be stronger and the billions of starlight he had given names would be much more animated and powerful, he would have been able to send his children to spread his will all through the universe and in that way, he would have rapidly grown stronger.

He knew that Tenma was a god that had mastered at least two Authorities. The lowest threshold to become a High God was to master two Authorities and from the information he had gathered about the Cerulean Galaxy, this god was an ancient monster that was even older than the gods of Trion, having lived for endless millions of years, his true roots were buried in darkness, and he was the primary reason why Rowan wanted to be sufficiently strong enough before he attacked this galaxy, not for the impressive lineup of gods, but because of only one god... Tenma.

What struck Rowan as odd was the recognition in the eyes of this god, he knew he had never come in contact with him before and it did not take long for his many Consciousness Pillars to find out the possible reason why Tenma recognized him.

There was only a single instance where the true image of Rowan had been spread out and it was his bounty issued by the Order of Broken Eye.

Trion was a powerful world and was one of the strongest and most influential forces in the known universe. A bounty such as those placed on Rowan could not be hidden for long, and there were various channels where news of that sort of high bounty would spread, even outside the Empire of Trion.

For a god as old as Tenma, it was very possible that he had many sources from where he collects information in the universe at large, for it was impossible for him to survive for so long without any method of gathering a large amount of information.

What Rowan found interesting was that god was wily enough to not reveal the fact that he recognized him, and Rowan decided to play according to the expectations of this god after all the details from his bounty meant he must have at least one Origin Treasure on him, not minding the bounty placed on his head.

The bounty placed on his head was valuable enough to warrant the attention of those not even inside the Empire, but on the grand scale of things, the bounty placed on him was still too small for the present Rowan.

Rowan did not think Tenma would feel he was a minor target because the bounty placed on him was not even equal to the smallest bounty placed on a Minor god, after all even the least powerful Minor God would have a bounty that was hundreds of times greater than what Rowan bounty was.

Rowan had already slaughtered two gods, a feat even a Major God would find hard to replicate, and Rowan smiled internally at the statement from Tenma.

Chapter 548: Activating The Formation

This god no matter how ancient he was, would never understand the reason why Rowan would want to butcher gods, he would never understand his motivations, no matter how smart or how experienced he was, since he did not understand the effects of Rowan's power and Soul Energy, he would never be able to stop him or counter Rowan's action.

"I am curious," Rowan said, "Are you saying all this nonsense because you believe what you are saying or you just love the sound of your voice, or... you are just waiting for the Formation behind you to be completed?"

Tenma's eyes suddenly lit up, "So you understand the allure in my voice!"

"How could I not?" Rowan smiled, "When you are beating it into my head."

Shario in the distance frowned and muttered to herself, "Are they flirting?"

Tenma's Authority over sound meant that every word he spoke possessed a power and lethality that would strip away the mind of even a god to nothingness. He might appear to be cordial and quietly speaking, but the truth was that he had been attacking Rowan fiercely all this while.

If he possessed a soul, no matter how powerful it was, then there would have been a visible effect on his countenance at best, or his body would have exploded as his soul shattered to pieces at worst.

After Tenma destroyed the Ouroboros Serpents, his attack had not ended, instead it had grown more vicious. It was a shame that the target selected was Rowan who had no soul, whatever Tenma threw inside his Mental Space hit nothingness, and so although Tenma appeared jovial, as he bantered with Rowan, the apprehension in his heart increased, after all his long years as a god placed in developing the Tasty Revenge technique, he could count on one hand the number of people that were left unaffected by its insidious effects.

Either this creature was very powerful or he was holding on to a powerful Treasure, none of these conclusions was a good thing for him and the rest of the gods here, there was nothing more insidious and unexpected than a power from a treasure that you could not understand or quantify, it could transform the battle power of an average person into something ungodly.

Tenma suddenly clapped his hands together, "Well, whatever I say to you would be fucking useless isn't it? You don't seem to care about my motivations anyway, in fact, I would think you are here to delay time as much as possible."

Rowan smiled and held open his hand, and Envy with a purr of delight settled on it,

"Oh... if I gave you that impression, I sincerely apologize, I just wanted to make sure you are fighting me at your best. After killing two of your fellows, I am not impressed by your showings. Hmm... Disappointed would be a more accurate word."

The gods in the distance bristled in anger at Rowan's words, their rage was only sated when they looked at the two Grand Formations that were nearly completed, nothing could stop their victory, even if their enemy made a move now, it was already too late for the two Grand Formations finished collecting all the energies from the gods and quietly activated with no fanfare.

Rowan went quiet, a hint of expectation inside his eyes, as he waited for the formations to display their powers, it would be another opportunity for him to learn.

He suddenly felt a shift in space—' It has begun' Rowan cackled internally, and he waited, before he sighed in disappointment, as he felt the effect of the formation.

Its powers had surrounded the entire Major World of Trypho, and what was collected from the entire planet was its Aether, channeling it all to the gods. So much lower was channeled into their Divine Bodies that they all became flaming suns of power, that radiated light and heat to an entire region.

On the countless worlds in the Cerulean Galaxy, uncountable trillions of eyes fell to the skies where a greater part of it had lit up, it was as if all of space had become full of burning suns of various colors.

In all the worlds, every mortal bowed in worship, fear and excitement in their mind, only some of the Earth gods understood that the gods had gone to war.

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Rowan watched the gods turn into beings of light as the environment grew more hostile. His void heart could not help but beat in excitement.

For someone else, this might be a debilitating environment to battle, but the true effect of this move would only be shown when the battle starts.

The attacker would begin losing all the energy he expended without any hope of getting it back from the universe around them, plus another hidden deadly effect was that the Aether from the attacker would be fed to the defenders, further growing their advantage.

Rowan's sigh of disappointment reached the gods and they sneered internally, they would love to crush this creature to dust. These Grand Formation were not created by any insignificant powers, but from an extremely strange and powerful world that was beyond the scope of the understanding of most.

If they had not acquired it inside a strange place like Terminus after sacrificing so much, then it would be impossible for them to ever gain a weapon such as this, not in a million years.

Tenma was not as relieved as the rest of the gods, he understood that he had used one of his most powerful attacks, and Rowan shrugged it off as nothing, also knowing that he was involved with those freaks from Trion, then it was all-around bad news.

"Activate the full might of the Myriad Grave Light Formation, we cannot give him a moment of respite!" Tenma yelled aloud, his voice was like a whip in the minds of the gods and they did not hesitate and pushed their might into fully activating the Grand Formation in the earth.

Perhaps later some of them would realize that the words from Tenma were almost like a command they could not refuse, but at this time they were fully focused on trying to destroy the threat before them.

Rowan suddenly felt the weight of a million planets on his body as a phantasmal image of a coffin hundreds of miles long surrounded him, and like a meteor he was driven down to the earth and he fell flat on his back with enough force that the impact was heard far into space.

Chapter 549: Pride

The formation on the ground had strengthened the earth to an unfathomable degree and the impact of Rowan's body left no single grain of dust disturbed.

A peculiar force that Rowan was now a bit familiar with as he had experienced it a while back began spreading around his body. It was Decay.

He quickly realized that the potency of this one was far lesser than what he had experienced during the Berserker Tribulation, and so it could only cause him great pain as his body was repeatedly corroded but still not quickly enough before he healed the damage, but since the energy was persistent, the cycle continued, making Rowan's skin increasingly pale.

The increasing weight on his body did not cease and was still being constantly boosted, with the ground below him not giving way, and it appeared as if he was going to be grounded to dust.

In a short while Rowan's body was beginning to shatter into pieces, and he could only hold himself together with his Telekinesis, as even his regeneration was beginning to struggle with the damages being accumulated in his body.

His skin and muscles were peeling off, and his golden blood was being suppressed back into his marrows, dull metallic cracks were escaping from his prone body as a million cracks erupted all over his bones but were healed shortly after.

The sound that was escaping from his body as it was being repeatedly crushed into pieces was horrifying, it was enough to make even an Earth god go insane with revulsion.

Because Rowan was grinning. No one should have this expression when they are being tortured to this extent.

Amid all this pain, Rowan's eyes became fixed on the two pieces of the falling moon, a Major World was so large it would take time for it to reach its surface.

He was admiring the way the flames curved around its falling form, heating up space to such a high degree that in its descents it created a beautiful contrail of red, that reminded him of the dress he made for his mother, Elura the Empyrean of Life.

The many clouds of smoke and breaking debris reminded him of flowers—Roses.

For a moment he wondered why this thought occurred to him at this very moment.

"I miss you mother. I'm going to kill him. I'm going to make his existence miserable, and before he dies, he shall apologize a million times for the suffering he caused us all." he muttered through his broken and shattered mouth, and he laughed aloud as the energy from the formation increased again, and he had to increase his concentration to counter it as his blood began to boil,

"Yes... this is what I want! This is the challenge I need!"

What was happening to his body was directly opposite of what Eruption did when he activated it.

Eruption burned his vitality and gave him endless growth, but he had to always place it in check so as not to lose his sanity, while this Formation sought to destroy his vitality while suppressing him.

The opposing nature of this formation on his body gave him a brand new experience about his techniques that made him gasp in sheer enjoyment.

Then everything just clicked and he understood a barrier holding him back.

Rowan's body exploded with a bright golden light that erupted from his body and blasted into space, vaporizing the falling parts of the moon in space, he had just received enlightenment when he was suppressed with this Formation, and his understanding of Eruption had grown.

He did not need his Primordial Record to check that Eruption just reached 50%

Using his Intent as a bridge, Rowan began pouring Essence strengthened by Eruption into Envy, the Axe had grown enough to handle this sort of power, and she did not disappoint.

A faint ripple emerged from Envy, as a dome of vibrational force covered Rowan, and was pulsing as if it was a heart.

This was Vibrational Force backed by Berserker Intent!

Rowan wanted to fight against this formation and his Berserker Intent was accomplishing his will.

This dome resisted the power being exerted by the formation on Rowan, and his fingers twitched, followed by his arms and then legs, with a soft groan Rowan began to rise, pushing himself to one knee.

Tenma looked at the weapon in Rowan's hand and shock rippled through his heart, he called his weapon—Pride to his side, and the guitar resting on the pillow of darkness came to his hands, but the movement of the guitar was erratic, almost as if it was sleeping, but when Tenma held it, the guitar shook itself as if awakening and then there was a pause as the weapon observed what was occurring around itself.

Its strings began to thrum by themselves in excitement and Tenma gently caressed it, "I know Pride, you are not alone... what? I can find the map to that Realm if I bring you together. Hahaha, say no more, even if I have to bring this entire galaxy into darkness, I shall have my prize!"

Tenma watched Rowan struggling to his two feet, his back bent against the pressure, and he could not help but marvel at this accomplishment. What this monster was using to battle against the might of this Formation was pure physical strength, even after his weapon must have aided him.

"Increase the power of the Formation, wear him to dust!"

Tenma commanded the gods behind him and turned to follow the spectacle of the monster struggling below him, his heart beating a thousand times a second at the prize he had been waiting for millions of years being presented before him, but as he turned to look at Rowan's position, his heart went still.

Rowan was gone.

His eyes widened as he turned to look behind him, and five of the gods that had been shining in their glory suddenly shook, their light fading away, and before the astonished eyes of everyone they came apart into pieces.

Their Divine Bodies had been diced into small pieces and in the midst of all the gore, a perfect body brimming with strength, holding a great red axe and grinning as if he was having the greatest fun in his life was in their midst.

Chapter 550: Divine Blood Pouring Like Rain

The blood of the gods falling around Rowan shone with a multi-colored light that made him appear to be in the midst of falling stars.

His body flashed with a golden light and he reappeared in the middle of two gods, sweeping his Axe in broad strokes in a semicircular fashion, he sliced both of them apart through their waist with a single blow, and before both of them could scream, a horizontal slice bisected both of them from their head to their crotch, and the two gods fell apart in eight portions.

In a few short months, Rowan's battle capabilities had experienced a change that was night and day than his previous methods of just hitting as hard as he could.

Rowan's weapon moved like the wind—formless and he struck like lightning—Fast. The weight behind his blows was heavier than a mountain range, he was a walking portent of death and doom.

Rowan had mastered his Berserker Technique to the Origin Stage. A technique that was solely focused on combat, and he had drunk deeply of both Tribulations he had received, enhancing this Technique to a limit that equaled the first Berserker that had ever existed, the Narghal Tyrant, the last of his kind.

He became a prowling wolf, bursting through the ranks of the gods, every movement he made was precisely calculated to deliver the most power, and the trajectory of his blows was almost impossible to follow.

Envy was eerily silent, as the Axe had begun to subtly change since her last transformation. The blade was now broader, and at the bottom part of its blade were new serrated teeth like a saw.

The shaft of Envy was now longer and broader, as new arcane scripts that resembled the merciless slashes of a mad god decorated it. Nothing of this weapon was benign, it was meant for slaughter and nothing else.

Having felled seven gods in less than a second, Rowan's presence was now fully exposed to the gods and his chance for easily killing them was lost. They began to split apart for they were previously spaced closely to each other, but that was only relative to a god for each were hundreds of feet apart before.

These were gods, not mere mortals, their adaptability and experiences were unmatched. They did not panic at this unexpected scenario, after all, everyone who had just died now did not truly perish, with their experience, a godly battle took at least centuries and sometimes could extend for millions of years, the battle had just begun.

Rowan's advance was stopped by multiple beams of light raining from the formation above; they descended in circular arcs that left gleaming trails in space, as they burned through Reality into the Underverse below it, where they left shining marks on it that were reflected outside the universe itself.

The beams of light cast by the Formation above descended faster than the speed of light, and in an impossible feat of maneuverability, Rowan dodged them!

He had begun including Astrolabe inside his movement ability, but for now, he could only dodge moves that were static moves like beams of light and not more elaborate techniques, but this was already a drastic increase in his combat power.

Shown by his ability to dodge techniques moving in a straight line no matter how fast they were moving up to an extent.

If he could fully Integrate Astrolabe into his every movement, then Rowan would be an unstoppable God of War.

Some of the gods were not expecting that sort of move to be possible, and Rowan did not give their flustered minds any space to recover, as he took another three heads from the stunned gods, the fourth god targeted rapidly brought his weapon to block, but Rowan sliced through it, and into the body of the god.

The hasty defense gave the god the edge he needed to stay alive as instead of being beheaded, Envy only cut through his shoulders and into his chest before the wound exploded after Envy's Vibrational force passed through the body of the god.

Yet the god still lived, before he could retreat however, Rowan threw a quick punch that entered through the massive hole in his chest, and he thrust his arm clean through his torso as he grabbed the spine of the god.

The god gave a last horrifying scream as with a strong heave, Rowan pulled out the spine of the god, and at the end of it was the attached head of the dying god, who had to watch the battered remains of his body shattering to pieces and descending towards the earth.

Rowan turned around and vanished, he reappeared as he sliced through another god, while using the spine with the head of the god still attached as a hammer, he distractedly dodged another wave of attack by the Formation as he smashed the head of a female god to pieces using the spine attached with the skull.

"Fuck this! The Formation does not work on this monster, everyone here should use your Divine Abilities!"

A flustered god screamed out and before Shario could yell out for that order to be countered, most of the gods here revealed their Divine Might and the heavens shattered to pieces as colors surprising anything a mortal could ever comprehend flooded all of reality as dozens of gods unleashed their might without restraint.

Rowan grinned at the endless chaos, and with a long battle cry, he vanished, dodging a host of attacks that made reality distort as he shuttled through a myriad of apocalyptic techniques like a slippery fly and reappeared within their number and began to battle them in close range.

Rowan's physique when burning Eruption was incredibly powerful, and when he paired it with his movements using Astrolabe, he could dance through the chaos like it was nothing.

Divine Blood began to fall from the sky as gods were killed.

Rowan began to laugh more deeply, drunk with battle lust, but deep inside his eyes there was a keen light of expectation, for attached to every wound on the gods he killed were his Berserker Intent.

He had laid the bait, now he was just waiting for the fish to bite.