

The Primordial Record

Chapter 551: Curious Eyes

A god screamed in pain as he was brutally sliced into two.

Rowan had slammed Envy into his stomach, and twisted the Axe around, effectively destroying the guts of the wailing god, but he angled his weapon so Envy's blade would point upward, and with a small grunt of effort, he applied force so that the Axe had traveled upward, splitting the god from his stomach, through his chest, neck, and finally his head.

The cut was clean, but the Vibrational energy left behind blasted the body of the god to mush. Rowan dodged another flurry of attacks, but he stumbled when suddenly he was enveloped by great pain that attacked every single inch of nerve ending in his body.

He rapidly pushed this pain to another consciousness pillar to bear the load, but his momentum was lost...

A blazing blue blade burst out of his chest, the heat was so terrible it began to vaporize a massive hole in Rowan's torso, he hurriedly cut through the flaming blade with his Axe and shifted forward, if he had been delayed for just a moment, the top half of his body would have been vaporized.

Another large spike of pain filled his consciousness, but Rowan quickly shifted it to another consciousness pillar, it was enough to delay him for a fraction of a moment, and multiple godly techniques slammed into his body.

Acid, Flames, Frost, Poison, Lightning, Darkness, Focused Electromagnetism Bolts, Curses, Pain, Afflictions, all sorts of Techniques focused on his body, each of these techniques had enough power to destroy tens of Minor World in a single stroke, and Rowan could barely scream in pain and shock before he was reduced to just a golden skull.

The only reason this part of his body remained was that he had shielded his head with Envy, and even with this, his physical body had barely survived this attack.

With a burst of golden flames, he returned to his previous form, but once again he was buried under the combined assault from the gods, he shifted his battered skull to the side using Astrolabe, but although the gods could not compete with him in speed, they could anticipate his direction, for even with Astrolabe, he could only move in a straight line.

He still moved too fast though, and quickly healed up, about to continue his battle once more, he found himself ensnared in a web of darkness that he had failed to anticipate, his pair of furious eyes looked in the distance where Tenma stood grinning, and Rowan's cries of fury were buried under a wave of power from the rest of the gods that nearly reduced him to dust.

"Don't give him a moment's respite, continue the bombardment," Shario screamed, "Activate both Formations at full power, press him into nothingness, for this is our will!"

Rowan began to struggle with the powers arrayed against him, the Formations were a great hindrance as the only way for him to escape their reach would be to use Astrolabe, and doing so placed him on a path that could be anticipated and countered.

Still, he was battling dozens of gods at the same time and holding his own!

Tenma was a problem, he did not use large and flashy moves against Rowan, but he was always there to place a stumbling block on his every advancement, the reason for Rowan's struggle was this cunning god whose sense of timing nearly made Rowan scream in frustration.

A sudden massive wave of power slammed into him from out of nowhere and Rowan's body was crushed to pieces, Envy was blasted away from his destroyed body by a large beam of darkness with enough force that the weapon was blasted millions of miles into the planet, nearly reaching its core.

The World Will of the Major World enclosed the entire planet around the weapon, silencing its shrieks of rage, and pressing it deeper into itself.

Tenma consolidated this process when he used the Myriad Grave Light Formation to suppress the struggling weapon, pushing more than ninety-nine percent of this Formation's power for that task.

He tried and failed to keep the elation inside his heart from bursting forth, and Tenma could barely stop himself from leaving this battle, collecting the weapon and disappearing into the darkness for the next million years while he digested his prize.

Yet he focused his thoughts, destroying the fleshy body of this monster was necessary, and if they could do so, he would be forced to regenerate back in his plane.

Tenma no longer considered the Rowan Kuranos he saw in the bounty notice and this person to be the same, most probably this was a Demon Prince who wore the guise of a Child of Trion to commit mischief. Nevertheless banishing its mortal form was a victory.

No longer holding back much of his strength, Tenma began delivering focused blasts of darkness and sound waves, crushing this being, as the other gods followed his lead, the

Myriad Nunceple Light Armament Formation, giving them all the Aether from the entire world at their disposal.

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If destruction was ever to be a place, then the situation where Rowan found himself would qualify for that position.

Even the gods retreated for a few hundred miles to escape the full brunt of the devastation, but they did not let off on pouring all their powers and the techniques they had learned over the endless years into an area not larger than a few thousand feet, creating a zone of pure chaos.

The strange light shining from that area was causing some of the least powerful Minor gods to squint, as they felt a searing pain in their soul from looking at that region.

Reality had long been destroyed in this area, and the Underverse beneath was being stretched to such an alarming degree, that it was possible to see faint lights beyond the darkness if you concentrated enough.

Although Rowan and the gods were not aware, those lights were eyes! From whom was unknown, and perhaps, it was a good thing that they were not aware of the prying eyes surrounding the universe.

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Rowan was in a unique state as he was barely on the threshold between total annihilation and restoration, although he was being bombarded by a lot of power, he was constantly circling Eruption through his consciousness pillars, making sure he was channeling all those powers to his vitality, and so although he was reduced to a single cell, the amount of vitality he possessed inside that single cell almost made it indestructible.

Almost...

Chapter 552: Lament Of Celestials

Rowan was getting increasingly pressed, as the gods he had slain returned, carried by portals of darkness created by Tenma to quickly bring them back to the field of battle.

The pressure on him grew from insane to impossible, and his single drop of golden blood hovering in the air began to shrink, if it was destroyed, all that power would rush into his Mental Space, and Rowan did not want such an event to ever occur.

Unlike both gods he had killed, Rowan was wary of allowing a Major God's power or higher to enter his Mental Space, because their Intent was more developed and powerful, they might be able to see what was inside his Mental Space, although Rowan did not think that was possible, he would rather not take that risk, not if he could help it.

The power being endured by the single cell increased until he knew that he had barely ten seconds to hold on.

He called up his Primordial Record, as right now he was in the best position to begin his rapid improvements once more, no better practice field than this place could be easily found.

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 15/542,000

Strength: 648,392

Agility: 626,792

Constitution: 653,977

Class: None

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

Aspect:

Berserker (Tier 7— Completed)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 0)

Light Devourer (Tier 0)

Skills:

BERSERKER BLOOD (Origin — Level Completed)

Bloodline Skill: Eruption (50%)

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)

Legendary Skill: Chaos World Engine [6/6]

Chaos World Engine [Minor— Completed]

Legendary Skill: Word of Enoch x2 [Blank].

Rift Rule: Absolute Body.

Palace of Ice Chamber Unlocked:

Astrolabe

Knowledge Well

Hollow Forge

Chaos Worlds (minor) — Limits Exceeded

Minor Worlds Seeded — 212

Awakening Primordial Bloodline [Sheol]

Soul Crystal — 100

Remark: Awakening Primordial

The first thing that could be noticed was that he had only a paltry 100 Soul Crystals left.

Before he had killed every mortal on this planet, he had 542 Soul Crystals, and then with the addition of the 1,350, the total became 1,892 Soul Crystals.

Although Rowan had been fighting a grueling battle with the gods, it did not mean his many other consciousnesses were focused on battle.

The advantages of his many Consciousness Pillars he had would be wasted if that were to be the case, and one of the reasons he was battling by himself instead of using the many tools available to him like his Archangels or his Ouroboros Serpents was because of his Aspects.

It was time for him to activate a new Aspect, and not just any sort of normal Aspect, but an Omnipotent Aspect. He had previously delayed activating an Omnipotent Aspect because he wanted to bring his Berserker Aspect to the Origin Grade, hoping he would be surprised by the results.

His foresight had paid off and he had harvested an impossible amount of power and Attributes from his Berserker Aspect, with that part out of the way, he focused on the next.

He pushed his consciousness into the page of his Primordial Record and did not think too much about what he would be picking. Andar was already using the Light Devourer Aspect, and Rowan wanted to go for the foremost Supreme Technique of the Magus World.

It was an undeniable fact, that he was intrigued by its name; Laments of Celestials.

His Angels fell under the Celestial camp, and he was very curious about this Aspect because, by all indications, this technique was the antithesis of everything Celestial in nature. Its name was already tyrannical enough, and knowing that this was an Omnipotent Aspect, pushed its utilities to another level far beyond what the Berserker Aspect should be capable of.

What was also peculiar was that the general name of this technique was not Lament Of Celestials but Frostmourne. If not for showing him its true name, he would have not been any wiser.

Why was its true name hidden?

Rowan could guess that maybe the ruler of the Magus World, the Supreme Archmage, was plotting deeply and he would not be surprised if maybe the greatest enemies of the Mages were Celestials, and this technique was a hidden weapon he wanted to use against the Celestials.

Rowan did not even hesitate as he activated this new Aspect and he felt the beginning of a storm begin to brew inside his Mental Space.

If he was to be discovered that he was practicing this technique then it was inevitable that he would be creating for himself a powerful enemy because he had spoiled his plans, but Rowan no longer cared much about such matters anymore.

When you have enough enemies to fill a universe, you stop caring if one more was added.

Rowan began to feel intense pressure gathering inside his Mental Space. He suddenly felt very constricted as if his body and consciousness were being squeezed by a massive python.

With a maddened shriek that was heard all over the planet and made the gods pause in their bombardment, Rowan released every single bit of Intent inside his body, seeking only a tiny bit of reprieve so he could have the space to breathe.

His Berserker Intent tore a sliver through the chaos and Rowan's golden blood drop blasted through it and ascended to the skies, pushed by golden flames and the blue light of Astrolabe.

Tenma screamed, "Do not let him escape!"

The atmosphere exploded as multiple colored lights from all the gods ascended in pursuit of Rowan.

From afar you could see a single golden light being chased by multicolored lights from behind as all of them ascended into the heavens leaving the planet behind.

Rowan returned to his full form, yet he appeared pale, and suddenly he screamed as his body began to combust with a bright white flame, as far above him all of reality seemed to shake, and a massive frozen gate pierced through the Underverse, carried from outside the universe itself, appeared above him.

Except for the three Major gods of the Cerulean Galaxy whose eyes exploded, every other god here shattered into pieces as they saw this frozen gate.

"WHO DARES?"

A furious roar echoed throughout the entire universe.

Chapter 553: Spirit Martrix Gate!!!

Trypho, the Major World was at the center of the Cerulean Galaxy, but it was not as close to the other Minor Worlds around it, but was surrounded by millions of worlds and

stars that were not as valuable, and so they were filled with various death traps and formation and was not suitable for life.

This was a defensive mechanism against invasion from outside the galaxy. If an enemy wanted to destroy their sole Major World, they would have to pass through endless miles of traps and fight pitched battles on worlds that were not considered valuable, thereby wasting a lot of their enemy's resources.

When the white light from the gigantic gate shone as it entered the universe, millions of worlds and stars around Trypho froze before crumbling to dust.

Although these planets were not suitable for life, there was still a large enough number on their surfaces, numbering in the hundreds of billions...

They all perished.

This happened so quickly that none of them was aware of their passing. One moment everything was going the way it should, and the next, everything was gone.

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Rowan did not care for what was happening around him, he could feel his Mental Space shaking as a vast influx of souls streamed into it.

Although he had never wished to harvest souls in this manner, knowing this was just a spectacular waste of resources, he acknowledged that in battles of this level, such an event was bound to occur.

They were elephants, and the mortals were grass, when they battled... the grass would suffer.

His focus was fixed on the gigantic frozen gate ahead of him which was similar to a Spirit Matrix Gate, but that was like comparing a single brick to a thousand-story building. It was plain and unadorned, resembling two massive blocks of ice.

This frozen Spirit Matrix Gate was billions of miles wide and tall, almost dwarfing the Major World below, and the Aura it emanated swept throughout space, and the planet below began to shatter!

The Major World might have escaped annihilation due to its size and rugged strength, but it could not stand against the Aura from this frozen gate, and in a short while, ten percent of its surface was frozen and turned to dust.

"Is this my Spirit Matrix Gate?" Rowan muttered aloud.

Andar's Spirit Matrix Gate had appeared inside his Mental Space, similar to all other Mages, but Rowan's Spirit Matrix Gate appeared in reality.

Was this a feature of this Aspect, or was it related to his bloodlines? He dismissed this speculation he could not answer for the moment because Rowan had also recognized the mighty voice that rumbled through the universe. It was female, and he recalled a disdainful snort that ruined Andar's chance of obtaining the Lament of Celestial technique.

He grinned, even though his body was breaking apart from the light and the Aura emanating from the frozen gate, he could handle it for the moment, he was simply enjoying the sheer opposite emotions being felt by the same individual in such a short period, and her screams of rage was like honey to his ears.

He looked down and saw the three Major gods retreating in shock and fear, Tenma surrounded the planet below in an orb of darkness and began to pull it away halting its destruction, Rowan squinted his eyes at that action, but he ignored them for the moment.

He had lost Envy once, and he did not plan on losing his favorite weapon again. Rowan had noticed the longing gaze in the heart of Tenma, and if he thought he could easily take this weapon from his side, the gods could not be more mistaken.

Instead, Envy was a bait. Rowan was curious about what this god knew of this mysterious weapon, and if he was to kill a god of this caliber, then he would need to take some extra steps.

The destroyed gods were beginning to return, tearing apart space and their eyes were wide open with fear and astonishment when they all saw the sheer scale of the devastation around them that occurred in a mere moment.

Their lives and the galaxy would never be the same, and this damage did not just occur around them, but inside them as well, as curses began to break out as they looked into their Divine Kingdom, yet their anger was still muted before the vision of the frozen gate appearing above them.

What was happening now was breaking their godly minds.

Whatever was above them was not of this universe and possessed a magnificence and power that a god could never hope to acquire their entire life.

It was like revealing to a blind man who always thought that darkness was everything but was now shown all the myriad colors under the sky.

There was no framework inside their head that could make them understand how a power like this was possible, and this lack of knowledge brought them great fear, only the presence of Tenma and the two other Major gods gave them a little bit of relief.

If only they knew that Tenma was nearly going insane from fear they would have fled immediately, if what a Minor God could sense from the gate was already breaking their minds, what a Major God and higher could sense from it was much deeper, and like moths to a flame, they were ensnared in its web.

If they had fled at the start, they would have escaped this fatal allure, but after being in the presence of the gate for this long, they were no longer able to escape. Their only hope was for the gate to leave, or else they were trapped.

Rowan had no idea what was happening behind him, currently a force was combing through his body looking for something, and it did not take long for him to realize that this force was looking for his Spirit.

He frowned, he had none... but perhaps,

Rowan did not hesitate and activated a Single Consciousness Pillar and sent a wave of mental power towards that force which seized it and began to drag it towards the gate.

The massive frozen gate vibrated, the sound tore through reality, blasting apart the universe for countless miles and Rowan found himself outside the universe...

Outside the fucking universe!

Chapter 554: Regrowth

Tenma and the other god stood around in shock, the gigantic frozen gate and Rowan were gone, and the blood of the universe was raining down in this position, coloring space red for endless miles.

Reality shuddered and with alarming speed, everything was being replaced. New worlds and stars began to bloom from the ashes of what was left, and the massive tear in space faded away.

The blood of the universe was not just a method for it to express pain, it also served as a method to heal its wounds.

It was rare for such an event to occur, and it showed the degree of shock in the hearts of the gods that none of them tried to fight for a bit of this blood, as their troubles weighed on their minds.

From the regrowth, twelve new greater planets emerged, all of them were Minor Worlds, a miracle born from the remnants of so many destroyed lives.

It was a sign that although destruction was something terrible, but without it, there was no way for something new and better to emerge.

The Cerulean Galaxy was stronger as a whole, but who would reap the benefits from these newly emerged Minor Worlds was unknown.

As suddenly as this whole debacle had started, it suddenly ended.

"What the fuck is that..." Shario cursed, her flaming blue skin peeling away revealing her pudgy self underneath, and she was bent at the waist vomiting blood.

She pushed herself back to a proper standing position, feeling a bone-deep ache that reminded her of being a mortal all those long years ago. A chill wind of doom blew across her spine and she shivered in dread.

Her mind was in chaos and pain filled her spirit, the reason for that was apparent when you looked inside her Divine Kingdom.

Her Divine Kingdom had been a lush and vibrant space, where creatures of light and fire frolicked, their songs and worship to her great name never ceasing, and their love for her was absolute.

Everything had changed for the few seconds she had spent viewing the frozen gate.

Eighty percent of the life inside her Divine was extinguished as a white flame that seemed both real and unreal had swept past her Divine Kingdom and left it a frozen wreck.

The flames did not last for long; else everything would have perished, the ice it left behind collapsed and brought everything to dust, and Shario noticed that the Divine Energy inside everything the flame touched was gone.

Her very foundations had been destroyed to an alarming degree, and such a loss would be unimaginable for her before now.

She had no way of getting it back, her powers had drastically reduced to their barest minimum, and she was left confused and devastated.

Right now, she was no stronger than a Minor god, and from the looks of every god around here, they had all experienced the same issue. They were like helpless mice before the cat, and this weakness in her Divinity nearly ate her soul alive.

If she could, she would be screaming, but she tried to place her mind in order. She thought that perhaps if this was the price to pay for them to be free of this monster, then it was a worthy enough price.

Yet Shario's mind did not wander far, as she looked at Tenma who appeared heartbroken, but his eyes were fixed on the planet, and she saw him licking his lips, and rage began to be roused in her heart.

This was not the look of someone who was truly devastated, he must have gained some other benefit that she was not aware of. Could this event that happened be related to him? Were they all his pawns to acquire something he had been craving?

Many decisions in this battle were poorly thought out, their leader Tenma seemed more willing to scheme for other benefits than to focus on the ongoing battle.

He had barely done anything of note during the fight, except to hamper their enemy's movement and she saw no reason why Tenma would do so unless he was fighting for some bigger stakes elsewhere and his full concentration was not on this battle.

No longer able to stomach her rage, she lashed out,

"Tenma, I understand that look in your eyes, you knew that monster, what is he? Did you drag this calamity to our shores?"

Tenma pulled his gaze away from the planet and seeing the look in her eyes and the demeanor of all the gods around, he rolled his eyes in exasperation,

"You don't think I have any sort of connection with this event, do you? I'm as shocked as you all are. Whatever happened here is one of the trials that will inevitably come our way as the ages roll past, and although we have all paid a painful price, it's done. We have survived it... we can return to our Kingdoms, and from the ashes of what is left, we shall slowly rebuild. We are gods, we are eternal, and the problems we face are beyond what any mortal can comprehend."

His words were having a visible effect on the gods, and Tenma did not stop there, his voice grew louder

"Yet, I do know that for some of us, this is not enough, the affront to our dignity, to our bloodlines, to our thrones can not go unchecked, although we retreat for the moment. Mark my words, we shall make that monster pay a terrible price, we shall.... Yrffus, what is wrong with you?"

One of the female gods had gone pale and she staggered as if she was drunk, and then her eyes widened, and she coughed,

"Tenma... I don't..."

She suddenly screamed and her body exploded into ashes that spread for miles, her horrifying death cries lingered.

"What?!...."

Tenma was dumbfounded, and then another god exploded with a scream, and another, and in a short while, four gods were dead!

This was not their corporeal form being destroyed, this was their Divine Spark, the seat of their will, being annihilated!

Chapter 555: The Size Of Forever

Rowan did not know what to expect having been abruptly drawn into an area he dreaded entering at this stage, and for a while, he could not understand anything he was seeing, he was lost, and the only light he could hold on to was from the Spirit Matrix Gate and even then he was about to lose that.

That would be a bad thing, as Rowan would be left naked and helpless in this place. It was not as if he was blind, only that whatever this place was, it was filled with so much information that he could not process it.

The light from the Spirit Matrix Gate was fading and Rowan decided not to struggle to understand, if he was a creature was was meant to exist outside the universe, then the method to do so would come to him.

Rowan no longer hesitates when it comes to issues like this. He stopped clutching onto the fading light from the Spirit Matrix Gate, the sensation was like a drowning man who simply gave up struggling to hold his breath and just decided to begin breathing in water.

It was unnatural at first, but an intuition as innate as breathing made him shift his perception into the eyes of his Ouroboros Serpents, and like the last piece of a jigsaw puzzle, his perception clicked, and he gained understanding, but with this understanding came... power!

Power like he had never felt before, raw and unfiltered and having such great depths he floundered in the immensity of it, feeling like a single grain of sand on a beach filled with an endless amount of sand.

His Ouroboros Bloodline, Sheol, and the Tree of Desire began to bubble with anticipation, a keen but confused longing deep inside his body as a fresh wave of unknown power, that was not Aether but something else began to surround his flesh.

Rowan only had a bare moment to comprehend what just happened before he hurriedly channeled this power into a position that would cause the least amount of change in his bloodlines and he screamed as his body began to dramatically expand.

He had been burning Eruption all this while, and the moment he was dragged outside the universe and his perception molded to this place, his bloodline had begun attracting these different sources of energy that sought to penetrate his body and change him on a fundamental level.

Yet Rowan knew if he allowed this change to happen, then he would be forever barred from the universe or any other universes, this was not his plan, he was not ready or powerful enough to leave the universe.

The power was horribly invasive and sought to enter his body by all means, still, Rowan was familiar with handling forces like this one, as a similar power he was focusing on, which was Eruption, acted a bit like this, it gave him a massive amount of power to channel towards any part of his body as he deemed fit.

The latter portion of this technique was important, as channeling all this power not into his bloodline but into something else inside of him was the best option.

He was fighting to have more than one Primordial Bloodline and a necessary criterion for such a lofty goal was to continuously purify his bloodlines until he reached their Origin, and he must be careful not to dilute them, no matter how much easy power he could gain now, he would ultimately lose out.

Rowan was lucky that his Eruption technique had reached the 50% point, else he would be insane at this moment. This aided him in understanding how to process power of this scale, or he would have exploded, creating a Mini-Bing Bang.

This process was not easy, but Rowan knew he was capable of succeeding, after all, he was born for moments like this.

He could barely use the power of all his consciousness pillars to push all this power into his Constitution and Rowan began to grow. In his sheer desperation, he kept reaching for more Consciousness Pillars, and somehow there were also more waiting for him.

He did not understand this power, and he did not push it into any of his bloodlines and directed it in the only place he could control and quickly burn it off if he wanted to.

From his fragile eight-foot mortal frame his body exploded to a thousand miles in less than three seconds, and it was not enough, it was just beginning. His cries of pain and exaltation were like a thunderous bell that was heard across forever and attention was beginning to be drawn towards his position.

Even as his body was undergoing a drastic change, the consciousness pillar he had connected to the Spirit Matrix Gate began to ache. The amount of Mental Power being drawn from it was stupendous, enough to reduce a thousand Earth gods to insanity.

He was being stretched towards two different directions, he needed to process all the powers from outside the universe and also to satisfy the demands of the Spirit Matrix Gate, but still, he found himself having access to more Consciousness Pillars!

Rowan began to assign them to this frozen Spirit Matrix Gate and massive etchings the size of continents began to appear on the gate.

Feeding on Rowan's Mental Energy, the Spirit Matrix gate began plotting out the events of Rowan's life, and as Rowan grew bigger, shooting past ten thousand miles, he began to understand what was happening to him at the moment, and also the incredible opportunity the Spirit Matrix Gate was giving him.

When his Perception had clicked as he acclimated to his environment, the understanding he gained was profound.

There were different energies outside the universe that were incredibly vast and portent, some of these were Aether but it was minuscule in comparison to the other powers present here, and to truly understand the scale of the powers flooding outside the universe, even a small portion of this minuscule Aether floating around was vaster than any amount of Aether that could be found inside the universe.

Rowan could see the universe he just exited, from his position, it was...everything!

Its immensity was beyond forever, and a mortal or even a god would not understand what they were even looking at, but his new perception made him trace the edges of it and also showed him similar universes floating forever away, each of them the size of forever.

Chapter 556: The True Face Of The Third Prince

Rowan noticed that although he was perceiving the size of each universe, he could not encapsulate them in his mind.

Only the impossible nature of his Ouroboros Serpent could make him begin to understand a bit of this abstract concept and also make him understand the energy he was currently feeding on and channeling towards his physique.

Among the energies present here, there was a golden energy that was flowing across all the universes, and it was this golden energy that was streaming inside his body, as Rowan's body reached a hundred thousand miles tall and was still growing, he realized

that this energy was treating him like a new universe, and giving him the power that only a universe were feeding on.

He quickly traced the reason why this was happening, and he instantly understood it, this was the power of his Chaos Blood.

If all of reality was from the power of Chaos, this energy was his blood!

Why was he different? From his investigation on Labaletai the Chaos Door, none of the Chaos Blood had this reaction outside the universe, why was he being treated like a universe? Was there something different about his Chaos Blood?

Not even waiting for this stupendous information to sink into his mind, he focused on the Spirit Matrix Gate that was showing him events of his life, including the ones he knew and the ones that had been taken from him.

The Spirit Matrix gate began to be filled with various colors, the most prevalent was a white and golden color that was etching the events of Rowan's life, from this present moment down to the past.

The first thing he saw and even felt was the massive influx of Soul Energy entering his body from the universe, as the screaming souls of several gods appeared inside his Mental Space and were frozen in place. Due to the confusion flooding consciousness previously, he had missed the influx of souls into his Mental Space.

Rowan discovered that being outside the universe acted like poison to souls, even the Immortal Souls of the gods which were struck with madness and began to collapse as they tore themselves apart from the inside, their actions feeding him vast amounts of Soul Crystals in a very short time.

The plans he left behind were bearing fruit, and yet, he had no idea why it was this successful, he had planned on killing at the most five gods at the beginning of the battle, expecting this conflict to go on for at least a year, but he already saw the souls of seven gods dragged screaming into his Mental Space in such a short time.

Perhaps time proceeded faster outside the universe?

Rowan did not think so, his Ouroboros Bloodline made him very aware of the flow of time, and as far as he could tell, nothing had changed in that department.

He was still unaware of the effect his Spirit Matrix gate had on the Divine Kingdom of the gods, as in a single swift move, it shattered the defenses and destroyed most of the Divine Kingdom of the gods, placing them in an extremely vulnerable state, one where Eva did not fail to take advantage of.

The connection he had with the Angels and Eva inside the universe was incredibly weak, plus there was too much information and energy entering his body, it would take a while before he would be able to filter through the noise.

On the Spirit Matrix Gate, a constant stream of golden light was etching the faces of all the dying gods and even going backward to the period before now, when Rowan was asleep, his creation of Andar, his battles on Jarkarr, all those events were recorded till the moment of his transmigration and then the white and golden light vanished when it got to that portion of his life story.

But there was a detail revealed by the Spirit Mateix Gate that struck him as important, and he gasped at how close he had been to disaster.

At the moment of Rowan's Transmigration into the body of the dying prince, his body had been filled with many different lights, the most notable of them however was a white light, a green light, a golden light, a black light, and finally a red light.

That red light had been connected to a face that resembled the Third Prince who had been looking deeply at him with suspicion and hunger in his gaze.

The face of the Third Prince was different, as it resembled a clay mask that was fading away, and underneath was a face made from shadows with needle-sharp teeth, but there was something different in this image.

Inside this shadow face of his father were four gems that were cracked and bleeding red light.

This was the true face of his father!

The gems were arranged in a way that made them resemble a cube, and Rowan could not shake the fact that he had seen this cube before, but he could not remember it clearly.

This detail was important but what also happened during the time he had just woke up was important.

Rowan recalled that moment vividly, at that moment he had fully recalled his memories and he had wanted to say out his name, his original name from his past life aloud, but something had stopped him, an intuition perhaps of great danger.

The Spirit Matrix gate had now revealed to him that at that moment, the green light had flooded his body, shining so brightly for an instant, before vanishing as if it was spent, but he successfully stopped himself from saying his name and the many lights from his body vanished as well, including the red one.

Rowan did not have time to ponder more on this as the etchings continued to reach deeper into his life.

It was no longer golden and white, Instead, it turned yellow and pale, like bones left to dry in the sun, and Rowan began to see bodies, an endless amount of them, enough to fill a thousand oceans, and all of them were in various forms.

They were men, women, and children, all never lived to a ripe old age, all slaughtered by a shadowy figure with needle-sharp teeth.

Chapter 557: Before My Glory

'It was weird,' Rowan thought, 'to see the various bodies I have ever lived in. Perhaps it is a good thing that their memories were taken from me?'

His serpentine eyes suddenly blazed with madness, that was ancient and malevolent, a madness even the gods would run away from, and the energy of Chaos rushed into his body with renewed intensity.

'No! Even if these existences were nothing but pain, it is still my own, all taken... all stolen. If I am to get my payback, it shall be in full. I have given too much, and committed great acts of atrocities, for my full recompense to not be paid.'

Rowan was not aware, but the white of his eyes had turned black, and his golden serpentine pupils were like gemstones encased in obsidian.

They were beyond cold, his gaze could be filled with something closer to... Evil.

They watched his bodies pile up, etching by etching, as with every second that went by tens of thousands of bodies were drawn.

Then when it felt like this was all there was to be, the etchings turned green and Rowan saw a youth, maybe seventeen years old with bright green eyes and green hair.

His eyes were bright and filled with laughter, and there was a peace and contentment in his gaze that spoke of a simple sort of wisdom that was also incredibly profound.

Rowan knew that this youth had lived a life filled with joy and happiness, he was a giver of life, and everything under his fingertips bloomed with such splendor, that given enough time and with the potential bequeathed by , this youth would have changed the universe.

He would have ushered in a time of peace and prosperity everlasting. His power would have been supreme yet tempered by fairness and love....

"Instead, you have me now." Rowan grinned, a look that surprisingly conveyed a profound sadness.

The etchings did not end, the next scene showed the youth being held by the throat by the same shadowy figure of his father, the other hand of the father was plunged inside his chest and seemed to be tearing him apart, looking for something.

The trail of green continued for a while, showing a plentiful scene of torture that would stagger the imagination of even the gods.

He was beheaded, flayed, burned, drowned, corroded, crucified, grounded, eaten, torn apart in various ways possible, and the light of hope and love inside the eyes of this youth began to die...

... but still, there was something there. A green light, that was hidden all along, held deeply inside his heart, that he kept burning, no matter how much was done to him, no matter the atrocities or the pain or depravity, he kept that light burning.

The madness in Rowan's eyes slowly retreated as he saw how bravely this youth held on to... hope.

"You have me..." This whisper from Rowan was different, almost like a cry of solace for this child. Who endured... who waited for his one chance.

Rowan fully intended the sacrifice of this youth to never be in vain.

Suddenly the Spirit Matrix Gate trembled and flashed twice with a bright white light, which turned out to be a small orb that shone like a star.

Before now, Rowan would not have recognized that orb, but with the advancement in his bloodline, he knew what that orb was, and it was his own, intricately connected to him, more deeply than even his Soul.

This was his Soul Origin. Not of Rowan Kuranos, no, this was the Soul Origin of Rowan Carter, and as it was etched on the gate, it began to merge everything. Linking both the future and the past.

Rowan looked towards the bottom of the gates and understood the significance of white and golden etching... His Soul Origin was the bridge that made Rowan Kuranos complete, shattering the massive gap created by his father.

Yet, the revelations did not end here, for the Spirit Matrix Gate called for more Mental Energy, and Rowan would have failed before, but with every god that was dying inside the universe, his resources grew.

At this time, there were already fifteen dead gods, they not only gave him Soul Crystals, but they also gave him more Consciousness Pillars.

He instantly recalled the process of acclimation outside the universe, he had needed more consciousness powers and more had appeared, seemingly out of nowhere.

"Oh, Eva, what would I do without you?" Rowan grinned, his Consciousness Pillars were now greater than 50, and two new ones were beginning to appear, he hastily allocated his consciousness powers equally between maintaining his growing body and his Spirit Matrix Gate.

Right now he was 200,000 thousand miles tall, and if he wanted he could easily hold five large planets in his hands, Rowan did not even want to imagine how powerful he was in this state, because this power was not just feeding only his Constitution, but it was now being channeled to his strength and Agility.

On his arms and legs, scales began to appear, that were not golden but black like midnight, and an intense stench emanated from them, that reminded Rowan of his Chaos Blood.

Wicked black claws appeared on his fingertips and feet that were bleeding darkness and leaving long trails in the air.

The black scales were beginning to spread and soon they covered his chest and began traveling up his neck where they stopped just below his mouth.

The scales on his chest were a deep midnight black, but soon tiny particles of light began to shine, in comparison to Rowan's current size, those 'tiny lights' were the size of massive continents... and those lights were stars.

One by one they began to blaze up, their light was gathering into streams that were rising like a tide, and all of these swept towards Rowan's head.

Rowan shuddered and stood up straighter, his back pointed like a spear, his expanding body a figure of horror and adoration, as a crown of starlight rested on his brows.

"Let all of Creation kneel before my glory."

Chapter 558: Revelations

The space outside the universe was eerie... It was filled with so much energy that was both static and yet dynamic, making the area appear to an observer to be made up of colorful rocks; rocks that appeared to be slowly changing direction.

Yet that was a matter of perspective, for the size of this space was infinite, and if you could detect movements across an infinite distance, then that would only mean that this space was moving at a velocity that would make the speed of light seem like a snail crawling.

If a mortal could comprehend where Rowan was standing right now, he would liken him to a fly caught in amber.

The universes would seem to be large ships swimming inside a massive flowing mud.

If Rowan wanted to describe it, he would call the area outside the universe not the Primordial Soup, but the Primordial Concrete, only his new body could survive here, and if his previous form had existed here for long, even if he did not die he would not be able to move a single inch.

This transformation in his body was not too strange Rowan thought, after all, the power he was consuming was Chaos Energy, but since he could channel it towards his physique, it could not taint his bloodline, but only his flesh, and he considered himself lucky for learning a tyrannical power such as Eruption that made it possible for him to do this.

The changes in his body were alarming, but he had many seats of consciousness, and he could handle any changes to his physical body, it was not as if he was a mortal who was tied to a single frail form.

Rowan's real seat of Consciousness dwelled inside his Mental Space, and if he wanted he could destroy this flesh until there was nothing left and he would regrow from the ashes of what was behind, but still he began to frown, his body was growing ever bigger and more powerful, how was he going to find the method to destroy it?

He did not want so much power of Chaos dwelling inside his flesh, because his Intent was already in his Mental Space, and Rowan could not bear to imagine if this Intent could get in contact with all this energy flowing inside his body.

Yet did he need to destroy this body? It was very powerful, and Rowan quickly looked into his Primordial Record and was dumbfounded when he saw the change in his physical capabilities he almost felt a chill running down his spine, with powers such as this, who could stand against him inside the material universe?

Strength: 648,392 (987,873,738)

Agility: 626,392 (921,742,098)

Constitution: 653,977 (999,897,113)

What sort of unreasonable attributes were these? He was nearly two thousand times more stats than he had previously.

With this type of bodily attributes alone, he could tear the entirety of Trion with his bare hands. With this agility, he could move beyond teleportation while inside the universe, reaching a limit of speed that would break all universal laws.

When he was burning Eruption, he had pushed his attributes to at most 5,000,000 in each stat, but this was very different, he did not have a timer on these attributes, and looking at the new growths in his body, his scales and claws were potent weapons that could cause damages that he could not even fathom, and he was getting stronger with each passing second.

The crown on his head was whispering a seductive melody of growing power that was entrancing. Rowan immediately understood that anyone who looked at his crown would fall to their knees and worship, if they did not they would perish.

The Spirit Matrix Gate ahead rocked and Rowan saw a massive etching being carved, from the bottom up, that was colored green.

Rowan's eyes became entranced from the delicate feet to the dress that seemed to be made from flowers to a gentle but stern face with Green eyes—Elura, The Empyrean of Life, his mother.

There had been laughter and joy once in her eyes, but now all that remained was only pain.

The Spirit Matrix Gate rocked again, and new figures were being drawn, colored with black and green. There were seven of them, and Rowan's eyes drank in every detail here.

These were the seven gods of Trion, and they were standing on the bodies of seven colossi—The bodies of his brothers and sisters.

Rowan knew this, because the bodies of the Colossi were green, while the gods standing on them were black.

He traced the shape of each god, memorizing their forms, Minerva with her long hair that resembles a spider web, the smirking Kuranos holding a little wand, Tiberius with his cape of blood, Volgim, Bacchus, Horush, and Boreas.

Each of them was distinct and the powers they held radiated from their bodies like smoke, they all seemed so familiar to him, yet also incredibly distant.

Finally, he had seen the shapes and faces of the gods of Trion, and in his hearts, he vowed a reckoning, as a hatred entrenched deep in his memory came forth.

He could almost hear the screams of his siblings, as his father ripped away all their potential, their light, and Spirit, made an Abomination of all their glories, and cast them into darkness.

This revelation was not over, as the most mysterious figure hidden in the depths of Trion revealed himself, and he was colored all in black.

He was not just a god but a God-king, wearing black armor that seethed with corruption and holding a blade that reminded him of Envy, but if he was to put a name to this blade, he would call it—Hate.

This was the God King Golgoth, a figure covered in shadows, and was most likely an Avatar of his father, after all, who else would that bastard allow to rule, if not himself?

The Spirit Matrix gate trembled violently, and the drain on his Consciousness Pillars increased dramatically, another three more gods had fallen in the interim, and his Consciousness Pillar was now numbered 63, he quickly diverted more mental power to withstand the drain.

The image that came next surprised Rowan, and he slowly waited for its full scope to be revealed to him.

Chapter 559: Holding The Gate

Rowan saw four pillars, vast and covered with intricate runes that staggered the imagination, they seemed to rise up forever, and as the etching grew, the need for Mental Power rose alongside it, but he endured and gave it more.

He did not care about the cost it would incur, greater than the power this Omnipotent Aspect would give him, was the secrets that it could reveal. Secrets that could not be found anywhere else, or were buried so deeply the price he would pay to dig them up could be impossible for him to pay.

The Spirit Matrix gate was a link to the past, and he had an inkling about what was about to be revealed next.

He disregarded his growing body, allocating more mental resources towards the Spirit Matrix Gate, and as the etching grew, the anticipation in his heart also increased.

What came next was a jumbled mess of an image that was incredibly distorted, as if he was looking at a picture while he was blindfolded.

Rowan quickly realized that what he was seeing was so distant in history and contained so much power that if he ever wanted to understand a fragment of what had happened in that period, then he must be willing to make sacrifices.

His pillars of consciousness were growing, increasing to seventy. Two more gods had fallen, and Rowan thanked Eva inside his heart.

Decisively, he began allocating more mental power to the Spirit Matrix Gate, and his body became racked with pain, as controlling the flow of power to his physique multiplied in its difficulty, but he endured, his will was indestructible, carried by an unearthly need to know the truth... to finally see the true face of his enemy.

The effect of his sacrifice was apparent enough as the 'image' grew clearer and the etchings digging their way through the Spirit Matrix Gate grew deeper.

Rowan cocked his massive head to the side, he was now half a million miles tall, and yet every motion from his body was still graceful and carried a quickness that a being of this size should never boast of having.

His attributes had long broken past a billion points each and he no longer placed any fate in these numbers, at a certain level of strength, anything more became meaningless.

Rowan had made this body movement because he was surprised at what he saw; the so-called pillars were the four legs of a table. A normal wooden table by all indications.

The top of the table was covered in many indistinct objects, but something was clear, there was a body sprawled on the table, and his back was pierced with weapons of various shapes and sizes pinning him to the table.

The details on this body were unclear, even the weapons used in stabbing him through the back were indistinct. He needed to understand, and with a growing madness, Rowan decisively left only a single consciousness pillar to the task of regulating his body, placing his faith in his sheer grit and resilience to hold on where everything else would fail.

He pushed all this mental power into the Spirit Matrix Gate, and the gate shook more strongly as cracks began to appear on it.

If Rowan remembered correctly, the true purpose of this Spirit Matrix Gate was to draw from your memory and make of it a barrier towards your ascension, the deeper it drew from you, the harder it was for the individual to be able to break through the gate and awaken their Spirit Matrix.

Yet no one had ever imagined what could happen to the gate when it came into contact with memories of the likes of Rowan.

This truth was revealed soon enough.

Even this powerful gate was beginning to break apart with the weight of Rowan's memory, for the first time in all of creation, the Spirit Matrix Gate had come across a memory it could not bear!

Rowan screamed out in rage, "Don't you fucking dare collapse before I see my past! I thought you were supposed to be Omnipotent?"

He charged forward and with massive hands the size of a hundred worlds and he seized the gate, he did not seek to break it like everyone else in history, he was doing the opposite, he was holding it together!

The gate let out a long groan that resembled pain, but Rowan's attention was fixed on the etchings that were being uncovered in the collapsing gate.

"Hold on... hold on..." Rowan was not just using his will to hold onto the gate. His Telekinetic powers that were now so vast that it could shatter entire galaxies if he wanted was straining to hold the Spirit Matrix Gate together.

It was working, barely.

The table had become clearer and Rowan saw that it was filled with what he would call maps, showing vast terrains as if it was a map of the multiverse, there were also cups and jugs on the table, but they had been spilled haphazardly around as if a massive quarrel had just taken place.

There were six seats in this place, and unlike every elaborate throne he had ever seen, these ones were incredibly simple, resembling wooden chairs covered in fur.

The body on the table was now clearer, this figure was wearing a simple robe made from fur, and his face was alien, he had four eyes that resembled gems and were shaped like cubes, and below his nostrils was not a mouth but many tentacles like those from an octopus.

The weapon sticking out from his back was vague, but their colors made Rowan realize what they were, and what they might represent.

The Spirit Matrix Gate was at its limits and began to collapse with a loud sound, Rowan's great eyes were opened, and was capturing every single detail that he could from it, and his diligence paid off as he finally saw the roots of his father.

It came from a single drop of blood falling from the figure pinned to the table. The blood drop casting a reflection which carried the haunting shadowy figure of his father, who was hiding inside a cup.

A tiny TeaCup.

"So, this is the root of my ability to create reflections." Rowan sighed in contemplation.

To be clear, his great and terrible father was nothing but a reflection in a single drop of blood! He would have scoffed at the background of his enemy if he did not comprehend that the weapons stabbing the backs of this figure came from Primordials!

Chapter 560: The Tea Cup

Rowan had always thought that Primordials were figures of great powers whose interests could never align with each other, but he saw something different here, apparently, whoever this figure was, it warranted enough of a threat that it would appear that all of the Primordials came together to kill him, and if he counted the weapons sticking out of the figures back, which were three different weapons, then that means there must at least be three Primordials.

He knew of only Chaos, but this proved that there were still two other Primordials in existence, and there could also be more.

Yet there were six seats before this table, where were the other two entities that were supposed to be here? Were the Primordials even supposed to be part of this gathering?

What also struck Rowan as important was that their method of attack was through assassination and not frontal battle.

What were Primordials? These were beings who could bend every law and reality to fit their whim. It was impossible for Rowan to even begin to comprehend what creatures like these were capable of, but against the true body of his father, they had to ambush him.

The more he understood about the mysterious entity that was his father, the deeper the rabbit hole grew.

Rowan almost fell into despair at the seemingly impossible task of killing his father, before he realized that the person he would be killing was a reflection.

This was also a start, no matter how small. If he could kill the reflection of a being with a power that was similar to or even greater than a Primordial, then one day he would be able to kill that being.

What also gave him cause to not despair was that within him was a prize that was earnestly sought by this creature. That meant Rowan was more valuable than he

realized and perhaps the cards he had to play had more weight than he gave them credit for.

"I will kill you, it does not matter how high you reach or how deep your resources are. You will suffer for the pain you have caused me."

The destruction of his Spirit Matrix Gate freed him of the consciousness power that he could channel into his body, arresting the rampaging powers that had nearly infiltrated his bloodline.

As he easily kept them in check his mind now freed of excessive distraction instantly recalled two mundane events in his life that he had not even considered as important, but everything seemed to tie itself together when he saw the cup on the table that held the single drop of blood whose reflection held his father.

His breathing nearly stopped as he began to furiously analyze what they could mean with the new information he had available to him.

The first important recollection was when he found the world with a red moon for the first time. While inside the Nexus, he had come across a strange yellow crystal that had taken him to this strange world.

He had later come to find out that this yellow crystal could only be found on Trion and nowhere else. Rowan had been planning on acquiring this crystal but for the moment he had not been able to get even a small portion of it.

Focusing back on the memory, even disregarding how strange that world was, and the availability of souls floating around, what was more important was that when Rowan was being transported to that world, his Soul fell into a grinder, as the strain of teleporting to that strange place tore his mind apart.

Due to and his powerful bloodlines, he was able to awaken his Spatial Sight Aspect, and due to the process of awakening his Spatial Sight, he had come across certain visions that seemed nonsensical.

He had seen a bright white light that was shattered into pieces by a clawed hand, the pieces of the broken light became many colors that became solid blocks.

Those blocks were covered by a wave of darkness; the darkness was split apart by a terrible roar, and with that sound chaos erupted.

Rowan had felt his mind reassembled, only to break again when new scenes entered his mind....

A rain of blood that erupted from an ocean's worth of bodies.

Stars fell from the skies only to be eaten by massive mouths, a mountain with spider legs dancing, and a smiling cup of tea that was devouring other cups.

That last portion was important because that smiling cup of tea was the same as the TeaCup on the table that his father had inhabited.

What were the odds that the vision he saw of that TeaCup would be random?

The second place he had come in contact with a similar TeaCup was during the story of Erohim being narrated by Circe Boreas during their time together in Jarkarr.

Medan was a unique language of the gods that could be used to transfer not just words but emotions, pictures, and even entire memories, and the story Circe told him had likely been told to her by someone else, all the way to whomever first told this story, and this recollection came with the memories of the first person who recited this story.

The story begins with Erohim's struggles to be born and the difficulty of his birth. His father Orum had left for a place called the Ends of the Universe to the so-called Ancestors to ask for help but he was rejected.

Upon returning home to his wife, he was met with despair at the situation he met, his wife had been torn apart by the emerging Erohim, and Orum in his rage tore Erohim to pieces with his bare hands.

Orum began to torture the people that were left on the planet for they had been sustained by the blood and the breast milk of his wife.

He made the sun burn too hot or he took away its light, leaving the world in darkness. From this darkness, he had created terrible monsters that he let loose upon the lands, bringing great suffering to all.

Erohim, even in his reduced state could not endure the wickedness being perpetrated on the people by his father who had gone mad with rage decided to also visit the home of the Ancestors of the gods using his voice and the remnants of his flesh.

Chapter 561: Truths and Falsehood

It was said that Erohim stayed outside the home of the Ancestor for a long period but his plea for help received no response, yet he did not give up and continued to beg for mercy for his people who were suffering unimaginable anguish at the hands of his father.

His plea was so frequent and loud that some of the dwellers in the home of the Ancestors became annoyed at his antics, especially one of them... A talking TeaCup.

This TeaCup took away the voice of Erohim so that it could no longer reach the home of the Ancestors and Erohim on the verge of despair noticed something inside that TeaCup—Starlight.

Erohim had few body parts left to him, but he still had his mouth, after all, he could not plead for help without the aid of that organ, and when the TeaCup was not paying attention, he had sucked and drained away the starlight contained inside it, and escaped.

There was no mention of what happened to the TeaCup after that, and at that time, Rowan did not find the details of this TeaCup to have any meaningful significance, and he never queried for further information.

The Starlight stolen from the TeaCup had contained nothing but knowledge. With this Knowledge, the doors to Eternity were opened to Erohim and every ability that a god could ever understand was granted to him.

With this new knowledge, Erohim created a powerful warrior from the remnants of his heart, and he sent this warrior into the world to fight the monsters his father had unleashed on the people.

The warrior was supremely powerful wielding both Divine Might and Heavenly Flames, and from all corners of the land, he gathered what was left of the people and began a great campaign against his father and the monsters he had unleashed.

The war was long and hard with heroic sacrifices and mighty feats of valor, their enemies were powerful, but the warrior he created from his heart was mighty, and Erohim prevailed and defeated his father and his monsters with the aid of this warrior.

Rowan also saw another detail he had brushed aside at the beginning; it was this warrior. He had missed it before, but this warrior was different from Erohim. He was nameless but was granted great power, and essentially although it was said that it was Erohim who won the war, the truth was that the accolades belonged to this warrior.

'I will need to revisit the archives of Jarkarr.' Rowan thought, 'In my ignorant dismissal of this story I have missed many important clues along the way.'

Erohim did not stop after winning the war, with the stolen knowledge he took the remnants of his blood and used it to heal his mother, drawing her away from the jaws of death.

'This so-called healing blood, was it all used up after this process or was it like the warrior, something that was pushed to the side after achieving its purpose?'

Yet the happiness Erohim had anticipated after winning the war and resurrecting his mother did not last, for his mother upon waking up and catching sight of the deeds of

Orum fell into a despair so deep it broke what was left of her soul, condemning her to a true death.

Orum, witnessing the ultimate result of his action had fled to the farthest corners of the universe, where he hid himself in shame and darkness.

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At the start, when Rowan heard this story and the memory that came with it, he had not taken it too seriously, he had seen a relation between Orum and his father, and Erohim which he assigned to himself, fuelled by the locals's way of thinking, as they had all called him Erohim.

Rowan now realized his critical reasoning error, if he did not place himself in the shoes of Erohim, and did not make Orum to be similar to his father, what lessons or truths was this story trying to tell him?

He had thought this story was a bit strange, but knowing the way the universe worked, stories like this were a dime a dozen.

Yet what was truly important about this story was the TeaCup that Erohim drank from and was given power, that TeaCup was the same that contained the blood drop where the Reflection of his father was spawned.

This TeaCup was the same as the one in those weird visions and on his Spirit Matrix Gate, he would be stupid if he considered all these a coincidence. Suddenly he burst into laughter, "After all your bluster and self-aggrandization Father, you are nothing but a Reflection hiding in a fucking TeaCup!"

He settled down as quickly as he had just erupted and analyzed the story a bit more deeply.

What if the Erohim present on Jarkarr was different from the Erohim in the stories? According to this story Erohim had taken the starlight from the Teacup and gained knowledge, but what was contained inside this TeaCup was not knowledge but the Reflection of his father!

Rowan knew the true method his father had infiltrated the universe, he had clawed his way for countless eternities until one day he succeeded in bringing a portion of himself inside it. Rowan had seen this process during the time he slumbered.

Was it possible that the true reason his father could enter the universe was a certain "Erohim" drank from this "TeaCup" anticipating that he would be given knowledge, for a time, maybe that was the case, but he had also swallowed a scorpion alongside it, in the form of his father.

"I need the true history of Trion..." Rowan muttered to himself, he needed more information to fit this puzzle altogether, and the quickest method was via Andar and the Ancient Library.

The space ahead of him began to vibrate, drawing his attention to what lay beyond the shattered Spirit Matrix Gate, and Rowan left his speculations behind for now, it was time to claim the power beyond the gate, but first, it was time to take care of the greedy eyes watching him all these while.

"Have you seen enough, Bug?"

A voice like a billion pieces of rusted metal rubbing together entered directly into his consciousness,

"Trrchh... We believe... trrcchh... We do... Srcchrrh.... Sacrifice your shell to our Eminence, and we shall... Srrcchhr... accept it, in good faith."

Chapter 562: Bargain

Rowan's current size was difficult to comprehend, but the creature that stepped forward from the darkness was at least a hundred times bigger than him. Shaped like a giant caterpillar with billions of legs, the other end of the creature had disappeared into the darkness and Rowan could not determine its full length, but what truly drew his attention was the head of the creature, which was a thing out of horror.

Its face was just countless sharp yellow teeth that appeared to be decaying, and they were all releasing a large amount of white powdery substance whenever it made any move. The powdery substance had coated its entire body, giving it a sickly appearance.

When it talked, the sound that emerged came from it rubbing the untold trillions of teeth together. With the size of this thing, if it ever found its way into the universe, then in a short while, it should be able to devour an entire galaxy.

The presence of whatever this thing was finally shattered the last resisting souls of the gods inside Rowan's Mental Space, and a flood of Soul Crystals became heaped in a large mound.

Rowan's cold eyes looked at this creature, which should be the most powerful thing he had ever come across in his life. The aura escaping from it was nonexistent, yet it was still present and pervasive like having your face shoved into a rotten corpse.

Rowan could detect the soul from the creature, how could he not, for it was shining as bright as a star, and unlike any being he had ever seen inside the material universe, the soul of this Creature was woven in every fiber of its being.

'Is this the next step after the Immortal Souls of the gods and Archmages? The Soul and the body would unite and become one.' Rowan was deeply intrigued, 'Did it make it harder or easier for his Soul devouring ability to work on creatures like this?

He was interrupted in his short musing by the irritated chittering of the creature, who seemed to be earnestly waiting for his reply.

Rowan smiled, "Eh, I will have to say no to that delightful offer."

From the crown of stars in his head whispering sweet words of conquest and dominance to every single cell in his body, he sent a beam of starlight that could span across an entire universe towards the creature.

This beam of starlight drew the power of all his bodily attributes and compressed it into light. He did not know how powerful this beam was, but he knew he would be able to kill a million of his previous self with it.

Its power would have easily vaporized his fragile flesh into nothingness, punched its way into his Mental Space, and turned his City of Sheol, his Tree of Desire, and all his Dominion to nothingness in the blink of an eye.

Before a power like this, his fragile immortality while inside the universe, could as well be nonexistent.

The starlight pierced through the massive energy streams outside the universe, tearing through them before it slammed into the creature.... and it was unfazed.

The horrific face consisting of endless teeth opened up and exposed the insides of it that were filled with countless purple stars, worlds, and even hundreds of galaxies, and like the story Rowan had just recalled in his mind of Erohim drinking starlight from the TeaCup, the creature began to drink the starlight from his attack.

Rowan grunted in shock, feeling his body begin to abruptly weaken, "Amazing," he gasped aloud, this creature resembled a monster, but it was manipulating energy in such a way that was beyond what he could fathom.

Rowan could see the starlight being visibly broken down into various pieces, some of them turning to solid blocks where they were carted to the various planets inside its body, some were turned to purple lights that were fed to the stars it carried and so many other dazzling processes that he could not describe.

Before his eyes, the many galaxies inside the head of the creature began to thrive.

This being seemed like a universe on its own, and Rowan knew he could not win this fight, everything he did would just end up feeding it, he had the power, but not the knowledge to properly utilize it.

He could struggle for a while, but this was not the purpose he was here, and besides, even though the power he controlled was amazing, its roots did not dwell with him, and the creature presented an opportunity for him to get rid of this power.

All the slaughter inside the universe had given Rowan a total of 73 Consciousness Pillars, it was enough to hold back the power of Chaos and maintain this massive body.

Just keeping his body in operation was taking more than thirty consciousness pillars! If a god's Immortal Soul were to inhabit his current body, it would not even last a second before it would be fried to nothingness.

Rowan stopped shooting starlight at the creature and called out, "You want my shell? What are you willing to pay for it?"

The creature paused for a moment, as it seemed as if it was still drunk on Rowan's power before it went still like a rock, and Rowan did not expect what happened next.

Rowan had detected the creature a while back, and it did not make any violent gestures towards Rowan, nor did he sense any ill will from it. It had approached Rowan with an offer at first even though the way it worded it sounded strange.

He was willing to bet that a creature of this level, disregarding its horrifying appearance must be amenable to reason, and even if it was not, Rowan still had a few methods he could use to escape because he could now focus and access his Chambers without any issue.

"Trrrccshhh.... Bargain... Yes?....Srrccchsss.... We love....Trsshhr... Bargains.... Rrssshhrr... Look at my wares.... Rsshhr.... Let us bargain... yes!"

From its open face, items ranging from the size of planets to galaxies began to emerge, until seven distinct treasures emitting brilliant light appeared before Rowan.

"What the hell is this?" he gasped.

Chapter 563: Great Treasures

Each item was bringing forth a vast wave of power that was pushing against the stillness of this extremely durable space. Nothing here was normal, and the level of treasure was greater than Rowan had ever hoped to come across for the time being.

His excited eyes began roving from one treasure to the next, they were all shielded by a milky yellow light, but his perception could easily penetrate through it and touch them.

The creature chattered once more in that weird manner, as it waited for Rowan to make his selection, aware that he was going to be making decisions that would change his situation if he made a good choice, Rowan focused, his attention fixed on a single treasure and disregarding the rest for the time, he could not afford to be distracted.

They were arranged by their sizes, so from the smallest to the largest. The first resembled a brown tent the size of a planet, and as Rowan's Mental Energy touched it, the knowledge of the Treasure entered his mind.

Driftwood Rest: Dominion Level Treasure. Forged from the skin of an unknown fallen World Bearer and the bones of a Celestial Colossus, this tent can transform the Aspect of your Soul, granting the owner's soul a single Driftwood Mark every million years. A thousand Driftwood Mark would grant the owner the Driftwood Physique.

Driftwood Physique: Free and powerful. The Driftwood Physique cannot be harmed by any universal laws and possesses the ultimate speed inside a material universe.

Note: This Physique is a contender for the Supreme Law of Light.

Rowan was not too interested in this Driftwood Rest, although it possessed great powers, and it exposed some of the workings of the power of individuals outside the universe, however, the important thing that could have easily been missed was the last remark at the end that indicates that this physique was a Contender for the Supreme Law of Light.

The Supreme Law of Light was a position firmly occupied by the Celestials and Rowan suspected that there was a Primordial Entity behind the Celestials, and that means this physique ultimately would be limited to be nothing but a Contender for that supreme power.

The Driftwood physique's other powers may be satisfactory for most, but Rowan knew the root of his greatest enemy lies at the peak of all creation, any power he controlled must be at the level to have any chance of even fighting at all.

Any abilities this physique could give him could be perfectly replicated by his Chambers and his other bloodline abilities making it useless for him.

Yet, this Tent could be a great treasure for his subordinates and perhaps would be of great support to his Angels, but he would have to determine how much his essence was worth to this creature, and how many treasures he could purchase with what he had swallowed.

Rowan did not intend to collect any more of Chaos Power, a growing intuition in his mind was warning him that it was not just a matter of simply purging the power from his body when he was done, but if he collected to an extent, then something would be triggered and he would be taken.

He listened to this intuition of his, he would trade with the power he collected and not anymore.

His mind made up, he focused on the next treasure that resembled a Chess Board the size of Trypho, the Major World of the Cerulean Galaxy.

Chess King Gambit: Apocalypse Level Treasure. Summons a Desolation Level Battlefield that forces your opponents to obey the three different rules of the Chess King.

The Board would forcefully place the Dominions and powers of the Opponents as stakes and pieces on the Board, and the owner would choose the rules that the match would take.

If the forces of your opponents are greater than you, it forces the advantage to your side and equalizes the pieces on the Board.

The winner takes all.

With the Chess King Gambit, a child could challenge a god, and if they win, the entire powers and dominion of the god would be granted to the child.

Rowan's breath went still. This Treasure could be a game changer for him, he would be fighting the gods of Trion, and he could not hope to easily pick them off one by one, but most likely he would be battling them all at once.

This Treasure would force the entire battlefield to a single encounter between him and all their forces and would equalize the entire battlefield, no matter the number of opponents against him.

This Treasure was very tempting, but he ultimately let go of it in his mind, it would be invaluable in some circumstances, but for Rowan, it would not serve him well.

His power ultimately revolved around wearing down his opponents, if not with great strength then with numbers. His bloodlines made him perfect for large battles and elaborate maneuvers, if he stuck himself on one single field of battle, then he just let go of his greatest advantages and placed his fate on the roll of the dice that he was successful.

This weapon was also incredibly useful for him for it would serve a better hand, Eva's. Her tactical capabilities and the detailed manner in which she approached problems would make this weapon a terrible force in her hands. He was sure if she had this Board, then the entirety of the gods of the Cerulean Galaxy would be dead.

He did not even consider using this treasure against his father, for it was a great risk for little reward.

First, the Chess King Gambits grants the entirety of the powers of the loser to the winner.

This was great but his father was nothing but a Reflection, and whatever powers he could gain was insignificant in the large scheme of things. If this was against his main body that would be a different matter, but Rowan doubted this treasure would work against a being with powers similar to those of a Primordial.

He did not intend to fight with his backs against the wall like this treasure would force him to do but use all his abilities to their full potential.

Perhaps he could give this treasure to one of his subordinates like his Maid to challenge his fathers with, but that would be throwing away lambs to a wolf. None of them would be experienced enough to battle this ancient monster.

Chess King Gambit seemed to rely more on intelligence and there was a chance that luck was also involved, if that was the case, then this placed the treasure on a higher scale in his mind, but he moved on, there were five more for him to check.

Chapter 564: Proto–Source Level Treasure!

The next treasure was shaped like a fist made from blue crystals, and faint screams as if from a wailing woman being placed under intense torture emanated from the treasure. it was as massive as everything that existed outside the universe.

Nothing small could exist here, because of the energy they needed just to survive in this harsh environment, no matter how compacted they could make their energy come to be, it still needed to be plentiful.

The need for so much energy was the reason they existed outside the universe in the first place, nowhere else could such abundant and unbounded energy be found.

A universe was just a tiny boat inside a raging sea, where the weak could survive and be able to breathe air, free from the storms above and the great deep below. However, the true denizens of reality existed inside this raging ocean.

This was one of the reasons they were forever banned from entering the material universe, for their presence alone would begin to destabilize it. Yet Rowan was aware that Supreme Worlds seemed to be able to place some portion of their powers into the material universe.

He was also aware that a universe possess unique resources that could not be found anywhere else, it was the true reason why the Supreme Worlds were struggling to stick their fingers in as many universes as possible.

Aeorkron Core: Universal Bearer Level Treasure. This is the complete Core of a Nrychritin Brood Mother. It has no Source Power or Dominion left inside of it after being cleansed by the Celestials, for during her rampage, she had fed on twenty-three universes before she was destroyed.

Nrychritin Brood Mother: Apocalypse Level Creature. Feeds on Universes, infecting the carcasses of what remains. If left unchecked, a Nrychritin Brood Mother would wipe all life under the Supreme Level from creation.

The Aeorkron Core is capable of producing three streams of Attributeless Primordial Aether every ten thousand years naturally, production can be accelerated but a Primordial Source would have to be used.

If Rowan had ever hesitated at all on the previous two treasures, he felt none of that now.

His body was not shaking in excitement did not mean that he was not nearly screaming in joy at this moment. He had only ever come across a single instance where he had seen and tried the effects of Attributeless Primordial Aether, and that was when Andar had been ascending after breaking through his Spirit Matrix Gate.

This was the reason Rowan was able to awake from slumber. If not for this Aether, then Rowan would still be sleeping at this time, still slowly digesting the soul of Erohim. It was apparent how significant this energy was for Rowan even if he had access to the Superior Soul Energy.

In fact, Rowan had been counting on acquiring more of this Attributeless Primordial Aether when he Ascended using his Spirit Matrix Gate, for it was the closest thing to Soul Energy he had ever come across, and there were surely many other uses for this Aether.

Also, may have to experiment to determine if his expectations would hold, but this Core may just be what he needed to begin one of the most important projects he had ever worked on, it remains to be seen if it would suffice, but in time he would be able to fully excavate the uses of it.

He had made his decision, he would be acquiring this Core, eager to explore what was next, he focused on the next treasure.

This treasure resembled a long white rope. A really, really, really long rope. Even though it was coiled, it was still as large as Trion, the largest Major World in the universe.

Catchers Line: Dominion Level Treasure. Forged from the remains of a billion Deep-Black Holes. The Catchers Line can be used to capture dying universes.

A simple but profound use that Rowan wondered if he would ever have any need for. This treasure could not trap or catch enemies, only dying universes.

Although it appeared to be a rather powerful treasure, its uses were too unique for it to be of any use to him. He easily placed it aside. The next treasure was however very surprising, it was shaped like a broken mountain surrounded by a vast sea of clear sparkling water that rotated around the mountain.

This treasure was very beautiful, as the mountain contained vast forests and lush fields, and even from here, Rowan could see the sign of life. There was a massive civilization filled with trillions of lives inside this mountain, which was not surprising because the mountain was the size of multiple solar systems.

Ruin of the Mountain and Sea Supreme World: Proto–Source Level Treasure. A portion of the long-destroyed Ruin of the Mountain and Sea Supreme Realm. Aids the owner in comprehending the authority to control the remnants Laws of this Realm.

The Long Lost Supreme Law of Force is rumored to be entrenched deep inside this Realm, and the owner may have the chance to comprehend this law, giving birth to a Supreme Power.

Note: The Ruin of the Mountain and Sea Supreme World contains powerful inhabitants, and demands the owner to be sufficiently powerful to possess a Proto–Source Level Treasure of this caliber.

The Ruin of the Mountain and Sea Supreme World cannot be taken into a Material Universe due to the fact that it would attract the fury of the universe, sparking a war with the Realm until it is destroyed and then consumed by the universe for its nourishment.

Ruin of the Mountain and Sea Supreme World must be taken to a sufficient Source of Power every ten billion years to refill its energy, or else the treasure would begin to degrade before ultimately falling to ruin and stagnation.

Rowan spent a while considering this treasure, disregarding the drawbacks associated with it, which he was sure he would be able to get around, this Treasure represented the best tool for Rowan's bloodline power!

He did not care about the effects to be gotten when you possess this treasure and the difficulty in doing so, because he had something that could shift the scale towards his favor.

World Seeds!

Chapter 565: Gears Of Madness

He had always considered his abilities to Seed Worlds as his most important powers. Its potential was limitless and the powers he could acquire from this ability alone were inestimable, and his ability to boost these powers to ridiculous levels was a game-changer using his Primordial Record and Soul Energy.

He had already seeded 212 Minor Worlds, originally, this ability was only meant to seed 10 Minor Worlds, but Rowan was anything but normal.

Rowan was not sure he would be able to seed a treasure of this level yet, but if the plans he was working on performed as he expected, then the skies were the limit.

He already knew which treasures he wanted, but that might change if he saw the last two treasures. Rowan's perception zoomed towards the second to last treasure. He noticed that the treasures were getting stronger as they continued and surely these last two were the strongest.

The treasure he was scanning was simultaneously the smallest and the largest of all the treasures here, even larger than the last, it resembled an Orb about a hundred feet in circumference, but it was surrounded by a gaseous cloud the size of a galaxy.

The orb was slowly spinning inside these prismatic clouds while releasing vast amounts of this substance.

World of Silence: Proto-Source Level Treasure. This is a universe-level killing weapon. The origins of this treasure are unknown, but it is bound by heavy Karma, and only a great power may wield it without falling into corruption.

The World of Silence gathers the hate and screams from the death of the innocent from across the multiverse, and unleashes a single Void Blast inside a universe before it is refilled once more. Can be fully recharged in a million years.

Unless protected by extremely special zones or source-level regions, this blast is enough to kill every universal-level creature and below in a universe.

Note: the use of this treasure attracts Celestial condemnation, and your name would be added to their Judgement Board, the least judgment meted for the use of this treasure is to suffer eternal torture and condemnation, or at worse, an eternity in an Endless Samsara, where your tears would be used to water a hundred budding universe for every universe destroyed before you are permitted to die.

Rowan bowed his head in thought, this treasure had promise, and for someone like Rowan who could feed on Soul Energy, the bounty from killing an entire universe was enough to make him pause and consider his plans for the future.

This prospect was incredibly tempting, he could end all his problems in a single stroke.

Yet he knew having all that Soul Energy would not mean an instant increase in his strength, it would take a while for him to utilize the energy effectively, and in that time he would have attracted the attention of those he could not stand against.

He did not know about Chaos and his reach, but he was aware that at least the Celestials must have a Primordial Level figure as their ruler. It would be madness for him to perform any actions that would draw the ire of this figure.

The only reason he was even attempting to learn this Supreme Technique from the World of Mages was due to the fact that it was ultimately a technique, and apart from the angered roar, he was not detected.

He would pay for this in time, but it would already be too late and he would be able to avoid the chase for a short while, he only needed a few more years before he was invisible inside the universe.

He noted certain terms inside the description for this Proto-Source level weapon, primarily on the punishment Celestials impose on their offenders.

From all descriptions, Celestials were the protectors of the multiverse, a worthy task to be certain, and Rowan knew of no other powers who could be more suited for this task, but this also depended on the rulers of the Celestials, if the figure was corrupt, then no matter the good intentions of the Celestials they would only cause more harm than good in the long run.

Primordials with all their powers were not infallible. They still had needs and their intentions were not always the best for everyone else.

However this was of no interest to him at this time, he would inevitably have dealings with Celestials soon enough, he was a creator of Angels, a power only the Rulers of the Celestial Realm should have access to.

The last treasure was a bit of a mystery, it was a single-edged curved blade that had been broken near the hilt, and it resembled a katana, even in its broken state it was a massive weapon that could slice a Major World apart.

Gears Of Madness: Proto-Source Level weapon. This blade was recovered from the remnants of the Mountain and Sea Supreme Realm, claimed to be the sole weapon of the first creator of this Realm, this blade had been shattered to pieces, and this hilt is the largest part of it.

This weapon has no Source Power left, the only thing that remains is its weight and durability, for these remnants are indestructible.

Rowan was a bit disappointed with this final treasure, he had expected... more, for its claims of indestructibility were false, else it would not be in this state, yet this was most likely the weapon of a being that had powers closer to a Supreme Being.

The Mountain and Sea Realm was a Supreme World before its destruction, it was only reasonable that its ruler must have the power of a Tower Master at the least.

Yet if it was at the Proto–Source level, then there must be more to this blade than meets the eye.

It was the last treasure presented to him, and according to how it was arranged, it was supposed to be the strongest, but Rowan always considered the potential of an ability over their power, case in point was his Berserker Aspect.

So far Rowan had been introduced to three different grades of supreme treasures that could never be found inside the material universe.

The first was Dominion Grade which should be the weakest, the Second was Apocalypse Grade, the third was Proto–Source Grade, and he could infer that the final would most likely be at the Source Grade.

Chapter 566: Bargain Completed

"So many great treasures, even I'm hesitant on what to pick," Rowan muttered to himself, a bit amused.

The importance of this moment was not lost on Rowan, anything here would benefit him greatly when he returned to the universe and these treasures also aided him in understanding the weapons his enemies might use against him, especially his father.

If he was not aware of the type of weapons that could be found outside the universe, then he would be left very shocked if a weapon like the World Of Silence was detonated inside his Mental Space.

The Entity noticed that Rowan was finished with his inspection and spoke, "Srrchhrrs.... Choose a single treasure and let us conclude... Strcchhrr... the bargain."

Rowan frowned, "That is hardly a bargain isn't it, you are just stating your terms without ground for negotiation. I fear your terms are not acceptable. My essence is pure and powerful, the likes of which would be nearly impossible to be gained without great pains, I demand a higher price."

"Srcrrcchs... I have given you a high price. Srrrchhhr... did I not reveal all my best treasures and tell you to pick one from them?... Ssrcchh... my dealings are fair...sccrrcchh... every treasure here is worth the price, some more than others."

Rowan shook his head, "I don't want just one, redraw the terms for your bargain."

"Srcrchh... then how many of my treasures do you want?"

"All of them."

The creature's entire body stilled as if in shock, before a godless cacophony erupted from it, that made Rowan cringe, the sound was as if someone was digging through his ears with rusted nails, it did not take long for him to realize that this creature was amused at his words and was laughing.

Rowan was silent, he knew his demands were over the top, this monster could seize this power from him if it wanted, but something was holding it back. It was not clearly stated, but Rowan easily drew that conclusion from the words of this creature.

If that was the case then Rowan had to bargain for all that he was worth, as he did not believe for one moment that this creature would agree to pay for what it might easily collect.

He could not even begin to understand the depths of this creature's power, it reminded him of Labaletai, the Chaos Door, this was not someone he could fight at the time, so why was someone so powerful bargaining with him?

The laughter seemed to go on for an eternity, but it soon ended, "Srcrchh... your Shell is not enough for all my treasures. Srecchhh... I weary in my arguments with you. Srecchhh... take two of my treasures and give up your shell, or the bargain is over!"

"That is magnanimous of you," Rowan retorted, his serpentine eyes focused, ready to make a move if he was mistaken, as he continued speaking, "If you are so generous, it would be a shame if I still stick to my previous offer. Let's see... I shall be taking three of these treasures for my Essence, that is a good bargain."

Rowan was tensed inside, if his gamble paid off, he would have won a major victory, something was very strange here.

Rowan's speculation was right, not only was there something that was making this powerful creature bargain with him, but it also seemed it was under a time constraint, for it gave in after a short moment of consideration.

With a loud irritated chittering the monster agreed, "Srcrchhh...Pick your treasure and give me the Shell!"

Rowan smiled and extending massive telekinetic tentacles, he grabbed the three treasures that entered his eyes. Inside his Hollow Forge, he had been constructing a massive spatial storage using inspirations from the blueprints of the golden celestial book collected from the Ancient Library.

He placed the treasures inside this Spatial Storage and swiftly kept them away.

The creature's massive body shook in anger and for a moment it seemed as if it wanted to go back on the deal, but Rowan lit up his crown and the creature settled, the greed that had drawn it to his side overtaking its anger at the bargain they had just made.

It hastily swallowed its remaining treasure and watched as Rowan kept the three he had chosen, and he smiled a bit at the anger emanating from the creature's body.

Using his consciousness pillars, he began separating himself from his flesh, it was almost like taking a blade and slicing off the muscles from your body. It was certainly extremely painful, but there was no hesitation or regrets in his hearts.

Perhaps if he had not met a great power like this creature, he would have been tempted to hang onto this power, but if he could not win decisively against a being like this even with all this power, it meant it was not enough.

Certainly, with experience using this power, he might be able to even the playing field, but this creature was not the most powerful in this great darkness and he wanted more power than this, Rowan believed if he followed his growth plans he would soon exceed this creature far behind.

Rowan began to bleed black blood that was so thick it resembled massive pythons wriggling on his body, his eyes that were hundreds of thousands of miles wide began to crack like glass.

His crown lit up so bright it was almost lighting up the entire universe. With a roar, he inhaled and his crown was snuffed out.

Rowan had drawn all that starlight into his body. His great body began to crack and splinter into pieces,

"Are you ready," Rowan called out to the creature.

It chittered in excitement and opened its horrifying face in expectation.

Rowan smiled, "Don't choke on it."

From his chest, a stream of starlight that was red like blood erupted from his chest, millions of miles wide... it carried all the power Rowan had been swallowing since he entered the Great Darkness, and it swept everything away in front of him.

The creature roared in excitement and began to consume it.

It was unaware that Rowan eyes had slowly began to turn cold.

Chapter 567: The Poisoned Hidden Needle

The Creature screamed in joy as it devoured the red stream of starlight shooting out of Rowan's chest, but something was different about this power Rowan was delivering to it, the power had become infused with something else... his Berserker Clones!

It was the reason the starlight had turned red, a subtle change that could be disguised because of the preparation Rowan had made before now.

The Berserker Aspect was an ordinary technique in the larger scheme of things, but in Rowan's hand, this Aspect had reached levels beyond even its creator's imagination.

Rowan was the foremost authority in this Aspect and a large part of this change depended on his physique, for the Berserker Aspect was a power that was rooted in the flesh and not the Spirit, which was an important distinction, and the reason why Rowan was picky with the technique he wielded, his Aether was too tyrannical and it would devour anything else.

His Flesh Light and other Bone Fire abilities were destroyed after using them for a short while because they were abilities rooted to his Spirit and were too weak to exist inside him, the Berserker Aspect narrowly escaped this purge.

His Ouroboros Bloodline gave him an impossible recovery ability, it was what barely helped his Berserker aspect to be able to survive inside his Mental Space, only because his recovery ability was shared by his Berserker Aspect.

Rowan's ability to create Berserker Clones that were special was all due to his physique that could transform Ordinary into Treasure.

The Berserker Clone took the foundations from the original body and created a lesser copy of it. Rowan's bodily foundation could put those of the gods to shame and a pale copy of himself was a force to be reckoned with.

it was the reason why a single one of Rowan's Berserker Clones would be ten thousand times more powerful than the Berserker Clones from a Dominator or a Mage.

During Rowan's creation of the Nosferatu technique for Vraegar, he became really versatile in the creation of his Berserker Clones, able to infuse a thousand clones in a single drop of blood at the start and before he left, he had increased that number to a hundred thousand Berserker Clones in a single blood drop.

What sort of Berserker Clone could he create with his current body whose Attributes were now in a Realm of power that it had stopped making sense to him?

Rowan had a thought very early on when he decided to bargain with this creature.

If he was going to be giving this creature this power, why did he not fish for more benefits, and infuse this power with his Aspect?

From the start, the creature referred to Rowan's power as his Shell, but Rowan always called it Essence. This was because he had already begun hatching this plan, and his language shielded his intentions.

Rowan would be giving it his Essence, he did not just specify what he would include inside of it. If the creature had any methods to detect falsehood, his words would not trigger any alarm from it.

He had begun to understand the wordplay between the powerful and knew that there were always hidden intentions behind the words of all of them, and the winner was the one who could play the game more deeply.

Rowan had no hope of battling this creature and winning, but when he saw the abundance of worlds and stars inside its body, he began to hatch a plan.

What if he could infiltrate inside of it and take it down from the inside?

It was not the sharpest blade that you could see coming that could take down a mighty warrior, most of the time, it was the hidden poisoned needle in the dark.

Rowan did not shoot his starlight from his crown but from his chest, and this did not cause any suspicion from the creature because the output from this location was at least a thousand times greater than when he shot it from his crown.

Rowan's great body began to shrink. His mighty claws and scales vanished slowly as the bloody starlight rushed out of his body in unending streams, so much power that if this was to be taking place inside a material universe, this energy would crush hundreds of galaxies.

Of course, this process hurt, both physically and psychologically, Rowan hated the fact that he was giving up so much power, even if he had gotten something perhaps greater in return.

Massive eruptions emerged from his shrinking body.

It was the sound of his bones being crushed beneath his weight without a massive source of power fueling them... Bones that were larger than entire worlds.

However only a single Consciousness Pillar was ruminating on the regret of letting go of this power, most of his attention however was on the great struggle of making even a single Berserker Clone survive inside the body of this creature.

Rowan was learning so much about the interaction of energy at this level with every single moment that was passing by.

Before he could only observe from afar as this creature disassembled the energy it was taking in, but now, what this creature was digesting was tiny clones of Rowan in their trillions.

However, he kept failing in this task.

It was happening too fast, Rowan was releasing trillions of Berserker Clones every second and they were being disassembled almost instantaneously.

Yet, Rowan was making progress, his Knowledge Well only needed a small leverage to begin chipping into the method that this creature was using to disassemble energy, and Rowan placed an eye on the amount of power he had to give before time ran out.

Yet Rowan feared it might not be enough, and so without hesitation, he dug both of his hands into his chest groaning in pain, and with a roar, he ripped his chest open.

The wound extended down to his stomach and up to his neck. Rowan's internals were more like superhighways where energy was transported, as the smallest of his arteries and veins could fit entire moons.

They spilled out from his body like bloody intestines in their millions, and the red beam of starlight increased by more than a hundred times.

The sight of Rowan's devastated body was shocking, as the millions of veins and arteries inside his body throbbed in intense anguish.

Chapter 568: Acquiring A Spirit Matrix

There was something very horrific about the act of ripping yourself open, and Rowan's ghastly appearance only made it more surreal.

This was an act that could not be comprehended by a mortal's mind, but for Rowan, it was just a normal action in order to gain the advantage he wanted.

Rowan's ruthlessness has become part of his innate nature.

The creature receiving this boon almost went mad with joy as it chattered loudly, and Rowan groaned as he fell on one knee.

This body was powerful, but its recovery prowess was stifled by him and so, the pain he was feeling from a wound that was this massive was billions of times more severe than a mortal could ever comprehend, even a god might go mad if they received such a wound.

Rowan understood that if he wanted power, he would have to pay the price, and the pain was a simple and cheap price for him to pay.

He had given up more than seventy percent of his body and his size had reduced to a hundred thousand miles, when he succeeded for the first time, a single Berserker Clone survived the destruction and rapidly changed its shape to a purple dust and began floating towards one of the planets in the distance.

Eighty percent of his body was gone, and he succeeded again, now it was four Berserker Clones escaped the destruction... At ninety-two percent, another seven Berserker Clones escaped and this pattern continued until he exhausted all the energy he had swallowed.

He had succeeded in releasing thirty-five Berserker Clones inside the Body of this creature and Rowan's brilliant eyes dimmed, his body began to shrivel and he turned to stone, from all outward appearance, he had lost all signs of life.

The Creature remained for a little moment luxuriating in the feeling of consuming such potent energy. It had channeled this energy deep inside itself, and Rowan was unaware that an entire galaxy was growing inside its body and new and powerful lifeforms were blooming inside its body.

It looked at the broken body of Rowan and it chattered both in satisfaction and irritation before it turned and vanished.

A short while later, the broken form of Rowan exploded and a new body emerged from the massive debris of his previous self.

His massive skull which was frozen into stone was surprisingly in a single piece and it began to float away, each of the holes in his eyes was larger than the stars. This was a treasure, but Rowan did not want any remnants of Chaos power near him, so he let it go.

Rowan looked in the direction the creature escaped towards and a feeling of urgency began to grow in his heart, not wasting any moment deliberating on where this feeling was coming from, he took a step forward towards his Spirit Matrix Gate, he was now six hundred miles tall, and this was now his true size.

Rowan had benefited a lot from this encounter, even if he had let go of a greater portion of this power, like a bodybuilder who was once on steroids, even after he stopped using it, there were still tangible benefits brought to his physique.

That one step he took crossed countless miles, entering the Spirit Matrix Gate, the region he found himself in was filled with a white flame, and when he looked around him, the surroundings slowly transformed with his presence.

He found himself standing on a floor that seemed to be made of transparent crystals filled with white flames that extended for millions of miles.

The flames were not hot or cold but a mixture of both. It possessed properties that he found hard to describe, as it would simultaneously freeze whilst it was still burning.

For a Mage awakening their Spirit Matrix was similar to bringing something ethereal that could only be touched with their perception to reality. Their Spirit Matrix which was nonexistent before would then be located somewhere in their brain.

For Rowan, this process was the opposite. His Spirit Matrix appeared in reality and now it was going to be transforming into something ethereal.

No wonder this was supposed to be the peak technique among Mages.

The Spirit Matrix was the source of a Mage's strength, it was also their greatest weakness. Before a Mage could become an Archmage, no matter how much they augmented their fleshy bodies, they were still not as powerful as those of a Demon or even a Dominator.

Their Spirit Matrix, which was more important than their heart or their brain to a Mage could be physically located inside their skull. Rowan had experimented with the bodies of Mages brought back to him by his Angels and he had easily discovered the location of their Spirit Matrix.

Yet his Spirit Matrix would not be located in his flesh but inside his Mental Space. A Mage would be a thousand times more dangerous, and they could easily push their techniques to great heights not limited by the frailties of their flesh.

With the knowledge he comprehended from Andar, Rowan knew that every Mage had to go through a very important step when they wanted to become an Archmage, they would merge their bodies with their Spirit Matrix, destroying their one great weakness.

The fact that their Spirit Matrix physically existed inside their bodies made this process very difficult.

Although Rowan did not really care if his Spirit Matrix could be physically located in his flesh, for unlike a Mage he could heal from any injury inflicted on him.

Even if his Spirit Mateix was destroyed, as long as it was rooted in his flesh, paired with the undying nature of his Ouroboros body that seemed to be related to Time Manipulation itself, he would be fine.

In fact, Rowan would have preferred if this Aspect was rooted in his flesh, because he wondered if it would have the chance to shine when it was placed inside his Mental Space, after all, the home of a Nascent Primordial bloodline was sacred.

Using instinct as the owner of this Spirit Matrix, he called it to him, and like a tide returning to the ocean this world of white flame shrank and entered into his Mental Space.

Chapter 569: Re-Entering The Universe

Rowan's body shook a bit as the white flames entered his Mental Space with a great roar, it took the form of a pillar of flames more than a million feet high and as the white flames descended it lit up a corner of the Mental Space for countless miles, and it began to spread, creating a vast field of white flames.

Rowan immediately sensed a great aura of grandeur and arrogance emanating from these flames, it was majestic and seemed that it wanted to cover his entire Mental Space with the appearance it took.

This flame was very powerful, but the environment it found itself was incredibly hostile, and if it wanted to be the most dominant power Rowan controlled, it would have its work cut out for it.

He could not help but smirk when he felt a blooming intelligence inside this flame like a child who was waking up from a long nap. Indeed, this sentiment came to life as a patch of white flames at its center swirled around and a small body emerged.

This child was like an emerging emperor who was waking up to his Dominion, the figure resolved itself, and it turned out to be that of a little kid resembling a four-year-old boy with chubby cheeks rising up in the middle of the flaming field that was now precisely 999 miles in diameter.

He appeared lifelike, he was breathing and Rowan could see the small veins in his neck throbbing with blood.

The child was wearing a robe of white flames, and his eyes were closed, his cheeks were red and chubby like an apple, and if not for the fact that he was thousands of feet tall, the baby would have all the appearance of a mortal child.

The child yawned, the sound carried far, and his eyes opened, and they were white with no pupils inside as if he was blind. He looked around and took in a deep breath and a beautiful grin broke out on his face.

He slowly stood up and began walking on his field of white fire while looking around Rowan's vast Mental Space that was filled with darkness for countless miles.

There was something about the innocent laughter in the eyes of this child that made Rowan pause, and his plan to seize its mind and wipe it away while filling it with one of his Consciousness Pillars was placed on hold.

He became curious about the actions of this child and the direction this Aspect was heading towards.

Hearing the sound of water below him, the child's ears perked up and he disappeared, only to appear at the edge of the field of white fire and look at the Primordial Sea of Darkness below him.

His bright eyes looked with curiosity at the black water and he floated down and gingerly brought a finger to touch the water, with a cute scream he drew back his finger and placed it in his mouth, and he began to pout as he looked at the sea below in anger.

The anger and pain in his eyes were wiped away when he saw a bright sun sail overhead, the child laughed and began pursuing the sun followed by the field of white flames behind him.

Rowan was both fascinated and amused by this interaction.

With the appearance of this Aspect inside his Mental Space, the knowledge of its function began to stream into his mind, but he placed that matter aside, he needed to leave now.

The sense of urgency in his heart reached a feverish pitch and Rowan turned to the universe he had emerged from.

"BASTARD!!! Where are you hiding? You have stolen from the House of Endirius. Kneel and accept your punishment!"

The female voice that Rowan recognized was emerging from the distance, not waiting to find out who was coming, Rowan covered his body with the bluish-white light of the Astrolabe and instead of vanishing like he previously did, he transformed into a beam of light as he headed towards the universe.

The distance between him and the universe was presently very vast, and in the short while when he was awakening his Spirit Matrix, the universe had moved away from him as their position was not fixed.

As he moved closer to the universe, he began to feel a repulsive force pushing him away, but it was not as intense as he thought. That was before he felt a hand brush through his body and he felt a click inside of him.

Rowan instantly became aware that what happened was the universe unlocking the gates to allow him entrance inside of it. As a child of this universe that still fell under the power level threshold, he was still allowed passage.

If he remained with his previous powers, even if he was accepted as a child of this universe, he would be rejected from entering it. The universe seemed to have a safety measure that would extend the distance between itself and anything it rejected to infinity, and so it did not matter how fast he could move, he could not cross an infinite distance.

A blaze of starlight and flames surrounded him and he vanished, everything returned to silence for a while before a great force erupted in the distance and a bright light shone as a passage of fire opened itself and something materialized from it.

It was a carriage being pulled by seven headless giants. The giant's bleeding necks regularly pumped blood that fell down their stomach where a mouth with a long black tongue waving about tried to catch as much of the falling liquid as possible.

Behind the carriage, the skull of Rowan that had been frozen in stone was being pulled behind, held by chains of flames.

The giants soon stopped precisely where Rowan and the creature had made their transaction, and for a moment only the sound of the blood pumping from the necks of the giants and their lapping tongues could be heard, but then they suddenly went still, even the blood pumping from their necks froze in place.

A slim and fair hand emerged from the window of the carriage, on the pinkie finger was a massive red ring that had a spinning sun inside of it.

Chapter 570: Mercy!

The hand extended that pinkie and it stretched forward until it was unnaturally long, ruining any sense of grace and beauty, revealing the monster beneath.

That horrifying digit tapped the air, and a vast river filled with stars, galaxies, and universe appeared below the carriage, the river circled the area and vanished, but in its place was the creature that bargained with Rowan.

It looked around a bit confused before turning to the carriage and then it gave a mighty shriek of despair when it saw what drew it back here.

The creature looked around hoping that it was not alone and he would be able to push the responsibility of stealing Chaos Essence to the other party but to its consternation, it was alone.

The person behind the hand did not seem to be too interested in this creature and was looking at the area where Rowan should have appeared, and after a while without seeing anything happen.

The hand was shaking with anger, and then the pinkie finger tapped thrice in the air, each motion made the finger shrink and on the third tap, the finger collapsed to dust accompanied by a soft grunt of pain from whomever was inside the carriage.

A greater River of Time appeared and it circled the area twice, and then it vanished, and like before nothing changed and Rowan did not appear.

There was a slight distortion in the surroundings, and the massive ring that was floating in the air with the destruction of the finger began to flash a bright white flash, and the hand turned towards the universe. There was a similar flashing light on the surface of the universe, and it was the same spot that Rowan had penetrated.

"How interesting," a lovely female voice said, "Do we have a rogue Chaos Blood inside this universe?"

The finger that was destroyed was attempting to grow back but it was continually destroyed leaving the surrounding of the carriage filled with a black and noxious blood that smelled like a well filled with thousands of decaying bodies.

The hand withdrew back into the carriage before the cold voice spoke to the shivering creature,

"You! Give me the entirety of the memory of this event and pull my carriage until the end of this Era, and I shall consider sparing your worthless life."

The creature shook in intense anger, and when it seemed it was about to retaliate, it looked at the crest on the body of the carriage and it relented.

It slowly shrank its bulk and came to the front of the carriage where a bloody chain sprang up from the underside of it and wrapped around its neck.

With a vicious yank, the chain beheaded the creature and retrieved its head, another chain penetrated its spine and together with the seven headless giants, the grim carriage entered into the Great Darkness.

The dangers outside the universe were greater than what could be found inside any universe, and this creature knew that this was mercy.

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"We are dying... We are dying... by the Light, we are being fucking slaughtered!!"

Shario the Scourge knew she was going to perish, but before she did, she would take down these monsters with her, even if it was just one, she would not perish like this.

Her mental state was in disarray because, with the death of every god, it became clear that their passing was not normal. Although their Divine Spark was destroyed, that did not signify their end.

Their Immortal Soul would be shattered to all the corners of the universe, but there would be vestiges of their presence that could be felt, in the slaughter that was ensuing, every god being killed was leaving nothing behind.

They were dying a true death, a fate that had been denied to a god by the universe.

Were the famed Demons and Celestials able to destroy the soul of a god? Before now she could not even comprehend such a ludicrous motion, but the truth could not be denied.

This truth brought with it fear, and that fear stoked her fury until all she could see was red.

The only thought in her mind was how she would be able to kill even one of those winged bastards.

She was in her fleshy form, and only her eyes were burning blue with flames, the destruction inside her Divine Kingdom from those few moments she spent looking at the strange white gate was catastrophic, and her abilities were greatly impacted, dragging her down from a powerful Major God until she was barely stronger than a Minor God, her Divine Essence bleeding away with every breath she took without any chance for it to be recovered.

If she wanted to kill these bastards, she needed to hide, she needed to escape so she could heal and return.

Shario was flying over a planet searching for the best location to lie low, as she fled she suddenly felt the hair at the back of her neck rise, Shario could barely bring her arms to block the large golden fist that suddenly emerged from behind her when an intense pain flooded her chest, and an unstoppable force pushed her downwards.

Her mind went blank for a moment and she awoke a few seconds later with the sound of wind screaming in her ears as she fell from space into the planet below.

Her eyes opened and she almost gasped in shock at the armored figure of a giant with four flaming wings a few feet away from her, observing her through a seamless armored face like a fly trapped in a jar.

This thought stoked her fury and she screamed,

"Son of a..." Another punch interrupted her cursing as the speed she was falling with tripled, and her body began to leave a trail of fire as she pierced through the atmosphere of the planet, the golden giant stuck to her like white on rice.

The first punch when she was not aware had shattered her sternum, and the second punch she just received pulverized all the ribs in her body.

Shario screamed in rage, coughing out a massive amount of blood and internal organs as she conjured fire from both hands to attack, but a flash of golden light sliced off both of her arms from her shoulders and another punch nearly tore her in two.

Her despairing scream was interrupted when she slammed into the planet below, the impact shattering half of a continent, creating massive earthquakes that ripped throughout the surface of the planet killing every life on it.

Chapter 571: Darkness and Purple Fire

Shario's body tore through the earth, the force on her body was too much for the earth to cushion it, the ground could as well be air, and even through all this damage, the golden giant remained precisely five feet away from her body... silent and deadly.

Her screaming face reflected off its flawless armored face, and her blood vaporized before it could touch it.

The next seconds were a blur, powerful blows rained down on her body that tore it to pieces but still kept her on the edge of death, it was almost as if this giant was taunting her, the humiliation she was feeling was greater than the pain, and she roared inside her heart in anger.

The momentum from their movement tore through the entire planet and they emerged from the other side into space, having cut straight through it like a hot knife through butter.

Behind them the planet could no longer hold itself together as its core was vented into space, a few seconds later, the world exploded.

The golden giant drew the force and flames from the exploding planet inside his wings and space fell to darkness as its four wings lit up brighter than the sun.

It flapped its wings once and unleashed devastation on Shario's body and for the next eight seconds she experienced new heights of pain she never thought possible.

It flapped its wings again and the flames around her body vanished, returning to the four wings, the light from it lit up the battered figure of Shario the Scourge, who except for her face which was kept pristine and without damage, the rest of her body had barely any flesh left.

All her limbs were gone and a greater part of her torso had been vaporized, her heart was visible and half of it was missing, the remaining half was producing divine blood that was pumping away into space.

Her face was filled with pain and frustration, not fully understanding the reason she was being tortured, but she had no method to fight back, she had learned a valuable lesson from witnessing the death of the other gods.

If she drew from the power of her Divine Kingdom, it seemed to create a passageway for these creatures to enter inside of it, but if she didn't, there was not enough Aether in the space around them for her to even battle.

Due to the fact that as a Major God her Divine Kingdom was kept somewhere near her body, so if she died, she would not try to resurrect herself anytime soon, because it would draw attention to the position where she hid it.

Even if she chooses to stay inside her Divine Kingdom and refuse to resurrect outside, they already know the relative position of her Divine Kingdom and they would slowly search for it.

Shario had no confidence that they wouldn't be able to find the Divine Kingdom, there had been too many impossibilities happening that she was experiencing some form of shell shock.

On the verge of giving up, the golden giant suddenly stopped and looked to the right, a second later a large beam of darkness and purple fire slammed into it with a force that blasted Shario away for thousands of miles.

"Fuck yes!" She began to laugh while struggling to maintain her wounds so she would not scatter to pieces from the force of her laughter, Tenma was here, and she would be able to fight with his assistance.

Tenma emerged from the darkness, his disposition was different from before, and behind him were wings like those of a butterfly that was made from darkness and purple fire.

Shario paused at the sight of these flames, 'That's new,' she thought to herself.

His face was as pale as the moon and his eyes were empty orbs of darkness, in his hand were the burning wings of one of these monsters, and there was nothing of amusement or indifference in his face as usual, instead, it held a sneer.

Tenma was filled with rage, pure and unfiltered. This look brought nothing but joy inside the heart of Shario, and her laughter went deeper.

Her mirth slowly disappeared and she slowly stopped laughing, her eyes grew serious when she looked at the location where the golden giant was still standing.

The space around it was devastated as reality around it had shattered like glass. The broken edges of space were bleeding purple and black fire that was so hot it could vaporize Davross in an instant, this reaction came about from Tenma Darkness, sound, and flame attack.

This area for more than twelve miles had been transformed into hell, and Shario would fear to find herself staying inside for more than a second.

Yet inside these flames stood the golden giant, unflinching, like a statue made from gold and fire. Bright wings of silver and golden fire burning bright like the feathers of the Mythical Beast, Golden Crow.

The golden armored head slowly turned towards the depths of space and it manifested two suns in its palm that stretched until they formed a sword.

The giant stabbed the space in front of it and both blades vanished, Shario did not have the time to find out where the blade went when a blinding pain erupted in her chest.

In the distance she saw a similar blade poking out of the chest of Tenma, she cursed aloud and the blade in their bodies exploded.

When Shario came to, she was nearly dead, only the top half of her skull remained, her skin and eyes were gone, and her perception was inexorably drawn to the clash happening a few thousand miles away.

Tenma was battling with the golden giant.

A scream erupted from her position and Shario began drawing Aether furiously from her surroundings to build her body, but unknown to her small blue specks nearly invisible accompanied the Aether that she was calling, and they infused her flesh.

The battle ahead was getting heated, Tenma had unleashed a thousand arms of darkness behind him that were thousands of miles in size and each could move quicker than lightning.

They slapped, sliced, punched, pinched, and performed thousands of different attacks, all having enough force to rip a Minor god to shreds.

The golden giant was moving in a manner that drew jealousy from the warrior heart of Shario, it did not make a single wasted movement, the attacks it could not block or deflect, it would change position quickly avoiding them, and any opportunity it had, it would make a vicious counterattack.

Chapter 572: Anger and Sorrow

The golden giant did not falter against this assault.

Blades, maces, whips, hammers, shields, and many weapons she could not name were conjured from flames as hot as the sun, but Tenma was in a maddened state and he was winning, pressing every advantage he had, and the armor of the golden giant was getting cracked, leaking white light.

Tenma brought both of his palms together and made a mystical gesture and a purple gate opened in front of him, he spat his heart's blood into the open portal and it expanded to a hundred thousand feet, and from inside the portal, seven massive demonic arms emerged.

Each of the arms had the face of a weeping woman in their palms and their eyes suddenly opened and they shrieked.

With an angry swipe, Tenma dismissed the portal, this action severed the emerging hands at elbows, and an angered roar echoed in the void but Tenma's focus was only on the golden giant before him.

All these while the thousand arms behind him had not relented in their assaults, pressing the golden giant, as it kept giving ground, leaving pieces of its golden armor behind.

Creating chains of darkness Tenma linked them to the severed arms in front of him and their colors changed from a swamp green to inky black, and with a roar that echoed for millions of miles he thrust them toward the golden giant.

The golden giant set its feet in space, dismissed all the weapons it was holding, and with a mystical word that shattered reality, it conjured a massive shield of flames and fanned its flaming wings in a weird pattern.

Billions of tiny lights streamed from its wings and the size of the shield multiplied a thousand fold, on the face of the shield were the billions of faces from the world that was destroyed a short while ago.

The spells these Angels of Rowan conjured were carrying the traits of both the Demonic and Celestial.

It was just in time as the seven demonic fists slammed against the shield and everything went white.

The light that erupted from that clash was brief, and then the shockwave that rippled out brought about a level of destruction that felt as if the universe was about to collapse.

Shario spat blood as her body flattened, breaking all the ribs that she had just created. She was flung further back for another hundred thousand miles as the space where the clash happened was occupied by a storm of fire and purple lightning for almost fifty thousand miles.

Multiple worlds in the distance shattered to pieces as stars began to go out...

Shario struggled to stand and looked around at the devastation, she wanted to weep, "My world is ending..." she whispered to herself.

The space a few hundred feet beside Shario's body shivered and a golden hand emerged, it seized the edges of reality and pulled the rest of the golden giant out of the depths of space where the clash had shoved it.

Its armor was steaming and a purple and golden fire was falling from its body like rain, Shario watched frozen as the face covered by armor was revealed for the armor covering it face cracked and fell to pieces.

Waist-length white hair exploded from the destroyed helm and the Archangel turned to look at Shario before turning towards the direction of Tenma, and with that single glance, she felt like a child looking at a god.

The sheer dissonance in her thought made her heart flutter like a bird caught in the hands of a hunter.

'What sort of creature are you?' the bewildered thought filled her head.

The eyes of this giant were blazing like the sun, and his face was pure perfection, possessing a charm that only Divinity could carry.

Erudiel stood up and brushed the annoying flames clinging to his body, he nodded to an imperturbable voice in his head that told him he had bought enough time.

He looked down at his battered armor and a slight frown crossed his perfect features. He was born to be a defender, and to see the tools he needed to stand against the storm filled him with rage at his incompetence.

Erudiel had silently forgotten that Rowan considered them equal to a Minor God only, yet he had been fighting against Tenma a god that had just revealed himself to be much more powerful than a Major God, and even though he had been injured by looking at the Spirit Matrix Gate, he was still extremely powerful.

Golden fire poured out from his flesh as thick as liquid metal and his armor repaired itself, his featureless mask snapped back into place and he conjured fresh sets of blades.

From beside Erudiel space rippled and three other golden giants stepped through, Shario gaped in shock, as the body of Herod the Flayed was being gripped dismissively in the hands of one of the giants, and in the second hand was the divine Spark of Herod that had been sliced in two.

Tenma emerged from the darkness and he looked at the Spark of Herod in shock.

Sadness clouded his face for a short while, and he went still like a rock as something cracked inside him.

Most would never know that Herod was his child.

The body of Herod was discarded like thrash and blue light enveloped it and it disappeared.

Tenma snapped his fingers and Shario's body sank into darkness and appeared beside him.

"Shario, we are in a bit of a bind," he smiled at her.

She didn't snap at him for she was among the few that knew that Herod was his only offspring, "Tenma..." she whispered.

"I will be bringing the rest of the gods here, including all their Divine Kingdoms, we are being picked off one at a time, and this is where we shall make our stand. You are free to draw all the power from your Divine Kingdom, with me here no one shall interrupt you. Let's make them pay."

Shario nodded, and she pulled power as she had never done before, not holding back in the least and reality turned blue.

It was as if a blue sun was rising.

The darkness rippled and the angered and sorrowful Cerulean gods stepped through, each of them was blazing with the lights from their Divine Kingdom.

"Let's kill these motherfuckers!" Shario screamed.

Accompanied by the angered roars of the Cerulean Gods, the Archangels coldly drew their weapons and stepped forward.

Chapter 573: The Might Of A High God

573 The Might Of A High God

The distance that separated the two forces was more than a hundred thousand miles in length, effectively making this area the entire field of battle.

That distance could be crossed in a few seconds, and in a short while, it was filled with a vast amount of creatures of all shapes and sizes, as if spewed from the mouths of hell.

Entire armies grown, nurtured, and sustained by the gods for countless ages were brought forward. These armies were meant to spread their glorious names to all of creation, but now they were to do something equally as important...it was to fight for their gods.

The arrival of the Spirit Matrix Gate had destroyed more than eighty percent of the forces of the gods inside their Divine Kingdom, but without holding back on their Divine Essence, a fresh batch was created, exceeding the previous amounts every god had gathered.

The Cerulean Gods were going all out and were no longer thinking about their foundation, this was a threat to their very existence and every hidden weapon was taken out. There was no concern about maintaining a balanced power structure, and every god was free to unleash all the taboo powers they had collected over their long years.

The appearance of so many mystical energies was changing reality, spreading toward the worlds and stars for billions of miles, leading to the death of countless lives.

If this war did not end in time, the toll on mortal life would be catastrophic.

Perhaps if Rowan had experienced more time as a mortal, this death toll would have ravaged his mind, shattering his sanity, but this was a war between immortals, and such concerns were far from their radar.

Every mortal life could be replaced in a blink of an eye. What if it took millions or even billions of years? It was all the same, they all came from dust, and to dust they shall return.

Suriel led the charge, and the three Archangels followed behind, before them appeared an army of hellish proportions, as billions of life forms appeared accompanied by the flashes of light from dozens of Divine Gates opening to their full sizes.

"They all die here." Suriel's cold and deep voice sounded, "Leave no one standing. The Creator's Light dwells in all of us and our will is unshakable, bring these vermin to heel, crush their spirits, and offer their souls to the Creator!"

The first clash between the Archangels and the flood of beasts brought a low thumping sound like a heartbeat, as a bright light flashed, but was drowned out as billions of gallons of blood and other bodily fluids arose into the air.

The first resistance mounted by the gods was useless, but all this was just to buy time, even a single second exchanged by the death of all these creatures was worth it.

Tenma was standing behind the gods, and he pulled his arms apart as he raised them above him, the two Grand Formations manifested, drawn from the depths of the planet, and brought to this field of battle, instead of activating them he did something different.

With a scream of pure rage, Tenma began to disassemble the Formations, this brought out mighty blasts of power and energy on a massive scale that resembled an exploding supernova, and opening his mouth wide, he began to swallow this energy.

In his eyes were tears of blood.

Behind him further up into space, the gates of his Divine Kingdom began to open, and it was massive, dwarfing all the combined gates of the entire gods here. It was the color of darkness and as Tenma swallowed more energy, it grew bigger, until it dwarfed everything present here.

The entire Cerulean Galaxy was rocked by a series of tremors as the Divine Kingdom of Tenma revealed itself, and the burning stars began to go dark, as the entirety of the occupied worlds fell into darkness.

From afar, it was as if the entire Cerulean Galaxy had vanished, and this began to draw attention from the rest of the universe as a portion of the stars in all their skies had winked off.

This was the true fury of a High God as Tenma was no longer hiding his station.

A power like this was seldom unleashed in the universe.

A chill wind blew out from the Divine Kingdom, and a loud shriek emerged, followed by another, and soon the sound emanating from Tenma's Divine Kingdom covered the entire battlefield.

The first creature that stepped out was non-assuming, it resembled a middle-aged man wearing rustic clothes like a villager, but that ended when he suddenly opened his mouth and shrieked like a demented crow.

His mouth stretched open until it reached his ears, and his jaws split open to the side, peeling back until his chest, revealing a cavernous maw filled with hundreds of shark-like teeth, there were many throbbing tubes and veins inside this hellish mouth, and the most terrifying detail here was that the power emanating from his body was nearing those of a Minor god!

Behind him another woman stepped through, similar in appearance to the man, and soon thousands, and then tens of thousands of these creatures stepped forth, holding the shapes of men, women, and children.

All of them with the power of Minor gods or close to it!

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If the Cerulean gods thought for a moment that their armies of billions would be able to delay these golden giants then they were wrong.

They were barely delayed, as each of them wrapped their bodies in their Celestial flames which originated from their hearts. Every heart of an Archangel was a Celestial Sun, providing them energies that dwarfed those of the gods by an order of magnitudes.

These flames when fed with enough energy burned with so much heat and light they could directly create holes in space. With a flap of their wings, the Archangels immediately reached light speeds, and like a beam of destruction, they pierced through the billions of creatures in front of them.

Their celestial flames were highly combustible, and although the Archangels moved in a straight line, leaving a long trail of destruction behind them, their flames did not stop spreading from that point.

The four lines of celestial fire they left behind began to spread like a blanket, and in mere seconds it rolled so fast through the ranks of beasts and sentient warriors of the gods, turning them all to ashes, and not stopping there until even the ashes were gone.

Chapter 574: Leave None Alive

574 Leave None Alive

The combustion spread of the Celestial flames went by so quickly that it was almost as if time was being fast-forwarded.

Time was not being affected, it was just the nature of Celestial flames to move and burn faster than normal flames, after all, they were meant to be used outside the universe, a space where distance was so boundless it was almost abstract.

For battles of this scale, it was very difficult to use time as a measurement for their actions, as a single blow could be thrown in one second or a thousand blows could also be made in that single second, it all depended on the strategies the combatants required at the time.

Except for killing blows, it would be difficult for every single move made to be mentioned, for even in a minute the conflicts that could occur would fill up a ten thousand-page book.

This made the next clash that happened between the Archangels and the Cerulean gods nearly impossible to comprehend by a mortal's mind.

The lights and the friction from this battle became the only light that could be seen from the entire Cerulean galaxy and the dying mortals in all the worlds looked to that light for sustenance even as the tremors and the mystical light it generated brought most of them to madness.

A mortal should never see god, for even their light would corrupt the sturdiest of minds... The lights from the gods were filled with Intent, and even after crossing countless billions of miles and entering the eyes of mortals, the effects were devastating.

The Cerulean gods drew from their Divine Kingdom without holding back giving them the strength to clash and hold back the Archangels with weapons and spells, sure they were all Minor gods except for Shario and Tenma, and normally they would never channel so much power into their Divine Bodies because it was just a waste of resources, this time it was different.

Death would come to them if they held back, and a new sort of war was being waged here, one where the gods could no longer create a limitless amount of bodies for them to play with, assured of their immortality, now they all fight like mortals.

Shario began to find joy at this time, a feeling that she had forgotten blooming in her heart... the thrill from a battle where any moment might be her last was intoxicating to this battle maniac.

She led the charge, uncaring about the damages she was taking from the blows of the Archangels, equaling every injury with one of her own, but her foes were tricky and their armor was sturdy, they all fought with unmatched skills.

Suriel was like a phantom, he alone held back dozens of gods, pushing them back, and fully focused on defense was Erudiel, who thwarted every attempt to block Suriel's advancement through the ranks of the gods.

Part of their objective was to quickly stop Tenma as whatever he was doing was continuously creating more monsters, and currently, more than twenty thousand of those powerful creatures were arrayed before his Divine Kingdom.

The Cerulean gods here were shocked at the display of power from Tenma, and all fought back desperately trying to buy him enough time to conjure enough power to sweep away their enemies.

Nezrakim served as support, he stood back and created thousands of globes of Celestial flames and infused them with the psychic screams from the death of trillions of lifeforms happening all around the galaxy, and when he lobbed them into the ranks of the gods, it caused some of them to freeze in shock.

Dora took advantage of this...

Her keen eyes waited for the perfect opportunity. The gates to the Divine Kingdoms of the gods were opened and a direct channel of power was linked to their bodies, giving them the strength, speed, and stamina to battle an Archangel, but at the moment they faltered, Dora vanished.

All these while she had been subtly beating two of her wings and generating potential energy, using the overpowered flight ability of the Angels, she had been doubling her speed while keeping all that potential inside each feather, all the while reducing the glow from her wings with a spell.

Her armor was also being heated up and compressed, this was a method to isolate the heat from affecting her surroundings while also condensing it deep into every single strand of her armor.

This action was enough to affect her Angelic flesh that was supremely resistant to heat, but with the temperature she was manipulating, it was enough to surpass even her mighty threshold.

Dora saw an opportunity and she took it.

With the speed she erupted with, even Dora's perception was unable to follow, everything was just instinct, and also something more important was directing her movements—Eva.

The Lady of Shadows' eyes were connected to all of them, and she could witness all they could see, and every single moment of this battle was within her sights.

She gave her the tiny adjustment needed to make her move effective.

Dora passed through the gate of the Divine Kingdom of one of the gods so quickly none here noticed her movement, for it was almost as if time had stood still.

Her Angelic body pierced through all the obstructions on her path, from mountains to valleys, nothing could stand before the speed and heat she carried.

When she reached the Divine Palace of the god she appeared to phase through it and arrived before the Godstone protecting the Divine Spark, she simply placed her blades by her side, letting her momentum carry her and slicing effortlessly through the Godstone and the Divine Spark.

In a feat that defied the fundamental laws of the universe, she suddenly reversed her direction without slowing down and went the opposite way, she easily escaped from the Divine Kingdom and even a single second had not even passed.

Dora had seven targets and this was just the first.

The Archangels had barely clashed with the gods for three seconds when seven of them stiffened and with a cry of shock and despair, their broken bodies fell from the battlefield.

This brought a slight lull in the flow of battle, as shock entered the minds of the gods.

The Archangels however did not miss a single beat, Suriel manifested more blades of flames that circled his body before launching them at the gods.

"Leave none alive."

- Chapter 575: Lazy Dragon

Chapter 575: Lazy Dragon

575 Lazy Dragon

Eva the Lady of Shadows was sitting down in the depths of space, somewhere inside the Cerulean Galaxy with her eyes closed, surrounded by Scribes, all of them had golden rings around their forehead boosting their processing power.

Frantic activities were happening all around as massive golden holographic screens were displaying every part of the ongoing war and many other events.

All this information was being streamed directly to Eva after a lot of the 'noise' from the battle data was cleaned and fresh information was laid before Eva, all this was to make sure that she was not wasting a single moment dealing with any unnecessary detail.

Diane stood beside her, in golden armor, her eyes looking around for any threats. Her powers after awakening had been growing at rocket speeds, and her diminutive five-foot-tall body was a thing of the past.

Diane was now six feet tall and hovering behind her was a golden orb twice as large as her head, countless streams of data were streaming through the orbs and all were directed toward Eva, this was one of the greatest reasons for her quick growth as Eva was using her as a sort of Terminal, pushing billions of bits of data through her in every single moment.

She was experiencing battle on such a scale that her fading mortal mind could hardly comprehend, but with the assistance of Eva, she was shown a path through the chaos, and her understanding of Spells and Battle formation and Warfare was growing exponentially.

It was a testament to her growing willpower that she was even conscious and alert, Eva had expected her to become catatonic a while ago, but the child gritted her teeth and pushed forward, breaking one barrier after another.

It would not be long before she would be breaking through to the next page. This was a crucial point, as Eva would begin making more Spell Weavers after she saw how viable her plans were or Diane may be the last and only Spell Weaver, it all depended on how capable the child turned out to be.

The great war between the four Archangels and the Cerulean gods had just erupted and Eva began the next stage of the plan.

Previously there were one thousand Minor inside the Cerulean Galaxy, and Rowan had seeded two hundred and twelve of them, during the battles with the gods and the massive destruction that came about with the descent of the Spirit Matrix Gate, twelve new Minor Worlds were born from the blood of the Universe.

These events suggested the roots of worlds and how they came to be created, but that was not the point Eva was considering. Rowan had already created the Worlds Seeds that were needed, all 800 of them that would be enough to completely seed all the remaining Minor Worlds.

Before the battle Rowan had spent seven Soul Crystals to fully develop all these World Seeds, they were all superior grade and were made available to Eva for use. Rowan's tactics were always multifaceted, and he would never place all his focus on one direction when he could be doing much more at the same time.

09:05

Before the battle Rowan had spent seven Soul Crystals to fully develop all these World Seeds, they were all superior grade and were made available to Eva for use. Rowan's tactics were always multifaceted, and he would never place all his focus on one direction when he could be doing much more at the same time.

The Cerulean gods were busy with battle, there was no better time than now. With the Attributes Rowan would gain from seeding 800 more Minor Worlds, this battle would be all but won.

She also had to be quick as the war was already ravaging the surface of these valuable Minor Worlds, although the Archangels carefully positioned the final battle to happen in a part of space that was quite distant from the closest Minor Worlds, it was only a matter of time before they became lost to the ravages of battle.

Preparation completed, Eva triggered the commencement of the world seeding plan and the void behind her began to light up as 8,000 pairs of wings caught aflame.

These would be the Angels escorting the World Seeds to their destinations, as this was just as important as the battle being fought.

She was pleasantly surprised at the effect of the Spirit Matrix Gate on the Divine Kingdom of the gods, and even though the effects on their combat powers were not too prominent when the gods decided to go all out, it had previously created a moment of confusion that she had taken advantage of.

Rowan's previous one-on-one battle with the gods was not just to flex his martial prowess, he had been infusing their bodies with his Intent. This was a normal battle tactic among gods and they were unaware of the nature of Rowan's Astrolabe Chamber and how he could use this effect to devastating outcomes.

When the Spirit Matrix Gate had drastically weakened them, and Rowan had been drawn to a place she could not reach, Eva did not panic, but she attacked with a host of fifteen thousand Angels with the full advantage of making use of this opportunity, if she had delayed a moment longer, the gods might have begun purging the Berserker Intent from their bodies and Rowan's plan would be impaired.

That attack had destroyed the corporeal bodies of 745 Angels, but they had succeeded in slaughtering much of the gods, except for Shario and Tenma who had wrested the Major World of Trypho and hid it, which was a stupid action in Eva's mind, for inside this planet was the raging weapon Envy, and that Axe screams would be like a siren in the ears of Rowan, the weapon's master.

From the host of 8,000 Angels behind her, ten Angels rose and the large story-building size World Seed that resembled a dandelion with countless waving tendrils that were effortlessly slicing through space appeared in their midst.

They surrounded the World Seed, covering it with a formation as a blue light covered them and they vanished into the depths of space, the next ten Angel rose and a World Seed appeared in their midst, and this process continued.

The moment the first set of Angels reached their destination, Eva had already released more than fifty World Seeds, and in the darkness that covered all these worlds, the inhabitants saw the arrival of the World Seed as the arrival of a new sun.

They began to pray, but their imploring cries fell on the ears of the uncaring universe, the World Seeds slammed into the planet's oceans and began expanding, bringing about considerable changes and directly attacking the World Consciousness which by now had all become dazed due to the effects of the war happening deep inside of space.

This process was going on fine before Eva cursed, and called up the remaining Angels left.

"Lazy dragon," Eva whispered harshly, "it is time you entered the battle."

A massive ball of white and red scales hanging in a desolate portion of the galaxy shivered, and red Draconian eyes opened.

Tenma was making his move.

Your gift is the motivation for my creation. Give me more motivation!

Chapter 576: Drastic Action

576 Drastic Action

The battle between the gods and the Archangels had reached a feverish pitch, and another two more gods had fallen, this time by the hands of Suriel alone. His martial talent even amongst the Archangel was a step above the rest and only Erudiel could compete with him.

Even as Archangels their talents were greater than Nezrakim and Dora because their potential was at the Sovereign Grade, and unlike the duo, they could still acquire more wings and grow stronger.

The previous tactics used by Nezrakim and Dora were being guarded against as the gods no longer allowed the Archangels time to gather their energies to create elaborate spells, paying for this option with their bodies that they relentlessly flung down the grinder, not giving the Archangels time to erupt.

Yet they could not continue on this path for long.

With the great influx of unrestricted Divine Essence from their Kingdoms, every god here was regenerating very quickly from any damages inflicted on their bodies, and although they were unable to withstand such an enormous amount of Divine Essence usage, they only needed to stall for a short time.

The reason most of them were not dead was because of two gods, Shario and Zekiel, this god had hidden himself deeply and was a Major God in secret.

He had erupted with great strength that did not put his name to shame as the God of Strength and every move he made carried the weight to crush a thousand worlds, even the Archangels could not bear his furious assault, and only their supreme cooperation made them weather his attacks while pressing their advantages.

Every Archangel had the power to rival a Minor god, but this statement was just taking their abilities at face value. What it truly meant was that every Archangel was unrivaled in their level, at least while inside the universe, even outside of it, few beings could match them at this power level.

Even if they had a million Minor gods arrayed against them, the battle would be long and incredibly difficult, but a single Archangel would still win, because of one indisputable fact, none of the gods here could hurt them for they lacked the proper weapons or abilities to do so.

The gods did not have the tools to properly fight against a Celestial.

When they were Angels their Corporeal bodies could be destroyed, but they would be resurrected inside the Mental Space of the Creator in time, as Archangels, they now had their hearts which gave them limitless amounts of power, and this was being kept safe by the creator.

Similar to the gods, the Archangels could only be killed if their Celestial Fire was extinguished, which was impossible for any god here to accomplish even if they found their way into the Mental Space of Rowan, only powerful weapons and corrupted infernal powers on a grand scale could destroy their heart flame.

The gods had tested the immortality of these Angels a hundred times and a hundred times they had failed.

This did not stop them, however, as they continued with their attacks and bombardments, something would have to give, and they would not lie still and allow their lives to be harvested without putting up a fight.

Zekiel had wrapped his arms around one of the golden giants from the front, trapping his arms from moving, tens of gods had then descended on the Archangel, and with fury and madness, they had torn him to pieces.

They were not excited about this short victory, for the pieces of the destroyed giant in their arms combusted into flames and reconfigured back to a fully healed Archangel, who continued battling as if he was not torn to pieces a short while back.

Their flames were supernaturally intense and putting them out was draining an enormous amount of Divine Energy from the gods, this battle could not continue for long else they all feared that they would be drained to death!

In total the Cerulean Galaxy held 68 gods, but that was just a short while ago, now there were only 36 of them remaining. In a short few hours, 30 of their number had fallen!

All of these represented vast potential that had been robbed, all of the slain gods were supreme geniuses amongst countless geniuses that had risen, given the authority and the privilege of eternity for their rare magnificence, and now all that was coming to an end in a rather abrupt manner.

This number of dead was truly catastrophic when it was placed against the eternal nature of the gods. It was similar to a quadrillion mortals dying every fraction of a second.

The space behind them shuddered as the Divine Kingdom of Tenma finished bringing out the last of his monsters and the gods smiled. Tenma was ready with his preparations, he would have the weapons to stop these nightmares, as all of them here had paid for that time for him with their lives.

Yet his next actions stunned everyone here.

Tenma did not direct his army to attack these monsters before, instead, he turned and looked towards the other parts of the galaxy and he sent them forth.

He had created a hundred thousand monstrosities with the powers equaling those of a Minor god.

Like locusts, they descended on the nearest worlds and stars, and they began to destroy them.

It took one of them less than fifteen seconds to crush a world to dust and for a star a few minutes, but since they were in such great numbers, the devastation they could

display was nearly instantaneous as a wave of destruction began to spread to the entire galaxy.

Every world and star before their eyes were being crushed to dust, and the first of the Minor Worlds fell.

"Tenma, what are you doing?" Shario called out in shock and disbelief, even if their situation was dire, it did not justify slaughtering the rest of their dominion, "The enemy is here!"

Tenma slowly turned to her like a zombie, whatever he had done had cost him, and his face had sunken in as if he had been starving for years, he smiled revealing bloody and decaying teeth,

"This is what they would like you to think, but no, the battle is not here, and the prize they want shall not be given to them."

Chapter 577: Eyes Like The Rising Sun

577 Eyes Like The Rising Sun

The destruction of the galaxy continued unchecked and the faces of the gods went pale, these monsters that Tenma had unleashed were strange and diabolical, as everything they touched fell to rot and decay.

In addition to that they had great strength and the wave of energy emanating from their bodies was not Divine in nature, but something... darker.

Shario swore, her eyes wide open in desperation and horror as the scripts just changed, "What do you mean their prize, we are the ones being hunted! We have paid with our lives and no one here is..."

She was interrupted when the Archangels suddenly disappeared in pursuit of the tens of thousands of summoned monsters that Tenma had sent against the galaxy, clearly that battle held far more significance to them than butchering the gods here.

Shario went pale, and the feeling of being an ant caught between the games between two giants enveloped her Spirit, everything they had been fighting for now seemed a bit meaningless.

Tenma was experienced after living a long life and he had discovered a pattern to this madness that had suddenly befallen their civilization.

The first god to perish was Dao Ma, who lived towards the edge of the galaxy, and then there was no other movement from their enemies. He suspected that it was not because they could not push further, but because they had other agendas.

The next god who perished was Murrihm, and that was because he was sent to investigate what happened to the missing god Dao Ma and to ascertain why few of the Minor Worlds towards the edges of the galaxy had gone silent.

That second part of his mission was critical because Tenma thought that if Murrihm had not gone to investigate what had happened, then their enemies would continue lying low and would not rashly attack. After all, their true goal was not the death of the gods but something else, they wanted their worlds!

Tenma had arrived at the correct conclusion for greater than Rowan's need to collect Soul Energy at this time was the greater urgency to evolve and grow his bloodlines, and not just grow his bloodline, Rowan's goals were far more ambitious, he was going to be pushing for two or more Primordial Bloodlines.

Rowan was sure there were stupendous restrictions in acquiring a Primordial Bloodline, but with his Singularity, he only needed to push his bloodline potential to their limits while ensuring that the energies they contained were as pure as possible, his Primordial Record would take care of the rest.

This condition to upgrade a bloodline would drive the rest of the multiverse insane with greed and desire if they understood that great power could come at such minimal costs.

Minimal cost only related to powers at Rowan's level. He did not forget that his quest for power had killed an unfathomable amount of mortals in such a short period.

He was still at the first Supreme Circle with his Ouroboros Bloodline and normally he needed just to seed 10 worlds in order to upgrade to the second Supreme Circle, a daunting task for most, but Rowan wanted more, he aimed for 3,000 Minor Worlds as his foundation... at the least.

Tenma Darkness that he spread all over the galaxy gave him a pale understanding of everything happening in this vast area, and he was able to glimpse a part of Rowan's new worlds.

Rowan's Primordial Worlds were a shocking sight and the Aura emanating from them drove away any attempt for closer investigation from him.

During Tenma's long years, he had heard of a certain ability to corrupt and control worlds, but this power was closer to a myth and from what he understood, usually, this happens to maybe one or two worlds, not hundreds! Also, he thought this process took at minimum centuries, not a few short months.

Whatever was happening here was bigger than the gods, and Tenma did not know if they were fighting against a single Demon Prince or the entire Great Abyss. Only powers at this level could orchestrate something like this.

All he comprehended from his short investigation was that they could not win, only a minor portion of this Great Abyss or some other fell powers from outside the universe could crush them completely.

Tenma was also aware that word of what happened here would not be allowed to spread far, the Cerulean Gods would be hunted to the last. Supreme powers such as these were clearly forbidden from interfering with the fledgling powers inside the universe, and if the word were to get out, it would lead to drastic repercussions.

Tenma knew the perpetrators would not allow this to happen. If this were to be the case, then he would make them fail in whatever tasks they wanted to accomplish it at least make their victory sour.

Tenma whispered, his voice filled with sorrow and growing rage, "I can do this at least for you... my son."

His lust for the powers held by the weapons he once craved was placed behind him, as the true scope of this battle dawned on him.

When the monster wearing the face of Rowan Kuranos was dragged outside of the universe by powers that nearly destroyed half of his Divine Kingdom, Tenma truly understood he was dealing with Supreme Powers that transcended the universe.

His lust for power quickly disappeared as a fight for survival took the forefront, but with every passing moment, he began to understand that survival might be a far-off dream, but what was left was simply to make their defeat a costly one.

"This battle is not about us," Tenma called out to the gods, "We are just the unlucky ones in the way."

"Hhhaaaa..."

A deep groaning voice resounded in the universe, shocking the gods and they looked around confused.

"Don't sell yourself short."

A voice like thunder rumbled and the darkness parted overhead as two golden suns appeared above the gods.

Not suns... Eyes!

"You all are very much a part of my plan."

A gigantic platform appeared below the gods that turned out not to be a platform but a palm, and a suction force that crushed all of reality pulled the gods to the surface of that palm, dragging them to their knees.

Except for Tenma who screamed with rage and maintained his position in the sky, every god here had been locked in place.

"I was waiting for you!" Tenma screamed and the gates to his Divine Kingdom cracked open, this happened so violently that Tenma's Divine gates were crushed as the god screamed in pain and a third of his body withered revealing his decaying bones beneath.

From the destroyed gate a familiar demonic presence walked out, shrouded by darkness and purple flames.

"Hello, brother," it said.

Chapter 578: Flames Of Penalty

578 Flames Of Penalty

Vraegar had been in a special state since the moment he woke up, it was one of intense hunger. He had always experienced a variety of hunger in his life but this one was different, it was primal, something that he craved with every fiber of his being, and the only thing that kept him sane was the presence of his omnipotent father in his mind.

Rowan's words exceeded any discomfort he was feeling, and the fear of going against his father's wishes held Vraegar back from falling into his baser instinct. The young Empyrean Dragon needed a firm guiding hand as a juvenile, and he was lucky he had a strong father like Rowan or he would have fallen into depravity.

His body had digested all the powers from the Tribulation and judging by his present size he had benefited a lot.

The Dragon's Nosferatu Technique was at the Transcendent state and after digesting the Origin Tribulation for this technique his state of being had transcended to the Fourth Supreme Circle as an Empyrean, or an Earth god judging from the power scaling of Dominators.

Although calling Vraegar an Earth god was a grave disservice to his present capabilities, as he was not fully aware of his present strength, Eva had deemed it fit for him to become one of Rowan's trump cards.

When he reached the fourth Supreme Circle, Vraegar required a vast amount of Essence, for unlike Dominators who practiced the path of Territories, Vraegar's path was that of the Core, and the dynamics of their operation were different.

A Territory nurtures power, while a Core seizes power. Each has its advantages and disadvantages but for now...

Vraegar was starving.

To avoid attracting any attention from the Cerulean gods he was forbidden from drawing Aether from the environment to feed his Core, and for his newly reforged Core that required sustenance, this was an ache he could hardly bear.

The call from the Lady of Shadows came to a Dragon that was nearly insane with hunger and when his eyes opened, it was first filled with blood, and that blood was sucked into his body, leaving his eyes pale like bleached glass.

Vraegar gave a soundless roar and unwrapped himself from the coil he made from his body.

His body was now completely white, even the spikes in his spine and his claws that were tipped with red were now eerily white. His white scales could barely hide his gaunt figure, and he stretched, his bones cracking like massive thunder booms.

From the tip of his snout to the end of his spear-like tail, Vraegar measured 3,580 meters, which was about the entire lengths of twelve aircraft carriers in Rowan's previous life if they were arranged end to end.

He was lean, not more than 300 meters at his widest point, his wings could spread out for more than 6,000 meters from one end to another and this was just his base form having entered the fourth Supreme Circle. The more he fed his Core, the bigger he was going to get.

With his Ascension to the fourth Supreme Circle, his Empyrean nature was fully activated, and Vraegar's size was a representation that he was no longer a species that was bound by universal laws to an extent.

His cold white eyes peered across the vastness of space to the area of desolation where a black wave was spreading as it crushed countless worlds and stars to nothingness.

Already seven Minor Worlds had fallen, and for other lesser planets, no one bothered to count.

Vraegar snorted his anger at this pest gnawing on his father's meal and his body flashed and vanished into the distance.

His passage through space left a weird phenomenon, for everywhere he passed through was leeched of everything... vitality, heat, motion, power...

Vraegar took it all but it was barely a trickle in the vast sea that was his empty Core and his madness increased, causing his speed to skyrocket.

He beat his wings once more passing over a planet so fast, to the mortal below there was barely a flash... that was before the planet froze, its rotation ceased and it silently collapsed to ashes.

Of the hundred thousand monsters released by Tenma, the furthest was a million miles ahead of the rest and it was the first figure to emerge from his Divine Kingdom.

Ahead of this figure was a green Minor World and this figure opened its horrifying maws and was about to descend on this planet when a blade made from flame emerged from space and stabbed into its open mouth, with a savage motion, it sliced this monster into two.

The figure exploded into a million drops of blood and reconfigured itself, ignoring its attacker, it swerved to dive toward the planet ahead, its only goal was to consume.

Suriel and the rest of the Archangels emerged from the depths of space ahead of all these creatures and they surrounded the first monster who survived Suriel's initial blow.

They set upon the monster with blades of Celestial flames and the creature howled as it was devoured by their ferocious attack, its body scattered into pieces once more but there was less of him, when it reconfigured itself, it was barely three feet tall and appeared like a shrunken man.

Suriel frowned, "This is Abyssal Flesh... Our great enemy is here."

A loud howl resounded through space as thousands of creatures reached their position and ignored the Archangels, striving to reach the worlds ahead.

Suriel lifted his right hand and pointed a single finger upwards, at the tip of that finger a small tongue of flame appeared, and unlike the golden flames that the Archangels controlled, this one was red.

Suriel eyes also caught aflame, burning with a rich red color, and with a roar, the tongue of flame in his fingertips began to grow as it was fed by wisps of red flames shooting out from Suriel's body.

The flames expanded dramatically until it was more than a few miles in diameter and suddenly it shrank to a tiny drop before it exploded.

The flash from this explosion illuminated half the galaxy!

"Burn them!"

Behind Suriel, three other red flames began to arise.

Their ancient enemy was here, and the Flames of Penalty could be unleashed once more.

Chapter 579: Ending The Cerulean Gods

579 Ending The Cerulean Gods

The red flash of light that lit up the entire galaxy came in succession, and anytime they flashed they showed a terrible scene.

It was not of the hundreds of Abyssal Creatures being vaporized with every flash of bloody light, and not of the thousands of them that had their eyes fried by the bright light, only to grow eyes in weird places like their armpits, it was something else...

It showed a mountain of white flesh and scales bearing down with unholy hunger behind these monstrosities carried by widespread skeletal wings of bone, scales, and hardened flesh denser than Adamantite.

Vraegar came from behind the horde, his passage through space was silent as if he was a specter, and he opened his mouth wide and began to inhale.

The first of the Abyssal Creatures within his reach grew pale and began to shrink like a burst balloon, all its Essence and Spirit inexorably siphoned away by the mountain of hunger behind it even as it was drawn into the mouth of the dragon.

This wave of devouring power spread until it affected hundreds, as they piled into his massive maws, the dragon closed his jaws with relish and began to chew, rapidly digesting them before they could even reach his throat.

Vraegar's roar of satisfaction was soundless, yet it traveled to the front of the battlefield. Glorious streams of Essence were flowing into his patched Core and like a thirsty man in the middle of a desert, this Essence was like the cool water of an oasis.

Suriel noticing this new addition to the field instructed the Archangels to create a barrier and slow down these creatures, for Vraegar was the best option to stop them with minimal casualties, as the Flame of Penalty was not only destroying the Abyssal Creatures, it was harming the planets behind them.

The Archangels did not only control flames, the Spells they had available allowed them to control other fundamental laws of the universe.

They all came behind Dora and channeled power into her body since they only needed one focus for this Spell.

Dora brought both of her hands forward and began to chant in an Ancient Celestial tongue, and a series of ripples began to escape from her palms stirring the space around them.

Every single Abyssal Creature that entered this area was suddenly teleported back for a few miles, creating an effective barrier where every creature that entered was moved back.

Their roars of irritation were covered by the blood-lusted roar of the Dragon who exploded into their midst and a shocking suction force erupted from his body like a magnet in the midst of iron filings, the Abyssal monstrosities were drawn to the body of Vraegar and they all began to shrink as he drank all their vitality and Spirit.

The Dragon roared in satisfaction as he began to grow, muscles and newer scales erupting all over his body.

Rowan did not acknowledge the presence of this unexpected guest at this event, he focused on the gods he had on his palm, their bodies were strongly chained to their Divine Kingdom and the act of him dragging them all down to his palm also dragged their gates with them.

His true size was revealed at this moment as he no longer hid himself, while outside the universe a towering body that was 600 miles would be considered small, it was different while inside the universe.

His palms were as large as a small city, each line on his palms larger than road networks, his billowing white and golden robes stretching more than a thousand miles were a shocking sight, his beautiful features and his dragon eyes as large as the moon in the sky all showed a glimpse of Rowan nature.

Which was something Divine, Demonic, and filled with endless mysteries, and for a moment a few of the gods lost their minds and they began to worship him inside their hearts.

He did not care for the worship of food.

Twenty-five gods landed on his palms, and Rowan opened his second palm, and slammed them both together, crushing the gods and their gates in between them.

The space between his palms began to glow like the sun. What was happening in between his palms was shocking, as billions of Ouroboros Serpents flooded into the Divine Kingdom of the gods.

These Ouroboros Serpents were not too massive, only about a few thousand feet in length but their numbers were astounding.

These Serpents were a manifestation of his Berserker Clones he had released in their billions, and hidden within their numbers were the real Ouroboros Serpents.

His Berserker Clones were powerful and with his more powerful body, each of them had a hundredth of his previous strength before he was drawn outside the universe, and in a short while, the gods trapped in his palms began to die.

Their Divine Kingdom was plundered, every barrier shattered, their Godstone was crushed and finally, their precious Divine Spark was snuffed out.

The acts were incredibly violent and mercifully quick. Rowan did not allow them to suffer.

Between his palms, a scream of rage resounded and a flash of bright blue light escaped, it was the goddess Shario and she was in a devastated state, her body was in tatters and her Divine Kingdom was nearly in pieces.

She flew into the distance bleeding Divine Blood and Rowan glanced at her before turning away, she was already dead, and her actions were the last twitch in a dying body. His Ouroboros Serpents had swallowed her Divine Spark and it was being digested inside its stomach, she was in her last moments.

Her stubbornness was rewarded, and Rowan allowed her to die in the place of her choosing.

"Hahaha..." The demonic figure laughed and took a step forward, his cloven hoof bent reality around him and Tenma screamed in pain as his body was blasted away for millions of miles.

The Demon opened his palms wide and drew in a deep breath smelling the devastation of trillions of deaths and a galaxy in ruin, it spoke and Rowan focused on him, Kohron, The Prince of Strife.

Chapter 580: I Cannot Be Shaken

580 I Cannot Be Shaken

Kohron appeared in his usual diabolical form, he stood more than 5,000 feet tall and had giant wings like a bat, but they were not aflame with hellfire like before, only releasing thick black smoke like an infernal volcano, his skin was not as red as before but a bit brown, even the movement of his spear tipped tail seemed lacking in power.

Yet all this did not detract from the sheer depravity that he embodied and Reality began to slowly twist as beneath his cloven hoof an apparition of endless suffering appeared.

The death and endless battle of myriad beings was his domain and below him they battled for an eternity, imprisoned by the sheer will of this Demon Prince.

Kohron opened his mouth and his deep and sepulchral voice sounded like a hymn from the mouths of screaming demons,

"Once again I stand at the precipice between the living and the dead, Chaos and Order. I stand before the dying screams of the gods and the wretched longing of mortals for salvation... A soothing balm to my soul that craves the eternal touch of Strife..."

The Demon took another step, "...Yet, like a dream that never ends, once more I find you here, the architect of this grave festivity that delights the senses as well as breaches the statutes we are sworn to hold. Oh, brother, your gaze and your hunger places mine to shame."

The Demon Prince opened his mouth wide and laughed, "I have to tell you, brother, death did you justice.... I like it. Show me more!"

Rowan's cold eyes looked at Demon Prince like a snake looking at a particularly tough piece of flesh, he looked away dismissively. Once when Rowan saw him on Jarkarr he was a giant that seemed unfathomable, now....

Rowan turned and concentrated on his palms, making sure the last Major God alive did not make any surprising escape. Zekiel was the last god to die. He opened his massive palm and a passing wave of Aether blew away the remains of the gods, like ashes they were all gone.

The grin on the face of the Demon Prince faded a bit, "Are you thinking that I'm not worth your ear brother? I would have to correct your..."

Rowan waved his hand like a mortal waving away a fly and Kohron was flung away for tens of millions of miles by a large burst of Telekinesis, his body was shot into a star.

With a small rotation of his Telekinesis, Rowan destabilized the operation of the star and it imploded.

Maintaining his Telekinesis hold on the imploding star, Rowan created massive chains from its dying flames that stabbed into the body of Kohron, wrapping him in place, another separate chain shrank and pierced through the lips and jaws of the Demon Prince, sealing it shut.

"Silence," Rowan said and closed his eyes, focusing on his Mental Space and the growing mounds of Soul Crystals, it was time he took the next step forward and he was eager to do so.

This body of the Demon Prince that stepped through was not even equal to the one that challenged his father on Jarkarr.

Rowan would not suffer the endless prattle of the weak, he could endure to do so for his beloved subjects and children but not for all, especially his enemies, his time was precious.

He no longer had the bearing of a mortal, with the revelation of his past lives and the growth of his power and those that worship him, Rowan was beginning to have the prestige that befit his status as a Nascent Primordial.

No one inside this universe was worthy to stand before his revealed glory.

If they were to address him, they would have to come on their knees. This was his grace.

He was now 600 miles tall, and this change did not just mean his size was for show, it also came with a massive increase in Attributes, and that translated into the efficacy of his Telekinesis and innate force field.

In addition to the massive Attributes, he was gaining every moment as world after world was being seeded, giving Rowan an instant burst of power that was apparent with his slowly increasing height.

Rowan's gain from just staying outside the universe for a few moments was worth far more than he anticipated and he quickly understood that his true growth could only be achieved in that place, but first, he needed to lay down a proper foundation.

He checked his Primordial Record and his eyes lit up at the bounty he had accumulated from the slaughter of the gods and the unfortunate deaths of trillions of souls all over the galaxy.

113,786 Soul Crystals!

Most of this bounty came from the slaughtered mortals, for after he returned from outside the universe, he could no longer rapidly process the souls of the gods as before, and more than 39 Immortal Souls were frozen in his Primordial Sea of Darkness and was being slowly digested.

If he finished digesting all these souls he would get at least another 100,000 Soul Crystals, but for now, this was enough.

The roar of rage of the Demon Prince in the distance could as well be the harmless buzzing of a bee. The crazy demon, noticing his mouth was sealed, created a new mouth from his stomach, and from it was a litany of curses.

Rowan ignored it, he wanted something from this Demon, which was its understanding of the current state of the Covenant and also information about the Great Abyss.

The presence of Demons in the universe was something he had overlooked for far too long, and although he had plans for them in the future, there was no reason he could not start gathering information about them for now.

What he understood about Demons at least was that this was the right manner to deal with them, you do not negotiate with demons, you only command or were commanded.

Rowan did not know how he would match up against the True Form of a Demon Prince, but for now, he could stomp on this one and acquire what he needed from it.

He suspected that his battle on Trion would not only be against the Gods of Trion alone, but he would be facing the Covenant also, an alliance made up of both Mages and Demons.

Most likely to become the greatest battle he would be able to fight inside the universe.

'Let them come,' Rowan thought, 'Let the wave mount ever higher and let the storm blow ever harder... I can not be shaken.'

Chapter 581: A Demon's Playground

581 A Demon's Playground

Rowan's multiple consciousness swept through his entire Mental Space and he sighed, a sound that echoed throughout the immensity of this region, making the child made from white flames pursuing the sun look around in fear before covering himself in a blanket of flames, leaving only a single eye peeking through it.

Rowan's Consciousness Pillar was now at 82, and there was more being created with every god he was digesting and the reach of his Mental Power was now so great it was almost turning physical, he noticed this change when his consciousness Pillar reached 77.

There was now a subtle change in his Mental Power and it appeared that it was beginning to slowly merge with his Telekinesis and Innate Force Field, this was leading to an all-

around boost of these two sets of powers.

His voice resounded throughout the immensity of his Mental Space,

"My Primordial Sea of Darkness... Now you become a true sea."

Rowan was pushing for the Third Supreme Circle for his Sheol Bloodline and in order to do so, his Territory must be completed, something that no other creatures who had Territories would ever try to do because of the limits on their lifespan.

Most would only bring their Territory to the stage where it could support their ascension and maybe a little more, no one else would attempt to fully complete their Territory except they had access to cruel and bizarre rituals like devouring the Territories of others, and those also pose a special risk.

Rowan Territory was far more powerful than most and his Mental Space was massive and he could fit the entire Cerulean Galaxy inside of it.

These two combinations meant that without Soul Energy, even if he could gain more lifespan from seeding worlds, it would take him tens of millions of years to complete his Territory, although he did not need to do this.

His Territory was enough to support the next Supreme Circle and maybe even up to the seventh Supreme Circle, but how could Rowan be satisfied with stopping at such a low level of power?

So in a manner, Rowan was exchanging the lives of dozens of gods and unknown trillions of mortals to save him millions of years of time. Of course, he did not think of it in this manner, in fact, this thought never even crossed his mind.

He had a series of goals he was going to accomplish and everything else was meaningless. This sort of detachment was growing from his expanded vision, after knowing the full scope of the universe and the many other universes out there, his vision was no longer on the earth but far into forever.

His answers could be found there. His truths.

He directly lifted ten thousand Soul Crystals at once and before he crushed it, he sent an Angel to the scared child who had wrapped himself in flames, and like a caring mother, the Angel slowly persuaded and guided the child to fly higher.

The wisdom of this infant was impressive and in a few gestures and words, he already began to grasp the Celestial Language, most likely Eva would be very fond of this child, she had a thing for grooming talents, although with the speed Rowan would be upgrading this Aspect in the future, he wondered if Eva would be able to catch up to the child.

That was an amusing thought.

Rowan waited for a few seconds and then he crushed the entire ten thousand Soul Crystals while keeping the image of his Primordial Sea of Darkness firmly inside his head.

The area where the Soul Crystals were crushed appeared to crystallize, coloring his Mental Space with a deep purple color, and this effect began to spread for thousands of miles before it stopped, and the area it covered could fit an entire planet.

The little child in the distance gasped in wonder as the white of his eyes was painted the shade of purple and he began to laugh and cheer, apparently, he liked this color.

From this area, a wave of darkness like black ink began to fall, it was nearly impossible to describe the majestic scene of countless quadrillions of gallons of Primordial Sea of Darkness pouring down from the sky.

The impact of this water slamming into the sea below went beyond the physical force generated by the clash. This impact released a mystical wave of energy that made the child scream and directly faint.

Even Rowan's Mental Space began to tremble and expand before violently contracting with a harsh crack, and if not for his extraordinary pain tolerance he would have been rolling on the floor from the sheer pain.

Noticing that apart from the pain his Mental Space could handle this amount of strain, he decisively crushed twenty thousand Soul Crystals.

The wave sweeping across the surface of his Primordial Sea of Darkness was higher than ten thousand miles, and the waves behind were even higher.

His Territory began to grow, as the Sea of Darkness deepened.

Kohron cursed fiercely, screaming his anger at Rowan to come fight him directly, but the wily Demon did not stop trying to free himself from the impromptu prison he found himself in.

From all over his body he created mouths filled with serrated teeth that began to chew through the chains, it took a few seconds and then he was free.

He took in a deep breath and the smile on his face widened and he nearly began to laugh.

Looking around Kohron did not bother reasoning why the events that were occurring were possible or why the summons he responded to out of boredom brought him here,

he just wanted to revel in the fight because this situation presented the greatest desire in the heart of every Demon.

There was destruction, despair, pain, chaos, disorder, wrath... a portent brew that could only be truly satisfied inside the Material Universe

This was hell. A hell that had been denied from every Demon for so long, and they only got to experience it rarely during the life cycle of a universe, mostly towards its end.

The last thirty Eras of the multiverse had been peaceful, Kohron was a relatively young Demon prince, having lived for only two Eras.

He had battled on many universes, but he was always reminded by the superiors that he was born in the Era of Peace, and he had never seen true devastation wrought on a universe.

Now, he had a taste and he wanted more. Fuck Covenant. Fuck the plans. His brother was showing him the way a true Demon Prince should live, and he would partake in this glorious orgy of slaughter until this shell he wore was dead or he killed his brother.

Chapter 582: Forcibly Taking Power

582 Forcibly Taking Power

Kohron, The Prince of Strife did not doubt that Rowan before him was a true Demon, not just because of his actions, but because every inch of Rowan's body was filled with an Abyssal Aura that was instantly recognizable to those who knew what to look for.

The Tower of Greed was an Abyssal Origin Treasure, far more powerful than a standard Origin Treasure which was already extremely powerful in its own right, and few gods were able to forge an Origin Treasure in their long lifetime.

With every usage of this powerful treasure by Rowan, the Aura of the Tower of Greed would settle like a shroud on the user, it was one of the many processes to bond with an Origin Treasure.

Yet there was a disturbing hitch in this process whenever Rowan was using this treasure.

The method Rowan had been using for this Treasure was strange, as his unique nature as an Ouroboros Serpent was forcing the treasure to behave the way it was not supposed to, instead of bringing Rowan's memories back in time, it was being used as a container to drag Rowan's future self back to the past.

This created a unique situation whereby it was continuously destroyed and Rebuilt, thus making it impossible for this Treasure to form a permanent bond with Rowan, but for the short term, anytime he made use of it, he was surrounded by a large burst of Abyssal Aura.

An Aura that was created anytime this treasure was destroyed.

Rowan was aware of this Aura, but it held no significance to him for the Aura would fade away when the Treasure rebuilt itself, every bit of it would be simply dragged back into the Tower.

This was the method the Treasure took to bind with a master after repeated usage, as its Aura would slowly integrate with the body of its user, but since Rowan always destroyed it after every use this never happened.

This burst of Abyssal Aura could only be detected by powerful Demons who recognized what it represented, and when Kohron saw Rowan, there was no doubt he was looking at the Prince of Destruction.

Rowan was filled with the Aura of this Abyssal Treasure, and in Kohron's mind, Ohrox must have awakened to a much greater extent than anyone else knew was even possible while inside a Material Universe, and the reason for this strange occurrence must be related to the forbidden rampage inside a Material Universe.

Of course, Kohron expected that Ohrox would be destroyed soon by the powers who were assigned to govern the universe, it surprised him that he had been able to kill this number of mortals without alerting those watchers, but for now, why should he not partake in this bounty? His true form was not here and he could deny any association with this madness.

Kohron chased the link that created his mortal form here inside the Material universe and his long tail suddenly pierced through space and returned holding the broken body of Tenma.

The god had been digging through the major World of Trypho trying to seize Envy before fleeing deep into the universe, and his greed delayed him long enough for Kohron's hands to reach him.

Tenma tried to escape, but the Demon Prince exerted planet-crushing force through his tail, and countless pops and dull cracks like firecrackers resounded from Tenma's body as his bones were crushed, slowing down his struggles,

"Little god, you gave me enough Essence to draw me to the Material Plane, but it's not enough, my brother has grown stronger here, and you should give me more!"

"No!" Tenma screamed, his eyes wide open in panic, "The nature of our bargain stands, I have given you a portion of my Divine Spark, and you shall destroy the plans of my enemy. This also concerns your Great Abyss, one of your number has partaken in slaughtering countless mortals, this is a stain on your name, and I have paid you more than enough for this service."

"Yes, you have... yet it is not enough, and I'm not a Demon Prince who does something halfway... give me half of your Divine Essence, it is the least I require."

"No! That would crush my position as a High God and drag me down to be a Major God, it would be impossible for me to reforge my Divine Spark. I reject your words Demon, obey my will or the consequences to your seat would be dire, and you would be judged alongside your kin."

Kohron paused and then he smiled, "I forget that you silly gods believe that particular law bound Demons of my level, in a manner you would be right, but you made a fatal error... the link between me and you still exists, as you did not run far enough, to perform my duty, I shall need the tools to do so, even if I have to rip it from you, it also does not break the terms of agreement, little god."

The Demon seized Tenma with his large hands and brought him to his mouth, he performed this action slowly, relishing in the look of panic, anger, despair, and other negative emotions escaping from Tenma's body, his eyes transforming into twin pools of hellfire as his excitement grew.

Tenma struggled to escape from the hands of the Demon, his physical form holding little strength due to summoning Abyssal creatures and even a Demon Prince through his Divine Kingdom, he had drained every single drop of Divine Essence he had, if he gave anymore, that meant he would be pulling it straight from his Divine Spark, that would mean his ruin.

"Let me go, nasty creature, you are bound by the rules..."

"Unfortunately for you, the rules still bind you, and unlike you, I can break them when I choose, because you see, technically, I'm not even here."

The demon began to inhale, as its throat was filled with hellfire, that penetrated Tenma's body like worms and began to drain his Divine Essence.

The god screamed as he struggled to escape the hands of the Demon, a large burst of purple flames and darkness shooting out from his body, but they were all absorbed by the Demon, the link between both of them transforming the energy of Tenma into sustenance for Kohron and his body began to grow larger.

With a roar of excitement, his wings burst into flames as Kohron Abyssal Domain was activated, his skin shifting from a dull brown color to a rich red as scales began to cover his forearms and chest.

In the distance Rowan watched what was happening, his cold eyes seemed to be deep in calculation.

Chapter 583: The Slave Who Became A God

583 The Slave Who Became A God

"Do not make bargains with Demons and Devils, they can not be reasoned with. Their hunger is absolute."

Tenma remembered these words from his weapon Pride when he first traded for the Scripts to summon Demons and not just any Demon, a Demon Prince, one of the most powerful creatures in all the many universes.

At first, the prospect of being able to summon such an existence was tantalizing, the power he could control, even if it was only for a short while, showed Tenma a glimpse of an authority that even the gods lusted for.

Something eternal, even if it was incredibly wicked and depraved.

He had held onto this summoning for a long time, with the firm knowledge in mind that he would never be using it unless he was at the end of the ropes or the project he was pushing for using both weapons of Sin, then he might need this power.

There were too many mysteries about Demons and he was not arrogant enough to believe he could control such creatures of chaos and disorder made flesh, and it would only be as a last resort after he had exhausted all the other million options he had.

The appearance of Rowan and the power he displayed pushed Tenma to use a power that he barely understood, and he was paying for that mistake, he had looked through his entire ability and he could find none that could challenge a creature who was capable of totally killing a god.

He was losing everything he had suffered and toiled for after millions of years of growth and at the edge of his despair, his rage awakened and it burned brighter than it ever did before, how much of this would he have to endure?

The injustice of this last series of events made this proud god to be filled with a burning desire to visit ultimate despair to his enemies.

His world, his fellow gods, his... son, all taken, and now brought before the edge of ruin, the last string holding Tenma's sanity snapped.

This Demon claimed there was a link between both of them, if that was the case, then that link goes both ways, which meant that if he could consume him, then he could do the same in return.

He did not bother thinking about the possibilities of that thought, every god was a miracle, and they could only reach such great heights because they all performed the impossible.

Tenma seized the link that bound both of them together and felt the flow of his Essence pouring into the body of the grinning Demon, he no longer fought the pull, but instead pushed everything of himself into it.

His Spirit... his will... his powers... his Intent... his Domain... his emotions... he gave all without holding anything back.

Tenma grinned as his body began to collapse to dust, and that led to a flood of memories that he thought he had forgotten.

38,000,000 years ago, Tenma was a lowly slave whose destiny was to live within the vast fields of his master and toil for every day of his life until his back broke under the strain... Literally, the final act he was supposed to have in this life would be to leave his seed behind in one of the willing slave women who were always willing to have the offspring of the strong.

Tenma had distinguished himself even during those moments, he was special, his eyes were bright and his mind unbroken, he had overthrown his master when he was seventy years old and already an old man, for he had toiled for decades, making himself invaluable to his masters while secretly gathering the loyalty of the slaves who outnumbered their masters a thousand to one.

What they needed was a voice and Tenma gave them that voice, he broke the shackles over their lives and made their collective fate his own.

He did not stop there, from those vast fields he gathered an army of ten thousand slaves and began his rampage over the entire county, and after he won, he went to the towns, and finally, the country and the entire continent fell to him.

Tenma was a hundred and fifteen years old when he reached the heights of the world, and after forty-five years of endless battle, he finally stood before the throne of the emperor and he took his head and those of his entire family.

On that day, Tenma had been soaked in blood as he personally beheaded the 7,560 Royal bloodline, down to the bawling infants.

The worship and adulations of countless billions of grateful lives fanned the desire to conquer in his heart, and although he had reached the limits of mortal life, he did not despair, and the worship from his people was the first step of power that Tenma climbed towards his Throne of Dominion.

From that moment he began his inexorably rise to the top, he faced countless hardships, and he slowly over the centuries and then millennia climbed the path to ultimate power. There were times during his life he found that his tens of thousands of years of effort were a mistake, and then he would destroy his foundations without any hesitation and he would restart again.

The lives he had led... the wars he had fought... the many moments he had loved, it was enough to fill the minds of a billion storytellers, but they would not be able to encapsulate the entirety of his life or the fierceness of Tenma's Spirit.

The millions of years of invincibility of becoming a god had dulled a bit of his fire.

That powerful figure who took himself from nothing to the heights of the universe had been lost over the many millennia of power, but his rage and pain brought back the terrifying slave who brought an Empire to its knees to the surface.

Tenma would never back down from those who sought to oppress him, he had fought for too long and he was no longer backing away, he had given up too much of himself already.

Kohron the Prince of Strife, gasped when he felt the god no longer fighting his pull but was in fact giving him his Essence, and the Demon laughed,

"Yes, there is a sweet release in giving up when you know there is nothing you can do, accept the inevitable and stay with me, and I will show you the.... I will show you the truth. Wait, what are you doing?!"

Chapter 584: Completing The Territory

584 Completing The Territory

The energy erupting from the body of the god was vast, for the depths of Tenma's powers were incredibly deep, and collecting everything he gathered for his entire life was a massive task.

"Giving you my everything," Tenma whispered, "Taking your everything, let us see between both of us, who wants it more."

A bright light erupted from Tenma's body as the last of his Essence was channeled into the body of the Demon.

Without holding anything back, Tenma faded to purple dust and the Demon staggered back in surprise, he touched his massive chest as if he was scanning inside of his body, before violently plunging his hand inside his chest, he pulled out his heart, inspected it and threw it aside, and pushed his hands again into his body.

A Demon Prince had seven hearts, and he was sure this wily god was dwelling inside one of them. The rage of Kohron was growing, for his flesh to be desecrated by a god left him with a feeling of being raped.

The Demon Prince enjoyed this sensation, but for now, it was going against his greater passion which was to revel in this delightful chaos created by his brother, and nothing would stand in his way.

"You foolish mortal get out of my body!" To a Demon Prince even a god could be considered a Mortal, for they only lived a single Era, their lifespan tied to their universe, and no matter how unfathomable long an Era might be, in the end, it would soon reach its destination... oblivion.

He applied force and began to pull after seizing another heart, yet his other hand suddenly struck out and seized his forearm stopping him from pulling it out, the face of Kohron grew dark with anger,

His body which was red like hot coal was beginning to slowly transform, as half of his body was turning purple, and even his great wings began to release purplish smoke.

Kohron nearly went mad in anger, no longer enjoying the sensation of being raped. In his arrogance, Kohron did not pay any heed to the word of the god, as he thought that Tenma was only going to hide inside his body and bide his time, but he was wrong, this god was more ambitious than he had credited him.

"How dare you attempt to possess me! Do you have any idea who I am?"

A mouth opened beside his eyes and spoke with the voice of Tenma,

"You are just one in the long line of tyrants I have faced in my lifetime, they all fell to my will, and you will do the same."

The Demon Prince's shoulders shook, as if in anger, but it turned out he was laughing,

"I admire your willpower Mortal, but you cannot stop the future that is about to happen, perhaps if you had more time then you would have succeeded, as the very nature of the Material Universe restricts my powers. Yet, even with all my limitations, you are not my match!"

Rowan's voice suddenly interrupted the Demon, "If that is the case, then I will give him more time,"

Kohron's eyes widened in surprise, and it remained that way for it was frozen in place.

There was a gasp of surprise and then fury, this emotion came from outside the void, as the tether binding the consciousness of the Demon Prince from outside the universe to his Shell here was severed.

Rowan could hear a fading echo in the universe announcing the Demon's shock and anger from being denied what it craved with all his being.

What remained inside this body could be considered to be a small part of the Demon Prince's consciousness.

Rowan had covered the Demon Prince inside his Primordial Sea of Darkness and he was frozen in place, it had been a simple thing to send a controlled burst of his Territory and cover the distracted Demon Prince.

Rowan's Territory was not only growing in size but in power, as every drop of newly added Primordial Sea was enhancing his entire Territory until it was difficult for him to imagine how powerful his Territory had become. Freezing the Demon Prince was a small demonstration of that power.

Rowan had chosen to do this because the interaction between the Demon Prince and the High god gave him certain inspiration, and he wanted to explore it. He was curious if Tenma would be able to possess the body of this Demon and what the implications of that might be.

This god was fascinating, of all the gods of the Cerulean Galaxy, only Tenma had caught his eye, Shario was just a brute, although she was and strong, it was all meaningless to him.

Tenma represented something more, and even if he failed to bring out any valuable result in this experiment, Rowan would have learned something new about the interaction of power.

Rowan hoped that this god would succeed for he had given Tenma enough advantages and separated the main consciousness of Kohron, and if he could not win against the remnants, then he deserved his fate of death.

In the end, Rowan might still end up killing him when he was done with him, but it all depended on how the future turned out to be. he was not bloodthirsty, only pragmatic, if the god was more useful alive than dead, he would stay that way, Rowan gained no pleasure in killing.

He focused back to his Mental Space, he had already crushed fifty thousand Soul Crystals and the Primordial Sea of Darkness was now becoming deep, its depths reaching for tens of thousands of miles and it was getting deeper with each second.

Three more gigantic portals were spewing out the black sea that made up his Territory, and they were still in full operation, and from the amount he was expecting from the Soul Crystal he crushed, then it would take at least nine hours before his Territory would be completed, but he would still need another forty thousand Soul Points to push it to its limit.

It was a good thing that he still had enough. He slightly winced as he crushed forty thousand Soul Crystals and a fourth portal opened up overhead, this one was clearly larger than the other three, and Rowan silently folded his legs as his gigantic body floated in space, waiting for his Territory to be completed.

Chapter 585: The Lost Flame

585 The Lost Flame

Nothing unexpected happened for the next few hours and Rowan's eyes opened after precisely nine hours.

It was done.

From afar the lights from his Angels began to gather around him, the glow from their wings was like rainbows.

He closed his eyes once more as his consciousness entered his Mental Space.

Two things happened one after the other, Rowan succeeded in seeding all the Minor Worlds in the Cerulean Galaxy and his Territory became complete.

He had accomplished what others would call impossible. Rowan was becoming used to doing things of this nature.

He sighed, with everything he had experienced in the last few hours, a mortal would be insane and a god would be tired, instead, Rowan felt nothing but a growing excitement.

Rowan swept his consciousness over his entire Mental Space, the massive waves of water over his Primordial Sea of Darkness were high and tumultuous, some of them pushing up for hundreds of miles as the Sea sought to settle itself.

If a Mortal were to take a fast boat and decide to sail from one end of his Primordial Sea to the other side, even after billions of years that Mortal would not have reached the halfway point.

Rowan also noticed that his Mental Space had increased by a tenth and the space above the Primordial Sea was now very dense, the air having the consistency of liquid instead of gas, and his Primordial Sea was now denser, no longer like water but flowing mercury, this made the massive waves that were erupting from its surfaces hold a frightening power.

"Be Still," Rowan said, and the entirety of his Primordial Sea of Darkness went motionless like a picture.

His consciousness traveled the many millions of miles to the bottom of his Primordial Sea and he saw that what created the bedrock of his Territory were eyes.

Endless trillions of lidless eyes, all these were Angels waiting to be awakened, all these were the foundations that he would take to conquer the multiverse in time.

Bringing his mind to his City of Sheol, he saw that his Nascent Primordial Bloodline had created the only shore in his Territory, and the endless sea surrounded it like an island standing alone in the darkness.

Sheol was situated in the Middle of his Territory and it took the form of an island, and Rowan could almost sense the air of anticipation surrounding this glorious city.

It could not wait to grow... to become!

On the shores of Sheol were endless figures... hundreds of millions of Angels of Char, and among their numbers were Angels with so much incredible potential that Rowan nearly gasped, the terrifying slaughter that had occurred on the Cerulean Galaxy was unexpected but fell into part of the outcome that he had envisioned.

He would learn his lessons from the actions he took on this galaxy and make sure any mistakes he made previously would never occur again. Certain events proceeded in a direction he did not want, including the loss of eight Minor Worlds.

However, what he would never complain about was the massive number of Angels of Char that was created as a result of this debacle.

If he finished digesting the souls of the gods that were left, he would have enough Soul Energy to awaken hundreds of thousands of Angels, maybe even millions.

On that day when his Host of Angels reached that number, the universe itself would tremble. That day was not far from now.

Rowan created a clone and hovered over the shores, and with his consciousness made flesh, the endless Host of Angels of Char all bowed before him and fell to their knees.

"BOOOOM!!!"

The sound of hundreds of millions of knees hitting the surface of his Primordial Sea of Darkness was unearthly and Rowan nodded at them and looked at his City of Sheol, it was time to take the next step.

He summoned and opened its page, the expectations in his heart were rising, and his firm will to create the best foundation for his rise would be revealing itself to him now,

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 15/1,332,000

Strength: 1,960,203

Agility: 1,852,936

Constitution: 2,298,788

Class: None

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

Aspect:

Berserker (Tier 7— Completed)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 1— Completed)

Light Devourer (Tier 0)

Skills:

BERSERKER BLOOD (Origin — Level Completed)

Bloodline Skill: Eruption (58%)

Aspect Skill: The Lost Flame (Tier 1)

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)

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 — 1,002

Awakening Primordial Bloodline [Sheol]

Aspect Upgraded: Lament Of Celestial

Skill Gained: The Lost Flame

The Lost Flame: Before Time and Space was born, Asteraoth claimed Light from the First Flame and he left the burning flame to be without light for countless eternities.

Asteraoth became Light.

In the twilight of the Primordial Era, Endirius stole what was hidden deep in the bowels of the Primordial, and claimed the Flames itself.

Endirius became a Ruler of Fire.

Yet Endirius saw something more in the Flames, a hidden spark that was once thought to be lost, ignored even by the Primordial, but Endirius saw promise and great power in this spark.

To hide this great discovery Endirius Separated this spark into six forms. You now control the first of that form.

Take heed, Endirius gaze searches for you.

Your Body has been baptized by the Essence of Chaos.

Strength Gained: 653,543

Agility Gained: 567,876

Constitution Gained: 986,543

You have Assimilated 790 Minor Worlds and you have gained a total stats of 2,633,070, distributed evenly among all your Attributes.

Strength Gained: 658,268

Agility Gained: 658,268

Constitution Gained: 658,268

Spirit Gained: 658,268

Spirit has submitted to the Authority of Sheol.

Soul Crystal — 13,670

Remark: Awakening Primordial

Chapter 586: Arising [End Of Vol. 3]

586 Arising [End Of Vol. 3]

must be in a particularly ecstatic mood for Rowan did not have to check the details for this new Ability and already it was given to him.

There was a grand tapestry of the past and the future being drawn before him by each new knowledge he acquired, and Rowan knew that if he continued on this path, he would soon understand the true mysteries of all of reality, even those that were hidden.

The understanding of the Singularity he controlled became deeper. It was indeed a Record.

So many new changes and revelations had just been revealed, as Rowan was sure he just discovered the Name of the Ruler of the Celestials, a Primordial called %\$-√π•.....

Now that was weird, he could see the name of this Primordial inside his Primordial Record, but when he tried to call out his name or even think about it when his perception left the pages of the Singularity, it vanished from his consciousness.

Rowan frowned, this occurrence troubled him greatly. Perhaps it was a good thing that he could learn about his father from the Spirit Matrix Gate, or else, it would seem that for beings of such great powers like the Primordials, even knowledge of their name was wiped from the collective consciousness of everyone.

Then how was he able to know and understand and perfectly recall the name of Chaos without any issue?

Was it because he had the blood of chaos inside him, or was it because Chaos was imprisoned and therefore his influence on Reality had waned or it might just be that Chaos might not be the true name of this imprisoned Primordial, it might just be his title.

Or an even more scary thought was that since every universe was a part of Chaos, he did not need them to forget his name for they were already living inside his body.

Nevertheless, the Lament of Celestial Aspect had revealed a hidden truth about the past to him.

Endirius was said to be the first Supreme Mage and he created the Magus Civilization, now he understood the root of that power and where the glory of the Supreme World of Mages originated from.

Endirius was nothing but a thief who stole power from a Primordial, but Rowan did not look down on him for this action, it was quite the opposite, he applauded the strength of mind and the tenacity of his Spirit to be able to accomplish a feat like this.

A Primordial was an existence that even Rowan could not fully comprehend, and he did not know how much was needed from an individual to be able to successfully steal from one of them.

What was even more astonishing was that he had hidden more from the gaze of the Primordial and there was more power hidden inside the Flame he stole.

'Perhaps, Endirius has a Singularity.' Rowan jokingly thought.

He mentally shook his head, putting away his speculations, he would focus on those later as he explored the power of the Lost Flame, an ability that was born from the Lament of Celestial Aspect.

Rowan suspected that the day he was able to perfectly destroy the Intent of Chaos inside his body, then he would learn the full truth about a Primordial.

He briefly went through his newly inflated Attributes and almost shuddered at the insane growth of his Attributes, it was no wonder that he could easily subdue the Demon Prince in his weakened form.

Eruption had grown reaching 58%, and with every single-digit growth of this ability, his overall lethality exploded, coupled with his new stats, Rowan almost wanted to go and challenge Trion at this moment, but he understood that would be foolish. He had a greater enemy.

Was this finally enough to stand against his father? If it was not...

Rowan's eyes suddenly lit up, as he pushed for the Upgrade of Sheol to the Third Supreme Circle using a Single Soul Point.

"This is just the beginning! If it is not enough, then the Third, the Fourth! The Fifth! The Sixth! Until I crush you beneath my heels."

He had anticipated slowly consuming the Cerulean Galaxy over a year long period, but the unexpected application of his Intent and the Astrolabe Chamber, in addition to the surprising changes brought on by his Spirit Matrix Gate reduced that conquest to a single day.

He was so far ahead of schedule, he could push for higher levels.

The Primordial Sea of Darkness that was still before exploded as the City of Sheol began to advance.

The light erupting from it was so bright it rivaled every star in the universe.

"At the Third Great Circle, I shall acquire a rudimentary control of this bloodline, let me see the surprises in store for me."

Shario was sitting on the top of a mountain watching the stars begin to glow with their beautiful light once more, as the darkness lifted its heavy hands covering their rays.

She understood that this meant Tenma had fallen, and she laughed self-deprecatingly.

They had lost. She was dying in vain. In every battle she had ever fought, all her hopes and dreams Shario carried were wrapped up.

This time yesterday she was sitting in her Throne Room and an entourage of a million devotees was standing before her temple. Most of them had set off on a century-long pilgrimage to make it to her temple, they brought with them gifts from a thousand worlds and they brought their worship.

They would sacrifice their kin and loved ones for just a bit of her power... she had truly been a god just yesterday.

A creature of seemingly endless power and life.

The sound of her voice would have been enough to appease them for the rest of their pitiful life.

They gave so much to her and she returned so little. Strange that up till now she had never once thought of this dynamic in their relationship, why should she do that?

Safe in her so-called omnipotence and she had shunned them when the summon from her fellow god came to her.

Her life was everlasting, she thought, her glory was eternal. They would wait.

"Aahh, if I could have one last chance, I would hear their prayers, at least once.

She slowly approached death and a tear slipped from her eye.

Shario felt so cold... Regret filled her heart with stabbing nails that made them bleed.

A hand made from shadows touched her by the shoulders, and the voice of a woman entered her ears.

"I can give you the chance you crave. What are you willing to pay for it?"

END OF VOLUME 3.

Wow... Another volume wrapped up.

I could not have made it to this point without you my dear reader. I don't know the medium you use to consume my work, but I know over the months we have slowly created a subtle connection.

The Stories and adventures of Rowan Kuranos bind us together, and although we are most likely in different parts of the world, I would like to think that anytime you open a chapter of my book, we are connected, in a manner that I'm slowly learning to truly appreciate.

Volume four would be massive.

Fingers crossed, you have never seen anything quite like what I have in mind.

No plot point would be discarded, every story element introduced has its moment, and in the end, the battle between father and son would break the universe to its knees.

See you guys tomorrow.

BrickTrader.

Chapter 587: Returning Home

587 Returning Home

"Oh, Trion... The Jewel in an Ocean of Stars, how you glow..."

"Oh, Trion... You only need to get close to smell the rot hidden behind the glory..."

"Oh, Trion... you are a monument built on the dead, and their ghosts haunt your every moment..."

"Oh, Trion... your glory walks hand in hand with your doom, and you shall take us all with you..."

"Oh, Trion... How can..."

"That is a stupid poem, and you also know that it is forbidden, Father."

An exasperated sigh from a white-haired girl sounded in the void of space, carried by wispy strands of Aether that resembled spider webs.

"Hahaha, I know that there is no apparent rhythm, but its strong word choices and clear message make it a powerful one. Doesn't that make it exciting, em... child."

A white-haired man replied to the girl with a smile in his tone, it was Telmus and he was standing on the back of a Bone Dragon more than seven miles long, beside him was his daughter.

She frowned at his words, "Why do you always do that?"

"Do what?" Telmus replied in feigned surprise.

"Make it awkward anytime you speak to me. You were the one who refused to give me a name!" The girl shot back.

Telmus' hand moved so fast it was impossible to detect the motion of his limb as he appeared not to have made any move at all. He smacked her on the head and she yelped, he began speaking in a lecturing tone that he knew she hated,

"A name has great power, child, of a sort that you cannot fully comprehend. This is the greatest truth I shall ever tell you, and that is, I wish I had not been given mine before I had the opportunity to choose for myself..m before I had the opportunity to earn it for myself. I am giving you a valuable chance and it is up to you to seize it. You should be on your knees every day thanking me child for my unmatched wisdom, for you are the only Child of Trion without its name... you are free."

She rubbed her head in annoyance, after all this time she had not been able to dodge a single one of his blows, even those he used without any shred of power behind it.

How could she ever catch up to this man?

She could not hope to understand his power or the depths of his wisdom and even though she acknowledged what he said as truth in her heart, she refused to allow it to show on the outside, it would only feed his overly gigantic ego.

Telmus did not wait for her to finish sulking before he continued speaking,

"We are here to celebrate with your mother's Ascension child, she is now an Earth god, took far more time than she needed to, but at least she would not fade in the next few millennia."

She counterattacked the only way she could, with the only weakness she knew he had—His wife.

The white-haired girl rolled her eyes and replied to his words,

"Shame on you father for your weak moral grounds. Mother has been an Earth god for two years now, and this is just a formality that you have ignored for too long. Do not pretend we are doing it for her, this is all for you!"

Telmus sputtered in anger, "What do you mean by such preposterous words child?"

"What do I mean by my words? Did you bring the required gifts, Father?" The white hair girl looked at her father with a piercing gaze that made him cough and look away.

"Of course, I did not forget the gift, what do you think I am?"

"If so, then show it to me, let me make sure it is what she likes. Don't tell me the time spent in Booze Planet was just for you to waste on expensive drinks and not to brew the greatest wine in the entire universe as you promised her?"

Telmus coughed and pretended to be fishing inside his Spatial Ring for the present when the area ahead of them began to twist and space neatly parted.

From the tear in space, a loud cry erupted that was piercing and carried an intense Aura of heat and destruction that made the surrounding area for thousands of miles heat up.

A gigantic Phoenix that was thousands of miles in size emerged from the opening and on her two large wings were two suns, one was white while the other was red.

The presence of this Phoenix was extremely palpable, and the stars in the distance began to emit nine-colored lights as if in obeisance to its presence.

The eyes of the Phoenix slowly opened, and it was filled with pride, she had double pupils and they were purple and her heated gaze swept throughout the entire area.

She was about to open her beak again to cry out, announcing her presence to the universe when she caught sight of Telmus in the distance who was looking at her with a mild form of annoyance.

The Phoenix snorted in disdain inside her heart and was about to cry out but she couldn't, her body refused to obey her will!

Her heart became filled with panic as her wide-opened wings began to return to her side without her acknowledgment, and soon her body stopped all motion, and she hung in space, and to her shock and intense dread, her head bowed down and her heart worshiped the figure who slowly passed by.

The Bone Dragon that was being ridden by Telmus began to laugh as it carried its head higher as it passed the shivering Phoenix.

Until Telmus disappeared in the distance before the phoenix could regain control of her body and even then she could not move for a while until a soothing voice entered her heart.

The voice came from a golden palace that was situated on the crown of her head, inside this golden palace were thousands of flaming statues, all of them emitted fluctuations similar to those of a Minor god and one man sat on a throne made from nine colored flames with his eyes closed.

His long red hair was reaching his waist and when he opened his eyes, it was filled with nine colored light, similar to what all the stars for billions of miles were emitting as his presence transformed reality itself.

It was this man who spoke.

"Do not allow your Spirit to break after coming in the presence of that freak, it's only natural Skylar, the time for me to reveal my accomplishment is coming, and I will make him bow down to you for the disrespect he has shown me today."

Chapter 588: My Life's Dream Is Yours

588 My Life's Dream Is Yours

The Phoenix chipped weakly as she slowly regained her confidence, Shame filled her heart, but she only consoled herself with the thought that she did not feel any sort of adoration for that figure, it was just her body that had betrayed her.

She cried out in annoyance and irritation as she began beating her glowing wings faster, speeding up and slowly approaching the speed of light.

"Head towards the Great Battlefield Skylar, I shall hone my powers in battle, and when I walk in the glorious city of Aroth and enter the Palace of the gods, I shall come not as a son of Trion, but as its Emperor."

The Phoenix cried out in exultation and beat her wings faster, she was a Minor god and she willingly worshiped the figure she carried.

Fury Akranothotez Kuranos.

The most powerful Dominator in every single cycle, at least according to the popular sentiments.

There was a time when he believed that sentiment—That he was the most powerful, but he had learned his lessons quickly enough when he saw a higher mountain in the shape of Rowan Kuranos and knew of freaks of nature like Telmus, but now everything was different.

He had crushed his pride in the crucible of suffering and what arose from the ashes was something transformed and deadly, he not only held great power but also knowledge, and he was ready to challenge every opposition to his rise, for in three short years, Fury did not just become a Minor god he was now a Major god.

This unprecedented change occurred due to a secret he had found in that Inheritance Ground. Fury had battled against a million contenders for this power and had emerged victorious, and he took not only the lives of his opponents but their wisdom and power as well.

Fury was a Summoner and the million opponents he had faced all had the strength of gods. Everything they had, was now his own!

In addition to his powers as a Child of Trion that made Fury a hundred or even a thousand times more powerful than an average Major god, but Fury was not planning to stop at this level.

He was going into Trion, and he was taking all that power from himself, even if he was going to challenge the Primogenitor herself for it.

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"Father, is that who I think it was?"

"Yes child," Telmus replied, "That is Fury Kuranos, what do you think about him?"

The white-haired girl paused in thought for a second before she replied, "He is interesting, his abilities appear to be extremely broad but still incredibly focused."

Telmus frowned a bit, "Yes, this child is now different. Okay, this shall be your first test. You shall not just defeat him, you shall kill him, only then would you be permitted to name yourself."

The easygoing nature of the girl suddenly transformed into something else, and the white of her eyes disappeared only to be replaced by a black and white orb that seemed to be filled with countless spider webs.

"It shall be done Father, before this day is done, I shall claim my name."

Another fast smack landed on her head that shook her away from this state and made her groan in pain,

"You are still an Earth god while he is already a Major God, normally that would not matter to someone of my blood, but this child is special, you will need to do more... become more, if you want any chance to win."

The breathing of the girl caught in her throat as she began to pant, her eyes were shining like stars,

"Are you finally going to be teaching it to me Father, your life's dream?"

Telmus stood still for a long time in silence and if she did not understand the massive weight in the mind of this man she might have become angry, but she knew, her great father was in... pain.

He had lost.

It was when they appeared over the glorious world of Trion that Telmus sighed and he looked at the stars,

"Do you notice that the stars in the skies are now different?"

The white-haired girl nodded, "Some of them had gone out and for some of them that remained, their colors are... different."

Telmus sighed, "I understand that you do not know the reason I just said these words, after all, a thousand stars die every day, and nothing of these are special. That is what everyone else would think, but not me. I know as surely as the Aether that flows in my veins, that those stars are important, and you should be ready for a great trial ahead, for Fury is just the beginning."

Telmus brought up his right hand, and two lines appeared on his palm, both of the lines were flickering wildly as they attempted to merge and they continuously failed.

"After nine thousand years, I finally have to admit that I have failed, I cannot complete this task. I have... failed...."

The white-haired girl was suddenly struck with a profound sorrow and she knelt, her forehead touching the tips of her father's toes.

"You still have time Father, if nine thousand years would not be enough, then in another nine thousand, I know you shall succeed."

Telmus smiled at his daughter and brought her back to her feet with a wave of his hand, she could not control her body's movement.

"Perhaps I shall succeed, but I have no more time, others might not know this, but I do. So I charge you, child, watch my every move from now on, as I breathe so also shall you breathe, as I walk, so also shall you walk. You shall witness my glory, for it walks hand in hand with my doom, and my legacy you shall carry, and you will complete it. When you do child, you shall be invincible."

The white-haired girl wept a single tear before she nodded.

She proceeded to stand behind her father and she watched him.

"No don't stand behind me, from now on you shall stand beside me."

She paused and after a while, took the next steps that brought her beside her father, and she stood with him.

The flames of reentry as they entered Trion covered the entire Bone Dragon but a shield created by the beast stopped it from reaching them.

The white-haired girl suddenly smiled and brought out a green bottle and she handed it to her father.

Telmus was curious and he opened it and sniffed it before a bright smile broke out on his face.

"How did you..."

"Shut up Father. Did you forget you ordered me to gather the finest brew in the universe for you?"

"I did, didn't I? Great, I knew I did not forget, hahaha..."

Chapter 589: Nemesis Cradle

589 Nemesis Cradle

A mountain stood alone in a serene valley that had few visitors ever reaching it, and a bell tolled in the distance, its sound muted by the everlasting fog that covered this mountain and the tower that had been built on top of its peak.

This mountain and the valley were owned by the Boreas Family, in fact, every mountain and valley on this entire planet was owned by the Boreas family. The name of this world was unknown, but for the few who knew its name, this world was known as Nemesis Cradle, for it was here that the Nemesis Plates were stored.

The Nemesis Plates were Transcendental Treasures that among their many uses were primarily used to record the amounts of living beings dwelling on a planet.

It could be simply called a glorified population counter, and it was deployed on almost every world owned by the Trion Empire.

The history of this particular planet was long and enshrouded in fog, but it has a significant history behind it.

The Nemesis Plate were all found on this planet and were not created by Boreas as it was popularly claimed.

Boreas himself has been searching for a method to create these plates and even after he destroyed a few of them in his failed attempts to replicate all their functionalities, he could not make it work exactly the way he wanted them to, as the originals were special and could not be duplicated.

On this day, an Earth god of the Boreas Family climbed up the mountain followed by twelve Guardsmen in shiny blue armor.

This Dominator appeared to be very old, his back was bent and his face was filled with the lines of age, but this did not impair his movements at all, as he easily climbed the tiny steps that had been cut into the mountain without any sound, even the twelve Guardsmen with him did not make any sound, even in their heavy armor.

The bright eyes of this Dominator were unlike an old man but was lively as a child. He was one of the few who was not entrenched in the politics of the Empire but sought a relatively thankless job and lived his life in peace and quiet and he hoped to die in that manner—With dignity, surrounded by his children and descendants, but the gods of Trion had a different plan for him.

This old Dominator was one of the beneficiaries of the loosened restriction of the gods on all their bloodlines and he had been on the verge of death when the bloodline knot was loosened and he became an Earth god almost without any barrier at all, for his foundations were strong.

He did not regret this occurrence though. No one would ever refuse more time to live, he loved his work and this world he lived in, and he would make sure it was protected, but the news he had been getting for the last few days had been worrying, to say the least, and now that he was here, it was worse.

They were halfway through their climb up the mountain when he stopped and looked at his feet, his blue robes were heavily stained with red, and it was getting a bit harder to move as this red was nothing else but thick blood and it was beginning to congeal on his feet.

This place was a holy site and so they were all forbidden from using their powers when they climbed these mountains and had to use only the strength of their bodies.

This was the reason he was here, as he heard a report of blood flowing down this mountain for the last few days and he had hurried over to check, knowing that such an event was unprecedented.

A particularly strong breeze blew past and revealed that the valley below was no longer a valley, but could be termed a lake, but it was not filled with water but with blood. This breeze drove the stench of blood into the face of the old man and the lines in his face deepened.

In a few minutes, he reached the peak of the mountain and stood before the Tower. Its structure was alien, using a style not of Trion, but something that had too many odd stylistic choices that had to come out of the mind of a mad individual.

He had always imagined this Tower to be built by insects, he did not know why those thoughts always entered his head anytime he spotted one of these, maybe it was the way it seemed as if it was made from sand, and he always imagined billions of insects just slowly building the tower not brick by brick, but grain by grain, while using their saliva as a binding agent.

Aware that he was distracting himself from his tasks, he shook his head and proceeded towards the door of the Tower while wading through blood that was two feet deep.

The door had been sealed tight, but this did not stop the blood from escaping through the small cracks below the door. Reaching the halfway point to the door, he stopped and nodded at the Guardsmen, they acknowledged his order with a fist to their chest and all of them proceeded to walk past him and reached the fifty-foot massive doors of the Tower.

With six on each side, they all grasped the circular handholds on the door and began to pull it apart. The door seemed to resist their effort at first, but with a loud crack the door parted with explosive force and a massive wave of blood gushed out with so much force it flung the unlucky Guardsmen from the mountain peak.

The eyes of the old man widened and he braced himself before billions of gallons of blood buried him. A few moments later, the blood had flowed past and he stood back up, except for the white of his eyes, he was fully coated in blood.

He gasped and began walking towards the Tower with renewed determination, he wished to investigate this matter and be done with all of it.

The atmosphere inside the Tower was subdued and the air was filled with faint screams as if an entire world was wailing in pain. As the Dominator entered the Tower the screams increased to a feverish pitch and he had to squeeze his ears tight and block his perception or he feared he might have gone mad.

This was not far from the truth as the Dominator felt his mind slipping away from his grasp, he groaned and began moving forward, unknown to him his ears and eyes had begun to bleed profusely. In a moment he discovered the source of the blood, it was a Nemesis Plate.

Chapter 590: All roads leads to Trion

590 All roads leads to Trion

The Nemesis plate made the old man gasp in horror and he nearly wretched in revulsion and it took an active presence of mind to stop him from clawing out his own eyes.

A normal Nemesis Plate was white and sometimes gray or yellow, but this one was red, with its colors so deep it was nearly black. The Nemesis Plate was pouring out blood from beneath its base, and the screams from it were getting worse.

Countless screams from not just millions, no this was billions, trillions even.

"Aaahhh, stop it!"

With a yell of desperation, the old man pushed his fingers into both of his ears, twisted around, and with ungodly strength, ripped off both ears with a sizable portion of his flesh.

It did nothing to help however as the screams grew worse.

The Dominator fell to his knees as something inside his Spirit broke, he was not aware of it but he had gone insane, the only solace he had was that he would be dying in a short time soon, but he slowly traced his sight up to the name that was written on the Nemesis Plate—Erohim!

The name seemed to be warping and changing, from Erohim to Rowan Kuranos, as if unable to place the identity of the individual that was written on it.

'Was this not the Nemesis Plate of the traitor to Trion, Rowan Kuranos, by the gods, how many lives has he extinguished that would make the Nemesis Plate bleed?'

This was the last thought in the mind of this Earth god as his eyes closed in death.

A few hours later, a group of Earth gods entered the Tower to retrieve the body of the Earth god whose face was warped in horror and intense fear.

Although they were all careful not to look at the Nemesis Plate, they all died a few hours later.

In a week, every living soul in this world was dead, for the door to the Tower had been left open and the Aura from it had spread all over the planet.

This was the world that an Anima of Boreas came to find, one that was filled with the stench of death, with the faces of everyone warped in fear and horror, many had mutilated themselves before they passed away, clawing away at their ears as if to block them from something.

It did not take long for Boreas to also hear them—Screams.

So much screaming. Yet unlike everyone else who had died here, this sound only made Boreas frown a bit and he ignored it.

He flew over to the greatest of the cities where the tears of blood from the eyes of millions had gathered into a series of readable words.

"HE COMES"

The eyes of Boreas became filled with lightning and space for untold billions of miles began to shudder as a great cloud covered a third of the Empire.

"Lift with your whole back, not just with your arms. We are running out of time, and when this world falls we don't want to be left behind, because we will. We are no longer needed, just replaceable fodder."

"Yes sir."

"Don't worry about taking on more than you can carry, this is the last of them, after now, we are returning to our base. Did you keep all the frigate remnants as I told you to?"

"Yes sir."

Sigh. "You know, you don't have to call me... forget it, let's hurry up, a new bombardment is about to begin. The Harvesters are ahead of schedule, don't let them see your flesh."

"Yes sir."

A young girl who appeared to be around sixteen followed behind a man who appeared to be in his sixties, his face was gaunt and lined with the stories of hardship and suffering but his back was straight and the armor he wore was done with such great care to attention and detail, it was clear that this man was a veteran.

The girl was also decked in similar armor that was made from both bone and metal, and she carried a large pack behind her filled with all sorts of odds and ends that they had been gathering for the last three hours from the debris of the last battle.

The grizzled veteran straightened and looked towards the east where there were supposed to be three moons but only debris was left of that impressive sight. The remnants of the shattered moon were causing the skies to light up every few seconds as pieces of it fell from the sky.

This danger was the least that could be found in this place.

As a flaming debris shot by it highlighted the face of the man, Augustus Tiberius, once an acclaimed General, now nothing but an Abomination Thrall.

The girl behind him was rescued from the world that he did not bother knowing its name, but she later told him it was called Roa.

On that day Absomet the Living Rune Ship had reached Lamia, and for the last thirteen months, they had been battling across seven worlds, leaving untold billions dead in their wake.

This world was the latest that had felt the wrath of both Titans, and Lamia had won this one, she had began winning more of these fights, with lesser effort, the Abomination had grown too strong.

Augustus now officially a part of the Harvester Group would be among the last Abomination Thralls to sweep through the entire planet sifting for what remained before they left the dead world behind.

Over the months, the Abomination Champion had become less fascinated with Augustus, leaving him with enough time to pursue his individual interest, which now includes taking care of this girl.

Besides, Augustus understood that whatever was happening was now beyond him and was heading in a direction that would decide the fate of the Empire.

Such great plans were far beyond the likes of him, and Augustus now aware of his mortality and finding humbleness in the midst of suffering discovered one final gift this universe had to give him.

He could love.

This child with him was supposed to be dead five worlds back, but he had protected her through all the Chaos, he had ensured that she was safe, he did not know for how long that would happen, he was just a weak Abomination Thrall.

The only thing he knew was that he would die first before she came to harm.

His love was selfish, he was aware, but that was all his heart was capable of.

Overhead a loud trumpet sounded, as an Akhuril, those massive spider-like creatures began ascending towards space.

"Hold on to me child, this world is about to fall, and Lamia has gathered all the soldiers she needed, we head towards the Empire."

Chapter 591: A Boat Maker

591 A Boat Maker

A red light that had been shooting through the universe at speeds many times the speed of light had finally reached its destination. It had crossed countless galaxies and all manner of astronomical bodies until it reached this mystical place.

The red light slowly came to an end and the figure of the Third Prince was revealed and this time he was no longer fat, but thin, extremely so.

He was wearing threadbare black robes that appeared to be woven from spider silk and his bony chest was opened where it was possible to see four eyes that resembled cubes, a mysterious wind was emerging from the location ahead and it blew away the last of the hair on his head leaving him bald.

The appearance of the Third Prince had changed so drastically, It was as if he was a skeleton wearing a faded skin suit. What made his appearance even more terrifying was the fact that on his left shoulder was a second head, and tucked around his ribs were two extra arms that had been broken and nailed down on his ribs, to keep the hands from healing.

This head was of a woman—Elura the Emyrean of Life, and she appeared to be sleeping with her head resting on his bony chest, but a closer look would reveal that her eyes and mouth had been sewn shut, if not for her nose that was slightly trembling, it would be impossible to figure out that she was alive.

The Third Prince looked around, and as he did his nose decayed and fell off, revealing the darkness within and the flash of thousands of needle-sharp teeth. The end of this body was near and he had used it to its limits, which was unexpected, he had planned to wear this body for an entire Era, and it suited him just fine.

The Third Prince groaned in irritation, "Why can't I keep eating my cake and having more? It is the least courtesy this fucking universe could afford me after I've made the bitch fat and happy for so long."

Finally, he was at the End of Space.

In this area there were no stars or world, he had gone beyond where any god could ever hope to reach in their short lives and he was at the beginning of the desert.

This place has no name, for giving it one would make it even more of a threat than it already was, and no one wanted that event to ever occur, not even the Primordials. It was the reason sound was banned from it.

Before him was a vast desert, so great it was impossible to see its end. Massive sandstorms raged across it, so terrible it could destroy entire galaxies in seconds, but all these apocalyptic events were soundless.

This desert was very special for it was not only established in this universe, but in every universe that has ever existed and still exists, that was what made this place so incredibly dangerous.

The Third Prince was not just afraid of present dangers but of the past, especially the past.

For there were many things that were better left buried in the dark annals of history and they could all be found here.

He was not afraid of them, but he knew that if he was discovered the desert would claim him, and he would spend the rest of eternity waging a futile war against the sands.

How he hated this place.

This desert acted as the great divide that protected the consciousness of the universes. If he did not make it across the desert in one piece, his ambitions would be dying here, and if that were to happen, then he would be better off dead, that would be a mercy.

He stopped at the shore of this desert and his cold eyes began to slowly peer into it, and he seemed to be waiting for something or hesitating.

"There was a good reason why I sewed off your eyes and your mouth my love. Your endless nagging is enough to drive even a creature like me mad. How do mortal men survive with their women? I mean after all the millions of years we have spent together, you would think I would be used to the sound of your voice."

The Third Prince chuckled a cheeky sound that felt strange coming from his nightmarish appearance, the side of his mouth split apart and part of his lower lips fell off, and he continued speaking without even glancing at the discarded flesh,

"Unfortunately for you, your bloodline is extremely special, and with its help, I have hope of crossing this desert. Oh woman, you have given me so much fortune, how providence has shined on you. A Realm Crosser!"

From his chest, the four eyes began to shine green and a platform of wood was created. The Third Prince sat down before the edge of the desert and he began to work with his hands.

"I never did tell you my story. Not the lies I tell everyone, but the real ones."

"Do you know I was once a Boat Maker? It was my first craft, and I was so proud of my accomplishment. You don't understand? Well, I don't blame you. Where can I start?.... I was born when the concept of existence was meaningless, and for so long I was alone.... For so long."

"It took countless eternity for me to realize that I could even move. You may have thought that was obvious, but your sights are too short. There was nothing in existence, no darkness, light, void, sound... simply zero. Do you know what it feels like to be the only thing inside nothing?"

"I decided to move through the nothingness, but that was impossible you see, for how can you move through nothing? Another eternity passed before I realized that I was something and from that something, I could create other things."

"So I began to create things, and would you believe that the first thing I created was a boat! Weird right? At that time the knowledge of its creation was almost natural, but you know at that time I did not know the full reach of my powers and I had no idea I was taking an idea that had not occurred and was making it possible... I reached across nothing and made something... Elura, praise your husband, for I was the one that created Time."

Chapter 592: Fading Mortality

592 Fading Mortality

The Third Prince went silent as he continued crafting from the piece of wood he had manifested and it took him three months to finish his work. During this entire time, he did not stop talking, but his words became lesser and lesser until his tongue fell off, but he tore open the stitches on Elura's mouth and his voice came from her mouth.

What he created was shabby, it was a boat that appeared to be made by a drunken carpenter who had just begun learning his trade, but he looked incredibly satisfied with his work.

The Third Prince brought his two hands to his face, and his left eye fell from his sockets, and the fingers he had been using to craft the boat were twisted and broken, and with a slight shake of his body, his left hand fell off and he laughed slowly, but it was Elura's mouth that was moving.

"Even with my curse, look at how beautiful the work of my hand is. Even if everything I see is shadows and desolation, and my perception is of a maggot crawling through the dirt, my hands and fingers are made from twigs and brittle sticks..."

"... I shall not be denied my due. The suffering I have endured shall be repaid in full, this I promise you."

He climbed the boat and settled down, and with loud creaks and pops, the boat began to move into the desert, and before long the broken and lonely body of the Third Prince was covered by the desert sands... his destination unknown.

A man with long golden hair walked down the street of an unknown mortal world. His presence was subdued almost as if he did not exist. Like a ghost, he weaved among the bustling crowd until he stopped at a location and sniffed the air.

This action made him visible as a subdued hush went among the crowd at his presence, as he was a stunning individual, he shook his head and the perception of the crowd slid off his body and the confused people went along with their daily activities, all wondering why they had stopped in the first place and why they felt an intense sense of sorrow and loss in their heart as if they had lost the greatest opportunity they would ever come across in their life.

Turning his head, Rowan looked at an open-air restaurant, where their menu comprised barbecue and home-brewed wine. They claimed to have the best barbecue on the entire planet because their owner was an Earth god and he hunted the best exotic beast for this restaurant every day.

A memory made Rowan smile and he stood in the line and waited for his turn, it did not take long for him to reach the servers to place his orders, and he ordered everything on the menu, including all the wine that they had to spare.

The waiter, a young man of about twenty years of age looked at him with a weird look,

"Em, our portions here are pretty massive. The owners of the restaurant do not skim off the top if you know what I mean, everything is of a godly portion. I can assure you of that, except you are having a party, then forgive my words."

Rowan smiled and patted his stomach, "No parties, all for me, I am bigger than I look, don't worry I can take it all."

"If you say so... that would be, 1200 gold coins, you can pay upfront or use a certified kingdom promissory note."

Rowan opened his right palm and 1300 gold coins seemed to appear on it all neatly arranged inside a large open box,

"The rest are for you."

The waiter appeared flustered and accepted it in thanks, a single gold coin was worth a day's wages for him.

Rowan sat and waited for his meals to be prepared and wrapped and then he collected the hefty bundle, and with a single step he vanished, the waiter nearly screamed in shock at this disappearing act, before checking to see if the gold remained and breathed a sigh of relief when he saw everything was accounted for, but soon the memory of this event was wiped from his mind.

When Rowan reappeared he was before a beach, and he looked around before sitting down, as he bent to sit, the sand below him formed a large chair, and a table was also created before him from sand, but they did not resemble something made from the earth but rather crystals, as the sand had been packed so tightly together their structure had changed.

The chairs and table were gleaming from the sun overhead, and with a slight frown from Rowan, the sun descended and dusk arrived, he could hear the screams of fear from the entire planet, but the wind ceased and silence returned.

The food and the wine he brought, arranged themselves before him and he began to slowly eat, but before long he discovered there was no longer any pleasure in this activity.

He could taste it, and the flavors could even be described as exquisite but it was muted... small.

He would need to consume something that had a million times the flavor profile of this meal to satisfy even the least of his preferences.

This meal to Rowan could be compared to a mortal being served a single grain of rice, no matter how delicious or flavorful that grain of rice was, it was still too little to quench his appetite.

A figure came before him and he looked up from his musing, before looking away and continuing eating and drinking, but this time even more slowly,

"Why is this happening?" he asked, his words were filled with curiosity and a slight helplessness.

"The universe is becoming too small for you, it is crushing you beneath its weight, and you either break it open, or you will choke in your blood."

Rowan paused and pointed at the figure with a large drumstick still dripping with oil, "I can't choke you know."

The figure sighed, "Yes, and therein lies the problem, something has to give."

Rowan grunted in irritation and continued eating, "Will you join me, Eva? I don't believe you have ever partaken in any mortal repasts before."

"I have not, but now seems like a good time like any other."

She joined him as overhead the skies changed and a golden light descended like a meteor and slammed into the ocean, in a heartbeat, vast golden tendrils surged from the ocean and began to cover the entire planet.

Rowan had begun seeding this world.

"The taste of this wine is odd," Eva said.

"Try this other one, I believe it goes well with it."

"Hmm, okay."

Inside his Primordial Record, the number of seeded worlds crept forward.

1,254.

Chapter 593: Super-Clusters

593 Super-Clusters

It has been eight months since Rowan destroyed the gods of the Cerulean Galaxy, and in that time he had not rested for a single moment, as every day has been filled with unchecked and unprecedented growth in his powers.

This planet they were on was a Minor World that was very far from the Cerulean Galaxy and was among the new batch of planets that Rowan had begun seeding and collecting.

He had chosen the Cerulean Galaxy at first because of the great number of Minor Worlds in their possession and the large number of gods available in a relatively small area.

He did not let his success at the Cerulean Galaxy get to his head and he did not begin an unprecedented rampage all over the universe, for there were certain factors that led to him conquering that Galaxy without any outside interference and it was mostly due to the position of the Cerulean Galaxy.

This galaxy was quite distant from the nearest superclusters of galaxies that could house hundreds or even tens of thousands of galaxies, and so the Cerulean Galaxy had become quite isolated from their neighbors.

Individually each galaxy was weak and would usually be banded together under large superclusters, as this was the manner whereby gods of the universe could band together against other powerful forces that originated from inside the universe and outside.

These superclusters were powerful with ancient histories stretching for billions of years and all of them were connected to forces outside the universe, even Tenma a lone High God could summon the Avatar of a Demon Prince, it was unknown the kinds of power

these superclusters carried and in a manner, they could be a more dangerous opponent for Rowan than Trion.

How could Rowan also forget the presence of Tenma, this High God was surprisingly ambitious for his station as he had been slowly uncovering the story behind the life of this god, and was met with many surprises.

He had taken certain actions that made him a pariah in the rest of the galaxies and so he had fostered a closed-off community with the gods in his galaxy and shunned the other gods outside the Cerulean Galaxy.

Of course, such a move would not work for long, for as the gods grew higher in power they would start reaching for greater Dominions outside the Cerulean Galaxy but that would take billions of years and by then Tenma would be done with his plans.

A plan to leave the universe.

It was bold and daring and Rowan had come across a surprising amount of clues from this god on some certain matters involving affairs happening outside the universe.

The breaking point was coming when the battle between Tenma and the sliver of consciousness left behind by the Demon Prince would be resolved, and he was curious about what he would discover from this weird union.

With the knowledge that the rest of the universe was far more hostile than the Cerulean Galaxy, Rowan became more discrete in his operation, no longer loudly waging war but quietly seeding planets that would not be missed, and with his more powerful abilities he could collect the planets from their previous location, so that words of his actions would not spread.

It was better for the planets to be missing than for news of his Primordial Worlds to be spread out. There were many reasons for a planet to be destroyed or abducted, and he would leave it to the imaginations of his investigators to come up with whatever meaning they wanted to assign to this mystery.

Yet news and rumors about his activities were beginning to spread all over the universe, even reaching Trion and beyond, the only silver lining to this was there was no way to pin the action to his name, but not for long as the Covenant knew he was responsible, but there was a unique dynamic between him and Ohrox, and he wondered if the Demon Kohron would reveal the truth about this matter to the Covenant.

There were certain traditions among Demon Princes of the Great Abyss that led them to be fiercely territorial about their affairs, and Rowan was betting on Kohron keeping the events of the Cerulean Galaxy under wraps until they met face-to-face again.

He was also aware that he could not delay this confrontation for long or else the Demon Prince would go crazy and spread the details of Rowan's activities to the Covenant.

It would mean that finally Rowan would have to use the Anima of Ohrox once more, previously he was too weak to take advantage of this Demon's Anima, but it was different now. Now he was truly ready to step onto the stage of the powerful in the universe.

Unlike his previous universe where his actions would have been hidden for a long while, information could be transmitted faster than before, even faster than light could travel in the vacuum, and it was because of one factor—Aether.

It was what made it possible for sound to travel in a vacuum, and with all the battles that had been ongoing, Rowan and the gods had released a stupendous amount of Aether in every move, even his Seeded Worlds were releasing frequent bursts of Aether that did not necessarily require a medium to travel far.

This brought about the peculiar situation where the battle in the Cerulean galaxy, which should have taken tens of thousands of years to reach their closest neighbor, took mere months before the signs of great destruction began to appear all over the universe.

The wholesale slaughter of the gods had far-reaching effects that even Rowan was not aware of, but he was looking out for the signs and learning along the way. He could not slow down and consider his actions for long or his growth would be stalled, nevertheless, he knew that the only means of survival in the universe was with great power and that was what he would always chase.

In addition to this Rowan had no idea before now that the transmission speed for Intent was almost instantaneous, and its reach was only limited by its level, and so for billions of miles around the Cerulean Galaxy, the light from the battle of the gods was widespread, but it still fell short from reaching the nearest galaxy.

It did not stop the investigations of other powers to check the situation of the Cerulean Galaxy. But Rowan was already long gone. With Astrolabe he was in another unknown part of the universe where he kept expanding his forces while digesting and training on the abilities he had acquired.

All this progress led him here, where the next series of his plan was beginning to take root.

Chapter 594: Cocoon Of Change

594 Cocoon Of Change

Rowan and Eva sat on that beach that had become filled with a rising golden fog as the planet had become filled with the Essence of his World Seed and the transformation had begun.

This process was now faster and much more humane as Rowan had become more familiar with seeding worlds, the loss of life due to the transformation of the planet had been reduced to virtually zero, and everything was being transformed, blessed with his unique bloodline, and the same way he was birthing Angels from his Sheol Bloodline, the children that would be born from these planets would carry his Ouroboros bloodline and like his Angels they would be powerful.

With his growing powers, he may have to leave the universe much quicker than he expected, and if he was going to do so, then his children that would be left behind must be powerful, well, if his plans went according to plan, then his children would be the rulers of this universe before he left.

When the last grain of sand became stained with his Aura and the scream of the world consciousness faded, he was done with his mortal meals, he ate the last of the meat and drank the last of the wine, such weak mortal food would no longer be grown on this world, everything here would be different... stronger, even the grass.

Rowan rose to his feet and continued rising into the air and in a second he was outside the planet. The formerly blue and white world was now golden, as its entire surface was covered with apocalyptic storms as the transformation of the world was underway.

With his eyesight, he could see that on the surface of the planet, the waiter who served him his meals a short while back had dozens of golden tendrils pierced into his body and he was being liquified.

As his body melted, a large man-sized cocoon was created from his discarded shell and soon it began to beat a slow heartbeat. All around the planet, billions of these coccons were being created, some of them were as small as a mustard seed, and the others were as large as a mountain range.

There were faint stirrings inside all of them that Rowan could feel and he smiled, he could never get tired of this feeling, as the bond between him and his children slowly grew stronger.

Eva appeared beside him and watched as the fog transformed into massive golden clouds across the entire planet, and great thunderstorms began to grow, so strong that they even reached outside the mesosphere.

Eva turned and asked him, "This world has been successfully seeded. Will this finally be enough for your great project?"

Rowan smiled, "I have had enough planets to begin the plan a long time ago, the first draft of the plan was supposed to be just 100 planets, there would have been no way to make it better, but with time, and my growing abilities, alongside the treasures I have collected and all the constant refinement from Knowledge Well, meant that I have been able to supercharge this plan to be worthy of my bloodline and power, every move I make from this point must be greater than anyone can ever anticipate. My enemies from this point would be... dreadful."

Eva paused and seemed to hesitate, Rowan noticing her expression smiled before saying,

"You think what I'm doing is going to break a balance in the universe, don't you?"

Eva considered his words for a while before replying, "I think this universe and all other universes is already broken, and any action we take would not break an already broken board. We can only rebuild something better from the ashes. Especially this universe, I can't put my finger on it, but there is something wrong with it."

Rowan considered her words and said, "Because of the presence of my father inside this universe?"

"Partly, but it is mostly because of you. Any universe that houses a treasure such as the Singularity is bound to be different from the rest. If not for the obstruction by your father then I'm sure with your presence, this universe would have been transformed into something very different a long time ago, but as it would seem, your coming is inevitable and the universe is already beginning to change."

Rowan held his hands towards the planet below and a massive golden hand appeared and seized the planet and it began to shrink, causing the world itself to shrink alongside it until it finally settled on Rowan's palm.

"For the challenges I face, I will have to constantly break the rules, it is inevitable. Let us be on our way, it's time I create my Destroyer."

A blue light covered both of them and they vanished.

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They both reappeared in a place now being called The Forge.

With the death of the Cerulean Gods, Rowan had been able a harvest a bounty of materials and resources that was shocking to its extreme, previously he had once thought that harvesting planets was the greatest method to gather the universe's resources, and that was true for low-level resources, but for the high-end materials that Rowan needed, then the best place to collect them were from the gods.

Take, for instance, the materials of Murrihm's Divine Kingdom were made from an extremely rare ore called Star Iron. To find a few thousand tonnes of this material, one would have to search through a vast area of space, and the chance to find it was very low, yet Rowan was able to harvest more than thirty million tonnes of this Ore before the destruction of the Divine Kingdom.

Similar events with the rest of the gods followed, as he was able to gather such a vast sum of materials that many of the previous models he had placed down had to be revamped, as he began to experiment with these new materials and upgraded all the Divine Metals he had created before.

With his Hollow Forge, he could perform miracles with all these materials, yet the project he was undertaking was so intricate and massive in scope, that he could not create them entirely inside his Hollow Forge.

Beside him space parted and a boy who seemed to be about seven years old stepped out from the crack and bowed to Rowan, around him floated hundreds of tools, and his eyes that were entirely white was bright, and lively and he bowed towards Rowan and Eva before announcing.

"The plans for the Core are completed, Creator."

Rowan nodded, "Show me."

Chapter 595: The Tesseract

595 The Tesseract

In a vast space covering more than eight hundred thousand miles, massive mounds of processed materials were spread out on an arcane pattern that was slowly throbbing, all of the patterns were colored with vivid phosphorescent light that seemed to be burned into space itself.

The color of this light was strange, and it could not be easily described as it was in a spectrum that could not be found in the material universe, and Rowan had to sacrifice countless planets' worth of resources to produce the fuel needed to keep these patterns alive, for this would be the bedrock for his Destroyer.

In a single glance Rowan's consciousness swept over the entirety of The Forge, and witnessing the progress of his subordinate he was satisfied, every single moment had not been wasted and the culmination of all that effort was before him.

Rowan had been able to collect the plans for a Universe Killer inside the Ancient Library due to Andar's presence in the Black Tower.

A Universe Killer was a weapon of war that was so powerful that even Supreme Worlds would find it difficult to produce one of them. Rowan did not know how many Supreme Worlds were in existence, but he knew that perhaps only top-level Supreme Worlds like the Magus World or powers associated with Primordials like the Celestials or Infernals would have a Universe Killer.

In the Golden Book he had collected that recounted the battle history between the Celestial and the Demonic that had led to the destruction of the universe he had come across a blueprint for an Ancient Battle weapon of the Celestials, that was no longer being created because of unknown reasons.

This weapon was called, Apollyon — The Destroyer.

Due to the power of this weapon, its Aura was almost immortal like the Intent from a Primordial like Chaos, and it had infected this golden book that contained the records of that battle.

The information about its purpose and creation was like a virus that infected and laid claim to more than eighty percent of the information the Golden Book contained, and Rowan had been able to harvest that information successfully.

Doing this led to a gap in his defenses that a Cerulean god had taken advantage of, sparking the short war between Rowan and the gods. However all of these were in the past and a new journey was before Rowan now, and creating this great weapon was his priority for it would serve as his greatest weapon, as it had unique potential.

The Apollyon was a battle fortress that had the potential of battling against the forces of a Supreme World and it was one of the greatest weapons available to Major Powers outside the universe because even at its earlier levels it was capable of great feats and except for truly powerful beings like the Rulers of Supreme Worlds and Emphyreans, it would be difficult for anyone else to bring such wholesale level of destruction that it was capable of and the unique abilities it possesses.

What Rowan needed during his battles was focused destruction using an insurmountable amount of force, this would be the greatest weapon against his father and the surest way he would take to bring Trion to its knees.

In addition to its already impressive array of weaponry. The Apollyon would be able to focus all the energy of its inhabitants to a certain level and fire a beam of well... pure destruction. This was the primary reason it was called The Destroyer because it was able to access one of the fundamental forces of reality itself and take apart anything it came across on a level that was beyond the physical and reached the spiritual, and in higher levels, there were claims that the Apollyon could destroy even the soul itself.

Rowan would previously have believed this claim, but now that he knew about Soul Origin, he wondered if he would be able to bring this weapon to a level where it would

be able to destroy the Soul Origin of a creature because he felt that a weapon of this level would approach the might of a Primordial, and might perhaps be the only true method to kill a Primordial.

This was his greatest hope and also the reason he was pushing for such a super weapon, with his advancement in his Nascent Primordial Bloodline, he began to truly understand how difficult it would be to destroy a Primordial, he wanted the ability to focus his powers into a singular direction if he needed to do so, similar to starlight crown he gained while outside the universe.

Unknown to Rowan this was why the production of this particular Battle Fortress was discontinued by the Celestials, or they might have been forced to stop its production, it was due to the fact that theoretically, the power of Destruction that Apollyon was capable of producing could even hurt Primordials!

It did not matter if enhancing Apollyon to such a level were, by all means impossible, as long as there was a chance that such a weapon could be used to threaten Primordials in the slightest it was discontinued and banned, but such a weapon possessed Intent that was virtually immortal, and it had ended in the worst or perhaps the best hands—Rowan's.

There were various levels in the production of this weapon, and the first level of the Apollyon could be as massive as a Solar System, but in order to begin creating this first level then the Core of Apollyon needed to be developed.

To create the Core was both simple and complicated, involved the application of energy outside the normal three-dimensional forces available to most of the universe, which includes elements from the fourth Dimension—Time and the most important concept was the fifth Dimension which can be referred to as the Tesseract or Space-time Fabric entanglement.

Such higher-level knowledge became more understandable to him as he broke through to the Third Supreme Circle as a Nascent Primordial, and the very Dimensions began to bend to his will and understanding.

The changes within him were still confusing, even after eight months, but every day brought Rowan closer and closer to understanding the full reach of his powers, and when he did, he would be rising to the fourth Supreme Circle.

The best way for him to understand his new abilities was to create a powerful Universe Killer like the Apollyon, in this manner, working with Dimensional Energies would mature his understanding.

He was versatile with the fourth Dimension—Time, but the fifth was still a puzzle.

Chapter 596: Daring Plan

596 Daring Plan

The Tesseract was the domain of the 5th Dimension, and it was the merger between space and time, this gave Rowan the final piece of the puzzle when he viewed that monster from outside the universe.

He had traded with a powerful being during the brief period he was outside the universe and that monster had a distinct appearance and power that Rowan had found incredibly fascinating, its soul and flesh had been perfectly combined together.

It did not take long for Rowan to comprehend how profound such a state was.

A soul was almost impossible to observe, existing in such a weird and hidden state that most gods would not even understand the fabrics of their soul until they were maybe at the God-king Level, and even then it was still very debatable.

A perfect merger of the body and soul signified a being was in a far higher dimension which to the layman was a fifth Dimension, and the challenge for building this Core was to find a material that could bridge the gap between the first dimension to the fourth Dimension, as this was the basis for the production of the Core.

Yet since Rowan had seen such a higher form of life and he was rapidly becoming one, he had become fascinated with a much higher Dimension for the creation of his Core, and even though he had the blueprint for Apollyon, it did not mean it could not be improved on, and he wanted to build the Core of his Destroyer out of matter that could stretch between the first and the fifth Dimension while still leaving a gap to grow.

The Destroyer he wanted to create was no longer the conventional Destroyer used by the Celestials in those ancient times but something different.

When Sheol entered the Third Supreme Circle he was able to glimpse the direction of that project, and in addition to all the Treasures he had unearthed and gained from the creature he encountered outside the universe, he was able to draw up a plan using Knowledge Well, and the path of his Destroyer had changed in quite a fascinating manner.

It was becoming more and more like a concept than a real weapon, and this gave it the capability of carrying some special abilities that a Destroyer had no right to have.

The little fellow born from the Lost Flame pointed to the space below their feet and a flaming whirlpool appeared that sucked Rowan and Eva and Teleported them to the

center of the Forge. Rowan had begun calling this consciousness born from the Lost Flame an unimaginative name—Lost.

Lost was a fascinating creature that Rowan no longer regretted destroying as he had been a source of endless surprise for him, and as Rowan had taken this Omnipotent Technique to the Transcendent Grade in this short eight months, the powers of Lost had grown to such a level it became one of the most powerful weapons in his Arsenal, and Rowan could even argue that Lost was nearly as important as his other greater abilities, like his World Engine, his Chambers (Knowledge Well, Hollow Forge, and Astrolabe) or his Primordial Sea of Darkness.

The Arcane patterns that had been drawn on Space–time to create a stable Tesseract for Rowan's Destroyer Core was only possible using the flames of Lost.

With this flame, he could effortlessly bridge space time, because in order to create a Core that was worthy of Rowan's ambition whilst inside the universe he had to work simultaneously in the past, present, and future.

Rowan was not powerful enough to reach into those locations in the fifth Dimension but with the Arcane Runes, he would be able to directly transport the materials he needed for this to occur.

He spent the next three months going through every single inch of Arcane Runes here. A month back he had turned sixteen but he barely acknowledged that change, all of his focus was buried inside the Runes until he was satisfied.

Every single day the amount of resources needed to power the Runes was mind-boggling, Rowan basically had to be stripping a dozen worlds dry every day to keep these Runes in operation and if he did not have such a dedicated workforce like his Angels scouring an entire corner of the universe for the resources needed, no one would have been able to sustain such a drain.

Because his needs were so specific, and the planets that could fulfill his needs were so rare, he dramatically increased the number of Angelic Hosts he controlled, and currently, Rowan's Angelic Host was at a hundred thousand.

This was the first level, as he determined that after the successful creation of the Core, the next levels of Angel would be at one million!

A hundred thousand Angels were enough to ensure everything he needed was delivered in excess, and now that he was satisfied that every single micro component of this Rune was in perfect condition, he sighed aloud and began to clear his mind.

What came next was a gamble, and even though he knew it would not kill him, it was going to hurt.

Rowan was not afraid of pain, but the pain that he was expecting from what he was about to do would be ridiculous, far greater than when he tore himself open in order to feed the creature from outside the universe.

Rowan called out to the two fellows beside him who had not left his side throughout the three months he was rigorously inspecting the Arcane Runes,

"Eva, Summon all my hosts and your Scribes and Spell Weavers, if I lost control prepare for a battle while following all the Instructions I laid down. Lost, prepare yourself as you would be the final stroke that will break the camel's back... I'm depending on you. Do not fail me."

They both bowed deeply and the commotion around Rowan erupted into a feverish pitch as a hundred thousand Angels, with so many of them having four wings signifying that they were now Archangels and at the forefront, two terrifying figures with six wings—Sovereigns, began to arrange themselves around Rowan, their bodies were tensed, for if anything went wrong, then they would have to battle Rowan himself, their own creator.

If this happened, none of them would survive.

Powerful Formations began to surround Rowan as great weapons of power and spells that could devastate an entire galaxy were being primed and Rowan began to chain himself with the greatest metals he had been able to create.

His golden eyes were focused, and he opened his Primordial Record to check his progress before he began his daring plan.

Chapter 597: Bloodline Progress

597 Bloodline Progress

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 16/1,584,000

Strength: 2,170,182

Agility: 2,062,915

Constitution: 2,508,767

Class: None

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

Aspect:

Berserker (Tier 7— Completed)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 5— Completed)

Light Devourer (Tier 0)

Skills:

BERSERKER BLOOD (Origin — Level Completed)

Bloodline Skill: Eruption (61%)

Aspect Skill: The Lost Flame (Tier 5— Innate Convergence and Divergence)

Passive:

Decipher language (complete)

Berserker Intent (Silver)

Records:

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

SHEOL - Level 6 [0.000001/500,000]

TREE OF DESIRE - Level 6 Completed

Territory: Primordial Sea of Darkness

Bloodline Ability: Purgatory Gate (Locked)

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 — 1,252

Awakening Primordial Bloodline [Sheol]

Bloodline Upgraded:

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

[You can now control a small portion of the Light of Sheol.]

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

[The Sound of Luck has spread and Fate continuously bends to your will.]

Aspect Upgraded: Lament Of Celestial

Mortal→Refined

Spirit Gained: 299,000

Skill Gained: The Lost Flame [Convergence]

Refined→Earth

Spirit Gained: 399,000

Skill Upgraded: The Lost Flame [Active Convergence]

Earth→Heaven

Spirit Gained: 499,000

Skill Upgraded: The Lost Flame [Innate Convergence]

Mortal→Refined

Spirit Gained: 599,000

Skill Gained: The Lost Flame [Divergence]

Omnipotent Aspect: Lost [Contains and triples your Spirit.

Spirit: 3,592,000

You have Assimilated 250 Minor Worlds and you have gained a total stats of 839,916, distributed evenly among all your Attributes.

Strength Gained: 209,979

Agility Gained: 209,979

Constitution Gained: 209,979

Spirit Gained: 209,979

Spirit has submitted to the Authority of Sheol.

Soul Crystal — 285,997

Remark: Awakening Primordial

These Attributes would shock anyone to their Core, as no creature at the Third Circle, either Supreme or Great should have powers like this.

At the Third Supreme Circle, on the surface, Rowan was equal to a Pyre Lord as a Dominator or a Rank 8 Mage.

A Dominator when he ascends to the Third Great Circle would be a Cinder Spark, this was the stage where the Dominator would begin gathering all the fuel to become an Earth god, before ascending to become a Pyre Lord, which would be the peak of the Third Great Circle.

Rowan was now on the Emyrean System and he no longer had any division in his power system; if he could fulfill all the conditions he needed for this level, he would go up to the fourth.

For Sheol to develop to the fourth Supreme Circle, he needed to fulfill two conditions. The first was to increase its Authority, which was done by collecting Soul Origin and the second was Time.

Given enough time, Sheol could naturally grow until it reached the point where he would naturally ascend to the Fourth Supreme Circle. Rowan could easily solve this second part using his Soul Energy.

Due to the fact that from this point onwards, this Primordial Bloodline no longer accepted mere Soul Points but Soul Crystals, and it was requesting a whopping 500,000, which was equal to 500,000,000,000 [500 billion] Soul Points, he decided to wait for eight months for him to discover how long a Nascent Primordial took to mature.

The result nearly made him laugh and cry at the same time. From the slow growth and the expected size Sheol would become, it would take him at least 53 million years if he did not have access to Soul Points for Sheol to reach the peak of the Third Supreme Circle.

That number was ridiculous and Rowan had easier methods to get ahead, although the matter of Soul Origin still gave him pause, for except during that time on Trypho when he butchered the entire Mortals in that Major World, he had not been able to harvest any more Soul Origin.

There was a hint there on how to acquire more Soul Origin that Rowan would have to investigate, but he placed that aside for now.

This was the culmination of his bloodline and abilities' progress for the last eight months, from the massive growth in Eruption to his attributes now crossing two million points each.

It was one of the reasons he pushed for more seeded worlds, primarily because of the Attributes he would gain from it. Rowan no longer even looked at his lifespan after it crossed a million years.

Each seeded Minor World gave him a thousand years of lifespan, and after seeding 1,252 Minor Worlds, he had gained more than a million years of lifespan even while he was still at the Rift State as an Ouroboros Serpent.

Yet, this was all a small part of his overall progress, as each small growth in his abilities shown inside his Primordial Record represented a terrifying change in reality.

He hoped it would be enough for what was about to come.

When Sheol reached the Third Supreme Circle, it not only gave him the capability to wield a fraction of its power in the form of a bright light that held a myriad of colors like a

rainbow, but it also gave Rowan the ability to begin understanding and controlling esoteric forces without any hindrance.

This effect granted Rowan near immunity against all elemental forces up to a certain level, paired with his Innate Forcefields and Rowan would find it difficult to even hurt himself.

His fate was nearly sealed up and it would be nearly impossible to scry or try to divine his presence. He had a perfect understanding of the surface three-dimensional worlds and he could effortlessly command the elements and Aether for as far as his consciousness could reach.

At the Third Supreme Circle, Rowan could as well be called an Archmage, but that would be underselling his new powers, as he could now begin to truly understand everything his Empyrean Sight was showing to him.

Chapter 598: Convergence

598 Convergence

Rowan Empyrean Sight became the method he observed the world when he lost his Soul and for a lot of the time, he disregarded a majority of the information he had access to, either because they were meaningless or he did not understand it.

Rowan did not need to know the taste of the blood of an insect that was a thousand miles away, or that a certain mortal heartbeat was too fast, or the scent of light and so much useless information that his Empyrean sights had access to at all time.

Perhaps if he had dwelled in a mortal world for a long time, then such sensations and observation might have been important, but Rowan never walked those paths, his own had been a narrow one, and as a price for power he did not regret not living as a mortal for an extended period of time.

His war on the Cerulean Galaxy that led to the death of Trillions of lives as a side effect of their confrontation was a stark reminder that if he had chosen to slow his progress and walk as a mortal then the probability of his survival was near zero.

Gods were so rare because of how improbable a mortal could rise to that level in a universe where powers like this could be acquired.

Rowan's change was accelerating and he welcomed this development.

Reality itself was beginning to bend towards his will, and this was especially prevalent and noticeable when he entered a planet.

At this time, Rowan could no longer visit a random planet, but it must be a Minor World at the least. It was not a matter of control, as it was easy to forget that Rowan was on a path to becoming a Primordial, and his presence was beginning to warp reality.

If he ever wandered on an ordinary planet, it would not survive the Force Field surrounding his body, or the Aura of his emerging Primordial, as the planet would simply implode.

The only way he could even move through space was that his Aura was forcefully spread around for millions of miles, but that left his presence shining like a beacon and he could not remain in a single place for long.

Rowan had to create a massive formation to scrub his presence anytime he was passing through the universe, as he would begin corrupting reality if he was not careful.

After the war in the Cerulean Galaxy, he had to make sure he was not leaving traces behind of his presence, most especially now that his Primordial Aura was beginning to manifest in reality.

A Minor World could bear the weight of his Aura but not for long, maybe a year at most, and then it would begin to transform towards Rowan's Will or it would be destroyed.

The moment he entered a Minor World, the consciousness of that world would be almost enslaved to him.

It was the reason why a frown from him inside a world would lead to storms and earthquakes and a smile from him would lead to prosperity and even the dead rising from their graves. Rowan had not entered a Major World because he suspected that the commotion that would arise from his presence would be apocalyptic.

An Immortal Aura was arising from Sheol that was permeating the entirety of his body, and only his Ouroboros Bloodline was holding a major part of it from erupting into the universe, but even then, his Absolute Body was failing.

He would need to grow this portion of his power, his corporeal body was lagging far behind, but first, he needed to rid himself of a great danger.

In order to do so, his other abilities were being geared for this battle.

The Lament of Celestial Omnipotent Aspect sort of gave him back the Spirit Attribute which was being controlled by Lost, effectively giving Rowan a sentient powerhouse with millions of Spirit Stats.

His bargain had paid off and he was glad he did not destroy the consciousness of Lost when he was born, for this child had given him something he lacked—A Spirit.

If he wanted Rowan could access some certain part of his life that were denied to him, which was emotion... this was not a useless ability, because Rowan suspected that the reason he could no longer gain any Soul Origin from the death of mortals was because he now lacked Empathy for them.

This was just a theory but he would test it at a later time.

At the Transcendent Grade, the Lost Flames now had two variations born from its upgrades that appeared simple but their utility was almost endless.

When Lost utilized his white flames and applied the Convergence effect, it brought about many changes, one of which included the inability for the flames to be put out, except by a far greater force.

When the flames are applied to a target, it also links all the potential inside the target and brings them to a null point, and in doing so uses all the energy collected as fuel that is returned to Lost, which he could store away, and utilize in any manner he deemed fit.

Lost had stored a vast amount of energy inside of him that Rowan encouraged him not to use until it was needed. This was a trump card that could change his situation.

Convergence was a crazy power with endless utilities, this meant that even with a single point of Spirit and a tiny tongue of flame, Lost could raze an entire planet to ashes using Convergence, as this ability would suck all the energy inside the planet into the wisp of flame.

Convergence was like a Higher Order Rule, that dictated that anything touched by the Lost Flames would gather all their energy and potential to be injected into the flames, leaving nothing but ash.

It was the reason why the Cerulean gods had been devastated just by looking at the Spirit Matrix Gate. All the energy in their Divine Kingdom had been forced to a Null Point and injected into the Spirit Matrix Gate, but at that time, Rowan was not aware of this power.

He had gained this ability at the Refined Stage when he began upgrading this Aspect, which was incredibly easy for Rowan to accomplish because Lost could grow on his own, he only needed the necessary environment and stimulation for his evolution.

Chapter 599: Divergence

599 Divergence

When the Lament of Celestial Aspect was at the Refined Stage he got access to Convergence, and at first, he had to intentionally apply Convergence if he wanted to see its effect, but when the Aspect grew to the Heaven Stage, Convergence became Innate.

This meant that the effect of Convergence became permanent and an intrinsic part of the flame, previously, Lost would have to use his Spirit to activate this effect, but now that was no longer needed, although if he wanted to supercharge this effect, he could always apply more Spirit to provide the result he wanted.

Now, Lost had to actively hide his flames, because if a god caught sight of the flame for long enough, the energy in their bodies would be drained to zero and they would be ash, this was a god, to a mortal it was worse.

He also had to restrict his flames from ever escaping outside his body and anytime he used the flames in a large scale manner the flames would be shielded by Divergence, else the Lost flames would slowly turn all of reality to ash.

When Rowan met with the outside universal being, he was presented with a series of treasures, some of them were called Universe Killers, and the Lost Flame was the same.

If Rowan wanted he could simply allow Lost to unleash his flames to the Limit, and as it continuously burned and converged all of reality to a single point, the energy from this action would be fed to Lost who could use it to empower the flames, creating a vicious cycle that could potentially lead to the destruction of the universe.

Convergence was a powerful effect of the Lost Flames, but its true power shined when it was paired with Divergence, which did almost the opposite and filled its target with the energy of the Lost Flames, and this energy could either be benign or violent.

Paired with these two techniques, Rowan could not just destroy with his flames, he could also nurture, he could now control the intensity of the destruction of the Lost Flames, and so if he wanted he could burn a single piece of paper over the course of a century and perfectly regulate the amount of energy that his flames collected from the paper.

He could also do the opposite and feed the paper with his energy using the flames and with a careful manipulation of this energy, he could transform this paper into a lush tree or a mighty building if he wanted, the versatility of these two techniques was limitless.

This made using the Lost Flame a perfect tool for crafting, and Eva had made sure Lost had never gone a single day without filling his mind with Arcane Knowledge, and Rowan had begun to copy all the knowledge that Andar was gaining as an Acolyte of the Black Tower and funneling it to Lost.

This made the growth of this Omnipotent Aspect to Skyrocket, and Rowan estimated that in a year at most, this Aspect would reach the Immortal and then the Origin Grade and awaken its Intent.

All of this was still just a surface level of what the Lost Flame was capable of achieving, as in sufficient quantity and intensity, Convergence and Divergence could be used to touch the realm of Space–Time.

With Rowan's growing knowledge of the mystical due to the growth of his bloodline, he understood that the Intent of the gods only touched the fourth Dimension, and was still restricted to a large extent by time.

Immortal Intent like those from Chaos or the Infernal curse afflicting his Angels of Char went deeper and touched the Fifth Dimension, which was a merger of space and time, making this Intent impossible to get rid of, as it existed simultaneously in the past, present and future.

It was the reason why no matter how much Intent the Chaos Door Labaletai drew away from Rowan, it would always return, and to truly get rid of it, he needed a method of reaching this level.

Any technique with powers that touched the Fifth Dimension was very valuable to Rowan because he could use this power to burn away the Intent of Chaos, but that was still not enough, the corruption from a Primordial went even deeper, reaching perhaps a higher Dimension and even with the Lost Flames he could not totally banish it, but now had access to the Light of Sheol, a force that could eliminate the corruption of Chaos at its root.

He had begun to experiment with using the Light of Sheol and the Lost Flames on his Angels to banish the Intent from their bodies, and the effects were wondrous.

His two Sovereigns were free of any Infernal Intent and they were his own in totality. The Light of Sheol was a power that went deeper than the Fifth Dimension, but at the third Supreme Circle, he could only understand it to this level.

Rowan closed his eyes and his consciousness finally entered his Mental Space to reach the City of Sheol.

Even now, its magnificence still stunned him and he was not the only one, all the Angels of Char could no longer look at the city and none of them could reach its walls any longer.

The City blazed brighter than the sun, yet it was still possible to see every single inch of it, and that sight was deeply entrancing and he had to pull his gaze away with an enormous force of will.

With access to the Light of Sheol, he could now banish the Infernal Intent from their bodies, but he could not control a lot of that light at the moment, as lifting a single strand of light was an incredibly difficult feat for him, and the consciousness power he had to utilize to carry that light was enormous.

He currently had 113 Pillars of Consciousness and it was barely enough to carry that light.

Sheol still maintained its previous nature of being both material and intangible, as it shifted its forms to different shapes, the only difference was that the shoes it changed into had become more regal, as if it was touching something much deeper in the past or future.

Rowan had a hunch that its changing shape was due to him not having the power to fully control it, and when he finally could control this bloodline, its true form would be set.

Chapter 600: To Battle A Primordial

600 To Battle A Primordial

The greatest reason Rowan left his Ouroboros Bloodline at Level 3—The Rift State, not even the peak which was at the Incarnation State, was not just because he wanted to push this bloodline potential to its maximum, that was the plan at the beginning, but now he also wanted to rid it of its greatest weakness before making this bloodline more powerful.

That weakness was the Intent of Chaos. Rowan could no longer bear the thought of being filled with the Intent of another Primordial, because for him at this time it was pure torture. After all, he could feel it more deeply, both the Intent from Chaos and the other Infernal Intent inside his Angels.

They were like maggots crawling inside his eyes and whispering words of madness in his ears, he needed them gone from his bloodline or else he might go mad.

As a Nascent Primordial, it was almost unbearable for him, and it was a testament to his fortitude that he had been able to endure for more than ten months now as he slowly planned the best way to rid himself of them, once and for all.

Apollyon was his best answer, if this failed, Rowan would have no choice but to slowly pull out every single inch of Intent from his body bit by bit, but that would take too much time and effort, slowing down his pace of growth and leaving him helpless before his father's machinations.

To create the Core of a Destroyer involves creating a special kind of power— Destruction. During the creation of this force, it would give birth to its own Immortal Intent that would align with the Aura of its creator, which in this case would be Rowan.

To make sure this step went without a hitch, the main component of this Core would be coming from his body, an integral part of his bloodline.

When Rowan learned of this unique aspect of a Destroyer, his decision was solidified, he would be using something very valuable to him to create the Core of the Destroyer.

His World Engine.

The Core of his Destroyer could be made from anything, but the more stable the material was, the more load it could bear.

His World Engine had seeded more than a thousand Minor Worlds, and even had the potential to Seed a sort of World called a Nirvana World, a term Rowan had not come across even after all this time, he suspected that a Nirvana World must be the true dwelling of Primordials.

If he succeeded in making the Core of the Destroyer his World Engine, he would be able to merge his abilities and bring it to another level of power that was far different from the direction that his Chaos Blood was pushing him towards.

His bloodline would be transformed into something new and different, and it would be greater than whatever Chaos had planned for him, his instinct as a Nascent Primordial was awakening and Rowan knew what this direction would be, it was towards his second Primordial Bloodline.

This would be impossible to consider for any other being, but he had , and he did not need to fulfill every single requirement before he succeeded, he only needed to create an opportunity and his Primordial Record would fill in the blank spaces.

As he grew stronger, he began to understand the true influence of this treasure, none of his bloodlines or power that he carried should have dwelled inside the body of a single being, but was a sort of link that held the impossible miracle that was Rowan together.

He did not know the limits of this treasure yet, but what he understood was that he would be foolish not to take advantage of it now while it still provided him with assistance.

There were certain signs that were showing that when his Primordial Bloodline took another greater step forward, may lose a greater part of its effects on his body, before that would happen he needed to do everything possible to ensure he took advantage of this treasure.

All of this preparation he was making was for Rowan to create his second Primordial Bloodline while ridding himself of his status as a Chaos Blood.

He could no longer wear the mantle of Chaos Blood if he wished to grow stronger and take the path that was suitable for him. He could not allow his Angels to be born as Chars.

Rowan expected a heavy backlash for what he was about to do, and for the last ten months, he had been preparing for that backlash.

This would be one of his greatest endeavors for he was going against a Primordial, even if it was only his Intent, and Rowan made sure everything was as ready as it could be.

The Treasures he acquired from that outside universal creature would play a great role, for the three he selected were all carefully chosen, they included; Aeorkron Core, Universal Bearer Level Treasure,

Ruin of the Mountain, and Sea Supreme World: Proto–Source Level Treasure,

and finally the Gears of Madness, also a Proto–Source level Treasure.

There had been other great treasures that he wanted to pick, but he had selected these three for they would serve his current needs better than any other, when he got stronger he would be able to come across better treasures.

Rowan's rate of growth was so fast that no matter how great a treasure was to everyone else, he would quickly leave them behind, and perhaps only his Destroyer would be able to stand beside him till the end, and the fact that he might be able to integrate the abilities of other treasures into this Great Weapon sealed this deal for him.

"Lost, move us into position," Rowan commanded. The boy acknowledged his order with a blink from his large and expressive eyes and he waved his arms in a mystical pattern that made Eva roll her eyes.

As an Omnipotent Aspect linked to Rowan himself, a Nascent Primordial and a Supreme Technique born from the first flames in all of existence, he did not need to make any gestures in order to perform any action, but he became used to doing it after watching the Spell Weavers.

'He is young, he will grow out of it in time,' Eva thought fondly as she watched the area for millions of miles become covered with white flames that suddenly shrunk into a single point and disappeared from the universe, taking Rowan, the Forge and everyone here with it.

