

The Primordial Record

Chapter 601: The Sovereigns

601 The Sovereigns

The Teleportation from Lost was smooth and seamless, and the area they appeared in was strange, as it resembled an extremely vast world that was filled with Ice and Metal.

This was a unique space that Rowan had created with the help of Lost using the remnants of all the Divine Kingdoms of the Cerulean gods.

It was maintained by Lost, and it was utilizing the ability of a Divine Kingdom to shrink space. It existed as a single grain of dust, but inside of it was a space more than a billion miles across.

This place was unique and was the crowning point of Rowan's current power, and all the knowledge he had been collecting from Andar about how Dimensions operate because it mimicked the form of a Fifth Dimension as closely as possible while still being inside the three-dimensional universe, this was the only way he could forge the Core without leaving the universe.

After all, the Destroyer was a weapon created by outside universal powers.

Rowan had drawn on his experience of the environment outside the universe and every single mystical knowledge he was harvesting, paired with the unique abilities of Lost and his Light of Sheol to create this place.

This was the true face of The Forge, not the one engraved outside the universe, that one was just a small portion of the overall expanse.

When they all reappeared inside this location the Arcane Runes automatically activated and the forging of the Core began.

This place was created for only one purpose, and when Rowan entered it, the forging of the Destroyer would commence as his presence was the key, and he could no longer stop it, either he succeeded or he failed, and there was a certain risk, although slim that failure would lead to his permanent death.

A risky endeavor, but after balancing it against the alternative of not doing it, Rowan knew that this was the right choice... the only choice.

Eva commanded the Angels and the two Spell Weavers under her to the farthest end of the Forge, they were to be the final backups, and Eva hoped they never get to the

situation where they might require their help or all was lost, but she knew that sometimes in a battle, even the smallest change can cause the greatest difference.

The Two Great Sovereigns took the foremost Formation, and even Eva herself found it difficult to even peer at these Creatures, they blazed with Divine Lights and they were always silent because they had awakened their True Voice, an ability that made their words force changes in reality.

This power was similar to Intent but it was stronger in some certain manner that Eva did not yet understand. She knew that the creation of this Space that neared what a Fifth Dimension might be, but still making the space accessible for lesser Dimensional beings like everyone else here except Rowan was due to the powers of the Sovereigns.

When they became the sole creation of Rowan, some of their awakened abilities were strange and Eva did not recognize most of them.

Their link with Rowan whom they deemed to alone be worthy made it almost impossible to communicate with them, Eva had tried, but she was met every time with silence, and Eva wisely stopped after three times for she did not want to trigger their wrath, although she knew they would never hurt a Vassal of Rowan, she did not like to test the patience of beings she was sure could kill her in a blink of an eye.

They had two states, their corporeal state where they appeared like golden titans, standing more than fifty feet tall with six wings, or their battle form, where they grew an extra twenty feet and possessed three heads, fourteen wings, and six arms.

A Sovereign was so powerful that they had to always appear in this reduced form or else, no one except Rowan would be able to stay around them for millions of miles. Although they became Sovereigns a few months back, Rowan had always kept their true capabilities under wraps, Eva knew a trump card when she saw it.

The reason Rowan had not begun to sweep through the Universe was his incredible restraint that made him treat his vast powers as delicately as a surgeon, he anticipated distant problems and he never wielded his strength without reason.

Besides she knew his problems were great, and his sight was ever looking forward, making plans and connections that she was finding more and more fascinating.

Eva had to admit that she missed that link between Rowan and herself that these Sovereigns now share, but she had a stronger sense of purpose now that she was an individual creature and not necessarily a part of Rowan's bloodline, and every choice she made seemed to be more fulfilling for her.

Eva truly understood that she served greatness, and in the entirety of the multiverse, there could only ever be a single creature like Rowan Kuranos, and it was an honor to serve his dreams.

'I need to start pushing my strength forward, so I can be of more assistance.'

She figured out that there was no way she could keep up with Rowan's growing powers, but she could make sure that his plans would always come to fulfillment if she stayed in the darkness and eliminated any fraction of uncertainty in any of his endeavors.

That was the entire purpose of her Scribes and Spell Weavers, they were to be the poisoned needle in the darkness overseeing the edges of the light. Eva would free up Rowan's attention from other extraneous activities and let him focus on the overall picture without worrying about the little details.

She felt she could do this much to support him.

The next row of the guarding formations was held by her and 2,000 Archangels!

In eight months Rowan had been able to bring his powers to such great heights that he could destroy the previous Cerulean Galaxy with a small contingent of Archangels, and that was not even adding into the equation the two Sovereigns, Suriel and Erudiel.

Each Archangel was carefully selected and although none of them had the potential to become Sovereigns, this was deliberate, for it was difficult to reproduce a Sovereign, because of the greatest factor that could influence an Angel's growth, which was Resonance.

Chapter 602: Resonance of The Angels

602 Resonance of The Angels

Resonance was the greatest gift and hitch to Rowan's upgrading of his Angel's Ranks. Without Resonance he would only have access to Angels, powerful forces to be sure, but not enough to stand outside the universe, with Resonance he could increase the Ranks of his Angels.

The simplest method to understand this was that an Archangel required the merger of two Angels for it to be created, and to create a Sovereign it required a merger of seven Angels, but there was still another restriction to this process.

Rowan had hundreds of millions of Angels currently and if it was as simple as merging random Angels to get a higher-

ranking one, he would already have Thrones and Dominion in his Great Hosts.

What was needed was Resonance, as every Angel was unique, and to merge any two angels, they would essentially have to be the same.

An Archangel could be seen as a single Angel divided into two, and a Sovereign was a single Angel that had been divided into seven different Angels.

The problem was that when any Angel of Char was resurrected in his Mental Space, they emerged randomly, and Rowan knew that if not for the fact that he had a perverted bloodline like the Tree of Desire that was bending fate and probability towards his side, then it would be difficult for him to ever create a Sovereign, and in such a short time to boot.

This made Rowan careful about every single Angel he was awakening and was on the lookout for Sovereigns or above whose Resonance was complete, so he could quickly ascend them to their true power.

Currently, there were thirty prospective Sovereign candidates but their resonating partners had not been resurrected yet.

For higher Angelic Ranks like Powers, it was more restrictive and it would be incredibly difficult to get an angel at that Rank for he would need eighty-one eyes!

To put this in context, he had to resurrect a hundred million Angels to get the number of resonating partners to get two Sovereigns, it could be imagined how many Angels were required for a Power to be completed.

For a Cherubim, the number was much bigger, 1008, a Seraphim would need 9,999, a Principality would need 100,888, and a Dominion would need 1,999,999 Resonating partners.

A Throne was strange and Rowan did not bother trying to figure out how to create such an Angel at this time.

If Rowan did not understand the complete meaning of having Angels of this Rank in his Host, his creation of the two Sovereigns had shown him how difficult it would be.

Nevertheless, his biggest advantage was his Tree of Desire Bloodline, otherwise, he would need countless billions of years to be able to summon a Dominion if not many Eras, and Rowan wondered how many Dominions would exist in the Celestial Court, most probably there could only be one.

This was the quality that made Rowan so dangerous, he only needed a short time to acquire power that anyone else would take millions if not billions of years to achieve.

Soul Energy had made the advancement of Rowan become something out of fiction, and he might not need billions of years to get a Dominion, maybe a few million years at least.

Yet all this speculation was useless if he did not survive this encounter or he failed. For a being like Rowan death was preferred to failure, after all, he could resurrect himself and correct his mistakes, but failure meant he would never succeed in creating a Core.

Rowan disregarded any frailties in his thoughts and his body was consumed by golden fire and he began to expand, returning to his true size.

He usually placed all his bodily essence inside his Mental Space and reduced his corporeal form to under eight feet tall, but if he wanted the full advantage of possessing a body type that was the size of multiple cities, he could quickly get back to this size.

It took a few seconds for him to stand at 685 Miles tall, a single strand of his waist-length hair was longer than 200 miles, and he discarded his billowing white and golden robes, only wearing black trousers with a large golden belt that was filled with billions of scripts.

This golden belt was made from the new and upgraded alloy—

Lightbreaker.

This Alloy was created by infusing the Aether born from Sheol which he called Ambrosia, and with his Completed Territory and his Bloodline at the Third Supreme Circle, the production of this Aether had drastically increased, and he now had enough to produce a belt that was more than thirty miles long, which was enough to shield his entire body with its powers of destroying Intent.

From afar the belt resembled a dull golden color, but only when you drew very close to it would its true colors reveal themselves.

The colors were similar to the light of Sheol, which was similar to the lights from a vivid rainbow, it was eerily charming and if an enemy ever got close to Rowan, it was inevitable that they would be drawn in by its glow, and Rowan was counting on it to be a valuable part of his arsenal.

Rowan restricted his healing and summoned Envy. This weapon that had been buried inside the Major World of Trypho and hidden by Tenma proved its stubbornness when it dragged itself back to Rowan's side after three months, and it took the entire Major World with it!

He had watched with great astonishment and amusement as the weapon had towed an entire Major World slowly through the void and presented it to Rowan.

Until now he had not seeded this Major World due to the fact that its World Consciousness was incredibly tenacious and Rowan did not want to destroy it, but the most important reason was that he did not want his World Engine to integrate with such a powerful world yet, not until he could cleanse the rot inside of it.

All of these was a delicate dance between improving his abilities to a level that he could fight against the Intent of the Primordials while still limiting the power he controlled to reduce the difficulty of the change.

In a perfect world, Rowan would have waited for his Primordial Bloodline to become stronger at least at the fourth or fifth Supreme Circle, but that would be courting with madness that was perhaps as worse if not more than him just burning Eruption unhindered.

Chapter 603: Forging Begins!!!

603 Forging Begins!!!

Rowan at his full size made Envy smaller than a speck of dust, but that was quickly fixed as the weapon rapidly began to expand until it was 400 miles long.

Rowan seized it by the shaft and raised the Great Axe, channeling the Lost Flames and Berserker Aspect, the Axe Head erupted with a white light brighter than the sun and the core of it was red like blood, his surroundings also lit up as the Arcane Runes activated with a loud clanking sound as if a gigantic cog in a colossal engine had been activated, which was not far from the truth.

With a vicious slice, he parted his chest down to his stomach, and with a roar of resolve he shot a massive burst of Lost Flames and his entire Berserker Intent inside his chest paired with the enhanced vibrational force of Envy, a massive shock wave blasted out from his back pushing his miles long hair to rise up like a gigantic tornado made from golden silk.

His serpentine eyes were fixed in determination even as he began to bleed golden blood from all of his pores that shot out from his body with enough force that they left bright trails in the air as they moved at nearly the speed of light.

"HHAAHH!"

Rowan screamed and increased the intensity of the blast pouring into his chest and his entire torso was vapourised leaving just his floating golden spine that connected his body to his head.

The amount of power he was using to destroy his body was so massive it could put nearly all the total amount of power used during the Cerulean Galaxy war to shame, but that was the least that could be done to even hurt himself to this level.

This was also with him actively restricting the elemental resistance granted by Sheol and shutting down the Forcefield from his Ouroboros Bloodline.

This continued for a few moments until the space inside Rowan's body began to ripple and the edge of something circular and glowing was revealed, he quickly shifted his Axe to the side, and with his other hand he grabbed the edge of the glowing circle and he groaned in pain and resolve as he began to drag it out of him.

The Corporeal Form of his World Engine resembled a massive ring with six circular slots on it that was filled with milky white light.

Inside these slots were the areas where the world seeds were produced and where the Ouroboros Serpents slept.

Letting Envy fall, he seized the World Engine with his second hand and began to pull, a dull roar began to grow from the slots where the Ouroboros Serpents slept, and Rowan harshly rebuked them, "Do not leave, not for anything that happens."

His voice silenced the Serpents and they went quiet, allowing Rowan to focus and continue pulling the ring out of his body.

His World Engine had dwelled inside his body but resided in the Fifth Dimension, a place he could not touch until he reached this level, and without the unique environment of the Forge then this action he was making would be useless as the World Engine would not be even visible to him when he was outside the universe.

With a final heave of effort he brought out the massive ring that was more than forty miles in diameter, thousands of white flaming chains suddenly shot out from the Arcane Runes around Rowan and dragged the World Engine away from him until it was suspended in the middle of the air.

Rowan staggered back, the pain he was feeling was devastating, even after his body healed up, the pain never abated and he knew this was just the beginning of the torture that was waiting for him ahead, but all the preparations he had been making was for the simple reason that he wanted his freedom, and the pain was the least of the price he was willing to pay.

Rowan steadied himself and took a step forward, appearing beside the massive ring, with a single finger he touched one of the white flaming chains and it hummed like a finely tuned guitar, Rowan bent his ear to listen, and after he was satisfied that the chains would hold for a little while, he commanded in a loud voice,

"RISE!"

Untold billions of Arcane Scripts began to arise from the space around him, and like fireflies to a fire, they surrounded the World Engine and began to embed themselves in it.

When more than thirty million Arcane Runes had covered the entire World Engine that there was no longer any space left, Rowan stretched forth both of his arms and a vast wave of Telekinesis that painted the world around a shade of gold for billions of miles settled on the World Engine and pushed the Arcane Runes inside of it.

"BOOOOM!!!!!"

A massive shockwave that would have devastated multiple solar systems erupted from the World Engine as the Arcane Runes were forced into it, accompanied by a loud sound that pushed back the Formation around Rowan for hundreds of miles, but like a tide, but the formation quickly returned.

The Two Sovereigns were in the North and South of the Formation and their presence was a stable rock that not only dissipated the damages being produced by the crafting of the Destroyer, they also repaired any faults in the Arcane Runes as quickly as they were made.

The next round of Arcane Scripts covered the World Engine and Rowan clenched his fist again, pushing it deeper into it, as another greater shockwave erupted, and this time there was a black glow that began to escape from the World Engine, and with each successive infusion of the Scripts inside it, this glow began to increase and on the nineteenth round of infusion, the glow suddenly turned red.

Rowan's eyes grew more focused, he had already infused half of the Scripts inside the World Engine and this red glow signified that the metal had become malleable enough for him to pour in the rest of the Runes, the only caveat was that he must be incredibly focused and his placement of the Runes must be precise to a ridiculous degree.

To gain access to the Ancient Library, Andar had crafted Formations, Talismans, and Scripts, and he was lauded as a great genius, but if he was here, he would go into shock with the complexity of a single Rune that was being manipulated here.

Chapter 604: Higher Order Spell–Goliath Might

604 Higher Order Spell–Goliath Might

Just one of the Rune Rowan was controlling was thousands of times more complicated than the Runes Andar had ever come across, as it contained parts that Andar could not even comprehend, for most of it did not even exist in the present, but in the past or the future, and Rowan was simultaneously controlling multiple billions of these Runes at the same time!

In a few short months, he had achieved a level of competency that would take someone else forever to achieve, as a Nascent Primordial, the world of mysteries was an open book to Rowan.

It was not that the Scripts inside the Endless Vault of Andar did not reach this level in complexity, but as the owner of the Endless Vault, certain mysteries were laid bare to him and he was able to easily understand them, else no matter how talented Andar was, he would not have been about to manipulate even the least of the Script inside the Endless Vault as an Acolyte.

Rowan did not have that luxury, he had to understand these Runes and manipulate them at a level that was beyond what Andar could understand, yet he knew his foundation of Rune manipulation was sourced from the growing knowledge of Andar and his Knowledge Well was constantly refining his every understanding until his mastery became ungodly, it was a good thing then that he was a Nascent Primordial, knowledge like these became easier to apply.

This was a feat that had exceeded a god or even an Archmage as each of Rowan's Consciousness Pillars was equal to or even better than the Immortal Soul of a god or Archmage, and he had more than a hundred of those.

Rowan had stopped comparing himself to a god or an Archmage a long time ago, and the only thing he was careful about was powers that were ancient, as only those would have the foundations to challenge him, and Rowan knew his main opponents were truly old, with time even trash could be endlessly refined to a Supreme treasure.

Bringing his focus to a razor edge Rowan began bombarding the World Engines with the Arcane Runes, holding all the billions of Runes with his Telekinesis and controlling them to precisely fall where he wanted.

The pain he was feeling began to increase exponentially and a slight frown crossed his face, as the World Engine was linked deeply with him and his actions were similar to refinement. This brought about a level of pain and discomfort that was almost impossible to describe.

If the pain he was feeling was a 10, then what his Ouroboros Serpent was experiencing was a 100. Yet they obeyed his orders and did not cry out in pain even as their bodies began to disintegrate gradually, when the flood of the Runic bombardment was coming to an end, the World Engine that was shining a bright red began to slowly melt.

A glowing platform emerged below that was shaped like a bowl and began to collect the melted portions of the World Engine. It took three weeks for the entirety of the World Engine to be melted and after that was done, Rowan's face was pale as bone, and he had been drastically weakened.

He let out the breath he had held inside his lungs for the last three weeks and it came out as a hurricane that ravaged this space for endless miles, thick fog escaped from his nostrils, and created massive clouds overheads, as a storm clouds stretching for hundreds of miles began to hover over his head.

Rowan nearly fell on one knee and a quick scan of his Attributes made him pause a bit in shock but he pulled through this impediment and continued, he had expected this to happen, after all the World Engine was the Core Ability of his Ouroboros Bloodline.

Strength: 566,899/ 2,170,182

Agility: 457,666/ 2,062,915

Constitution: 987,880/ 2,508,767

His physical abilities were now in the gutter, but he did not truly need it for what was coming, as he had other alternatives, and for the forging ahead, it was the abilities from his other bloodline that had what he truly needed.

Rowan did not have to gesture for Lost before the boy began to chant words to a Higher Order Spell.

That was right, with Lost giving Rowan back the Spirit Attribute, this Omnipotent Aspect could cast Spells, and it was a Higher Order Spell to boot.

This was what only a high-level Mage or an Archmage could cast because of the high cost, but Lost could effortlessly cast this spell that required at least 400,000 points in Spirit because his Spirit Stats ran into the millions.

In front of the boy, a silver pentagram appeared in the air and was inlaid with various ethereal Scripts that rotated inside the pentagram, he lined up the Spell so that it would face the direction of Rowan and he shot it toward his right arm, as he was doing so, he cast the same spell once more, and shot it towards Rowan left arm, his legs, and chest.

The entirety of the Spell cost the Omnipotent Aspect a whooping 2.5 million points of Spirit that was exhausted in less than three seconds and he appeared a bit tired, but in a blink of an eye, he drained the power he had been accumulating from using Convergence and refilled his Spirit to the peak.

The Spell he had just cast five times on Rowan was beginning to show their power as the Pentagram inlaid on Rowan's body began to glow and a flood of electrifying energy filled Rowan's body like ice water being pumped into his veins.

He gasped and checked his Attributes once more and he grinned.

Strength: 4,666,666/ 2,170,182

Agility: 7,666,666/ 2,062,915

Constitution: 9,666,666/ 2,508,767

This Spell had not only dispersed his weakened condition, it has also doubled his strength and Agility, while more than quadrupling his constitution.

This Higher Order Spell was called Goliath Might, this was one of the Spells that Eva had taught to Lost and was one she could hardly cast more than four times, but Lost was able to continuously cast this Spell for as long as he wanted while refilling his Spirit with Convergence.

Rowan opened his right palm and Envy returned to it, he took the Axe Head of the weapon and began to press it.

Envy shivered in discomfort, but did not move and in a short while, the Axe Head had been transformed into that of a Great Hammer.

Rowan smiled and channeled the Lost Flames around the Hammer Head and began bringing out the other materials he needed for this process.

The first thing he brought out was the Gears of Madness.

Chapter 605: Wielding Decay

605 Wielding Decay

Gears Of Madness: Proto–Source Level weapon. This broken 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 Treasure had two great properties, which were its weight and apparent indestructibility.

The weight could be adjusted as the user preferred, and although Rowan had not tested how heavy this blade could become, he did not doubt that it would be unfathomable, to become a Proto–Source level treasure with just these two characteristics was proof of the sheer might behind this weapon.

It did not take long for Rowan to discover what made this blade indestructible, which happened because there was an ongoing process inside the blade that made the treasure constantly compress itself while it was simultaneously creating more materials of itself, so it maintained the same size but its weight and durability kept increasing.

This basically meant that over time this blade had condensed itself to a level that made its density almost impossible to fathom, and if he dropped it inside a supermassive black hole, the sheer density of the blade would cause the destabilization and the death of the black hole.

He was able to even lift the blade because it was a Higher Dimensional weapon and it was able to exist in various states at the same time, but that did not mean he could effectively wield this blade, and at his present level he would not be able to take advantage of the true power of this weapon.

Rowan had been able to find out a little information about the Mountain and Sea Realm from Andar and although he could not get any relevant information about this Realm, he knew it was destroyed more than Thirty Eras ago, which was a mind-

boggling distant time.

To understand how distant that time was was straightforward, an Era was the unit of time that a universe could exist, usually it was a billion trillion years, but that number can be shortened or lengthened according to various factors he was not aware of at this time.

Nevertheless, in thirty Eras, most of the universe that existed would have died out, and new ones born, thirty times over.

Even if the Gears of Madness had been an ordinary treasure in that distant past, after all this time and endless compression it had been undergoing, this weapon had become truly indestructible...

But you see, for Rowan to forge the Core he wanted, he needed to Destroy this blade, or rather reduce it to its previous state for a short while.

Normally that would be almost impossible, but that would be for anyone else, remember that for Rowan he needed only the smallest opportunity and with his greatest trump card, he could make the impossible possible, for he controlled Soul Energy.

The plan he was about to undertake would be quite impossible without it, no matter how much he prepared or for how long, there were some things that were deemed impossible for a reason.

Rowan did not waste any more time and swiftly began the next step in the forging process.

Using Eruption now would be very dangerous, but it was possible to endure it if he only used it at the barest minimum, and that was what he did, yet with his current Attributes even the barest minimum usage of this technique created a massive increase in his Stats.

Strength: 74,666,666/ 2,170,182

Agility: 57,666,666/ 2,062,915

Constitution: 87,666,666/ 2,508,767

This was a vast increase over his original stats, but this goes to show how tyrannical the ability of Eruption was when his Attributes continued to become larger, since Eruption used his base stats as a foundation, it could quickly provide a massive amount of stats for him.

With that out of the way, Rowan alongside Lost and Eva began to chant the words to an eldritch Spell that sounded incredibly strange, because the language was the same as the one used by the Narghal Tyrant, it was an long lost ancient tongue that Rowan had adopted.

He did this because it was better than Medan in transmitting the information he wanted and this led to an increased efficacy when casting spell.

Rowan brought up Envy, now in the shape of a hammer, and created a Telekinetic Platform underneath this Proto–Source Level Treasure, he slammed the hammer down on the blade, at the point that commented the blade to its hilts.

Even with the current size of Rowan, the blade was a broad as a an entire planet and Rowan could only strike at the edges of it.

"BOOM"

In order for him to have any effect on the weapon, the Telekinetic Platform below it reflected twice the force that Rowan slammed into the weapon with.

This force was not traveling from his hammer through the weapon and onto the Telekinetic Platform, it was only Rowan exerting pressure on opposite sides using his Mental Energy while controlling his Telekinesis so he could crush this Treasure.

The Gears of Madness did not vibrate and simply drank all the force being thrown at it.

"BOOM"

Infused in the hammerhead of Envy was a thick wave of Vibrational Energy so dense it was visible, the color of Vibration inside this unique dimension that Rowan had created was pale green, and it sparkled like Jade.

"BOOM"

The flames of Lost and his Berserker Intent were being utilized with no limits, as he was burning millions of points of Spirit with every swing of the hammer, Convergence was being displayed in full force, and all these were backed by the extraordinary force Rowan Attributes now carried.

"BOOM"

The spell Rowan, Eva, and Lost were chanting was a Higher Order Spell that sought to imitate the Decay effect Rowan had experienced when fighting the Narghal Tyrant.

During that Tribulation he had been thrown against the Tribulation Ring and had suffered the effect of Decay that regarded his constitution and consumed his body more quickly than he thought to be possible.

Rowan had taken a sample of that Energy, and using his new insights, he could create a spell that could generate that energy, it was this energy that was being born precisely the moment, the head of the hammer impacted against the weapon, and he had made sure the effect was tens of times as potent as those from the Tribulation...

"BOOM"

Chapter 606: Unwanted Presence

For a Treasure like the Gears of Madness, it was true that it was indestructible, but that was not true to an extent. To understand this would be very difficult for most until they were able to figure out the deeper portions of mysticism.

What created the indestructible effect for this treasure was the fact that it was supernaturally dense, so dense that it would make a neutron star which was the most dense object in the universe to be equal to a yarn of wool.

When a material like this became this dense that it had long surpassed the limits of the three-dimensional universes and began to encroach on the fourth Dimension–Time, it could no longer be accurately measured by any mortal or godly means, and as its hardness began to grow relative to its age and then into the space–Time Dimension which was the fifth dimension, it would soon transform again.

That hardness it possessed would begin to travel down the past and up into the future, which meant attacks concerning decay or time manipulations would have no effect on it, this also caused a positive loop as the older the Treasure, the stronger it became because if it was already stronger in the past, it meant that it would be stronger in the present too.

Such confluence of impossibilities was what made these treasures special and existed on a level that the material universe could not contain, but as always nothing was truly inviolable in this world.

This entire Forge was crafted for the purpose of gaining a single chink in this indestructible armor.

Each strike carried a Titanic amount of power and while inside this Forge, a vast amount of Arcane Rune began to stream onto the Gears of Madness, and when Rowan slammed the hammer into it, the force of his blow compressed the Runes onto the surface of the weapon.

Inside this space that resembled a fifth Dimension in all areas, what Rowan was doing was simultaneously attacking the past, present, and future states of this weapon at the same time.

If he were in the material universe, such attempts would be useless, he would not be able to do so, and the only method was to do it while he was here, or he was outside the universe.

Rowan continued this action like a robot for the next six months, his Great Hammer rising and falling, and the thundercloud overhead had grown to more than a million miles, all from the exhalation from Rowan's nostrils.

Even for a Nascent Primordial like him, he was beginning to feel the incredible strain of maintaining this level of power for so long.

"BOOM"

"BOOM"

"BOOM"

"BOOM"

This apocalyptic sound did not let up, the same was with Rowan's inhuman power and patience as his eyes were fixed on the task, waiting for that chink, that slight gap in the Treasure...

Two months later on his seventeenth birthday, that crack emerged and Rowan laughed aloud.

Infusing the force of Decay in addition to all the other energy had caused a slight shift in the makeup of the blade.

Due to how dense this blade was, the only way to describe this change was that the blade was made up of a series of zeros, hundreds of thousands of zeros, and after a year of slamming all these destructive forces on it, Rowan had managed to change just one of the Zeros to one!

Yet that was the limit, even if he hammered on this blade for the next one million years, that would be the greatest change he would ever achieve, and soon that change would be quickly lost when the blade also grew stronger as time passed.

This change in the blade was represented by a single spot of brown, smaller than an inch, and on this blade the size of an entire planet, this sort of aberration could hardly be noticed.

He had succeeded in planting a Trojan Horse inside the Gears of Madness.

Rowan paused his ceaseless hammering after an entire year and he stretched his right palm until it was over the small spot of imperfection on the silver blade and closed his eyes.

He could sense the force of Decay and a chaotic essence inside that tiny spot and if he could assign the name for this energy, he would call it Retrogression.

He was familiar with this energy and had practiced using his Soul Crystals to simulate this form of energy, holding the shape and structure of this energy clearly inside his head, he crushed a dozen Soul Crystals and began to infuse their energy inside that single spot.

Inside that tiny area filled with the energy of Retrogression that was about to be extinguished, a pure source of power flowed into it, and transformed to match the energy.

With the advancement of Soul Energy, a dozen Soul Crystals were enough to create miracles. That tiny spot of brown began to grow on the blade, spreading from a single inch to a dozen feet, and in the blink of an eye, it had already covered thousands of feet and was still spreading.

Rowan watched it spreading and he rapidly calculated how much Soul Energy was being expended in relation to the size of the spread of Retrogression, with the answer he mind, he quickly figured out that he would need 163 Soul Crystals to finish the job.

Nodding in satisfaction he crushed the Soul Crystals and watched the change accelerate, rapidly covering the blade and beginning to encroach on the hilt, but the spread became more slow, yet its progress was unstoppable.

Rowan was silent as he watched this change, and a feeling of melancholy swept through his heart.

This blade should be indestructible, yet it was falling not because of its strength, but because it allowed a single almost unremarkable piece of weakness to enter into it.

This slight change was what led to the downfall of this powerful weapon, and the hundreds of zeros that represented this weapon began to turn into ones.

"Don't allow a single piece of weakness for your enemies to take advantage of," Rowan whispered to himself, his resolve strengthening.

As the Retrogression of the blade continued, a strange cry began to arise from it, and Rowan's serpentine eyes tightened in irritation because he recognized the sound of this cry, it was from the creature outside the universe.

- Chapter 607: Corruption

Chapter 607: Corruption

The presence of this beast was alarming but it did not surprise Rowan.

"No one is innocent," he drawled as he urged the spread of Retrogression to proceed faster, disregarding the cries of fury and astonishment from the outside—universal creature.

The spread of this taint of Retrogression was almost at sixty percent, but with the urging from Rowan, spurred on by the Runes he had implanted into the treasure, it began to rapidly spread and only a small portion of the hilt was left, but that would not last long.

During the brief moment he had spent with this creature, they had both tried to one-up each other.

Rowan had infiltrated inside its body with his Berserker Clones and he had kept them dormant, waiting for a while until the Creature would most likely lose any suspicion about their transaction, and when he also got stronger, the Creature had also played him too as expected.

The Treasure sold to Rowan did not truly belong to him for the imprint of the Creature was still inside of it.

This was not something that could be easily detected and Rowan had seen no hint of it, perhaps when the Creature also felt Rowan was no longer suspicious, it would pull the treasures back to its side, or if Rowan ever ventured outside the universe, the creature would easily recall the treasures he exchanged, it was no wonder it was willing to trade three of its most valuable treasures to Rowan without much bargaining.

The cries of the Creature grew louder and a pale fog began to escape from the transforming blade, and when the entire weapon was covered by the energy of Retrogression, the fog escaped from it entirely and was slowly taking the shape of the creature he had once encountered.

The fog was in the shape of a giant centipede with trillions of legs that soon filled the entire Forge, its size was awe-inspiring and the motion from its body was both charming and filled with ugliness.

Below, the Scribes and the Spell Weavers gasped at this sight, for the heavens had suddenly been replaced by the appearance of this beast, and they quickly took away their gaze from it, as a pitiful Scribe quietly began to transform into a giant centipede.

This transformation was quick and he did not seem to be aware of it, only a quick golden flash that sliced off his head made the other truly realize the scale of the danger.

The Scribe that had transformed into a giant centipede, could not even shriek before it transformed into a golden statue, a closer look would show that the stomach of this centipede had torn open and expanded, and inside were filled with thousands of small centipedes that had also transformed into gold.

If that golden slice came a bit late, the Centipede rushing out from his exploding body would have covered this entire portion of the Formation, destabilizing it.

The golden wave had been Diane, she was the one to quickly spot the corruption and she instantly knew that with the level of enemy they faced and the enormity of their tasks ahead, a single error could not be tolerated.

Her golden eyes rapidly passed through the 313 Scribes here and she detected the faint whiff of corruption from 53 other Scribes.

"Everyone, close off your senses, do not gaze at the Abomination above." Diane's commanding voice rang out like a bell.

She rose a bit into the air and the golden orb rotating behind her suddenly shot out 53 long golden strings of energy that pierced through the forehead of all the Scribes that had been corrupted by gazing at that presence, turning them all into golden statues.

The only other Spell Weaver beside her snapped her fingers and the golden statues were engulfed with a blue and golden fire that vapourised them, the tiny smoke that arose from the destroyed statues turned to fog and escaped overhead, returning to the gigantic fog body of the other—universal creature

"SCCHRRRCCHHH!!!!!!"

The irritated screech of the creature resounded throughout the Forge and its nightmarish visage began to lower itself until it reached Rowan's head.

Everything that happened with the Scribes hardly warranted its attention, its energy would seek to corrupt and assimilate everything it came in contact with.

The horrifying face of the creature opened up,

"How dare you..."

Rowan's golden eyes glowed with irritation and anger and he clenched his fist, his Telekinesis spread out like a storm and crushed the Gears of Madness to pieces.

Massive chunks of the blade that now look like metal left to rust for decades began to fall into the bowl that was filled with the liquid remnants of his World Engine.

The Creature screeched once again in despair and vanished, every tie he had with the Gears of Madness had been severed and the weapon that could carry a portion of his consciousness for the moment had ceased to exist, and so it vanished from this space, having nothing to anchor its consciousness to.

Rowan did not gloat for he was aware that he was on a short-

timer, if the Creature was aware that its treasures were at risk of being destroyed, then it may rapidly pull the last two treasures back.

Although he had confirmed with the presence of the Creature that while it could understand what was happening here, it could not necessarily influence the outcome.

The environment of the Forge resembled that of a Fifth Dimension, nevertheless, it was still located inside the Material Universe. The Creature was undeniably powerful, but Rowan thought it would be quite a stretch for it to bypass the universal restrictions of the universe and reach this area with its main body, and Rowan could handle the portion of its consciousness it left behind.

Yet Rowan needed to be sure of this assumption, and now that he was assured that the imprint the Creature left behind inside the weapon did not have the power to destabilize the forging process, he proceeded with his plans.

In the distance, the Two Sovereigns reduced the power they had been charging up. Rowan had made them ready some of their most devastating spells in anticipation of things going sideways, they would have been the ones to restrict the Creature if it turned out that it was more powerful than expected.

Chapter 608: Creating Connections

Rowan quickly brought out the remaining two treasures, which were the Aeorkron Core, a Universal Bearer Level Treasure, and the Ruin of the Mountain, and Sea Supreme World, a Proto–Source Level Treasure.

Each treasure here was integral to his success, as he had chosen to build his Destroyer Core to be patterned around these treasures, if he had a different set of treasures then he would still change his style of refinement to reflect what he had to work with.

What Rowan considered to be the most important metier for him was the direction the Core was being crafted towards, and not necessarily the materials, although a powerful enough material as the base was a plus.

Unlike the Gears of Madness, these two treasures had a unique method of refinement, and with the differences they had, he flowed according to his plans.

He briefly observed that the dead Scribe souls came to him and transformed into Soul Origin and not Soul Energy. Rowan considered this for a little while before dismissing it out of his thought, the importance of this occurrence would be ascertained for later, not now.

The Aeorkron Core was a treasure that could create Primordial Mana. At first glance, it resembled a closed fist, but with closer examination, the appearance had been transformed into the shape of a heart.

This shape had slowly revealed itself over the months as Rowan had been preparing this Core for this day. On the massive body of the blue Aeorkron Core were billions of golden ports that were created using the enhanced Hollow Gold Alloy.

Hollow Gold was an Alloy Rowan had created after infusing his Aether with various materials he had gathered from the universe, he had created an Alloy that was the perfect conductor, or at least he thought so at that time.

The current Hollow Gold was far more different than the ones he had created a year ago, he had infused this current Alloy with all the spectacular treasures he had harvested from the Divine Kingdom of the gods, and their properties had changed, as this Alloy began to subtly affect deeper Aspect of energy that surpassed the third Dimension and encroaching into the Fourth.

This means his Hollow Gold was now more powerful than any metallic Alloy that could be birthed inside a universe. During the preliminary crafting of the Aeorkron Core for the purpose of this forge, Rowan had installed billions of ports that would link all around the treasure, so it could be pumping out power at any rate he required.

Rowan intended the heart of his Destroyer to be fuelled by Primordial Aether, a wild and ambitious idea, and anyone else would find it useless because for the Aeorkron Core to produce enough Primordial Aether to fulfill the consumption requirements of a Destroyer, a Source of Primordial Essence must be found.

He did not know how difficult it was to get Primordial Essence for anyone else, perhaps some powers would find it easier than others, but he knew he had an excess of this stuff lying around.

His Primordial Sea of Darkness was filled with an abundance of Primordial Essence that he had no use for at this time, and it would serve as fuel. He had experimented with it and found out that he could use a million parts of his Primordial Sea of Darkness to create one part of Non-Attributeless Primordial Aether.

An expensive bargain to be sure but it was impossible for Rowan to truly run out of his Primordial Sea, and he knew that as he continuously got stronger in the future, this Divide would slowly be closed.

If he had still been in the Second Supreme Circle, he would have no doubt that he would have to use a Billion Parts of his Primordial Sea to exchange for one part of Non-Attributeless Primordial Aether.

He knew how important this Aether was to his development and he would make sure he controlled it.

Rowan gestured towards the bowl containing the 'soup' that consisted of his World Engine and Gears of Madness and they had begun to slowly combine.

This process was being directed and accelerated by the Billions of Arcane Runes Rowan had shot into them during the previous refinements, and although it appeared as if Rowan was still just examining the Aeorkron Core in front of him, that would be wrong for he had divided his concentration into a thousand streams and was directing a dance of such incredible complexities with all the Runes inside the platform.

The gigantic 'soup' began to slowly swirl around and was gaining momentum with every revolution. The appearance of this 'soup' had begun to change as it slowly began to resemble a swirling galaxy and the flashing Arcane Runes resembled billions of shooting stars.

The Gears of Madness would inevitably return to its previous form if Rowan was not thorough in his refinement, he had no room for any mistakes.

When he was inside this space he could not use his Tower of Greed because in a manner the past, present, and future were happening at the same time here and he was actively forging all those periods at the same time.

With the processing of the swirling material below him, Rowan a greater portion of his attention to the Aeorkron Core and brought his Telekinetic tentacles and connected to hundreds of Hollow Gold Ports at the same time.

With a flex of his will, the ports began to extend like massive divine snakes into the swirling material below, and with his concentration at the peak, Rowan still let out a sigh of relief as the hundreds of ports connected with the swirling 'Soup' below.

The mixture of the Gears of Madness and his World Engine began to slowly travel up the extended ports and began to stream into the Aeorkron Core.

Rowan did not pause and began creating more of these connections since there were billions of ports in this Aeorkron Core to be paired with, it would take a considerable amount of time, as he had to be precise, while conducting a massive amount of calculations at the same time.

Rowan was slowly going pale and even his body was beginning to shrink.

He was expending so much power that even with his present physical condition, he was losing far more energy than he was recovering.

Yet, Rowan had to succeed in one try. He could not hope to do better than this in the short term if he failed.

Chapter 609: Worth It

"BOOOM!"

The first thump came like thunder that shook the area for millions of miles, it generated a wind that staggered Rowan, and his Sovereigns whispered a harsh word of command and the spreading wind vanished, if left unchecked that wind would have wiped out every life here apart from Rowan and the two Sovereigns.

The forces he was employing were in many ways still far beyond his control, but his bloodline had given him the tools he needed to harness them, although it could not block the effects from accessing those powers.

Although it was not all bad, that wind signified the dissipation of the imprint of the outer-universal creature, because the Aeorkron Core had pulsed once like a beating heart... the first of many, and that eruption of change was enough to break any bond inside of it.

Currently, the Aeorkron core had hundreds of millions of tubes connecting it to the swirling mass below, and those tubes that were thousands of miles long and moving like giant serpents drained billions of tonnes of materials from the remnants of his World

Engine and Gears of Madness, but there did not seem to be any visible change in the mass below.

These materials that resembled melted gold filled with starlight traveled up the tubes and into the Aeorkron Core, where a grand change began to happen.

The Core began to change color, from its bright blue to something that was between black and gold, and as Rowan connected more ports to the remnants below, another change occurred as the Core suddenly shrank, reducing from something the size of a small star down to a large planet.

This drastic change made it beat like a heart and set off that loud sound and a wave of force that was dissipated by the Sovereigns.

Rowan's Knowledge Well had anticipated this change after the billions and billions of simulations he had been running on the process of forging.

Yet even with all those billions of Simulations, he tried not to think of the success rate he got every single time.

Rowan growled, "I have to succeed. Failure means madness. With the weight of this damned universe pulling me down, I need to see the light, I need to know the truth of it all, otherwise, it's all meaningless!"

The Core thumped again and shrank, the force that erupted was ten times more massive than the first. Rowan set his feet and using his shoulders like a battering ram he slammed against the wave of force erupting from the Core, his Sovereigns did the rest, protecting his formation and his children.

Rowan gasped in pain, that contact between him and the wind had crushed all the bones in his arm and caved his chest. Healing was thousands of times more difficult for him, not only because his physical body that housed his Chaos-infused Ouroboros body was now incredibly weak, but because the power of the wind contained forces that could only exist outside the universe.

The wounds he was receiving were affecting all levels of reality, from the last, present to the future. It was hard to deal with something that was still harming you both in the past, present, and future.

Rowan grinned and wanted to spit, but his body was burning at a hundred thousand degrees, due to the amount of power he was burning and the sheer amount of energy that was ongoing in the process around him.

What came out from his mouth was a liquidized Aether that was burning at a million degrees. It seemed to relieve a mounting pressure in his chest.

His eyes sharpened and the pain and tiredness that overcame his thoughts became fuel, he accelerated the forging process and the connection between the Aeorkron Core and the swirling mass below became faster, until after three weeks he made the final connection.

How he maintained the alacrity of mind during those three weeks was impossible for Rowan to fathom, with every pulse that escaped from the Core, the strain grew higher, unleashing massive damage to Rowan.

His Sovereigns were tasked not to aid him, but to make sure that his Formation did not fail, Rowan bore his wounds, and his blood had flooded the ground for countless miles.

Deep inside his consciousness, he could see the small and broken figure of a boy. That stubbornness... that fire... it was almost like a will that could never fade.

"He would not fail!"

Rowan staggered back and fell on a single knee, his breath coming in harsh pants, like a mortal who had run a thousand miles without stopping.

In a manner of speaking what Rowan was doing was similar, except if he was that mortal, he also had a fifty-pound weight strapped to his chest while reciting prime numbers up to a trillion.

Everything hurts.

Rowan had begun to forget what it felt like to be a mortal, to be... lesser, and this crafting had dragged him down from his throne of hubris, revealing to him that even after all the calculations, he was still not enough when true power came to play, he was still too young.

The risk he was taking was enormous, but Rowan understood that the only reason he could survive for this long was because his rate of growth exceeded anything his enemies would ever anticipate.

He knew he had only one shot to grow in this journey, and if he faltered and was satisfied with taking it slow and moving a step at a time, he would not survive.

Rowan needed to make giant leaps forward. Nothing else would suffice.

"You can rest and heal for the next seven days." the gentle voice of Eva echoed in his consciousness, "We are going to be doing all the preliminary work."

Rowan acknowledged her by blinking and his eyes closed, as he settled his consciousness pillars into a process of healing, for the forging had placed so much strain on his pillars, that they were no longer pillars, but melted stubs!

The large eye that represented Knowledge Well was a smoking ruin, as a river of burning golden blood gushed out from the exploded orb.

His Knowledge Well and Consciousness pillars had suffered horrific damages during this last year, and Rowan had felt every single second of it.

He looked at the glowing Core above him that had collected every single bit of his World Engine and the Gears of Madness.

It now resembled a beating heart, and Rowan cracked a grin.

'It was worth it.'

Chapter 610: I Hate....

With every breath he took, the damaged Chamberd slowly healed, and the bleeding from Knowledge Well gradually eased as it began to remake itself anew, what he had been forging would have killed hundreds of gods and Archmages with the mental load, but Rowan could mend.

That portion of his gifts would never leave him. He could heal even from death, and soon if he succeeded and ascended a few more Circles, then death would become a footnote he would be leaving far behind, his troubles would now be different.

Yet even while he rested, the remnants of his consciousness did not stop exploring the possibilities he now had access to as a Nascent Primordial. His Empyrean Sight was slowly transforming and Rowan knew that sooner or later it would become Primordial Sight.

Like an immature limb, his broken consciousness waded through space, time, and matter. Every moment was a learning opportunity for him.

It was hard to describe with words. Rowan knew if he was a Dominator, then this level he was in would be a Pyre Lord, at this step, one would begin gathering knowledge of the mysteries of the elements that were suited for their bloodline.

A Tiberius Family Dominator would focus on the flesh, uncovering the mysteries of it, as they strive to strengthen their bodies and their understanding of how to make it perform exactly the way they wanted.

A Boreas family Dominator would delve deeper into the mysteries of ice, lightning, wind, and so on, if they gathered enough knowledge into their Pyre, the flames would converge and transform into a rudimentary form of Intent, at this level, they would become Earth gods, only a step from Divinity.

Rowan was different. His status as a Nascent Primordial with the Sheol bloodline meant he had a perfect understanding of the elements.

This was the gift that was awakened in him when he reached this level. If he wanted he could wield lightning and flames, but that did not mean he could control it. What it meant was that he could easily master any power that the universe he was inside contained, without any limits.

Yet as a Nascent Primordial, his true path lay in the power of Dimensions. This was a unique power that even the gods, demons, and archmages had no power over until they reached a certain level.

Rowan knew the direction of his growth was the sturdy of Dimensional powers, that was the only way to truly combat the top powers, and every other thing was fluff.

The next Dimension that occupied his thought was the fourth Dimension, which was Time.

He closed his eyes and tried to ignore the pain wrecking the entirety of his being as he concentrated on mastering Time.

A sense of deep awe had arisen in the hearts of everyone present here. Rowan was a force of nature. This was the least of the methods you could describe him with.

His every move was made with perfect confidence and sheer power that stunned everyone who came in contact with him. He was like a massive wave that swept everything along with him, and anyone here would gladly follow him till death.

This was clear when dozens of Scribes perished a short while back, none of the rest felt any faltering in their Spirits, and they acknowledged that they were all serving a great one.

However, what had been happening for the past few months, especially the last three weeks, shocked them to their core.

They could not feel the pain of the strain that Rowan was going through because part of the purpose of the Formation was to filter all that sensation away from their fragile mind or else they would run mad, but they could...understand a fraction of it.

The tenacity of Rowan was both scary and humbling. They saw his body crack and break to pieces a million times, and a million times he pushed himself forward, his eyesight was fixed on his goals, and suffering and pain could not hold him back.

In their hearts, they all exclaimed, "This was their god! This is who we worship! Who is like unto you?"

Eva and tens of thousands of Angels began ferrying massive numbers of materials from Vorpal Essence to Beryllium Crystals, they were stacked in mounds the size of small moons, and with the aid of tens of thousands of Angels, Eva in addition to Lost could only manipulate a dozen Arcane Runes and continue the forging process.

They were inefficient, using hours to accomplish what Rowan could have done in a fraction of a second, but their intervention meant the Forging process never truly stopped and gave Rowan the time he needed to rest and heal, what came next would be far more dangerous.

During his many simulations using Knowledge Well, Rowan's success rate was 75%, on the condition that he was able to survive what was coming next.

Rowan breathed in, and his gaze flashed at the growing storm cloud overhead.

It was nearly here.

®

"My boat could not go far, not like this one, this one can take me to the edges of eternity and back, oh why did I not find you before now?..."

A shadow with the body of a sleeping woman curled up inside its smoky form whispered. The position of the woman inside its body was almost like an infant in the womb of the mother.

The Third Prince was now devoid of any flesh and blood, and the only thing linking him to this material plane was the body of the Empyrean of Life Elura.

His body appeared to be made of smoke, the four eyes that resembled cubes on his chest flashed in a weird synchronicity that would have made an Archmage run mad if they stared at it for too long, and his face had two eye holes that were eerily white, against the darkness of his shadowy form, the Third Prince resembled an abstract painting.

When he spoke, the position where his mouth sounded lay was filled with countless needle-sharp teeth.

"It's times like this that makes me recall the past... I should not be doing that, but I find myself doing the things that I should not do... things that go against my nature... I have lived for too long, and it's beginning to show."

"I am falling to pieces, woman, and there is no way to stop it. I cannot hold back any longer. Hahaha, and to think I thought I should hold on for a couple more Eras, perhaps enough for him to break his chains... why does Fate always fucks me without mercy? I

hate... I fucking hate everything Elura, even myself... I have failed...me, too many times. I hate... I hate... I hate..."

They sailed through the endless desert and the Third Prince deftly maneuvered the boat through the great sand storms. His concentration however was not on the storms, terrible as they were, they were not the greatest threat.

Those came from below.

Chapter 611: General Rannah Tiberius

The great desert trembled, shaking the boat the Third Prince was on. He looked around in annoyance and urged the boat to move faster, when he did, a pale green Aura from Elura inside his body was fed to the boat and it accelerated.

A billion miles to the side, a series of spear-like scales began to arise from the sand, these scales turned out to be strands of hair that had been caked for endless years with the blowing sand, as a gigantic head emerged from the sand the size of multiple galaxies.

The commotion of its emergence was enough to destabilize the ever present storm, but its presence created a greater storm that shook the entirety of the great desert.

The Third Prince screamed his anger and defiance as he covered the boat with a shell of shadows, one of the four eyes in his chest cracked and he nearly screamed in pain.

Those eyes were the last fragments of Intellect he had left, although they restricted his abilities to a great extent, they were the only thing keeping him at the edge of sanity.

This being arising from the sands had the power to crush a universe, yet it was imprisoned for all time inside this place. Sometimes it was a great mercy to be able to die.

The head was brown and black and resembled a male with exaggerated features. His eyes were closed but a purple flame burned across its edges as if his eyelids were gates holding back an unfathomable inferno.

On the head rested a broken crown that appeared to be made from prismatic glass that reflected a fading sunset, if Rowan was here he would have found similarities between this crown and his crown of starlight when he was accepting the Chaotic Essence.

"The King of Nothing! You should not be anywhere near this universe's deserts, what is happening?"

The Third Prince gasped in shock and pain, and he held himself still like a statue, for a moment everything was silent in this vast nothingness, except for ghosts and fading screams, everything was still, and slowly the head began to turn towards the Third Prince.

It was said that endless Eras ago, that the first and only Emperor of Nothing held his ground against the might of the entire multiverse, that in the great battle that shook all of Creation, he was finally shattered by the annoyed roar of a Primordial who had become fed up with the endless appetite of this creature.

Yet this Mad Titan did not perish but was shattered into a million pieces, each of these pieces created a King of Nothing, and collectively they ended up ruling a thousand universes for countless Eras until the Celestial came to purge them from their blood-soaked throne.

It took a lot to be noticed by a Primordial, and even more to anger one of them so greatly that they left their lofty throne to personally hand down their punishment.

The Emperor of Nothing was worthy of that attention for it was one of the extremely rare beings in all the myriad universes that controlled the powers of Oblivion, perhaps the only being in creation.

Oblivion after all were the chains that were imprisoning a Primordial.

"Don't do it..." the Third Prince moaned in distress. "Don't make me kill you again.... I will not be able to stop myself, and I have an errant son I need to bring to heel."

The head fully opened its eyes, and the Third Prince sighed, he was already eighty percent of his way through the desert. If he ignored this challenge, more would come, until he was flooded and dragged into a battle that would not end until this universe expires.

He was not afraid of the battles, but he understood his own appetites, he had lived for too long as a reflection and his recent habits had shown that he was beginning to lose cohesion, he was beginning to lose control of his Intellect, once he had more than a thousand eyes and now he was down to four... no three!

His growing appetite for depravity and madness was proof that he was beginning to fade. He had lived for too long... far longer than any Reflection had the right to stay alive.

If he was dragged under the sweet music of combat, he would lose himself and forget his purpose, the only reason that he existed in the first place.

"No! I cannot afford to fail. This struggle passed unto me by the will of the..."

He slowly stopped speaking as all around him, massive heads began to poke from the sands, as a dozen King of nothing arose...

Far in the distance a black sun opened its serpentine eyes and gazed at him, while it vomited an army of monsters.

The Third Prince groaned in annoyance and exhaustion, and his shadowy body began to expand until its height towered for billions of miles.

"Even if I'm the faded reflection from a drop of blood... I shall slaughter you all until you remember who the fuck I am!"

With that roar of defiance, a great battle began inside the desert.

©

A young military officer ran down a long passageway toward an opulent office. He brushed past the two powerful Guardsmen guarding the door as he flashed his identifications.

Knocking once, he pushed open the door, and he saluted to the figure seated inside. It was a woman with hair that had been shaved down leaving it short, her face was youthful but with a permanent frown and sneer at the side of her mouth that transformed her feature into one of deep menace.

She wore a red military uniform that fitted her loosely, but the way her figure pressed against the uniform hinted at a body that was filled with strength.

"General Rannah Tiberius, I'm here with an urgent report Sir."

Her eyes left the reports she had been reading and focused on the young military officer who could not help but shiver. The General was a newly ascended Earth god of the Tiberius family, and she was famous for her valiance in battle, and her lack of patience for any sort of foolishness.

"Speak, Lieutenant Trivold, I have many pressing matters."

The young man swallowed and began his reports, the General was also famous for her sharp mind. Her ability to remember his name out of the countless millions of troops that she oversaw was both terrifying and humbling at the same time.

Chapter 612: Costly Tantrums

The soldier straightened, and his eyes focused briefly on the General's own before looking away,

"The esteemed Rune Battleship General, this is the 657,653rd time she has sent an urgent query to our office in the last hour alone, and we have reached the limit of our Rune Orb if we don't reply to her soon, it will begin to hamper our ability to coordinate the messages entering into the field Sir. She is sending heavy data streams with each message Sir... trillions of bytes per packet for 30 million packets per message, this is clogging the processing capabilities of our Rune Orb to near zero"

"Oh, is that so..." the General turned back to her reports, "Ignore the Rune Ship, I will assign another Rune Orb to your department from other sections that have lesser use of it, will that be all Lieutenant?"

The young man swallowed, "I'm afraid that would not work General, as we are not the only ones she had been sending urgent messages to, survey, general-works, transport... every department has been grounded nearly to a halt, our annual report is at the risk of not being produced if this continues."

The face of General Rannah Tiberius became filled with irritation and she slammed her hand against her desk, she stood up and began to rise into the air,

"How dare that ship waste valuable military resources at a time of war, return to your post Lieutenant, I shall be solving this problem at once."

The young soldier saluted and hurriedly vacated the office, trying as much as possible not to run from the frightening Aura emanating from the General.

The General floated through her open windows and took to the skies, before long the two Guardsmen guarding her followed but they kept their distance.

She ascended until she was more than a thousand miles into the skies and she stopped. From her neck she withdrew a black pendant and infused it with the energy from her bloodline, it began to burn with a bloody flame, she opened her palm and the pendant floated a few feet away from her and she waited.

Before long the space around the pendant began to throb, and as if the bloody flames around the pendant had been filled with fuel, the flames suddenly increased in intensity, until from below it seemed as if a red sun was rising.

General Rannah Tiberius did not step back even when the flames swallowed her, her stubborn frown remained on her face. The flames suddenly contracted to reveal an empty hole that had been melted through reality.

From that hole, a gigantic metallic face emerged.

The face appeared to be made from silver cords that had been skillfully woven together and from its oval-shaped appearance, it was distinctly female and in a weird manner, this face although lacking any flesh, resembling a silver statue, it was still pretty.

"Absomet, what the fuck do you think you are doing with military resources at a time of war?"

The metallic face suddenly sneered as its pretty visage warped into one filled with anger, blue flames burned in its eyes and Absomet shrill voice rang out,

"Rannah you stupid bitch, how dare you restrict my capabilities for warfare, in case you have not noticed my ass is being handed to me on a fucking platter and I can't do anything because both my hands are tied behind my back and I'm being ganged—banged by Lamia and her fucking runts!"

The General was used to her foul mouth and ignored her words, "Answer me Absomet, why are you going against your orders and dragging the battle with the Abomination for this long, your orders were to lead her to us, and not only are you failing in doing that, you are also hampering the headquarters with your childish and unsanctioned activities."

Absomat flared up, "Childish? Unsanctioned? Look here you smelly little cunt, I don't know if you are looking at my reports, but you would know I am the only reason Lamia remains in the Empire-controlled space. Why the fuck not are you restricting my ability to undertake my orders from Tiberius himself?"

"What orders?" the General questioned, "You are to follow my orders to the letter, for the next five decades I'm your master, and what I command is your utmost priority. You are to stop your useless messages and draw the Abomination to the kill zone, after that is done, you shall be duly punished with the full might of the Tiberius family. Are my orders clear Rune Ship, or do I need to increase your upcoming punishment?"

Absomet face suddenly went still, before she grinned, "Oh yes, your words are clear enough, so clear it cleaned my eyes that had become filled with Lamia's seed. I have been wasting my time with a petulant little whelp."

The silver face of Absomet suddenly erupted with an ungodly speed and the General only had time to widen her eyes in astonishment and horror before she was bitten in half by Absomet metallic teeth that had transformed into those of a shark.

The General grunted in pain, "Absomet, what do you think you are doing?... You will be punished by the Primogenitor, you have no right to attack me, I am your master..."

While she called out in panic, she was also about to call on her Territory when darkness and the flash of silver light covered her perception and she was drowned in unbearable agony for fifteen seconds and mercifully she found peace in death.

Absomet continued to chew as an impossible amount of blood rained down her mouth, "Goddammit, I hate eating Tiberius seed, they are nothing but giant bags filled with unsanitary blood, these fucking ticks... Tiberius you fucking bastard, come and speak to me directly as I'm tired of being fucked for an entire year. A girl's got limit you know."

The face dismissively fired out two piece of bone that pierced through the bodies of the Guardsmen who were retreating towards the barracks below.

The heavens above Absomet began to turn a shade of red like fresh blood, Absomet silver eyes began to suddenly bleed, as space ahead of her tore open and the God of War stepped through.

"About time..." Absomet growled and was about to speak when she suddenly went silent, behind the God of War another figure stepped out, this was a female figure, but it was unmistakably the goddess, Kuranos, and behind her another figure, the god Horush.

Absomet swallowed her words and grinned sheepishly.

Chapter 613: Battle In Space

"Your little pet is becoming more wild, Tiberius," Kuranos giggled, as she hid her smile behind her hands like a dainty maiden. Her eyes glowed like a setting sun, filled with amusement and curiosity.

Tiberius growled, and he snapped his fingers, and as if time was reversing itself, the shattered pieces of the General that Absomet had consumed gathered themselves into a ball of flesh and blood and before long the screaming General returned to life.

Her mouth was opened like a fish and her voice cracked with emotions at her execution in the hands of someone that should be serving her.

A bloody flame was growing in her hands as her desperation and fury reached their peak, but then she stopped as she realized that she was whole once again, her injury was gone, but what was strange was that the pain remained.

General Rannah Tiberius' eyes widened in astonishment and she gulped and slowly turned around, for the presence she felt behind her was like mountains pressing against her soul.

At the sight of the gods, she immediately began to bleed from every orifice in her face and she was knocked out, falling into a coma.

The God of War was disappointed and he allowed her to fall to the earth, there were several Guardsmen waiting below to catch and ferry her to a place of rest and healing, however, he did not bother with bringing back to life the two Guardsmen that were collateral damage to Absomet childishness.

The Rune Ship stammered, "My Lord, I was bringing my legitimate grievances to you, but..."

"Hush child, lest my wrath falls on you, a weapon does not speak. This lesson I shall not repeat to you again." Tiberius spoke, his voice was low and deep and the heavens seemed to rumble alongside his voice, "Lead us to your Crown, we will take it from there."

Absomet metallic eyes widened in great surprise but she quickly opened her mouth wide until a passageway was formed.

"You are too soft on this creature, your experiments have failed, mine is better." Kuranos laughed as the three gods entered the passageway created by Absomet.

The first to step through was the God of War Tiberius, he wore his famed armor but was carrying no weapon, Kuranos followed, and finally, Horush, who looked back at something in the distance before he entered the passageway.

Absomet closed her mouth and she vanished through the tear in space, a short while later, the spatial tear healed and a black pendant was revealed that rocketed into the distance following the direction where the General had been sent.

Far into the distance the form of the goddess Minerva was revealed, she had been the one whom Horush had been looking at, apparently, there was a form of communication that had gone between both of them.

The goddess smiled and vanished, leaving cryptic words that hung in the air for a while before it was carried away by the winds.

"So, it begins."

The three gods stepped into the Crown of Absomet and they witnessed... War!

+++++++

Absomet had been surrounded by three massive constructs that were weird amalgamations of flesh and metal, they were massive, the size of small moons, and resembled spiders that had become bloated with blood, from their massive backs were multiple eruptions of tiny streaks of blackness, that turned out not to be so tiny when in comparison to their size.

These streaks of darkness were Abominations, and they were termed Reapers.

These seventeen foot tall giants were loosely humanoid in shape, they had four arms, the first two above were tipped with wicked sharp claws that secreted a potent acidic mixture that could melt through Davross, and the bottom two arms were nothing but blades longer than ten feet.

They had no skin but were armored like beetles, their shells gleaming like oil. Their faces were filled with nothing but a wide-

open mouth covered with teeth, and a noxious yellow energy erupted from tiny holes in their spines that pushed them through the void of space.

Each of these Reapers was as physically strong as a Dominator at the Earth god level, and they had few weaknesses.

A single Reaper could slaughter an entire world in a few days, and although they could not win one on one against a Dominator, they were incredibly hard to kill and Lamia could make millions of them in a short period of time.

These three Leviathans surrounding Absomet were launching tens of millions of these Abominations toward the Rune Ship, and this was just a small part of its offensive.

The Reapers shot through the void expertly weaving through the billions of missiles and explosions taking place as the three Leviathans and the Rune Ship fired millions of rounds every second, if a planet was placed inside this zone of battle it would be shredded to pieces in the blink of an eye.

Energy missiles, radioactive metallic bolts, hardened bone shells that carried viral payload, and slumbering Abominations filled the area of battle, creating a blender of death that would drive a mortal mad at this sight.

Hundred-foot-long bat-creatures with long leathery wings and nine heads-Desecrators, roved through the space tearing through swatches of ships, their tails were filled with spores that were shot into the bodies of unlucky soldiers, that transformed them into different variants of Abominations.

Killing these beasts was almost impossible except they were grounded to fine mist, and even then their remains were still very infectious.

The Rune Ship was releasing tens of thousands of smaller battleships and corvette class cruisers to battle against the Reapers and a dozen other varieties of Abominations.

Each of these ships carried a platoon of a hundred to ten thousand soldiers, most of them hardened by war and endless conflicts in the void, alongside the many worlds they had fought in, their entire lives had been filled with nothing else but death and slaughter.

In a universe like this, what was mortals than mere fodder?

Most of these soldiers did not carry the primary bloodlines of Trion, but with the many experiments by the Rune Ship, she had been able to produce something truly special with the various strains of bloodlines she had available to her over the many millennia.

Absomet refused to reduce the intelligence of any of her soldiers, this inevitably led to madness, as mortality could not bear this sort of conflict, but she could produce them quickly enough with her various breeding programs she never feared running out.

Or that was what she had previously thought.

No data found.

- Chapter 607: Corruption

Chapter 607: Corruption

The presence of this beast was alarming but it did not surprise Rowan.

"No one is innocent," he drawled as he urged the spread of Retrogression to proceed faster, disregarding the cries of fury and astonishment from the outside—universal creature.

The spread of this taint of Retrogression was almost at sixty percent, but with the urging from Rowan, spurred on by the Runes he had implanted into the treasure, it began to rapidly spread and only a small portion of the hilt was left, but that would not last long.

During the brief moment he had spent with this creature, they had both tried to one-up each other.

Rowan had infiltrated inside its body with his Berserker Clones and he had kept them dormant, waiting for a while until the Creature would most likely lose any suspicion about their transaction, and when he also got stronger, the Creature had also played him too as expected.

The Treasure sold to Rowan did not truly belong to him for the imprint of the Creature was still inside of it.

This was not something that could be easily detected and Rowan had seen no hint of it, perhaps when the Creature also felt Rowan was no longer suspicious, it would pull the treasures back to its side, or if Rowan ever ventured outside the universe, the creature would easily recall the treasures he exchanged, it was no wonder it was willing to trade three of its most valuable treasures to Rowan without much bargaining.

The cries of the Creature grew louder and a pale fog began to escape from the transforming blade, and when the entire weapon was covered by the energy of Retrogression, the fog escaped from it entirely and was slowly taking the shape of the creature he had once encountered.

The fog was in the shape of a giant centipede with trillions of legs that soon filled the entire Forge, its size was awe-inspiring and the motion from its body was both charming and filled with ugliness.

Below, the Scribes and the Spell Weavers gasped at this sight, for the heavens had suddenly been replaced by the appearance of this beast, and they quickly took away their gaze from it, as a pitiful Scribe quietly began to transform into a giant centipede.

This transformation was quick and he did not seem to be aware of it, only a quick golden flash that sliced off his head made the other truly realize the scale of the danger.

The Scribe that had transformed into a giant centipede, could not even shriek before it transformed into a golden statue, a closer look would show that the stomach of this centipede had torn open and expanded, and inside were filled with thousands of small centipedes that had also transformed into gold.

If that golden slice came a bit late, the Centipede rushing out from his exploding body would have covered this entire portion of the Formation, destabilizing it.

The golden wave had been Diane, she was the one to quickly spot the corruption and she instantly knew that with the level of enemy they faced and the enormity of their tasks ahead, a single error could not be tolerated.

Her golden eyes rapidly passed through the 313 Scribes here and she detected the faint whiff of corruption from 53 other Scribes.

"Everyone, close off your senses, do not gaze at the Abomination above." Diane's commanding voice rang out like a bell.

She rose a bit into the air and the golden orb rotating behind her suddenly shot out 53 long golden strings of energy that pierced through the forehead of all the Scribes that had been corrupted by gazing at that presence, turning them all into golden statues.

The only other Spell Weaver beside her snapped her fingers and the golden statues were engulfed with a blue and golden fire that vapourised them, the tiny smoke that

arose from the destroyed statues turned to fog and escaped overhead, returning to the gigantic fog body of the other—universal creature

"SCCHRRRCCHHH!!!!!"

The irritated screech of the creature resounded throughout the Forge and its nightmarish visage began to lower itself until it reached Rowan's head.

Everything that happened with the Scribes hardly warranted its attention, its energy would seek to corrupt and assimilate everything it came in contact with.

The horrifying face of the creature opened up,

"How dare you..."

Rowan's golden eyes glowed with irritation and anger and he clenched his fist, his Telekinesis spread out like a storm and crushed the Gears of Madness to pieces.

Massive chunks of the blade that now look like metal left to rust for decades began to fall into the bowl that was filled with the liquid remnants of his World Engine.

The Creature screeched once again in despair and vanished, every tie he had with the Gears of Madness had been severed and the weapon that could carry a portion of his consciousness for the moment had ceased to exist, and so it vanished from this space, having nothing to anchor its consciousness to.

Rowan did not gloat for he was aware that he was on a short-

timer, if the Creature was aware that its treasures were at risk of being destroyed, then it may rapidly pull the last two treasures back.

Although he had confirmed with the presence of the Creature that while it could understand what was happening here, it could not necessarily influence the outcome.

The environment of the Forge resembled that of a Fifth Dimension, nevertheless, it was still located inside the Material Universe. The Creature was undeniably powerful, but Rowan thought it would be quite a stretch for it to bypass the universal restrictions of the universe and reach this area with its main body, and Rowan could handle the portion of its consciousness it left behind.

Yet Rowan needed to be sure of this assumption, and now that he was assured that the imprint the Creature left behind inside the weapon did not have the power to destabilize the forging process, he proceeded with his plans.

In the distance, the Two Sovereigns reduced the power they had been charging up. Rowan had made them ready some of their most devastating spells in anticipation of

things going sideways, they would have been the ones to restrict the Creature if it turned out that it was more powerful than expected.

Chapter 608: Creating Connections

Rowan quickly brought out the remaining two treasures, which were the Aeorkron Core, a Universal Bearer Level Treasure, and the Ruin of the Mountain, and Sea Supreme World, a Proto–Source Level Treasure.

Each treasure here was integral to his success, as he had chosen to build his Destroyer Core to be patterned around these treasures, if he had a different set of treasures then he would still change his style of refinement to reflect what he had to work with.

What Rowan considered to be the most important metier for him was the direction the Core was being crafted towards, and not necessarily the materials, although a powerful enough material as the base was a plus.

Unlike the Gears of Madness, these two treasures had a unique method of refinement, and with the differences they had, he flowed according to his plans.

He briefly observed that the dead Scribe souls came to him and transformed into Soul Origin and not Soul Energy. Rowan considered this for a little while before dismissing it out of his thought, the importance of this occurrence would be ascertained for later, not now.

The Aeorkron Core was a treasure that could create Primordial Mana. At first glance, it resembled a closed fist, but with closer examination, the appearance had been transformed into the shape of a heart.

This shape had slowly revealed itself over the months as Rowan had been preparing this Core for this day. On the massive body of the blue Aeorkron Core were billions of golden ports that were created using the enhanced Hollow Gold Alloy.

Hollow Gold was an Alloy Rowan had created after infusing his Aether with various materials he had gathered from the universe, he had created an Alloy that was the perfect conductor, or at least he thought so at that time.

The current Hollow Gold was far more different than the ones he had created a year ago, he had infused this current Alloy with all the spectacular treasures he had harvested from the Divine Kingdom of the gods, and their properties had changed, as this Alloy began to subtly affect deeper Aspect of energy that surpassed the third Dimension and encroaching into the Fourth.

This means his Hollow Gold was now more powerful than any metallic Alloy that could be birthed inside a universe. During the preliminary crafting of the Aeorkron Core for the purpose of this forge, Rowan had installed billions of ports that would link all around the treasure, so it could be pumping out power at any rate he required.

Rowan intended the heart of his Destroyer to be fuelled by Primordial Aether, a wild and ambitious idea, and anyone else would find it useless because for the Aeorkron Core to produce enough Primordial Aether to fulfill the consumption requirements of a Destroyer, a Source of Primordial Essence must be found.

He did not know how difficult it was to get Primordial Essence for anyone else, perhaps some powers would find it easier than others, but he knew he had an excess of this stuff lying around.

His Primordial Sea of Darkness was filled with an abundance of Primordial Essence that he had no use for at this time, and it would serve as fuel. He had experimented with it and found out that he could use a million parts of his Primordial Sea of Darkness to create one part of Non-Attributeless Primordial Aether.

An expensive bargain to be sure but it was impossible for Rowan to truly run out of his Primordial Sea, and he knew that as he continuously got stronger in the future, this Divide would slowly be closed.

If he had still been in the Second Supreme Circle, he would have no doubt that he would have to use a Billion Parts of his Primordial Sea to exchange for one part of Non-Attributeless Primordial Aether.

He knew how important this Aether was to his development and he would make sure he controlled it.

Rowan gestured towards the bowl containing the 'soup' that consisted of his World Engine and Gears of Madness and they had begun to slowly combine.

This process was being directed and accelerated by the Billions of Arcane Runes Rowan had shot into them during the previous refinements, and although it appeared as if Rowan was still just examining the Aeorkron Core in front of him, that would be wrong for he had divided his concentration into a thousand streams and was directing a dance of such incredible complexities with all the Runes inside the platform.

The gigantic 'soup' began to slowly swirl around and was gaining momentum with every revolution. The appearance of this 'soup' had begun to change as it slowly began to resemble a swirling galaxy and the flashing Arcane Runes resembled billions of shooting stars.

The Gears of Madness would inevitably return to its previous form if Rowan was not thorough in his refinement, he had no room for any mistakes.

When he was inside this space he could not use his Tower of Greed because in a manner the past, present, and future were happening at the same time here and he was actively forging all those periods at the same time.

With the processing of the swirling material below him, Rowan a greater portion of his attention to the Aeorkron Core and brought his Telekinetic tentacles and connected to hundreds of Hollow Gold Ports at the same time.

With a flex of his will, the ports began to extend like massive divine snakes into the swirling material below, and with his concentration at the peak, Rowan still let out a sigh of relief as the hundreds of ports connected with the swirling 'Soup' below.

The mixture of the Gears of Madness and his World Engine began to slowly travel up the extended ports and began to stream into the Aeorkron Core.

Rowan did not pause and began creating more of these connections since there were billions of ports in this Aeorkron Core to be paired with, it would take a considerable amount of time, as he had to be precise, while conducting a massive amount of calculations at the same time.

Rowan was slowly going pale and even his body was beginning to shrink.

He was expending so much power that even with his present physical condition, he was losing far more energy than he was recovering.

Yet, Rowan had to succeed in one try. He could not hope to do better than this in the short term if he failed.

Chapter 609: Worth It

"BOOOM!"

The first thump came like thunder that shook the area for millions of miles, it generated a wind that staggered Rowan, and his Sovereigns whispered a harsh word of command and the spreading wind vanished, if left unchecked that wind would have wiped out every life here apart from Rowan and the two Sovereigns.

The forces he was employing were in many ways still far beyond his control, but his bloodline had given him the tools he needed to harness them, although it could not block the effects from accessing those powers.

Although it was not all bad, that wind signified the dissipation of the imprint of the outer-universal creature, because the Aeorkron Core had pulsed once like a beating heart... the first of many, and that eruption of change was enough to break any bond inside of it.

Currently, the Aeorkron core had hundreds of millions of tubes connecting it to the swirling mass below, and those tubes that were thousands of miles long and moving like giant serpents drained billions of tonnes of materials from the remnants of his World Engine and Gears of Madness, but there did not seem to be any visible change in the mass below.

These materials that resembled melted gold filled with starlight traveled up the tubes and into the Aeorkron Core, where a grand change began to happen.

The Core began to change color, from its bright blue to something that was between black and gold, and as Rowan connected more ports to the remnants below, another change occurred as the Core suddenly shrank, reducing from something the size of a small star down to a large planet.

This drastic change made it beat like a heart and set off that loud sound and a wave of force that was dissipated by the Sovereigns.

Rowan's Knowledge Well had anticipated this change after the billions and billions of simulations he had been running on the process of forging.

Yet even with all those billions of Simulations, he tried not to think of the success rate he got every single time.

Rowan growled, "I have to succeed. Failure means madness. With the weight of this damned universe pulling me down, I need to see the light, I need to know the truth of it all, otherwise, it's all meaningless!"

The Core thumped again and shrank, the force that erupted was ten times more massive than the first. Rowan set his feet and using his shoulders like a battering ram he slammed against the wave of force erupting from the Core, his Sovereigns did the rest, protecting his formation and his children.

Rowan gasped in pain, that contact between him and the wind had crushed all the bones in his arm and caved his chest. Healing was thousands of times more difficult for him, not only because his physical body that housed his Chaos-infused Ouroboros body was now incredibly weak, but because the power of the wind contained forces that could only exist outside the universe.

The wounds he was receiving were affecting all levels of reality, from the last, present to the future. It was hard to deal with something that was still harming you both in the past, present, and future.

Rowan grinned and wanted to spit, but his body was burning at a hundred thousand degrees, due to the amount of power he was burning and the sheer amount of energy that was ongoing in the process around him.

What came out from his mouth was a liquidized Aether that was burning at a million degrees. It seemed to relieve a mounting pressure in his chest.

His eyes sharpened and the pain and tiredness that overcame his thoughts became fuel, he accelerated the forging process and the connection between the Aeorkron Core and the swirling mass below became faster, until after three weeks he made the final connection.

How he maintained the alacrity of mind during those three weeks was impossible for Rowan to fathom, with every pulse that escaped from the Core, the strain grew higher, unleashing massive damage to Rowan.

His Sovereigns were tasked not to aid him, but to make sure that his Formation did not fail, Rowan bore his wounds, and his blood had flooded the ground for countless miles.

Deep inside his consciousness, he could see the small and broken figure of a boy. That stubbornness... that fire... it was almost like a will that could never fade.

"He would not fail!"

Rowan staggered back and fell on a single knee, his breath coming in harsh pants, like a mortal who had run a thousand miles without stopping.

In a manner of speaking what Rowan was doing was similar, except if he was that mortal, he also had a fifty-pound weight strapped to his chest while reciting prime numbers up to a trillion.

Everything hurts.

Rowan had begun to forget what it felt like to be a mortal, to be... lesser, and this crafting had dragged him down from his throne of hubris, revealing to him that even after all the calculations, he was still not enough when true power came to play, he was still too young.

The risk he was taking was enormous, but Rowan understood that the only reason he could survive for this long was because his rate of growth exceeded anything his enemies would ever anticipate.

He knew he had only one shot to grow in this journey, and if he faltered and was satisfied with taking it slow and moving a step at a time, he would not survive.

Rowan needed to make giant leaps forward. Nothing else would suffice.

"You can rest and heal for the next seven days." the gentle voice of Eva echoed in his consciousness, "We are going to be doing all the preliminary work."

Rowan acknowledged her by blinking and his eyes closed, as he settled his consciousness pillars into a process of healing, for the forging had placed so much strain on his pillars, that they were no longer pillars, but melted stubs!

The large eye that represented Knowledge Well was a smoking ruin, as a river of burning golden blood gushed out from the exploded orb.

His Knowledge Well and Consciousness pillars had suffered horrific damages during this last year, and Rowan had felt every single second of it.

He looked at the glowing Core above him that had collected every single bit of his World Engine and the Gears of Madness.

It now resembled a beating heart, and Rowan cracked a grin.

'It was worth it.'

Chapter 610: I Hate....

With every breath he took, the damaged Chamberd slowly healed, and the bleeding from Knowledge Well gradually eased as it began to remake itself anew, what he had been forging would have killed hundreds of gods and Archmages with the mental load, but Rowan could mend.

That portion of his gifts would never leave him. He could heal even from death, and soon if he succeeded and ascended a few more Circles, then death would become a footnote he would be leaving far behind, his troubles would now be different.

Yet even while he rested, the remnants of his consciousness did not stop exploring the possibilities he now had access to as a Nascent Primordial. His Emyrean Sight was slowly transforming and Rowan knew that sooner or later it would become Primordial Sight.

Like an immature limb, his broken consciousness waded through space, time, and matter. Every moment was a learning opportunity for him.

It was hard to describe with words. Rowan knew if he was a Dominator, then this level he was in would be a Pyre Lord, at this step, one would begin gathering knowledge of the mysteries of the elements that were suited for their bloodline.

A Tiberius Family Dominator would focus on the flesh, uncovering the mysteries of it, as they strive to strengthen their bodies and their understanding of how to make it perform exactly the way they wanted.

A Boreas family Dominator would delve deeper into the mysteries of ice, lightning, wind, and so on, if they gathered enough knowledge into their Pyre, the flames would converge and transform into a rudimentary form of Intent, at this level, they would become Earth gods, only a step from Divinity.

Rowan was different. His status as a Nascent Primordial with the Sheol bloodline meant he had a perfect understanding of the elements.

This was the gift that was awakened in him when he reached this level. If he wanted he could wield lightning and flames, but that did not mean he could control it. What it meant was that he could easily master any power that the universe he was inside contained, without any limits.

Yet as a Nascent Primordial, his true path lay in the power of Dimensions. This was a unique power that even the gods, demons, and archmages had no power over until they reached a certain level.

Rowan knew the direction of his growth was the sturdy of Dimensional powers, that was the only way to truly combat the top powers, and every other thing was fluff.

The next Dimension that occupied his thought was the fourth Dimension, which was Time.

He closed his eyes and tried to ignore the pain wrecking the entirety of his being as he concentrated on mastering Time.

A sense of deep awe had arisen in the hearts of everyone present here. Rowan was a force of nature. This was the least of the methods you could describe him with.

His every move was made with perfect confidence and sheer power that stunned everyone who came in contact with him. He was like a massive wave that swept everything along with him, and anyone here would gladly follow him till death.

This was clear when dozens of Scribes perished a short while back, none of the rest felt any faltering in their Spirits, and they acknowledged that they were all serving a great one.

However, what had been happening for the past few months, especially the last three weeks, shocked them to their core.

They could not feel the pain of the strain that Rowan was going through because part of the purpose of the Formation was to filter all that sensation away from their fragile mind or else they would run mad, but they could...understand a fraction of it.

The tenacity of Rowan was both scary and humbling. They saw his body crack and break to pieces a million times, and a million times he pushed himself forward, his eyesight was fixed on his goals, and suffering and pain could not hold him back.

In their hearts, they all exclaimed, "This was their god! This is who we worship! Who is like unto you?"

Eva and tens of thousands of Angels began ferrying massive numbers of materials from Vorpal Essence to Beryllium Crystals, they were stacked in mounds the size of small moons, and with the aid of tens of thousands of Angels, Eva in addition to Lost could only manipulate a dozen Arcane Runes and continue the forging process.

They were inefficient, using hours to accomplish what Rowan could have done in a fraction of a second, but their intervention meant the Forging process never truly stopped and gave Rowan the time he needed to rest and heal, what came next would be far more dangerous.

During his many simulations using Knowledge Well, Rowan's success rate was 75%, on the condition that he was able to survive what was coming next.

Rowan breathed in, and his gaze flashed at the growing storm cloud overhead.

It was nearly here.

®

"My boat could not go far, not like this one, this one can take me to the edges of eternity and back, oh why did I not find you before now?..."

A shadow with the body of a sleeping woman curled up inside its smoky form whispered. The position of the woman inside its body was almost like an infant in the womb of the mother.

The Third Prince was now devoid of any flesh and blood, and the only thing linking him to this material plane was the body of the Empyrean of Life Elura.

His body appeared to be made of smoke, the four eyes that resembled cubes on his chest flashed in a weird synchronicity that would have made an Archmage run mad if they stared at it for too long, and his face had two eye holes that were eerily white, against the darkness of his shadowy form, the Third Prince resembled an abstract painting.

When he spoke, the position where his mouth sounded lay was filled with countless needle-sharp teeth.

"It's times like this that makes me recall the past... I should not be doing that, but I find myself doing the things that I should not do... things that go against my nature... I have lived for too long, and it's beginning to show."

"I am falling to pieces, woman, and there is no way to stop it. I cannot hold back any longer. Hahaha, and to think I thought I should hold on for a couple more Eras, perhaps enough for him to break his chains... why does Fate always fucks me without mercy? I hate... I fucking hate everything Elura, even myself... I have failed...me, too many times. I hate... I hate... I hate..."

They sailed through the endless desert and the Third Prince deftly maneuvered the boat through the great sand storms. His concentration however was not on the storms, terrible as they were, they were not the greatest threat.

Those came from below.

Chapter 611: General Rannah Tiberius

The great desert trembled, shaking the boat the Third Prince was on. He looked around in annoyance and urged the boat to move faster, when he did, a pale green Aura from Elura inside his body was fed to the boat and it accelerated.

A billion miles to the side, a series of spear-like scales began to arise from the sand, these scales turned out to be strands of hair that had been caked for endless years with the blowing sand, as a gigantic head emerged from the sand the size of multiple galaxies.

The commotion of its emergence was enough to destabilize the ever present storm, but its presence created a greater storm that shook the entirety of the great desert.

The Third Prince screamed his anger and defiance as he covered the boat with a shell of shadows, one of the four eyes in his chest cracked and he nearly screamed in pain.

Those eyes were the last fragments of Intellect he had left, although they restricted his abilities to a great extent, they were the only thing keeping him at the edge of sanity.

This being arising from the sands had the power to crush a universe, yet it was imprisoned for all time inside this place. Sometimes it was a great mercy to be able to die.

The head was brown and black and resembled a male with exaggerated features. His eyes were closed but a purple flame burned across its edges as if his eyelids were gates holding back an unfathomable inferno.

On the head rested a broken crown that appeared to be made from prismatic glass that reflected a fading sunset, if Rowan was here he would have found similarities between this crown and his crown of starlight when he was accepting the Chaotic Essence.

"The King of Nothing! You should not be anywhere near this universe's deserts, what is happening?"

The Third Prince gasped in shock and pain, and he held himself still like a statue, for a moment everything was silent in this vast nothingness, except for ghosts and fading screams, everything was still, and slowly the head began to turn towards the Third Prince.

It was said that endless Eras ago, that the first and only Emperor of Nothing held his ground against the might of the entire multiverse, that in the great battle that shook all of Creation, he was finally shattered by the annoyed roar of a Primordial who had become fed up with the endless appetite of this creature.

Yet this Mad Titan did not perish but was shattered into a million pieces, each of these pieces created a King of Nothing, and collectively they ended up ruling a thousand universes for countless Eras until the Celestial came to purge them from their blood-soaked throne.

It took a lot to be noticed by a Primordial, and even more to anger one of them so greatly that they left their lofty throne to personally hand down their punishment.

The Emperor of Nothing was worthy of that attention for it was one of the extremely rare beings in all the myriad universes that controlled the powers of Oblivion, perhaps the only being in creation.

Oblivion after all were the chains that were imprisoning a Primordial.

"Don't do it..." the Third Prince moaned in distress. "Don't make me kill you again.... I will not be able to stop myself, and I have an errant son I need to bring to heel."

The head fully opened its eyes, and the Third Prince sighed, he was already eighty percent of his way through the desert. If he ignored this challenge, more would come, until he was flooded and dragged into a battle that would not end until this universe expires.

He was not afraid of the battles, but he understood his own appetites, he had lived for too long as a reflection and his recent habits had shown that he was beginning to lose cohesion, he was beginning to lose control of his Intellect, once he had more than a thousand eyes and now he was down to four... no three!

His growing appetite for depravity and madness was proof that he was beginning to fade. He had lived for too long... far longer than any Reflection had the right to stay alive.

If he was dragged under the sweet music of combat, he would lose himself and forget his purpose, the only reason that he existed in the first place.

"No! I cannot afford to fail. This struggle passed unto me by the will of the..."

He slowly stopped speaking as all around him, massive heads began to poke from the sands, as a dozen King of nothing arose...

Far in the distance a black sun opened its serpentine eyes and gazed at him, while it vomited an army of monsters.

The Third Prince groaned in annoyance and exhaustion, and his shadowy body began to expand until its height towered for billions of miles.

"Even if I'm the faded reflection from a drop of blood... I shall slaughter you all until you remember who the fuck I am!"

With that roar of defiance, a great battle began inside the desert.

©

A young military officer ran down a long passageway toward an opulent office. He brushed past the two powerful Guardsmen guarding the door as he flashed his identifications.

Knocking once, he pushed open the door, and he saluted to the figure seated inside. It was a woman with hair that had been shaved down leaving it short, her face was youthful but with a permanent frown and sneer at the side of her mouth that transformed her feature into one of deep menace.

She wore a red military uniform that fitted her loosely, but the way her figure pressed against the uniform hinted at a body that was filled with strength.

"General Rannah Tiberius, I'm here with an urgent report Sir."

Her eyes left the reports she had been reading and focused on the young military officer who could not help but shiver. The General was a newly ascended Earth god of the Tiberius family, and she was famous for her valiance in battle, and her lack of patience for any sort of foolishness.

"Speak, Lieutenant Trivold, I have many pressing matters."

The young man swallowed and began his reports, the General was also famous for her sharp mind. Her ability to remember his name out of the countless millions of troops that she oversaw was both terrifying and humbling at the same time.

Chapter 612: Costly Tantrums

The soldier straightened, and his eyes focused briefly on the General's own before looking away,

"The esteemed Rune Battleship General, this is the 657,653rd time she has sent an urgent query to our office in the last hour alone, and we have reached the limit of our Rune Orb if we don't reply to her soon, it will begin to hamper our ability to coordinate the messages entering into the field Sir. She is sending heavy data streams with each message Sir... trillions of bytes per packet for 30 million packets per message, this is clogging the processing capabilities of our Rune Orb to near zero"

"Oh, is that so..." the General turned back to her reports, "Ignore the Rune Ship, I will assign another Rune Orb to your department from other sections that have lesser use of it, will that be all Lieutenant?"

The young man swallowed, "I'm afraid that would not work General, as we are not the only ones she had been sending urgent messages to, survey, general-works, transport... every department has been grounded nearly to a halt, our annual report is at the risk of not being produced if this continues."

The face of General Rannah Tiberius became filled with irritation and she slammed her hand against her desk, she stood up and began to rise into the air,

"How dare that ship waste valuable military resources at a time of war, return to your post Lieutenant, I shall be solving this problem at once."

The young soldier saluted and hurriedly vacated the office, trying as much as possible not to run from the frightening Aura emanating from the General.

The General floated through her open windows and took to the skies, before long the two Guardsmen guarding her followed but they kept their distance.

She ascended until she was more than a thousand miles into the skies and she stopped. From her neck she withdrew a black pendant and infused it with the energy from her bloodline, it began to burn with a bloody flame, she opened her palm and the pendant floated a few feet away from her and she waited.

Before long the space around the pendant began to throb, and as if the bloody flames around the pendant had been filled with fuel, the flames suddenly increased in intensity, until from below it seemed as if a red sun was rising.

General Rannah Tiberius did not step back even when the flames swallowed her, her stubborn frown remained on her face. The flames suddenly contracted to reveal an empty hole that had been melted through reality.

From that hole, a gigantic metallic face emerged.

The face appeared to be made from silver cords that had been skillfully woven together and from its oval-shaped appearance, it was distinctly female and in a weird manner, this face although lacking any flesh, resembling a silver statue, it was still pretty.

"Absomet, what the fuck do you think you are doing with military resources at a time of war?"

The metallic face suddenly sneered as its pretty visage warped into one filled with anger, blue flames burned in its eyes and Absomet shrill voice rang out,

"Rannah you stupid bitch, how dare you restrict my capabilities for warfare, in case you have not noticed my ass is being handed to me on a fucking platter and I can't do anything because both my hands are tied behind my back and I'm being ganged—banged by Lamia and her fucking runts!"

The General was used to her foul mouth and ignored her words, "Answer me Absomet, why are you going against your orders and dragging the battle with the Abomination for this long, your orders were to lead her to us, and not only are you failing in doing that, you are also hampering the headquarters with your childish and unsanctioned activities."

Absomat flared up, "Childish? Unsanctioned? Look here you smelly little cunt, I don't know if you are looking at my reports, but you would know I am the only reason Lamia remains in the Empire-controlled space. Why the fuck not are you restricting my ability to undertake my orders from Tiberius himself?"

"What orders?" the General questioned, "You are to follow my orders to the letter, for the next five decades I'm your master, and what I command is your utmost priority. You are to stop your useless messages and draw the Abomination to the kill zone, after that is done, you shall be duly punished with the full might of the Tiberius family. Are my orders clear Rune Ship, or do I need to increase your upcoming punishment?"

Absomet face suddenly went still, before she grinned, "Oh yes, your words are clear enough, so clear it cleaned my eyes that had become filled with Lamia's seed. I have been wasting my time with a petulant little whelp."

The silver face of Absomet suddenly erupted with an ungodly speed and the General only had time to widen her eyes in astonishment and horror before she was bitten in half by Absomet metallic teeth that had transformed into those of a shark.

The General grunted in pain, "Absomet, what do you think you are doing?... You will be punished by the Primogenitor, you have no right to attack me, I am your master..."

While she called out in panic, she was also about to call on her Territory when darkness and the flash of silver light covered her perception and she was drowned in unbearable agony for fifteen seconds and mercifully she found peace in death.

Absomet continued to chew as an impossible amount of blood rained down her mouth, "Goddammit, I hate eating Tiberius seed, they are nothing but giant bags filled with unsanitary blood, these fucking ticks... Tiberius you fucking bastard, come and speak to me directly as I'm tired of being fucked for an entire year. A girl's got limit you know."

The face dismissively fired out two piece of bone that pierced through the bodies of the Guardsmen who were retreating towards the barracks below.

The heavens above Absomet began to turn a shade of red like fresh blood, Absomet silver eyes began to suddenly bleed, as space ahead of her tore open and the God of War stepped through.

"About time..." Absomet growled and was about to speak when she suddenly went silent, behind the God of War another figure stepped out, this was a female figure, but it was unmistakably the goddess, Kuranos, and behind her another figure, the god Horush.

Absomet swallowed her words and grinned sheepishly.

Chapter 613: Battle In Space

"Your little pet is becoming more wild, Tiberius," Kuranos giggled, as she hid her smile behind her hands like a dainty maiden. Her eyes glowed like a setting sun, filled with amusement and curiosity.

Tiberius growled, and he snapped his fingers, and as if time was reversing itself, the shattered pieces of the General that Absomet had consumed gathered themselves into a ball of flesh and blood and before long the screaming General returned to life.

Her mouth was opened like a fish and her voice cracked with emotions at her execution in the hands of someone that should be serving her.

A bloody flame was growing in her hands as her desperation and fury reached their peak, but then she stopped as she realized that she was whole once again, her injury was gone, but what was strange was that the pain remained.

General Rannah Tiberius' eyes widened in astonishment and she gulped and slowly turned around, for the presence she felt behind her was like mountains pressing against her soul.

At the sight of the gods, she immediately began to bleed from every orifice in her face and she was knocked out, falling into a coma.

The God of War was disappointed and he allowed her to fall to the earth, there were several Guardsmen waiting below to catch and ferry her to a place of rest and healing, however, he did not bother with bringing back to life the two Guardsmen that were collateral damage to Absomet childishness.

The Rune Ship stammered, "My Lord, I was bringing my legitimate grievances to you, but..."

"Hush child, lest my wrath falls on you, a weapon does not speak. This lesson I shall not repeat to you again." Tiberius spoke, his voice was low and deep and the heavens seemed to rumble alongside his voice, "Lead us to your Crown, we will take it from there."

Absomet metallic eyes widened in great surprise but she quickly opened her mouth wide until a passageway was formed.

"You are too soft on this creature, your experiments have failed, mine is better." Kuranès laughed as the three gods entered the passageway created by Absomet.

The first to step through was the God of War Tiberius, he wore his famed armor but was carrying no weapon, Kuranès followed, and finally, Horush, who looked back at something in the distance before he entered the passageway.

Absomet closed her mouth and she vanished through the tear in space, a short while later, the spatial tear healed and a black pendant was revealed that rocketed into the distance following the direction where the General had been sent.

Far into the distance the form of the goddess Minerva was revealed, she had been the one whom Horush had been looking at, apparently, there was a form of communication that had gone between both of them.

The goddess smiled and vanished, leaving cryptic words that hung in the air for a while before it was carried away by the winds.

"So, it begins."

The three gods stepped into the Crown of Absomet and they witnessed... War!

+++++++

Absomet had been surrounded by three massive constructs that were weird amalgamations of flesh and metal, they were massive, the size of small moons, and resembled spiders that had become bloated with blood, from their massive backs were multiple eruptions of tiny streaks of blackness, that turned out not to be so tiny when in comparison to their size.

These streaks of darkness were Abominations, and they were termed Reapers.

These seventeen foot tall giants were loosely humanoid in shape, they had four arms, the first two above were tipped with wicked sharp claws that secreted a potent acidic mixture that could melt through Davross, and the bottom two arms were nothing but blades longer than ten feet.

They had no skin but were armored like beetles, their shells gleaming like oil. Their faces were filled with nothing but a wide-

open mouth covered with teeth, and a noxious yellow energy erupted from tiny holes in their spines that pushed them through the void of space.

Each of these Reapers was as physically strong as a Dominator at the Earth god level, and they had few weaknesses.

A single Reaper could slaughter an entire world in a few days, and although they could not win one on one against a Dominator, they were incredibly hard to kill and Lamia could make millions of them in a short period of time.

These three Leviathans surrounding Absomet were launching tens of millions of these Abominations toward the Rune Ship, and this was just a small part of its offensive.

The Reapers shot through the void expertly weaving through the billions of missiles and explosions taking place as the three Leviathans and the Rune Ship fired millions of rounds every second, if a planet was placed inside this zone of battle it would be shredded to pieces in the blink of an eye.

Energy missiles, radioactive metallic bolts, hardened bone shells that carried viral payload, and slumbering Abominations filled the area of battle, creating a blender of death that would drive a mortal mad at this sight.

Hundred-foot-long bat-creatures with long leathery wings and nine heads-Desecrators, roved through the space tearing through swatches of ships, their tails were filled with spores that were shot into the bodies of unlucky soldiers, that transformed them into different variants of Abominations.

Killing these beasts was almost impossible except they were grounded to fine mist, and even then their remains were still very infectious.

The Rune Ship was releasing tens of thousands of smaller battleships and corvette class cruisers to battle against the Reapers and a dozen other varieties of Abominations.

Each of these ships carried a platoon of a hundred to ten thousand soldiers, most of them hardened by war and endless conflicts in the void, alongside the many worlds they had fought in, their entire lives had been filled with nothing else but death and slaughter.

In a universe like this, what was mortals than mere fodder?

Most of these soldiers did not carry the primary bloodlines of Trion, but with the many experiments by the Rune Ship, she had been able to produce something truly special with the various strains of bloodlines she had available to her over the many millennia.

Absomet refused to reduce the intelligence of any of her soldiers, this inevitably led to madness, as mortality could not bear this sort of conflict, but she could produce them quickly enough with her various breeding programs she never feared running out.

Or that was what she had previously thought.