

The Primordial Record

- Chapter 615: Great Changes

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The gods ignored the proclamation from the Abomination Core and Tiberius gestured to Horush,

"Check her, I think it is ready enough, if it's not then I will have to feed Absomet to this thing according to my end of the bargain."

Apart from Lamia who was unfrozen and watching the gods with rapt attention, Absomet was also aware, and when she heard the words of Tiberius, her mind went blank,

'Were they planning to feed her to an Abomination? To this...this... thing! She had always imagined how her end would come about but not like this. Why would Tinerius consider something like this? What bargain? This was madness! She had far more utility to them than a monster who only infects and destroys, surely she must have heard wrong.'

Horush stepped forward, among the Gods of Trion he was the one with the most inhuman appearance, with two long curving horns on his head that were white as the fallen dead, and a long bull-like tail that waved behind him with a life of its own, his eyes, on the other hand, was very human, and was as brown as a fertile field ripe for planting.

As the god stepped forward he seemed to grow bigger as his presence rippled across the entirety of the battlefield, the three of them were truly here, and this was not an Anima or an Avatar, the Gods of Trion were present.

He closed his eyes and drew in a deep breath, drawing all the scent of this battle into his lungs and holding it in for a few seconds, he opened his eyes and sighed, "She needs a lot more to be completed, a dozen Minor Worlds should do it, but we have no more time for her to slowly feed while keeping the suspicions of the Covenant to a minimum..."

Tiberius nodded, "I understand," turning his head to regard the Rune Ship, he commanded, "Release every pawn you have inside yourself to the void, your Cloning Vats, Fabrication Assemblies, and every single portion of Bio-Essence inside you."

Absomet paused in shock, but her body proceeded with the command from the God of War, and before long the entire space was filled with hundreds of millions of pulsating

seeds the size of grapefruits, alongside that were the frozen bodies of hundreds of millions of soldiers.

A sizable portion of them were without their armor and they died in the void because of the errant destructive energies that were flooding the battlefield. These were the lucky ones.

Lamia growled, it was a frightening sound that felt primitive and filled with endless anger and brutality, "You think I'm not enough to stand against you lot? I do not need any aid to battle you all by myself."

Horush shook his head, "Perhaps you might have if you have left the Empire, but your greed has doomed you. Minerva protected you for too long, but as always, your kind always ends up as disappointments. Now eat, because you are a beast."

The voice of Horush was like a whip and Lamia's eyes opened in frustration and anger as her Akhurils began to move and consume the Bio-Essence and soldiers in an almost trance-like state. Their wide-open maws began to suck countless tonnes of biological material into the hellish engine that was their stomach.

Kuranas chuckled and appraised Tiberius with a wicked smile, "You know this would not be enough, there is not enough of our will inside this wasted blood that your pet toys with."

Tiberius ignored her, but it was Horush who responded to Kuranas, "Your desire for malice blinds you sister, Tiberius is not sparing his blade, he is just sharpening it, you should know by now that the God of War is nothing but thorough. If this wasted blood can complete a single percent in the completion of this task, then he would use all of it."

Kurane's eyes squinted as she observed the Rune Ship and she frowned, "I see, the Bio-Essence is not paired with her body, but kept in another subspace, this work is... elegant. I believe it is something of yours, Horush?"

Horush blushed and looked away, "Nothing of such Kuranas, I only encouraged what was already present."

It was a rare occurrence for this god to speak as he was mostly silent in his everyday life, preferring the silence of his great colossi than anything else, not because he was a god of few words, but because it was apparent that Horush was a deep introvert and was quite shy to boot.

Lamia had finally had enough and she began to chant while moving her fingers in various mystical gestures that warped reality, the many eyes on her hair opened up and they continued opening until they burst open and an open mouth took their place.

The mouth had long tongues that spewed out yellowish substance that resembled pus, and from their throats a fell voice rose like a choir band made up of demons.

"Amazing," Kuranos sighed, "This beast has no connection to Aether, but she uses her voice to control it. Is this the legacy we were denied by the trickster?"

A pale wisp of energy that was colored yellow and smelled of rot erupted from the hundreds of mouths in Lamia's hair and began to connect to her fifteen Akhurils.

This energy made every Abomination here begin to resonate with each other, and a weird vibration began to arise in the air that grew stronger until one of the Reapers twitched, its horrifying head slowly turning towards the gods.

Whatever effect the presence of the gods had on the battlefield seemed to be washed away as Abomination after Abomination began to shake loose.

"This sight never gets old," Kuranos muttered to herself with a smile, seemingly not surprised that these Abominations were now capable of movements in their presence.

With an unearthly howl, a Reaper leaped at the gods, unlike any other mortal species in the universe, an Abomination feared nothing, and would strike a god without blinking.

Its bravery and madness were commendable, but it reached a few feet from the gods and then disintegrated to ash. More howls resounded all over space as millions of Abominations like a growing tide began to move and immediately attacked the gods, their hunger and madness a perverse sight to behold.

Tiberius lashed out in annoyance, "My presence is War, who dares to battle without my order?"

The entire charging Abomination stopped and they seemed to become confused, some of them turned to each other with visible confusion in their demeanor, some Abomination even began hugging each other and weeping. Lamia shuddered.

Chapter 616: The True Core of Lamia

At this surprising change, the Abomination Core unexpectedly screamed in rage and the yellowish energy pulsing from her hair increased until it became as bright as a yellow sun, the affected Abominations began to break away from their confusion, the energy cleansing their minds and their power levels began to skyrocket and for a moment it was almost as if all of them transformed into beings with the power level of gods.

Their howls spread throughout space and the yellow energy swelled and filled their bodies with light, and their bodies began to emanate a yellowish fog that acted like a

potent acid, and space itself began to sizzle and crackle as the acid began to corrode the substance of reality.

Kuranes clapped her hands in appreciation and blew a wolf whistle, "Hahaha, this monster just bitch slapped you, Tiberius."

"I don't care what powers you have, I shall bury you in this place," Lamia's horrifying shriek reached the gods with a loud boom that left cracks throughout reality for endless miles across space.

The Abominations resumed their attack, as they quickly butchered and consumed what was left of the armies of Absomet and descended on the gods with renewed fury, in an instant the presence of the gods was covered by the bodies of millions of charging Abominations.

A pulse escaped from the piles of snarling Abomination surrounding the gods and every single Abomination covering the gods froze before they all collapsed to ash. This pulse spread throughout space and every Abomination turned to ash except for Lamia and the Akhurils who were shielded by a dome of yellowish energy.

Lamia growled in irritation, the energy linking her and the Akhurils had not ceased and with a loud rumble, millions of new Abominations from Reapers, Desecrators, and dozens of other variants of Abomination were spewed from the bodies of the Akhurils.

They tore out of their birthing sacs and quickly consumed them, growing bigger and fully formed in less than three seconds.

These newly born Abominations were slightly different, their bodies covered with a weird sort of glowing mesh, that seemed unimportant but that would be the assumption of anyone who did not understand what made Abominations terrifying.

There was a singular trait which was simply endless and rapid evolutions.

During her battles with the Rune Ship, Lamia did not use this particular ability, leaving it for when her campaign truly began against Trion.

What destroyed her previous Abomination Variants was a certain vibrational pulse released when the God of War snapped his fingers.

Although these new changes on the bodies of the Abomination could only shield them from this vibrational power to a limited extent and the God of War had many other tricks and powers, nevertheless it was an undeniable fact that given enough time, these Abominations would adapt to every attack inflicted on them.

This next batch of Abomination did not even reach the gods when they were turned to ash once more when Tiberius snapped his fingers thrice, but a trace of a smile was on

his lips even though he had used a bit more power with dealing with these Abominations.

Lamia chuckled, "You came too late, I have drunk too deeply on the many worlds I consumed, and it is impossible for you to stop me. It was wise for three of you to attack me at once."

Her Akhurils spewed more Abominations, their bodies a little more different, and this time, the glowing mesh had integrated with their bodies, giving them a very enhanced resistance to vibration, if Tiberius used the same attack, it was unknown how many he would be able to destroy this time.

Horush shook his head, "You might have succeeded, but much of your power was obtained from the children of Trion, you were not wise and ate too much of them when you should have left our Domain, also we are not here to attack you at once, my brother and sister are just here to observe, I will be the one to finish you off."

The god stretched his left hand forward and he opened his palm to reveal a beating heart, Lamia suddenly retreated, shock and fear filled her features,

Horush whispered and peered deeply at the Core in his hand, "When we left our foul bodies behind, we kept the true Core of our Shell with us, and we forged a fake Core inside your bodies. This is Minerva's heart, your true Core."

Lamia screamed and turned to flee but a terrible suction force emerged from the beating heart in Horush's hand that was effective on every Abomination here, and it dragged them into the beating heart.

The Akhurils gave long despairing cries, but the beating heart used that yellow energy of the Abomination as a leash and drew them into the heart, as they grew closer to it they began to shrink until they were as small as a grain of rice, and were all absorbed into the heart.

Lamia screamed in anger and despair but she could not go far, her body was dragged closer and closer to the heart until she was a few feet away,

"You shall not trap me again, I refuse this indignity... I deny such a fate!" Her screams were filled with pain and she fought against the pull so violently her body began to tear apart, and the heart eagerly drank her blood and flesh.

Her struggles were agonising and she gave another louder shriek of pain when her legs were drawn into the heart leaving only the top half of her body outside,

At the cusp of despair, Lamia began to plead for her life,

"Leave me be, and I promise I shall never wage war against thee and your dominion any longer."

"Too late for that," Horush replied, "You had your chance to escape, Minerva gave it to you, but you wasted it."

Lamia screamed again, and her struggles increased, and in a feat of madness and strength that even made the gods surprised, she began to pull herself from the heart leaving massive wounds in her body until her bones were visible.

Kuranos rubbed her brows in irritation, "This is taking too long, feed her the damn ship, Tiberius."

The God Of War paused for a moment before he sighed and opened his palm and grabbed the Rune Ship, and Absomet was suddenly no longer the size of a city and had shrunk to less than seven feet long, resembling a broad silver sword.

"Tiberius... what are you doing? Stop it.... I'm your spear... your beloved child.... Father?"

The last words from the Rune Ship were almost a question. The god of war walked up to Horush and seized the struggling Lamia by the hair and began shoving the Rune Ship down her throat.

Chapter 617: My Blood Lights The Way

Lamia's eyes widened until spider web cracks began to form on her face due to the strain from her struggles. Her screams of despair and pleasure at the same time were horrifying, Kuranos licked her lips.

The Rune Ship was shoved down the Abomination Core's throat, tearing apart any delicate organs in the way until it reached her stomach, and there were still four feet of the Rune Ship still hanging outside her mouth, any more and it would have completely impaled her.

Lamia's most potent instinct, more powerful than anything she could usually control, was consumption. At the best of times, it was practically impossible for her to refuse a meal, and now with her full focus bent on escaping the pull of the Minerva's Core, there was no hold back as her instinct caught fire and she began to consume the Rune Ship.

Although she knew that devouring this Rune Ship would only lead to her doom, it was a matter beyond her control as her body released digestive juices and her mouth cracked open creating hundreds of new fangs that acted as barbs, piercing into the Rune Ship

and dragging it deeper inside her, even when her body had not finished digesting what was inside her.

A single tear fell from Lamia's eye as her body shuddered, fighting against two extreme forces at the same time. Her screams of pleasure, pain, and despair became deeper, as more of her consciousness was dragged into Minerva Core and she could grasp a hint of the massive designs the Gods of Trion were undertaking and it horrified her beyond reason.

Absomet was mostly silent, only letting out low gasps of pain here and there, but overall the Rune Ship seemed resigned to her fate. The gods watched this grim sight without any interference for the next eighteen hours, but Kuranos did not hide her enjoyment at the destruction of the slow destruction of the Rune Ship.

Her antagonistic behavior against Tiberius was well known, as the two of them competed against each other in every capacity, the winner of this endless game of theirs would be declared the strongest.

Yet there would be no end in sight for these games, after all, they were immortal.

Lamia spat out a tiny section of the Rune Ship, and she held her head, screaming a last act of defiance before she was dragged into the heart with a wet plopping sound, her last cries exploded into the universe,

"Mother, have mercy for your children. We fall into darkness..."

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Tiberius considered the remains of the Rune Ship, it could have been salvaged but the corrosion of Lamia's saliva was upon it, and it would take too many resources to bring it back to even a fraction of her previous might, he sighed and turned away.

'Let her grave be under the light of the stars, the same way he found her.'

Horush began to infuse the heart with energy borrowed from Minerva and the heart began to slowly transform into a cube made from bones and shifting flesh.

On the four sides of the cube were the faces of Lamia, each with various expressions but still horribly aware of her situation as her eyes peered around in anger and madness.

"It is done," Horush whispered, "we can begin activating the Ascension Platform."

"Not yet, there is not enough prey to make our heavens stable," Tiberius growled, "We must make sure everything is beyond perfect, we have only one shot at this, if we fail, the entire universe will bury us under their rage."

"Not just this universe," Kuranos chuckled, "All of them. The Trickster is insane, but his depths of vision are... spectacular."

The three gods tore a path through reality and appeared over Trion, and they began moving towards the palace of the God King where a portal opened up for them and they appeared inside an expansive hall that was built from wood that gleamed like jade.

A fifty-foot statue was situated in the middle of the hall that depicted a warrior clad in black armor. The gods walked up to this statue and its head which was molded from stones and metals and not an Anima turned to them, and the voice of the God King emerged from it,

"Is it done?"

Tiberius was the one who replied, "By your will, everything is as it should be. We are one step closer to completion and Ascension. Minerva has allowed her Shell to be harvested, the Trickster has fled far from Trion and the harvest is ripe, ready to be picked."

The eyes of the statue blazed with a red flame and it nodded, with a loud bang, it pushed itself from the position it was standing in and drew a blade that was sheathed behind it.

The gods beginning with Horush walked to the statue and knelt, "I have always hated this part," Horush whispered to himself just as the blade from the statue decapitated him.

The blade fell three more times, further dividing Horush's body into four more pieces, and his body bled like a mortal, staining the ground of the temple.

His mouth whispered with dying breath, "My blood lights the way."

Minerva and Tiberius followed behind, they all knelt before the statue, and their heads were taken from their bodies and their bodies were sectioned into pieces, the statue replaced the blade in its sheath, and the blade was already freed of blood as it drank every single drop that touched it.

The statue of the God King suddenly squatted and began to feast on the bodies of the butchered gods, a long black tongue emerged from its mouth and licked every single drop of blood spilled on the ground, pleasure filled its eyes, it swallowed the cube where Lamia was imprisoned, the Abomination looking at these events with shock and dread.

There was nothing of Divinity in this God King, only evil.

The statue soon returned to its previous position as if nothing had transpired and this hall fell into silence.

Chapter 618: To Know Oneself

Rowan's eyes snapped open as refreshed as he could ever be in his present state. His Consciousness Pillar and Knowledge Well had healed to their current optimal state, yet they came out wrong...misshapen.

So much of his Ouroboros Bloodline had fused with his Chambers and Consciousness Pillars that with the weakened state of his Ouroboros Bloodline, his pillars no longer ascended to the skies—thick beams of implacable consciousness powers that would place those of the gods and Archmages to shame—now they were crooked, their golden shine reduced to rusted brown.

The Eye of his Knowledge Well was no longer bright and piercing but dull and yellow, like the eyes of an old man in the twilight of his life, its processing power even in this state was less than ten percent.

If these were the tools Rowan had to work with, it would have to be enough, what came next was not a matter of intelligence or power, but simply determination and enlightenment. His preparation was for this moment, and to succeed, he would need to believe and understand himself deeply.

Rowan stood up, his height reduced to 320 miles, yet every motion from his colossal body was palpable.

This action prompted Eva and the rest to retreat, knowing it was time and Rowan nodded at their retreating figures in thanks, he waited for them to return to their places as the endgame had begun.

At this time the Core floating above no longer resembled a heart but an orb with no visible imperfections on its surface, there were three colors rippling along its exterior, the most dominant was a golden luster, and then a red hue like decaying blood, and finally a black color similar to smoke.

With Rowan's new insight, he knew that what he was looking at were not colors, this was the outward appearance of something deeper. This was not Intent as Labaletai once told him, this was much complex, and Rowan chose to call it Will.

Intent could only exist in the fourth dimension after it anchored itself firmly in time, and its effects on the Third Dimension were visibly felt, it was the reason gods and Archmages were truly powerful, for their attacks carried a hint of inevitability, yet it could only move across the present.

Rowan suspected that even the gods themselves did not truly understand how their Intent functioned after they gained this power at first only at very high levels would they

begin to comprehend this power, it would take someone like Rowan who was a Nascent Primordial and had access to the understanding of Dimensions at this level to begin to unravel the knot.

It was also the reason why the Intent from the gods could be easily purged, even a lower grade Intent could purge a higher grade Intent given enough volumes, but Will was different.

He recalled what the powerful Mage inside the Isle of Rest told Andar about this power, she had called this color the Stench of an Old One.

This Will or Stench was a deep pervasive power that rooted itself beyond the fourth dimension into higher planes, drenching its corruption deep in the past, the present, and the future.

The gold was from Chaos, the red was from his father and the black was from the Abyssal power that assailed his Angels. This power had slowly crept into his bloodline without him even noticing it, and over time it would slowly bleed into Rowan's being until he would not be able to differentiate his essence from those of the Old Ones.

The danger of such a thing was an ever-present noose on his neck, and if he chose to ignore it, an unfortunate ending awaited him, this universe was unforgiving to the weak.

Now he was going to rid himself of this stench.

The materials were ready, the hovering Orb in front of him that was as large as seven of his previous planet fused together.

The connections had been made, linking billions of components and material to a single whole that was not just a feat in forging, but an art of itself, and the Arcane Rune had been implanted into every single part of the Core, the last thing Rowan needed to do, was to place his own Will inside this Core and give it life.

If Rowan was creating a Destroyer using the previously laid-out blueprints he harvested from the golden book then he would have used his Berserker Intent to serve as its activator, but he was going deeper, which meant he would have to gather his own Will.

For the past two years, Rowan had been deliberating on how to create his own Will, this was a power that he should naturally come into when he reached the fifth or sixth Supreme Circle, but if he waited for that long the Will he would manifest would not be his own in its entirety, but a fusion of the Wills of the three Old Ones inside his bloodline.

At that time he would not be himself anymore for slowly he would have lost what made him different, reduced to nothing but the agency of the Old Ones, it was unknown even

with the help of his Primordial Record whether he would be able to purge them from his essence any longer.

Rowan Spirit shuddered, was he not already corrupted?

Not one to spend precious time languishing in his problems, he began working on the process of creating his own Will.

As far as he could tell he had abilities that went beyond his present Supreme Circle, and some of the feats he was capable of were capabilities that only Old Ones were capable of wielding, that meant he already had the tools to create his own Will, he was just not aware of it.

After checking through himself countless times, it was that finally gave him the hint that he was missing and he began to build from that point. That precious hint was his Titles.

Rowan had five Titles, they were, Plane Walker, Chaos Blood, Reality Butcher, Creator, and finally Primordial.

Everything showed him was important, and these Titles were significant towards the creation of his Will.

Inside all these Title was the Core of who Rowan was, he just had to find it.

Chapter 619: I Am Not Rowan Kuranos

The lightning in the clouds rumbled overhead, this cloud had grown, and it was not natural. This cloud was filled with non-attributeless Primordial Aether, this was Rowan's hidden backup energy store, that he had been slowly generating by himself after he understood how the Aeorkron Core worked.

Rowan had been able to divert a portion of those Primordial Aether and keep them above in the form of lightning bolts, and his eyes followed the roving bolts of lightning, seemingly entranced by their movements.

Now that he was here at this moment, he did not feel fear or regrets, only a heightened sense of things...

The wind blowing at hurricane speeds that could hardly ruffle his hair...

The scent of the Forge, the closest he could relate was jasmine...

The sounds... The energy flowing through the expanse around him...

The lightning filled with pure power... He could feel it all.

With his perception, he could follow every individual bolt, which was traveling at a paltry 270,000 mph.

As a human such speed was beyond their understanding, even a Dominator at the Earth god level may struggle with following the bolt of lightning, but Rowan could easily do so.

He had grown so powerful in such a short time it was now so hard for him to separate himself from when he was powerless and his present state.

Rowan understood that somewhere down the line, he had forgotten what mortals and even gods understood as easily as breathing...

'Everyone has limits... Even me. My growth is fast, but I'm still rising and my journey is long. I have not reached my destination in this journey of self-discovery, only one question is important...'

Rowan whispered to himself, "Who am I?"

He noticed that his striking serpentine eyes were gone.

His eyes no longer blazed with the color of gold like before, but now it was a muddy brown as if it were a mixture of many colors. He was not dissatisfied with this color, because it signified something pure, something that was basic.

He could rebuild himself from the ground up.

Rowan's smile was beautiful, "I make myself from my clay."

The first Title he ever had was Plane Walker, he began to explore what this Title meant to him.

Rowan had lived across many lifetimes, or at least a part of himself. That part of him that lived like a mortal on an unassuming planet in an unassuming universe was unaware of his true place in the grand scheme of things.

Those separate parts of himself came together, traveling beyond death, beyond their individual universes, two separate entities that became one...

Rowan once heard in his previous life on earth that, 'Death was the only bridge between man and god. What more can a mortal do that is more absolute than death.'

Somehow this word had stuck in his heart. Now that he had died so many times in so many ways, it was not strange that he now understood the divine more deeply, even killed his fair share of gods, although most of them were not deserving of his hunger.

Rowan shrugged, 'food was food. Death is my business. I have waited too long for this day, and now it is here.'

His voice rang out, strong and implacable, "I am no longer Rowan Carter from Earth, and I am no longer Rowan Kuranos from Trion..."

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In a Realm of Fire, a goddess sat upon a throne of molten magma and shifting cinders. Her eyes were closed as if in deep sleep, but she was humming, her divine voice pulsing with power and Aether, moving through the endless void.

The throne she sat upon rested a million miles in the air, and it spewed out a vast amount of molten magma with a temperature that was hotter than stars, thick black smoke billowed from it and shrouded this place with darkness for endless miles.

Below her throne were an uncountable number of worlds that were being birthed in chaos and flames, only to die and be reborn. Endless creatures of great power roamed in this place, and the power of the goddess could be felt here, more stable than the earth and hotter than the sun.

In this hellish domain, the voice of Rowan resounded,

"I am no longer Rowan Kuranos..."

The goddess shuddered and awoke with a fury that shook this entire space. Her Heaven vibrated and Hell was let loose. In an instant trillions died as her fury surged higher and higher.

With a howl of disbelief and anguish, Kuranos rose from her throne and began to ascend towards Trion.

Her body began to split open, and a vast amount of blood erupted from it which began to decay and turn to ash.

The goddess began to rapidly age, her billowing red hair turning white.

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I am no longer just the son of Elura, Empyrean of Life, or my... father, that broken Abomination. I am a new being, taken from something broken and fragmented to become something unknown,"

Rowan's voice began as a whisper, a tiny sound that held earth-

shattering resolve, it was slowly becoming louder as he spoke and the entire Forge went silent as formless energy began to grow, stifling everything here.

The Orb overhead began to quiver, the same happened with his Ouroboros bloodline as deep cracks began to explode on his body, suddenly a violent shockwave erupted from his body and even the Sovereigns could not hold it back, it was impossible for them to hold it back.

With a loud cry, they redirected the power outside and it erupted from the Forge and spread throughout the material universe, faster than the speed of light until it reached the desert where the Third Prince battled endless foes.

That force touched all the great powers in the universe, from the Great Towers of the Mages to the deep void where the Abyssal Hells were pushing their corruption into the universe, to the Heavenly Outpost where the Celestials waited for the universe to age so that they could begin to roam, to other deeper areas....

The universe itself began to stir.

Chapter 620: Taking Himself Apart

The Third Prince felt a deep sense of disquietness, but it was a pity that his consciousness was not as stable as before, and his concentration had been dragged down by bloodlust and the pleasures of combat.

Yet this foreign emotion was so powerful that it triggered a fresh wave of awareness in his mind, shaking him away from his bloodthirstiness and he began to push towards escaping the desert, he remembered why he was here, and slowly but surely he was edging towards freedom.

Of all the foes arrayed against him, the King of Nothing was the most annoying, with its capabilities it turned every attempt he made to escape to be fruitless, as it turned space and time to nothingness, effectively turning any effort he made to be meaningless.

What made this scene of battle to be incredibly eerie was the fact that there was no sound, even with the level of apocalyptic powers being thrown around, this battle was soundless.

The instinct of the Third Prince was screaming at him, it was telling him that he needed to leave the desert, that something monumental was happening, and if he was too late in addressing it, he would have failed the entire purpose of his existence...

"What is happening? What am I about to lose? ARRRHHHHGGGG!!! Rowan... Not Rowan... You fucking bastard, what are you doing?!!!"

With a scream of rage, the Third Prince ignored everything, ignited his Essence, and began to push to escape this desert.

This endless desert transformed into a red sea, as the Essence of the Third Prince ignited, even this powerful and feared location was transformed before the presence of the true might of the Third Prince.

For the first time in countless eternities, a great cry erupted from the desert, ancient beyond belief, and filled with an anger that would turn everything in existence to dust.

That reply was replied by the Third Prince whose cry of rage and despair was long and deep. Something in that cry silenced the desert and it begrudgingly took back its domain.

The desert bent the knee to the Third Prince, but its rage was not sated, from this moment he was barred from ever entering the desert. If he was to return the Third Prince would have to take another route, which was impossible, this was the inky method to reach the consciousness of the universe and return or he would have to become something else.

Igniting his Essence was the final straw, it gave him all the power he needed to escape his encirclement, as he slowly battled towards the ends of the desert.

Yet he knew that this action of igniting his Essence would mean his end, but he no longer cared, and he would willingly pass the torch to the next in line if that meant he did not fail his mission.

His screams of rage echoed through the desert once more,

"Fourth you win... bastard you have won!"

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Rowan was unaware of the effect of his action on the rest of the universe. No, that would be wrong, he had recognized that something similar might happen, although he had failed to recognize the enormity of his effort.

He continued with his cleansing of his Mental State, there was a great force surrounding him that had begun to compress Reality until it appeared as if a silver corona was surrounding him.

He heard a heavy thumping sound in the distance that strengthened his resolve, and he realized that it was coming from his Angelic host of a hundred thousand.

They had all created spears of flames, and they struck the ground with the shaft, creating countless sonic booms with that gesture.

He could feel their belief, their love, and unshakable confidence, and Rowan drew strength from them as he continued speaking,

"I am not a Reality Butcher. My unchecked destruction was born from a mind without any control. I was nothing but a slave to an instinct that I ought to master, I..."

A whisper suddenly entered his consciousness,

"OH... BUT YOU HAVE NOT MASTERED THAT INSTINCT YET... CHILD OF CHAOS!"

Those words were so intrusive and loud, that it was almost as if every cell in his body was screaming.

Rowan's body exploded into a billion fragments and spread around for thousands of miles.

His roar of fury and resolve erupted from those fragments, his understanding of how deeply he had been corrupted brought a great sense of shame and anger in his heart.

"I have lived with all your Stench for long enough! If this power came from you, then it's not mine. I do not need it!"

His fragments reconstituted himself but he did not make himself whole like before.

Rowan was filled with rage and he deliberately did not heal himself all the way through, as he left himself separated into various parts, like an anatomy mannequin presenting the various layers inside the flesh, previously he was not capable of viewing himself like this or even taking himself apart like he just did.

The inner layer of his body was a golden cloud that was thick as mercury, a closer look would show it was not liquid but countless golden grain with specks of starlight inside of it, they slowly rotated and the Aura they unleashed was powerful, as they were no longer contained inside Rowan's Absolute Body.

This Aura contained the countless Empyrean Essence that Rowan took from the universe and the Essence that he transformed using Soul Energy.

Except for abnormal cases, there was no way any universe would ever grant a single being this amount of Essence, for it was the foundations of power that could crush them from the inside.

A great part of the reason Rowan was able to perform so many miracles while inside the universe like his ability to bring back his future state of being into the past when he utilized the Tower of Greed or how he was able to seed thousands of worlds while he was still just a Rift State Dominator was tied to the fact that the amount of Empyrean Essence he had was unprecedented.

This amount of Essence that Rowan collected was enough to birth a hundred Empyreans!

This Essence represented great power and its Aura began to destabilize the Forge.

The second layer was his golden bones, they shone like a sun and they were as stable as the pillars that supported the universe.

The Third Layer was flesh, they were like endless channels of power, as they held the ability to hold an unfathomable amount of Aether. It was the reason he could burn Eruption without turning himself to dust.

Rowan roared, "Eruption.... Out!"

Chapter 621: Transferring Power

This action of his seemed to stun the voice as with the roar from Rowan that hung in the air for an impossibly long time, every layer of his body began to vibrate.

From his roiling Essence, golden bones, and Absolute flesh, a golden fire began to emerge that held no trace of heat but force!

This was not fire, but pure potential energy, in a form that exceeded all concepts of energy that could be measured in the universe, even the Forge began to groan as the effort of containing this power was straining valuable resources.

Rowan was almost held in place with awe when he examined the true form of Eruption. He realized that he had barely scratched the surface of this power, and the methods he used when employing it were so crude it almost made him laugh, it was like he was given a nuclear missile and he had been using it as a spear.

"YOU ARE IGNORANT, CHILD OF CHAOS. BEING RECKLESS WITH YOUR GIFT IS NOT WISDOM. YOU WERE GIVEN WINGS TO FLY, YET IN YOUR FOOLISHNESS YOU BELIEVE YOU CAN ACHIEVE FLIGHT USING YOUR BARE ARMS. AGAINST THE MIGHT OF THE AGES WHAT CAN YOUR PUNY FLESH ACCOMPLISH?"

This voice was grating on his senses, but Rowan observed that its intensity had reduced, and he ignored it. This voice revealed its lack of Rowan's true ability and mindset by the statement it just made.

There was no way Rowan would ever give up an ability like Eruption.

Its versatility was matchless and having understood a bit about how it truly worked, he was more firm in his decision, he would be keeping this power, but in order to do so, he would have to change it, for now, it was unclean.

It was important to note that although there had been slight diversions in Rowan's plan, he had anticipated something like this occurring and he had duly planned for it. Although he did not have the famed omniscience of a Primordial, with his Knowledge Well, he could at least anticipate 92% of the possible outcomes of his actions during the forging of his Destroyer.

He just had to believe in his vision and make the best of every stage that arose as he forged ahead.

Eruption began to leech from his body more and more slowly as Rowan could not easily separate this ability that had become tied to every part of his body, and if he did not find a way to quickly resolve it, like a stretched rubber band, Eruption would snap back and re-merge with his body.

Rowan did not have to ask before Eva understood what to do next and she quickly alerted the Sovereigns, "Release the Seeded Worlds!"

Suriel and Erudiel opened their wings and began to release the Seeded Worlds they had been keeping in their possession, each of them was as tiny as an apple, previously these planets were glowing with golden energy as a vast amount of Rowan's Essence flowed through them, but now they were different.

With the present state of his World Engine, these worlds appeared dead and desolate. They were now a dark brown, and it was as if every trace of vitality had been siphoned from them leaving only a dead carcass behind.

Rowan knew that was not the case. What had changed was that every planet here alongside the world seed he placed inside had been drained entirely of every single energy and essence they contained leaving only a husk.

When Rowan obtained the World Engine ability, and the understanding of its purpose and utilities emerged in his consciousness, he became aware that a World Engine, although a powerful ability, was one that few great powers would hardly select.

The primary reason for this was that during the Incubation of the World Seed inside a planet, the energy it would absorb had a way of influencing its growth, and if the owner

of the World Seed was not vigilant, it was possible for the World Seed to break away from their control.

The true owner of this World Seed was not him, for the Stench of Chaos was ingrained in this ability, but all hope was not lost.

Rowan had made sure that every World Seed he had created had been filled with the purest Source of Soul Energy that came from him alone, making every single one of his World Seeds unique, this process effectively slaved the World Seeds to him, even though their origin most likely came from Chaos.

This meant that although the energy Rowan placed inside of them had been fully drained away, their architecture remained in place, they could be refilled again if he gave them a new source of fuel.

Rowan split his focus between the gathering energy of Eruption and the 1,252 Minor worlds that surrounded him like pearls.

It did not take long for Eruption to snap toward those worlds for they were extensions of Rowan's body, and they were close enough to his makeup that they would see it as the next best option after the environment of his body was becoming more hostile.

"A BOLD PLAN, YET FUTILE, SURELY YOU MUST UNDERSTAND... YOU ARE A FLUKE, YOUR METHODS WHILE IMAGINATIVE, POSSESS NO ROOT TO..."

With Eruption streaming out of his body and into the Seeded Worlds, the voice became increasingly fainter, and it was easy for Rowan to cut it off.

Whoever owns this voice would cause more harm to him the more he listened to them. Rowan had realized that apart from creating a source of distraction in his heart, this voice most likely understood Rowan's goals, but not the methods he sought to achieve them, the only way he would be truly freed of it was to truly cleanse himself from this Stench.

The power of Eruption was vast but shared among 1,252 worlds, each of which contained trillions of living organisms meaning that it could be barely digested by these Seeded Worlds, he had chosen the right amounts after all.

Rowan watched each World Seed begin to transform, turning from a muddy brown to an orb that appeared to be filled with blue lightning. When a Seeded World was fully saturated with energy, it would be drawn to the sky where it merged into the Core floating above.

It didn't take long for the thousand of World Seeds to merge into the Core, and a loud metallic groan emerged from it.

Chapter 622: Profound Sacrifice

Rowan began returning his body to its previous state, it was slow and extremely painful, and it became immediately clear that removing Eruption from his body had taken a toll. His entire hair began to descend like a waterfall, and in a short moment, he became bald, leaving deep bleeding pits on his head that brought forth blood and pus.

Large bleeding wounds filled his body and for the first time since he became an Ouroboros Serpent, he began to bleed red blood like a mortal. His capacity to handle pain and adverse effects also fell to the gutter, and with a particularly loud crack a majority of his Force Field dissipated, and he nearly fell to his knees.

Rowan had been unconsciously supporting himself with Telekinesis all this while, and with the dissipation of a greater part of his Force Field, he was left with barely enough power to lift up a mountain range, this was far from his previous peak when he could effortlessly crush worlds to dust.

Even as he braced himself, his Force Field finally faded to nothingness and the last burst of Telekinesis surged out, only to vanish.

This ability was almost an innate part of him, something similar to his heartbeat or the blood flowing in his veins. Rowan was surprised how much it hurt him to lose it, like a man suddenly bereft of all his limbs, his body instinctively tried to reach for his Telekinesis, but it was no longer there.

For a brief moment, Rowan nearly broke. The magnitude of his actions and sacrifice nearly overwhelmed him, but he shook himself from that state, as quickly as it came.

"I knew this was coming. I cannot be shaken... I cannot be broken. Let the waves grow higher and higher, I shall remain standing!"

The Emyrean Metal that he was made from was dissipating, fading away into golden ash that ascended into the sky and created a golden arch like a rainbow.

Although his flesh was still ridiculously powerful, its nature was now different, no longer inviolable, no longer immortal, no longer sacrosanct.

Who else would be willing to give up such great powers?

Rowan did not delay his next actions, with the absence of Eruption and the Force Field on his body, his Attributes fell once more, his body shrinking from 300+ miles down to just 120 miles. The effect of the Goliath Might Spell was fading and Lost had to recast it once more.

"Triple the cast," Rowan commanded, his voice was hoarse, but the power it contained was unmatched.

Lost sputtered in indignation, "But, that would..."

Eva tapped his head, "Just do it, what doesn't immediately kill the creator is okay, he can endure the strain."

Lost wanted to protest but with a forlorn sigh he continued stacking the Goliath Might Spell.

Rowan smiled internally, he was sure Eva's words were just a way to appease the little child, but everyone here knew he was no longer the invincible Ouroboros Serpent, but they believed in him, and that was enough.

The light of the Goliath Might Spell that was previously floating around Rowan's skin suddenly fused to his flesh and began to dig its way through until they reached the bone. The light was no longer white but red, as his blood stained the Spell and it shone with a scarlet glow.

Rowan gasped in pain, an unconscious reaction from a body that was beginning to transform to that of a mortal, but the strength filling up his frame was real enough, even though it was beginning to kill him, and unlike when he was fully an Ouroboros Serpent, if he died, especially inside this space, he would not be able to come back, not even the Tower of Greed would work here.

"WHY RISK IT ALL FOR NOTHING, CHILD... YOU ARE BELOVED BY THE VERY LIGHT THAT TOUCHES YOUR SKIN..."

"I am not just a Creator of the Celestial and the Abyssals!" Rowan roared, blood pouring down from his mouth as his cries tore the linings inside his throat, and his Angels trembled.

"I have brought to life more than that..."

An image of Andar flashed in his mind, every single process he had manifested as he created Andar from the remnants of the mortal he once was. He recalled the form of Lost, born from the Lost Flames and Rowan's consciousness, his memories, and his convictions, he recalled Eva, a woman manifested anew from the hands of incognizance...

"My path may have been laid out for me, but I have earned my name..."

Of the hundred thousand Angels and Archangels here, of the two Sovereigns who stood in guard of him none of them had the Abyssal taint, Rowan had made sure they were free of that taint with the lights of Sheol.

With spears of flames, every Angel here including the Sovereigns slammed their weapon against the ground seven times. The sound was a sign of their allegiance and unshakable devotion to their creator.

Every space inside the Forge vibrated as the Aura of Rowan Celestial Host was manifested and their glory shone upon the broken body of their creator, covering him in a shroud of glory.

"Once they were yours. No longer, they are my children now... I am... a Creator!"

With these words, the silver Corona around Rowan thickened and brought with it a formless pressure that nearly brought him to his knees.

Rowan fought against this pressure, burning everything his mortal body had, his resolve and madness beyond what even a god could comprehend... this struggle made the Silver Light glow brighter and he understood that this was the embers of his Will if he allowed himself to falter at this moment, then it was all for nothing...

His body began to shrink, the energy he was utilizing was a small part of this mental struggle but it was still an alarming amount.

Even with the Goliath Might Spell giving him millions of points of Attributes, it was not enough to stall the loss he was suffering.

From a hundred miles, down to fifty and finally ten miles tall. Rowan's form no longer towered on the horizon, his body a far cry from its previous magnificence, in its place however was raw, unchecked potential!

Rowan's appearance was a shell of his previous one, with large bleeding wounds that showed decaying bones, a breath that was disorderly, and the Aura of death hung heavily over him...

Yet, the silver corona only grew sharper, like a divine blade that was slowly being unsheathed.

Rowan was reforging himself anew, using his hand to mold his clay, such an act had gone beyond heaven defying, this was not acknowledging the fact that he was also fighting against the Will of three Primordials!

"FOOLISH CHILD, I CAN NO LONGER PROTECT YOU FROM THE ROAD YOU ARE ABOUT TO TAKE!"

"I am no longer Chaos Blood..."

Chapter 623: The Great Betrayer

When Rowan spoke those words, it carried a tone of finality, time seemed to stop, everything went still... Yet this was the Forge, a space that was as close to a fifth Dimension as possible, and time was not the ultimate ruler here.

Rowan's voice transcended the limit of time and he continued speaking, whomever owned that voice was no longer just speaking, rather they were actively trying to thwart his efforts,

"My Empyrean birth may have been as an Ouroboros Serpent, but that is not all of my nature, but a minor part of it, and it should not determine all I am to be. If my future is to be determined by Chaos... Then I am no longer a Child of Chaos!!!"

Several pained roars emerged from the Core above, and Rowan's ears and eyes exploded and his corporeal body went blind, but his consciousness no longer needed such limiting organs like eyes to understand his environment, however, that did not last for long.

Rowan's consciousness was suddenly bathed in darkness, and he could feel a crushing power beyond what his current frame could hold, and his body began to collapse, unlike the previous bodily destruction, he could not control this collapse, and his mortal body was held at the edge of death, and if not for his profound vitality and his stubborn will to live and succeed, he would already be dead, because Rowan at this moment was just a pile of blood, flesh and bones.

Yet, all these seemed to happen in the distance, to someone else's body as his consciousness was dragged beyond infinity, and he saw a long Golden Road that stretched beyond countless universes...

Rowan heard a loud crash as if a thousand worlds were being split apart, and the Core above cracked as six massive Ouroboros Serpents emerged from it, they had no skin, and their bones were decaying, but their size and power were breathtaking.

... His consciousness could not maintain the connection with the Forge as he was dragged deeper and deeper down that Golden Road past hundreds of universes, but he could see flashes of battle, as his Sovereigns and all his Angelic Host fought with the Serpents...

Rowan's cries of anger could not reach the Forge, for the minds of his Serpents were being corrupted, forced against their will, but they fought against this intrusion, without Rowan, they were losing the battle against this foreign power, and he was growing ever farther from them...

He tried to fight the pull but he could not, with a loud pulse that Rowan felt could be heard all over the many universes, he found himself crashing on top of a mountain.

It almost reminded him of the moment he entered the Anima of Ohrox, the Prince of Destruction inside the Covenant.

His consciousness was addled for a few seconds before he jumped to his feet and looked around, and he nearly fell on his face, for the body he found himself in was distinctively mortal, but it was not his own.

He grunted, "How I despise this weakness!"

Rowan's consciousness tried to escape from this body, he needed to return to the Forge or his Ascension to the level of Will would fail, and his struggles were useless. The Serpents had nearly been melted into the Core, and if he did not return to complete the Destroyer, they would be taken from him, he would never allow that travesty.

He desperately strived to escape, his consciousness was still powerful, but there was nothing he could do about the mortal shell he inhabited, it was... less. Everything about its biology and spirituality made manipulating his consciousness and escaping from it nearly impossible.

He knew that there was still a connection between him and his body inside the Forge, for he could still sense the wave of battle, even from this place where he found himself.

Rowan struggled for a moment and he gave up, the only progress he made was a very clear understanding of this body he just inhabited, and he needed to gather more information to understand how he could return, someone brought him here after all.

This body, although it was a mortal, was different, and he instinctively understood that he had no relation with this flesh, not in his past lives, nor was it related to the Kuranes bloodline.

The body should be in its thirties with short black hair, there was a deep scar on its left cheek and its eyes had two colors, the left was gray and the right was gold, also it had a single massive heart which was inside its stomach.

He looked around him, aware that where he was would be dangerous, and found out that he was alone. The mountaintop he found himself in was ragged, with a few tufts of yellow grass stubbornly fighting through the cracks, clawing to life despite this detrimental environment.

Rowan walked towards the edge of the mountain and looked below, and saw nothing but an endless black cloud that surrounded the mountain for miles, and at the edge of the horizon was a pale golden mist that blocked his perception from reaching the distance.

"You fit right in my body, it's almost uncanny."

The voice dragged Rowan from his speculations and he looked around, and he found a fire with the body of a pregnant man that had been staked through.

A closer look would reveal that the flames came from the remnant of dozens of burning universes, and Rowan could still hear the intensely terrifying screams emanating from them.

The man was suspended over these horrifying flames, the wooden stake pierced through his buttocks and out the side of his neck, and the stake was slowly rotating so the fire could evenly cook the man suspended above it.

Yet what made this scene more peculiar was that the head of the man was motionless and focused on Rowan, while the rest of his body was rotating over the flames causing his neck to become twisted like a wounded rope.

The face of the man was the same as that of the body Rowan was inhabiting and this tortured creature smiled at him, while golden blood slowly dribbled from the side of his lips.

There would have been a time when such a horrific sight was shocking to him, but those times were far behind, Rowan moved closer to this ghastly apparition and he frowned at the scent of roasted meat that entered his nose.

He did not know where this knowledge came from, but he called out, "You are Caine, are you not? The one who has been speaking with me. The brightest light in all of creation, the Great Betrayer... The damned voice in my head."

Chapter 624: Grave Danger

Rowan's words hung in the air, the language he spoke was the same as what this strange man just used, and this language was one of the strangest he had ever heard before.

If a storm could speak, this would be the language that they would use.

The man being roasted above the fire smiled, "In the flesh, or what's left of it? Our father's fury is... magnificent. Yet I'm surprised how you understood my words. The language I speak has been dead for many Eras, I should know, I created it. So many mysteries to you...So... so... many, but you are beginning to go astray little brother, and I can no longer watch."

Rowan quickly collected all the information he knew about Caine, he barely had the might of a single consciousness pillar in his body and he had to make do with what he had.

Most importantly he could not really plan deeply and had to keep his real thoughts a secret and act more with his intuition because he suspected that this body he inhabited might be able to listen to his thoughts!

He was in grave danger and was still under a vicious time constraint, and every second he spent here, Caine was winning. This would be a mental chess match that would test him to the limits and the board was stacked heavily against him.

This was the individual who stopped the unceasing onslaught of a Primordial by thwarting the plans of Chaos. He had forged a pact with the Celestials and created a technique that devoured the Intent of Chaos.

Labaletai the Chaos Door had praised this figure, calling him the bravest and wisest of all the Children of Chaos, and if he was right, Caine was the reason why the last war between the Primordials ended and Chaos imprisoned for all of eternity.

Rowan did not understand when he fell into the sight of this figure, but if he were to guess, it would be when the Chaos Door devoured the Will of Chaos inside the consciousness he had placed inside Andar.

With his current knowledge of mysticism, he knew that for a figure like Caine, who was most likely a being who had transcended the Fifth Dimension, anything they created would have the touch of their Will.

Previously Rowan had thought that what was inside his body was Intent, and the Chaos Door had also played to his ignorance, telling Rowan that what he collected from his body was the Intent of Chaos, now he knew that Labaletai was lying to him or if he was not, that meant the Chaos Door was ignorant of the true dimensions of power, which Rowan felt was difficult to imagine.

Yet if that was the truth, that would reveal a deep flaw inside the so-called Travelers of The Blood, which was they escaped the clutch of one tyrant and fell into the hands of another. If a powerful creature like the Chaos Door had been deceived for so long, what hope did Rowan have of winning against this creature?

When the Chaos Door devoured the Will of Chaos, he had claimed to have destroyed it, and at that time, Rowan had felt that to be the case, but he knew this was falsehood. That was not Intent but Will, and it was not destroyed, but transferred... to this figure here... to Caine!

There had been a force trying to push his eyes away from the gross stomach of Caine, and he had to fight the urge to look away with everything he had before he could barely peek at this creature's stomach.

It was swollen and pulsating as if it was filled with a turbulent river or a struggling baby, but Rowan could sense something more... It was Will! The Will of Chaos, and in that short moment he peered at this horrifying sight, he had felt a wave of Chaos Will flow into the body of Caine and an equal amount of Will suddenly vanishing from his body, as if something inside that stomach was eating the Will of Chaos.

'No, whatever is happening here is important, but you need to return to your body, whatever happens, he wins the longer you remain in this place.'

Rowan's eyes glinted, he could still perceive vague snatches of the great battle happening in the forge, and his desperation was growing, and he growled to the figure in the fire,

"Caine, let me out of here."

The man arched an eyebrow, "I will have to admit, your disposition is quite... unflappable, even when you are reduced to the state of a mortal. Such stubbornness and clarity of mind are not normal, even among the children of Chaos. Do you perhaps understand that you are quite insane?"

"I do not care about what you think, you brought me here for a reason, speak your words, and let us be done. I request no aid from you, nor do I require it."

The man suddenly laughed before grimacing in pain as his stomach suddenly expanded and for a brief moment Rowan felt he could glimpse something inside it, but then it deflated and Caine gasped in relief,

"Let you go? Don't mind if I do, but before I do that, there is something you should know, where do I start? Oh yes, this is a good one, do you know of this saying, I believe it is familiar to you... and perhaps you alone would understand it."

"It goes like this: ... a stone was cut from a mountain—but not by human hands. The stone struck the feet, completely shattering the iron and clay. Then the iron, the clay, the bronze, the silver, and the gold were crushed and blown away without a trace, like husks of wheat at threshing time. But the stone became a tremendous mountain that covered the entire earth."

Rowan froze, but only for a short while, although it was a very brief motion, Caine had caught it and he smiled.

These words came from his previous life and were most likely known by millions of people, for they came from a religious text. Rowan was never a religious person and

never placed any faith in a higher power, but with his consciousness pillars, he was given a perfect memory and he recalled these words.

This meant Caine knew about Rowan's previous life or he was fishing for information, either way, it meant that his fears were correct, while his consciousness still remained in this body, Caine could not just read his thoughts but he was actively fishing to access Rowan's memory.

This was the true intention beneath this entire farce.

Chapter 625: Returning To The Forge

The secrets Rowan held were earth-shaking and although his feats were miraculous, it was nothing before the secrets he held inside his mind, if Caine understood the source of his powers then Rowan knew he was finished, for this creature would stop at nothing to acquire everything.

Rowan's eyes grew cold, "Caine, let us cut to the chase, I am not a mortal that needs..." he gestured to the body of Caine hanging over the flames of burning universes, "all these unnecessary theatrics to instill awe and fear in my heart, tell me what you want and we can negotiate, saving all of us time and effort."

"Oh... I love the way your mind works. Of course, I can do this, you have to forgive me, eldritch beings like us have to cultivate a certain atmosphere," Caine winked at him and everything around them transformed and Rowan's consciousness returned to the Forge with blistering speed, and Rowan suspected that what he saw was not a mirage, but was real.

With no barrier over his senses, this time he was overlooking the terrible events happening inside the Forge, with no way to connect to his broken flesh or stop this tragedy from happening.

Caine was no longer hanging over a fire, he now appeared in the replica of the body he gave to Rowan, he had a smirk that stretched the scar on his cheeks, almost making it seem like another leering mouth. There was something about his disposition that made it easy to hate him, this trait was almost innate, and it took a brief moment for Rowan to sort through this powerful emotion and place them aside.

Caine proceeded with speaking with evident amusement in his eyes, "Believe me Rowan, the last thing I want to do is to make an enemy out of you. You remind me so much about our father... cold and merciless, like a broken piece of winter steel, there is nothing of warmth inside you, which begs the question, how can something as cold as you create creatures like this? My children are not so warm even though my heart is nothing but flames."

Rowan did not say anything, his stance was that of waiting for Caine to continue speaking. Anything this individual does is carefully calculated, including his words, and he would rather Caine move straight to the point than allow his questions to push them off track.

Caine smiled again and Rowan had to fight the urge to tear off his jaws and beat him to death with it, and he calmed his rage and listened to him,

"To tell you the truth, I don't want to waste your time... clearly you need it." Caine pointed out below as if Rowan was not aware of the conflicts happening.

The battle occurring inside the Forge had reached a feverish pitch, the Six Ouroboros Serpents roared their sorrow and rage as their bodies were driven without their consent.

Rowan had benefited greatly when he returned from outside the universe, achieving powers that made him matchless even at his level, but as always, the gains for his Ouroboros Serpents were much more substantial. His enhanced Attributes were only a small portion of what his Ouroboros Serpents received.

At this moment his Serpents were a shell of their previous self, they hardly had any skin or flesh left and a greater portion of their bones had vaporized and merged with the Core, but it did not detract from the fact that each of them was more than five thousand miles long!

The space of the Forge was truly compact and resistant to force and pressure and this was the only reason that the winds generated by the Serpent's movements were not enough to tear all of reality to pieces, yet this Space was under severe strain and only the aid of Eva, Lost and a whole Host of Angels were fighting to keep the Forge in one piece, but they were beginning to fail.

Large portions of the Forge were beginning to collapse, and if this deterioration were not halted, the material universe would seep into the Forge, and this would create an explosion ten times more terrible than a supernova, everything here would die.

The Ouroboros Serpents were attempting to devour the remnants of Rowan's body, if they succeeded, his consciousness would be destroyed and whatever was influencing them would be able to fully take over. Caine would be the winner here.

Suriel and Erudiel were battling the Six Ouroboros Serpents by themselves, and they were holding their ground against the crazed serpents, but they were being restricted from calling on their full might.

It did not take long to see why there was a big problem in this fight. His Sovereigns could not go all out and battle the Serpents because any damage they inflicted on them had an adverse effect on the Core above.

They could only push them back, stalling them for as long as possible, and his Ouroboros Serpents were very adaptable, whatever methods the Sovereigns were using to hold them back were slowly losing their effect, it would not be long now before they lost their hold over the Serpent or risk destroying them so they would hurt not Rowan, he knew what they would choose.

His Sovereigns would prefer that the Core would be lost than for Rowan to be killed. There was nothing wrong with this choice but there was still another bad actor here that would gain the advantage, no matter how this conflict played out.

Caine seemed to be enjoying the battle ongoing below and turned to Rowan and continued where he stopped,

"That is the reason why I took you to my home, to show you everything as quickly as possible, a picture is worth a thousand words, so to speak, " Caine giggled.

"Oh yes, the person you saw is the real representation of me. Let's not go into my torture, I admit that portion was a bit blaise if I say so myself, but I'm sure you saw the purpose for which I created the devouring technique."

He waited for Rowan to speak and Rowan duly replied, "I don't know the purpose of your actions, but I saw that you were feeding on the Will of Chaos."

Caine paused as if in deep thought and he laughed, "You are far less curious than I thought, by now I would be expecting you to be thinking more deeply about the meaning behind my efforts, are you deliberately trying not to actively think about your situation?... Smart!"

Rowan rubbed his brows, fighting the deep irritation that was constantly growing in his soul, "Is there any reason to beat a dead horse? Your intentions are plain as day, why don't we cut the crap and skip to the portion where you make your demands."

Chapter 626: Release The Beast

Caine rubbed his nose like a child who was caught with his hand sticking in the cookie jar, "So you did figure out the reason I placed you in my doppelganger. Well I did not try to hide it, I could have easily disguised my countenance, but I suspect that would not last long against your deductions."

"Okay, what I want, it's pretty simple. I don't know where you gained the idea of trying to create a Will all by yourself, but I tell you, many have tried and all have failed. Yes, you can gain a rudimentary type of Will that you can use for up to the sixth Dimension, it's really not that impressive, but it ends there. Unlike you, I want more."

"I don't hold the fact that you are unaware of this barrier of Will that has stopped everyone else but the Primordials and while it is quite futile to create your Will at all, because I expected you to know about this millions of years in the future when you become an outer universal creature, but you choose to begin this process now, and when you do that. As I said before, it is your choice, but you begin to rob me of my due, because of this decision!"

"You see, the Will of Chaos in your body is my food, and the stronger you become, the more of this Will that would be attracted to you, and in time when you learn my technique, surely you don't want to be a slave to Chaos, do you? So... when you learn my technique, I will be able to feed off this Will for as long as possible."

"You know for a while you were my favorite, in the blink of an eye you began gathering so much Will of Chaos it was almost equal to the Will another Child of Chaos would gather after several million years... how intriguing!"

Rowan nodded, "Got it, I will not be asking you for the reason you are feeding off Chaos's Will, as that is of no concern to me. I will no longer be removing the Will of Chaos from my body, let me return and finish my Ascension to the stage of Will, even though it is a broken path, it is my own."

Caine laughed, "Your audacity is charming, yet, you should know that option for you is no longer possible. At first, I would have gladly returned your consciousness, but now... I think I would be taking what is left of your body... you are far more valuable than just a tool that I farm for the Will of Chaos. Your secrets would be mine."

Rowan laughed, the tone of his voice low and dangerous, "Then all this talk is just a farce, you never intended for me to gain my own Will."

Caine peered down at the battle, his silence was assent enough, but soon he spoke again with curiosity flavoring his tone, "How is it possible you can create Angels of this power? You have a second bloodline, but what is it? It cannot be Celestial or Infernal, I can't understand how this is possible. What bloodline is able to create such perfect mimicry of a Celestial?"

Rowan tapped his head, "Is that not what you have been trying to find all these while, I can feel you, scuttling around like a rat in my skull."

Caine smiled sheepishly, "You can? My enthusiasm for this mysterious bloodline of yours is at its peak! Yet, I'm not without mercy, and I can choose to sacrifice some of my benefits and grant a favor to you, of course, you would have to worship me and become my herald for all eternity, but that is a small price to pay. You should know when you are outmatched."

Rowan sneered inside his heart, Caine brought this disaster upon him, but he was still acting as if he was doing Rowan a favor by offering him crumbs.

"Don't take too long deliberating on your answer, by my estimation, you barely have eighteen seconds of linear time to reveal the mysteries in your heart to me, or your own Bloodline Avatars would consume you whole. Then you become nothing but a fading memory, but you will be aware long enough to see everything you have wrought becoming mine."

Rowan shook his head and laughed, anyone who knew Rowan would know he was no longer just furious, but blood-lusted, "I thought you called me insane Caine," He pointed down to the remnants of his flesh, even now it was still surrounded by a thick silver corona,

"Look at the work of my hands. At my level, I'm fighting for my own Will! What makes you think the prospect of oblivion would dissuade me from finishing what I started? I always knew that my effort could easily lead me to a disaster, but my fate is my own, and I will break before I bend. You are in my head, so you know this is the truth!"

"Is it? The truth I mean," Caine assessed Rowan critically, "Perhaps you need more motivation to make your decision. I promise you, being stubborn is useless, what you own would be mine sooner or later, and not revealing your secrets is just a minor inconvenience for me."

Rowan sneered and folded his hands behind him in a nonchalant manner as he watched his Sovereigns slowly fail to contain the Ouroboros Serpents,

"Then you should have no problem with me being silent. If this is the end of my road, I accept it, now be quiet and let me fade in peace without your endless prattle. It is no wonder Chaos despises you, for all your power, your nature is closer to that of a rat... you have no dignity."

Caine was silent for a while and then he sighed, "Very well, let us watch you die. I am honorable at least to give your last moment the dignity every Child of Chaos deserves."

Inside the Forge, Eva was slowly counting down inside her mind, 'I hope you know what you are doing Rowan, although we planned for something like this to happen, I don't know if we are capable of pulling through.'

She nodded at Lost and whispered, "It is time. Release the beast."

Chapter 627: The Pride of The Ouroboros Serpents

"Hmm..." Caine had immediately noticed the change inside the Forge, and his eyes turned to Eva, "What little games are you playing beneath my sight?"

The Sovereigns stopped blocking the Ouroboros Serpents and retreated, flying towards the clouds above. The Ouroboros Serpents now freed from their clutches, thundered past, their movement creating massive tremors in space. In a few seconds, they would be reaching his body.

Caine tapped the side of his chin in contemplation, "I will admit, that was a stupid move; releasing your beasts. You could have lasted a bit longer, the game was just becoming more interesting. Are you that desperate to fade from the Immortal Coil?"

'She was not referring to them.' A thought flew past Rowan's mind, and Caine beside him froze, his two-colored eyes slowly turned to Rowan, and a feeling of hate and revulsion bubbled up within him and this time he did not fight this feeling, allowing it to wash over him.

Rowan chuckled and he spat at the ground, "So you were reading my mind."

"Am I? Funny how I've not been able to see beyond your surface thoughts." Caine growled and immediately Rowan felt the slight scratching sensation he had been feeling all these while intensifying into a tornado made of teeth and barbed wires.

They began to dig into the fabrics of his consciousness, taking no heed of the damages or his defenses. Rowan's mind was not like a god or an Archmage, it was fortified beyond reason, and with his growing knowledge of mysticism, it had also enhanced the defenses and reaches of his mind, although he was not at his peak, it should be incredibly difficult to break into his mind... but Caine was succeeding, and he was no longer being gentle about it.

He must have seen a slight deviation in his plans as Rowan's action was incompatible with his words, and he no longer took his time to savor his victory. He wanted his prize now.

Rowan made no sound even when his left eye exploded and he began to bleed from his nose and ears as his mind was ravaged to the edge of destruction, he only watched his Ouroboros Serpents reach the remnants of his flesh and encircle it.

They no longer had eyes, in their place were the faces of Caine, whose face was painted with trees and lust. At least it was only Rowan that could see this grim sight, everyone else could not perceive the presence of Caine.

"What are you hiding? It is too late to make any meaningful difference, open your damned mind to me. It should not be possible for you to resist me like this. Fine, if your mind does not go first, then I will consume your body, without that foundation, everything will fall and I shall take what is left."

Rowan's body buckled but he kept his focus on his Serpents.

They suddenly struck, mouths that were wide enough to swallow entire continents descended on his flesh, but at the last moment, they stopped. They halted their motion so suddenly it left cracks in reality, and this was the Forge of all places, anywhere else and their momentum would have crushed planets.

Hurricane winds and lightning buffeted their bodies, as the Ouroboros Serpents against all odds began fighting against the forces controlling them, the faces of Caine that were their eyes warped into one of incredible malevolence.

"Now would you look at that," Rowan groaned as blood poured out from his smiling mouth, "My children do not bow to your Will, they now see you for what you are... a maggot feasting on the flesh of the dead, you have no right to touch their eminence. They are proud."

Caine's eyes widened in surprise, the ever-present scorn that was always inside his eyes was gone, "You stupid mongrels, obey my Will or perish!"

The Ouroboros Serpents screamed their defiance, their massive bodies shuddering in rage. These beasts were no longer the normal variant of an Ouroboros Serpent, they were an extension of Rowan, and they carried with them all the traits of their master.

Caine had made a mistake, his Ouroboros Serpents were the Children of Rowan, not Chaos nor Caine, and their arrogance and valor knew no bounds."

Rowan began to laugh, and he turned to Caine, "Beware they are fearless and therefore powerful."

Caine's eyes lit up in annoyance and he seized Rowan by the neck, "I don't care for your games any longer, even if they refuse to devour your flesh, then I shall have all the time to devour your mind, and this time I will not be gentle."

As Caine spoke in anger, his body began to slowly transform as he shed the guise of a man that he had been wearing, leaving something terrifying in its place.

Dozens of bones erupted from his neck and they spread out like the hood of a cobra with slimy pieces of connecting tissues between the bones, the bones in his legs collapsed and extended, until he grew several feet taller, his stomach swelled and the skin over his face fell off, leaving behind a grinning skull with two hungry eyes peering deeply into Rowan's mind, as a slimy black tongue wiggled behind his closed teeth.

Rowan gasped in pain as the pain in his skull exploded a thousandfold, countless hands digging into his head and he grinned at the beast that Caine turned out to be, "Your true nature is sickening and perverse, you are just a cancer struggling for the scraps of the mighty."

Caine shrieked in anger, the sound utterly inhuman, and Rowan's last barrier shattered to pieces.

Caine began to laugh, "Your mind, your secrets, your everything, are mine!"

and as suddenly as a striking viper, his black tongue entered through the left eye socket of Rowan and plunged into his brain, and there it began to drain everything...

Rowan's body began to shake as if it was being electrocuted, and a smaller set of arms erupted from the ribs of Caine and held him in place until he finished feasting on the remnants of Rowan's brain.

Horrifyingly enough, Rowan was not dead. His overall Constitution and Consciousness capabilities meant he could survive such amounts of abuse without immediately dying.

Caine smacked his lips in satisfaction and discarded Rowan's body like a thrash, his eyes squinting as he began churning through the memory of this enigmatic creature.

Soon, suspicion flooded his heart and he was struck with confusion. Caine swept through the memories he harvested again and again.

Chapter 628: I Have One More Title

A chuckle from Rowan pulled Caine away from his search and he looked at the dying form of Rowan with a growing irritation in his heart.

A broken voice emerged from around the body he had placed Rowan's consciousness into, that spoke slowly, but every word was clear as if Rowan was making sure that Caine understood every word,

"Are you not finding the prize you have snatched?"

Caine began to revert to his mortal forms ridding himself of his nightmarish visage, "As a matter of fact, I cannot. What did you do with your memories?"

The voice from Rowan's body was beginning to fade, yet it was still clear,

"hahaha... Here I thought you were smarter than this, but again as I am slowly learning, excessive powers dull the minds of the incompetent. I don't think you understand the enemy you have made for yourself. You interrupted my Ascension, but it is not yet over. Hahaha, I have one more Title."

Caine paused, and he slowly asked, "Who are you?"

Below them, the silver corona that was encircling the shattered body of Rowan suddenly vanished as if it never existed.

A last whisper emerged from the corpse, "You are about to find out."

The entire Forge shook as if held in the hands of a giant and a roar emerged in the center of the clouds above that was filled with Primordial Aether.

That sound tore the clouds apart and a ring of lightning that was filled with Primordial Aether was suddenly drawn into a single location, dispersing the entire tumultuous cloud that had gathered for thousands of miles in an instant.

A massive white dragon with a red spine and eyes emerged from it, and the silver corona that appeared behind its back was a figure with hair that was like a spurned diamond.

That figure swallowed all the power of the Primordial Aether and his body exploded with radiance more brilliant than a thousand sunrises. His glory spread throughout the Forge as his Will solidified in a shell around him.

The sound of a hundred thousand Angels falling to their knees in worship heralded him as the figure took a step forward and cried out,

"I AM A PRIMORDIAL!"

The process of finalizing a Will and completing his destroyer resumed as the true body of Rowan Kuranos emerged in the clouds above, carried by his child, Vraegar.

The Core began to revolve as the entire Forge began to slowly fracture to pieces.

®

ONE YEAR AND NINE MONTHS AGO.

Rowan was standing barefoot on the surface of a star. His arms were folded on his chest and his eyes were clouded with worry.

He tried to restrict his senses and used only a small part of his sight to see the universe, but with his massive six hundred miles body, the amount of sensation he could collect at every single moment, even while muted, was enormous.

Light, heat, radiation, vibration, gravity... they bombarded his senses, but still, they were just a tiny fraction of what he was processing every single moment. If he chose to go deeper, he would begin to see the lines of reality, that ethereal music beneath all of creation.

He did not wish to see this portion of reality, but he had no choice... this was the price of power.

Rowan sighed and allowed the gravity of the star, which was almost the same size as the sun of his previous life, to drag him to its core. As he fell deeper into the star he began shifting his mass inside his Mental Space until he became less than eight feet tall.

Rowan surrounded himself with his Berserker Intent, he did not wish to be hurt by the stars, and his Intent bent reality and made it so.

Originally, his Berserker Intent had not been this versatile, but Rowan had begun experimenting more deeply with his Intent, and the reason he was able to perform such fantastic feats that went beyond his Attributes but touched on something deeper—the formation of Will.

His Berserker Intent acted autonomously and ensured that every move he made, had the breath of finality inside of it, it knew only to attack, and his intentions were frozen in time, disregarding the laws of the material universe to a larger extent.

It was the reason why the battles between gods were so terrible, even if their Attributes were not so powerful, their Intent could bridge the gap, making diamonds out of coal.

A god without Intent could only depend on the Essence of his Divine Kingdom to muscle through any difficulty and was no match for another god with Intent. In fact, if a mortal could control Intent they would be able to for a short while battle a god, because it did not matter the strength of their Attributes, what truly mattered were their intentions, so any blows from a god always carried an extra zest.

Yet as his sight was beginning to reveal to him, this was just the start. There was something more.

Rowan sank into the sun, disregarding his forcefield, his Berserker Intent isolated the heat and gravity from his body until he reached the Core of the star. He arrived and selected a spot at precisely the center of the star.

It was a bit difficult, like a mortal molding drying concrete with their bare palm, but Rowan constructed a mansion from the Core of the star that he created from his memory, it was the mansion that he lived in for a short while during his time in the Nexus.

He followed familiar passages, now made from fiery bricks, and entered its bathroom where he disrobed and sank into the bath tube that was filled with plasma that Rowan compressed until it resembled a blue gel.

He closed his eyes and sank into a troubled sleep, as a frown crossed his features every now and then as if he was going through a terrible nightmare.

"Your condition... It's getting worse, are you sure you don't want to discard the Ouroboros Bloodline and chart a path for outside the universe? It would be difficult, but I'm sure with your growing luck, we might be able to survive in a barren corner of the Great Darkness,"

Eva's voice entered Rowan's consciousness but he was silent for a long while. She was content to wait, knowing he would reply to her in his own time.

The mind of Rowan was beginning to grow deep, reaching places that would take a little bit longer for her to follow.

The Lady of Shadows was nothing but patience incarnate. She waited by his side for Rowan to reveal their future direction.

Chapter 629: We All Have Owners [Bonus]

The time she waited for could have been a few short hours, or perhaps longer... Gravity and time acted a bit weird inside the core of a star, a few seconds could be gained and lost without any rhyme or reason.

Rowan's eyes opened and he stood up, bright blue plasma slowly rolled away from his perfect physique, it was as if the plasma did not want to stop touching his skin and begrudgingly fell from his body.

Eva fashioned a robe from star fire and darkness and had to stand on her tiptoes in order for her to spread it over his broad shoulders and spread across the ground. Rowan was focused on something else as he opened his lips and breathed out a stream of pale fog that fell into his hand.

The fog began to vibrate and shift its form, slowly expanding and contracting as if it were a beating heart. Rowan kept adjusting the fog and it swirled around and two piercing serpentine eyes emerged from it. Rowan smiled.

Walking to his side Eva's eyes widened in surprise, "You have created another Reflection? I thought you were only able to create one of these things."

Rowan whispered as he peered at the pale fog in his hands that was beginning to take the shape of a man, "I did not say I was only able to create one. I just needed to sleep to access the Great Darkness inside my bloodline, my other side that is dormant and cleaved from it, that dead part of me that should ever remain asleep. To be fair, I think

this is the last time I would be able to sleep, the next time I do, I would most likely be dead."

Rowan unexpectedly gritted his teeth as his body began to vibrate, it took a while before it settled. He groaned in annoyance and began to speak in a measured tone, his mind was on many things,

"I have a big problem Eva, my Ouroboros Bloodline's Absolute Body can no longer hold my Nascent Primordial Bloodline, it is taking all my attention to keep my body from tearing apart and bursting out of the universe."

He brought up a hand to stop Eva from talking, "I know your stance, you would like me to leave this universe, disregard my Ouroboros Bloodline, and find my path in the Great Darkness, but that would be a mistake because you cannot begin to see reality the way I witness it."

Rowan waved his hands and the floor below him came alive creating a pool, in a short while, fishes, crabs, seaweeds, and many other marine lives filled the pool, all made from flames and star matter filled the pool and the smell of life erupted and Eva gasped.

Rowan had imbued his motion with Soul Energy and every elemental life here was alive and conscious! They could grow stronger and their potential was great, each of them as powerful as a Dominator at the Earth god level.

He gestured and a beautiful carp with scales of fire and brown glass floated before him, its eyes were inquisitive and filled with awe as it held Rowan in its gaze,

"Eva, there is a single truth to all of existence that I have been able to understand... from the moment of our birth we all have owners, we are too young and many old things have separated all there is to be, and we are the children of whichever domain we were lucky or unlucky to fall into."

Rowan let the carp return and it swam away through the air, it turned back once to look at Rowan before it plunged into the moving tide of a solar river and vanished from sight.

Rowan sighed and snapped his fingers, and the Manor collapsed to nothing and he began to walk across the edges of the solar river, keeping pace with the swimming carp.

"Our owners could be benevolent, giving their children the freedom to live as they want, or they could be ambitious, hoping their children could give them the stuff of their desires, or they could be... cruel. Notwithstanding whatever path the owner seeks to follow, their children have no hope of going against their Will. Let me show you a small part of it."

Eva shivered at the mention of will, for at that moment Rowan shared a bit of his sight and Eva went pale and sank to her knees, her mind was in chaos and she began to

bleed for her eyes, with a small cry of pain, her mind went blank, she had lost consciousness.

She woke up to whispers and slowly opened her eyes. Rowan had created a comfortable bed for her, and she pushed away her drowsiness and witnessed a strange sight.

Rowan was kneeling beside the ear of a titan, and as she spread her consciousness, she discovered that this Titan was another Rowan, whose eyes were closed and a pale fog was slowly streaming into his brows.

Eva wondered to herself, 'Was this a new method he was using to control his Reflection?'

At six hundred miles in length, even though he was lying on his back, this body was as large as a mountain range, a mortal could not see one end of the body to another.

Rowan's whispers to this gigantic body continued and Eva shuddered as the brief memory she had of the vision he showed her threatened to drive her to madness or oblivion.

"By the light, is this how a Primordial understands reality?"

It was hard to begin gathering all the pieces of her mind, but Eva did it, slowly and surely and when she was done, she reviewed the memory.

Rowan had shown her just his hands, this was what she could comprehend. She saw his hand that was as large as a mountain, and her sight slowly zoomed into it and she began to see what lies beneath his skin, she saw his bones and his powdery golden blood that resembled stars and his Essence, then her sight trembled and she saw what was below.

Eva screamed again and fainted. Rowan in the distance sighed and continued whispering to his Reflection. If the deduction from Knowledge Well was correct, he had only one chance to succeed in his daring plan.

Chapter 630: Real Power Is A Lonely Thing

Rowan spent thirty-six hours instructing and manipulating the memories of the other "Rowan." During that time Eva had woken up and lost consciousness three more times, each time her screams grew less shrill and she was awake for longer.

If she failed to assimilate the memory for another three more, Rowan would have to remove the remembering from her head until she became strong enough to handle his

vision. He would have to console himself with the fact that soon, no one else would be able to walk the same path as he could, they would all be left behind.

Real power was a lonely thing.

Unlike him, Eva's path to power was a bit upside-down. As far as he could tell, her abilities were rooted in her memories and her past, as she was not growing stronger but instead, she was recovering what she had once lost.

It was similar to the concept of conservation of energy, which could neither be created nor destroyed, only transformed. Eva's powers had been transformed into something else, and slowly she was assimilating it once again.

According to her, she could only begin developing her powers once more when she had returned to her previous peak, before then she could not learn any new abilities.

At her peak, Eva was most likely an Outer-Universal Creature, and she must be an especially powerful one. All these factors made tracking her growth difficult, for she could have sudden spikes of power in a single day that would equal all the growth she had been making all year long.

If Rowan wanted to peg her current Energy Output he would place her at the Minor god level, but with the versatility in her skill set, he could easily place her at the High God level, in addition to that, some of her abilities made her priceless to him.

Rowan had noticed that the powers inside Eva were beginning to churn and dramatically expand every time she woke up and lost consciousness, it would seem the strain of witnessing part of his Primordial Sight was dragging more powers from her memories and forcing Eva to grow stronger to get used to it.

No matter how beneficial this would be to her in the long run, Rowan knew he would not be doing something like this to her again, except she requested it and even then it must be under his supervision.

He wanted her to be powerful, but not at the cost of her psyche. Eva was important to him, and he would not allow his vision to warp her future path, because he needed someone with a fresh eye to see the things he could not, if he overly influenced Eva's growth, she would be nothing but an extension of Rowan's will, invalidating her uniqueness and her freedom from his bloodline.

No matter how powerful he became in the future, there would be times when he could become misguided, he planned for Eva to cover up that lack.

Plus in the event of his death, Eva would be the one who would hold the memory of him. As a Nascent Primordial, there was no one else who he felt was more worthy of witnessing his glory.

Focusing on the project at hand, Rowan continued shaping his Reflection. This part of himself had a unique trait that would define his upcoming agenda better than anything else could—

that his Reflection was free of Intent or Will, in fact, it could not be influenced at all by outside forces.

His Reflection was his image in the mirror, but unlike a mortal, Rowan could access that image and use it for his purpose, a fantastic ability to be sure, but one born from his greatest enemy, his own father's Reflection.

Each of Rowan's consciousness pillars was more powerful and versatile than his Reflection, but unlike his Reflection, they had been deeply corrupted by the Stench of Chaos and two other Primordial forces.

If Rowan wanted to succeed, then he needed an invisible card that he could play with, he was fond of trojan horses, and made his plans to have different layers, each revealing just the portion he wanted to show.

Yet, because of the nature of his Reflection, it could be easily cut down by a greater power if it fell into peril, it was not as robust as his consciousness pillars, and he was counting on that, after all, bait should be attractive in order to draw the gaze of prey.

Rowan would no longer lay down and watch his enemy come for him or let the universe or fate decide which trials he would face, he would do the opposite, he would set the stage, and everyone else would play in his game.

This was the only way he could ever be worthy of his great powers, if he did not learn to use his powers effectively, he could as well become a mortal, as fragile and forgettable as a speck of dust in the wind.

Rowan began to adjust and trim off the parts of the Reflection that were unnecessary for his purpose.

He left his goals and a portion of his pride inside this Reflection, but he took out a greater part of his ambition, against the sort of enemy that could interfere in his Ascension, Rowan expected that scouring through his mind would be among their abilities, and if they could understand a small part of his ambition, they would know that there was no way he would allow himself to die easily.

Then he began to remove every memory of the Reflection, the first was the memory of and all its functions, his Nascent Primordial Bloodline, his Territory, and the future capabilities it held, he removed everything until the mind of the Reflection was clean.

Leaving the Reflection like this would be suspicious, and he began adding powerful but useless memories, including those of his former lives, he had debated about this but

ultimately decided to go along with his plans if he wanted the prey to bite harder, he needed to show a seemingly large area of weakness for them to sink their teeth into.

Rowan's plan went better than he could have expected, and Caine devoured all these 'Surface Thoughts' expecting greater bounties below, but there was nothing beneath that layer, except darkness and Rowan's desire to create his Will.

Chapter 631: Re-merging Bloodlines Again

The difficulty in creating this body for his Reflection was mostly centered on how he could mimic all his powers effectively even without their roots being inside of it. Rowan had tried various scenarios inside his Knowledge Well and discovered that it was impossible.

His Mental Space that contained his Territory and Nascent Primordial Bloodline was too 'heavy' to be carried by anything that was not sufficiently powerful.

What Rowan needed was to cleanse his Ouroboros Bloodline, for unlike the Nascent Primordial Bloodline of Sheol, his intrinsic abilities were totally manipulated by Chaos's Will. Without his second bloodline, he would not have truly understood how deep the taint was.

The moment he ascended into the Legendary Stage back when he was in that World with a Red Moon, his fate was no longer his own, but with the assistance of , he was beginning to rid himself of this grim fate.

Except for the Primordials, everyone else was in chains.

Rowan knew Eva was correct, he should do away with his Ouroboros Bloodline, it was the correct thing to do, instead, he should focus on his Primordial Bloodline and how well he could survive outside the universe, disregarding the ease at which he could harvest Soul Energy inside the universe... That was what everyone else might choose, but everyone else did not see the full picture.

Rowan saw this as an opportunity instead. He would be letting go of this bloodline, at least for a little while, and he would be killing two birds, hopefully three with one stone. Create his Will, remove the Stench of the Old Ones, and catch prey. If nothing else, Rowan was a hunter.

Separating his Territory and Sheol was far more challenging than Rowan had expected, for he needed a body that was powerful enough to bear them. When Rowan created this body for the Reflection he had pushed more than ninety-eight percent of his total bodily essence into it, and what was left could only bear his mental space only because the root of his bloodline was still present in the body.

This would not do, without the root of his bloodline inside the body of his Reflection he would not be able to deceive whoever sought to interfere in his Ascension, but if he placed the root of his bloodline inside the Reflection there would be nothing that could carry his mental space

Rowan was stuck at this step, for separating his bloodlines was proving more problematic than he thought, but after seventeen hours of endless simulations with Knowledge Well, he was able to bring up a plan that barely worked, it was using the remnants of his previous body while dwelling inside the body of Vraegar for a short while.

Rowan had not yet created his Sovereigns at this time, and plans were on the way, but with the nature of Angels, he knew they would not be able to carry his Territory, because they were mostly creatures of energy, and he needed somebody with tyrannical physical capabilities.

Vraegar was the best option—his only option, and Rowan summoned the dragon and told him he had a very important task for him.

When the dragon arrived he was puzzled at the gigantic sleeping form of his father and the smaller body next to it, but he pushed the weird eccentricities of his father aside, knowing that it would cause far more trouble trying to understand his plans than just to follow along.

Vraegar was presently filled with the Essence of thousands of Abyssal creatures and was eager to continue his conquest, this new request of aid from his father filled him with joy, but before he could begin querying about the task at hand, his sight fell into darkness as Rowan knocked him out.

The dragon was very powerful at the moment and Rowan did not have access to his physical capabilities with his present body to easily disable the dragon, so Rowan simply blasted his mind with a brief burst of his Primordial Sight, with Eva as an example he knew most creatures he came across would not be able to handle such dense amount of information, it also helped that they were connected with him and would not be able or inclined to stop his mental messages.

With that out of the way, Rowan retrieved a part of himself that he had kept hidden for so long, which was the Spinal bone that Vraegar was birthed from. Rowan had seized this bone in Jarkarr and presently only his arm was still left in Trion, he idly wondered what happened to that gigantic centipede that was born from his limb.

After he had separated the Empyrean Essence of Vraegar from this bone, what remained was purely his Kuran's Bloodline, and with this bone linked with Vraegar once more, would be stable enough to carry his Territory for at least three years.

That was how long he had before his Territory would shatter the dragon to pieces in body and soul.

Rowan parted the scales of the dragon and opened up his nine-

chambered heart, placing the spinal bone inside this place he merged it with his bloodline. Since he was the one who took it out before, he easily replaced it.

The bone and Vraegar's heart became one. As a result of this merger, the red heart suddenly caught aflame, burning with the fires of the Kuran's bloodline.

Rowan nodded at this sight, in order for this to work at all, he needed to burn the very root of this bloodline, alongside Vraegar's powerful essence to carry his mental space.

Not wasting more time to rethink his decision, Rowan plunged his right hand into his head and dragged out what resembled a spinning universe, it was his Mental Space.

He shoved it into the burning heart and as he watched, the heat emanating from the heart began to slowly die down. When the heart extinguished itself of this flame, that would mean the last of the Kuran's bloodline with him was gone and Vraegar would have a limited time left before his body exploded, perhaps a few minutes at most.

Rowan closed up the body of the sleeping dragon whose face was wrapped in pain. He patted the snout of the dragon in consolation, the next two to three years would be hell for his child but Rowan promised in his heart to reward him in full.

With this part of his preparation completed Rowan merged the remaining two percent that carried the root of his Ouroboros Bloodline with his Reflection. For a short while everything was calm, and then the Reflection opened its eyes.

Picking up Vraegar, the Reflection swallowed it and waited for Eva to arise for the next portion of his preparation.

Chapter 632: Is That My Father?

Rowan sighed in satisfaction, as amazing as this sounds, the easy part was done, and now the hard part began.

He set on the course to designing the Forge, simulating countless redundancies and setbacks that might occur, developing his powers and fitting them into various strategies as they grew steadily stronger, everything leading to the moment where it all came together.

Rowan did not believe he was the smartest, but with enough preparation, paired with the resources available to him, and his powers that grew exponentially stronger as time slowly passed, he would not be betting against himself yet.

During the onset of the forging of his Destroyer, Rowan began releasing non-attributeless Primordial Aether, a large part of it was gathered from the Spirit Matrix Gate after he unlocked that power, and the remnants were taken from the Aeorkron Core.

Within the thick cover of that Primordial Aether, the shrunken body of Vraegar was released alongside the Aether, hidden in the turbulent clouds, unknown by even Eva, he only gave her the signal to make when she felt things were shifting dramatically out of control.

When Eva had called for the release of the beast, she did not know what was to come.

©

PRESENT MOMENT.

Vraegar roared in surprise and fear as the last thing he remembered was being summoned by Rowan, and now he had awoken to a scene of Chaos and he was feeling as weak as a mortal's infant.

Sharp sounds and bright light intruded into his consciousness and sent harsh waves of pain down every single nerve endings in his body, and he groaned in discomfort.

Abruptly he felt a sharp pain in his spine as his father stomped on him and he was sent hurtling to the ground that was thousands of miles below.

The dragon cursed, "Where the fuck am I?"

As he fell his perception spread around and he could feel the wrongness of this place, it was as if he was falling through a block of metal but his perception was showing him that he was falling through the air. Vraegar drew in a long breath and his lungs combusted, and he roared in pain spitting out the ashes and pieces of his roasted lungs... the temperature inside the forge was approaching heights that were getting ridiculous.

The angered dragon spread his wings, roaring in pain as they were stretched abnormally wide due to the density of the air molecules in this place, but it was enough to arrest his momentum and he narrowly dodged being impaled by a large piece of a rod that was being sucked into the air alongside billions of other debris.

The entire environment was a scene of Chaos and he barely avoided getting grounded to pieces by various flying pieces of the shattering Forge that was being drawn to Rowan above, and on such a wide scale, it was nothing short of apocalyptic.

There was too much information streaming into his mind at this present moment, as Vraegar had not acclimated to the environment of the Forge, and he did not really have the chance to do so for what he was witnessing was mind-blowing.

When Rowan summoned Vraegar and kept the dragon inside his Reflection, he had only four Archangels and twenty thousand Angels, and they had been in a tiny corner of the universe sweeping up the last portions of the Cerulean gods, but now he was wrested forcefully awake and all he could see was havoc.

He brought his wings closer to his body and performed a quick roll, sliding like a serpent between tons of flying debris that was beginning to shoot by him much more quickly with every passing second.

There was a terrible humming sound behind him as if the heavens were collapsing and he could feel a pull from above that felt as if it was about to devour his soul. Only the force that Rowan applied on his back that pushed him away was what kept his mind steady, else he would have turned around and ascended with the debris shooting upwards.

It was as if all of reality was ending for as far as his perception could sweep through, this mysterious place that stretched as far as his perception could touch was collapsing and being sucked upwards as if there was a supermassive black hole behind him.

By the Light! The sounds that were emerging as a result of this collapse were threatening to drive him insane.

Far below him, a vast number of Angels with flaming wings held wide open chanted in an Arcane tongue that twisted reality, sending words filled with fire into the air, accompanying the shattering world. Their fiery words left patterns in the air that began to expand creating a web of fire that shot past him and was rising to the heavens.

The dragon's mind went blank as Reality reverberated as six continental-sized masses that were blacker than night and roaring in conquest began to arise below him.

Vraegar yelled in fright and began to beat his wings as fast as he could, but he was still clipped at the side by one of the rising continents, sending him spinning away for thousands of miles and nearly shattering the dragon to pieces, spreading his blood through the air until they fell like rain.

Before he fainted he dimly realized that the 'rising continents' he saw were the Ouroboros Serpents, each of which was twenty thousand miles long and larger than planets.

A terrible roar that nearly cracked his mind emerged from below and at the edge of unconsciousness, Vraegar flipped his broken body around and beheld the sky...

He slammed into the ground with bone-crushing force and passed out, but his eyes had been scarred with the image of a light, so blinding and encompassing Vraegar knew he could spend the rest of eternity describing it, and still fall short.

It was a higher threshold of power beyond what Vraegar could conceive, and it stripped his mind of every notion of individuality, and if he had not fainted soon after, Vraegar would have happily thrown himself into that light, even if the price was death.

That light was held by a universe that was shaped like a man. The man made a grasping motion with his hand and all of reality sighed.

His last thoughts were, "Is that my father?"

Chapter 633: Deadly Race

Rowan had pushed away the dragon, sending it towards the ground as his Will solidified around him like an eggshell made from silver lightning. If Vraegar had remained here he would be assimilated into the Core, destroyed in both body and soul.

Rowan's present appearance was strange and mind-bending, stripped of his material body, he now appeared like an abstract being. With this form, if Rowan was not killed his lifespan was virtually limitless, but it was a shame he could not exist inside the material universe as a result.

Without the flesh granted to him by his Ouroboros Bloodline, he had taken his time to experiment inside Vraegar's heart, and he had forged a new body.

No longer a blob of energy, this body could interact with matter in a limited form, but where it shined was in energy-based attacks. There was no doubt that this body was countless times more powerful than his Ouroboros-based body, although he did not forget that currently, this body was in the Third Supreme Circle, while his Ouroboros Absolute's Body was still in the first Supreme Circle.

This body resembled darkness given form, but that darkness was filled with the light of a billion stars of all colors, his hair was long and flowing and resembled the light of the moon and the stars that had been braided into silken strands. His height was impossible to discern, appearing as if he was eight feet tall in one moment, but when you blinked he turned into a colossus, millions of miles in length.

This body could not exist in the Material Universe, and although the Forge could hold it for a while, his clock was ticking, but he had bought enough time and it was enough to complete his Destroyer.

Ignoring the roar of rage from Caine below that came into reality and affected the Forge, he commanded his Sovereigns to take their battle forms and hold back any outside interference while they began to process to complete the Core.

His Ouroboros Serpents, now an intrinsic part of the Core, were helplessly dragged from their places and were drawn towards the Core, their size and weight no hindrance to the powers being summoned here.

The Core shrank down until it was thousands of miles wide, and Rowan paused for a while for the rising Ouroboros Serpents to reach the hovering Core that was beginning to revolve while spitting out vivid purplish light, as the sound it began to emit reached a frequency that sent reverberations throughout this space.

The tails of the Ouroboros connected with the Core and they were slowly being dragged into it as they were absorbed, Rowan concentration was split between arranging the trillions of components that would constitute the body of the Destroyer around the Core while merging the blooming Will of the Destroyer into it.

The entire Forge was not just to create the Core of the destroyer, that was just the first part of the process. Although the Core was the most important component of the Destroyer, that was not the only material needed to complete the first level of this terrible weapon.

The other function of the Forge was to become the shell in which the Destroyer inhabited. The Destroyer was a Battle Fortress and the rest of the Forge were the components needed to complete that fortress.

While others may build this portion with different powerful alloys and mystical materials, Rowan's first choice was to build the first level of the Destroyer using the Divine kingdom of gods.

It would barely be a skeleton of the first level that he envisioned, as the proposed completed version of the first level would need more Divine Kingdom to complete, at the least, a thousand more Divine Kingdoms of Minor gods were needed to fully complete the first level of the Destroyer, but for now, with the material he had, it would be enough to create a workable fortress.

He frowned as the angered voice of Caine entered his consciousness, the voice of this creature was no longer bound to the spiritual plane where he dragged Rowan's Reflection into, but was now reflected in reality,

"Well played, but do you think this is over?" Caine's face which was on all the eyes of the sinking Ouroboros Serpents glared at him, Rowan ignored him for now.

The faces of Caine grinned, "Then it's time you learn, that your defeat is inevitable."

Suddenly everything came to a stop as the eyes of the Ouroboros Serpents exploded out in a fountain of gore. Millions of gallons of golden blood erupted from their socket, all were filled with the remnants of the Will of Chaos.

Turned out that Caine would not wait for the Will of Chaos inside his bloodline to be destroyed, because he could actively wield them. Rowan soon discovered why this creature did not use this move at the start, because even as he watched the Will was slowly evaporating into nothingness, without the foundation of Rowan's blood to hold the Will, it would soon disperse, but not quickly enough.

The Will of Chaos began to rapidly reconstitute itself in the air, as the breath of an abominable power began to ripple from it.

Caine was making a body using the Will of Chaos.

Rowan's focus increased as he placed more of his attention on completing the merger, while noting how quickly Caine was creating his body.

The sensation of power erupting from that body was so great, Rowan knew there was no way he could battle this power and complete the Core, but the danger of this body of Caine was that it was purely made up of Will, and if he did not complete his Core, it did not matter if the Attributes of Caine was lesser than his own.

Caine would be able to destroy his half-formed Core with no issues. This might be a fatalistic move on the part of Caine, but it assured mutual destruction on both sides.

A battle of who could complete their creation process first burst out between Caine and Rowan. If Caine made his body first, he would win, if Rowan completed his Destroyer first, he would emerge the victor.

Chapter 634: Flesh of Hate

This insane race between Rowan and Caine charged the air with vivid energies that were visible.

Rowan was in the lead even though he was currently controlling an unfathomable amount of materials.

The Divine Kingdom of the gods had been processed into specific parts and he just needed to fit them together, nevertheless, it was a difficult process with a lot of parts that needed to be precisely adjusted.

As the process of combination continued, the Destroyer began to act as a living being, actively assisting Rowan in fitting all the parts of itself together leaving him free to focus more on merging his Will with the Core.

The operation began to accelerate and Rowan could almost see the percentage bar climbing up with every second that passed.

45 percent...

47 percent...

56 percent...

....

78 percent...

The massive golden blob of blood was also furiously combining, and massive bony structures filled with millions of teeth, eyes, tongues, and other unknown organs, as strange cries were emerging from countless hidden throats, that made Rowan Energy Form ripple in agony and thousands of Angels to explode in a fiery explosion that was similar to thousands of nuclear bombs going off.

Eva screamed and summoned multiple barriers of shadows that blocked the sounds, and only Lost was unaffected. His beautiful eyes were slowly colored with anger and he was about to rise to challenge Caine when a quick word from Eva stopped him.

Whatever Arcane Runes the Angels were creating and sending into the air, they did not stop even when more of their numbers began to die, and this was true death, for unlike any enemy that Rowan had faced before, the cries of Caine carried the Will of Chaos, and it was enough to thoroughly destroy these Angels.

Yet they did not falter, even when the first Archangel began to fall. In a short moment, Rowan had sustained more losses than he ever did throughout his time alive, and his heart felt the pain of it, like never before.

"You lose." the voice of Caine rumbled as a gigantic figure that was the color of scarlet and no longer golden appeared with a thousand heads and ten thousand limbs before Rowan.

Caine in this form was incredibly malevolent, his presence corrupting everything, and this corruption was beginning to spread towards the gathering Core and piercing into the shell of the Destroyer.

A thousand red suns appeared on top of his head, like crowns of blood, and his presence sent multiple ripples throughout the Forge. This was true horror, the likes that even gods and Archmages would never witness in their entire existence.

His presence was like a red mist, and all the materials of the Forge that Rowan had been gathering began to wither and transform into rotten and bleeding flesh that sprouted mouths and screamed in despair.

The progress Rowan had been making began to reverse, as every piece of the Forge that was being sucked towards this location was corrupted.

A thousand heads of Caine laughed, "Did you think my presence only stopped at the Spiritual? Pitiful Child. Everything you wrought shall be mine!"

Rowan swiped his hand to the side in a dismissive gesture, and he looked at Caine and growled, his face resembling that of a bright universe did not hold the pain and desperation that Caine expected, only pure rage, bringing about a distinct sense of disquietness in the heart of Caine.

"You have shown me your hand, but this...is not for me," Rowan gestured to the portion of the Destroyer that had been completely overtaken by Caine, "It's just bait, for you!"

The second instruction he had given to Eva triggered, and she brought both her hands up in an Arcane gesture, letting out a bright beam of purple light that attached to the Destroyer's shrinking shell.

That light acted as a magnet and the millions of fiery runes that were being unceasingly summoned by his Angels wrapped around the Destroyer.

Caine thousand heads looked around and he did not take long to understand what happened, he roared in rage and was about to make a move but Rowan and every Angel here vanished in a bright beam of blue light, leaving behind the terrifying form of Caine wrapped in a flesh of hate.

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Rowan reappeared in a beautiful valley, filled with flowers and surrounded by gigantic waterfalls, in the distance were massive creatures that reminded him of dinosaurs, only these were far more massive.

There were four suns overhead and the skies were filled with beautiful colors and countless creatures, both large and small roving through the air.

Interspersed with these creatures were tiny beams of light that shot across at amazing speeds, a closer look would reveal that these were men and women riding on flying swords and other elaborate armaments.

This world was filled with an incredible sense of vitality that would put anything to shame inside the universe, if a mortal were to live here they would never fall sick, they would regenerate from wounds hundreds of times faster than normal and would be able to live for centuries even while they were still mortal.

His sudden appearance caused the skies to darken for countless miles, as an enormous void opened overhead, in a short while, this entire plane was covered in darkness startling all the major powers in this space, and they all arose from their domain to search for the cause of this change.

Some of these powers had powers equal to those of a High God like Tenma, and others were more powerful, but Rowan did not care about them at this time, before they would make their move it would already be too late.

What Rowan was concerned about was if this space could hold his body long enough for his Destroyer to be completed, and he nodded his head in satisfaction as he discovered that it was most likely so.

Rowan had both of his palms clenched ever since and he opened both of them, on his right hand was the spinning Core of his Destroyer that had now integrated his Will.

The core was massive, thousands of miles in diameter, but in this Energy Form, size was not quite as meaningful to him, as he was closer to a fifth-dimensional being.

On his left hand was the forge. It resembled a thousand faceted red gem and imprinted on the surface of the gem were the screaming faces of Caine.

Chapter 635: Multiple Fusion Path

Rowan closed his left fist, blinding Caine, and proceeded to look around him.

Behind him his Angels began to appear, led by his two Sovereigns, Eva and Lost also appeared, with the former nodding at him in excitement, a wordless command from Rowan shifted all his Angels into Guardian Mode as Rowan needed only a few moments more to complete his Core.

He had already sacrificed so much for this opportunity to free himself, and the death of his children weighed heavily on him. Rowan cleansed his mind of distraction with a firm burst of will.

The anguish remained, but he had to make their passing worth it.

About to take the final step, a shrill howl emerged from the gem in his left hand, "How?...."

"Wouldn't you love to know," Rowan muttered inside his heart, stifling the intense hatred and loathing he felt for Caine, he was too close to be distracted, and he quickly accessed .

Rowan was not the smartest, but given enough time he could make plans that would mostly succeed, if he could plan for a doppelganger to take his place during the forging of the Destroyer, then there was no reason for him not to make plans to have a second Forge!

With enough resources, he had to make sure he always had backups, this had become one of the fundamental aspects of Rowan's character.

He was not too aware of the sort of enemy that he might face during the forging of his weapon, but he knew the one thing that they would go for if they did not succeed would be to damage his Destroyer.

If the destruction of his Forge was one of the most likely outcomes then it meant, he needed a decoy or backup, and not just any random decoy, but one that would deceive anyone who sees it.

To create the first level of the Battle Fortress, mystical metals, and other precious materials could be used, yet Rowan went one step forward and used what was arguably one of the most precious materials in the universe to create the first level of his Destroyer, which was the Divine Kingdom of gods.

That amount of effort, just for the weakest level of his Battle Fortress would be considered by most to be a waste, as this was the sort of material that was expected to be used at the third or fourth level of the Battle Fortress, but Rowan was already using it for his first, yet all that was just a decoy, an attractive bait whose true purpose was to be a prison.

This was how far he was willing to go, and the fact that he could imprison a creature such as Caine, even if it was only a minor fragment of this being was a testament to the fact that his preparation had been stellar.

The true shell of his Destroyer would be this place—The Ruin of the Mountain and Sea Supreme World. The last of the treasure he had collected from the outer—universal creature.

This powerful treasure had opened his eyes to the possibilities of higher realms and expanded his vision, Rowan was glad for the brief journey he took and the benefits it gave him.

He would be taking a step further and utilizing a portion of a Supreme World to create the first level of his Destroyer. This action was so extravagant, that he doubted anyone would be able to anticipate it. He had forgone seeding this powerful ruin and used it for something that was arguably much better.

A thousand whispers escaped from the gem holding Caine,

"Your ambitions are admirable, and your plans are intricate, but you still suffer from the pride of youth, there is no way you can assimilate a world such as these around your fledgling Core... It is broken, you cannot bridge the gap required.

"You will need to be far stronger and have greater control....Listen to me, I was wrong about your potential and I can help you achieve your desires. This does not have to end with mutual losses from both our sides, you don't need an enemy like me."

Rowan did not bother with him, his focus centered on which was vibrating and going through great changes.

However, Rowan could not wait for whatever changes that was undergoing to be completed for he sensed that it would take a fair bit of time for that change to end. He still had access to the pages and he flipped over to the seventh page where he was greeted with a scene of disorder.

His stats were jumbled around and the page of seemed to be glitching, he had expected something like this because he had forcefully stripped himself of so many of his abilities and bloodline and he was tethering on the brink of collapse.

Holding the half-formed Core, Will and his Energy Body in one place was taking its toll.

The whispers from Caine were unceasing,

"You prideful idiot, I am giving you an opportunity that you deserve, but you will waste it if you don't listen to me, you know I speak the truth. Your plan to integrate this ruin is phenomenal, but your Will is barely completed, and until it is fused with the Core it is not a functional power. This Ruin is a mountain and you are still an ant, you will fail to shoulder its weight. Let me be your help, and together we can reconsider the terms of our partnership."

The gem in his hands was beginning to flash rapidly, and the red light it was emitting was getting dimmer, as the thousand heads of Caine began to vanish one by one, even while he was imprisoned, the dissipation of the Chaotic Will never ended, it was only

slowed. Without any functional bloodline to keep this Will alive it was doomed to perish in captivity.

Rowan's consciousness reached the bottom of the seventh page and he saw words written below that eased the worry in his heart. He knew that with , he only needed to create the right opportunities and the Singularity would give a favorable outcome from all the pieces he had brought together.

DETECTED THE INCOMPLETE CORE OF A DESTROYER.

DETECTED THE RUIN OF A SUPREME REALM

DETECTED A BUDDING NASCENT PRIMORDIAL WILL

MULTIPLE FUSION PATHS UNLOCKED...

Chapter 636: Glimpse of Ultimate Power

Nothing had captured Rowan's attention more than the next series of words on the pages of .

The language used to express these next series of words was almost primitive, like jagged slashes of a blade against a cave wall, but every word held incredible power.

Rowan knew that if he had seen this language was currently using the first time he transmigrated to Trion, then he would have perished in body and soul, and even a god would be hardly able to understand what they were seeing before they ran mad.

Nevertheless, for Rowan, this language held a charm and power that filled his senses to the brim, and he opened himself to indulge in it.

WILL OF MADNESS — 6TH DIMENSIONAL DOMAIN WILL

WILL OF MOUNTAIN AND SEA — 6TH DIMENSIONAL DOMAIN WILL

WILL OF DESTRUCTION — 7TH DIMENSIONAL DOMAIN WILL

WILL OF ORDER — 7TH DIMENSIONAL DOMAIN WILL (Note: Requires the Light of Celestials and the Despair of Chaos... All Requirements Achieved)

INCOMPLETE WILL OF OBLIVION — 8TH DIMENSIONAL DOMAIN WILL (Note: Requires the Will of The Emperor Of Nothing)

INCOMPLETE WILL OF TIME AND ??? — 9TH DIMENSIONAL DOMAIN WILL
(NOTE: Requires the Eyes of your ??????)

INCOMPLETE WILL OF SOUL ORIGIN — 9TH DIMENSIONAL DOMAIN WILL (Note:
Requires a completed Pathway of Soul [Sheol can lead to a completed Pathway]

INCOMPLETE WILL OF TRUTH — 1ST DIMENSIONAL DOMAIN WILL (A Will born
from your desires to find the truth behind everything, the mysteries hidden in the lost
eternities, the Origin of the Soul, the birth of Primordials and the meaning of existence.
This will is weak, a sputtering flame that can be put out by a single gust of breeze, yet if
you nurture it, this will grow and lead to a pathway unknown, that is entirely yours.)

[NOTE: THE UPPER LIMITS OF THIS WILL ARE UNKNOWN... CHOOSE WISELY,
FOR YOUR PATHWAY WOULD BE SET, AND CAN NO LONGER BE BROKEN.
YOUR SOUL ORIGIN WOULD BE FOREVER BRANDED.]

The weight of the outside world was slowly crashing on Rowan as the air was charged
with vibration as if a sleeping great beast was awakening, he knew this was the various
powers of the entire Mountain and Sea Ruin converging on this place.

Yet in the midst of the impending Chaos, Rowan's mind was steady and calm, and the
short time he had was enough.

He had only a single second to make his decision, but he could stretch the second for a
while longer as he deliberated on the choice before him. This choice would not only free
him of his chains once and for all, it would cement his pathway to the top, or be the
shroud that would accompany him to his death.

He hardly had the chance to sigh in relief at the fact that his gamble was correct and
would be the driving force that could aid him in the creation of his Will, and he nearly
laughed for he had still underestimated the abilities of .

He did not just have access to any random Will fuelled by his desires, instead, he had
access to eight different Wills that were born from his actions and the treasure he
gathered here and there, and he not only that, because he placed the right conditions
for creating a Will, was able to unearth deeper secrets that were inside him.

Any connection that he had that was associated with Will had been excavated for him to
choose from. This singularity never failed to impress him. It was no wonder his father,
the Reflection of a creature as powerful as a Primordial or a Primordial himself, craved
the power of this treasure.

He quickly did away with the first two options, Will of Madness and Will of Mountains
and Seas were both Wills whose maximum potential stopped at the sixth Dimension, no
doubt this was something that was beyond the reach of most, even outside the universe
he doubted if there were many powers who could access and influence the 6th

Dimension, but this was the least of the options presented to Rowan, he could choose better than these.

They were powerful, as the words used to represent them screamed of incredible power and potential, enough to rule even a Supreme World, but it was not enough. When Rowan's focus shifted away from them, they became dim, and their influence over him reduced and he could focus on what came after.

The Will of Destruction was next, and it was as powerful as Rowan thought it would be, already touching the 7th Dimension. This was the original path he was planning to choose, because it was going to be powerful and perfectly combine with the traits of his Destroyer, which would elevate Rowan's offensive, defensive, and survivability to the maximum, ensuring he could battle with his father on a relatively similar footing.

He could feel the potential embedded inside this Will. In any material universe and outside of it, nothing would be able to stand before him. His enemies would be crushed under his destructive might as a single blow from him could end the universe.

Rowan could almost taste it... the death of everything, his presence potent enough to shake all of existence with fear

Power.... With so much power, he could crush his father's Reflection like a bug, Caine would weep before he...

Rowan marshaled his mind, the attraction of the Will of Destruction far greater than the previous two. It would be a mistake to falter to greed when he was on the cusp of his greatest transformation.

The fact that he had access to many greater Wills was both exciting and mind-numbing. When did supreme abilities like Wills become so easy to acquire?

The knowledge of the great opportunity before him was enough for him to dismiss the Will of Destruction and aim for the next.

The Will of Order immediately drew his attention, like a soothing balm over the raw wound that the Will of Destruction had created on his consciousness, equally as powerful as the Will of Destruction, this power seemed to be the antithesis of Chaos itself.

Rowan had a sensation that this Will had great potential, and could elevate his Celestial Host to great heights. Yet it was also gentle, like a slow river, it did not drag his attention but was ever open, ever accepting.... With this Will, he could nurture countless universes, and his touch would bring peace and stability to all of Creation.

Chapter 637: The Realm of Primordials

Rowan did not know the reason for this, but this Will reminded him of his mother.

Yet he did not ruminate on this Will for long as he checked the next one, this Will was powerful, but it was not what he needed. There was a time when he would have picked this Will with no hesitation, disregarding the chance for any greater ones.

That person, that lovely boy had been killed a million times over, and he no longer craved Order, only power. Order and peace were meaningless when they could be simply crushed at the whims of the mighty. There may come a time for peace, but it was not now.

The next Will was a shock to his senses, and even glancing through it was as if he was stabbing both his eyes with burning knives... the pain made Rowan grin, this was power.

The fact that it was Incomplete, and the requirements that stated he needed the Will of a Creature called the Emperor of Nothing did not take the fact away that this was a Will that reached the 8th Dimension! What made Rowan's heart quickened was also the power that was attached to this Will—Oblivion.

As far as he could tell there were very few things that could affect a Primordial and Oblivion was one of them.

This power was used to contain a Primordial as powerful as Chaos, and although Rowan did not understand the divisions between the power of Primordials, there was no way that a Primordial like Chaos was weak, but if this power was enough to contain him, it was enough to show the true potential of it.

This Will acted on his consciousness like a metal filling with a powerful magnet. He heard countless whispers and the roar of an angered Titan who stood against the power of all the universe and challenged a Primordial to battle.

Was this roar coming from the Emperor of Nothing? How powerful must this creature be to challenge a Primordial? Yet nothing from this Will spoke of the power to kill a Primordial, only challenge it. A power he was sure that no one in all the many universes would reject, but there was still more ahead.

Rowan regrettably left it behind, mentally wrenching the burning knives that were this unfathomable Will away from his eyes and proceeded ahead, and his breathing stilled.

His perception shivered and froze in place, like a frightened rat before the gaze of a ravenous serpent. He could barely breathe, or even think, but slowly his perception

eased up from the endless pressure as the changes in continued and the pressure that was being exerted on his senses dramatically reduced.

Without this change, he feared he would have been stuck here for an eternity, unable to move as the power of this Will held him in place, like an insect stuck in amber.

A sense of understanding transferred from the pages of into his consciousness and told him that he had reached the peak of Wills, this was the realm of Primordials, and nothing else could reach this level, as this Will touched the 9th Dimension. The peak of existence, a plane that even the greatest of powers in the universe could not confirm even existed.

His perception was dragged to the Will and he gaped in shock and awe.

Incomplete Will of Time and ????

Rowan did not remember the last time his Primordial Record had issues understanding a concept. What was the hidden concept besides the Will of Time?

He sent a burst of queries about the unknown attachment to this incomplete Will of Time towards , and the reply he received was jumbled, almost too confusing to understand, but an echo of familiarity tugged at his consciousness...

The echo touched something deep within him and Rowan frowned in hatred and irritation.

That echo it seemed was all needed to create a connection with him and he shuddered as knowledge filled his consciousness.

A 9th Dimensional Domain Will was unique, it could only be claimed by a Primordial, and the fact that he had access to a Will of this level meant it was linked to him, and the only other powerful being he knew that was intrinsically connected to him that could potentially carry the powers of a Primordial was his father.

There could only be a singular Will like this, and the fact that could show it to him meant it could be claimed. Has his father lost his Mantle? Why would his Will be unclaimed? Guess whatever the Primordials did to him really destroyed nearly every single power he controlled, but like a headless snake with an impossible amount of vitality, the bastard just refused to die.

'Will of Time,' Rowan muttered in his heart, the darkness that always enshrouded his father's place in his heart slowly fading away.

'What would you do Father, if I took away not just your power, but also your Will?'

It was stupidly difficult for Rowan to hold himself back from taking this Will at this instant. No matter what happened this was a Will that led to the Primordial Realm, it was the greatest power that could be found in all of existence, and it was before his reach.

To sweeten this deal, this power belonged to his greatest enemy.

Everything else collapsed before him, and only the allure of this power held his attention. It was almost like a thirsty man finding an oasis. Something deep inside him made it known that this power was his birthright, and he should seize it.

The only thing that kept Rowan rational was the fact that he knew two more choices were waiting for him, and he would be incredibly unwise if he did not see what was there to offer.

The other thing was that the entire picture behind this Will has not been revealed. A portion of it was grayed out, that was an unknown, and in dealing with power of this nature and magnitude, the unknown could not be taken lightly.

Rowan also knew that he could not simply acquire the full power of this Will at once, even if selected, he needed the eyes of what? His father? How could he acquire something like that at this time or anytime in the future? If the corpse of his father remained it would be under the watchful eyes of the Primordial, making it impossible for him to bring the Will to its peak.

Chapter 638: Path To Truth

Rowan also realized that even if the corpse of his father was not protected, it would most likely be kept inside the 9th Dimension. There was no way he could reach the 9th Dimension without the powers of a Primordial, and there was no way to become a Primordial without the eye.

This power was a quagmire that would need both incredible luck and enormous power to be able to pull off successfully.

If he could not show him all the mysteries behind this Will, then he may likely fall into a trap or face an obstacle that would be impossible for him to overcome due to his ignorance.

As far as he could tell his father was the only one who was killed by all the Primordials, and even Chaos was not killed but imprisoned, his power was alluring, but what if the reason he was killed was because of this power?

What if his father's power was so dangerous or subversive, that even the Primordials would risk it all to kill him? This was something he had to seriously consider before he selected this Will.

Rowan sighed in frustration, the single second he was using was still in effect, but he could feel its passage, time was slipping away from him and he should make his decision, and not dwell on matters he could not find the answers to.

With the force of will and stubbornness that had grown to become a part of his nature, Rowan turned his gaze away from the Will of a Primordial and went to the next.

If the previous Will was as attractive as water to a man dying of thirst, this Will was equivalent to presenting that dying man with a lake filled with Ambrosia.

Incomplete Will of Soul Origin, a 9th Dimensional Domain Will, a power that would take him straight to the Primordial Realm, without any of the conditions the previous Will of Time gave to him.

This Will was the perfect fit for his bloodline of Sheol, and it was almost impossible for Rowan to take his attention off it. If he had not tried to create a Will prematurely, then he would have naturally inherited this Will as he grew his bloodline of Sheol to a higher level.

Everything else was thrown to the side. This was the one for him, there was no other Primordial that controlled the Soul Origin, for was showing him a path to the peak that was distinctly attuned towards his bloodline.

Rowan could feel the subtle energy that this Will was sending out, there was a promise of the total grasp of the Soul, of life and death, all this would be under his Domain.

Even the Primordials would fear his power, for there had never been a Primordial who controlled the Origin of Souls, only Minor Powers like the Primordial Keeper and other Primordial Entities like the River of Souls, and others that he was not aware of, but they did not truly control the Soul Origin, only manage it.

He had crossed universes as a soul, escaping the clutches of the Primordial Keepers, and he had the opportunity to gain their powers, and now he could rule everything related to the Domain of Souls.

If he controlled this Will, then he would be the Primordial that all these powerful entities would come to worship, even the Primordial Keepers his enemies would become nothing else but his errand boys.

He also detected that if he accepted this Will his control of Soul Energy would shoot up, becoming greater than he could even imagine, opening an avenue of power that would dwarf whatever he was able to accomplish with this power at this time, with the

versatility of Soul Energy, even those that were far powerful than him would find it difficult to counter him.

There were no drawbacks to this power, his bloodline perfectly suited it, and he could reach the limits of Creation with it, it was perfect for him, and his decision was made up, Rowan was going to be selecting this Will.

Yet, at the edge of his consciousness was a dull prickling, like an itch in the middle of your back that you could not quite reach, it was telling him that there was something he was missing.

Any other time Rowan would have ignored this itch, but he knew one of the most important decisions he would ever make in his life was before him and he could not leave anything to chance.

Rowan settled his agitated nerves, and held back from choosing this Will, turning to the last one.

This will was almost inconspicuous, it gave out no aura of power, the language used was not as complex or grand as the rest and it was almost invisible to his senses. If Rowan had not marshaled his consciousness himself with supreme effort it was too easy to dismiss this Will.

He settled his mind and read through the details of this Will, and he was silent for a long time as he deliberated.

INCOMPLETE WILL OF TRUTH — 1ST DIMENSIONAL DOMAIN WILL (A Will born from your desires to find the truth behind everything, the mysteries hidden in the lost eternities, the Origin of the Soul, the birth of Primordials and the meaning of existence. This will is weak, a sputtering flame that can be put out by a single gust of breeze, yet if you nurture it, this will grow and lead to a pathway unknown, that is entirely yours.)

[NOTE: THE UPPER LIMITS OF THIS WILL ARE UNKNOWN... CHOOSE WISELY, FOR YOUR PATHWAY WOULD BE SET, AND CAN NO LONGER BE BROKEN. YOUR SOUL ORIGIN WOULD BE FOREVER BRANDED.]

Rowan sighed, what was it that he truly desired? That was the only question he asked himself and his decision was made.

No matter how powerful the other Wills were, they were known to all, and they already had great powers invested in them. No matter how much advantage he had with , he would still face harsh opposition...

Besides, his end goal was not to become not just a Primordial, for even the Primordials were not infallible, there was something more... he doubted that it existed, but had

hinted to him about something like this existing in the deep reaches of creation... of a Throne at the beginning and end of everything, where the ultimate Truth could be found.

Chapter 639: It Is Complete

Even if Rowan could claim eternity as a Primordial, there was no assurance that he would ever know the Truth, and the matter of Will was special, unlike bloodlines he could only choose one, but still he wondered, he had two bloodlines that he was determined to push to the Primordial Level, was it possible for him to acquire two Wills?

had gone out of its way to inform him that selecting a Will would brand it to his Soul Origin forever, but if he could claim the power of Soul Origin using his Sheol bloodline, could he not find a way to expand his Soul Origin and claim more than a single Will.

That was all speculation for the future, but he thought that it was possible and that prospect gave him hope about the future.

Rowan closed his eyes and smiled, his consciousness was free of any doubt, and this path would be the one he would walk on.

He selected the Incomplete Will of Truth, dismissing the allure of the Will of Time and the Will of Soul Origin, the two guaranteed pathways to becoming a Primordial, and took the least powerful Will whose growth and final powers depended on himself.

Rowan believed in himself. He would reach the Primordial Realm with this Will, and he would exceed it!

A single second passed and Rowan had made his decision. His consciousness escaped from outside his body.

began to suck Soul Crystals into the page in an alarming manner, as a force that could shatter the universe began to brew inside it.

Rowan squeezed his left hand tight silencing the cries of the dying Caine, he had plans for this creature, but then a frown crossed his forehead. The resources was collecting were far more than he expected, in a short time, the Soul Crystals that were left were barely a hundred.

Rowan sighed in resignation and looked at the faces of Caine who was screaming all sorts of offers at him, Rowan previously did not want to allow this portion of Caine's consciousness to die just yet, but it would seem that circumstances had forced his hand.

Triggering the billions of lethal runes embedded inside the Forge, the multifaceted crystal in his hand suddenly shrunk and vanished, silencing the cries of Caine and flooding his consciousness with a malignant specter as his Primordia Bloodline drew in the portion of Caine's Soul that inhabited the Forge.

Rowan could not imagine what Caine, no matter where he was would react to a sudden portion of his Soul vanishing into thin air.

Unlike the Souls of the gods that appeared like thick pieces of ice to be slowly melted. The Soul of Caine resembled a golden mountain that was frozen in place inside his Territory, and every moment, dozens of Soul Crystals would erupt from the mountain, and were all greedily devoured by .

Rowan watched the Soul of Caine in deep deliberation and surmised that although he may have not fully utilized this creature as much as he wanted, the bounty in Soul Crystals it was giving him was stupendous.

In less than fourteen seconds, it had already given him more than three hundred Soul Crystals, and the mountain that was the Soul had hardly reduced in size. seemed contented to wait for the Soul Crystals to emerge from the Soul Mountain before it swallowed it up and Rowan noticed that the changes ongoing inside had accelerated as a result of these changes.

He could now focus on the outside world and the dangers he was about to face before he completed the Core, as the race had not yet ended, only the final stretch remained.

Reality shuddered in fright as the darkness his presence brought to the Mountain and Sea Ruin was suddenly parted by three great beings whose powers were earth-shattering; they appeared like three colossal phantasms covering the entire horizon and their powers could be felt in the entire Mountain and Sea Ruin.

Every dweller of this world, from the lowest of mortals to the greatest of power bowed down towards the presence of the Three Great Sages.

The first presence shone with a golden light and resembled a fat man with his belly exposed, he sat cross-legged holding a series of golden beads, the second presence had six arms and shone with a vivid green light with ten thousand swords rotating around him and the last resembled a stunning woman with a third eye in her forehead.

Each of the beings looked at Rowan with shock and anger, as they encircled him and all his Angels. They did not waste time asking for his purpose before they began to gather power, as Great Sages, they could sense a shocking tide of change erupting from the figure of Rowan, and they would stop him with all the abilities they had before he set out to create changes that could destabilize the entire Mountain and Sea Realm.

Eva turned to Lost, "Don't allow a single one of them to reach your father."

The young boy nodded, his eyes were filled with rage at the multiple setbacks they had faced during the process of forging the Destroyer.

Dispersing his tiny mortal size, the Lost Flame began to expand until he was tens of thousands of feet tall and resembled a flaming giant, he gave a battle cry that still sounded childish despite his colossal size and attacked the three figures with three beams of light filled with the power of Convergence.

At first, his flames were ignored and dismissively blocked by three energy barriers created by the Great Sages, but before long, shock and outrage erupted in their eyes as their bodies suddenly erupted in a burst of white flames as Lost cackled like a demented imp.

The energy he was draining from this three Great Sages were unlike anything he had come across before and before he could take more from them, the connection was cut, and he twisted his face in anger.

"How dare you?"

Lost screamed at the three flustered Great Sages.

"Enough!" Rowan called out, "return to my side. It is completed."

Lost gigantic form shrank to that of a child and Rowan held up his right hand as he whispered to himself, "I will make all their deaths worth it."

Light erupted from his hands and the Mountain and Sea Realm began to crumble.

Chapter 640: Clearing Out The Realm

The destruction was slow, as it seemed it was not a result of Rowan's action but the Realm shuddering in anticipation of a great change about to transpire.

A scream like a child in pain erupted from all around the Realm that could only be heard by creatures above a certain power level, and fear spread throughout the Mountain and Sea Realm, but the people here were hardy folk, Cultivators they were called, and they held back their fears by lifting high their weapons.

They believed in fighting against the heavens, a tenet passed from the first and only Supreme Ruler of this Realm, long after he had fallen. Sacred Lands opened their long sealed gates and countless Sects began to arm themselves, they did not know where the danger came from, but they all saw the skies turning dark and the suns vanishing in the sky.

"Stop him!"

The powerful figure with ten thousand swords cried out as a green web of lightning surrounded his weapons and an elaborate formation was created that began to drag the Essence from the entire Mountain and Sea Ruin to him, transforming all his swords into ten thousand extremely lifelike dragons with claws of lightning whose roars shook the heavens.

"Wait, stop your actions Ni Tian," The female figure's third eyes opened, "The path of Fate does not necessarily skew towards doom, but to an opportunity."

The figure that resembled a Budha regarded the woman as a large golden palm held back the dragons released by Ni Tian, "Are you sure about this Sparrow, our only opportunity to strike is dwindling away"

She looked flustered for a brief moment before she nodded her head, "We should be aiding this entity, not stand against him, the more of our people who survive this change, the greater the benefits would hold for the future. This I see."

Ni Tian surrounded by his dragons shook his head in disagreement, "No, it can not be risked, I say we stop them first, and then assess their actions to see if we can risk it."

Sparrow sighed, "I cannot interpret the full readings of Fate, but all it points towards is true freedom Ni Tian, not the barest minimum we have been scraping with for millions of years, whether this change comes by destruction or transformation, all it points towards, is freedom!"

The three figures seemed to communicate more intensely between themselves for a few moments more before they all unexpectedly turned around and escaped into the horizon, each of them opened special treasures and began collecting every living being into them, whether it was animals, plants, or people.

The Great Sages quickly sent messages to all the powers inside the Mountain and Sea Realm to gather all their disciples and all the surrounding living creatures into their various Sects Treasure Lands and congregate at the Great Mountains.

The lady with three eyes abruptly turned to her side where the figure of Eva appeared, the Lady of Shadows opened both her palms as a sign of her non-aggression, before turning to spread out a dense wave of purple light that scraped away every living thing for a hundred miles and deposited them into her sleeves.

They nodded at each other and continued their actions, beside them the figures of tens of thousands of Angels began to spread throughout the Mountain and Sea Realm, collecting all the living beings they saw.

Except for the two Sovereigns who never left Rowan's side, the rest scattered to all the four corners of the Realm and began clearing them out. It seemed their action had a positive effect on the Realm for the shuddering and loud cracks emanating from its core began to die down.

"Hey, Big Guy, what are you doing?" Lost appeared on top of the shoulders of the fat figure who turned to the little boy on his shoulders in surprise for he barely sensed his movement, he wanted to chastise the child for daring to step his feet on the Sacred body of a Great Sage but then the memory of the White Flames entered his heart and the horror he experienced when part of the Essence he had cultivated for fifty million years suddenly had one percent of it vanishing in less than a minute.

Great Sages were used to battling for centuries and millennia, and for one percent of his Essence to vanish in a minute was intensely horrifying, before the last tethers between his Essence were lost to him, he had felt them being siphoned into this boy, and after he landed on his shoulders he could still distinctly sense the last embers of his Essence before it vanished forever, most likely it had been fully consumed by this little monster.

"I ask what are you doing, Big Guy?" Lost said again, "Everyone else is gathering all the living things inside this realm and you are collecting rocks and rivers. Also, why are you so fat? You are a being of profound energy and vitality, you don't need all this lovely fluff... although you are very soft. Can I cuddle with you?"

Snorting in annoyance, the fat figure who did not stop his actions of gathering all the mountains and rivers in the Realm replied to the child, "First, my name is not Big Guy it is Han Li, and these are not just mere stones and waters but elemental life unique to our Realm... you cannot cuddle with me, except you pay a fee of course... of you wish you can become my disciple..."

"Okay Big Guy, my name is Lost and I'm two years old!" the boy interrupted him as he began to lose interest after Han Li introduced himself, except with Rowan, Lost had a very flighty character.

A passing Archangel that turned out to be Dora called out, "It's one year and eight months."

Lost looked away in disdain, "Humph... who is counting the small numbers, am I right Big Guy?"

"I told you, it is not Big... you know what forget what I just said, stop distracting me, and let me focus on my work before whomever that person is, destroys our world." Han Li began to increase the range of his technique, dragging thousands of mountains and rivers into his Interspatial Ring.

Chapter 641: This Is My Will.... This Is Truth

Lost seemed surprised at the question before he laughed,

"That person? Oh you mean my father? Well, that's an over-exaggeration don't you think? I mean he has only destroyed, let's see, ten, hundred and twenty, no, if I add the other thirty worlds near the edges of the Cerulean Galaxy it makes it a hundred and fifty-five, but all that is due to war so that does not count.

"Now when it came to building the Forge, that was when he went all out. I think Father ate ten thousand planets, or was it twenty thousand... Every day he was eating a lot, I thought he would get fat! You would expect something like this to happen, surely you would understand what I mean, don't you, Big Guy?"

As Lost became lost in thought as he tried to count the number of resource planets that Rowan had devoured during the creation of the Forge and all the materials he needed to build a semi-fifth-dimensional space, the face of Han Li and the rest of Great Sages became increasingly grimmer.

The thoughts on the monster that was Rowan made them very uncomfortable.

"Hey, Eva, how many worlds did my father consume when he wanted to build the Forge?"

"You should make yourself more useful Lost, and I'm not giving you that number, a minor mental arithmetic on your part and you will figure it out for yourself."

The boy pouted, "But I don't wanna, hate maths, it is just cruel...Hey. Look Vraegar is awake... over here Vraegar, come and check out all this neat stuff, do you know this mountain is alive?"

Rowan watched the surprising change happening in the Realm and the cooperation between his Angels and the Great Powers of this Realm and he sighed in appreciation of the quick thinking of the leaders of this Realm, the lady among them seemed to have a solid grasp on the powers of Fate and this was something Rowan was willing to investigate more deeply.

had already swallowed another 900 Soul Crystals before the changes it had been undergoing became complete, and it took another 400 Soul Crystals more, and finally, his Will was complete.

The Core shrank further in his hand until it was smaller than a dot and suddenly Rowan felt a cold Aura wash over him that was emanating from the Core.

At this moment Rowan's appearance was non-human, resembling a creature of shadow and darkness very similar to the appearance of the Third Prince, but he had countless stars that filled that darkness covering his entire humanoid form, and as the cold waves passed through his body all those stars began to gather to his face where they all congregated around his eyes.

The light from countless stars in his eyes suddenly burst forth and pierced into the atmosphere, creating a pillar of starlight that slammed into the void above him.

From the pillar of starlight, massive runes began to stream from it like fireflies and started to engrave themselves onto the very fabrics of reality.

They were similar to the Arcane Runes Rowan had been using during his Forging but these ones were simpler, lacking much of the flourish used by Rowan, but it did not take away from its charm; instead, it enhanced them. This Runes seemed like the original Rune, the true expression of the universe's given form.

The starlight bursting forth from Rowan's eyes seemed to be endless, and the Runes that were escaping from the pillar of starlight began to increase from millions to billions to trillions until a third of the Mountain and Sea Ruim had been covered, and the change did not stop, only increased in intensity.

What Rowan had used years to accomplish, was doing the same in a few seconds and on a much wider scale and intensity.

"Hurry up... the great change is upon us," Sparrow the Great Sage cried out as she looked overhead in awe and fear as the darkness was covered by billions of Runes that seemed to be alive, they shot past her and swept towards the horizon millions of miles away, traveling far faster than the speed of light.

The Great Sages no longer held back, and unleashed their Martial Essence, expanding their reach until they touched the corners of the entire Realm and they sucked everything into their various Holy Grounds.

It was just in time as the Arcane Runes completely covered the entire Mountain and Sea Ruin and with a loud cry that denoted the birth and death of a Realm, the last vestige of this Supreme World was shattered.

The way Rowan understood what happened next was difficult to describe, similar to a burst of light slammed into his brain a million times per second, his consciousness vanishing and returning every ten-second interval becoming the norm for a while.

Rowan quickly realized that this was happening to protect his sanity as whatever he was currently experiencing was so dense in information that it was frying his neural network and his mind had to shut down and heal before he could continue.

When his mind returned he witnessed an awe-inspiring scene... The Mountain and Sea Realm was massive, almost the size of ten thousand planets stacked together, in other words, they were the size of a large star.

This entire Realm had been shredded into large pieces, each of them cut in a precise manner like a jigsaw puzzle, and endless trillions of these puzzles were steaming towards him, mountains, rivers, seas, valleys, clouds, light, air.... Everything was part of a gigantic puzzle and they all headed towards him.

So much data.... His mind shut down, and when it returned he saw the puzzles beginning to shrink and stream into the Core in his hand.

The Core began to beat like a heart and slowly began to grow, its shape was changing, as if waiting for Rowan and its nature as a Destroyer to give it form.

So much power.... His mind fell into darkness again. When it returned, half of the Core was complete and Rowan could already see the shape, he nodded in satisfaction, for he could feel the growth of the Destroyer and he slowly turned his hand and grasped it.

So much potential.... His mind fell into darkness for the last time and when he awoke to his full self, he looked around in surprise. He was in a place that was unique, existing more as a concept than a living dimension...

"So this is my will... this is Truth." Even sound did not exist here, not even light, nevertheless Rowan could see more clearly than ever before. He looked at his right hand and he was holding a seven-foot Great Sword.

"My Destroyer is complete."

Chapter 642: Entering The Destroyer

The color of the double-edged GreatSword was silver, and the edge of the blade was so razor sharp it was leaving incisions in this strange Dimension that he found himself in. Rowan shifted the blade to his left hand and ran a finger down its edge and he gasped in pain as the blade tore through his Energy Body, eradicating a massive portion of his power.

He brought back his finger in amazement, there was no Will of Destruction inside this Battle Fortress but its powers had transformed into something else, and he was eager to find out. He brought the blade closer to his eyes and examined it closely.

From the hilt to the tip of the sword, it was seven foot six inches long, and there was no adornment on the blade, it simply resembled a sparkling piece of silver, with its color

closer to that of Adamantite. What was a bit special about this Battle Fortress was the hilt, which resembled six serpents twisted together to create a single rod.

Yet it would be a mistake to consider the Destroyer nothing but a blade, to see the true scale of this weapon, you would have to get much closer, and that was what Rowan did.

He released a single wave of consciousness and sent it into the Destroyer, and he was amazed that he felt a bit of restriction before his consciousness could enter the weapon, if he could feel this barrier and he was the owner and creator of the Destroyer, then anyone else would have to face something more difficult to withstand.

Rowan felt a heavy metaphysical curtain part before his consciousness and realized that more than ninety-nine percent of the Destroyer security systems had allowed him easy access. The amount of power he had felt when he passed through this curtain was so tremendous, that it would have burnt his consciousness to a crisp in the blink of an eye.

This realization staggered him because he knew he had not yet activated the Core for his Destroyer at this time, and it was most likely running on the residual powers left after its creation. What sort of Destroyer has he created?

His consciousness pierced deeper into the weapon and it was then the full depths of the Destroyer were beginning to reveal itself, because, unlike any treasure that Rowan had used before when his consciousness could have reached their core from the inside, the Destroyer was different, he could not access it from inside, but instead, it was from the outside.

He found his consciousness falling from a great height as if he was a meteor being drawn towards a world, and he glanced below at the Destroyer getting larger in his sight until it was bigger than an entire planet, and he could hardly see the edges of it.

His consciousness suddenly felt pain as it slammed against a layer of dense white clouds and as he went past it, his consciousness began to burn with a bright flame because the atmosphere was now filled with so much energy that his descent was leaving long trails of energy behind like a comet.

A frightful gravitational power suddenly exerted itself on his consciousness and he was dragged down like a meteor a hundred times faster like he was teleporting, his descent creating massive shockwaves until his consciousness slammed into the ground.

"BOOM!...."

A massive mushroom cloud erupted from his position, and a large burst of wind blew it aside as Rowan created flesh for this consciousness using his Lost flames, this was the first time he was using this power to create his flesh and it went more smoothly than he anticipated.

Divergence was a nurturing ability and it wrapped his consciousness with a powerful flesh that was filled with potential, and he nearly laughed aloud to finally be able to feel the touch of flesh again. His Energy Form was powerful, but he was not ready to do away with the feeling of his body for the time being.

His hair was made to be waist length and white like the clouds, and his eyes were no longer those of a serpent but were also white, so he appeared with no pupils, resembling a blind man, but he could see... oh the things he could see.

When he first looked at the ground, his descent had not even ruffled a single blade of grass.

Rowan appeared in an endless field, with silver grasses that were filled with energy. Countless lightning bolts jumped from one stalk of grass to another and the energy being generated in this field was so massive it could light up a star...

There were a million of such fields as far as his eyes could reach, filled with the energy of lightning alone....

Another million fields and more filled with the energy of fire... Another million filled with frost... Another filled with darkness... His consciousness could not wrap around everything and he would need to move across the entire surface of the Destroyer to find the remaining fields of power.

This... this... was just the tiniest portion of his Destroyer... This was the surface of the Destroyer, below the surface were countless levels, and the true battle capabilities of the Destroyer could be found underneath its surface.

Above him, there were thousands of worlds that moved around at blinding speeds, all these were his Seeded Worlds that were moving at 300,000 mph, and as a result, the time acceleration on those worlds was thirty-five times greater than normal, any creature living on those worlds would experience time thirty-

five times higher than the rest of the material universe!

Rowan could imagine how helpful this power would be to him at this time when the greatest resource he needed was time, although he did not know if it would be enough to affect him. His Primordial nature made such powers largely ineffective against him. He enjoyed the benefits of near elemental immunity, but that also had its drawbacks.

The passing worlds resembled shooting stars and left golden trails in the atmosphere that was charged with so much energy and Aether that it resembled a vast ocean of liquidized light, making them burn like stars...

Rowan spent a long period of time watching the light flash through the air, his heart was content.

Chapter 643: The Price Of Power

Rowan felt a tremor that erupted below his feet and spread to the rest of the Destroyer. He steadied himself as he nearly fell to his knees, as the connection he had between the blade and himself deepened.

The Destroyer had connected with his fleshy body which was his Ouroboros Bloodline, and to truly begin purging his Body from The Stench of the Old Ones, just merge his Mental Space with the Battlw Fortress, making it truly his own.

His consciousness seeped into the ground, and he noticed that it was not enough, to truly bond with The Destroyer, the price he would have to pay was devastating, and Rowan panicked for a brief moment before he resolved himself to go along with this arrangement.

This change most likely came about because of the Will he chose. This was unprecedented, for a Will was something that existed from the Fifth Dimension, but somehow he had managed to create a Will that began its growth from something as lowly as the First Dimension, even the simplest cell existed in Three-dimensional space.

There were of course repercussions to this change. He had been granted a power with infinite potential, now he had to pay the price for that power.

He released ninety percent of the consciousness power inside this body he created and another massive tremor rocked the weapon, and a great change began to arise from all around him.

Behind him, a vast multitude of people arose from the ground, billions upon billions of individuals, most of them were malformed, their bodies covered in cocoons that shivered with unlimited potential, Rowan recognized this potential as his Eruption Technique and these people as the inhabitants of the Seeded Worlds.

All manners of beasts of the air and the sea began to arise from the ground, all of them in the process of transformation that had been halted and was shifting towards something different.

Rowan turned around and at his front, countless amount of people and creatures began rising from the ground, these were all the individuals from the Mountain and Sea Realm, they looked around confused and in awe, this place they appeared in was different from the Realm they had known, nevertheless they could sense the amount of power here and it staggered their imagination.

The only thing to compare was the difference between a match flame and the sun in the sky.

The crowd was suddenly shaken and screams rang out from them as the heavens above opened and his Angels and all the three Great Sages appeared above him, before a great force slammed them all into the ground, except for the Sovereigns and Eva who remained on a single knee, everyone else was pressed to the ground, they all laid prostrate, like a devout worshipper before their god.

Inside the Destroyer, Rowan was God and everything else would bow down to his authority. Rowan looked at all his children, the memory of those that were gone, and recognized the fatigue in their bodies, and the blemishes on their armor.

They had gone through a tough trial, but it did not stop the air of excitement and the love and faith in him from shining through. Every Angel here was proud of their creator.

Rowan smiled, for such a simple expression, it carried endless complexities,

"My Children, I hold you all dear to my heart."

Eva stepped forward and she suddenly froze as if time had gone still, this could as well be the truth because everything else here had gone still, even the planets shooting across the skies had gone still.

Rowan stood alone in a world that had gone silent and knew that everything that just transpired was because he placed this consciousness pillar inside the Destroyer, it was enough to power this weapon for a few seconds only, but that was not the right method to use the Destroyer, and the price would have to be paid.

He watched in fascination as his body began to freeze up, and he went still. His consciousness erupted from this body and ascended like a bolt of lightning, leaving the body he created behind.

Rowan's eyes opened in fascination, as the Great Sword spoke to him.

Apollyon's first and only words to its creator were brief, "I am your sword my Creator and you are my sheath. Taste my sharpness and marvel at the work of your hand."

The voice of the weapon shook this strange space Rowan found himself, his suspicion had been growing a while back about where he found himself but he focused back on his Destroyer. Its voice was deep, sounding like a mountain given life.

Rowan's eyes were focused as this was the last part of his Destroyer Creation, which was bonding with the weapon.

He replied Apollyon, "You are my Weapon, and I shall taste your sharpness and that power would be held over the entire universe. You shall be my sword... Everything that is, was, and is to come shall fall before your might."

The weapon vibrated in excitement and went silent, it would make no more sound until the end of creation and Rowan would be the only one that would ever hear its voice.

It was part of the price to pay for power.

Rowan turned the blade and held it by the middle, grasping the blade tight and disregarding the great pain he was experiencing as the sharp edges dug into his hands,

"Apollyon... my Destroyer, with you my Will shall remain until the end of everything."

With a grunt Rowan stabbed himself in the chest, sinking more than three feet of the blade into his body, he grasped the hilt of the blade while gasping in pain and shoved the remaining into his body, leaving only the hilt hanging outside, strangely the blade did not emerge from his back.

Rowan fell to his knees and began to scream, he could not help it, for he was experiencing a unique sort of pain that he had not experienced before.

This entire space began to be sucked into his chest and his body followed behind, as the frightening suction force increased and Rowan began to collapse into himself.

The last echoes of his screams vanished and the darkness in this place faded away, and nothing was left, except a single white line hanging in the air that arose from the underverse and fell into the material universe.

That line slowly drifted away into the darkness of space, carried by space wind and Aetheric Tides that pushed the line deeper into space.

This Line would sail in the darkness for thirteen years.

Chapter 644: The Clone Who Refused To Die

In the deepest recesses of the Underverse, a place where distance and time were warped until it was impossible to plot your way through it by any conventional means.

It took a long time for the Major powers to be able to find a suitable path through the darkness of the Underverse, also the stronger you became, the easier it was to transverse through the Underverse.

In this strange space, a figure wearing red armor and a red cape pushed through the Underverse, his red eyes piercing through the darkness. The figure had suffered a disastrous wound that was slowly healing, as darkness was clinging to its edges.

It was a good thing that technically this figure had no delicate organs, even though it had eyes, brains, and a heart, this was all a mimicry of life, for his power lay inside the blood flowing through his body.

This was the Berserker Clone of Rowan that he had released years ago to search for the page of inside the Underverse.

To avoid suspicion from others and not to attract unnecessary attention, he had released only one Berserker Clone, and he had been using the faint connection between himself and page to slowly close the gap between them.

With the chaotic nature of the Underverse, it was the best option to use only a single Berserker Clone to search for if he used more than one, the feedback he received from the page became jumbled and the difficulty to decipher its direction increased tenfold.

This Berserker Clone was far less powerful than the current clones Rowan could create, but it was still as powerful as a Dominator at the Earth god level. Rowan had created this line when he was far less powerful, and with the rate of Rowan's power growth, if he created a Berserker Clone every day, their powers would be different, because Rowan was constantly growing stronger.

Using all the powers available to him, the Berserker Clone had been able to escape from countless dangers, surviving by the skin of his teeth through many terrible encounters against not only the denizens of this place which were all horrifying creatures of darkness and space, but with the countless powers who used this place as a convenient source for traveling through the vast gulf of space.

Most Major powers like Trion and other powerful organizations created specialized pathways inside the Underverse that were regularly patrolled by their soldiers to keep them safe from the denizens of the Underverse and it was a great source of Income for these Major powers.

If you were unwilling to spend years traveling through the universe using spaceships that were often a very risky affair due to pirates and other dangers present in the universe when you wanted to go beyond the normal Space Lanes, then you had no option but to use the Teleportation Gates offered by these Major powers for a sizable fee.

Of course, you were being charged for using the Space Lanes but it could be shared among the tens of thousands of passengers on the massive ships, and it was a joint affair most of the time, but nothing could beat the convenience and safety of using a Teleportation Portal.

The act of Teleporting through the universe was straightforward, a cut was made in the fabric of reality to the Underverse below. In the Underverse, distance and time acted strangely, and moving a few hundred feet in the Underverse could translate to millions

of miles being traversed in the material universe, then another cut was made through the Underverse that would open to the desired destination.

To create a Teleportation Gate, the Major Power would cut out a passageway through the space of the Underverse, linking vast distances between the material universe. These Passages are maintained by them and were sometimes used as currency among the Major Powers, for some distant locations in the universe could only be reached by following specific passages.

When in the Underverse it was easy to spot these Teleportation Passages, as they appeared like massive glowing veins in the everlasting darkness of this place.

This light inevitably attracts the attention of the shadow creatures of this dark place, who feed on energy and vitality. Thankfully they were not too powerful, but they had the advantage of numbers, and it was a constant struggle to keep the Teleportation Lanes safe from their endless hunger and sabotage from opposing powers.

There were constant wars fought in the Underverse as the struggle for power and the right to control the Teleportation Passages were unending.

You could easily tell how powerful a Major power was by the number of Teleportation nodes that had, and the Berserker Clone made sure he avoided all the routes containing Teleportation Passages as much as possible, but that brought a new form of risk for it meant he came across more dangerous foes that did not need to use Teleportation Passages to move through the Underverse.

These individuals who could move through the Underverse without using Teleportation Passages usually have power at the level of gods, and so coming across any of them during his search would lead to death, as they would usually rob and kill anyone they came across that was weaker than them, and so if you were not at a particular power level it was advisable for you to not tread through the Underverse alone.

Rowan had not expected this Berserker Clone to survive for this long inside the Underverse, and he had planned to create a new Berserker Clone after the previous one was destroyed, and using the last location where the previous Berserker Clone was destroyed he would be releasing a new Clone there.

The reason he made this decision was because the only way for him to search for lost page was with his Clones for they had the ability to sense his connection with the Singularity, an ability that his Angels lacked.

Rowan also knew that every new Berserker Clone he created would be stronger because they used his current body as a template, and so if the previous Berserker Clone would be destroyed, he would create a new one, and using the light of Astrolabe, he would be able to send the new clone to the last location of the destroyed clone, to make sure no ground was lost during the search.

Yet this Clone just refused to die.

Chapter 645: Waiting For The Right Time

The survival of this Berserker Clone was unprecedented, although this was not only due to the ingenuity of this Clone, but seven other reasons.

These seven reasons were the seven Children of Ruin, they had been for a while now, appearing when he was on the verge of destruction and saving him, they had not left his side ever since.

After the Children of Ruin left Rowan they had somehow found a way to reach his Berserker Clone inside the Underverse and they were the primary reason this clone had survived for so long. It was unknown how they had been able to find this clone, but they did, and their help had been invaluable to the Berserker Clone as he was able to reach places that his level of power would not accommodate.

Perhaps the Children of Ruin thought with their intervention, Rowan might view them in a more favorable light, but Rowan's thought was largely unknown, and so they followed the clone deeper into the Underverse.

The Berserker Clone soon came to the realization that the page of seemed to have the weight of a mountain dropped inside an ocean, as it was unceasingly plunging down into the depths of the Underverse, and the Berserker Clone followed, until it reached a portion of the Underverse that was truly dark, and the chance of coming in contact with other foreign power was now incredibly remote.

The threats here became far less frequent but more hazardous, as the denizens of the Underverse in this region were old and powerful, having survived countless trials and tribulations and ascended to become true creatures of darkness and madness.

Even the gods with their unlimited lives granted by their Divine Spark being kept in a safe place hardly entered this location for it would be nothing else but a waste of Essence, for death was assured in this place, why would they bother dying in various painful ways only to push deeper into the darkness and take them to locations they did not need.

The Underverse was treasured because of its ability to shrink space, and all the best locations in the universe had been slowly mapped out and Teleportation passages had been created millions of years ago, and there was no reason to take any unnecessary risk any longer, defending the Teleportation passages was hard enough, who else wanted to push deep into the Underverse for such meager rewards?

In this space, the Berserker Clone began coming across a series of floating islands that were carried by a dense stream of darkness that was erupting from a singular source deep in the depths of the Underverse.

He could practically feel the page of screaming at him down in the depths of this space, but the problem was that he could no longer reach the page because of the crushing pressure arising from the depths of the Underverse. The pressure was strong enough to turn a god to dust in the blink of an eye.

The Berserker Clone turned to the figures standing by his side, the seven Children of Ruin had reduced their sizes until they were smaller than two feet tall and resembled small monkeys. They looked at the Berserker Clone with their large eyes, and he had to shake his head for their cuteness in this form was strangely impressive.

Rowan suppressed the smile threatening to break out on his face, without the influence from his main body, the Berserker Clone was becoming a little more human, and he said, "I need to reach the depths of this place, the item I seek lies below."

The Children of Ruin looked at each other and they began to gesture towards the clone using their fingers. After spending fifteen years with them inside the depths of this place, the Clone had begun to understand their method of communication.

It was not that the Children of Ruin could not speak, but similar to the powerful Angels like the Sovereigns, a huge chunk of their power resided in their voice, and after the Berserker Clone had seen them unleash this dreadful power thousands of times in defense of him, he had come to have a healthy respect of this power.

The Berserker Clone shuddered when he recalled the time Rowan was asking these colossal questions and had become a bit upset when they refused to reply to him, at that time if Rowan knew that they only did so not out of fear or apathy but consideration for his wellbeing he would have appreciated their goodwill better.

The Clone interpreted the gesture they made and he frowned a bit before nodding in ascent.

According to the Children of Ruin, the pressure escaping from the depths of the Underverse weakens in a fairly predictable cadence and they should wait for the pressure to ease before attempting to push towards the depths.

The Clone traveled to one of the floating islands and settled inside one of them, hiding from sight, where he closed his eyes and slowly began cultivating his strength.

The Clone could survive perfectly on his own without any sustenance from Rowan, but after fifteen years apart, the root of its power was beginning to fray, after all, it was simply a technique, and at the time of its creation, Rowan was still relatively weak.

There was always an option for the Clone to return back to Rowan anytime he wanted, but that option ended thirteen years ago when all communication between the main body and himself was cut off.

Although he could still feel the connection with his main body, it was still incomparably faint and he had no way of knowing what had happened.

If his Berserker Clones were captured Rowan did not want them to be able to reveal sensitive information about himself, and so the Clone could only send information to Rowan but could not experience anything that Rowan was going through.

The Berserker Clone remained inside this floating island for the next four years as he waited for the pressure coming from the depths to reduce. It was this close to his prize, the very reason for his existence and he was willing to wait a thousand years for the opportunity to reveal itself.

Of course, it would have been better if he could reach Rowan as he was sure with the rate of growth of his main body he would have been able to tear through the obstruction blocking him.

The seven Children of Ruin settled around him and they slowly curled among themselves and went to sleep.

Chapter 646: The Depths of The Underverse

Near the fifth year, the eyes of the Clone opened as the island he was residing on shook and began to fall.

The enormous pressure arising from below the floating islands had reduced and as a result, the numerous floating islands began to fall deeper into the darkness below.

During the time of his waiting the Clone had removed the helm from his armor and it was immediately noticeable that his appearance had changed and he no longer resembled the beautiful features of Rowan instead he appeared like a hardened warrior in his fifties.

The clone had slowly been changing his facial features over the years, as he had a habit of taking one of the humanoid traits of any of the targets that gave him the most trouble while he was in this place. Although with his high perception, he had managed to make his face appear distinctively pleasant, nothing of his features would connect Rowan to him.

His salt and pepper hair was vividly colorful and his eyes especially were striking, as it seemed to be filled with countless planets made from blood.

Rousing the Children of Ruin from their slumber, the Berserker Clone left his hidden alcove and moved toward the edge of his floating island where he looked around.

With gravity now exerting its influence back on these islands, a huge commotion erupted as thousands of islands began to fall deeper into the darkness. Some of these islands were as small as a few hundred feet across, while others were as large as a hundred miles across.

Those small islands after falling for a while with the rest were soon pushed upwards or could no longer fall deeper and began to hover because their weight was too light and the pressure arising from below got stronger the lower you proceeded.

After nearly sixteen years inside the Underverse, the eyes of the Berserker Clone had adapted to the darkness over time; he slowly changed the composition of his eyes to mimic those of the Children of Ruin until he was able to pierce through the darkness of this place.

It was the reason the current appearance of his eyes was so strange, he had pulled in certain techniques from the Children of Ruin and had slowly begun to evolve his abilities. If he had a few thousand years he might create something entirely new from the powers he was imitating.

For now, it was enough that he could see thousands of floating islands as they fell. A new crisis soon emerged as no longer supported by the rising pressure from beneath, the falling islands began to crash into each other.

He soon realized he would have to move to another bigger island, for although the islands were resistant to the pressure arising from below when they crashed into each other, the force from their collision usually caused the smaller islands to shatter into pieces, which led to a reduction in their weight and they were pushed upwards.

The Berserker Clone regretted not finding a much larger island to settle before now, he could only be focused and anticipate any new changes that would be happening.

His island was a medium sized island, and he watched in rapt attention. He would be safe for a while but he needed to escape when this island became too small due to the constant pandemonium occurring.

For the next four hours, the Berserker Clone had to avoid being caught unprepared in a broken island, as his medium-sized island was crushed a while back and he had nearly been flung away from this place alongside the crushed island by the rising pressure despite his alertness.

With the seven Children of Ruin, they hopped, skipped, and jumped across multiple islands, for flying was almost impossible here and was most assuredly a death sentence if they tried. The islands were resistant to the rising pressure but their bodies were not,

even the bodies of the Children of Ruin would be torn to pieces in a short while if they remained outside the influence of the islands for too long.

They had nearly been separated several times and escaped death many times over until the chaos drastically reduced as soon the islands were reduced to a few dozen all of which were hundreds of miles in size, and with their weight, the descent speeds were consistent, not as fast as a free fall, but enough that the Berserker Clone had to dematerialize his cape to avoid being dragged into space.

The Berserker Clone frowned a bit, there was something strange about these remaining islands that struck him as odd, but he could not quite place his fingers on it yet, for he was still very focused on the sensation of pages down below.

The closer he came to the page, the more he could accurately place page's position, and he took the risk to maneuver his way to the island that was almost directly over the page and he waited for it to get lower. I, his journey was nearing its end.

The lower they fell, the stranger this space became, and a weird sort of silence and peace descended on the falling islands, a stark contrast from the previous commotion.

In this silence, the Clone could not help but wonder where he would end up in the material universe if he decided to pierce through this area. They were now so deep in the Underverse, that he would most likely appear near the edges of the Material Universe. What sort of a sight would he find there? Was it possible that if he reached deep enough he might find a way to leave the universe entirely?

Shaking his head, the clone dispersed those thoughts, the longer he stayed away from his Creator, the harder to marshal these unnecessary ideas from filling his mind. He was changing... This worried him. Yet at his core, he knew the reason for his existence; find the page of and deliver it to Rowan.

Alerted by the Children of Ruin, the Clone went towards the edge of the island and looked below, it took a while before he noticed what the Children of Ruin had informed him about, and he nearly gaped at the sight.

At the depths of the Underverse, in this realm of endless darkness there were bright lights.

- Chapter 647: The Nyre Flower

Chapter 647: The Nyre Flower

The glow escaping from the depths were bright purple lights that were moving like large streams of smoke buffeted by the wind. He could not be sure but the Berserker Clone

was sure that these lights seemed to be congregating around a single region and was creating something that was not yet fully decipherable.

"What is that?" The clone called out in amazement, for he could see a visible pulse of power arising from the spot where the light was congregating, and with that power was a rising sense of vitality that made every cell in his body thirst for it.

Suddenly the island he stood on shook, as if a magnitude ten earthquake had impacted it, and the Clone was flung towards the air, with a quick application of the Berserker Ability—Dash, he teleported back to the island, but the short time he was in the air had already caused his armor and more than twenty percent of his body to be shredded to pieces, without the quick application of his ability, he would be dead.

These wounds were serious but not lethal, but the clone was not too particularly concerned about them, as his focus was on the dozens of islands that were experiencing the same tremors, and the strangeness he had previously noted about the islands suddenly made sense at this time.

None of these islands were natural, at least not these larger ones. The earthquake he had just experienced was the island shaking off the layers of rocks covering them revealing gleaming metal underneath.

There were a total of twenty-three massive metal structures suddenly revealing themselves and all of them had different shapes, some were circular, and others were trapezoidal. Soon twenty-three glowing platforms revealed themselves.

In a short while an energy fluctuation arose from all these platforms and the Berserker Clone was stunned, for he recognized this energy as that of teleportation.

With instinct born out of fighting for his life for more than a decade, the clone leaped off the edge of the island and clung to its side, driving his fingers down a slim incision at the body of the massive metallic construct that was slowly descending towards the ground. The platform was tall enough that his legs were not dangling beneath him, as there were a full three feet of metallic material below his feet since the platforms disregarding their various shoes were eighteen feet tall.

He had barely remained in that position for less than a second, but his flesh had already been rendered to the bone, and before he could perish, his body was covered by the seven Children of Ruin, creating a coat of flesh over him.

Sighing in relief, he began to turbocharge his healing as he concentrated on what was happening above him while taking notes of the other islands as well, for similar fluctuations of teleportation were arising from all of them.

In less than a second, bright lights began to arise from atop the metallic constructs as the space of the Underverse rippled and multiple figures began to emerge from it. A

quick glance would reveal there were at most a total of a hundred individuals on some platforms with some of them having only a few people.

The clone pressed himself closer to the metal, reducing every life activity in his cells, becoming similar to a rock, a skill he had acquired because the clone was not truly alive and could be regarded as just a very elaborate mannequin and the rears of the Children of Ruin rippled as their coloration changed, their bodies became the same color as the metal construct, effectively disguising them.

They did not need to disguise their life signatures because the Children of Ruin were not alive in a conventional sense, they were more closer to a representation of an idea.

Multiple figures soon filled the top of the descending platforms and the same thing happened on the other platforms, and the clone was relieved when instead of investigating their surroundings more closely, most of the attention of the figures that arrived was either on those on the other platforms or the gathering purple light below, his position was overlooked, but he was still not settled, because he could feel the breath of power escaping from the bodies of some of this figures and they were terrifying.

He noticed that the fewer the individuals on a platform, the more powerful they tended to be, and his eyes were dragged by a particular platform where five figures stayed alone, they were the only platform with the smallest number, and he suddenly felt a connection with one of the figures there, it was a young man with black hair.

The clone wondered why he would feel a connection with this individual, but that did not overly concern him at this time, his mission was paramount.

The first thing the clone did was to confirm if the page of was near the purple light that had begun to converge into the shape of a massive tree and he was relieved that it was not so, in fact, the page of was opposite the direction of this growing tree.

The vitality pulsing from this purple tree was increasing, but with page being this close to him, nothing could sway his focus.

The clone could not stay in this position for long and he could not move recklessly around, for now, he was safe because no one would risk leaving their metallic platform and descending towards the ground, and he had a brief window where he could make his move.

The clone began to slowly move his body alongside the platform, inching his way slowly by using his fingertips on the thin incisions that were barely an inch deep, it was slow and painful, but he was making progress.

'A good thing I lost the extra flesh... it would have been dead weight.' The Berserker Clone had an unexpected thought that nearly made him laugh.

He could not shake his head anymore to rid himself of this distraction because of his precarious position. In his heart, he acknowledged that he was now a failed technique and needed to quickly complete his duties before he lost his mind.

Taking care to check the shrinking distance between the floor and the platform, the clone made sure he was moving quickly enough that he would be in the right position to leave the platform and on the right path to reach .

As he slowly inched his way, he began to investigate the figures on the other platforms and also listened to the words of those above him.

"...nearly completed, the master was right, although it is ten thousand years too early, the Nyre Flower blooms."

Chapter 648: Waiting And Watching

The clone listened intently to the conversations, as he edged closer to the position where he could make his escape from.

"... I did not expect this but the Alchemist Union is here. Disregarding their numbers, it is important that we fight for this chance. By the light...the freak from the Black Tower is also present, and I don't know if any of our candidates can compete for the Crown anymore. That is the Seed of the Black Tower, a damn Acolyte and already a Seed for a Great Tower!"

"This should not be your concern, because this matter is for the few who wished to go for the Crown of the Nyre Flower, I am sure that the freak would require nothing short of that power, nothing in this place should attract him, that is the only reason he is here. If we avoid him, we can gain substantial benefit."

"I still don't understand the fuss about this guy, he is nearly alone, every Rank 4 Mages and higher are forbidden to interfere in the upcoming contest, and he would be facing off against hundreds of Rank 3 Mages. He is a fucking Acolyte, what do you think he can achieve here? I don't..."

"Stupidity like yours is the reason I actually bet good money against your Ascension to a Rank 4 Magus Ethan, follow the scripts, and claim the dregs of the Nyre Flower for your Ascension. Let me be clear, when the gauntlet begins, I will not be able to intervene, even if he kills you. You should have heard the rumors about him, you have seen clips of his activities before they were banned and scrubbed from the Aethernet... and I am telling you, they don't do him justice."

"haha... it can't be that serious? He is just a kid... I'm four hundred years old, I think with my experience I can do better than you give me credit for, besides, that could all be a publicity stunt by the Great Towers to manipulate the result of...."

".... Hopeless.... Doomed to failure.... Pitiful death..."

The clone had already moved a fair bit away from the people atop the platform he was shimmying around and he could hardly hear them anymore, the pressure arising from below blowing away any hope of him hearing any more juicy details as he moved farther away from their position, although he did not understand the full nature of their business here, he knew they were not here for page.

From what he could gather from their words; the purple tree was the so-called Nyre Flower and the people here were Mages, if that were the case then it would mean that the powerful presence he felt among them was Archmages.

This flower was their target, for it seemed to be a crucial component for a Rank 3 Mage to become a Rank 4 Mage, but what worried him was the fact that they claimed that this flower had bloomed a lot earlier than usual, thousands of years earlier in fact, and he wondered if this occurred because of the page of that was here.

The Clone knew how observant Mages were, they would most likely closely investigate the reason why this phenomenon was pushed forward, bringing about a new dynamic that made the Clone worry about his mission.

The Clone knew that each of the Children of Ruin here with him would be at least equal to an Archmage, but there must be at least two dozen Archmages here, which meant that battle was not an option.

He was too weak to participate in a battle of this level, and at this pivotal moment, he could not risk drawing any attention to himself, the best option that he could see was to get as far as possible from the Nyre Flower and lie low until the Mages were done with their business and then he could retrieve the page.

He could not risk retrieving the page while they were all here, if he was caught, then the chance for him to escape would be bleak.

When the platform was a few hundred feet away from the ground, the Berserker Clone released his hold and dropped down into the darkness, he had maneuvered himself away from the bright lights of the Nyre Flower and his descent was almost noiseless.

As he landed, his feet crashed against mounds of brittle rocks and he froze in place, after waiting for a bit and noticing no alarm being raised or energy bolts raining down on his position, the clone began to gingerly move away from the light and the platforms who began surrounding the growing Nyre Flower.

Carefully placing his feet on the ground with each step, he noticed that the ground was filled with dried bones, the previous crack when he landed was due to him crushing bones beneath his weight, he slowly distanced himself from the Mages.

A part of him noticed that the bones on the ground were of various races, most likely these were the casualties of the endless battles inside the Underverse, somehow their bones had settled at the bottom of this place as their final resting place.

The Berserker Clone did not proceed directly towards the page of but looked for a hidden location where he could ride out whatever was coming.

The pressure escaping from the ground had eased a great deal, but it was still enough to kill him without the help from the Children of Ruin who covered him like a coat and were constantly changing their colors to fit their surroundings.

A little more ahead the clone sighted the best position where he could hide. It was the giant skull of a rodent-like creature. He climbed into the skull using the eye hole that was hundreds of feet in circumference and hid behind one of its massive fangs, he peered through the gap, waiting and watching.

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"The Crown of the Nyre Flower has almost taken shape. Finally, we are here Andar Erikson, do you understand what you are to do?"

Andar bowed towards the 4 Star Archmage, Hashim Prizahl, Watcher of Blades, "Yes I do Master, I am here to become a Mage."

Chapter 649: Sibling Rivalry

The Archmage smiled at his reply and looked towards the Nyre Flower, at the tip of this glowing purple flower were seven floating rods that were a shade of purple that was so deep it was almost black, the scent of Vitality escaping from those seven rods were monumental and even the Archmage arched an eyebrow at this change.

This was not normal, but it should be the best tonic that Andar needed to become a Mage, this monster of an Acolyte was not only immensely powerful, but it would seem that he was unnaturally blessed with great luck.

"Well, it's about damn time, my dear little sister is about to go crazy you know." A young man beside Andar punched his shoulder playfully. He had curly black hair that reached his neck, and he was wearing the latest risqué fashion trend. The metallic platform below them rang from the heels of his steel-toed feminine boot.

Andar smiled at his antics, having long gotten used to the eccentricities of this Mage, this man who had the attitude of an over-exuberant youth high in life was the brother of Mira and a Rank 9 Mage on the cusp of becoming an Archmage.

It would be a mistake to use his flippant character to judge his powers and talent, for this man was one of the most talented Mage that Andar had ever known, and for that reason alone, he respected him and endured his eccentricities.

"Thank you Mayu, you always remind me of that, every single year without fail. I'm glad that today I will be putting that aspect of our relationship to rest." Andar fearlessly rubbed his hand across the shaggy mop of hair of Mayu, who backed away in horror, he feared nothing more than for his stylish image to be rumpled.

Quickly summoning a mirror of water, he checked his appearance and sighed in satisfaction before quickly losing himself as he admired his appearance.

He was a twin, and his sister Mara was nearly the opposite in character to him, stoic and steadfast and also a Rank 9 Mage, she stood by the side of their father the Archmage, and silently observed their surroundings, she squeezed her hands in anger, as she hated staying close to her brother, but she was here as her duties required it.

It did not matter that her powers were significantly boosted whenever she was beside any of her siblings, she had always detested him, it also did not help that he was barely putting any effort into his practice yet he was at the same rank as her.

What would Mayu accomplish if he were to become more serious and focus on cultivating his Magus abilities, perhaps another Great Archmage might have been born from their family?

Andar did not know what was going on in the minds of the twins. At first, he would have laughed at the naming pattern the Archmage gave his three children, Mayu, Mara, and Mira, but he knew that their names were special, it was all part of a unique Great Spell crafted by their father that united their life force and talent, the details of which he was unsure of, but he knew it was very special.

The last person here with him was Zaros, the third Spirit Body they met during their Trials to become Acolytes of the Black Tower. Andar and Mira had responded in equal measure to the antagonistic behavior of Zaros, making him a rival to them, but sadly the proud man could not equal his acclaimed foes.

Presently Zaros was now a peak Rank 1 Mage, holding the title of the second Acolyte of their cohort to break through to a Mage after Mira. A great achievement that did not satisfy him in the least. During any period in history, he would be an acclaimed Mage, but now, he was barely mentioned, his glory stolen by two shining stars without any efforts on their part.

Due to the fact that he used the extremely popular Revolving Core Heavenly Fate Meditation Art, Zaros was able to progress quickly due to the tons of guidance he could gather on this Meditation Art, and as a Spirit Body, he quickly surpassed the average Acolyte with his practice speed. Yet the hatred in his heart for Andar and Mira slowly grew with what occurred during his time in the Body Farm.

During Andar's third year of his learning in the Body Farm, a strange phenomenon occurred, where Zaros could no longer practice his Meditation Art if he came near Andar. Any time he tried to do so, he would be on the brink of a spontaneous explosion. He could hardly rotate his Heavenly Fate Mediation Art and engrave Spells in his Spirit Matrix, it had been pure torture.

After countless tries, including taking permission to leave the Body Farm where the weird situation reduced, he was able to use his Meditation Art but not for long, and soon it was discovered that because the Revolving Core was derived from the Endless Vault Meditation Art Andar was utilizing, it could manipulate and control this lesser art to an extent, especially because Andar had merged with the Endless Vault itself.

When the weakness of his Meditation Art became clear to Zaros, the proud Acolyte fell into despair, but he was lucky to be placed under the mentorship of the Steward of the Black Tower, who also practiced the Revolving Core Meditation Art.

At Andar's present level, he was unable to affect the Archmage at all even if he wanted to, and so, under the influence of the Archmage, Zaros had been able to finally suppress Andar's touch on his Meditation Art and after a decade he had successfully transcended the Realm of Acolyte to become a Rank 1 Mage.

He was no longer influenced by Andar's Meditation Art anymore, but when rumors began swirling around the Black Tower that Andar was finally going to ascend to a Mage after many years of accumulation as an Acolyte, he wanted to be there in person, so he could know if Andar would be able to influence him again.

Zaros was very stubborn, he had prepared extensively over the years, beefing up his powers as a Mage, and was one of the most powerful Rank 1 Mage in the Federation, there was no way he would fall under Andar's mercy again.

Chapter 650: Hunger And Pride

"Relax and prepare yourself, in a few moments, it will begin. You do not need to hold yourself back Andar, you are the Seed of our Tower, it is time you show the universe what that truly means."

With those words the Archmage ascended into the air where a separate platform had been placed, this one was shining bright with silver and gold, and four other figures

ascended with him and they sat on their various thrones while watching the events about to transpire.

The five Archmages were here to watch over the event, because some of their most promising talents were here, all of whom needed to be guided and protected, but most importantly, the Underverse was a dangerous place, and even though the area around the Nyre Flower was safe for now, it would not remain this way for long.

Andar bowed at the departing figure of the Archmage, his movements were graceful as he sat cross-legged on the platform, his black jacket flaring around him.

Maru lowered his head to speak to Andar, "So, what's your plan, I know you don't like to show off, but sometimes you have to display your brilliance to awe the world, like me! I am the most beauti..."

"Leave him be Maru," his sister chided him, interrupting what was supposed to be a self adulating rant, "be more careful in your words and actions, also be useful and gather information on his competitors so he does not get any unexpected surprises later. You can at least do that with a small degree of competency I suppose."

Maru scoffed at her, flinging his curly hair to the side, "Why? It's not like any Mage here can be his equal, this is Andar we are talking about here, oh, thanks for the reminder, I should be setting up a betting platform... hmm, this one right here should do the trick, let my customer come to me and all that silly jazz... Now I just need to draw attention to my service."

Andar cracked an eye open, and threw a pouch towards Maru, "I place everything on myself." before he closed his eyes and continued to meditate.

"Good man," Maru laughed and he drew a short pink wand from his Interspatial Ring and began to write in the air leaving faint trails of pink dust.

His actions soon drew attention from the rest of the platforms and soon glinting motes of lights and pouches filled with Origin Crystals began to be collected by a grinning Maru.

The Mages in attendance here were all influential and popular geniuses, and in a short while the betting pool had reached tens of thousands of Origin Crystals, and except for a small cut to be taken by the house, in the betting competition, the winner takes all.

This meant most of the Mage here placed a bet on themselves, while some gathered around and placed the bet on a single one of their member who they felt had the ability to reap the most benefit in this exercise.

Andar looked at the growing pile of Origin Crystals and could not help but lick his lips, he always wanted more of this stuff than any other Mage, because his expenses alone were a hundred times greater than the average Mage.

With the competition about to begin, he pushed every distraction from his mind and sank into his Spirit Matrix. Having performed this action countless times in the past, it amazed him why the experience always felt a bit different every time he entered his Spirit Matrix.

The first thing he saw was the Light Devourer, the otherworldly creature was resting on the black and white Engraving Tiles, and its large size was blocking any outside observer from knowing how many Engraving Tiles he had unlocked.

The tentacles on the back of this massive bird seemed to have a mind of their own as their own and they waved around more excitedly as if they noticed the presence of Andar's Spirit. The smoke-like form of this creature was now more condensed, and there were times when Andar felt he was almost looking at living flesh coated by feathers blacker than night.

The past eighteen years in the Body Farm had been challenging in many aspects but he had excelled in all of them, was he not created to become the perfect Mage?

Being tutored by four different Archmages had transformed Andar into something phenomenal, and he did not shame his title as the Number One Under Heaven, for as an Acolyte Andar had managed to engrave a total of 396 Engraving Tiles in his Spirit Matrix, a record no one would ever hope to break, even the Archmages did not know the true extent of his accomplishment.

The Light Devourer that covered his Engraving Tiles seemed to be able to shield his Spirit Matrix from prying eyes, Andar had felt their touches many times and knew they were rebuffed by this creature. Andar pretended not to feel their touch, obviously, none of them sought to make an enemy of him or he feared they might have pushed the barrier of the Light Devourer aside and forcefully checked the extent of his progress.

What he indicated to the Archmages was that he had unlocked 199 Engraving Tiles and this feat made him a supreme genius in their eyes, and he wondered what they might think if they knew the real number.

Mira and Zaros were acclaimed as geniuses, but Zaros had become a Mage with 120 Engraving Slots unlocked and Mira had become a Mage with 152 Engraving Slots unlocked, Andar was the source of her motivation, so Mira had pushed until she exceeded her limits many times as an Acolyte.

It should be noted that Andar's Endless Vault Meditation Art was not meant to be truly compatible with a Mage, and for the past user of this Art, the best had been able to unlock 96 Engraving Tiles at their best, and that was when they became a Mage, they could only manage a paltry 37 Engraving Tiles as an Acolyte using this Meditation Art.

"Hello my friend, I have reached the limit as an Acolyte, and I will become a Mage today." Andar consciousness spoke to the Light Devourer, he had become used to this habit because he felt a growing connection between them.

A red light shone as the eyes of the Light Devourer opened a crack before it closed again. If there was any expression in those eyes, Andar could not see it, he only felt its hunger and pride.