

The Primordial Record

Chapter 651: Dreams of A Light Devourer

With every Engraving Tile Andar unlocked, the more the Endless Vault merged with his body and the deeper his connection with the phantasm of this beast became, and in those rare moments when Andar fell asleep in exhaustion he dreamt of himself soaring over the clouds and exiting his world, his ascent triggering multiple earthquakes leading to the destruction of the planet...

He dreamt of spreading wings of shadows and flesh that were countless miles long and surrounding a massive blue star that was as large as a galaxy with those spectral wings, just as millions of tentacles burst out from his back and he began to feed, his shrieks of joy echoing all around the cosmos with such a great force that planets and stars in the distance were shattered to pieces.

He would wake with his back itching and a dreadful hunger that would only be sated after he ate hundreds of kilograms of high-energy meals which were enough to feed ten thousand mortals. He was lucky that he could eat as much as he could while in the Body Farm, or else his feeding expenses would break his wallet.

Andar's body was special, and with 396 Engraving tiles unlocked he had 198 white tiles and 198 black tiles. No matter how much he tried, his Acolyte body had truly reached its limits and he could not fit in any more power, he needed to Ascend to become a Mage to continue Ascending up the Endless Vault.

The Nyre Flower was his best and most convenient way to complete this transformation as quickly as possible. Andar had begun feeling more restless, it was as if his instinct was reminding him that a great storm was on its way, and he should be ready, or he would be swept aside like dust.

With the amount of power that Andar had accumulated in his flesh, if he were to transform normally without the vitality granted by this flower, then it was possible that he might have to spend many centuries to complete this conversion even with a high influx of material and treasures containing all the vitality he could absorb daily.

This progress in his Meditation Art was not only because of his prodigious talent it was also due to a great reason; Andar with the assistance of his Archmage teacher, had become a Master in all fields of the Magus World!

To progress further up the Endless Vault, Andar did not only need to become a Master in Inscription, but also in Alchemy, Weapon Refinement, Talisman, Spiritual Plant, Formations, and Puppet Creation.

This achievement was so terrifying it was collectively agreed that Andar would be taking his Mithril Rank test only after he became a Mage because for an Acolyte to become a master of a single field of study was unheard of, but to become one in all the seven fields as well was earth-shaking, not even mentioning the time it took for him to do so.

Andar represented change, but it was one where the Archmages were scared to figure out its final conclusion, as they all wondered, in the entire history of the Magus World, who else had similar achievement to this youth?

There were six Great Towers in the Supreme World of Mages, each of them holding the foremost technique in each field of sturdy.

For the Black Tower, its paramount Aspect was Talisman Crafting, except for Alchemy which was under the domain of the Alchemist Union, an independent body, every Great Tower held an unshakable position as Grandmasters of their specific fields.

Andar's presence was set to destabilize that dynamic.

The platform below him vibrated as it finally reached the bottom of the Underverse, this place was just an endless field of bones.

And returned his consciousness to his body, but he left a parting word to the Light Devourer, "I call you my friend, but you have done nothing but cause me pain... the pain of bearing your weight is great, but I shall persevere and grow stronger, and one day, even your great weight shall no longer be enough for me, and I shall seek more."

Andar opened his eyes and stepped off the platform, he was followed only by Zaros, although he was proud, he knew that he was no match for Andar and he followed behind him.

Andar began walking, his feet not touching the ground but supported by a moving platform of air, keeping him above the countless rotting bones here.

A few thousand feet ahead was his target, the Nyre Flower,

"You don't need to be behind me, Zaros, you can go ahead and fight for your opportunities. My target is the Crown."

Zaros frowned before saying, "There is more than one Crown, I can fight for another one."

Andar shook his head, "I will advise you against that option Zaros, I will require all of them for my Ascension, you should go for the pistils nearer to the top, for I will not be holding back, I am warning you because you are a member of my Black Tower."

Zaros snorted, "Nobody needs that much vitality to become a Mage, don't tell me you are a Dreadbeast instead of a human."

With that last dig, he hurried past Andar, carried by a column of air conjured by his boots.

Andar nearly laughed aloud, even the Archmage felt he needed just one Crown, but only he understood how deep his foundation was, even if they became suspicious during the Ascension, they all knew he had a special physique and would chalk up the changes to be related to his constitution, not his Meditation Art.

The truth was that Andar would not be upgrading his flesh while he was here, only his Spirit Matrix; he doubted if the Nyre Flower had enough vitality to do that. If he became a Mage, his abilities would evolve further and he should be able to reach places where he could claim the resources he needed to truly upgrade his flesh to equal to his Spirit Matrix.

The twenty-six platforms that surrounded the Nyre Flower released their 485 participants for this treasure hunt. Most of them were Rank 3, with a small number of Rank 1 and 2 Mages, most of whom came here for the experience and hoped to be lucky to collect a small piece of the Nyre Flower.

This was the first time Andar was seeing the Mages of the other Great Towers and from the Alchemist Union, and any other time he would have made conversation and tried to understand how their Great Tower operated but not now... Andar was in too much pain, and he could no longer hide it any longer.

Chapter 652: The Weight Of Power

When he began practicing this Meditation Art he had felt the growing discomfort with every level he ascended, but Andar had accepted that pain.

The Endless Vault meditation Art caused great pain to the user due to the nature of the technique. It was powerful, but it was a double-edged sword, and for others, they could only touch a small part of it, but Andar was different, he saw this pain as something not to conquer, but to accept, but still, his body had reached its limits, so too his mind.

There were times when the person closest to him Mira would see his eyes fixed in a far-off distance, his gaze would be clouded as if in great thought, and she would think that he was considering great events that most Mages would be unable to grasp, sometimes she was right, other times it was Andar enduring the urge not to scream out as his mind was kept at the brink of madness.

'Everyone else sees the glory, but who understands the weight of it? Perhaps, only my creator... only he knows.'

Yet the next day, he would return to the Endless Vault and he would strive to climb higher, unlocking more Engraving Tiles and increasing the pain brought on by this Art... although his main body had gone silent, he could still feel his silent strength, and strangely he could feel it more closely today, as if Rowan was coming for him.

'Damn, will that not be a sight,' He chuckled inside, 'If he comes to this place.'

After that thought crossed his mind, he hurriedly dismissed it. If Rowan came to this place, his teacher and his friends would be doomed. After spending years with them and making friends, Andar did not know how he would feel when they were crushed beneath the heels of his creator. Rowan was not one for mercy.

'Stop such grim thoughts and focus on why you are here.' Andar chided himself and walked faster.

The surrounding Mages began to zoom toward the Nyre Flower, but Andar was not worried that they would reach the Crown before he did, the flower had powerful defenses, and most of them would not be able to make it halfway through before the native defenders of this flower stopped them.

This treasure was born from the vitality of those who were dispersed when they died inside the Underverse since only a minuscule amount of vitality could be gathered at a time because most of it had already been devoured, it took a long time to gather, but this flower bloomed tens of thousands of years early and it produced more than one Crown.

The Crown of the Nyre Flower resembled a long black rod measuring a hundred feet where the greatest portion of its vitality was clustered. This Nyre Flower had five Crowns.

Andar's musing was interrupted when he sensed three Mages moving in a manner that would intercept him when he came halfway near the flower, he ignored them and began to visualize the path he would take to the Crown.

Unlike any other Mage that needed to gather Aether around themselves and pull on those stored in their Spirit Matrix, Andar's body was flooded with his pure Aether and he only needed a gesture and an effort of will to activate reality-breaking powers.

With every Tile he created inside his Spirit Matrix, his constitution became stronger, and his heaven-defying physique became more tyrannical. Andar had run many simulations in his mind when he fought against other Mages, and he knew none of the participants here were his match, even if their numbers were multiplied by a thousand.

The three figures intercepted him, a female and two males, all of whom were Rank 3 Mages and judging by their youth and the Aura of power surrounding them, were all geniuses of note.

If he was not wrong the female who had long blond hair and a prideful look in her eyes had a Spirit Body.

"Hello, Acolyte Andar Erikson," She opened her mouth and started speaking, her first words were clearly intended for him to know his place, after all, which Acolyte would be privileged enough to be warranted the honor of being spoken to by a Rank 3 Mage, even one such as Andar.

"Tsk... Tsk.." Andar waved a finger at them in dismissal, making the eyes of the female Mage open wide in astonishment, and before irritation could cloud her features, in a tenth of a second Andar activated Gray Will that had entered the second level and his black hair turned white, just as his mind scattered into ten million different portions.

Time seemed to stand still, as Andar Spirit covered the entire base of the Nyre Flower and all the candidates that were here.

'485 Participants, 398 Rank 3 Mages, from the Aura of their Elementalised Bodies, 234 chose the direction of Fire to Ascend, 46 followed the direction of Ice, 21 followed Darkness, 19 followed Light, the rest followed various directions... interesting one of the Rank 3 Mage follows the direction of Sound. His Elementalised Body must be something special.'

Everyone below Rank 3 was of no concern for Andar, the weight of his Aether was enough to crush them all, but every Rank 3 here was at the peak of their level, and they had various tricks up their sleeves that he would have to factor for, in addition to the fact that they could wield Mid Order Spells made them difficult to handle.

It was the reason he checked the direction of their Elementalised Bodies to understand the sort of spells they might favor and counter them effectively.

A part of his many splitting had gone over the tens of thousands of spells he knew and rapidly filtered them until he was done with 83 spells, after running twenty different checks to ensure there were no loopholes in his calculations, he released five percent of his Aether.

'No, with five percent, there would be two casualties, I should reduce it to 4.899964 percent, those two Rank 1 Mages are too weak for my Aether's weight.'

Andar's body shone for another fraction of a second and all that glow gathered on his fingertips where it transformed into a single drop of clear water.

The Rank 3 Mage who was also a Spirit Body glanced at the drop of water on Andar's fingertips and her eyes went wide, tens of defensive glow surrounded her body and Andar smiled and crushed the water drop.

Everything went white.

Chapter 653: Spell Craft

The white light flashed for only an instant before a loud sound erupted from Andar's position.

"Boom!!!!"

The entire space for fifty miles collapsed as if pressed by a giant palm and the bones surrounding the Nyre Flower for tens of thousands of feet across shot up before compacting itself into a ball of bones.

The bones flickered with many colored lights of various spells as everywhere became silent and Andar walked past the ball of bones that was more than a thousand feet tall, inside were imprisoned the groaning and passed-out Mages who came for this treasure hunt.

Andar had imprisoned all of them, except for Zaros. Andar tapped the stunned Mage as he walked past him on the shoulder, "Go for the pistils Zaros, all the Crown here are mine."

Behind him, he could hear the laughter of Mayu.

Behind him Zaros had collapsed to his knees, recalling the moment when the earth below him sank and the bones carried a life of their own. They had zipped past him, missing his body sometimes by a mere millimeter, as they surrounded all the Mage here and imprisoned them all.

He had felt the power present inside every single shard of bone that was whipped by him, and it was choked full with spells.

'How the hell did Andar cast so many Mid-Order Spells at once, and he was just a damned Acolyte! Should he not be stuck to a Tier 0 or a Tier 1 Spell, even if he had a Spirit Body?'

Zaros turned to look at the cage of bone and was stunned into silence and for a long while, he could not remove his gaze from it.

"What sort of Spell is this?!" Zaros was nearly going insane.

The cage of bones was not haphazardly built but carried a charm as if made by the living hands of a hundred master craftsmen. Andar had created statues of gods and demons, snarling gargoyles and screaming mortals were molded from the bones and affixed to it, and the cage of bone carried a haunting beauty.

From afar it resembles a haunted castle, the image was further improved when you heard the moans and groans of the hundreds of Mages imprisoned inside that could not move a single inch.

One Acolyte did not just crush hundreds of Mages, he did it with a flair that only an Archmage should be capable of.

When Zaros thought to look for the image of Andar, he was already at the base of the Nyre Flower, he had placed both hands in his jacket pockets and was climbing the flower, disregarding gravity as he walked up the Nyre flower, his back pointed towards the ground.

With every step he took, he left imprints of spell formation that suppressed the defenders of the Nyre Flower.

Abominable creatures of darkness stuck in place as if frozen in ice as they came within a few feet of Andar.

Zaros shuddered as fear consumed his heart.

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Andar was not concerned with the defenders of the Nyre Flower, they were creatures of darkness boosted by the vitality of the Nyre Flower.

It was easy to freeze them in place with many stacks of Myrdas Touch, a unique Spell he created just for this instance. It not only froze the defenders, but it slowly killed them while extracting their vitality.

He killed them slowly not because he was cruel, but to make sure the vitality extracted from them was properly filtered with no wastage. If he killed them quickly the vitality he would harvest would be tainted, reducing his harvest by a third.

The Spell brought the gathered vitality to his side where it began to form a black gem that was slowly getting bigger with every step he took up the Nyre Flower.

His eyes became clouded as he focused on his memories, he would be reaching the Crown in two minutes, and Andar could not help but allow his mind to wander.

Andar remembered the years of teaching under the Archmages, about Spells, Spirit, and Aether and how they were all connected, and he quickly ran through the summary of all he had learned in his head one last time before his Ascension to become a Mage.

Apart from casting the Spells Engraved in their Spirit Matrix, any Mage could cast a Spell using their Spirit, and Spells were separated into tiers, Lower Order Spells—which comprised Level 0 – Level 2 Spells,

Mid Order Spells—which comprised Level 3 – Level 5 Spells,

and then High Order Spells—which consisted of Level 6– Level 8 Spells.

Spells from Level 9 upwards could only be wielded by Archmages, and they were famed for the difficulty of learning them, for not every Archmage could wield a Level 9 Spell, supposedly there were many reasons for that.

Spells were all-encompassing and depending on the field of study a Mage wishes to specialize in, they all had unique methods of tackling Spell Casting.

For a Mage whose focus is on Talisman Crafting, to wield the Spell of their choice, they would need to follow the Spell Node and link them together as if they were crafting a Talisman. A mage that specializes in Formation, may view the Spell as a map, all these were various methods every Mage interprets a spell, and all of them were unique to the individual.

For Andar, crafting Spells was like breathing. There was a cadence to it, that had become nearly unconscious for him, the more knowledge he gathered inside his cells, the easier it became to craft Spells.

When a Mage unlocks their Spirit Matrix and their Engraving slots, depending on the Meditation Art they had available to them, they could Engrave specific Spells that suited the elements most favorable to their talents and fix them inside their Engraving Nodes.

This was where talent and the sort of Meditation Art you selected determined your future because Mages who had Ordinary Meditation Arts would only have a small amount of Engraving Nodes available to them.

This not only affected the level of Spells they could learn but also the limits they could reach as a Mage. It was the reason why every Mage would not begin Engraving any Spells to their Spirit Matrix until the moment they were about to break through to become a Mage, or after they were about to Ascend from Their previous rank to the next.

Chapter 654: The Height of Talent

The gem beside him had grown as big as an apple and Andar brought it to his mouth and took a big bite, it crunched as if he had bit into glass, and he nearly moaned in pleasure as the Essence of vitality he just ate was very delicious.

Andar felt every cell in his body begin to cheer and loosen up as if anticipating the feast to come. He would have to disappoint them and give them only this tiny amount of vitality, he needed to forest transform his Spirit Matrix before he could transform his body.

He ate the rest of the vitality gem in quick short bites and directed more of his unique Spell to move ahead of him, he spammed the Spell twice as fast as before, but he still forced himself to move at the same speed and not rush his ascent to the Crown.

Haste makes waste, and every step he took was to prepare him for the second great step in his life, which was to become a Mage.

The first was his Awakening, the second was his present quest to become a Mage, the third step would be when he became an Archmage, and the fourth... well, only a single Mage since the beginning of time had crossed that threshold and became a Supreme Mage.

Andar focused on the methods he was using to cast Spells, refining their purpose and processes in his head.

A talented Mage with a firm grasp of Spellcraft would be able to use his Spirit in combination with Aether and the Spell Maps or Spell Nodes or any unique methods the Mage knew how to interpret spells to activate the spell of their choice without needing to Engrave it in their Spirit Matrix, this was the primary method all Mages use to cast Spells.

Of course, this all depended on the Spirit Capacity of a Mage and the complexities of the Spell.

There were also special tools like the staff of a Mage where unique Spells could be attached inside, Talismans, puppets, Alchemical potions, and many other offensive and defensive strategies available to a Mage.

From Tier 0 to Tier 8, the complexity of a Spell increases and generally, there is a sharp spike in this complexity between the various Orders of Spells.

A Low Order Spell of Tier 2 was ten times as difficult to cast than a Low Order Spell of Tier 0, but this difficulty increased more dramatically when compared to a Mid Order Spell of Tier 3, which could be twenty to thirty times more difficult to cast than a Tier 2 Spell.

This was the sole reason why most Mage would wait until they had a solid grasp over Spells of Higher Order before they Engraved them inside their Spirit Matrix.

This was not an option that Andar enjoyed, unlike every other Mage, he could not Engrave any spells inside his Spirit Matrix, although he hoped that this might change when he became a Mage.

The greatest advantage to this process was that every Spell in your Spirit Matrix could be instantly cast, and depending on the Meditation Art you practiced, you could cast the same Spell multiple times without any issue, because aside from pulling Aether from your surroundings or any Aether dense material for a Spell, a large amount of Aether was stored inside the Spirit Matrix, with your Meditation Art determining the size of your Spirit Matrix and the amount of Aether that could be stored inside of it.

Spirit Bodies were a special case because their bodies could also hold Aether just as well as a Mage if not better, even while they were still Acolytes.

The advantages of being a Spirit Body became lesser the higher in Rank a Mage becomes, ultimately every Rank 9 Mage could be said to have half a Spirit Body and every Archmage was a full Spirit Body, maybe it was the reason the descendants of Archmages were most likely to have a Spirit Body.

For each Rank a Mage climbed, their bodies became Elementalised by a few percent, and the degree of change was determined by the Meditation Art they used. Some could active a 1 percent Elementalised rate at Rank 1, while others could reach as high as 7 percent.

The bodies of the Mage would become more acceptable to Aether and other foreign energy, and in the end, they would no longer become creatures of flesh and blood but of energy.

Do not consider the fleshy bodies of an Archmage and be deceived, they were all creatures of vast and potent energy.

Andar and every Spirit Body had an advantage because their bodies were filled with Aether, making it easier to Elementalise them and even granting a boost to the degree of Elementalization I'm each rank, it was the reason they were most likely to become Archmages, due to the fact that the greatest barrier holding a Mage from become an Archmage was the degree of Elementalization of their bodies.

Andar peered at the silver light shining underneath his skin that showed all the veins and arteries in his arms, even his bones would glow anytime he breathed in and out, there was nothing mortal about his appearance, even if he was still viewed as one, but it only took a careful look at his physique for anyone to understand why he was given the title of the Number One under Heaven.

Compared to an average Mage who may have thirty to fifty Engraving Nodes inside their Spirit Matrix, Andar had hundreds, and when he became a Mage, he would have many hundred more.

He also could easily learn any Tiers of Spells from a Low Order Spell to a High Order Spell and yet he could not Engrave any Spells in his Spirit Matrix, because, unlike the average Mage, Andar's Meditation Art did not grant him any Engraving Node like a Mage but instead gave him what he called Engraving Tiles.

However, Andar did not need Engraving Nodes, when with each floor of the Endless Vault he climbed, casting Spells became increasingly easier.

He just wanted a more robust Spirit Matrix and a more powerful body so he could keep ascending toward the peak.

'I can feel danger coming. It is so close to me, and yet I'm too weak to change anything.'

Beside him a stream of tears began to gather.

Chapter 655: Weeping Child

'They are all the same, all these coddled sons of bitches blessed by the Supreme One. Eyes in the clouds, noses in the air, he he he... Their arrogance knows no bounds, they all cry the same at the end, and I will make this one cry like they all do when I strip it away from him, his pride, his power... I shall love to fuck that apathetic look off his stupid face!'

A shadow crawled beside Andar, fingers digging into the Nyre Flower as he kept pace with the Acolyte, somehow it appeared as if Andar had missed his presence when he was dealing with all the Mages here, and he had stuck beside Andar like a leech, waiting for the right opportunity to strike.

A long brown tongue like that of a frog emerged from his mouth and he tasted the air, 'Weird,' this invisible presence thought to himself, 'it's salty, I wonder why that is.'

Andar had nearly reached the Crown of the Nyre Tree and the invisible presence had judged that the Acolyte concentration was at the lowest because he was so close to his prize. He grinned maliciously and manifested two curved blades in his hands that were supernaturally sharp and secreted venom.

These blades were a unique Tier 4 Mid-Order Spell called Nightmare, it was the perfect accompaniment to the Tier 7 Higher Order Spell that had been weaved into his flesh by the Alchemist Union.

With the Nightmare Spell attuned to the living virus that was the Higher Order Spell in his flesh, he could move unseen through reality and his strike was painless and left no visible effect, his target would perish without even realizing that they had been killed.

He was nameless, one of many young Acolytes collected in the millions by the Alchemist Union, where various cutting-edge experiments were performed on their bodies. Most ended up as failures of course, this was the price of progress, but for those that succeeded like him, they would have the power to break the status quo.

He was a Peak Rank 3 Mage, but he had already assassinated a Rank 8 Mage! The gulf between each Mage rank was massive and unlike freaks like this Acolyte, it was nearly impossible to bridge this gap.

He would not be killing this proud Acolyte, the heat on the Alchemist Union would be too much if he did that, but nothing was stopping him from crippling the cocky bastard.

It would not be the first time someone else was hampering the progress of this Ultra one-in-an-era genius, as rumors of him being denied the Supreme Meditation Art were swirling in the top circles, but that was life, the tallest tree was the one that was most likely to be cut down first.

'Dont hate me for this, just be more discrete next time.' he chuckled inside,

"I don't really hate you. You are too... small, but your aggressive thoughts are pretty loud. Frankly, it getting annoying and I need to focus on my Ascension."

Andar veered around to the shocked Mage beside him, appreciation in his eyes, even till this moment he could not see anyone or anything by his side and he had swept his perception through this location multiple times but it was all for naught.

A voice like a snake hissing sounded beside him, "How can you know I am here, even a Rank 9 Mage would find it hard to discover my presence."

Andar's eyes widened in surprise, even when this Mage was speaking beside him, he could not pinpoint his position with any accuracy, and he shook his head in amazement,

"You are something special are you not? It is a shame that although I cannot find you, this can."

He held up his left hand and a bracelet was revealed underneath his sleeves. It was the Talisman Bracelet he crafted that was deemed to be a Named Item by the universe. It took a short while for Andar to discover its abilities and they were surprisingly versatile and powerful.

"That is not right, the price of my agony was to be total invisibility within my realm. Why then do I continue to suffer so?" The shadow whispered towards himself, perhaps in shock, he had forgotten to make his thoughts internal.

Andar shook his head, even till now he had not seen this Mage, and he sighed internally, he understood the frustration the Mage felt, undoubtedly he must be enduring a lot in order for him to be this dangerous.

"I too know the price of power, so do not be ashamed of your loss, you just met someone better. No matter how powerful we are, there is always someone better."

The Shadow stilled, "I don't want your pity, you coddled son of a bitch, I know you believe there is no one better than you."

"No need for bad words now," Andar grinned, and suddenly the shadow's mouth was sealed, the same went for his body which was tied tight and he fell for a few feet before landing on one of the branches of the Nyre Flower with a grunt.

Andar looked at the writhing figure below, before tapping his bracelet and moving on. He would love to excavate the secrets of his invisibility but he did not have time and he was sure the Alchemist Union would not stand by while he did so.

Well, he had already taken a small slice from his body and kept it inside his Endless Vault, he would be taking it apart later to find out how this Spell worked.

The shadow wanted to curse but he could not, all he could do was taste the salt of whatever bound his mouth, 'Wait, salt? Is this my tears?'

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Apart from the spells that Andar had placed inside the bracelet which were nine Rank 1 spells that had been strengthened until they were nearly as strong as Rank 3 Spells, for someone like Andar who could effortlessly cast hundreds of powerful spells nearly instantaneously, this amount of firepower was useless to him, what made this bracelet uniquely powerful was related to its name: Weeping Child.

This was the name granted to it by the universe and it was apt. The ability it granted the bracelet would allow the wearer to be able to detect ill intent around him and transmit their aggressive thoughts to him, especially if they were planning to attack him, this overpowered effect only affected the wearer not anyone else besides him, and it only affected those that were within his power threshold, so if say a powerful Mage or an Archmage wanted to attack him, Weeping Child would have no way of revealing their harmful intentions to him.

The second effect of Weeping Child was literally related to its name. The target of its effect would begin to cry, so profusely that if they were to be mortal, the amount of

moisture that would be lost from their bodies in just a few minutes would turn them into a shrunken cardever.

These tears cannot be stopped or controlled by the affected party, and Weeping Child gave Andar the means to weaponize these tears, making them as hard as a diamond or sharper than a razor. If he wanted he could mold the tears around the head of his enemies and drown them to death with their own tears.

Although such a move would be for shock value, for a Mage was incredibly difficult to drown, even if it was with their own tears.

Chapter 656: He Comes...

Andar reached the top of the Nyre Flower and glanced at the five crowns hovering above him, each of them was a hundred feet tall and emitted waves of vitality that made his body shiver.

'It's finally here.'

With a controlled burst of wind, he dragged the crowns closer to him, and then his feet left the ground and he sat precisely in the middle of the five floating Crowns and Andar opened himself to the vitality all around him as thick streams of vitality like black smoke surrounded his body like a cocoon, drawn to him by all the thirsting cells in his body.

This Nyre Flower was a valuable vitality treasure because of how mild its effects were to the body, even a mortal could safely absorb its essence. A single Crown would boost the lifespan of a mortal from a paltry 100 to hundreds of thousands of years, and its residual effect would linger in their bodies, giving them an unreasonable amount of regeneration, and they would be able to heal from the most dreadful injuries.

Of course, it was impossible for a mortal to ever reach the depths of the Underverse, and still, this was the effect of an average Crown, the ones here were at least twenty times bigger and more potent, and there were five of them. This treasure should have been shared by hundreds of Mages, enhancing their weak flesh and giving them thousands of years of lifespan each, but Andar had seized this potent treasure.

He did not care about the lifespan that he might gain, for unlike Rowan whose lifespan had been artificially shortened, Andar's lifespan was far longer than an average Mage, and his unique Aether that was particularly nourishing to his physique and his bond to the evolved Cloud Whale had given Andar a lifespan of that was hard to measure, and he was still an Acolyte.

He had not measured his lifespan but it would be no problem to live for tens of thousands of years.

Assured of his relative safety, Andar touched his forehead with his thumbs and made an Arcane gesture with the remaining fingers of his hands before drawing back his hands as if he were opening a gate.

This action opened the physical gate of his Spirit Matrix situated deep inside his brain. He tried to relax his body as a surge of vitality slammed into his Spirit Matrix and the phantom of the Light Devourer shrieked in joy and began to consume it.

Yet the amount of vitality was greater than the Light Devourer could consume at once, and so this vitality spread all around his Spirit Matrix and intruded into Andar's Mental Space.

Deep inside his Mental Space, two lidless eyes that seemed to be covered by gray stone and were deep asleep suddenly shook as the vitality of the Nyre Flower seeped into them. A faint light began to emanate from it and slowly began to pull more and more vitality until the Light Devourer inside Andar Spirit Matrix began to shriek in anger.

Yet when it raised its head up and sighted the lidless eyes in the distance, the Light Devourer shrank its head and became content with the little bit that was reaching it, but soon all that was taken from the beast and it could only sulk in silence.

The entire vitality of the Nyre Flower was being collected by the eyes and Andar was shaken by this change, and his face went pale when he noticed that the vitality from the Crowns had been devoured halfway and he had not even begun the process of ascending.

He sighed and relaxed, knowing that matters were now out of his hands, he could slowly gather treasures and remake his body and Spirit Matrix after this. The Nyre Flower had bloomed far earlier than was normal, and he was not supposed to have the opportunity in the first place, so it did not sting as much as he thought.

Something inside his heart whispered,

"He comes...."

The glow from the eyes increased, as far in the universe, a single line that was being carried by the tides of Aether paused, and like a snake it curled around itself and tore through reality like paper and descended into the Underverse.

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Archmage Hashim Prizahl could not help but smirk, he had seen many things in his long life, but the sight of an Acolyte soundly defeating hundreds of mages as easily as a child crushes an insect still left a weird sense of fascination in his heart.

A gruff voice spoke beside him, it came from Zyatt Scarrow 5 Star Archmage of the Alchemist Union, "You laugh Hashim, but you are willfully ignoring the fact that someone like this would bring great changes to the board. A Mage like he is to be is not something to be amazed about, but to be feared."

Hashim's eyes went cold, all mirth escaping from his face, but his tone was still mild, "Did you ever consider the reason why that is to be so? Change is inevitable Zyatt, and no matter how things turn out in the future, he is still one of us, not only that but he is a True Mage, something I fear most of us have forgotten as the endless poison of time washes away the light inside our heart, but this child, disregarding his power, he is... different."

His statement was drawing the attention of the rest of the Archmages here and Hashim struck as the iron was hot, it would be a great thing if he could convert some of these Archmages to support Andar's rise... for this child would rise, it was inevitable with his perverted talent, but he would need supporters.

"I have been his teacher for the last few years, and it has been one of the most fulfilling and humbling moments of my life. This child here does not represent power for power's sake, he is... hope."

A gruff laugh by Zyatt shifted the weird atmosphere that Hashim had been creating, "Hope?" The Archmage scoffed, "He is just a child with a special physique. Granted his kind is very rare, even considering the time scale of the universe, but to call him hope... you are stretching his qualities a little bit too much, don't you think?"

"Qualities.... Haa... qualities, they all make and break us, " Hashim laughed, "Don't let me just tell you, it is better I show you, from the moment I first met this child."

Chapter 657: Unveiled

"Let me show you something great."

Hashim manifested his thoughts and sent them to the Archmages here and they all investigated the viability of these memories before they delved into it. Having lived a long life, these old monsters were very careful in everything they did.

The first scene they saw was of Andar's Trial atop the hand of the Chained god. The child had brought together a group of ordinary individuals and led them to achieve a result that they would have most likely never achieved if they worked alone.

He had given this group a name, even when he was a hundred times more talented than any of them here, he did not show any pride in his dealing with them. This was

very special, for few individuals had the heart to endure beside the ones who were less capable than they were.

They watched him endure the pain of breaking through the clouds, the scene of his flesh falling off his bones and his hands crushed to melted stubs, his unending resilience, and his roar of victory made them sit up. Already it was possible to see a hint of greatness, great power without control was useless.

What shook their minds was after he was robbed of his due, even with the suffering he endured to reach that point, when he awoke Andar did not wallow in sadness and dejection, but when offered a new challenge he seized the opportunity and pursued knowledge.

He was never chasing power, the sacrifices he made and the struggles he went through were for the benefit of knowledge.

Scene after scene of Andar's life in the Body Farm continued, the creation of his Named Item, the toils, and struggles he had to endure every day as he mastered his Meditation Art, and even though he tried to hide the pain of this Meditation Art from all those around him, how could he deceive the Archmages?

They saw the weight of his Meditation Art and they saw his great heart as he endured that weight, and not just endure it, he added more until he reached beyond what they all thought was possible.

Some of them had lived for millions of years now, and they were all shaken by his depths of Spirit.

They saw with his potential that Andar did not pursue power, was not arrogant or proud, he was focused on a pure path that over the endless years many Mage had forgotten, which was the joy of learning.

In all the years in the Body Farm, he had been contacted by outside forces millions of times, but he had never given in and checked their messages, even if he knew they would contain immense benefits and gifts to him, he focused on learning and pursued it with an intensity that left them in awe.

The Archmages focused on the Bone Prison built by Andar at this moment; they had previously dismissed it as a display of just vast powers, but with the knowledge of his character, a gasp of surprises erupted from their rank as they understood the intricate nature of this prison.

Andar had weaved multiple Spells together, and not just on the surface, he went deeper, ensuring the Spells melded with each other on a deeper level, drawing from knowledge of various fields that made a growing suspicion arise in their heart.

This little Acolyte was not just a powerful Mage to be, but he was a Master in more than one discipline.

When Andar stopped the Mage from the Alchemist Union without any difficulty, even Zyatt was impressed. Yet as he began to realize the true depths of Andar's talent, he began to reconsider his stance on this child, he knew the Tower Master of the Black Tower was ambitious, and now he feared that he might have the perfect carrier for his vision.

The Magus World would be inevitably shaken in the future if this child survives.

Hashim struck when he knew the moment was right,

"This is the entirety of his life, and you should judge the truth for yourself. This child is worthy of all your support, of all of our support. He will change the Magus World, and I know it will lead in a direction of prosperity and enlightenment for a thousand Eras, I can feel it. I believe in him. You all here are representatives of three Great Towers, plus the Alchemist Union here, I believe it is time for us to forge a deeper bond."

Silence fell among the Archmages before Zyatt coughed, "Well is this not interesting, while the rest of you were falling for his sweet words, and they are sweet, I won't deny that, I have much to think about, but I was still pursuing the real reason we were here, and wondering what would cause the Nyre Flower to be birthed this early, and would you know it, I found something suspicious."

With a grasp of his hand, the earth ten thousand feet below was crushed and a struggling figure was seized and brought before the Archmages.

It was the Berserker Clone of Rowan.

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The attack of the Archmage was as sudden as it was unexpected, the Berserker Clone had been feeling several waves of perception sweeping past and around him, but he was sure that with his nature, he would be taken as just one of the broken bones here.

Clearly, he was wrong, but this did not make him panic, he had faced dreadful situations before. He had planned on such an event occurring, as the clone doubted he would be able to escape the sights of the Archmages for long anyway.

His body was locked with an increasingly more crushing hold, and he did not need to give any signal before the Children of Ruin collectively spoke a word of power.

"Xrrchtikul"

A visible wave of force erupted from seven parts of his body, shattering the hold of the Archmage around him, and releasing so much power it was like a star was exploding.

There were five Archmages here, such a crude way of using power was nothing before them, and with a harsh wave of his hand, Zyatt crushed the massive shockwave and they collapsed into harmless smoke that covered the bottom of the Underverse.

The skies around them suddenly darkened as seven gigantic figures arose from the body of the Clone, thousands of feet tall with eyes revealing the desolation of countless worlds.

"Children of Ruin!" One of the Archmages suddenly laughed, "I have been looking for these creatures for millennia for my experiments, and now I have found not just one but seven."

"Do not be greedy Oshim," Another Archmage called out, "There is enough here to go round."

With the laughter of expectation, two of the Archmages arose from their thrones and charged at the Children of Ruin while summoning enough energy to crush worlds to dust in their palms.

Chapter 658: Capture

The Berserker Clone sought to escape the oncoming confrontation and when the shockwave that erupted when the two Archmages clashed with the Children of Ruin slammed into him like a wall of bricks they pushed him miles into the air.

Attempting to use it to his advantage, he forced his dazed mind to focus, shaken from the shockwave that erupted when the godly beings began to battle, and he

activated Berserker Technique—Dash with all the essence inside of him and he vanished.

He appeared a hundred miles ahead and he did it again, the sensation of draining all the power in his body was incredibly painful, but he had moved over five hundred miles in less than a second, not far away to escape the impact of the battle but to give him a slight chance of escape.

The clone summoned blades to tear his way out of the Underverse but a web of light snapped open beside him, covering him right like a fly stuck on a web, and he found himself kneeling down on a silver platform, held in place by chains of light, and ahead of him were three Archmages sitting on thrones of gold and light.

Not giving up, he pulled all the rest of the essence in his body, bringing himself towards the edge of death but he needed one final step to finish the job, he began directing that energy inward to crush every single cell in his body in his endeavor to commit suicide, but the chains holding him down pulsed with a scarlet radiance, and the energy he summoned was drained away.

Sometimes being hard to kill was a disadvantage in situations like these.

Sudden weakness like he had never felt before seized him and he collapsed, barely able to keep his eyes open as darkness encroached on his vision.

'No, I need to die, I cannot let myself be caught.' The clone knew that anything important to Rowan was not on him but his mission would be in peril if they interrogated him and found the reason he was here, he did not have any hope in his ability to not give out this information when held in the grasp of powerful Archmages like this.

With his analytical nature coming to the fore, the clone stilled his wildly beating heart and focused, all hope was not lost yet and he would fight for any single inch given to him, a slightly wrong move on the part of the Archmages and he would take advantage of it.

The Berserker Clone had made plans with the Children of Ruin that in the event that he was caught and unable to free himself, they should immediately kill him by any means necessary and flee, he was aware that he was the weakest link in the chain.

Yet from the sound of battle, the Children of Ruin were not in any position to kill him, as the seven of them were tied up by two Archmages, and there were three more here who seemed to be watching the combat with interest and amusement.

The clone struggled to keep himself conscious, he could hear the muttering of the Archmages around him, he listened intently to their words as it was the only way he had to observe what was happening in his surroundings due to his weak senses.

He felt the gaze of the Archmages soon focusing on him, burning past the protection of his skin and analyzing his body from every angle.

"Have you ever seen a Spell that was this animated before? This is likely a Taboo Level Spell cast by a powerful Archmage or a god with control over flesh and blood. I recognize the Blood Berserker Spell of Animation but taken to this level? It is ridiculous! Why waste countless reagents on such a weak body, relatively speaking."

"Did you think of it from a cost perspective? What if he could create millions of this Spell Craft in a single batch? This is a great find and could change the game inside our individual Towers if you consider it for a little bit, and I wonder if there is any more like it down here. If I can publish its makeup on the Arcana Board, I will finally be able to push for an application for my 6th star."

The clone swallowed his anger at being treated like a piece of commodity and once again he wondered where this emotion was coming from, before dismissing the useless feelings in his heart and focusing on the conversation.

"Hahaha, you are already hoarding all the benefits already? Don't forget this is just the tip of the iceberg, there could be more mysteries hiding here, after all, the early birth of the Nyre Flower, the appearance of the Children of Ruin, and such a spectacular Blood Berserker Spell at the Taboo Level for that matter points to something special going in in these depths."

"Nevertheless, I still wish to bring this Spell with me, I am willing to give up my share of the Children of Ruin, what do you say? You all know how important my Arcana application is to me and my Tower upgrades. You all know how I have been gathering the materials for that process for the last three million years, this could be part of the last materials I need."

"Relax Yaros, let us wait for the Children of Ruin to be captured and thoroughly investigate this space for any other discrepancies. I have a hunch that we may reveal something particularly shocking here."

The clone felt the focus of the group shifting away from him and the battle towards the distance,

"Hashim, look at your Tower's Seed, he is really a monster. The entire Nyre Flower is beginning to wilt, and yet, I see no sign of his Ascension to a Mage, don't tell me that even this amount of vitality is not enough."

"Hmm... it should be, but there is something wrong with this process, I need to check up on him."

The Clone felt one of the Archmage leave the platform and the struggle to stay awake continued until he heard a series of loud thumps and looked in despair as the Children of Ruin, all wrapped in chains of light and fire, were deposited beside him.

Chapter 659: Bless Me Father

The two Archmages, proud of their conquest returned to the platform and settled back on their thrones, fully assured of their power and dominance.

"Hah... what a prize we just hauled in. Hey, where is Hashim?"

"See for yourself. There is something wrong with the Ascension of the Black Tower's Seed. I know it's impossible for such a talent to exist without great drawbacks. What is

the use of all that power when your road to the top would be plagued by such great uncertainties?"

"Well, I'm sure the Black Tower would do all it can to find the best treasures for their Seed, and before we get to the division of loot, we need to scrape through this entire region, something tells me more bounty is on the way. I can feel the pulse of Fate, and something magnificent is about to show up, perhaps it would lead to many unimaginable benefits for us. We should scour every single inch of this place, nothing should go unchecked."

The Archmage whom the Clone now understood was named Oshim, stood up from his throne, and walked to the feeble clone.

"Yeah, let's do that... hey, what do we have here?"

He was one of the returning Archmage who had captured the Children of Ruin, he seized the clone by the neck which left his legs dangling fifteen inches off the floor.

The clone's body began to spasm as he was seized by blinding pain and began to unconsciously squirm like a fish out of water as the other hand of the Archmage plunged into his stomach and began to rummage inside his body, rubbing against his ribs and spine, and digging into his liver and guts.

This was just the start as he felt every piece of his body being prodded and violated on a cellular level, it was a degree of invasiveness that could not be described as he began to puke all of his insides, which was nothing else but blood and energy.

The Archmage did not care as he was bathed in the blood of the clone. He even licked his lips tasting some of the blood as he focused on rummaging through the cells of his prey.

"You do not have to do that, I would have gladly given you a Bio-scanner to check his constitution." Zyatt the Archmage from the Alchemist Union spoke, irritation present in his voice.

"Nah, I like to be hands-on with this." Oshim laughed aloud, while pushing his hand deeper into the body of the clone, "Yet, I can see why you want this piece of meat. It is a particularly fine specimen."

Blood had begun raining down from the body of the Clone, and was spreading on the platform, the chained Children of Ruin were filled with rage as they struggled to break their chains, but the more they struggled, the more of their power was lost, as the chains was a Taboo Level Spell that could drain energy and vitality.

It was one of the most famous Taboo Spell by the 4 Star Archmage Oshim, and he was proficient in using this Spell.

With a sucking sound, the Archmage withdrew his hand from the body of the Berserker Clone, but he still held him aloft, as he continued speaking,

"I heard your suggestion to take him all for yourself, but that would not work I'm afraid, this Blood Berserker Spell is far too unique, and the amount of utility we can derive from his body is greater than just your Arcana Publication."

Zyatt frowned, "I told you I am willing to give up the other benefits here. What else do you want?"

Oshim still holding the clone by the neck walked to the edge of the platform,

"Hold your horses, I have checked every part of this Taboo Spell, and it is frighteningly durable, we should be able to share him into equal parts, and of course, we will leave a greater portion of his body to you."

The last Archmage that was present here was mostly silent, but then he suddenly spoke up,

"This Blood Berserker Spell possesses a consciousness, I wonder, does it know its maker?"

"What does it matter...."

The Clone was too weak to follow the exchange, but something drew his attention. A light that only he seemed to see, and his blood shook when every cell recognized that light.

With an effort of will that took every single concentration from him, the clone raised up both of his bleeding hands, and with a surprisingly strong and deep voice that resounded in the platform despite the torture he had endured, he called out,

"Father, bless your child, for I have failed you."

"Hmm... what is up with you?"

The Archmage Oshim noticed the weird change that the Clone was going through and he shook him like a wet rag. The Clone ignored him and fixed his eyes in the darkness above.

The struggling Children of Ruin all went still and suddenly they strained to move and as one they all knelt and prostrated on the floor, their hands spread apart as if in supplication to their god.

All the Archmage sensed something had changed, their perception sweeping through the entire place, but they could not find anything, yet they knew something was different because everything had gone silent.

It was not a natural silence, it was one that originated from the death of a soul... it was the last sigh of a dying man... It was the end of everything.

Perhaps it was because the 4 Star Archmage was closest to the clone that he saw it.

A string thinner than the silk from a spider entered the open mouth of the Berserker Clone, and for the first time in twelve million years, the Archmage felt such an intense sense of fear that he flung the clone away from him.

The broken body of the clone was pushed back thousands of feet away and suddenly he returned to his previous position back in the arm of the Archmage as if his past actions did not happen.

The clone shuddered raised up his head and looked at the frightened Archmage,

"Bless me Father as I offer my body to you."

Chapter 660: Unexpected Birth Of A Soul Origin

"Bless me Father as I offer my body to you."

The Berserker Clone had lived for more than twenty years. This was twenty years too long for a technique that should at most last a day. Years spent in countless battles all for a singular purpose, he should have perished a long time ago, but the interference of the Children of Ruin kept him alive, and with life came change.

In all that time his consciousness had started to awaken, something that his creator did not even expect, after all, Rowan had thought he would be using hundreds if not thousands of Berserker Clones before he could reclaim the page of his Singularity.

The Berserker Clone had even begun to cultivate his powers beyond his allotted limits, and like all sentient lifeforms, he would inevitably start to ask questions about life, his purpose of existence, or if there was something else beyond his mission.

Twenty years was not a long time in the grand scheme of things, but there were lonely years during those moments when he would travel in the darkness of the Underverse and wonder... What is next?

He may have been a mirror of his creator consciousness when he was born, but now it was something different and Rowan was amazed that this clone had given birth to a soul.

The response to that question and more were answered when he felt his blooming soul carried in warm hands and delivered to a plateau of endless light.

"Haa..." The Clone sighed, "Is this what peace felt like?"

He stood on this plateau and beheld the form of his creator in the lines of the grass, and the songs of the birds, and a calm voice touched his heart,

"Your sacrifice is accepted, my child. Reap your rewards and enjoy eternity in my fields."

The Berserker Clone died, his soul was taken, and even his Soul Origin was birthed inside of his creator.

For the barest fraction of a moment the flesh of the clone was empty, and then the entity that was once Rowan Kuranos took his flesh, and even if it was for a short time only, he had been prematurely woken.

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Will was a transcendental power that was not permitted inside the universe and was the true nature of power outside the universe. Nothing without this power could fathom the true scope of eternity and beyond.

It was possible that in the entire lifespan of the universe, no single creature born from it would have the capability to grasp Will, even if the universe birthed countless gods and dominions. This process was incredibly difficult.

Every being of great power that grew from humble roots would slowly accumulate power as a god or an Archmage, and with time they will acquire the power of Intent.

Over millions or even billions of years, they would slowly polish their Intent, they could even acquire more of them, which unknowingly enhanced their authority of the Fourth Dimension, which was Time.

It was generally accepted that Intent could only be grown with the long passage of time because generally, it requires a life form to have lived for an extended period of time before it can begin to understand the true intricacies of Intent and realize that the power they were controlling was touching something higher, which was the Fourth Dimension.

Most Gods and Archmages would never come to this realization, no matter how long they lived, they would remain at the same power level, not able to walk alone outside the universe.

Beyond that was the Fifth Dimension—Will. A power that connects the past, present, and future. With this power, a creature would be considered eternal and endless.

Such a power was forbidden to exist inside the universe, for it would break the very fabric of reality. It would shatter the very thing keeping the inhabitant of a universe safe, and so no one would ever allow such powers to exist inside a universe for it would do more harm than good.

Yet, there had never been a Will since the beginning of all creation that started out with such humble roots as a One-

dimensional entity.

Such a Will was enough to mask its presence and fool the universe, and although it was only at the lowest Dimensional State possible, it did not detract from the fact that its power was something that was beyond the comprehension of the gods and Archmages present.

Rowan was a Nascent Primordial, it was thoroughly useless to judge him with common sense.

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The first thing Rowan felt was weakness and pain, but compared to what he had experienced this sort of distraction was essentially meaningless, and because he was hijacking this body which was essentially a creation of his hands, he easily wiped away all the disability of the flesh by dragging the previous version of this clone and superimposing it with the flesh of this present version, healing him and bring the clone to its peak.

Previously his enhanced Primordial senses could detect all the hidden flow of time and space, but he was unable to affect it, that had changed. He now had a Will, and no matter how weak it was, whilst inside the universe, no one else had a bigger stick.

'Wait a moment,' he paused in amusement and appreciation on the path that this Clone was beginning to take as it imitated the power structure of the children of Ruin, and Rowan rifled through the expanding possibilities of the future life of this clone and selected the most powerful version of itself.

"Aahhh... My Child, your light makes me proud."

In his most powerful state, this Berserker clone had equal powers to a Narghal Tyrant, the first Berserker.

Rowan's consciousness came to the forefront and touched the strings of reality that made up the Underverse and everything opened up to him like a book that he had read a thousand times.

He detected parts of his consciousness sleeping inside Andar's body and saw it was the magnet that drew him here, he saw and understood everything about the Mages that were here, from the time of their birth to the time they would die.

Only one made it to old age and died of natural causes. If he wanted, he could change their destiny.

Chapter 661: Shaking The Underverse

His perception rippled across a third of the Underverse, shackled by the flesh he wore, but the structure of the Underverse could be seen as pure, so he could see everything....understand everything... manipulate everything.

Aware that he was wasting precious time even though barely a fraction of a moment had gone by, he withdrew his perception to a few thousand miles and focused on the Archmages here... Weird, he had never killed one before, and he was amused that the first battle he would be having with a Mage would be in these circumstances.

Rowan Will was like a fishing line that he sent along the stream of time and he hooked the future of the Berserker Clone he wanted and he began to drag it back in time.

There were only six people here he could not read their past and manipulate their future.

It was Andar and the six Archmages here,

'Interesting, I can understand what shields the Archmages from my gaze, but what shields you from mine, my precious creation? Hmm, all your futures may be safe from me, but what about your past, as it turns out, most of you were born in this universe.'

The hand of the Archmage that once threw him off, attempted to let go of his neck, and Rowan seized the hand, but the merger between the future that Rowan was fishing for and the present was not yet set, and the body of the clone was still relatively a bit too weak.

This was the only reason the Archmage succeeded in pulling his hand away from his grasp, but he cursed out in pain as he left his skin, a lot of his flesh behind, and his thumb and little finger,

The Archmage looked in horror at what was left of his limb, the pain he was experiencing was unnaturally intense.

He looked back at the clone with anger while stepping back and cloaking himself with many shields of light and Arcane energies. Oshim did not care what sort of foul entity they had encountered, he was not alone, and their combined might would crush this thing to dust.

The rest of the Archmages stood up from their thrones which revealed themselves to be projections of their respective individual Great Towers, their faces were grim and energy began to arise from their Towers and focused on their bodies, unlike when they faced the Children of Ruin they were going all out from the start.

The amount of power being channeled into the bodies of the Archmages was so great that the platform below was crushed to dust and flinging the Children of Ruin away for countless miles.

A portion of the Underverse began to quake, as the bodies of the Archmages began to release endless radiance and in a short while, they appeared like four suns.

Their bodies released so much light and heat, that the depths of the Underverse lit up as if a new dawn was arriving in this place of darkness.

This amount of power drew the denizens of this place, and they began to flock down in their trillions, drawn to the power being revealed here.

Rowan did not move back a single inch as he manipulated this flesh he inhabited and his chest opened up, revealing a mouth that was filled with countless needle-sharp teeth like his Ouroboros Serpents. He deposited the flesh of the Archmage that he had collected and the mouth closed and chewed with relish.

He felt dozens of investigative spells rain over him and he opened himself to it, allowing the Archmages here to view a tiny portion of his glory.

With the mouth of the clone, he said, "Am I not beautiful?"

Only their cries of pain answered him as simultaneously their eyes began to bleed, but the worst was yet to come for 4 Star Archmage Oshim, for the chewing mouth in Rowan's chest was not there for minor visual effect.

This Archmage had lived a ridiculously long life and it took time for Rowan to find the moment in time when he was weak using the connection he made from the flesh he had

taken from him, he had to go back nearly 234 million years nearly the limit of his reach, and when he saw weakness, he seized it and began to eat.

The body of the Archmage shook before it exploded in a wall of gore, he appeared to have been passed through a grinder as no single part of his body was free of horrifying wounds, and his left leg was cut off at the waist.

The glorious light he displayed as a rising sun was suddenly shattered, revealing his mortality as his cries of pain shook the Underverse, and his flesh and blood that erupted from his body was so plentiful that it could fill an entire ocean.

His destroyed flesh and blood that filled the ground for miles grew legs and ran towards Rowan, with a scream of shock, rage, and pain, the Archmage flicked a blue fireball that transformed into billions of flaming snakes that surrounded his fleeing flesh and blood and turned them to ash.

The Archmages here were all experienced in battle and had been summoning spells of devastating power, even Oshim that was been brutalized by Rowan, and at once they released tens of devastating spells that flew with great speed towards Rowan, not wasting time with any conversation, they released so much power that more than twenty percent of the Underverse the reverberation and the lights from their spell reach them.

The denizens of the Underverse that were rushing towards the battle were crushed to pieces in their billions as the force of the Taboo Spells released by the Archmages would shatter an entire galaxy.

Power like this was forbidden to be released inside the material universe, but in the Underverse there were certain gray areas where this could be permitted, but not for long, because the enforcer of the Universe, an Emphyrean would never allow such commotion to continue for long, and it was already most likely on its way here.

It took time dragging the future possible version of the Berserker Clone down to this time, and the thin line that represented Rowan Will was strained to the limit, but with a click that only he could hear, the merger was completed and the body of the clone transformed.

Chapter 662: This Body Will Do

Reality rippled around Rowan as he grew several feet taller until he stood around eleven feet tall. Two sharp horns pierced through his forehead, before curling like those of a ram and pointing forward.,

Seven spikes like the tails of scorpions erupted from his back violently flinging blood for hundreds of feet and he grimaced in discomfort.

His nose and mouth melted into his face as five more eyes took their places, two single-edged black blades forged from the spines of Ouroboros Serpents rested comfortably in his hands, as armor made from the bones of demon princes covered his body and his flowing cape was made from the feathers of Archangels that spread wide like two great wings.

Rowan exhaled aloud as red smoke poured out from his mouth as if his body contained an active volcano, he chuckled, "This body will do."

For a moment the Archmages paused in shock at his appearance and the Aura erupting from Rowan that was filled with an ancient air and an incomparable amount of menace, this was a creature in its lifetime that had killed trillions, and these kills were not mortals but beings of power.

However, this did not stop them from channeling more energy into their Taboo Spells, which of them here had not committed atrocities that would make the mind of a billion mortals shudder into madness?

The allure of battle filled Rowan's heart, and he allowed more of himself to sink into the body of this Clone for a brief while as he glorified in the future accomplishment of his child, "Come on!"

He stamped his feet in the air and charged at the incoming spells, the seven eyes in his face glowing with a scarlet radiance that extended for more than a thousand feet and washed over the incoming Spells, painting them a shade of red like a dozen bloody suns.

That stamp of his feet seemed to do nothing but the depths of the Underverse directly below seemed to ripple like waves on a beach, and then, for thousands of miles, all the bones on the ground simply evaporated as an unfathomably deep pit appeared.

With that single stamp, Rowan had reshaped a portion of the depths of the Underverse, as he shot towards the Archmage, they had thought he would avoid the spells and had begun preparing several counterattacks, and so the fact that Rowan directly approached the incoming spells that were powerful enough to crush anything head on destabilized their momentum for a brief moment.

In a battle like this, every single moment lost was a terrible disadvantage.

Approaching the spells hurled towards him, the spikes in his back thrust forward and simply parted the spells and he wrapped his body using the wings behind him, the power of the spells was so great that the cape made from the Archangel's wings combusted to ashes, but he was already through it, appearing before the shocked attackers.

He roared aloud as he collided with the Archmages, who were all protected by multiple barriers holding him back, preventing his spikes and blades from reaching them, but then there was a resounding crack, as the barrier summoned by Oshim grew flawed, and developed cracks.

The damages he had sustained in the hands of Rowan went beyond the physical, and he was dealing with a thousand ailments and afflictions plaguing his body, anyone else would be dead for Rowan had been killing the Archmage in the past, his Immortal Soul and multiple Intent he had mastered was the only reason he could stay sane and keep his life in the present.

The feeling of being killed thousands of times in the past was driving the Archmage to the brink of despair,

"This creature is an Ascender, don't let him touch you! He would not be able to exist for long in the material universe, hold him back." the Archmage screamed aloud.

Yet it was apparent that his concentration, no matter how honed his mind had become over the long years would falter, and for a brief moment they did, but that was a moment too long as Rowan swung his blades a thousand times in a single second and he was through the barrier of Oshim.

What happened next was fast, Rowan's close combat ability enhanced by his Berserker Aspect and the millions of years of combat proficiency accrued by this clone meant, he sliced through the hundreds of hurried spells cast by the Archmages while sweeping the spikes like a great sword that seemed to vanish before striking towards the necks of the Archmages.

They all simultaneously blinked backward for thousands of miles to escape his reach, cold sweat in their brows for they detected a potent poison on those spikes, but then Oshim groaned and suddenly fell to his knees, a long black blade emerging from his chest.

The stunned Archmage cried out, "How did..." another blade unexpectedly emerged from his face, having been driven through the back of his skull and nearly slicing his head in two.

The Archmage had thousands of defensive spells around his body that were strong enough for him to survive a supernova blast, but the blade that went through from the back of his skull had sliced through all these barriers with so much force that the energy released from shattering all those barriers erupted like an apocalyptic storm that swept for countless miles, destroying billions of the denizens of the Underverse who could not help but flock towards this battle.

Rowan had appeared behind the Archmage and he passed his hand around his body like a lover and grasped the hilt of the weapon sticking out of the chest of Oshim and

harshly dragged it to the side, slicing the Archmage in two, dragging back the two blades he wanted to continue butchering the Archmage but had to vanish as tens of precise streams of Taboo Spells slammed into his previous position.

They scanned around for the vanished Ascender but Rowan was nowhere to be found. Oshim screamed in pain and horror as his wounds began to fester as though he was beginning to rot, Rowan had been killing his previous selves millions of years in the past and now he was climbing closer to the present and every damage he was sustaining was accelerating that process.

The Archmage could feel the presence of death creeping closer and his fear was reflected on the rest as Zyatt cursed, "Where is the entity?"

"Here," Rowan whispered as he appeared before another Archmage, and he thrust his blades as if they were spears multiple times in the direction of the Archmage while wrapping the spikes around him to prevent him from escaping his blows, essentially creating a cage of death.

Chapter 663: Wrath of A Million Stars

The first few strikes from Rowan batted away or sliced through the spells released by the furious Archmage who was also rapidly enhancing his defenses, Rowan's blades were glowing red hot, and his attacks were so sudden and vicious that he struck the defenses over the Archmage hundreds of times in a fraction of a second blasting apart the barrier, and his weapon slammed home, finally reaching the flesh of the Archmage.

The chest and stomach of the Archmage blew up as Rowan stabbed him 352 times in a second, this number was because the Archmage had weaved into his flesh precisely 352 highly potent defensive spells, and every single stab was not only tearing apart his flesh, and crushing his bones but was demolishing every single spell weaved inside his body.

The Archmage cried out in pain and horror as he tried to teleport away from Rowan's attack, but the spikes surrounding them were actively blocking all forms of spatial magic.

"Zyatt is in trouble, spread out your attacks and bombard him!" Oshim cried out, his body was not healing as the bottom portion of his body that had been sliced off had fallen to the clutches of death and decay from the constant deaths of his past selves.

His head was parted in the middle like a hellish flower exposing both sides of his pulsing brain and quivering tongue, and he had to leash his head together with a web of energy just to keep that portion of his body in one piece.

However this did not stop him from observing his surroundings, as an Archmage of the Red Tower, Oshim was the one here most familiar with the battle, and it would take much more damage than these to keep an Archmage like him down.

Also, the Archmage recognizes the presence of Will. Anyone capable of wielding Will was known as an Ascender, or in some universes they were called World Bearers.

An Ascender was a being who has transcended their universes and weave powers beyond what could be allowed inside a universe. They were forbidden from entering the universes again after they transcended, and usually, the only way they could return to the universe was via possession, although there were also certain constraints to this process.

One of the constraints was time. The Ascenders usually had a brief moment to spend inside the universe, especially if they were actively using their abilities before they were purged.

Oshim did not know which Ascender was here, but he knew they had to hold on for a little while longer just before the universe would expel this Ascender or the defenders of the universe, an Empyrean reaches this location due to the amount of power they were flinging around.

They had no choice but to unleash their full might, it was the only way they would survive this conflict, anything less and this Ascender would crush them to pieces.

Oshim's command was instantly obeyed as the Archmages placed their hands together and with a great yell they released what could only be described as power. Raw and unconstrained, the Archmages seized this power with their massive amount of Spirits and began creating miracles.

The Tower behind all of them dimmed for a while as the amount of energy sanctioned from them was nearly unfathomable, this energy was enough to light up a thousand stars, Their Towers shook before blazing with power one more, but this was for a short time before running dim again as the Archmages pulled more energy from them.

The power the Archmages released was transformed into blue stars, millions of bright blue stars, each of them more than a hundred miles across, and blazing at temperatures that were five times hotter than an average star.

A single one of this Spell would utterly eradicate a hundred Minor Worlds, but the Archmages here had released millions!

A full quarter of the Underverse rippled as light blazed across this darkness, however, their attacks did not stop there as they pulled power again and again from their Towers and created webs of plasmic bolts linking all these millions of stars and surrounded this hellish formation with a domain that covered Rowan and the four of them inside.

The Assault on the Archmage ensnared by the spikes from his body gave Rowan another opportunity to link with his past as a new mouth opened on his body and he swallowed the blood and flesh of the Archmage, he seized a juicy portion of his past and he began to slaughter his way to the present.

The Archmage Zyatt suddenly seized, horror filled his heart when he noticed what was happening, and with a cry that held an equal amount of fury and madness he triggered one of the Taboo Spells he created that was only to be used when he was on his last legs.

Rowan was blasted away from the Archmages; he was assaulted with a tremendous shockwave that erupted from a Taboo Spell placed inside his heart that was activated as Rowan sliced into that struggling organ for the eighteenth time.

That blast was properly timed by the Archmage in order to give time to the others to fully prepare their Taboo Level Formation—Wrath of A Million Suns. With his experience, he not only freed himself but positioned Rowan in a way that he would be trapped in the Formation created by the others.

This Formation had been used to kill Celestials and Infernals in the past, and as Rowan was blasted back, even while he dodged by teleporting all over the Formation, he was still scorched by more than a thousand suns.

The Archmages did not stop their assault as they released a combined Taboo Level Darkness Spell—Blood Of Damocles, which created webs of darkness through all the spaces in between all the formation of burning stars. Their Towers dimmed once more and blazed to life again. They were fighting for their life and for the first time in a long time, they wished for the presence of an Empyrean in their battles.

Rowan was laughing even as parts of his body were being torn apart by the blazing stars, with his Will he did not need to waste time healing, he constantly placed the image of his future perfect self and superimposed it with the present ensuring that any injuries he took vanished as quickly as he was receiving them.

He slammed his blades together and fishing through countless futures, saw a specific weapon that this clone had only managed to touch for a single moment, and in this timeline, the clone had perished instantly upon touching them

Rowan laughed as he used his Will to seize that weapon and he drew it to him.

Reality screamed and the Underverse began to bleed.

The hands Rowan used to hold this weapon began to combust with purple flames that turned it into ashes, and this flame spread to the rest of his body he was slowly turning to ash as purple fire covered his entire body, but he was maintaining his present state with his Will and so he transformed into a weird state.

A creature of flames and ash, holding a large fifteen-foot scythe.

This weapon was amazingly a Proto–Source Level Treasure belonging to the first God of Death that existed in a distant universe, Thanatos.

"The fun is just beginning."

Rowan swung the scythe and it seemed as if the entire Underverse parted in two.

Four screaming heads of Archmages erupted from their shoulders, and trillions of denizens of the Underverse spread across a million miles perished.

Chapter 664: Reappearance Of The Blood Mort

A massive figure of a hooded god wearing a crown of purple fire appeared behind Rowan, the Death God arched his back and made a silent scream that caused the beheaded Archmages in the distance to scream in pain and horror before he vanished.

The bodies and heads of the Archmages began to decay and fall apart, and their Towers began to crack, spewing vast waves of energy of all colors into the Underverse like erupting volcanoes.

They were apparently dead, but Rowan had not gained any souls, and he noticed something weird about the strike that needed further investigation.

Rowan begrudgingly let go of the Scythe of Thanatos, the strain of holding this powerful weapon for so long was destabilizing his control over his Will.

The Scythe vanished with a displeased rumble, its hunger was not sated.

His Will was not mature enough to carry such a heavy weight for long and this weapon was truly heavy, as it carried the Aura of all the dead from many universes.

The single attack he made with it had shattered the Formations of the Archmage, and the unexpected bonus of Souls roaring into his body from the countless amounts of creatures from the Underverse that had been slain was monumental, but in comparison to the Souls he could have gained from the Archmages, they were inconsequential.

His body healed once more as the purple flames vanished and the body of the Berserker Clone reverted back to the present, letting go of its impressive future powers. Rowan frowned, his time was up, and in addition to that, the body of the Berserker Clone was slowly vanishing, as a price of channeling such unreasonable power to his flesh, he was being totally eradicated from existence, Rowan could only slow down this process, but was unable to stop it.

The fact that this body had contained his Will for so long was due to its innate connection with him, he glanced to the side at Andar who was being protected alongside two other Mages by an Archmage of the Black Tower, Hashim.

The Archmage's visage was grim, clearly anticipating a great battle ahead, and was most likely expecting the death of his children and ward in the hands of Rowan.

However, that was far from Rowan's thought at this moment, as the first thing that occurred to him was possession.

If he possessed Andar he would be able to exist in the material universe for as long as he wanted while safely evolving his Will to the 3rd Dimension, giving him the ability to walk in the material universe with his own body once more and be able to fully unleash the powers of his Destroyer.

Yet possession was too risky at this time because Andar was under intensive scrutiny and he doubted if he would be able to disguise his presence for long, most importantly, that would not go according to the plans he had in mind.

He needed to destroy Trion and retrieve the last portion of his Primordial Record. He had already detected the page of his Primordial Record here, and the last portion was in Trion.

Previously he could only flee to another corner of the universe because he was not strong enough to challenge the gods of Trion, and although he was in a weird state at the moment, he now had enough power to wage war against the Gods of Trion and seize his birthright.

Before the final confrontation with his father, he had to make sure that his Singularity was complete, possessing Andar at this time was not necessary. The child still had a large role to play, and Rowan did not think it was a coincidence that the two times he had been able to awaken prematurely were all related to this child.

Andar was most likely one of the most direct expressions of his power over luck and probability. This was not just a guess, Rowan could hear the sound of luck like a tumultuous storm covering the body of the child, this luck was geared towards aiding Rowan.

Decision made about the direction he would be following, Rowan slashed his consciousness in three parts as he went forward in time for the last time and selected a future where this Berserker Clone had taken a weird path.

Rowan's body exploded into what resembled red smoke which was buzzing aloud, a closer look would reveal that it was not smoke but millions of tiny flying insects.

Each of these insects was as tiny as a fly and carried carapace which was stronger than Davross, they had eight tiny wings that were sharper than razors, and their mouths were from something out of a nightmare.

In the past Rowan was given a particularly nasty poison called Blood Mort, this poison was almost self-aware, behaving more like a swarm of insects than a biological agent. When he had first awakened inside the Nexus on Trion, he had used this poison to fight against a pair of Rift State Rodents inside that World with the Red Moon.

This cloud of insects that the Berserker Clone transformed into was related to that Blood Mort. In a stunning coincidence, this Clone on the quest to understand the secrets of his creator had infiltrated Trion, he was found and chased and on the verge of death, he had come across a swarm of Blood Mort.

With his power over flesh and blood due to its nature, he had been able to merge with these Blood Mort and transform into something new.

This form had promise, and with his usage of Will, Rowan was rapidly growing familiar with this power and via experimentation, he began to rapidly superimpose this same future reality many times in the present, while simultaneously maintaining each of the future realities he brought down to the present.

Essentially he was duplicating the same future self of the clone many times in the present. Rowan did not know if this capability of his would fall under the "normal" application of a Will, but he knew he was the first person to control a Will of this nature, and everything that he should be able to accomplish with this power would be slowly learned in the future going forward.

The numbers of insects rapidly swelled from millions to billions to trillions, as in a span of a few seconds Rowan had superimposed thousands of potential futures to the present and then he reached his limit.

Chapter 665: Retrieving The Page

Rowan could barely hold this amount of realities in one place, in addition to the fact that this body was being eradicated, every single moment that passed he was losing thousands of Blood Mort.

What first appeared to be a small cloud filled with buzzing smoke suddenly expanded and covered countless miles, drowning the figures of the Archmage's shattering Towers and even Andar in the distance.

It was as if a red sea had appeared that covered this entire section of the Underverse, filling this area with a noxious stench that had a harsh smell of blood.

The first of his Consciousness followed the greatest purpose he came here for—the page of .

A relatively small cluster of Blood Mort that was the collective size of a river plunged into the ground, their activities hidden by the vast array of insects filling this entire region, and their activities went unnoticed.

These insects barely penetrated past a hundred thousand feet of bones before they broke through into a cave that Rowan quickly discovered was the skull of a long-dead titan.

The river of Blood Mort quivered in satisfaction as the contender sigh from a billion mouths resounded at once.

Hovering in the air was the page of .

It was wrapped in red slimy energy that resembled veins. This slimy energy moved around the page creating countless barbs that attempted to dig into the page, their presence served as both a barrier blocking the perception of anyone from reaching this place and suppressing the page of his Primordial Record.

He quickly realized that except for those with powerful Intentions or Will, it would be nearly impossible to detect this page of , this was perhaps the only advantage of this energy from his father that was wrapped around the Singularity.

This energy was not Intent but it was also not Will either, it was something different, like the distorted reflection of what an Intent or Will was supposed to be.

This was not strange now to him because he knew his father was just a Reflection, and even though he hated him, Rowan had to admit that he was certainly impressive when it came to the application and creation of power.

The damned bastard might have just managed to create something phenomenal using the limited resources available to him, after all, he doubted if a Reflection was supposed to be able to create Intent or even Will, but his father had found a way around that barrier.

Recognizing how difficult it was to create something seemingly out of nothing, Rowan did not deny the achievement of his father.

Time was of the essence and he did not waste long deliberating on the plans of his father, he dispersed the insects and appeared in his present form, a white line that appeared to be simultaneously as short as six feet in length and as long as trillions of miles in length.

The line simply plunged into the Page of , destroying every single strand of energy wrapped around it. Rowan tried not to enjoy the screams of rage that erupted from the slimy energy as he crushed them all to ash.

'Whatever you have created, I shall destroy.'

A large burst of information slammed into his mind but they seemed distant, as if they were affecting someone else in the distance, this was a warning to Rowan that his time was getting short.

The page of hung in the air and the white line penetrated the middle of the page, and for a short, while it seemed as though nothing was happening, it was then that the page began to vibrate, and similar to the way Rowan body had compressed out of Reality, the page began to fold into itself and was swallowed by the white light.

While this process was ongoing Rowan's other two objectives were moving forward. With his short battle with the Archmages, Rowan had discovered a few things, the most important of those was that Archmages especially those in higher stages were ridiculously difficult to kill.

The Proto Source weapon he had used on them was so powerful that if he had swung it against the Cerulean Gods, including Tenma, it would not have mattered where they hid their Divine Kingdoms, the energy from that single slash would infiltrate it and consume their Divine Kingdoms including their God Spark and reduce them to dust.

Every Archmage here, including Oshim and Zyatt that he grievously injured had escaped death and he could no longer access their past, it would seem as if they had vanished from reality, and the only sign of their presence was the leaking energy from their Towers.

Rowan had been able to follow that energy of the Scythe as he had slashed down, and he discovered that when it bypassed the physical barriers of the Archmage's flesh and was questing for their Tower's real location which should most likely contained the essence of the Archmages, the energy simply vanished.

Rowan knew the most likely reason for that was simple. The Towers of an Archmage were situated inside their Supreme World.

Similar to the universe barrier blocking any outer universal energy from entering it, a Supreme World would most likely protect its inhabitants, especially powerful residents like the Archmages.

The battle was intense but he did not truly make any significant difference in the long run. The Tyranny of a Supreme World was now truly revealed to him.

If he did not have a method to tear through the defenses of a Supreme World, then battling foes like Archmages or Demon Princes was useless.

But then a thought occurred to Rowan that made him frown.

The gods of Trion had been battling against the forces of the Supreme World of Mages and the Demons from the Great Abyss, and this battle had been going on for more than a million years.

How was it possible that they had not just been able to fight for so long, but they had succeeded in killing a Demon Prince and also an Archmage despite the protection offered by a Supreme World?

Chapter 666: Repaying A Hundred Times Over

Rowan's body, which was made from the fast-vanishing Blood Mort slammed against the barrier placed by the Archmage Hashim, the sound was deafening and what followed was a harsh scratching sound as the billions of Blood Mort surrounded the shield and began to chew through it.

The Archmage could only helplessly defend himself and replace the rapidly shattering shields which were releasing so much energy as they were destroyed that they shone as bright as a star.

There was no avenue for him to attack knowing any drastic action he made to counterattack would only lead to the death of his children and ward. Besides, if four Archmages who were all equal or more powerful than he was could not win against this Ascendant, he knew the only way he could win was to defend with all he had until the time for this creature to exist inside the universe expired.

He could already see evidence of this as the vast sea of tiny critters was visibly being reduced, he only had to hold on for a little longer and his children and ward would survive. The Archmage ceaselessly drew power from his Tower and poured into making more shields, he did not care how much Essence he wasted, his children could not die, and Andar could not die!

Andar who was behind the Archmage had a weird expression in his eyes due to the fact that he knew he was not in any immediate danger but he could feel the resolve of the Archmage.

He was willing to sacrifice himself for them, and yet Andar was stuck in a position where it took all he had not to fall on his knees and worship his creator and the fact that this Archmage was fighting against him was almost too sacrilegious for him to bear.

There was this dissonance in his thought that was difficult to describe and he simply sighed and closed his eyes.

Rowan's attention was not really focused on the issue of attacking the Archmage and he did not really care about what Andar was thinking about, he would slap the child silly if he had bowed down to him, Rowan had the worship of countless Angels, he did not desire any more from anyone else.

Killing this Archmage was ultimately a useless endeavor, as killing them would yield him nothing substantial except the pleasure of combat.

The primary purpose of his return had been accomplished, and except for some minor issues he needed to take care of, he was done with his time inside the Underverse.

He had divided his body into three parts, the first one holding his Will had gone to retrieve the page of , the second part had surrounded the shattered projections of the four Archmage's Tower, which had begun to vanish, but they were still spewing a vast amount of energy and surprisingly this energy contained a vast amount of non-attributeless Primordial Aether.

When he thought about it for a while, he realized that the occurrence of this special energy inside their Towers might not be very strange.

When Andar had created his Named Item-Weeping Child, he had been sent to a location in the universe where he was bequeathed a small amount of Primordial Aether by a powerful Archmage, who was most likely a Tower Master.

This meant that the Supreme World of Mages had found a way to infiltrate into some of the power structures of the universe and had taken control of parts of her Dominion, it stands to reason that if Andar, an Acolyte could be given these special resources, then every Archmage here would be given their share of this resource.

Rowan did not let this Aether go to waste, if this was the only benefit he collected from this fight then it was enough.

It was not that he really needed this Aether, because after merging the Aerrkron Core with his Destroyer, he was now able to create non-attributeless Primordial Aether anytime he wanted it, but for now, there was someone here who needed it more than him.

He had stolen the resources Andar would have used to become a Mage, but this gave him the opportunity to awaken early and retrieve the page of his Primordial Record else it would have fallen into the hands of the Archmage here, it was only fair that he returned the favor a hundred times over.

The ocean of Blood Mort wrapped around the Towers that were beginning to fade out of reality and drank every single drop of non-attributeless Primordial Aether erupting from it, pushing deep into the structure and drinking deep from it until there was nothing left.

Rowan had noticed that during the battles with the Archmages, the Towers were truly present here but at the time of their death, they had begun to go immaterial as if they did not exist.

This was an intriguing method of shifting their Towers that Rowan began to deliberate upon, if he could find a method to seize the Tower of an Archmage after their death then he would be able to effectively cripple them, even if their souls were safe inside their Supreme World.

He did not care if others would have tried and failed to do something similar to this when they battled Archmages in the past, he had unique resources that were not available to other people and what might be impossible for others was not necessarily the same for him.

When he collected the last of this precious Aether, the Towers vanished and Rowan silently left as well, leaving the Ocean of Blood Mort behind, but there was no longer any Will directing them and they began to disperse more rapidly than before.

He set his direction towards Trion as he reappeared in the material Universe, with his speed he should be there in months as he was just drifting using the Tides of Aether, but that was already ridiculously fast, as he was moving at many times the speed of light.

He could have moved faster but he needed the time in between his travels in order for him to plan and contemplate the future battles and grand slaughter he was about to deliver on Trion.

Similar to the process he took to forge his Destroyer, he anticipated that the battles on Trion would hold many challenges and hidden traps that even he could not anticipate, and he would never deliberately enter any struggles without having many backups in play.

He did not want a war with Trion, he wanted to crush it.

Chapter 667: The God Forge

Rowan's mind returned back to the first time he came across the Covenant, the group of Archmage and Demons tasked to battle Trion, he had freshly possessed the Anima of Ohrox, the Demon Prince of Destruction, and he remembered the words said to him as kohron, the Demon Prince of Strife described the death of his host,

"How's this possible?" The Demon had said in clear amazement, "I can see you here with me, but it's still hard for me to believe it. Ohrox, I watched Tiberius render your Physical form to nothingness, and he took your bones to build his throne. Volgim crushed your Infernal Spark inside the God Forge, and Golgoth shattered your Origin Treasure. How can you still be alive? Apart from your castle, your Abyssal level had been seized millennia ago."

Rowan at that time had been dumbstruck at the severe amount of damage that had been done to the Demon Prince in order to kill him, but now he was aware that most of these methods used against a creature like a Demon Prince were useless, even a Minor god would be able to survive most of them.

Rendering the physical form to nothingness and using the bones of the Demon Prince as ornaments to the throne of the God of War or even shattering the Origin Treasure of Ohrox was useless in the grand scheme of things.

The most important aspect that Rowan failed to acknowledge at that time due to his ignorance was the term—God Forge. Apparently, Volgim had crushed the Infernal Spark of the Demon Prince inside of it. This was a weapon that could shatter the protection of a Supreme World!

When Rowan had the power to kill gods, he had routinely been able to enter their Divine Kingdom and destroy their Divine Spark, and he did not find this process to be special, although it was certainly challenging the first time he did so with Dao Ma when he first attempted to fight against the divine, but before long his Angels soon had the power to kill multiple gods in a blink of an eye.

Confronting the Archmages today had now revealed to him that killing a god that was born inside a universe was different from killing an Archmage or a Demon Prince whose origins were from a Supreme World.

A Supreme World had exceeded the boundary of a Universe, and that meant that in a manner of speaking if a Minor or Major World had World Consciousness, then a Supreme World would have a World Will or even a higher form of Dimensional Power.

This would be the only method for a Supreme World to be able to exist outside the universe, which was a space where the infinity of time and space was just a small part of its overall mystery.

With every step he climbed, Rowan had to be constantly rethinking the truths he thought he understood before, and the many mysteries he had come across that were slowly coming to the light.

The Gods of Trion had a weapon, the God Forge, that was able to penetrate the barrier of a Supreme World and kill their targets, perhaps this was enough for them to be

ranked as a threat amongst those supreme powers, and who was to say that the God Forge was the only weapon of that caliber they had amongst their number.

Volgim was not known to be the strongest amongst the Gods of Trion, and he already had such a great weapon, although he was not aware if a weapon of such power was unique to only this god, Rowan would rather bet on the odds that weapons such as these were available to all the gods of Trion.

Weapons that could sever the World Will of a Supreme World and kill its inhabitants.

Weapons that should be able to kill even him.

This would not be an easy conquest for him, for the threat of death was now a real possibility. If he was besieged by all seven gods of Trion wielding weapons of such great powers how would he counter them?

It was easy to forget that although his father was just a reflection, but still that reflection came from a being that was at least equal to a Primordial, even if he was just a shadow then he was a shadow that was cast by a colossus.

Why would he think that he could easily destroy the work of his hands?

This Reflection came from a being who once controlled the entirety of Time itself. Rowan had just begun to experiment with the concept of Will and knew how powerful it was, and although he was able to find a loophole where he could exist inside the universe even though he had Will, he should not think that his father was not capable of doing something similar.

He had existed inside this universe for countless years, who knew how many preparations he had laid down before now?

Trion would not be an easy egg to crack, but Rowan was not scared of what he would find there.

His greatest advantage was that he had been able to grow faster than his father might have anticipated, and as he once did before, he would be striking before his father understood that he now controlled Will, or it might just be too late, he doubted that his father would have anticipated that in about two decades, he would be able to control a power that took others billions of years to even comprehend.

Yet Rowan had to assume that his father now knew he controlled this power.

Anywhere his father might be, he might not have noticed the loss of the page of or he deemed it as not important enough, but he might have noticed the loss of his Negative-Will inside Rowan.

Rowan had decided to call this slimy energy that was neither Intent nor Will that had been used by the Reflection of his father as Negative-Will. It was too powerful to be Intent and it was also too different from a Will.

Rowan sighed, he felt his faculties beginning to dim as the boost gained from possessing the flesh of the Berserker Clone expired, he already had a destination and a target, and it was very convenient for him that this target was already inside Trion.

"I am coming for you, Father."

With that last thought, he once again fell into a slumber, but this one was different from before, as he was slowly awakening. With his monumental perception at this point, he knew he would be fully awake when he reached Trion.

Chapter 668: Molding The Spirit

In the Underverse the raging sea of Blood Mort did not stop their assault on the Mages, but even from afar, it could be observed that their numbers were beginning to fall.

"I think they are beginning to dissipate Father" The relieved voice of Mayu speaking to the Archmage was all Andar could hear before he was dragged under by a frightening force that erupted inside his Mental Space.

He could barely hear the panicked cries of the twins when his body collapsed as if he had suddenly gotten boneless, nor would he have cared because his Spirit Matrix was presently occupied by the figure of a handsome man with waist-length hair that was like strands of starlights.

He was sitting on the head of the light devourer and he looked at the ephemeral form of Andar and he smiled, and for a moment Andar nearly swooned, he had never seen anyone more beautiful in his entire existence.

This beauty went beyond the skin, it was in every gesture he made. It was in the way the light from his many colored eyes shone like the countless stars in the skies. It was in his voice.... Andar struggled to focus his thoughts, the presence of this figure was enchanting beyond reason, and he suspected he was only seeing a small fragment of him, perhaps if he saw the entirety, his mind would collapse to madness.

"Andar, I don't believe we have ever spoken to each other," he waved a hand and gestured for him to sit beside him, "sit with me," he smiled.

Andar was beset by confusion, fear, adoration, and many other emotions that were rapidly flickering through his head,

"Oh, I see you don't know how to conceptualize your Spirit and take a corporeal form, let me teach you, it is very convenient when you can shape your Spirit the way you want while inside your Mental Space."

Andar felt a gentle hand guide his Spirit, and effortlessly mold it using a manner that was quite simple, but with deeper introspection contained endless complexities.

This gentle hand guided his form out of the nothingness of his Spirit and gave it a structure that became filled with life. He felt his heart begin to beat, he could feel the blood rushing in his veins and when he breathed in, his chest rose and he could sense his ribs expanding to accommodate his rising lungs.

For the first time could smell his own Aether. It smelled like metal and the breeze blowing off the shores of a vast ocean.

Andar was stuck in awe, and he did not know how long he remained in this position while luxuriating in the sensation of experiencing something new, his body recreated once more, and everything was perfect.

When he opened his eyes, he saw himself sitting beside the amazing figure and there was a fire burning in front of them, he chuckled when he saw that the wood of this 'fire' was made from feathers pulled from the wings of the Light Devourer, and there was a lump of mystery meat hovering on top that was emitting a scintillating scent that made his stomach rumble.

Andar blushed when he heard the sound, but the figure did not seem put away by that very human physiological reaction, instead, he smiled and brought out the steaming meat from the fire and began to slice into it with a finely crafted knife made from air and fire,

"For you," he said as he gave Andar a piece of the carved meat, not rejecting his goodwill and his body nearly tearing itself apart in the desire for this meat, Andar sank his teeth into the glorious feast and was lost in pleasure for a while, it was the most delicious thing he had ever tasted.

When he came to, there was another steaming slice waiting for him and he dug into it with gusto, this trend continued for a while, he finished one piece and another was waiting for him to devour.

Andar could barely hear the cries of pleasure that erupted from the Light Devourer below him and when he focused he saw the figure feeding the beast with some of the meat slices.

Although he was sure he had eaten dozens of pounds of meat and the Light Devourer had likely eaten hundreds of pounds, the portion of meat in the hands of the figure did not reduce in size.

After a while the desire for the meat began to reduce and he could think more clearly as a feeling of saturation began to fill every cell of his body, he took his time to admire this physical body that had been created from his Spirit inside his Mental Space and he did not even know when he began speaking, he guessed it was due to the adoration he was feeling inside his heart,

"Materializing your Spirit inside a Mental Space is a skill that only Archmages are supposed to understand and control. Even a Rank 9 Mage should only be able to create hands or other lesser appendages inside their Mental Space."

"Is that so?" the figure replied, "weird, when I learned to do this I could still be considered a mortal, using your own power system I was barely a Rank 1 Mage."

Andar looked away while barely hiding his smile, "I don't think it is fair to compare anyone else with you... creator."

"Don't call me that, you should call me... Rowan, yes, Rowan, I still like that name. Your body remembers, although it is not the same for your Spirit, preserve the feeling of the process in your heart and I'm sure in no time you too would be able to shape your Spirit in any way you desire."

Andar giggled inside like a child, 'I know my Creator and his name is Rowan,' all the while he was nodding like a chick pecking rice, "Um, ok... Rowan, it is my honor to be here with you, although I think that Archmage Hashim would be panicking by now."

"Don't worry about that, I have access to great power here," Rowan gestured towards the meat that had still not visibly reduced in size even though all this while he had been feeding the Light Devourer, "There is not much I can do with it, but we have a single second, and I can make it last for as long as I want within reasonable limits of course."

Andar nodded while screaming internally. 'Only you would think stretching a single second to become as long as you desire inside the Mental Space of someone else to fall within reasonable limits. What would you consider unreasonable limits?'

Rowan smiled as he fed more meat to the Light Devourer,

'Shit! Is he hearing my thoughts?' Andar began to sweat internally

Chapter 669: The Source of Your Pain

Andar distracted himself by watching the methods Rowan was using to feed the Light Devourer.

Due to the fact that they were sitting directly on the head of the Eldritch bird, the beast was unable to turn its massive head to receive the meal, but it had stretched forth several massive tentacles from its back, and the tip of those tentacles opened up like a Venus Fly Trap, and Rowan was busy depositing the meat slices inside each tentacle which retreated and a new set quickly returned, from the dull rumbling emanating from the body of the bird, Andar could sense and feel its pleasure.

Rowan chuckled, "This bloodline you are merging with is very fascinating, the gifts it possesses would be practically useless for a creature that lived a simple life patrolling outside the universe, but when merged with a Mage with your gifts, well... I admit, I would like to see the end result and what you would be able to do with its talents that have been merged with yours."

Andar acknowledged his words with a nod, "I know, it's a great gift and I gladly bear every burden it brings."

Rowan looked sideways at him and gave him another slice of meat, Andar quickly noticed that his hunger had returned and he began to feast once more.

"Oh, I nearly forgot, you have one more guest don't you, care to bring him here?"

Andar was confused for a brief moment before he nearly slapped himself, his Cloud Whale. He did not understand what the meat he and the Light Devourer were being fed with but the memory of it was at the edge of his mind, perhaps it was because he was in his Spirit Body that he did not yet understand what it was, but he knew that it was of great benefit to him.

He was on the verge of Ascension to a Mage and he was sure his Creator knew that better than anyone else, whatever he was eating was most likely a great supplement for his Ascension.

His Spirit quested, this process was somehow easier when he was using this body of his and a silver tunnel opened beside the Light Devourer.

A sound emerged from it, Andar recognized the ping from the Cloud Whale as it investigated this new reality, and soon its gigantic form emerged from the tunnel when it felt the familiar presence of Andar.

Rowan's eyes lit up, "Oh, it's a magnificent creature."

With a wave of his hand, the Cloud Whale suddenly shrunk in size and appeared in the arms of Rowan, at first he was seized by fear, his heart beating rapidly, but with a touch from Rowan, the fear in his heart died down, and when a strip of meat was placed in his mouth, he forgot the fear and became a glutton.

Rowan smiled and rubbed the head of the Cloud Whale, his touch bringing about changes that Andar did not detect. The Cloud Whale shivered in his arms, all four of his eyes closed in bliss.

"Tell me about your life Andar, for more than a decade my mind has been on other... things and I want to listen to your story. Take your time, we have all the time in the world."

Andar paused, not knowing where to start, he began tentatively speaking about the Body Farm, the Limits Breakers, about... Mira, and soon he transitioned into his studies with all the Archmages, and like a gate breaking apart by a heavy flood, words began to pour out of his mouth faster and faster.

Rowan was a careful listener, he hardly interrupted except to ask for more clarification, and each time he did Andar beamed in excitement because every question asked or observation noted, pointed at a separate way of understanding his life experience that he had not considered before.

Andar found this rapport to be deeply freeing, the many strains that had been unconsciously building inside his heart for these decades began to wash away. 'It is a great thing,' he thought, 'to be able to speak with your Creator, after all, who else could understand you more?'

He had talked for hours and yet it felt like only mere minutes had gone by. Inevitably though the topic turned towards his Ascension and the struggles he faced as an Acolyte using the Endless Vault Meditation Art. he told Rowan about the pain, the endless wave of pain that came from using this Meditation Art.

He had never told anyone else about this pain, because it always felt very personal, a core of himself that he could not expose to the outside, but with his creator, everything came naturally.

Rowan interrupted him here, his voice like a captivating spell, "And yet, you are here now, but you no longer feel pain."

Andar paused and he quickly realized the truth of that statement, part of the reason he had been so free and excited was that he was no longer feeling the ever-present pain in every single cell in his body, and although he knew that this form was not his real body as it was created from his Spirit, it was still a perfect Replica.

It was amazing how much of his Mental Power was tied up in managing his pain, and Andar wondered if he did not feel this ever-present pain from his Meditation Art, how powerful could he be? How many percentage of his Spirit was actually spent managing his pain?

Rowan sighed, "Remember back to the time you began climbing the road to power and immortality, during your Trials to select the Meditation Art that would make you an Acolyte. At that time you made certain decisions that would serve as the foundations to shape your future. I originally wanted to interfere but that would mean pushing you away from a path that was uniquely yours, something even I would not be able to control."

He paused before continuing to speak to the shocked Andar, "The reason you can feel this pain is because your first association with power was pain, and until you learn to let go and accept yourself as worthy of your own power, that pain will ever be by your side... just like this!"

Rowan snapped his fingers and Andar nearly bit his tongue as his body went into a seizure, endless waves of familiar pain bombarding every cell in his body, before he could marshal his senses to take control of the pain, it vanished once Rowan snapped his fingers again.

Andar went silent, aware that he had been given a great gift of enlightenment, while Rowan words were simple it hit on the core of his character.

Chapter 670: Alone

Andar had never felt worthy of the gifts of a new life. He had been given great talents but he lacked the discipline and fortitude to press on through the setbacks that talent gave him, and this attitude led to his shameful death in the fangs of the beasts he was feeding.

Given a second chance and his talents and body had been enhanced to a ridiculous degree, he had refused to use his gifts in a manner that would not be worthy of them.

When he was breaking through the clouds to become an Acolyte, during that process he had experienced pain greater than what he had thought could be possible.

If this was the Andar of before he would have stopped, even with his body having the capacity to move on, this pain would have incapacitated him, but he did not want to waste any chance given to him so Andar accepted this pain as a price of power, and he had gone beyond what his body was capable of. He had shattered his body to pieces to reach the hand of a god when he was still a mortal.

Andar had not wasted his gifts.

His talent had responded to this incredible resolve and had given him a great mental talent and he unlocked the ability of Gray Will.

This was a powerful mental talent that killed the user as they made use of it, only given to those who were willing to go to the edge and beyond it in the pursuit of their goals. A gift like this should only be available to an Archmage.

Due to Andar's unique constitution, he was barely able to use it, giving him the ability to enhance his Meditation Art to a level that was beyond what any Acolyte or Mage could reach

His talents had also responded to a Supreme Meditation Art like the Endless Vault, pushing Andar to accomplish such great heights as an Acolyte, but he had paid for this power.

The price for this growth was terrible, it came with an endless pain that was placing him on the brink of madness, and a greater part of his Spirit was devoted to keeping him sane.

Although he was now aware of the root of his drive, it would be nearly impossible for him to change, but still, slowly but surely, he would get there. He heard his Creator who sat by his side sighing, Andar's heart shook for he detected sorrow in his voice and a grim determination.

Andar lifted his head and looked at the figure of Rowan, and his Creator spoke,

"I made a decision to give you a great gift. At first, it was just to make you a supreme Rank 1 Mage, yet I have gone through so many changes in these past few years that my thoughts have changed.

"Haa..." Rowan let out a long drawn-out breath, his eyes seeming as if it was piercing through eternity, "How time reveals the secrets and depravities of the past, if I want to change reality, then this change needs to start with me. Andar if you want to create enemies, try changing something.

"I have been breaking the chains of slavery placed on me and it has brought me to the realization that my children can not reach their full potential if I don't know how to let them go. I will not be like my Father and the Primordials. I have to let you go, only then can you truly shine..."

Andar did not really understand what Rowan meant, he heard his words but he chose not to believe them, he was looking at the fire during the speech because somehow he could not bear to look at Rowan's face, and when he looked up, he was alone.

He looked behind him and the ever-present eye in his Mental Space had vanished. His Mental Space suddenly felt empty.

'Has it ever been this quiet?'

'Why don't I like it?'

'Why do I want to cry?'

'Why do I feel so alone?'

Andar hugged himself as he suddenly felt a void he never knew existed inside him as the presence he had disregarded for so long was gone.

He began to weep,

"So I have depended on your presence for so long, I have forgotten what it is like to be alone. Somehow I have always had the thought that I could never be truly in any danger, no matter what foes or situations I faced, because I could feel you.

"I did not tell you that the reason I could hold on for so long was because I knew you were here with me and your presence is my greatest strength. You should have given me the chance to thank you before you left me because I just realized now that I have never thanked you for giving me a new life."

Andar knelt down and tears poured from his eyes as he whispered, "Father, why have you abandoned me?"

He felt a nudge by his side as the Cloud Whale rubbed his head against Andar's waist. That small gesture was enough to push his mind away from his loss and made him think deeply about the words of his creator. He had given him the greatest gift of all, and his behavior was a disgrace to this gift.

"I swear this to you Father, no matter how far away from me you are. I shall find you and you shall not be able to push me away, because I will be worthy to stand by your side."

Andar stood up, his Spirit Body began to ripple and collapse, he could not hold it together for he had much to learn, but he could see the meat still hanging in front of him and he soon realized what it was—Primordial Aether.

He had digested less than a hundred drops of this Aether the last time he created a Named Item, and if he wanted to estimate how much Primordial Aether was here, it was at least ten thousand, this was not counting the ones he had previously digested.

Andar brought his fading hand and grabbed the Primordial Aether, "I don't know if I can ever live to your expectations..." He shoved the Primordial Aether into the center of his Spirit and his body lit up like a star, "... But I know I will never stop growing until I reach you!"

The single second ended, and Andar began to Ascend to become a Mage.

Chapter 671: The Cusp of Godhood

On a mountainous region buffeted by intense sand storms and rogue lightning strikes that slammed against the earth with no warning, a figure pushed their way through the storm, enduring every lightning bolt that struck them, although they appeared unaffected by this great force of nature until they arrived at the center of this place.

The figure removed the wraps covering their face and the woman that was revealed underneath was beautiful but her face was set in a firm manner that showed her determination, her green eye flashed as she looked around, and then she nodded. This was the right place for her to become a god.

After more than fifteen years, Maeve was on the verge of becoming a god!

She had been surprised at her quick growth in power, but with every day that passed, her powers continued growing in leaps and bounds since she used the image and memories of Rowan as her Incarnation.

If she had to guess, she believed it was because she was the first person who had ever truly worshipped Rowan's Incarnation, therefore she had unrestricted access to a well of power that was deeper than she could ever imagine.

The only activity that Maeve performed on her journey to become a god was to go around the planet, and every day she came across powerful beasts that she fought and when she won they became her source of sustenance. She had circled the entire planet 356 times before she reached the cusp of godhood.

It did not take long for her to understand that someone was here helping her grow, for the challenges she faced were dangerous but not overwhelming.

She would go to sleep and when she woke up she would see that her terrain had changed, presenting a fresh set of challenges and powerful enemies to fight, and it was like this that enemies and terrains that she felt could be found from all over the galaxy and even beyond was brought to her and she took to it like fish to water, endlessly battling and growing stronger.

Maeve did not find such a life to be exhausting, she was growing stronger with every single day and she blew through every single obstacle on her path until she was finally at the moment when she stood at the brink of divinity.

'What sort of a god will I become?'

If anyone had told Maeve that she could become a god in less than two decades she would have laughed and called them a fool.

A god was a Title and a position so far above her station and knowledge that the idea that she could become one would be ridiculous to her, it was like an ant thinking it could lift up a mountain range, and yet, here she was, at the brink of her Ascension.

She looked into herself and acknowledged the reason for this change—Her Lord.

Rowan's Incarnation was the source of these great changes, as the energy it gave her was so pure and vast, that it was a struggle to digest and incorporate it. She had shattered her entire power system and began from scratch because her previous foundations could not bear the weight of this Incarnation.

From a mortal back to the Incarnation Realm took less than eight months, the Image of Rowan transformed again when her foundation became more solid, becoming something more ethereal. He was no longer a godlike figure with the eyes of a dragon, now it seemed as if he was made from all the stars in the skies.

Anytime she had unleashed her Incarnation, it was almost as if a new dawn was arising, and she rarely used this Incarnation in combat, because the power alone was enough to sweep past all her enemies and decimate the land for hundreds of miles, and as she grew more powerful, this range increased to thousands of miles until she stopped using it any longer to battle because she knew if she displayed it with her present powers of an Earth god, she would turn this planet to dust.

When she reached the Second Great Circle and gained her territory at the Spirit Territory Realm, it turned out to be a vast land filled with endless forests and meadows, it contained great mountains and lush valleys, and it reminded her of home, but it was a home that she could not remember.

The instant she reached the Incandescent Realm, life was born inside her Territory as great beasts of all sizes filled her lands and her waters. This change filled her with awe and yet she knew a greater part of this change could be assigned to a figure that dwelled at the edge of her Territory.

That figure was the starlight Incarnation of Rowan who sat cross-legged at the edge of her Territory and the light that radiated from it filled her Territory with endless vitality. Enhancing the growth of her Territory a thousand times over, even time seemed to be accelerated inside her Territory.

At the Proclamation Realm, the voices and the souls of the people stuck to her Spirit gained life and filled her Territory, even the Nymph became real and had a new form.

All the people of her lord were born again, and they began creating homes, and slowly the village of Calcutta was created near the massive Incarnation of Rowan, and the light from it filled these people with the strength of a hundred dragons, even their newborn sons and daughters grew strong under this light.

She had no idea how she broke through to the Third Great Circle, it happened as she was resting after a great battle with a powerful Wyvern, and she suddenly felt the Realm loosening, as a great burst of power filled her soul and she stepped into the Realm denied to every maid since the birth of Trion, and she became a Cinder Spark.

A third of the forest and rivers in her Territory were combusted, creating an inferno that was a mile high that burned without smoke. Her Cinder Spark was mighty!

The power she could draw from this flame was earth shattering and as always a new branch of enemies was given to her to battle and solidify her realm, from Demons, Mages, Dominators, Titans, Dragons, and many other creatures from the universe, all of them were brought to her to battle.

When she became a Pyre Lord she was now able to control this flame, and it was then that she began to catch sight of a being with wings of light that guided her through this world.

Chapter 672: Green Lightning

A Pyre Lord could channel their flames not only as a source of attack but to boost other bodily and spiritual functions like perception, agility, and even Spirit, with this power her ultimate goal was now to catch this being and question it, and if she was admitting the truth to herself, she wanted to battle with it. How could she not?

Maeve knew that this being must be a vassal of her lord, and the fact that it was able to control so much power left her with a feeling of despondency. There was a time when she was the strongest helper of her lord, and she could not wait to catch up.

Maeve did not trust anyone else to truly keep Rowan safe.

Over time she felt that both of them, she and this being of light, had begun to play a game, one where this being would slow down just enough for her to catch sight of it before it steadily ramped up its speed.

Over time Maeve became aware that it would be impossible for her to reach the speed of this being. Perhaps in terms of strength, then she might be its match or even exceed it, but it was useless if she could not catch up to it.

Although she continued to pursue it, she did not place much effort, determined to reach a higher level of power, and then after spending seven years on this planet, Maeve became an Earth god. It was then that the dreams began to come to her, like distant snapshots of memories she had forgotten.

The only thing she could do about these dreams whose meaning eluded her was to record them. Perhaps Rowan might be able to find a use for it, after all, he was present inside all of them, but this memory of Rowan was not the same as she remembered.

In this dream, Rowan was a child and he was not sickly or without power. He was a child that was filled with energy, vitality, and most importantly power... so much power. The last dream she had that always made her smile was of a young Rowan who was barely four years old holding up a mountain while chasing after a pair of flying tortoises.

She preserved all these dreams using the Medan language, and waited, knowing her lord would be summoning her to his side one of these coming days.

The Ascension from a Pyre Lord to become an Earth god was terrifying, and she almost thought that she would fail while attempting to reach this level. Death did not scare her, what she was afraid of was failure. The thoughts of failing her lord again terrified her.

During her advancement to an Earth god, Maeve did not know what resources were available to a Dominator when preparing to become an Earth god but she soon realized that her Foundations were too solid and that meant even before she became a god, she was struck with a Tribulation.

The Tribulation was unexpected, she was polishing her Foundations as a Pyre Lord when the skies darkened, the world was plunged into darkness and green lightning bolts that covered half the planet descended upon her.

The only reason the planet still existed was due to her stubborn nature. As the Tribulation bore down on her, Maeve did not wait to receive it, she did the opposite and attacked with everything she had.

It was at that time that she had unleashed the full might of her Incarnation, and her clash with the Tribulation had sent tremors that spread out for countless miles, shattering a planet in the distance and narrowly missing the one below her that she was now willing to take as her planet. Her greatest and most surprising growth had occurred in this place, and all the battles she had were preserved in the memories of this world.

Maeve still shivered when she remembered this encounter. She only survived due to assistance from the people of Calcutta, who endured severe injuries in order to block a portion of the lightning bolts, and due to her Incarnation, which suppressed the powers of the Tribulation, ensuring that what should have killed her without any hassle became something manageable with a high chance of death if she made a mistake.

She was willing to fight with these odds, and she did and succeeded, even gaining a surprising gift from this terrifying encounter.

Her survival brought endless benefits to her and her Territory, as for the first time it began to rain, and a portion of the Tribulation in the form of the green lightning bolts remained inside her Territory and endlessly roved about in the clouds above.

In a fit of madness, Maeve had suppressed a portion of the Tribulation using her Incarnation and dragged it inside her Territory. Without the light from her Incarnation, this Tribulation would have shattered her Territory to pieces.

After much deliberation, Maeve decided to use these green lightning bolts as the foundation for her Ascension into godhood.

Unlike most of the powers available to her, this lightning bolt contained endless mysteries, its Aura was transcendent and its powers were palpable.

Wielding this lightning as a goddess would be a great way to have access to powers that would differentiate her from most Dominators, she might be wrong but she felt that it would be very rare for a Dominator to receive a Tribulation at the Earth god level and because of her unique Territory, a part of that Tribulation had been trapped inside of it, she would need to take advantage of this boon in order to push for greater heights.

After another seven more years as an Earth god, she finally reached the limit and this was what brought her here to this valley where she would become a god.

Maeve punched the ground, the motion of her fist was not fast, and when it reached the ground it did not even stir any dust, but you could hear a dull rumbling as if an army of a million soldiers were marching by. Then suddenly the land for hundreds of miles suddenly flattened.

Mountains, valleys, rivers, and forests, all were pressed for more than thirty feet into the ground, creating a smooth surface that was a tiled surface similar to ceramic.

The entire depression was perfectly circular and Maeve sat in the middle of it cross-legged.

She remained in this position for days as she prepared herself, and in the midst of this preparation, she frowned as she noticed several intruders descending into the planets, covered by the flames of re-entry.

Chapter 673: I Can Smell Her

Maeve stood up in alarm as she noticed that there were three distinct presences falling onto the planet. Their speed was fast as they quickly circled the planet before they seemed to detect her position and they began to descend near her position.

Maeve urged her Spirit to scan these intruders but she could not glean much from them, only a sensation of bleeding flesh that stank of corroded oil, polluted flames, and deep rot, but that was enough for her to know what was coming...

Abominations!

The grin that broke out on her face was almost feral. These were the bastards that caused her lord distress and great pain. She had been praying for the day she could find them again, and her prayer had been answered as the universe chose to deliver them to her doorstep.

She could not ascend to godhood with these sorts of distractions around, but she was okay with this, slaughtering these Abominations would just be the primer needed for her to become a goddess.

Covering herself in shadows drawn from the smoke from her budding Pyre flames, she began to slink towards the location of the landing Abominations.

As she moved, multiple shadows escaped from her body and drilled into the ground or vanished into the air.

Maeve was slowly creating a choke point where she could butcher her enemies, determined not to let a single one of them escape. Her green eyes flashed before they were covered by shadows and she vanished.

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Three massive bodies slammed into the ground, cracking the earth for thousands of feet and sending shockwaves into the air, for they did not slow down until they touched down, creating three massive craters that glowed with heat as the sand liquefied and cooled into glass.

Dust and smoke covered these descended arrivals before a harsh wind blowing from the south revealed their forms, which turned out to be three massive spider-like creatures, with the movements from their bodies they appeared to be alive, as their seven legs dug straightened up a bit after absorbing the shock of their descent.

Each of these creatures was almost five hundred feet in circumference and if their appendages that gripped the ground were added then they could easily be bigger than a thousand feet.

A loud hissing sound escaped from them as a large port opened in their center and these spider-like creatures parted in half revealing tens of thousands of figures.

The silence was broken as multiple thousands of Reapers, these seventeen-foot-tall Abominations began to spread around, their four arms digging into the ground as they

assumed a more animalistic form as they went on all fours, this change was made so they could become faster on land.

They escaped from the craters and began to spread covering the entire perimeter like locust, until the earth surrounding this area had been filled with their numbers. A rough estimate would place the Reapers here to be about thirty-five thousand.

Behind the Reapers were several Desecrators, their nine heads peering around, and their wings that were wet with a sort of thick slime were being shaken in order for them to soon take flight.

The three spiderlike constructs all these Abominations emerged from began to merge with each other as a new structure was beginning to be created on the surface of the planet.

Looking over all these was the Abomination Champion. His figure had not changed all that much, he had long white hair that reached his knees, but a closer look would reveal that this was no longer hair, as sometimes in the past they had been transformed into thin white worms.

These worms moved independently and with the mouth attached to their ends, they were busy consuming each other, every passing second, hundreds of worms cannibalized each other, and new worms were regrown on the head of the Abomination Champion.

What was alarming was that each worm that was brutally consumed cried out in bliss before it died, for their short lives were nothing but endless pain.

His three pairs of eyes were cold and now they were all fully opened, this was a sign that all his personalities had been fully integrated and he was no longer a confused being with a mother and sister fighting constantly in his head.

He had devoured their essence and became complete, shocking even Lamia, for the core of his being was to have such a chaotic nature, and because he could transcend even his nature, he developed a strong immunity against Lamia's control and any sort of mental manipulation in general as he could easily see through subterfuge of any kind whether magical or mundane.

At first, the Abomination Core had been deeply wary about her first champion and imprisoned him out of fear and was planning to destroy him, but after creating more Champions, she began to see a certain purpose for the existence of this creature.

It could be used as a failsafe, in case any of her broods were compromised by both internal and external factors, at that time she would need something that could be resistant to mental manipulations to correct that error.

So she separated this Champion and kept him hidden most of the time, and it would turn out that her fears were correct and paid off in a manner that she did not even anticipate.

The Gods of Trion had made their move and Lamia had been taken without any ability to resist, and the plans she had placed herself in order to help her to solve any internal error in her brood turned out to be her last opportunity for survival.

The Abomination Champion bone mask snapped aside, the mask resembled two bony hands clasped together and when they opened the fingers retreated into his jaw to reveal his gaunt face, he turned to another two figures behind him, the first who stumbled before righting himself.

It was Augustus Tiberius and he shook his head as if he was dizzy from their landing, he was not as strong as he used to be, this did not help that he had an Abomination growing inside him, and not just any Abomination, their queen itself was inside him—Lamia.

Her voice pierced out through the cover of his Armor speaking to the girl behind him.

"Are you sure she is here? I don't want to search another barren rock again for nothing. Time is of the essence!"

The girl ignored the voice of Lamia and looked around. This was the girl that Augustus rescued in that dying world all those years ago, and now she was different, her skin appeared to now be a merger of metal and flesh, but it was undeniable that as she replied the irritated Abomination after a few seconds passed, that the voice belonged to Absomet the Rune Ship,

"Yes, she is here... I can smell her." Absomet grinned.

Chapter 674: Hidden Intentions

The face of Augustus held a pained grimace every time Lamia spoke as if the action caused him great pain, this was notable because the former General had become used to pain, and so it could be imagined that carrying the remnants of Lamia inside him was truly painful.

"You said the same thing about our target on the last twelve worlds and yet we found everything but what we seek, are you sure your senses are still working as they should? Or should I remind you again about the dangers we are facing and how easily we can lose our lives? I rescued your remains because you promised me results." Lamia crooned like an irritated cat.

"I would have tracked her more easily, but no thanks to you eating me, you rabid animal, I had to take some time to build myself from the fragments that remained, I barely had anything to work with bitch, and only my ingenuity had truly brought us to this place after all the obstacles placed on our path. You have fucked my life enough as it is, be quiet and let me work my magic."

Absomet replied distractedly, her left eye was metallic, the orbs glowing red as they rotated in their sockets scanning the area, while the right eye was still human, although not for long as the beautiful blue eyes of the girl slowly eroded, replaced by cold metal.

The last of her flesh was gone, leaving a woman of metal behind, and Absomet sighed in relief, the cries of the mortal child had become a nuisance after years of listening to it. Her capabilities were not what it was before or she would have trained up the girl to be a worthy soldier, such fortitude to bear the pain of assimilation for years was rare.

The least she could do was to save her genetic information inside her databases. When she returned to her previous heights, she would create a legion of soldiers using her genetic code. As payment for her sacrifice, Absomet was determined to make the girl the progenitor of her armies.

Beside her Augustus's eyes sagged in sorrow, he had thought that in his life if he could only save at least one person it would count for something. He did not want to die without saving a single soul, and this final act of madness and defiance was refused to him

'The universe wants my anguish to never end. What was I thinking when I sought absolution? My suffering is just beginning.'

Lamia did not care about what went on in the mind of her Host, she had felt the physiological reaction to the death of the girl, and this gave her pleasure, but it was not what she was focused on at the moment, her patience was wearing thin as the search for Rowan continued, that anomaly could be the difference between life and death,

"The fragile connection with my main body is dying, and I believe we are quite a fair distance from empire-controlled Territory. I will begin rebuilding my army on this world and my Champion shall now search for the traces of Rowan if you believe he can be our salvation."

"Is that wise?" Absomet said, "We are just a thousand light years away from Trion and the light of Intent can easily reach them." It would be a bad thing for Absomet if Lamia began rebuilding her armies while she was in such a fragile state, but she did not let this emotion show, even though she knew this monster could guess a portion of her thoughts already.

"Unlike you, I don't need a crutch like Intent" Lamia savagely replied. Unknown to Absomet, Lamia had reached the Limits of what she could create as she was just a tiny

portion of her true self, and unless she could slowly heal the damages done to her, and that would likely take millions of years, this was all she could manage, any more Abominations she created would not fall under her control making them nothing but mindless beast whose only desire was to slaughter and spread their numbers.

Absomet leered at Lamia, her height was beginning to increase from the diminutive four feet seven inches of the young girl to five feet. Using Aether and pieces of exotic metals she had gathered over the years she began building herself.

Absomet wanted to leave this process for later as she sought stronger metals, but if Lamia began creating more Abominations her position here would be reduced to a slave or worse, despite that she sneered,

"Oh yes, I do sometimes forget you are nothing but a beast. Our cooperation is due to mutual benefits and we are not partners, do what you will but if you call the attention of the Empire on us, I shall leave you behind."

Lamia chuckled and called out,

"My Champion, find her!"

"There is no need for that, for she is already here."

One of the Desecrators whose wings were now dry enough to take flight leaped into the air accompanied by a loud blast as it beat its fifty-foot wings; it had not ascended for more than a few hundred feet before it suddenly stalled and collapsed to the ground with a loud boom.

The Desecrator raised its nine heads to scream its irritation but its eyes widened as its decapitated heads simply fell with a dull thump, the eighteen eyes blinking in shock before they went still in death, a short while later those eyes exploded and the long stems of flowers and grass grew out from every opening in the skull.

The massive body of the Desecrator stood still, its neck still raised, revealing neat slices where something, supposedly a sharp blade, had sliced through its neck.

The wounds did not bleed but from the stump from its neck, green shoots began to arise and before long, a massive trunk holding green leaves and flowers of all colors raised from the stump, and in a blink of an eye, nine massive trees grew from the corpse of the Desecrator.

The trees grew supernaturally fast until there was nothing left of the Abomination, as it had already been consumed as fuel for their growth, their strong roots that were harder than metal pierced the ground for hundreds of feet.

When the trees stopped growing at fifty feet tall, their branches were already spread wide, with the beginning of fruits already growing in between the luscious leaves.

Chapter 675: Surrounded

Killing an Abomination as Absomet came to discover was difficult, you could not just behead them or cut off their limbs, if it was that simple, Absomet would have easily eradicated Lamia's horde no matter their numbers with the weapons previously available to her.

An Abomination had an unearthly vitality and few to little vital organs, they could be referred to as nothing but teeth and claws with bodies attached to them.

Slicing off their heads was useless, their heads would still have life and if they had no way to merge with their body, the head would simply grow new pairs of limbs, and their bodies would most likely grow two more heads as they adapted to their injuries.

The only way to kill them was to crush their bodies into mush until their vitality could not heal from such terrible trauma, and even then there was a high risk of contamination if the bodily fluids of the Abomination were to enter the body of their attackers, their system would be compromised and a new Abomination would be born from the body of their unwilling host.

This process was incredibly painful.

With the presence of Lamia, it was still more difficult to kill an Abomination because with her unique Aether, she could rapidly heal them and provide them with the means to evolve in a manner that made them more resistant to what previously harmed them.

As the rank of an Abomination increased, their vitality also improved drastically, and for a high-ranking Abomination like a Desecrator, even grounding up its body would not kill it instantly and if these crushed pieces were not burned to ashes, it would heal itself.

So the shock of witnessing a Desecrator killed in such a brief and shocking fashion stunned Absomet.

Dull thuds began to resound over the crater as Desecrators and Reapers began to lose their lives, as a figure that could barely be seen flitted through their ranks. The figure could barely be seen, but what it left behind was apparent.

Either an army of thousands was attacking or a single person was moving around supernaturally fast because Abominations began to fall in droves and trees were taking their places, in a short while the crater was beginning to be filled with so much vegetation, that it was almost as if a forest had appeared out of nowhere.

This environment favored the attackers as visibility was now reduced and the trees had scattered the tight arrangements of the Abominations. The sounds of the growing trees were becoming so loud it was masking the sounds of the intense butchery.

Surprise cries arose among the Abominations as their numbers were being rapidly whittled down and the forest grew thicker. The dense smell of flowers covering this area was very sweet, but this smell signified a potent poison carried by the trees. It was a good thing that an Abomination was mostly resistant to poison or they would all be dead.

A shrill scream from Lamia arose through the din, silencing every panicking abomination, and they began to converge around the spider-like structure they arrived in, which was now in the shape of a building.

Lamia had no chance to begin evolving her Abominations because there was nothing left behind for her to manipulate, the trees growing from the corpses of the Abominations grew so quickly that they sucked every bit of flesh from them in a matter of seconds, leaving nothing behind.

The Abominations clustered thickly among themselves and they resembled a wall of teeth and claws, and even air would be unable to pass through their ranks.

In a short while, barely fifteen seconds had passed and every single Desecrator had been slaughtered, they had been particularly targeted because it would seem their capability of flight made them a priority for elimination, and the number of Reapers that had fallen was at least a few thousand.

This speed of killing was too fast! The evidence of this great slaughter was the massive forest that had surrounded them in such a little while.

Absomet nodded in satisfaction, it was not every day that she saw something as pleasant as this.

"Where is she?!" Lamia shrieked, her voice penetrating through Augustus' armor with so much force he began to bleed from every orifice in his body, only the unholy vitality of the Abominations kept him standing.

"Everywhere." the Champion replied and grinned, exposing needle-sharp teeth like a sharp before his face mask snapped close, and he bent his body to the side as if swayed by the breeze.

That sudden move from the Abomination Champion made a hand covered with flames narrowly miss him, the hand paused for a fraction of a second before continuing towards Augustus who was behind the Champion.

The hand of the Abomination Champion snapped forward and seized the hand by the wrist stopping it cold, but the momentum of the blow was so great that the wind it generated from its motion slammed into Augustus like a meteor, launching him into the structure behind with a resounding boom that was drowned by the pained cry of Augustus, who was only saved from death by his armor, nevertheless, his armor had been crushed to pieces and he fell face down to the ground, a large pool of blood spreading all around him.

The hand seized by the Abomination Champion suddenly wilted turning into a dried branch. The Abomination Champion chuckled like a child as if he was impressed by an impressive trick.

Augustus groaned and stood up jerkily like a marionette, it was clear that his body was under the control of Lamia for it was far too broken to stand unaided.

"Coward, show yourself!" Lamia hissed.

With the destruction of Augustus' armor, the form of Lamia was revealed. Similar to how Rowan once saw her inside the Nexus, the head of Lamia was growing out of Augustus' chest.

Like a parasite, the head had drained all the flesh and blood around his torso leaving a decrepit sight behind, barely held together by bones and stringy bits of muscles.

The forest around began to rustle, as thousands of figures of men, women and children emerged from the forests.

"Be careful what you ask for," The Abomination Champion laughed, his sickly voice like that of a corpse.

Chapter 676: For The Lord Rowan!!!

Lamia looked around them in obvious shock, they had been surrounded. The forest that had sprung up around her army had created a wall of green that enclosed them inside, looking at the rag-tag army of peasants that steadily walked closer to them, Lamia wanted to laugh, but something made her wary.

These people had no fear in their eyes, only hate and a weird sense of expectation as if she were prey. Her armies of Abomination here, furious monstrosities that had shattered a hundred worlds were surrounded by fucking farmers and tailors.

'What the hell!!' Lamia blinked rapidly as if to ensure that there was nothing stuck in her eyes. Her barest consolation was that there must be a super weapon here that was destroying her brood of Abominations.

These were not ordinary Abominations but top of the line warriors, Reapers, and Desecrators were truly powerful units, and creating a single Reaper had required more than thirty evolutions and endless amounts of refinements before she ended up with them.

Of course, she could create a more powerful variant of Reapers, but that would need more evolutions and two or more decades before it could be accomplished, which by the time scale of the universe was already lightning fast.

Lamia refused to believe that without the element of surprise, anyone who was not a powerful god could win against her, even in this weakened state.

Absomet muttered to herself, "There is something wrong with these people." Turning to Lamia she said, "You should be careful, I advise we withdraw, and find another way to contact Rowan, we are not here to battle his subordinates."

Lamia snickered, "What subordinates? How is he going to take us seriously if we withdraw from a bunch of peasants? Remember that our partnership is still nonexistent, and beginning it by showing a weak front would be a grievous mistake!"

"Do what you will," Absomet frowned and whispered to herself, but she was sure that Lamia heard her, "we are nothing but broken remnants, but it seems you have forgotten that simple fact."

The attacks on the Abominations began without any fanfare, as the people surrounding the Abomination charged from the forest with no war cry whatsoever. It was the least strange thing that happened next.

At first, it was an amusing sight to see a chubby woman in her fifties holding a large metal spoon and charging at Abominations who were dreaded forces of nature who had slaughtered countless worlds.

She was in the lead, closely followed by men wielding cutlasses, hoes, knives, rakes, and other household or farming instruments.

There were even children charging at the Abominations, but they were all grouped together and were all supervised by their guardians. Suddenly this grim aura of the battlefield became weird, as the children who were far more excited than their adult counterparts began to yell in their childish voices.

In the silence of the battlefield, their voices were piercing, and some of them began to laugh in excitement.

Lamia began to shake with rage, her mouth opened in surprised anger that would only be sated if she killed everyone here a thousand times over and slowly tortured them over the course of a thousand years.

Every single Reaper here could slaughter an entire Minor World in less than a month if there were no godlike defenders in that world. Yet all that was meaningless, as the metallic spoon wielded by the chubby woman slammed into a Reaper in its midsection. This strike commenced the battle.

The Reaper had attacked as soon as the woman drew near, these unholy monstrosities knew nothing of defense and only lived to attack, but in comparison with the speed the chubby woman attacked with, the Reaper could as well be moving in slow motion.

The heavy metal spoon bypassed the four swinging limbs and impacted against the waist of the Reaper, and it blasted the Abomination into two.

The top half of the Reaper was launched into the air for thousands of feet like a rocket and Lamia's wide eyes followed its ascent, her face frozen in expression of shock and anger.

Halfway through its rise, the shrieking torso of the Reaper exploded and a large tree took its place and slowly fell to the ground. Lamia followed the descent of the falling tree and looked at the bottom half of the Reaper which had also transformed into two tree stumps that began to grow upwards bringing out branches and leaves.

The front section of the Abomination seemed to melt, as their bodies were blasted to pieces by forks, spoons, hoes, knives, rakes, and slippers... every touch of the people here carried a force that could crush mountains, and even though they had no tactics whatsoever, it was meaningless when their opponents could as well be made from thrash paper.

Whatever levity that could be gotten from a chubby woman in her fifties wielding a metal spoon was gone as everyone here was reminded that these were the people who had just been slaughtering Abominations and not some hidden super weapon.

The battlefield devolved into chaos, as the Abominations were being summarily slaughtered by men, women, and children, with most of them wielding unconventional weapons, like a cute four years old boy who was using a toy shield to batter against an Abomination.

In his excitement he had separated from his group and pushed deep into the horde of Abominations, leaving everyone behind and surrounding himself with enemies.

He yelled out childish obscenities that he knew he was only allowed to make because they were on the battlefield, anywhere else and they would whoop his bum.

"For the Lord Rowan!!" his childish voice cried out.

His puny body held a shocking amount of power as every hit he made caused shockwaves to erupt from his strikes, but he was too overenthusiastic and was soon

surrounded by three Reapers who fell on him with claws and teeth and he went down screaming.

The Reapers attacked in frenzy and when the dust cleared, it revealed a surprising sight, the body of the boy was frozen in fear clutching his tiny shield to cover his head, and his eyes were squeezed shut.

He slowly opened his eyes and observed his body expecting blood and heavy injuries, but apart from his clothes that had been torn to pieces, he was basically unharmed, even though the assaults from the Abomination had destroyed the earth around him for hundreds of feet pushing him deep into a crater, he was unhurt.

The naked child laughed aloud as he leaped out of the crater, his tiny hands punching a Reaper in the jaw sending the massive seventeen foot tall Abomination barreling towards a wide-

chested man who hugged the Abomination like a lover, and applied more force until its body exploded like an overripe fruit dropped from a tree.

Chapter 677: The madness of Lamia

The battle if you wanted to call it that, had hardly lasted for two minutes, but half the Abominations here were already dead, transformed into large trees.

Augustus began to weep silent tears of happiness, finally, it seemed his torture was coming to an end, and he did not care by whose hands it was delivered, even if it was to be coming from a child. His eyes followed the loudest individual on the battlefield and like everyone here, he was deeply puzzled, frightened, and doubting the very reality before their eyes.

The naked boy clapped his hands in excitement. To the child, this was seriously fun.

When he came to battle with the adults, he was warned to stick with his groups, which were fifty-five children all in the age range of three to seven years old, but he had stuck out by himself, there was no way he was letting the rest share his glory.

Unlike everyone in the village, he did not want to be a farmer but a soldier, maybe even a Captain, or perhaps a General even. Although every profession was a worthy service towards the Lord, he wanted the glory of fighting great battles.

"Jumai you reckless brat," a shocked voice filled with helplessness resounded over the battlefield, "I'm gonna whoop you a thousand times on your bum when we return today."

An attractive young woman holding a long whip and a spatula, who was also wearing an apron ran towards the boy, the flour stains on the apron revealed that she should have been in the midst of cooking when the summon for battle came, and her task was to watch over the rambunctious children who wished to battle alongside their parents and siblings.

Everything was going well, these creatures that had once terrorized them back in Calcutta, slaughtering their families and desecrating their bodies were no longer the nightmares they had once been to them.

They had faced tougher battles alongside the Handmaiden of their Lord Rowan, but despite all these battles, nothing could protect her from the stress of watching these damned kids.

"I'm gonna whip your bum until it's raw," she marched towards Jumai, slapping away the Reapers that tried to reach her and marching with a determined stride towards the boy while snapping her whip.

The face of the boy went white and he yelled in fright, he began running deeper into the Abomination horde, slamming them away with a brush of his hands, he was far more scared of his elder sister and teacher than any monsters that prowled the universe, in his short life he had never seen anyone more dangerous.

Absomet watched in astonishment as the young naked child leaped over the battlefield, legs spread wide with tears spilling out of his eyes in fear, not of the Abominations, but of a livid young woman towing dozens of children behind her and tearing apart Abominations like they were weeds.

"This.... This... This is madness! Are these soldiers?"

Lamia was going insane in anger, Augustus groaned in pain nearly falling to his knees as his essence was crazily extracted and Lamia screamed at the Abomination Champion,

"Why are you standing here? Stop them before they slaughter all my Reapers, without any Reaper as a base form Abomination, I will have to start from scratch, with my weakened body that would take millennia! I don't have that much time or even the essence to accommodate such a loss."

Absomet perked her ears at that statement, Lamia in a fit of fury had revealed her weakness to her.

The Champion shook his head, "I can't stop them."

"Why not?" Lamia yelled, if she had hands she would be pulling out her hair by the handful, her Abominations were being rapidly depleted with every passing moment and the sight was driving her insane.

The Champion pointed out, "If I make a move, you will be dead. Don't you realize that you have been held hostage here?"

Lamia's eyes bugged out of her head for a few inches as she looked around, "I see nothing here but..."

"You can't see it because you are now too weak," Absomet laughed, "Trust me the only reason the both of us are alive is because the Champion is with us, if he makes a move, we are dead."

"what... what..." Lamia sputtered in shock

"I believe we are being used as a source of training for these good folks, also I think this is also very personal for them. I believe I detect a lot of hate emanating from these good folks. Tell me, Lamia, what did you do to piss off a village filled with such powerful Earth gods?"

Lamia's eyes which were like those of a goat became enraged and then as if a switch was flicked, she went cold, with a voice dripping with malice she said,

"It doesn't matter if I die, you know what to do. Kill them all my Champion, if I'm to die I shall take them all with me!"

Absomet was startled, "You are insane Lamia, this is a good thing for us. What does it matter if they are stronger than we are at this moment, it means that your theory was correct. Rowan is who we want. We can find safety under a powerful umbrella while recovering our powers."

"She doesn't care about that," The Champion replied, "It would be a different matter if the one slaughtering some of the best warriors she created was Rowan himself.

"Yet only his maid who had been placed on a distant planet far from his true army is already this powerful, she knows her worth to Rowan would be nearly non-existent. She would prefer to burn it all to the ground than beg Rowan on her knees, after all, she is fundamentally his enemy, there is no reason for a partnership to be made except it is from a basis of equal strength."

The Champion spoke all this in a single breath and Absomet nodded in understanding.

"Bastard, stop talking and attack now!" Lamia's cries were now clearly deranged.

The Champion sighed and from his right hand a long bone blade emerged more than ten feet long, he raised the blade and pointed it towards the fight.

Lamia grinned, she did not care if what she was about to unleash here was a mistake on her part, having suffered unexpected losses and setbacks time after time, this remnant part of her had gone truly insane.

She could still recover her losses. First, she just had to kill everyone here.

Chapter 678: Sudden Reversal

The Remnant of Lamia had snapped and gone insane.

As her Champion had surmised, Lamia no longer trusted anyone or anything, and she did not crave an equal partnership, only dominion, because she truly felt no one else had the capability to stand against Trion like she could for she was a true Child of Trion.

She knew Rowan had endless growth potential, but she wanted to seize it for herself. It was the only way she could truly rise again after losing her Core to Trion, what was left in the body of Augustus could be barely called a shadow of Lamia, before she could reach her previous strength, it could take millions of years, far too late... by then, the universe would be....

Even in her insanity Lamia still shuddered when she remembered the brief flash she had seen of the plans of Trion, and her panic was swept below the surface before arising again. She needed to consume Rowan Kuranos!

In order to do this she needed leverage, and knowing Rowan was a sentimental fool, she was determined to seize the one that was closest to him and use her as bait or a bargaining chip.

With his potential and her ability to grow stronger via evolution, they could reach the pinnacle... she could reach the pinnacle, even exceeding her previous core!

Lamia did not think Rowan would be as powerful as her even in this weakened state she found herself in. Disregarding any of her Reapers that were as powerful as Earth gods, her Champion was as powerful as a Major God!

It had been less than two decades since she last saw the enigmatic figure of Rowan and no matter how fast his growth was to be, he would not be stronger than a god, and that should be giving him too much credit.

Yet in a blink of an eye, all her suppositions turned out to be quite useless, for here she was driven to the edge of death by his fucking maid.

If only she knew that Rowan was a Nascent Primordial, but it could not be blamed on her inattentiveness. Lamia could not comprehend that level of power talk less to imagine that Rowan could be something like that.

She had underestimated the rate of his growth, and the hand she had to play with was now severely weak, yet in her mind that had been bent by madness, she still thought she could start over, she just needed to kill this maid, and try with another vassal of Rowan, one that was weaker.

"Kill them!!!"

The Abomination Champion was still, he seemed to consider something for a short while, his bone mask retracted as he exited battle mode, before he said, "No more."

Lamia shrieked, "What do you mean....aarrh.."

With a flourish of his blade, the Abomination Champion stabbed Augustus through the neck, and in a series of moves that would place every mortal surgeon to shame, he neatly separated Lamia's head from Augustus's torso.

He swung his blade to the side to get rid of the foul yellow blood and absorbed the blade back into his body.

Lamia's eyes were filled with shock and as her head fell from the body she began to scream obscenities. The hundreds of veins around her neck stump and her skull began to bleed furiously and in a short while, it created a rather deep puddle of blood.

Due to the fact that she was face down, Lamia began to choke on her blood, she could no longer curse effectively because her blood had covered her face. She began to furiously drink the blood so she could have space to scream but it was useless.

The blood she drank just drained out of the stump of her neck, and her crazed screams were drowned inside her own blood.

Absomet watched the crazy Abomination Core and she shook her head as she silently kneeled.

She was startled when a crazed laughter came from Augustus who staggered to the screaming head of Lamia, he fell to his knees from weakness due to blood loss, but he resolutely dragged himself to her, inch by inch, the yellow blood of the abominations had left his body and he left a trail of red behind him as he crawled to Lamia, he did not stop laughing.

The Abomination Core had retreated from her madness long enough for her to use her long tongue to push her head around until she could face upward.

When she saw Augustus coming, her eyes widened in surprise and joy, "Yes, my most loyal slave, come to me, I will make you my Champion..."

Augustus giggled, "Your Champion?... hehehe... fucking Champion... the curses you have given me, is it not enough? still, you want to add more to it..."

With a burst of strength siphoned deep from his body Augustus reached Lamia and seized her by her stringy hair, the few dull eyes growing on her hair were squeezed so tight that it exploded, and with his other hand he started raining blows on her face, barely having time to curse at her through his blows,

"I... don't..want...to...be...your...fucking...champion...i... want..you...

to...die...like...a...dog... you took everything for me.... Even my last chance to do a single good thing in my wretched existence!"

A flash of light passed as a blade sliced off Augustus's arm at the shoulder, "That's enough," the Champion kept his blade, "You have had your say, you are dying Augustus, look to the skies and say your last words to the breeze. If there is any mercy in the universe, your last words would be taken to your father."

Augustus snarled, his features twisted with hate, he observed his missing right arm for a brief moment and dismissing it as unimportant, he began using his left hand to smash against the screaming face of Lamia, he could not do as much damage however, but Lamia's features were already ravaged.

Her nose had been flattened, and she was missing most of her teeth, her left eye was swollen shut, and deep lacerations covered her face.

The Abomination Champion sighed and another flash of light removed Augustus' left hand. The crazed man barely paused before he began attacking her with his teeth like a crazed beast.

- Chapter 679: My Life Is Yours

Chapter 679: My Life Is Yours

At the end of his life, Augustus was consumed by hatred, he would have rather died on a battlefield far from here, back in the past when his glory was in bloom and the world was at his feet.

He would have chosen to die a more painful death if the child he rescued had been given a space to survive, and although the Rune Ship did not want to choose her body, Lamia had insisted, because it would slow down its recovery.

Augustus had begged for her life due to many reasons, but he could not forget the moment, towards the end, when the child had called him father. Lamia had enjoyed his pain.

There was a time when that word was meaningless to him, as worthless as everything a mortal touches. The years of pain had taught him something different, and this once mighty general who thought he was a monster, knew that in the coldness of the universe, he was nothing but a clown in the face of true evil.

"I will kill you...."

A stab to his heart through his back made him shudder but he did not stop his actions, the Champion frowned and with a snap of his finger, the wound in Augustus' back exploded, nearly cutting him in two and it finally pushed him away, his body rolled on the ground for several dozen feet before coming to a stop.

He turned his weary head, gasping for breath as his life began to leave his wretched body, it was amazing how life clung to his body despite all the torture he had gone through.

Augustus could see the last of the Abominations falling, their bodies turned to trees, 'fitting,' he thought, 'they gave life in the end. I envy them for I created no life in my time, I only took it.'

Feeling a surge of heat beside him he strained to turn and saw the air rippling as if it was steaming and a figure revealed itself.

He traced his eyes up black boots and a long toned leg, up to a beautiful face with green eyes that was looking down at him with anger and disgust,

"I know you don't I?" Augustus whispered.

His only reply would be Maeve stepping on his head and turning it to mush.

Augustus' body did not turn into a tree, perhaps his bodily essence was too weak, instead, he turned into hundreds of tiny red flowers that resembled dandelions.

A passing wind blew past and swept the flowers away, and for a brief moment, the flower seemed to take the shape of a man with a girl beside it. The girl was holding on to the jacket of the man before the breeze dispersed that image, and the flowers flew into the sky before vanishing forever.

Absomet was the only one who noticed this phenomenon, and she felt a slight sense of loss, after all, Augustus was once a mighty General who had control of her weapons and armies at one time.

He was a genius of the Tiberius bloodline, one of the very rare individuals to have access to multiple Incarnations, a feat that Absomet had never seen repeated by any Dominator even after a million years.

'If you did not fall you would have made a mighty warrior. Your name would have been remembered in the halls of your father.'

This was truly a genius, yet he passed away with barely any notice. No one would remember him, no one would sing a song in his name. His quest for power and glory had ended in madness and sadness.

At the root of all this pain was someone clad in red, whose lust for bloodshed knew no bounds.

'Tiberius I hate you. But most of all, I hate what you make of us your children. You have no plan for the future. You bring nothing but death. Hahaha, what was I thinking, of course, he is the God of War, he craves nothing but a battle without end.'

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"You stupid bitch... you think you have won?" Lamia's head screamed, her unearthly vitality still kept blood oozing from her head in steady streams.

Maeve swung her hand, and an air blade sliced off the lower part of Lamia's jaw leaving her tongue flapping like a fish out of water inside a jawbone no longer connected to the head.

Maeve walked to the Abomination Champion who knelt on a single knee, his head bowed while presenting his blade to her,

She was silent for a while before she brought her hand and pushed the head of the Abomination so she could look at him more closely, observing his features she frowned before asking in surprise,

"Regolf?... Is that you?"

The shoulders of the Champion shook, before he shook his head side to side, "I was Regolf, a loyal son... I was Steisa, a beloved sister... I was Rose, a caring mother, but now I'm not, but I did not forget my oath. I greet the Handmaiden of the Lord and I submit my weapon to your care, to wield as you see fit."

Maeve was silent before asking, "

Why did you go against your creator?"

"She lost her hold over me, her Core had been taken, and this shadow no longer has the power to control me. I am here to seek refuge and to pay for the sins I have committed."

"Who took her Core, the Gods of Trion?"

Absomet coughed, "I should be able to answer that question far better than he can, you see, for I was there."

"Oh, who are you?"

"Who am I? Well, how can I say this, young woman, you should have heard my name in every corner of the Empire,"

Absomet cleared her throat, "Before you stands the Spear of Destruction, the Iron Rain, Widowmaker, Scourge of the Universe, and many more that would take hours to recite, but I can do so, if you want to hear it all... all fantastic titles if I do say so myself, and let's not forget my favorite, Baddest Metal Boss Chick, a mouthful, I know, but I was young. Okay, your eyes are changing, and you are about to attack... Here stands Absomet, the Greatest Rune Ship ever created."

"I have not heard of you," Maeve looked away from her, "Bind them, and bring them with us... including that... thing, bring her lower jawbone with you for when she needs to speak." Looking back at the Champion, her eyes softened a bit, "I trust you would not fight against this."

"My life is yours, Handmaiden."

Chapter 680: Anihuruhdda, Guardian Of The Green

Maeve did not answer for a short while and the Abomination Champion stayed still before he sighed,

"If it is your desire, I shall fall on my blade, although I hope my end would come via battle, I shall not lament my fate."

"What is your name?" "I don't have one, Handmaiden, because I believe I've not earned one."

"This belief of yours, about earning your name, where did you learn it?" Maeve inquired, curiosity flashing in her eyes.

"The moment I freed myself from the hold of Lamia, and after her influence over me vanished when her Core was consumed, the knowledge of earning my name filled my Spirit, and I have been on the quest ever since to understand that calling."

"If you feel this call deep in your Spirit, it means your heart is firm and your mind uncluttered." Maeve sighed, "I believe you understand that you must be deeply tested."

The Abomination Champion shuddered as his eyes lit up, "Does this mean that my services are accepted?"

Nodding at the ecstatic Champion, she turned away and vanished into the forest,

"Hey, I have not told you the reason we are here!" Absomet screamed as a couple of children holding massive ropes giggled and began making a game of tying up the metallic woman.

Maeve's voice came from the forest, "Don't worry, I will have all the information I need from you all soon enough."

"That's good because you will want to hear what this Abomination Core needs to say, this is related to your lord. Trion and their gods are not what they seem on the surface, we were all wrong about their purpose... hey, be gentle with the goods, they are metal, but they are still soft... hey..hey... stop touching that you little pervert."

Part of the people began to deeply scrutinize the Champion if they were standing beside a truly powerful being that gave no indication, but they could all see the familiarity in the features of the Champion, and finally, a barrel-chested man holding a hammer walked forward before exclaiming,

"Regolf... boy, is it really you?"

The shoulders of the Abomination shook as he knelt, "Master, I do not deserve that name any longer."

"Nonsense you are one of us, we have all changed but our nature remains, you are a child of Calcutta, a loyal vassal of Lord Rowan, and no matter what form you wear you are still one of us."

"I am a monster."

"You think you are a monster?" The man laughed deeply, "Look around child, we are all monsters here. To survive in this cruel world change is inevitable, and it is nothing to be ashamed of... come child, you look like you have a lot of story to tell, no better place than to shed your mind of its load beside a fire and with your people."

The champion slowly walked into their midst and before long a massive fire was started up, and the people of Calcutta surrounded it, laughter and song broke out and dances erupted to loud cheers and laughter.

A couple of inquisitive children surrounded the Champion and began poking him in curiosity, one of them got too close to his hair, and one of the worms bit her.

She cried out in pain, and looked at the worm in anger, and before the Champion could apologize she seized the worm, dragged it off his head, and thrust her arm into the bonfire.

The worm shrieked in pain for a long time before curling weakly around the arm of the child where it began to lick her fingers like a dog.

The girl laughed and petted the worm and was about to leave before turning to the Champion, her big eyes were wide open, and without speaking the Champion nodded, "It is yours if you want."

"Yay..." the child cried out and hurried to her mates to show off her new pet.

"Monsters..." The Abomination Champion muttered to himself.

His master, who was not far from him, laughed, "I told you, boy, we are all monsters here."

Before long the Champion lost a third of his hair and a new favorite pet arose among the children of the village.

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Keeping the head of Lamia alive was simple, her bleeding veins were burnt shut, and with her vitality, she could live for years in this state. The Abomination Core and Absomet were all placed inside a mountain to be watched over by the rest of the people of Calcutta.

With that out of the way, Maeve returned back to her Ascension to godhood, this distraction was still a minor affair compared to becoming a goddess.

She had sent everyone out of her Territory in the event that she failed her Ascension, they would be able to survive. However, she knew it was unlikely for her to fail because of a simple reason—The Incarnation of Rowan in her Territory.

This power inside her Territory gave her a connection with the past and it was a conduit to powers so great, that she knew that the barrier of godhood that stifled so many others would be nothing before it.

Maeve rested for another week before she began her Ascent, and on the day she was to become a goddess, the wind across the entire planet went still.

She stood before the road to eternity and in her right hand was the green tribulation lightning, that could bestow both death and life, on her left hand was a tree whose root wrapped around her entire arm.

This was a merger between the past and the present that would lead to her future.

She recognized that this power was in line with her Aspect, after all, was she not one of the first guardians of the earth and all that was green?

The earth rumbled and reality shook, and when a green lightning bolt that connected the heavens and the earth lit up the stars for countless miles.

Wave after wave of Tribulation came for her, but they were nothing but nutrients to nurture her Divine Spark.

The tree in her left hand grew until its branches covered the stars and the lightning bolts on her right hand lit up this corner of the cosmos.

With a cry that could be heard for eternity, Maeve became a goddess.

She took back her memories, and she took back her name bestowed by Elura the Empyrean of Life.

Chapter 681: The Birth of A World Consciousness

Maeve was alone in space with the planet below her, her eyes were closed as she allowed the discounted dreams and flashes of memories she had been having all these while to flourish.

Her Divine Power was strengthening in every moment as her Soul became Immortal. If she was not killed off, then she would live until the end of the universe. A time that was so distant it could hardly be comprehended by a mortal mind.

With the return of these memories was the knowledge about the past, and they were both pleasing and horrifying for she remembered the endless torture Rowan went through in the hands of that monster and the message and inheritance that Elura had placed inside for her dear son.

With a loud cry she returned back to the planet as her Ascension had taken her to space, she tore through reality that was barely healing due to the bombardment of her godly tribulations.

The heavens themselves screamed her name, for she had left this world a mortal and returned a goddess.

The skies changed and the entire world was filled with life, trees sprouted from deserts and rivers sang as their waters became as sweet as honey.

Countless creatures were filled with vitality and their number exploded, and in a stunning change that would shock the universe... this world that had been left to rot for countless years began to grow.

The vast presence of life growing on its surface spurred a change inside of it, and slowly a consciousness was beginning to develop.

Everyone on the planet heard a cry like that of a child, as a World Consciousness was born, and the world transformed into a Minor World.

With her sheer presence alone, Maeve had created a Minor World!

Such an accomplishment had exceeded what a god should be able to accomplish, such powers should be left in the domains of Emphyreans.

When she arrived the figure of Maeve had transformed, but it was such a drastic change that a normal ascension to godhood should not bring about.

This could not be called an Ascension, like Eva, Maeve was collecting what was stolen from the past, yet her journey transformed her, it made her become more than she once was.

Her past may have been of life, represented by the tree in her left hand, but her future was to be of punishment and death, represented by the lightning in her right hand.

Everyone here had witnessed a brief portion of her Ascension to a goddess, and when they saw her descending form covered with streaks of green lightning, they all bowed before the Handmaiden of their lord.

The changes in the planets, the endless tribulations... it was enough to leave a god speechless, and now the figure of Maeve that descended from the skies filled their hearts with adoration and horror in equal amounts.

These were her people, connected to her Divine Kingdom, and yet none of them could lift their head to look at her for more than a second, because her glory was unmatched.

Absomet shook her head and muttered, "This is ridiculous, a god is not supposed to be this powerful, what sort of bloodline is this?"

The body of the Rune Ship had been pressed into the earth and she could only make the smallest of movements, and this was only possible because the focus of Maeve was not upon her.

Absomet knew that even in her completed form, she would barely be a match for a newly ascended goddess. This thought was both fascinating and frightening to her.

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Maeve, noticing how much her present form was affecting everyone below, pushed all of her power into her Divine Kingdom until her presence could be tolerated.

During her ascension, she had brief control over her current shape due to the nature of her power being more like an inheritance than a true ascension, but she could change a bit of her body during this process.

When she became a goddess and lit up her Divine Spark, a massive change happened inside her Territory, transforming it into a Divine Kingdom that was different from the traditional god, but Maeve did not truly understand these changes or the ramifications behind them.

This transformation in her Divine Kingdom was reflected on her body as her dark short hair turned green and flowed like calm waves, extending down to her waist.

She grew two short green horns on her forehead, and wings like those of a butterfly extended from her back, but during this transformation, Maeve remembered the forms of the vassals of Rowan who had been with her through all the stages of her transformation, and she forced a change on her wings.

No longer was she a vassal of Elura, she had become something more, and in honor of her lord, she transformed her wings, to no longer be that of the Nymph, and although she did not know the names of these new vassals, she saw their wings and made her own to imitate their structure.

The two massive green wings behind Maeve that stretched more than thirty feet from tip to tip gave her a Divine presence that made even the stones shudder in awe.

Flowing among her wings were massive bolts of green lightning and if one was to watch closely, they would see a small fairy dancing on her wings.

Her feet did not touch the ground and she regarded Absomet and the rest with eyes filled with power. The head of Lamia had gone silent, even the crazed Abomination Core could feel the power erupting from Maeve—it was the gentle nature of the earth that was now filled with divine fury.

Every bolt of lightning coursing through her body was filled with life, but this feeling of endless vitality did not fill her enemies with reassurance, but dread.

Who better to dispense death than the one who controls life?

"Tell me everything you know," Maeve commanded.

Lamia could as well refuse this command than she could lift up the universe, her mouth opened, and she began talking.

At first, the face of Maeve was stern, and soon her eyes widened as panic filled them.

Chapter 682: A Strange Universe

'I am Inching ever closer... I can feel it like I am pressing my face deeper into a rotting corpse... I can smell the stench of the decaying corpses of my brothers and sisters. How can nobody else smell the pollution? Why is the universe not deaf when the screams of the dead emanating from this place are so loud... this place is cancer...'

A silver line that appeared to stretch till eternity yet still resembled a short thread entered the Empire-controlled spaces of Trion, carried by invisible streams of Aether that propelled it to speeds that were far faster than light.

For such a powerful civilization, it was a mystery why Trion only controlled such a few Minor Worlds when they could have tens of thousands under their rule. The universe was vast and they had the power to take a healthy portion of the pie, but this was a minor mystery for this enigmatic civilization, they chose to remain in a tiny corner of the universe, holding less than three hundred Minor Worlds.

Today, the subject of the fear that had been rippling under the calm visage of the Empire had entered their Territory, and the massive world of Trion could be seen in the distance, its light was so bright and beautiful that it dwarfed any celestial body present in the universe.

Trion was a world of many layers and deep beauty. Whatever your level of perception, the sight of this massive world would drive your imagination into a frenzy.

Yet in the Primordial Perception of Rowan, this was not the case. Although he was deep in slumber he could still sense the wrongness of Trion, like a cancerous tumor that had grown so large and so rotten that it should have imploded into itself eons ago, but a dreadful will kept it spinning, its beauty only a guise.

In a month, Rowan would reach his destination.

The silver line moved, nondescript, its presence could be easily dismissed, but the power it contained could raze a million worlds to dust.

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"Do we need any more proof than this? This universe is not just strange, it is broken!" A ticked-off voice roared. "Why is our request being denied? I thought it was only me, but if the rest of you cannot find out what is wrong here from your Great Towers then the secrets this universe holds must be greater than we all assumed."

"I can't believe I am saying this but where is the Empyrean guarding this universe? Even though the universe is still young there should be enough time for an outpost of Celestials to be set up, yet there are none! The Abyssal Passage that was built is being maintained by the White Tower, that is a secret I just learned, can you believe this? There are no Titan lairs, or Akashic Cove, and many other major powers that flock to a universe like flies to a corpse. This universe is young and vibrant, yet why does it feel so old when you look deeper into it."

Five Archmages sat in a circle, and it was immediately clear that these Archmages were the five present in the Underverse when Rowan had first attacked.

After that incident that had led to great losses among all of them, not counting all the geniuses lost in that surprise battle, in which most of them were descendants or personal disciples, they found out they had lost a sizable chunk of the Primordial Aether contained inside their Towers.

This loss led to drastic changes in their power base and if they did not rest for centuries while collecting as much Primordial Aether as they could, then one of their Stars might be affected, stalling their growth in power or a more serious case would mean the star could be extinguished, driving them lower down their rank, a debilitating injury that would take millions of years to recover from.

The main source of their worries was not the Outer Universal creature that attacked them, although such an occurrence was rare, it was possible that now and then an Outer Universal being might be able to infiltrate and dwell inside a material universe for a very short period.

They all agreed that the reason why the Nyre Flower should have bloomed tens of thousands of years earlier should be due to the presence of this creature, and their intrusion into its activities was what made it lash out.

The Archmages counted themselves lucky that there had been multiple of them there to share the final blow made by that creature, else it would not have mattered that the Will of the Supreme World protected their souls, they would have lost two stars at the least from that blow, rendering them injured and useless for tens of millions of years.

They had submitted the details of this battle to their individual Tower Master and with the long memories of the Mages, then sooner or later, this being would be hunted down and brought to a severe reckoning.

The greatest cause of worry for the Archmages present here was simple: during the short battle, they had unleashed forbidden amounts of energy while inside the material universe.

Normally expanding a tenth of the power they unleashed should have been enough to draw the Will of the Universe and they would be marked and ejected from the universe, never able to return, as if that was not scary enough, the guardians of the universe, powerful Emyreans whose capabilities were frightening inside and outside the universe would quickly find their way to those areas of conflicts and in their fashion, slaughter everyone present, both innocent and guilty.

Yet no one arrived, their confrontation which reshaped an entire area of the Underverse killing trillions of denizens of this area, and destabilizing this place for untold millions of years seemed never to have taken place.

They were lucky that this battle occurred at the depths of the Underverse or else they would have shattered the Teleportation Passage for millions of worlds, plunging the entire universe into chaos and killing an unknown amount of people.

There was no way the universe should have brushed something like this aside, but this appeared to be the case.

Somehow an apocalyptic battle was fought, but it seemed as if it was all a dream. If not for their injuries, it would be like nothing had happened.

This was what frightened the Archmages.

Chapter 683: A Future Tower Master

Every Archmage here had a weird look in their eyes, except for Hashim Prizahl, Archmage of the Black Tower, the rest of the Archmages here were all in the bodies of their Anima.

As a sign of the growing trust and cooperation between these five Archmages, they had agreed to place one of their Anima inside the location that was close to the Black Tower. Bonded in battle and a collective interest, they all gathered to discuss common interests and problems.

"I have been doing a lot of digging these past few weeks, and for such little information it was ridiculously hard for me to find it," Oshim said, "The last sight of an Emyrean in

this universe was two million years ago, and the last active time the Empyrean was truly active was four hundred million years ago.

"Which should be around the time when our Supreme World infiltrated this universe. I am from the Alchemist Union, and although we are powerful, you should know that information about the full nature of this universe does not fall under our radar. You guys, on the other hand, you should know a bit more of the mysteries of this universe."

Hashim Prizahl laughed self-deprecatingly, "That line of inquiry is useless, trust me. The truth about this universe has been hidden from anyone below the Tower Master Level. Have you ever wondered why the share of Primordial Aether allocated for us inside this universe is so excessive?"

"Yeah, about that," Lyon Marker, an Archmage of the White Tower rubbed his chin in deep thought, "I have always thought about that, I only collected a hundred drops of Primordial Aether in the Barium Universe, and this was a universe nearing the end of its lifespan, but here I can effortlessly collect a thousand drop of Primordial Aether every ten thousand years, how come this universe is not dead with such amount of Essence being drained and shared among hundreds of Archmages, not even considering the tremendous amounts the Tower Masters must be receiving?"

Not waiting for any of them to reply, Lyon continued talking faster, the excitement he was feeling was palpable,

"New worlds are being born, and the average density of Aether is exploding in growth all around the universe every year, this is not the normal indication you see from a universe that is being bled dry, perhaps the theory of a Super Universe may not be far fetched."

Laughter burst out among their group and Lyon frowned a little bit, he was aware that what he proposed was truly far-fetched, but what else could explain why this universe was able to produce so much Primordial Aether without destroying its ability to grow, the absence of its Empyrean or other foreign powers? Why were the top echelons of the Magus Society placing the information about this universe under lock?

"That theory is absurd," Oshim laughed, "perhaps there may have been Super Universes in the past, but that was during the Primordia Era, I don't think even the Supreme Magus Endirius existed during that time, surely you must know about the greatest war that had ever occurred in all of time. That unfathomable war shattered those Super Universes, leading to the imprisonment of Chaos itself."

Lyon countered him, "You also should be aware of how time twists all truths. That war that happened so long ago has been lost in the fog of history and the true nature of Super Universes has also been lost with it. Don't pretend that you would be able to recognize a Super Universe if you see it."

"Anyway I would be placing an Anima permanently in the Ancient Library to search for information about this universe, since I would be the one taking the risk of madness by dwelling deep in these matters, I enjoin you all to contribute enough Primordial Aether for this purpose."

"Of course Lyon," Hashim replied, "Your sacrifice is invaluable, and we shall support you with everything you need."

"Good," Lyon nodded in relief, "What do you think about dragging a bit of information from the Covenant about this matter?"

"Trust me, it would be useless going to them, they report directly to the Tower Master of the White Tower, we all know that she is... crazy."

"We are wasting our time deliberating on these matters, they are far above our level, and we should concentrate on the primary reason why I brought you all here for this gathering today." Hashim's voice silenced the rest, he smiled joyously and continued speaking, clearly what he was about to say next was very pleasing, "Andar is now a Mage, and he will be partaking in the test for Mithril Rank on all the Magus disciplines."

The silence that occurred next was deafening, the issue of the universe was forgotten and the Archmages went silent.

"I am here to present a great offer to all of you. If you are the first to support Andar among your respective Great Towers, then he is willing to take you all in name as his masters. You should know that if he does not fall, it is inevitable that he becomes an Archmage, and it would not be far-fetched that a new Tower Master would be born. Imagine the opportunity to be linked to a future Tower Master."

Oshim wanted to interject, but he stopped himself, a normal Archmage might spend tens of thousands of years to become a Master in a single discipline, and that was if that Mage was highly talented. Out of a pool of a million Mage, it was rare to see a single Mage achieving mastery of their discipline.

What did it mean when a single Mage could achieve mastery in all six disciplines in such a ridiculously short time, and they were all aware he did all that while he was an Acolyte studying one of the most difficult Meditation Arts ever created and some would argue it was the most difficult Meditation Art ever created.

They were all aware he crushed any records on the utilization of this Meditation Art, his talents were peerless, and his potential matches.

Oshim went silent, for he could not discover a single reason why this child could not become a potential Tower master in the future.

Lyon whispered to himself, yet everyone here could hear him, "I sometimes wonder if a Mage like this could be born due to the nature of this universe?"

Chapter 684: Outside The Great Desert

The Great Desert rippled as the tattered remnants of the Third Prince escaped its hold. The scream from the Great Desert resounded throughout time and space, rare was it for the desert to lose any of its prey.

The Great Desert not only functioned as the gate of her Universe Will, but it was also the place where creatures that technically could no longer be killed because death was now meaningless for them could be found.

Every creature here was at the least a 5th Dimensional Entity, able to control aspects of the past, present, and future. It was quite impossible to truly kill beings like that, and so in the event that their bodies both corporeal and immaterial were irretrievably destroyed, they would be resurrected inside the Great Desert.

This acted as a great filter for the many universes, or else there would never be peace but an endless war throughout all of creation for the true immortals, which were beings that were at the 5th Dimension and above could not be truly killed and their battles would inevitably bring all of creation to destruction.

This was what made the Great Desert truly important and was the primary reason why any escape from it was noteworthy. The Third Prince although a Reflection of a being with the power of a Primordial still had extremely special properties that made him able to perform this incredible feat, but still it would have been impossible without the presence of Elura.

Elura was the key to accessing the Universe Will of this particular universe, without her presence even if the Third Prince could escape the Desert he would be unable to locate the Universe Will.

The Shadowy form of the Third Prince still encasing Elura fell into a deep coma for three weeks for the damages he sustained from burning his essence was overwhelming.

Although this gave him enough power to escape the great desert, it had damaged him perhaps beyond what he could ever recover from.

Anyone else would be dead, but the stubbornness and madness of the Third Prince was boundless, beyond what even the gods could understand, it kept the last flicker of life inside his heart alive.

The eyes of the Third Prince slowly opened, in the time he was in a coma, his body had been rebuilt, this was a minor application of his powers that was easier than breathing for him, but the shape he now wore was horrifying.

Without him consciously manipulating the body he was wearing his appearance was a warped thing, it was apparent that he was just imitating life and was not truly alive as most in the universe would judge life to be.

He appeared like an old man with needle-sharp teeth that were tearing through his thin lips leaving them full of bleeding wounds. He bled black smoke.

This body was ridiculously tall at fifteen feet. His face was warped with age and he had less than fifty strands of stringy white hair on his head that was long and in disarray.

The Third Prince was nothing but skin and bones, and only a tiny wrap around his waist covered his modesty. What made his appearance especially disquieting was the size of his stomach.

It was massive, as he had swallowed an elephant, the skin on his stomach was very thin, so it was possible to see the sleeping form of Elura who appeared withered as well. The Third Prince had been feeding on her without holding back, which was one of the reasons he could still preserve the tiny portion of the spark that kept him alive.

He stood up and looked around, gritting his teeth as every joint in his body screamed in pain at every single motion he made, and he had many joints, numbering in the millions.

Finally, he was outside the Great Desert. The destination he was heading towards was impossible to miss for it was a temple made from bones and it was so massive it filled the entire horizon, and it was impossible to see where it started and where it ended.

The Third Prince took a step forward, his massive stomach undulating with a wet sound that would make anyone retch in revulsion if they were to hear it and suddenly he squeezed his head and screamed.

"Impossible....Impossible....AARRRHHHH!!!!... Rowan, how can you shatter my Will!"

Inside the great desert, the Third Prince had felt an intense sense of disquietness, it was the reason he had sacrificed his essence and pushed for his quick escape from that terrible place, although he did not know the reason for this feeling, he knew that it must be important, and yet never in his wildest imagination would he have thought that Rowan would have the ability to crush the Will he had placed inside his body.

"no no no no no no.... Something is very wrong here, everything he does should be impossible, even the Singularity should not have the power to shift the direction of his fate like this.... Aaarhhhh!!! It is still your fault... you never wanted me to win... good... this is very good, it will make my revenge even sweeter!"

Roaring like a beast out of the foulest depths of the universe, the Third Prince went on all fours and began to gallop towards the temple, his pace could not be measured with any mortal understanding, as he crossed light years in a single bound, and yet the temple in the distance did not appear any closer.

But still, it was only a matter of time before he reached it—the true center of the Universe.

A place that even the most powerful gods or Archmages could never reach. A sacred place where true power was to be found.

He had made preparations for his end game, but that was supposed to occur trillions of years from now.

Like Rowan, he was a perfectionist, and he would have made sure that every single grain of sand was in precisely the place he wanted it.

It was this quest for perfection that had driven him to this state, and with his time running short, the Third Prince was determined to bring it all to an end.

"You have had your fun child, but now it's time to end it all."

The temple in the distance drew ever nearer.

Chapter 685: Body Jack

A near-naked man ran through a humid jungle while soaked with blood. Behind him were battered remnants of a power armor he had discarded due to the weight.

On his body were several long slashes that were so deep the white of his bones could be seen and most of his wounds were charred, as if he had been afflicted using blade and fire, but what was especially strange was that as the man's heavy breathing streamed out of his body in an agonizing burst, what escaped from his battered lips was ice cold air, in fact, his nose was black and frozen solid, the same with his left eye.

The only functioning eye he had was filled with anger, hate, and resolve, and it was this negative emotion that fed into his Spirit, pushing his half-frozen body to endure far past the limits where he should have long collapsed and passed away.

It was surprising that for a Dominator at the Pyre Lord Level, he would be traveling so slowly through the forest, but this only goes to show how grievous his injuries must be.

The minor injuries on his body should have been easily healed by his Constitution, their continual presence and his tired state must mean he must be truly injured, his essence bled dry and he must be near death.

In a short while, he saw lights through the thick foliage of the forest and quickened his steps, and he soon escaped from the gloom and suddenly it was as if he was transferred to another world.

Vast industrialized complexes dotted his field of sight down to the horizon, and in between these buildings were numerous people going about their various tasks with clear efficiency and purpose.

The sight of the man caused a slight commotion but he was soon ignored, everyone here was busy with their tasks and the relevant authorities would sort out these problems in no time.

The bloodied man grinned and took a few steps before he collapsed before an electrified fence. 'He had made it.' this was his last thought.

He woke up when he felt a series of light taps on the side of his face and found himself on a rather comfortable bed. The first thing he noticed was that he was delightfully free from pain and immediately his Spirit entered his Territory and he groaned in anger and despair.

His Territory had been ravaged as if a war had been fought inside. Massive mounds of destruction filled it and his Pyre Flame was hardly burning on the verge of being put out. Someone must have filled him with a vast amount of essence to stoke his Pyre flame, and even still he could barely cling to life. He estimated that it would take a long time to recover to his previous peak, perhaps centuries at the least.

His attention was drawn away by another series of taps on his face, this time they were harder and snapped him away from his inward contemplation.

He opened his eyes to see the irritated face of an old man, and behind him were three stout men and from the air of power rippling amongst their bodies, he quickly realized that these were all Dominators at the Earth God level.

Hurriedly pushing himself to his feet, he shook away the sudden burst of dizziness that overtook him and bowed towards them. Even though he was just a step away from being an Earth god, that step was so vast it would take a miracle to reach it.

A single Dominator at the Earth god level could crush countless Pyre Lords and the respect that was their due must be given.

The old man who woke him up was wearing the robes of a healer and was also a Pyre Lord. He bowed towards the three Earth gods and silently left.

One of the Earth gods stepped forward and spoke to the awakened man, "Guardsmen, introduce yourself and the reason for your injuries."

He opened his mouth to answer and suddenly panicked because he could not recall anything, it was as if his comprehension was just enough to bring him to this place, and after that, there was nothing more. He strained to recall anything, even his name was far from his tongue.

However, he suddenly felt a chill in his Spirit when he noticed that he had been speaking all this while but he was not aware of it.

Like a passenger in his own body, he saw himself answering questions and elaborating on matters that he could not recall or understand.

'What is happening? Let me out! I'm not the one speaking, I'm not in control here!'

He screamed inside but his cries fell on deaf ears. His body was even cracking a joke with these Earth gods while he was here screaming. He was reprimanded by the Earth god and his body apologized but his charisma must be great because none of the Earth gods seemed to be very offended and their body language even loosened a bit.

Suddenly his body asked a question and when one of the Earth gods answered him, he felt something inside himself change, and a realization came to him that whatever the person that was controlling his body wanted they had just received it.

Fear suddenly filled his Spirit, and it was so potent he nearly passed out.

That intuition of wrongness turned out to be correct when he felt his Territory beginning to vibrate. his Spirit rushed back to his Territory and he gasped in shock as he noticed that his Territory that had been ravaged was glowing with a bright white light.

Brief flashes of memory returned to him, he remembered pain and many other excruciating experiences, and he suddenly understood what was about to happen.

"By the gods, all of you are about to die... flee!!!"

It was a shame that he could not make a sound.

The destruction inside his Territory was not random, someone had planted massive stacks of metal he could not recognize and they were agitating the energy inside his Territory.

The entirety of his Pyre Flame that was most likely strengthened by the healer was being channeled into those metals and they were glowing, the light they emitted was so intense his Territory began to literally melt away into smoke.

The pain was indescribable but he could not scream. Although his body was still smiling and answering the questions from the Earth god, it was beginning to sweat, and before long the Earth gods noticed this peculiarity.

They began to query his body who still laughed and talked as if nothing was wrong, even when he began to bleed from his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. His body was still grinning and talking aloud.

Chapter 686: Shaking Trion

The laughter from the man increased in intensity, and with a faint pop, the left eyes of the laughing man fell off, and inside the gaping hole, there was the beginning of a silver light that was building.

The eyeball rolled to the feet of the Earth gods and stopped. One of the Earth gods peered down at the eye that was engorged with blood and that appeared to be staring at them with fear and fury.

The laughter from the man increased and the light shining inside his body was now visible in his throat, as if he had been filled up with a pool of lightning.

The Earth gods became alarmed, the light erupting from the body of the Guardsman filled their hearts with a sense of suffocation and intense danger, one of them conjuring a spear of ice to freeze this aberration, but it was already too late.

The helpless man who was watching his body being piloted had been screaming all these while to no avail, his Territory was now empty, the light from the glowing metallic substance had eaten away everything. It floated in the emptiness of his Territory and the light it was giving out was tearing the last bit of sanity left in his mind.

The intense heat generated from whatever process was happening had melted the metal and it began to shrink, from a size of a small hill, the glowing metal shining as bright as a star reduced until it was the size of a peach and then there was a bright flash of light and he mercifully knew no more.

The Guardsman would never know that his Territory had been filled with more than fifty tons of high-grade Mithril. This metal was powerful and durable, and it was also very notorious because it was supernaturally radioactive, and usually Mithril had to be combined with other materials for it to be used, and even then it was with great caution.

This was not an alloy of Mithril; it was a hundred percent pure Mithril untainted by the tiniest amount of impurities.

No one wanted to touch even a small portion of Mithril, even if it was a very low-grade one, and placing it inside a Territory was madness, it would be preferable to drink lava. The Mithril would slowly eat away at your Territory and the light that it emitted would tear apart the sanity of those in close contact with it.

As if that was not enough, when Mithril is subjected to certain temperatures and conditions, it turns volatile and explodes, releasing a terrible amount of heat, force, and poisoning rays that could corrupt its surroundings for tens of thousands of years.

The energy it gave off was earth-shattering as a tiny piece of Mithril a few grams in weight given the right conditions would release enough energy to level a small town.

The resulting explosion of five thousand tonnes of high-grade Mithril could hardly be imagined. If this explosion had occurred on a Minor World, it would be enough to not only destroy the entire planet, there would be nothing of it left but a poisonous cloud.

Even from outer space the explosion on the surface of Trion could be seen as the flash for a brief instant was a million times brighter than the sun.

A mushroom cloud that was glowing silver and reached heights of two thousand miles erupted on its surface, and the shockwave traveled a hundredth of the planet.

Trion was the biggest Major World in the universe, this event was enough to be felt on nearly half of the planet.

This explosion killed forty hundred and thirty-three thousand people instantly. The injured numbered in the tens of millions, and more would succumb to their injuries during the coming days because it was nearly impossible to heal from Mithril Poisoning.

The number of deaths and injuries would have been countless more than this but for the powerful consciousness of Trion which quickly encircled the explosion, keeping it from traveling past a thousand miles and forcefully suppressing it until it was in an area smaller than ten thousand feet, only such an action had stopped hundreds of millions from instantly perishing and injuring at least a billion more.

This place has been irretrievably poisoned by the Mithril explosion and a silver fire still rages hot over the location that was previously a Boreas Family stronghold that held more than a million soldiers.

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Circe Boreas covered herself with a shield of air that not only served to carry her over the city of Radask, but with her careful manipulation, she was able to reflect light, sound, heat, and many other forces with it, effectively rendering her invisible.

Commanding the wind alone with her innate ability over the element, Circe avoided using any single bit of Aether, thereby rendering her invisible to magical and mundane sight.

But this was just for the Earth god level and below. Circe with her increasing merger with the Lightning Kirin had reached the Third Great Circle and was now a Cinder Spark.

Her growing powers and her impressive talents made such a feat almost effortless, but her mind was not settled and so it was especially difficult for her to handle all these various forces as easily as she could have done it.

She reduced her speed to what she could hold without revealing any flaws, and thankfully the majority of the attention of people around and below her, although focused on the sky, was not on her position, they were all gazing with fear and awe at the pillar of white flame far behind her.

Trion had responded and had shrunk the range of the explosion to the limits, but the explosive force of Mithril and its nature made it very difficult to extinguish, and so a pillar of white flame that was burning at millions of degrees and stretching more than a thousand miles into the air and hundreds of miles into the ground lit up the entire horizon.

The explosion that resulted from a plan she made with Archimedes was beyond her expectations, and Circe was numb with shock and regret at the number of people that would perish due to her actions.

The fact that Archimedes the Lightning Kirin had been screaming in her ears all these while did not help matters.

"Holy shiiett... Can you believe that? When Rowan gave you all those Mithril, I thought that it must be the lowest grade, but I was so wrong, this is the purest grade of Mithril I have ever come across, how the hell did he get access to ten thousand tonnes of this stuff? Did you see the explosion?! It is a good thing we were thousands of miles away or we would be ashes..."

Chapter 687: The Ancestors of The Major Families

Circe flinched at the words of the Lightning Kirin, if her hands were free she would have slapped the overly energetic beast in the head, she could only chastise her unruly passenger,

"Archimedes, please be quiet, there are several powerful presences around me and your words are distracting. We are not out of the clear yet."

"I know... I know, but still, you have to admit that the monster called Rowan is too fucking diabolical. I mean who casually hands someone ten thousand tonnes of Mithril, fucking thousands of tonnes of this stuff like it is nothing!! Who does that? It is a good thing we decided to use half or we would be dead."

Circe snapped, "Clearly you mean to say 'you decided' don't you? I did not want to detonate the Mithril, even after you told me it must be of the lowest grade and should barely be able to destroy a single building. Nana was not in that place, so the purpose of our infiltration had been fulfilled, and I wanted to leave. Who knows if Nana was anywhere near that explosion range."

The Lightning Kirin was silent for a while, and in a reduced tone she answered Circe, aware that she was under serious mental anguish, but also knowing she could not cuddle her for too long about the true nature of the universe,

"Don't be childish Circe, you and I both know that the mental block imposed on that Guardsman would not survive under heavy scrutiny from those Earth gods and we would have been compromised, I know you must be feeling guilty about everyone that died..." the Lightning Kirin could not help but let her demonic nature shine through as she smirked, "...and are also yet to die."

"Fuck you Archie... you think?" Circe scoffed, the frown on her face deeper.

The lightning Kirin muttered silently, "Yeah... I'm sure the death toll must be in the millions... Sheesh. Good thing Trion is a powerful world, else we would be dead and the death toll would be in billions. Thinking about it now, it would not be a bad way to go."

"Archimedes, you are not helping."

"Oh, sorry for that... but you know, it's not really your fault. If you are to blame anyone then you should blame Rowan, what sort of a crazy bastard gives voluminous amounts of such high-grade Mithril like it was cake? Hey... Circe, what do you think about the laughter at the end, it was a nice touch, no?"

"Archimedes!" Circe barked aloud, nearly tearing apart the light veil of air she had conjured, and the lightning Kirin that was resting on her shoulders made a gesture of zipping her mouth shut and began to look around to spot any incoming dangers.

Archimedes suddenly called out, "Hey did you wrap the remaining Mithril inside that weird wrapping he gave you?"

"Of course I did," Circe replied, "unlike you, I understand how dangerous Mithril might be, although I thought it was a low-grade item."

The Lightning Kirin sighed in relief, the beast seemed to have a fatal attraction to Rowan and also a sort of distaste.

Rowan had inhabited the Anima of her previous master, wearing it like a flesh suit. She had previously thought that her master had been resurrected from death but she was lost when the truth came to life.

Still, she could not fight against the fact that Rowan controlled the Tower of Greed, and that made him a presence that she had to obey.

The Lightning Kirin did not want to.

Ohrox had raised her as a child till she became an Earth god. She had been abandoned by her pack as she was deemed to be too sickly to survive the rigors of life as a Kirin, but a Demon Prince found value in her.

Picked at the edge of a dying planet, there was no reason a Demon Prince should have taken any notice of her, but he did.

Archimedes would give her life for the Demon Prince, but she was too weak to make even her death count. The lightning Kirin sighed and tried to focus on her task, it would be terrible if they were to be caught at this time.

They had dodged countless patrols by now, all beading towards the location of the blast, but since they had the foresight to position themselves far from the Boreas family stronghold before commencing their operation, the patrols passing by were not expecting the perpetrators of this tragedy to already be so far from their crime.

Suddenly they felt a cool breeze surrounding them, Circe panicked but soon realized that this sensation was not limited to them alone but surrounded a vast area.

She could not help but stop moving and turned to look behind her where the massive figure of a man was standing before the silver pillar of flames from the burning Mithril.

The light of this explosion was so bright it was as if he was standing beside the sun, and it revealed a familiar feature to Circe, and she gasped, "Ancestor!"

Before her dumbfounded gaze the massive figure sat down cross-legged before the flame brought out a gigantic wok and set it over the flame, and before the billions of eyes watching this stunning event... he began to cook.

Fear filled Circe's heart and she began to fly a little bit faster. The three Earth gods that were present inside the Boreas Family stronghold had only managed to hold on for a little while before they were turned to ash due to the fact that they had been at the epicenter of the explosion and received the brunt of its impact.

Yet they could not be compared to an Earth god like the Ancestor of each Major Family.

Before the bloodline lock was lifted, there could only be a single Earth god from each family. That meant that anyone who would fill that position had to be the strongest, that would be the only way they would be called Ancestor and deserved the chance to become an Earth god.

The current Ancestor of the Boreas Family was now no longer the only Earth god in his family, but that did not mean any of them were his equal.

This fact could not be disputed as he sat beside the flames of a Mythril explosion that could rock Trion while cooking what should be an epic meal with the amounts of ingredients floating beside him.

Circe felt another presence join the Ancestor, equally as massive and she glanced back again, and she saw another person she recognized.

She had met this figure back in the booze planet where he rescued her against a god that had been chasing her.

Telmus, Ancestor of the Minerva Family.

Soon other powerful presence began to make their way towards the fire.

Chapter 688: A Heavy Heart

Circe no longer looked back, as the light from the explosion was now fully covered by the gigantic bodies of the Ancestors of all seven families. Archimedes thankfully stopped talking and snuggled closer to Circe.

The Lightning Kirin above all else knew how tyrannical the Ancestors of the Major Family were, as a Lightning Kirin she had a bloodline talent that gave her nine lives. Every time she was killed, she would be resurrected anytime there was an intense lightning storm.

She had been killed eight times by some of the figures sitting around this fire, so she knew they were to be feared. After Ohrox had died, Archimedes had gone mad, and only luck had kept her alive, or perhaps being down to her last life curbed her reckless nature.

They soon reached their destination—A traveling caravan that stretched into the horizon and beyond it, like a massive snake, the caravan moved with surprising speed over the plain.

Circe, who had spent so much of her life as a merchant had easily found a resonance inside her when living among these people, and since they never stayed in one place for long, it was the best way to keep under the radar.

The most powerful presence in this caravan was an Earth god and Circe could easily slip in under his nose.

The world was rapidly changing, since the bloodline lock over the Children of Trion had been lifted two decades ago, Earth gods had begun to sprout like weeds.

After a million years of accumulation, the amount of Pyre Lords in existence was uncountable and had been stuck at the Third Great Circle, with a life span of ten thousand years, many Pyre Lords had perished, but there were many methods to extend their lives, and the most safest was by hibernation.

Over the years many Pyre Lords had chosen to go to sleep in the hope that one day the bloodline lock would be lifted.

Their hopes were not wasted for with the bloodline lock lifted they had all begun to awaken, and with every year that passed, thousands of them stepped into the Earth god level.

At the Earth god level their bodies were considered immortal, able to regenerate from even a blood drop but their only weakness was the soul.

Unlike a god with an Immortal Soul, an Earth god's soul would not be able to withstand the ravages of time and even if their bodies would never age, their soul would go weary as the information it could hold and power it could process had a limit, and it would fail.

Depending on the lifestyle of an Earth god, they could live for as long as millions of years or as short as a few tens of thousands.

What made Trion special was that a Dominator at the Earth god level was as powerful as an average Minor god!

This meant that the combat power of Trion had grown exponentially in the last two decades, reaching unknown heights. There were times when Circe wondered why the gods had instituted the bloodline lock in the first place, surely they were not afraid of more Earth gods.

The caravan they were following traveled from continent to continent, their trips in between continents could take from thousands to tens of thousands of years due to the size of Trion and it could be said that every caravan was a city to itself.

Stretching for more than two hundred miles and holding more than two million passengers, entire families and bloodlines had called the caravan home for thousands of generations.

An ever-evolving entity, the caravan was home to the most diverse groups of people, with everyone coming together and creating unique traditions and rules to govern themselves.

Yet like all great caravans, they were all heading towards the capital of Trion, Aroth.

The selection for the next Ruler of Trion was already underway, and they would be there to bow down to the new Emperor or Empress that would take the noble throne.

The Caravan was moving faster than usual and Circe smiled, the Earth god Roger who led this caravan was someone who actively tried to avoid danger, and where others would fish for benefits, he would be going the other way.

This was the reason why Circe chose this caravan. The fantastic sight on the horizon could be seen from this place, as seven massive figures whose heads touched the skies sat together. Such a view made an entire section of Trion ground to a halt.

It was not every day that the Ancestors could be seen. Roger the Earth god on the other hand chooses to move faster away from them, he knows that such massive changes always come with an equal amount of danger.

Circe quietly alighted on her personal carriage. She had selected a carriage that was autonomous and powered by a fairly powerful Spiritual Intelligence Matrix. This matrix detected its Control Rune when Circe got close to it and opened a hatch at the top for her to easily access its interior, greeting her with a deep male voice, while informing her that a hot meal and a bath had already been prepared for her.

She descended into a comfortable area that was tastefully furnished to the extent it resembled a cottage, with a large fireplace, cozy sofas, and other comforts of home.

From outside the carriage did not appear very large, it propelled itself with four jet engines spewing out heated air so it could hover above the ground, but inside was ten times larger.

Eva on behalf of Rowan had made sure Circe had been given a vast amount of wealth, and she bought the top-of-the-line vehicle for herself.

Archimedes jumped away from Circe, spread her wings, and dove into a floating metallic plate that was directly above the fireplace she stretched comfortably, and before long she was snoring peacefully.

Looking at the Lightning Kirin that seemed to have no care in the world, Circe smiled, a bit of the burden on her heart was set aside. With a flash of light, she conjured a large parchment. Once again she opened it and reading the content, her heart went heavy.

The events of today weighed on her, she had fled from Jarkarr after the battle between godly beings was waged and she had seen the result of that clash, but it had been distant from her.

Beings like Rowan were like forces of nature, and their acts could not be judged with common sense. It was the reason she ran away from Rowan, the thought of being beside someone who saw you as an ant could not be borne by a normal mind.

Now she had killed millions and Circe wondered if her quest for justice was worth it.

Chapter 689: Meteor Shower

Circe held herself and wept silently, even though the place that was destroyed was mostly filled with military personnel who were aware of the risk of their profession it did not detract from the fact that they had families, dreams...

Her mind went to a figure that seemed to be made from everlasting metal. How did he do it? How could he fight against the gods, and bear the billions that perished as a result of those actions?

Unlike a mortal who could not visualize the death of a hundred people in stark detail, Circe's mind was capable of so much more and she could almost feel the stares of a million souls boring into her Spirit, their eyes were filled with flames and they reached for her, seeking to make her feel the pain she had inflicted on them.

She woke up screaming.

Circe had unknowingly fallen asleep, but it was not for long, by her estimation she had barely been asleep for less than forty-five seconds.

At her level, she no longer needed sleep for an extended period of time, and she could stay active for months at a time. It was a testament to her heavy heart that she had slept without any indication, which should signify that her body must be searching for methods to deal with the stress.

Circe shook herself and touched the parchment that had driven her to this place, perhaps reminding herself of the past would give her the energy to face the future.

Yet she understood deeply inside her heart, that no matter how deep her pain was, the price she was paying for revenge was too much for her to bear.

She spread open the parchment and began to read.

This was the message that Nana had told her to find on the Planet Beorryn, at the so-called Namorra Inn.

Circe had come across an enigmatic figure called Mydas who appeared to be a shapeshifter with a penchant for hurting their bodies while playing a sort of game with the various shapes they could transform into. Since this tavern owner could make deals with gods from the entire universe, then any of their actions would hold meaning that Circe would not be able to comprehend.

The Safety Deposit Box that she collected from them contained many things, and among them was this parchment, which told Circe the true story about what happened with her parents and who had ripped her heart away from her.

Apparently, Circe was born a Breaker. This was a special Dominator who was born with great talents, and it was rumored that their talents alone were not what made them special, but that they could cause great changes in their families that could either be a source of good or ill.

This information was strictly known to a few members of the Nobility and according to Nana, although she could not be sure, she suspected that every Ancestor was a Breaker.

Circe's father was not a powerful Dominator, and when his daughter's talents turned out to be so heaven defying he was not informed, the reason was that he was too low in rank to be worth such valuable information, but it was not only her father that was not informed of her talent, even the family authorities was also out of the loop.

This was supposed to be a great crime, but the details about this matter had been deeply silenced. If Circe had not been associated with Rowan she would have gone to the family heads for justice, but that path was no longer available for her.

Many things were now too late.

When the talent of Circe was discovered, the greedy amongst them saw a chance for power that could elevate their status beyond what they could currently reach and that person was Gerus Boreas, father of Rico Boreas, he was an especially greedy and powerful Dominator at the third great Circle who was the head of the branch of the Boreas Family where Circe was born.

Even though Circe's father was not powerful, they could not openly seize her power without repercussions and they plotted ways to get to this power, it turned out to be laughably easy.

Her father was a loyal soldier, so it was easy for them to place him in places of danger where he did not survive for long. The poor man had believed in the wisdom of his elders and they led him to an early grave, leaving behind a wife and a few months old baby, who he only saw once.

Assassins were sent for the sleeping child, and while she was held down, one of them cut out her beating heart.

The last thing Circe remembered was her crying mother being butchered trying to reach her.

When she awoke to the surprise of many they fed her a lie that Rico the son of their family branch head had saved her, even given her his heart.

Circe was young and believed that lie, taking Rico as her brother and cherishing him as the only family she had.

Now she understood the true reason she was alive that the thrash could not even handle the strain of holding her heart, and they had to place his organs inside her failing body to slowly siphon her Aura to calm the power inside her heart for Rico to slowly merge with it, without this delicate balance, the heart would have exploded like a bomb, because Rico could not handle the amount of Aether and elemental magic that it could contain.

In the time she had been loyal to Rico, he had been feeding off her like a gigantic lice. The bastards had killed her family and she had been made to love them.

The so-called Assassins were members of her family who had seen her talent as a waste and a threat to their dominance.

Circe remembered that she had been in a dazed state for nearly a week when she read the portion of this parchment. The first fifty years of her life in the service of Rico had been hard, but she was loyal to the man who saved her.

Nana was one of his soldiers and after her injuries, she became an Archivist, a position that allowed her to dig into the past, and solve the obsession of the death of her sister and husband. It was this hint that led her to the truth.

A truth that was not even properly hidden because everyone expected Circe to die at the Incarnation State.

Nana was a sworn soldier to the head of the branch and she could not betray him, but she could keep this information she had found out, waiting for the day when the truth would be revealed.

The events at Jarkarr had thrown off her plans, but at least she had been able to get this information to Circe.

Circe had burned with rage for so long but now she was wondering if her suffering and revenge necessitate the death of so many people?

Suddenly she felt the hair raise up at the back of her neck and she looked upward, the ceiling turning transparent for her to look at the sky.

She gasped in shock as she saw countless meteors tearing their way through the sky.

A memory slammed into her mind like a lightning bolt. The first time she had seen meteors like this was back in Jarkarr. It was a meteor shower that brought monsters and shattered the world.

That meteor shower also brought... him.

Surely, this could not be the same right?

Chapter 690: Meteor Fall

The passing meteors numbered in the thousands and the lights from their passing were beautiful, as their descent through Trion's atmosphere triggered numerous interactions with the elements contained in the Major World creating stunning lights and sounds.

With their passing through the atmosphere, it triggered shockwaves that sounded like countless cracks of thunder.

The entire hundred miles convoy ground to a halt. This night was one that was filled with endless spectacle, and many among them were clutching their chest in excitement. The children screamed in fear and excitement at the loud sounds and the beautiful lights.

Nearly half the population of Trion paused and stared at the skies, from the mortals to Earth gods. It would be difficult to describe the emotion inside their heart but everyone felt it. Change was coming.

As the meteors entered Trion, some of them began to explode, flinging vast clouds of colorful dust that burned so hot it resembled the dawn of a million suns, such a spectacular scene was drawing gasps from the millions of people on the caravan, and undoubtedly a larger part of Trion.

This commotion was enough to rouse the Lightning Kirin from his slumber and she looked to the skies and screamed out in shock,

"Circe... the sky is falling!"

Circe could not help but smile, "An over-exaggeration don't you think Archie? It's just a meteor shower, nothing to be concerned about, you can go back to sleep."

The Lightning Kirin's eyes blazed with silver fire as she investigated the meteors and she gasped before calling out with a cheeky tone,

"nothing to be concerned about she says... go back to sleep she says..." Archimedes rolled her eyes before screaming once more, "Look! It is not just meteors, those are crystalized Aethers straight from the universe and they are all untainted! Those are all good stuff, we need to grab some of them, they would be essential to your growth towards the Rank of Pyre Lord as you Dominators call it. It would even aid me in the formation of my core."

Circe considered the option for a while and shook her head from side to side, "How can you so quickly forget our position and mission? Laying low after the massive disaster we've caused is normal, not hunting for crystallized Aether."

"I have enough resources to push me towards the Earth god level, and you have refused to use the resources given to you by Rowan, besides, what could be more important to me than our union? The reason I can reach these heights is due to you, and I don't need anything else. We don't need anything else, at the Earth god level I will be able to assist you to push for divinity."

"Awwwnnn... how cute," Archimedes chuckled, before she snapped with annoyance, "but you are missing the point, inside each of those meteors are vast amounts of non-attributeless Aether gathered from the universe, it's a very rare occurrence and maybe the Mithril explosion caused some atmospheric level disturbance that dragged those meteors down to the earth. My point is, each of those meteorites is priceless!"

Circe bit her lips in thought before making a decision, "I don't care, I will not risk our well-being to quickly gain power, we have a plan, and we will follow through with it. Slow and steady. There will be no more repeat of what happened tonight with the Mithril ever again.... I don't think my heart will be able to handle it. We should only kill those who deserve to die, or else what makes us any different from those we hunt? My heart is set on this matter."

Archimedes grumbled in irritation and whispered to herself, but Circe heard her, "That is because you have the heart of a coward inside you, and it is restricting you from gaining more power due to its weakness."

"When will you learn that morality without the strength to back it up in this world is useless? You describe a utopia, but look around you Circe, we are in hell, and we are either the predator or the prey. When we find Rico and take back your heart then perhaps in your complete form the true nature of our situation will dawn on you."

There might be truth to that statement that Circe did not want to consider at this time. The heart beating inside her was not her own, and although it had grown stronger as Circe climbed the ranks of power, it was a severe limiting factor to her rise.

She could not effectively channel the power she wanted and had to be extra imaginative when she unleashed her abilities to go around the weakness of the heart.

Suddenly the earth below them shook, as several concussive blasts rang out, even with the fact that the carriage was covering several feet of the ground, they could still feel the impact, and Circe had to cover the interior of their carriage with a cushion of air to avoid any delicate appliances to be broken.

Archimedes looked outside in alarm before a grin broke out on her feline face and she began to laugh, "It would seem that the decision is out of your hands, a large number of meteorites seems to have landed around the caravan, don't tell me you will refuse the meat pressed against your lips?"

Circe did not bother replying to the Lightning Kirin, as she busied herself with wearing a thick robe and wrapping her face with enchanted silk. Some of the members of the caravan had a tradition of covering their faces so she did not look out of place when she stepped out of her vehicle.

She refused to hunt for the meteorites in the sky but it would be foolish to ignore such tangible benefits when it was in front of her. Ordering the vehicle to enter defensive mode, Circe quickly moved through the gathering crowd in front of her.

Feeling a slight weight on her left shoulders as Archimedes alighted on it wearing the shape of a crow, she began to proceed towards the site of the crashes.

There were five prominent craters scattered a few miles in the distance, and already thousands of people were beginning to slowly move to investigate what had landed.

Circe was among the first and began to move faster, if Archimedes was correct, this special Aether from the universe would be enough to push her ahead faster than she had anticipated. This would be a good thing because she expected that the hunt for whoever caused the disaster on the Boreas Family stronghold was about to intensify.

Chapter 691: Arrival On Trion

A figure flashed by her, and Circe recognized the person to be the only Earth god in the caravan, Roger, he reached the site of the first crash and plunged into the crater, a few seconds later he erupted out of the ground while cackling maniacally like a mad man, although he quickly kept what he found inside his spatial ring, the light that flashed from

it was enough to alert the rest of the people here that something very valuable must be raining down from the heavens and excitement rippled through the crowd.

As more meteors impacted against the earth, it was no longer welcomed with fear but with excitement as more people began to enter the burning craters and retrieve large lumps of glowing crystals, and they did not even need to know what they had dug up, just touching these crystals was filling their bodies with so much energy and vitality, some of them began to ascend into higher levels.

A maddening excitement that was unequalled filled the crowd and the entire area devolved into a scene of chaos. Families were forgotten, friends discarded, as everyone began to push for the chance to obtain blessings from the heavens.

The chance to become something great was before them and no one wanted to be left behind. It did not take long for the first murder to happen, and this seemed to spark a madness in the crowd and blood began to flow as men and women butchered each other for a chance to reach the heavens in a single step.

The Earth god that should have usually controlled the chaos, did not care what was happening behind him, he was busy going forward to hunt for more crystalized Aether.

The caravan was lucky to be in an area where many meteorites were falling, but this advantage would not be held for long before other powerful Dominators would begin to find their way towards this area, he knew he needed to hurry to acquire more.

He did not care who collected the crystals behind him, he would be seizing all of them when he was done, as far as he was concerned they were just acting as harvesters for him.

Roger had already prepared himself to flee with his most talented offspring and abandon this caravan so he could digest this benefit for the next coming years. He no longer cared if the business he had managed for thousands of years were to be destroyed. If he returned with a more powerful family comprising of two or more Earth gods, he would be able to rebuild something greater from the ashes.

His maniacal laughed rang out in the horizon, it was as if he had gone mad.

Circe was once again reminded of the chaos of Jarkarr and she stood still, not participating in the chaos... she knew this event was not normal, and everything in her heart told her the reason for this occurrence could be tied to one person.

Her heart began to beat so fast that it was hurting her and to her surprise, blood filled her throat and she had to cough it out, panic occupied her mind and the thought of fleeing Trion filled her soul, she had no idea when the fear of Rowan had begun to consume her but then she figured out that she needed a few moments to process what

she had witnessed and the full weight of the monster that she had lived with before she could truly comprehend who he truly was.

Rowan was neither a man, monster nor a god, he was something worse, and everything he touches leads to ruin, not because that was his intention, it was because his presence had a weight that crushed the fragile reality she knew, exposing the rotting layer beneath.

She looked to the heavens, the descending meteors were so beautiful, and then she looked to the earth and saw the endless barbarity and bloodshed.

Brothers killing brothers, sisters killing fathers... the lust for power blinding them, and she began to understand... 'Is this how we are all to you? Misguided fools and children?'

Circe no longer felt the desire to pursue this power, this was what happened on Jarkarr, the world went mad, and the man with the eyes of a dragon reaped the life from the world.

She began to retreat but then she felt the claws on Archimedes tighten on her shoulders, and she paused.

"What is it?" she snapped, a bit irritated, the Lightning Kirin had not been gentle and Circe's collarbone had snapped under the claws of the beast, and she could feel blood pooling between her breasts as she bled profusely.

Archimedes could only mutely point at the sky and Circe looked up.

The pain and irritation vanished as awe and fear took their place. The night suddenly turned to the brightest day, as millions...no... billions of burning meteorites began to fall.

"what the fuck is happening?" Archimedes screamed, no longer bothering with disguises.

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The silver line that moved through space did so with the aid of invisible Aether Streams that moved through the universe. Some called this stream the veins of the universe that channeled its lifeblood.

Whatever this silver line was, it contained a vast and powerful Aether that had no reason to be found inside the material universe. That Aether acted like a magnet dragging the surrounding Aether to itself.

Like a star whose gravity tugged planets to revolve around it, the silver line began to unknowingly drag a vast amount of Aether along.

Inside the endless void of the universe, this Aether was almost invisible, only acting to propel the speed of the silver line to go faster, but as it approached a Major World such as Trion with its unique defenses and characteristics, the vast amount of Aether being carried along by the silver line clashed against the outer surfaces of the planet.

The first impact was mild, this came from the Aether in front of the silver line that had been pushed ahead of it.

The collision with the planet caused a major portion of the Aether to disperse back into space, but a minor part of the Aether was compressed and their increased weight was enough to punch through the atmosphere of Trion.

The first thousand waves of meteorites were only the heralds, as they were the ones pushed ahead of the silver line, although this small portion was already causing quite a commotion on the planet below.

The second collision was much grander in scale as the true force of the Aether collected by the silver line slamming against Trion made the entire planet light up.

It was fortunate that the outer layers of Trion were so dense in energy or the clash of Aether alongside the heat and the light generated by this collision would have killed everything on that side of the planet.

The result was a greater portion of that Aether was vented into space creating vast plumes of multicolored light that could be seen from all over the galaxy, and the ones that could enter the planet were only a minor portion, yet that represented billions of 'meteorites' pushing into Trion.

The silver line was buried deep inside this conflagration, and the moment it broke past the atmosphere of the planet.

Rowan woke up.

It was only for an instant but he saw his target and he veered towards her.

Chapter 692: The End of The World

"I was there when the world ended.

The sky shattered into a million pieces.

The blood of the gods turned the world red.

No... that was a lie.

I was there when the world ended.

We never knew it did."

—Testament of a Survivor.

"The world consciousness will not stop the arrival of these meteors," Archimedes screamed out in panic as the sky seemed to be falling, "As far as it is concerned the benefits far outweigh the lives that would be lost!"

The winds that erupted around them and for millions of miles around Trion were like a hurricane from the coldest depths of hell, the falling meteors were pushing the entire atmosphere down due to the heat of their entry into the planet, causing whirlwinds that blew so hard it lifted entire forests and cities into the air.

The number of people carried into the atmosphere from the impact of the winds could not be counted, their screams shrouded the entire planet, and these cries were carried by the winds until they could be heard even from outside the planet.

The world was ending!

Circe and Archimedes no longer held back, this was not a matter of profit any longer but of survival.

Many of the crystallized Aethers falling to the earth were no longer small, some of them were the size of multiple buildings, and among them were some the size of mountains, and their descent shattered the skies, carrying great heat and force.

Circe could barely notice the Ancestors in the distance stopping ninety percent of the falling meteorites, but the ten percent that went through still numbered in the tens of millions.

'By the gods... billions shall perish!'

Archimedes placed both of her paws on Circe's neck and pushed her lightning powers inside her. The Lightning Kirin was more powerful, but she knew that power alone would not save them, Circe would be able to utilize this power far more better than she could.

Circe did not disappoint, pushing through the barriers of her heart, she disregarded the pain, and her eyes exploded with a blue radiance as her feet left the ground, she lifted her hands and began to chant in median, not only using the vast powers inside her but calling all the Aether around her for hundreds of miles, this process was aided by the sheer density of Aether beginning to rise in the surface of Trion as the meteors were pushing the Aether levels of Trion to ridiculous heights.

Buzzing sounds arose from Circe's body as countless runes of lightning were created with every passing moment inside her Territory and sent to her eyes where they traveled up her arms, resembling thousands of ants running along her forearms.

These lightning runes raced down her palms and covered the ground she was hovering above, creating a complex Runic Circle around her blazing with energy, she made an arcane gesture and the circle expanded for about a hundred feet.

With a cry, she slammed both palms together and a pillar of lightning more than seven feet across shot out from the Runic circle with such great force a shockwave erupted from her position. The lightning pierced through a falling meteor the size of a house scattering it into countless pieces, and spread out like an umbrella for twenty miles shielding Circe and countless people underneath.

"What are you doing?" Archimedes cried out in anger, "I thought you wanted to stay low-key? Your guilt is causing you to make irrational decisions!" The Lightning Kirin regretted not speaking to Circe more deeply before now about the weight of power, because of her talents, she had forgotten that Circe was just seventy years old and was still a child.

The guilt that stemmed from taking many lives was felt by all, but as thousands of years go by and you witness the lives of billions of mortals rise and fall in an endless circle, the concept of mortal life that was so fragile and yet so lasting brought about a change in mindset.

"Reduce this shield! They die now or they die in a hundred years, what does it matter?" Archimedes pleaded, this was no longer about staying under the radar anymore, Circe could not hold back the devastation that was about to happen and she was too blinded by guilt to see it.

"Let me concentrate!" Circe snapped, the impacts of hundreds of meteors slamming into her shield drove her to her knees.

"You fool, stop it now, we can't..."

This was what Archimedes could only say before a massive meteorite that was as large as a mountain and bright like a star impacted to the sides, a few miles away from Circe.

The sound of that impact was indescribable, killing thousands of people.

The crash raised a wall of earth tens of thousands of feet tall, pushing more than a million tonnes of soil and rock to the side, crushing multiple thousands of people barely holding on under Circe's shield.

The shockwave of that impact was calamitous, so powerful that it crushed bones to powder and Circe was in the path of this calamity.

She screamed and the shield range doubled as the strength increased, Circe would not stop fighting against the end of the world and was determined to save as many people as she possibly could, but fate was a cruel mistress, laughing at her efforts, as four more massive meteors that were even bigger than the previous one crashed around her.

Unknown to her, a new danger arose when two of such massive Aether Crystals smashed together, due to their similar nature it caused them to unravel when they struck together. Whenever those happened, their delicate crystalline structure disentangled into a gaseous state, which was the more natural form of Aether.

The problem came about when the volume of Aether packed into each of these crystals was astonishing and when they unraveled, it was with a force similar to multiple thermonuclear bombs exploding at the same time.

With a scream of pain and desperation, self-preservation won over, she shielded only herself and Archimedes as her body was buried hundreds of feet under molten earth and crystallized Aether.

The continual sounds of explosions covered her cries of sorrow. She had seen the entire hundred miles of her caravan vapourised into ashes, and she could not imagine the loss of life spread throughout the surface of Trion.

The heat and the energy around them continued to build, and the Lightning Kirin in a stunning move of love and sacrifice expanded itself to become bigger and wrapped her body around Circe.

A massive explosion as multiple Aether Crystals clashed and exploded turned everything into a shade of white and red.

Chapter 693: The Great Enemy

Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr...

Come to me, daughter of Lightning, frost, and the winds.

Circe's eyes snapped open; her consciousness was drawn from the darkness of unconsciousness so fast it was almost as if she was experiencing whiplash.

'Archie...oh Archie... I'm so sorry.'

She had fainted, and she did not know what happened when the explosion reached its crescendo, but a voice whispering words of madness entered her heart and she found herself digging her way through the ground.

Come to me....

She noted at the back of her head that Archimedes was no longer beside her and also her left leg was broken, not counting the numerous broken ribs and an eye sealed shut with blood.

Come to me...

With a pained groan she dug her way faster through the ground, the voice that sounded so familiar and alien at the same time drew her like an iron filling to a magnet.

With a cry of happiness she burst out of the ground, the scenery of devastation not holding her gaze for a single moment as she staggered towards the call.

Her powerful body as a Dominator soon healed all her injuries and she began walking faster and more steadily towards the noise.

She was dimly aware that she was walking through pools of molten magma, but she had unconsciously wrapped a thick layer of air and ice around her body protecting her from the heat.

Circe heard cries of sorrow, and it was enough stimulus to make her look to her left where a man knelt in a river of fire and earth and wept.

'Was that not Roger, the Earth god that was supposed to be protecting this caravan?'

Circe felt a sick sense of joy at the suffering of the man, perhaps if he had not gone too far to chase riches, then they might have been able to save the people of this caravan.

That joy did not last because she allowed herself to look at the true scale of the devastation and knew that even a god would have struggled to hold back this amount of damage.

"You.... Yes, you! Have you seen my children? I have thousands of children. It is impossible that they were all reduced to ash? I am talking to you!"

Roger saw Circe pushing through the devastation with purpose and the crazed mind of the man seized on the surety of her steps as an anchor, he waited for an answer but receiving none, shook himself and began to follow Circe.

'She knew something, perhaps the direction to survivors... yes, to survivors! His children must be among them'

Circe's eyes had healed and her perception snapped into place, and when she saw the world, an unconscious moan of pain and despair escaped from her lips.

For endless miles, there was nothing but ash and fire... the whirlwinds and then the explosions from the Aether Crystals had wiped clean the life of an entire continent. Except for Earth gods and above, she was certain no one else had survived.

'How could this happen? How can the world end so easily? I want to go home... Nana... Archimedes, where are you, I'm so cold...'

Come to me...

That voice snapped her consciousness back to it and she forgot her fears and sorrows and before long she reached a mound of Crystalized Aether.

This one was relatively undamaged, and either by accident or design it was structured in a manner that made it resemble a pyramid and floating at the top of a pyramid was something she could not describe, it resembled a gigantic snake and then a blade and then it took the form of a star, a wailing child, a purple rose, a bleeding warrior, and then this images suddenly multiplied, and what she saw was no longer a single wailing child but a billion, a billion roses, a billion bleeding warriors...

Then the vision became more vague and she began to see creatures that should not exist, people that would never live, and cities that have disappeared in the long streams of time....

So many images bombarded her mind and Circe screamed and looked away, in that short time she looked at the top of the Aether Pyramid, she had nearly gone blind, and the blood bleeding profusely from her eyes was not a good sign.

Come to me...

She pushed herself to the pyramid and began to climb. She winced as the bleeding around her body began to worsen. Every step she took was as if she was pushing through a wall of needles, and as she ascended the pyramid Circe left a blood trail behind her.

Roger the Earth god reached the base of the Pyramid, and he looked upward, he gasped and smiled, "My... So beau.."

No one knew what he saw because, in the next moment, he simply collapsed into dust.

Near the top of the pyramid, the figure of Circe appeared to be two sizes smaller. This was not a trick of the light, because as Circe reached the top, she was nothing but bones held together by loose muscles.

Her flesh and blood had been discarded climbing toward the manifestation, she was thankful that the pain stopped a while ago.

The only reason she was alive was the life force inside her Territory that was pumping everything to give her precious seconds, and also the words...

Come to me...

The skeleton came before the manifestation on top of the pyramid and a hand of bone was stretched towards it, and as it crept closer the world went silent.

There was a sigh and this continent that had now ash and dust suddenly exploded as seven massive figures began to arise.

Their heads were larger than multiple worlds and the Aura they released pierced into the universe.

The gods of Trion were here.

Their eyes pierced through reality and began to slowly turn towards Circe and the manifestation that was atop the pyramid, but at that moment she touched the manifestation, her existence ended and Rowan took her place.

"OUR GREAT ENEMY!" the voice of the gods killed countless mortals, "YOU HAVE COME TO DIE AS IT IS FORETOLD."

The Will of Rowan frowned, "No, this would not do. TIME REVERSAL"

Chapter 694: Chess Pieces

Rowan is a predator, he was so young, yet his ledger was already dripping red with the blood of countless billions.

After becoming an Ouroboros Serpent his nature had turned cold, and he did not turn bloodthirsty, only apathetic. He had fought a hundred battles and won every single one, he was sure of his strength and he feared nothing. This was not pride, this was simply confidence.

Every action he took was carefully planned, because he knew he was very powerful and to kill him would be extremely difficult but he still understood that his downfall would only come if he was careless.

He was powerful but he was not invincible. He just needed time to become one. No one else could make a claim like this except Rowan.

Despite his confidence in his powers, not for a single moment did he delude himself into believing that he was just fighting Trion and its gods, that was just a trap laid down by

his father because if he was in the position of his father, this would be the action he would take—Find a scapegoat that could be seen and observed by all.

In fact, make the presence of this scapegoat to be very loud. How did the old man do it, well he announced to all the universe that a tiny Major World with a single God King had plans to become a Supreme World!

Not only that he also sweetened the deal by making a unique resource to emerge on this planet, Elura Shards. A source of power that could grant wishes.

This move was successful, Trion was considered the most powerful Major World in the universe, and for the last million years, they had been fighting a mock battle with the Supreme World of the mages and the Great Abyss.

When Rowan had first heard of this war, its scale had shocked him, over the last million years untold billions would have died in these blood-soaked fields. With his present vision, he knew that number was laughable.

If he wanted he could ten times more in a single year. This war with the other Supreme World was a sham, but it did something right, it drew attention.

It was bait, and his father was fishing.

Rowan would not forget that his true enemy was always his father, and in this game of chess that extends from the past over to the future, then his chess piece should not only be properly placed in an accurate location but in an accurate time as well.

He might be behind by a million moves, but he was a fast learner and he was sure that his father had noticed.

This part was even more crucial. Forget the gods, forget the demons or Archmages... the true battle of the strong was fought across time.

The ascension to a state of Will had shown him the true face of his father, and even if the Reflection did not control the power of Time, he must surely understand it to a ridiculous degree.

Rowan knew he could not fight with his father using knowledge but with power. He was young and strong with limitless potential, and the fact that he was a variant that even his father might have never expected.

The only reason he could rebel against his father was that Rowan Carter's Soul Origin from Earth served as a bridge that linked the past of Rowan Kuranos to the present, severing a million years of time that was stolen from him.

There were many mysteries on Trion, and if he wanted to be careful, he should stay afar and slowly investigate this planet, sending his armies over to slowly weaken it while waiting for the hand his father would play.

Just ten Archangels alone should be able to battle Trion to a standstill, if he sent a hundred, then it would not matter how powerful the gods were or the weapons they controlled. They would all be slaughtered like lambs.

Although that would be a great method of waging war, that would be for the Rowan of before who did not understand the intricacies of time.

If he could create powerful armies that could raze Trion to the ground in a single moment, was he willing to believe that his father's forces were just these few 'gods' on the surface?

Trion was nothing but bait!

A million years of time had been stolen from him and although he had snapshots of his memories of those periods, they were mostly focused on his torture and nothing more, his mother Elura had promised him his inheritance and he believed that that inheritance must include the time that was stolen from him.

The only link to that time was Maeve, and if he knew that fact his father might also know it too, but Rowan was willing to risk the process of getting close to his handmaiden of the past.

In chess, it was perfectly okay to sacrifice a pawn to get to the king.

Knowing that Trion was bait, he realized that it was impossible that his father did not have other projects that he was focused on.

This was especially concerning because Rowan had not

forgotten the vision he received when he was asleep the first time he began to digest the soul of Erohim. This was very important because it unknowingly showed him a secret that was perhaps the greatest opening to this battle.

He had seen a hand that was struggling to enter the material universe—This universe in particular.

Even after countless years that was impossible for mortals to comprehend, that hand had failed to enter the universe, this continued for so long that even when the universe perished and a new one was born, this hand did not succeed, but it did not stop trying to gain access to the universe.

Why was that? What was special about this universe?

He was sure even Elura his mother did not exist at that time and for all the many universes in creation, that hand which should have been his father had tried entering only this particular universe.

Finally, he had succeeded. Rowan had seen that hand enter a great desert and a shape filled with darkness was born.

That vision he had received decades ago was not forgotten by him because it revealed something very important.

His father had entered this universe billions of years ago, and as far as he understood, he only interacted with Elura, his mother, a few million years ago.

So the important question that he should not ignore was simple. What was his father doing for all those billions of years? He refused to believe that he was the only project he was working on. A creature as powerful as his father must have created countless projects and what he could see could as well be the tip of the iceberg.

This was the reason Rowan knew that this war would not be truly fought on just Trion alone, but throughout the entire universe, and he must not be blindsided by the shiny bait in front of him.

If this was anybody else there would be no reason to fight. His father was so powerful on a level that would leave any sort of resistance to be futile, but he was not anyone else.

Even with his powers, Rowan might lose this battle... he might lose many battles against his father, but he would not lose the war.

Rowan grinned, an entire Major World, trillions of lives, millions of years of history, all of it was just a single chess piece of his old man.

This did not make him falter before the enormity of the task before him, it achieved the opposite in fact, it made him excited and assured him that his growth was just beginning.

Before Rowan would leave this universe he would have battled

with the Reflection of a being that was equal to a Primordial.

"Good! Nothing else would do."

Chapter 695: Making His Move

"TIME REVERSAL!!!"

The first time Rowan used a Time-related ability it was with a Berserker clone, and the aspect of Time he manipulated was unique to the clone alone. He had not affected the world in any manner except by digging through the past and the future of the clone.

He could not just do this with anyone, because as Rowan had come to realize, he was able to manipulate the future. After all, he had access to the Berserker Clone Soul Origin.

At this time he had not begun to investigate the reason why the Berserker Clone, something that he created without any thought behind it and was just a technique that he could cast billions of times in a single second if he wanted to was able to give birth to a Soul Origin.

Anyway this might have happened, it had given Rowan a great power at a moment's notice that had astonished even him. It was a shame he did not have a second Berserker Clone inside Trion, but he had other options.

With Circe, he was doing the same thing but in a far more limiting manner, he could not access her future, but he could hijack her body as a vehicle and use it to travel to her past.

He could do this because he was also including the power of an Origin Treasure to bring about this effect he wanted. That treasure was the Time Aspected Origin Treasure of Ohrox, the Demon Prince of Destruction—The Tower of Greed.

Of course, there were constraints to using this power, chief among them was that to fool the gods and the consciousness of Trion, then he would need to hijack the body and soul of a Child of Trion, and Circe would serve that purpose.

Rowan knew that the seven gods were taken from the bodies of his siblings and they had passed their bloodlines to the seven great families, that meant that Circe and everyone else on Trion could be regarded as his little nephews and nieces, and although he no longer had any connection with the bloodline of Trion at the present moment, he did in the past.

This would be his key to Trion.

In his present form he was still evolving in an unknown direction, Rowan had limited access to his treasures and armies, but any of his treasures was incredibly powerful, and even if he could only control a few of them, it was enough to change reality as he saw fit.

It was with this connection that Rowan began to dig into the past, and in addition to this, he crushed the seventeen layers of the Tower of Greed that had risen so far.

Even the Great Demon Prince had not managed to develop the tower of Greed past the twelfth layer, even if he had the resources, the process of developing a treasure to this level was astonishingly difficult and time consuming.

With his Knowledge Well Chamber paired with Hollow Forge Rowan had begun actively building this Origin Treasure, and this process accelerated when his Primordial Sight activated and his knowledge of mysticism, especially that of Time, took a leap forward.

Before he had a Will of his own and merged his body with the Destroyer, if Rowan had used this treasure at this level then he would have been sent back years, even decades. A seventeenth-level Tower of Greed was no joke.

Now his Metaphysical presence was just too heavy. If Rowan was a piece of rock before, now he was a mountain, although this new "weight" would not affect his plans because he had calculated the precise amount of time he would need to return coupled with the "load" Circe's fragile mortal form would be able to bear.

Activating the Tower of Greed was simple, at the seventeenth level this Tower was supposed to be immortal and indestructible, but to carry Rowan, he would need to crush it.

When he had used the Tower of Greed in the past, its operations had occurred at such a high level he had struggled to comprehend how it worked, but now it was different.

Rowan could now see beyond Time itself and he began to observe and learn.

The world went still and everything began to reverse, although this was happening at an incomprehensible speed, he could still follow it quite clearly.

The bodies of the gods seemed to ripple as if their presence fought against the effects of Time, but this was a force that surpassed the universal laws, and they had no hope but to obey it.

Their bodies returned to the earth and the continent that was destroyed returned to its previous form.

Massive explosions were reversed, whirlwinds returned to nothingness as the meteors returned to the heavens. The dead came back to life, and the breath of life returned to Trion.

So much knowledge was streaming into his consciousness far beyond what Circe had perceived, even though he was restricted to a large extent by her pathetic mortal perception.

Rowan frowned when he noticed several discrepancies about this world. "Are you just bait, or is there something more hidden in your depths?"

He needed more information, far more than he could collect at this time.

Rowan could feel himself slipping back into space. The single line that made up his body was stretching, and yet this force was almost too easy for him to ignore, not because he was stronger than the forces of time. It was because in a manner he had already transcended it.

The visual phenomena of his current form as a string that was simultaneously as short as a few feet and as long as infinity was not a trick of the light.

Time was pulling him, yes, but there was a lot of 'him' to pull. This made his body flow back with Time like everyone else here, but he was still connected with Circe.

Time flowed back faster and faster and Rowan observed every event that he had missed. He saw the gathering of the Ancestors, he saw the explosion of Mithril, he saw the plans that Circe had been making all these while until the energy from the Tower of Greed became expended.

Rowan dragged the rest of himself from the future into the past, and now he was inside Trion.

The events of the future never happened, and Rowan who was supposed to be countless light years away at this moment in time was now on Trion, and no one, not even the gods knew that he was here. He had made his move, and to everyone else, he had not.

"Father, what would be your next play?"

"I was there when the world ended. The sky shattered into a million pieces. The blood of the gods turned the world red.

No... that was a lie.

I was there when the world ended.

We never knew it did."

—Testament of a Survivor.

Chapter 696: Meeting Again

Circe drew the robe of hot air closer to her body, since she could not be overtly using her powers she had to maintain a proper body temperature when you positioned yourself fifty miles above the ground—It tends to be cold up here.

This was the only type of outpost she could find where the defenses were not so powerful, thereby making it relatively easy for her to be able to make discrete observations.

She had been observing this Guardsman post of the Boreas Family for weeks which was situated by the side of a mountain, where it had been carved out, brick by brick by mortal hands over a span of millennia. Boreas was certainly fond of gestures like these as most of his temples were created using these methods.

After all the time she had spent freezing her tits off, she had deduced her preferred target from the lot. Of the 2,350 Guardsmen on this mountain post, ninety-five percent of them were not suitable due to various factors, chief among them was because they were too weak, and so they could not venture far from the outpost.

This mountain post was surrounded by jungles filled with terrible beasts, some of them were at the Third Circle, and since the border to the great battlefield was a few thousand miles to the south, there were usually dangers that came from Demons or Mages slipping through the defenses.

If her plans were to work she would need someone important enough that when apprehended would be taken straight to the head of a stronghold, but they should also be powerful enough to bear the full might of a Mind Suppression Rune crafted with the powers of an Earth god.

These criteria reduced her selection to only Dominators at the Third Great Circle, that was her limit, even though with the aid of Archimedes she might be able to battle an Earth god, it was obvious that ambushing an Earth god was still a very dangerous affair and any missing Earth god would be quickly investigated.

It was also important to note that to place the Mind Suppression Rune on the target would take weeks at the least, and she could not ensure with a hundred percent certainty that she could keep an Earth god imprisoned for that long while manipulating his consciousness and spirit.

Their powerful immortal bodies reduced the chance of subduing them for an extended period, you could only overwhelm them with great power.

To imprison an Earth god was incredibly difficult and for someone of her power levels, nearly impossible, there would be too many unknown factors she would not be able to control.

The target she ended up selecting was a Guardsman at the Pyre Lord level of the Third Great Circle.

With his bloodline potential, he would never exceed this level for the rest of his life, but it was already commendable for a Guardsman to reach this level, most of them would never exceed the First Great Circle.

A Guardsman at this power level was not always a good thing because it meant that he was saddled with a great amount of responsibility, and that made him move around a lot. It was not strange for him to be missing at his base for months at a time. He was the perfect target.

The trap was not difficult to set up, she had overheard that his Guardsman would be escorting a shipment of goods to the border of the continent. This trip would take three years, which should give Circe enough time to plan out her activity.

With Archimedes keeping an eye on the Guardsman, Circe went along the route and chose a spot for the ambush and for the next two hours, she was focused on creating various Runes, including Rune of Silence, Sleep, Drain, and so many others.

"Your work is certainly impressive, but you are wasting a lot of resources, and most importantly, you are wasting time."

The voice came so suddenly inside her head that Circe yelled aloud, chills crawling down her spine.

She looked around and could not find anyone anywhere close to her position before pushing her Spirit into her Territory. After scouring every inch of her Territory she found nothing out of place.

Not satisfied, Circe checked her surroundings once more, she flew into the skies looking around for miles, and entered deep into the ground, after a while she burst out from the ground with a perplexed expression.

Circe brought out her dozen Spatial Artifacts and went through the thousands of items placed inside of them, and she hastily destroyed any of them that seemed even a bit suspicious.

Not comfortable with the measures she had taken, she began searching her Territory once more,

"Am I going insane? Perhaps I should slow down a bit, the stress I'm under is making me hear voices," she muttered to herself, before abruptly shooting into the skies and looking around, hoping she would spot somebody.

"You know, I expected you to be more thorough. I mean you have searched your surroundings, your storage treasure, and your Territory, but did it ever occur to you to search your own body?"

Circe froze in place, and that voice came again, speaking softly with a tone of amusement, 'Why does it sound so familiar? Also, why the fuck did I not search my body?'

Her heart began to race because she knew that the first thing she was supposed to investigate was her body, but somehow she had forgotten to do this. If this voice had not mentioned it, she would never have thought about it.

Now that she had eliminated other sources of suspicion, she could easily trace the sound of the voice that was emerging from her left palm.

Slowly turning her she saw there was nothing on her palm, but not for long as a silver line like a tattoo began to emerge from beneath her skin. That line began to arrange itself until it formed a tattoo of a lidless silver eye that twisted itself until it was focused on her.

This sight was not the strangest thing that Circe had witnessed, but there was something distinctly odd about it, and she did not take long to figure out that it was because she could not detect anything from it. Not Aether or any form of energy.

In fact, she could not even "see" it with her conventional eyesight, and the only reason she could notice it was because the silver eye was letting her, it was an odd sensation, as if her eyesight had been hijacked, because if she looked away she would begin to forget the shape of the eye.

The sensation was not dissimilar to what she had just previously felt when she forgot to investigate her body.

Chapter 697: Discussion On Weakness and Strength

Circe's hands shook, but with a force of determination and will, she steadied herself. She felt deep fear, but she understood if Rowan wanted her to die, there was no way

she would be able to fight. He had addressed her with no ill will behind his words, at least she had not detected any, and so she must proceed with caution and wisdom.

That was what she thought, but what came out of her mouth was different,

"Rowan?! How is it possible you are in my body?" Circe was dumbstruck before a thought made her pause and she went pale, "Wait, have you been spying on me all this while?"

Circe would have sworn that the eye rolled up in irritation, "As pleasant as it would be to convince you how utterly useless such an action would be to me, I would like to remind you that your target is on his way and that your trap is simply... shit. It does what it is supposed to do, there is no denying that, but the methods used are... sloppy at best."

Circe laughed aloud, her only defense to the weird situation that she suddenly found herself in and somehow the fact that Rowan had used a slur struck her as incredibly funny,

"You could as well be more powerful than any gods I have ever known, cut me some slack." Circe pointed out, "The heights you can see in this world are different from mine."

The voice held a bit of mirth within as it replied to her, "Believe it or not, technically I am at the Third Circle, although my path is different from the Dominators of Trion because it is a Supreme Circle, a path that leads outside the universe, however, I can assure you that anything I can do, should be possible for you to accomplish... technically."

Circe huffed, "Just because a dragon and a tiger can be the same age, it does not make them equal. Tell me, would I be able to kill a god if I wanted?"

"You sell yourself... particularly well Circe, although I think the similarities between us if I am to be generous should be between a cat and a dragon. To answer your question... yes, you can kill a god if you want to, I have several weapons with me that can easily help you achieve that."

The fact that she had her left hand to her face and talking to that limb was one of the reasons Circe felt this conversation was unreal, and it did not help that if she looked away from her hand, she would begin to forget that she had a visitor inside her body.

Yet the ridiculousness of Rowan's claim that he had weapons that would make a mortal like her kill a god felt funny, but a deeper part of her acknowledged that this might be the truth. Her mind felt on the verge of exploding, there were so many things happening at once and as always Circe chose humor to channel her emotions and placed a stranglehold on her thoughts.

"haha... very funny. I never knew Divine Beings like you usually take the time to converse with mere mortals like me. Are you guys not far above this sort of thing?" Circe smirked, not waiting for him to reply, she continued speaking more quickly,

"From the time I knew you, there was always something you were chasing," she smiled and shivered, "I still remember your golden eyes like those of a dragon. I will never forget it until the day I die, but... I won't lie, Rowan, the fact that someone that killed a god is casually chatting with me while living inside my body is freaking me out."

"Not god... gods" the voice replied calmly.

"What? Wait...you have killed many other gods, haven't you? Is that why you are here... to end the Gods of Trion?"

"Among other things."

"Other things? What could be greater than killing a god?"

"Oh, I don't know, how about teaching you how to draw a proper Rune? There is more to life than killing gods you know. Teaching can also be fun."

Circe was silent, trying to ponder what his words might signify. Why did it feel like he was serious? Could a creature like Rowan even understand the meaning of fun? Thinking more about this was giving her a serious headache. She began to massage her forehead with her right hand while peering at the silver eye in her left with a complex look.

The voice sighed and continued speaking,

"You seriously don't know how boring killing a god would be after a while. You would think that it would be challenging, but the aspects of a god's power that give them their greatest advantages, are also the source of their weakest strength, and for someone like me, that weakness is glaring. Take that challenge out of the fight and it gets boring."

Circe chuckled internally as she ranted inside her, 'I don't want to know what sort of person you would have to be to consider killing gods to be boring.'

Yet she could not deny the fact that she was getting more invested in their discussion. If the goal of Rowan was to make her relaxed, she was amazed that unknowingly she had slowly forgotten the panic of being taken over by a foreign consciousness and was enjoying the conversation.

Circe found herself replying to him more easily than before, her thoughts now focused on the talk and not the circumstances that led to it, in time she was sure the entire story would be revealed to her.

She pointed out the multiple Runes she had been drawing in the air, and they revealed themselves,

"As you said about killing gods, they have qualities that make them strong, it's not fair for you to call them weaknesses because you can take advantage of them. For the rest of us, we don't have that luxury. On that note, I have checked my Runes a thousand times before I set them up, it is the most powerful and efficient Rune I can ever create."

"I won't deny that to be the case about the gods, I'm different from everyone else. I am aware of that every time I look outside." the voice went quiet before suddenly speaking,

"Your Rune on the other hand, especially the one of enslavement is a pretty decent Rune, some of the ideas inside it are also thought provoking, the problem is that it would take you three weeks to fully enslave the Guardsman."

Chapter 698: The Grand Plan

Circe shrugged and pointed down at the Runes making them glow, "a normal Enslavement Rune on a Dominator of that level should take months, but after six years of tweaking these Runes, I have reduced the time to weeks and still ensured that the process was still efficient. Wait—"

Circe eyes shrunk in suspicion,

"—How do you know that number? You know what, forget I asked that question, you apparently have your ways.

"Although it would take me three weeks to enslave the Guardsman, we have already calculated all the time we need for this operation and no one would miss him during this week."

The voice of Rowan was patient as he replied to Circe, and the eye on her palm also turned to review the Rune she was pointing at,

"I know that fact well, and really, there is nothing wrong with your plan at all, it was meticulously made," the voice said, "but you see the problem is that your plan would fail—Oh, not you enslaving the Guardsman—you accomplished that feat with brilliant colors. No, the true purpose you are enslaving this Guardsman is to find Rico and your aunt, that mission will fail and you will not find the people you seek."

Circe paused in shock, the thought that the last few years of sacrifice would be leading to failure hurt, but she had to be sure, even if Rowan knew the truth, she would hate herself if she did not check it out for herself.

She began to breathe harshly as if she had just run a thousand miles race, she replied harshly, "So among your many godly powers, don't tell me you have the ability to see the future with one of them."

The voice of Rowan was calm, "Even better, I've lived it."

"You did what now? Hahaha, you are telling the truth are you not?... What sort of monster are you?"

The voice sighed, "There are some things that are impossible for you to understand even if I spend the next thousand years telling you about it, but I know your character Circe, you will not believe me until you see it with your own eyes. It is the reason I will be making your Enslaving Rune more efficient in order to be done with this affair and into something much more grand. I am not with you just to see the sights of Trion."

There was something in Rowan's regal voice that made Circe pause, her heart began to beat so fast it was hurting, she looked away from her palm and into the horizon where the dawn was just beginning to break, licking her lips that had gone dry, she asked,

"What could be considered grand for you Rowan?"

The eye was silent for a long while before replying, "War, Circe... a war to be fought from the highest heights of heaven to the foulest depths of hell. A war like this universe has never known before, and Trion is just the tinder."

Circe stayed silent for more than ten minutes before she sighed and weakly said, "Well, what do I need to do?"

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Circe had been a bit skeptical about Rowan's claims of helping her truly improve her Rune Craft. If there was one thing she was especially proud of, it was her ability to create and manipulate Runes, that portion of her talent could not be stolen.

That feeling of skepticism slowly transitioned into one of dumbfoundedness, awe, and finally, numbness as time went on and Rowan's teachings grew deeper.

It would have been a simple thing if Rowan had presented a brand new Rune for her to utilize, but that was not the case, with precise instructions that she followed easily much to the delight of Rowan, he pointed out mistakes she were not aware of, made subtle arrangements to the borders and alignment of each Rune and with every change he made, Circe watched the power and efficacy of the Rune leap forward.

This change was so startling when you considered that Rowan was just using the Runes she had made and was not introducing any new ones or even taking away any

Rune, it spoke to the magnitude of her ignorance about Rune Craft that Circe could not help but cry out,

"Are you doing this to spite me?"

"Hmm... whatever could you mean by that? I am just doing what I promised, or were you expecting something different?"

"You are clearly using only the Runes I made, you are not adding or subtracting from it. What would you have me believe of not spite? This is like looking at a house built with clay that should have lasted for a decade. To me, this house was perfect with the material I had in hand to build it. Yet you took that exact clay and without adding any more clay or removing any, you built a house that would last for centuries with it! You did not even bother to bring concrete or metal. Why are you so gooooooood!!!"

She rubbed her right hand to her forehead as the headache she had been feeling tripled, "I know... I know, I'm bitching, but this is something I should be the best at. Since I was a child even with a weak heart, no one could beat me at Rune Craft, even most of the elders.

"Archimedes is an Earth god that has lived for more than two million years, and she praises my talents for Rune Crafts, she says I'm the best, and yet here you, breaking everything I know and believe in so easily, and don't tell me you have studied Rune Craft, it's that easy for you isn't it? "

"Well, I wish I could tell you I know how you feel, but I would be lying. I can do this with no hands and with my eyes closed."

"Oh, fuck you Rowan."

"Good to know your head is back in the game, it was a little hard to hear you with that pity dick in your mouth."

She whispered, "I hate you."

"Now let's finish this quickly, there are places I need you to be."

Chapter 699: To Make A God

Eleven hours later Archimedes and Circe were watching in a sort of tired shock as the actions of the Guardsman were becoming increasingly outlandish.

At this time he was cleaning the entire cave they were temporarily hanging around before he was to be deployed, the Guardsman had already begun preparing dinner in

the adjoining cave, and before long with his powers of a Pyre Lord, this cave now resembled a clean but rustic palace, because as Circe had found out, this Guardsman was a Master Artisan, and he was carving an entire house inside the cave.

"Did you need to tell him to make himself useful?" Circe snapped at the Lightning Kirin.

Archimedes did not reply for a while, still staring in shock at the Guardsman before retorting, "How was I to know the effect of your Rune would be so... comprehensive? I thought he would be by the side twiddling his thumbs, but it seems he really wants to be useful."

Circe sighed, "How could you not believe me? If the fact that I enslaved him in less than eight seconds was not unbelievable to you, I also told you the mastermind who set it up!"

The Lightning Kirin looked away sheepishly, "How could I believe you when I can't see him like you can, you could have been pulling my legs."

"Really Archie? I would be pulling your legs at a time like this?"

But I believe you now," Archimedes shivered and patted Circe on the arm as she observed the action of the enslaved Guardsman.

"I don't believe even an Earth god would be able to break free of this Mind Suppression Rune, if this can even be regarded as a Suppression Rune any longer, as far as I can tell this Guardsman is perfectly willing to serve you with all his heart, how can something like this be possible? This is not enslavement, this is pure love and adoration, we could as well be his god. Can you do this with a simple Rune?"

Circe smirked and observed the flustered Kirin, "Wanna know how he did it? I can try it out on you."

"haha... very funny Circe, fuck you by the way. You and your magical love beam."

"It's not a love beam... it's a love and adoration beam, please know the difference. Now I think it's time to send him to the stronghold. He is a great house help, but I require a spy, not a maid."

Archimedes was beginning to groom her fur when she paused and regarded Circe with a confused gaze, "Why would you need to do that? I thought you said your search would be useless, the location of your Nana and that fucker Rico could not be found in that stronghold."

Circe looked away stubbornly, "This is the closest clue we have gotten after all these years, I don't want to give it up until I'm sure that there is nothing there. I won't be able to sleep until I'm sure."

Archimedes walked away while muttering in anger, "Stubborn..."

The voice of Rowan laughed aloud and Circe winced,

"I like this Lightning Kirin. Reminds me a bit about Lost."

"Who is Lost?"

"He is one of my children. Hmm, I'm sure he would like you, but you would need to endure his endless questions."

Circe nodded, "Yeah, one of your children? Sure, why not, it's not the strangest thing you have revealed to me recently. You know I never asked, why can't she see you?"

"Oh it's because my state of existence is very delicate right now, the only way I can explain it to you in a manner you would be able to grasp is that I am here but I'm also not fully here, because if I'm fully present, you would not be able to bear my weight, and I will crush you and everyone in this continent if I fully reveal myself. This can be considered as the least of the dangers that would happen to you and everyone else."

Circe shivered at this thought, "Am I at risk of dying."

"No, the you in a future that will never happen have already paid the price of holding me. Your other you is the one bearing the weight of my body for a large part, and you are barely holding the smallest fraction of my body"

"I don't... understand."

"Don't try to, just trust me that you are safe."

"Do I have a choice?"

Rowan did not reply, he did not need to.

He needed the presence of Circe, but that was before he entered Trion and needed a way to fool the gods, and now although she would be his primary vessel, the Enslaving Rune he made her create served more than one single purpose, and he had already begun dropping seeds of potential along the way.

If for any reason Circe's body was to be destroyed, he would be able to resurrect her using those seeds, after all, he had a firm grasp of her soul, and making a new body for her was easy for him.

There was no way Rowan would leave himself with only one option, yet he did not tell her this. Let her believe that she was the only one who could be his vessel since Rowan was not fond of discarding a tool that would be able to serve his purpose.

Circe did not understand that her life and death were no longer in her hands.

In order to maintain a perfect vessel for his stay in Trion so he could stay under the radar of the gods and be able to create the changes he needed, he would need a stronger vessel. Circe would barely serve.

He had told her the truth previously when he said he was barely here in this body. The body of Circe was too weak to carry him, and so he had to make her an Earth god at the least in a very short time, or else in a few weeks, Circe's body would be destroyed and no matter how many times he resurrected her, it would not last long before she would be destroyed again.

Even her soul would not last under this strain for long. So Circe would have to be an Earth god at the least, and more preferable a goddess with an Immortal Soul.

Chapter 700: The Broken Harmony

To make her a goddess was not a particularly difficult feat for him. He had killed many gods and thoroughly dissected them to find out what made them tick and he was sure he would be able to replicate the same process if he wanted to and in a more efficient manner to boot.

The problem was that he had little time to perform this delicate operation and he also did not want to stray far from the Dominion of Trion when he made Circe a goddess, as he needed another backdoor to the Gods of Trion.

This was very important to Rowan, there were certain mysteries about the bloodline of Trion that he could learn if he observed a Dominator as gifted as Circe, it also helped that she was also a Breaker, a moniker that Fury Kuranos styled himself to be.

This was a special bloodline variant created by his father to further his unknown cause inside Trion. If he wanted to begin unraveling the secrets of Trion, he would have to start from here.

Rowan no longer concentrated on what was happening around Circe and delved deeper into her body, if he was going to be improving this body, then he needed to understand it.

As always the bodies of mortals, be they Dominators or Mages never failed to amaze him, not because of their complexities—only a mortal mind would find their form to be complex—it was the opposite, they were almost too simple, that it amazed him that something so weak and ephemeral could hold something as profound as a soul.

It was like taking a basket, raising it up to the sky, and scooping up a bit of sunlight. Common sense would dictate that something as simple as a basket should not be able to collect and carry sunlight, but lo and behold, every mortal was proudly doing such.

It was like a child placing together pieces of twigs and making them come to life outside of his imagination. Perhaps this was the true miracle of creation, and there should be something to learn from mortals, for although they were quite simple in their makeup, their potential was anything but.

There was truth to be found here. With this realization, Rowan Will began to grow.

'Mortals were not weak nor useless, in their own way, they were far more special than the gods. Perhaps, I lost something precious when I lost my mortality, and only now from these lonely heights can I look up and see the weight of their glory.'

The simple yet profound life of a mortal became his foundation for his First Truths, and Rowan's state of mind, and therefore his entire being began to transform.

He quickly suppressed this transformation, it would be too flashy and would blow his cover, the foundation of his powers was not yet complete, and he would make sure his bloodlines were thoroughly assimilated before he took another step forward.

If he intends to reach the lofty heights of the Primordials and even exceed them, then every step he makes must be beyond perfect, nothing else would do.

With this unexpected powerup out of the way, he focused on Circe and he winced when he noticed the state of her heart.

For a mortal, Circe's body was a work of art. Every single strand of hair on her body down to her cells was properly structured in a manner that was beyond what could be achieved even by more powerful Dominators.

Observing her body was like listening to a profound symphony, but the heart was a discordant chord that was constantly being interjected in this heavenly harmony and creating chaos.

For a very brief moment, Rowan felt rage at the presence of this heart ruining the harmony of this music and he nearly crushed it.

He knew that this heart was not hers but that slimy bastard Rico's, and with a quick scan, Rowan was able to create a resonance between the heart of this man and his body.

Like everything that he had been able to accomplish recently, it was very simple. Rico Boreas was not far away, but this was judging by Rowan's standard, he should be in the capital of Trion, which was a good thing because Rowan's destination was Aroth.

The search for Rico had taken Circe more than twenty years since she reached Trion, but to no avail, she had failed to even catch a single whiff of him. Rowan filed his location for later, this would be a gift he would be giving Circe, among other things, but this Dominator ranked so low in his concerns that only Circe's hatred for him brought him to his radar.

Now this matter was almost personal. If he wanted, Rowan could reach across space and switch the hearts, bringing Circe's song to its full harmony, such an action was not above his baseline and would not overly affect his plan.

It was then that a thought entered his mind, after checking the body of Circe once again, 'Perhaps there is an opportunity inside this broken harmony that would have not been possible if it was complete. What is the greatest weakness of a god?'

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Fully satisfied with the scan of Circe's body, and about to begin his experiments he once more checked the state of his own existence and frowned a bit. The addition of the page of from the Underverse had accelerated the process of his awakening, and he was so close to completing the Singularity.

There was just a single page left, and he could feel the call of the last page in Aroth, the Capital City of Trion. He tried not to dwell too much on this and chose to focus on what he could change at this time.

Without the aid of , he could not easily access the state of his being, but he could understand himself to a larger degree.

With the creation of his Will and the merger of his body with his Destroyer, he was now reduced to a one-dimensional creature. Inside his Territory and Mental Space, all his Hosts and Dominions had been placed in stasis, but if he wanted he could pull some of them out of there, but only for a limited time before they would be dragged back into him.

That meant that ultimately he was not defenseless, since if he summoned a single sovereign for even a second, it would be able to turn Trion to dust in a fraction of that time, but Rowan knew there was a trap there.