

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 701: Death Count

As Rowan grew more powerful, the tactics he used evolved and the way he perceived reality also changed. He would not be able to understand the reason why his father made certain decisions if he still looked at the world through the lens of a god or a Dominator.

Rowan had traveled to Trion, not only through space but also through time as well. Before he gained his Will, no matter how smart he was or how much he planned, he could never imagine such feats were even possible.

It was the reason he instinctively understood that Trion was bait. The last page of his Primordial Record that was placed in the capital was also bait.

To achieve his goals, force was sometimes the last thing he needed. He had quietly retrieved the page of his Primordial Record with none the wiser inside the Underverse, but he knew it would not be as simple for the retrieval of the last page here on Trion.

He was not a betting man, but he would wager that this page would be kept in a place that was most certainly a death zone or it would be for trapping him.

What sort of trap would be able to affect him in the material universe? It was simple, it would be a trap that would take him outside the universe.

Rowan had experienced something like this before when he summoned the Lost Flames and was dragged outside the universe in the creation of his Spirit Matrix. His father would not be able to truly battle him inside the universe, the only place to do so would be by taking the fight outside where Rowan's advantages would be limited.

If his father could find a way to enter and exist inside this universe, then he could surely find a way to be able to go outside of it, and even more, drag someone else outside with him.

"I must know when to make my move with a gentle hand and with a strong one. I just became a true player, and any mistakes made now could be fatal and hard to recover from. I need to learn how the game is played. I need to win."

His thoughts had been wandering while he was deliberating on the best path to upgrade Circe with, and he returned it to this task.

If he wanted, he could make Circe an Angel, it just required him to simply fuse her soul with that of an Archangel, and she would have powers that would rival even a Major

god, but that would be a waste. Circe was a unique Dominator and she had begun a process of fusing with the Lightning Kirin and was slowly transitioning from a Child of Trion to something different.

It was also in line with the fragments of a plan brewing inside his mind, and if he wanted to succeed with this scheme, Circe must remain a Dominator, while the Lightning Kirin offered a new path that had promise, Rowan would have to tweak this merger, so instead of Circe transforming into a creature similar to a Lightning Kirin, it would instead be the Kirin that would be merging with Circe.

This sounded similar but there was a profound difference. In the first instance, Circe would become a Lightning Kirin, and in the second instance, the Lightning Kirin would become part of Circe's power base. The first path would mean that Circe would lose her powers over frost and the wind leaving only her control of lightning, and the second path would mean that her lightning attainment would be her strongest.

It was clear which one Rowan would pick, and this also came with the advantage that Circe would remain a Dominator—A child of Trion, of which Rowan was no longer one. He had given up the name Kuranos and could no longer effortlessly merge with the system his father had created here; he would need someone else to be his host.

The Lightning Kirin was a unique child of the universe, born in special zones with intense lightning attribute Aether, they were some of the most powerful creatures inside the universe, and the most powerful of them could be as strong as a High god.

One of their most powerful and sought-after traits was their nine-life attribute.

A Lightning Kirin would have to be killed nine times before they could truly die. This made killing any of them very problematic because they would usually resurrect at random locations or if they chose to, they could resurrect at their Cove.

Except for outcasts that were cast out from their tribe, Lightning Kirins usually lived together, and a single cove could hold more than a thousand Lightning Kirin at one time.

No one wanted to make an enemy of these creatures, for if you killed any one of them, then the news would surely return to the cove and the wrath of a thousand Lightning Kirins would descend on that individual, a fate that even the gods feared.

Also, there was another more terrifying aspect to the resurrection of a Lightning Kirin, for any time they died and were resurrected, their talents and their powers increased. Depending on the individual talents of the Lightning Kirin, this increase could be either geometric or exponential!

Rowan frowned in suspicion, Archimedes had been killed eight times by the Gods of Trion, and if that was the case, then the Lightning Kirin should be far more powerful than she was now. What was the reason she still remained so weak?

"Summon the lightning Kirin to your side, I need to check the state of her body. Archimedes might have unknown secrets that she might not even be aware of."

Circe paused, "is there anything wrong with my friend?"

Rowan considered these words from Circe deeply before he replied, "That is what I would like to find out. Do you know about the specialties of her race where anytime they die their talent and power would rise?" Rowan asked.

Circe eyes widened in shock, she did not know that was even possible or her companion was capable of feats like those, and soon she also frowned in thought for she was aware that Archimedes was in her last life.

She knew that the first time Archimedes was killed she was an Earth god, and after she died for the eighth time, she was still an Earth god, something was wrong.

Summoning the irritated Lightning Kirin who was grooming herself, she quickly asked her, "Archie how many times have you truly died?"

## **Chapter 702: Archimedes Story**

The already irritated Lightning Kirin glowered at Circe, not only was her grooming interrupted, a sacred ritual to Archimedes who made sure her does were always spotless and vibrant, but her endless failures and deep shame were about to be rubbed in her face instead.

Circe face changed when she noticed the literal storm cloud beginning to grow over Archimedes and pushed both her hands forward in a placating gesture, dismissing the storm that if left unchecked would tear this cave apart and quickly speaking before things got worse,

"Don't take it the wrong way Archie, I have just learned that your racial talent does not only mean resurrection, but also the increase of your talents and power base every time you resurrect, and I wondered..." Circe stopped talking when she noticed the expression on the face of Archimedes began to change, from one of anger to grief and finally helplessness.

It was rare to see this exuberant Lightning Kirin wearing such an expression. Always one that was ready to cheer Circe when she was down and was always joking even through the many trials and difficulties they had gone through, Circe's heart ached at the pain she could see inside the eyes of Archimedes, and she lowered her voice,

"Archie, I understand if you don't want to talk about it. Rowan only needs to check your body, I'm sure whatever is wrong with it, he might be able to help, you can see how

easily he upgraded my runes..." Circe slowly went silent, as Archimedes shook her head from side to side.

There was a spark of hope that lit up in the eyes of Archimedes, but that hope was slowly swallowed by a thick coat of despair.

The Lightning Kirin opened her mouth as if to speak before closing it again, and with the familiar stubbornness that Circe had come to know and admire, she visibly gathered herself, and her breathing that had become uneven settled.

Circe saw that the Lightning Kirin was about to reveal a part of herself that she had kept inside her for so long, due to the pain those memories brought.

Archimedes bravely began to speak, nevertheless, her voice was so soft that it took the enhanced perception of Circe to understand her, and she did not interrupt until her tale was complete.

"The truth of our resurrection is a secret that is known by just a few. I told you that I have died eight times, and that is the truth. I have been beheaded, skinned alive to slowly bleed out for decades, crucified, burnt... The Gods of Trion are responsible for all those deaths. The memories of those deaths do not haunt me... I had thought that perhaps... no let me say it from the start so that I can get it off my chest. You deserve at least to know the truth from me—" The lightning Kirin looked up to Circe with tears in her eyes, "—After all, I'm your partner."

"I was born with a defect. Unlike most of my brood mates, I was the largest, and the most beautiful, my fur was the color of darkness mixed with starlight, and my claws were like chips of ice, and my fangs were..."

The Lightning Kirin paused when she saw the critical look on the face of Circe and she snapped, "What! Do you think that I was small? That I was not the most beautiful?"

Circe hurriedly waves her hand, "No no... Archie, you are certainly quite a specimen among other Kirins. I have looked through the records of Kirin that I could find, and there were certainly none among them that had your... flair"

The Lightning Kirin who resembled a small black cat with eagle wings and bright blue eyes, looked at Circe with a deep look of suspicion, and when she was satisfied that the Dominator was being truthful, nodded in satisfaction and continued with her story.

"I was the biggest among all my brood mates, and my Aether Channel was quite wide with no single impurities, that it was almost equal to a Kirin that was a million years old. I was hailed as a genius and was to be perhaps the first Kirin that could reach the Throne of Lightning, an honor that had never graced a Kirin before, because this throne is held firmly by the fucking dragons.

"My life turned around when our talents were collectively tested, and it was discovered that some flaw inside of me meant my potential was fixed to that of a mortal. I was a being of power and light that was condemned to be nothing but dust in the end.

"the greatest height I would reach was to become an Earth god. My soul would never transform to those of an Immortal. It did not take long before I was discarded by the coven."

The Lightning Kirin stopped here, the slight attempt to inject levity into her story was no more as she delved deeper into the hurt... into the pain that made her who she was. Her voice became even lower and she seemed to curl into herself. Circe wanted to reach for her, but she felt that this gesture might be the opposite of what the Kirin required at this moment.

"I returned again and again to beg for leniency because I believed I would be able to overcome this setback, but I was shunned and driven away. I was mocked and shamed, for in all of our history there had never been a Kirin like me. Can you imagine such a shame? To be the sinner of your entire race.

"The last time I tried going back, I was beaten to the edge of death by my own mother. I believe the only reason I was not killed was because she chipped her claw against my skull."

"I had resigned myself to die when Ohrox found me, broken, holding on with only a single breath, and he took me in and made me his companion. He made me forget my coven, and for a million years that felt like a single day, I battled with him all over the universe. It was the best moment of my life.

"When I became an Earth god and tried to break into the realm of the gods, I could not do so, no matter how much I sacrificed or prepared. There was a wall that I could not cross. My coven was correct, I was unfit to live.

## **Chapter 703: Oh, What I Shall Make Of You**

Those words made Circe explode in anger, "Stop speaking like that! You are more worthy of life than anyone that I have ever known."

The Lightning Kirin rolled her eyes in obvious irritation, and said in anger, "Let me finish my story, and don't interrupt me again Circe."

Circe quickly nodded, but she noticed by the dim light erupting inside the eyes of Archimedes that she was pleased by her statement.

Reassured of her silence, the Kirin continued speaking,

"Once again, it was Ohrox, my glorious prince of destruction, who held my paws and kept me sane. He told me that a mortal life was to be cherished, he said he knew the greatest secrets of the universe, that becoming an Immortal is to accept the chains of the mighty. The hidden hands who controlled all of reality. He told me that your very soul becomes theirs to keep and for all eternity you shall slave for their amusement. Your very existence becomes nothing but a joke. He told me that their appetites were horrifyingly vast and becoming an immortal would make me a feast for their endless amusement."

"He told me that the life of mortals was to be envied, everything was precious to them, because it did not last, and moment and their existence would cease to exist, like a candle flame in the wind. Incomparably fragile... Incomparably precious. He told me that their innocence was to be coveted, perhaps even worshiped."

The Lightning Kirin unexpectedly broke down in tears, "But he was wrong... there is nothing to be envied for being a mortal, they are weak, and no matter how precious their existence is, what value can be assigned to a thing that is so easy to destroy? My prince was killed, my precious prince was murdered, and... and, no matter how much I fought and bled... no matter how many times I died, the curse of my mortality remained."

"I have died eight times Circe, and every time I died, I had kept hoping that everything would change, that I would be transformed like a withered rose given water, yet the curse of mortality clings to my bones like rot to a dead flesh. Ohrox was wrong! Weakness is not to be envied, it is to be eradicated!"

Circe was quiet for a while, waiting for the Kirin to continue but it seemed that finally she was done with her tale, and she smiled a sad smile, "Archie, I remember the first time we met, you told me that we were the same, damaged."

The Lightning Kirin looked away and sighed, "Yes, I told you that, and I'm sorry I did not elaborate. You thought I meant because I had only one life left, and that your heart was disabled was what I meant entirely. That was the truth, I only failed to include the fact that my curse went deeper than I let on. But it's all good now, with our merger there is hope that we can transcend our mortality and become something greater."

Circe's body suddenly shook as Rowan's voice sounded in her head, "Okay I'm done. To tell you the truth, I never knew there would be such a profound secret hidden inside the body of Archimedes. She is indeed one of a kind."

"Can you help her?" Circe called out loudly, before regretting her words as hope bloomed in the eyes of the Lightning Kirin.

Rowan was quiet for a few seconds before he answered, "Tell her this Circe; Helping her is quite easy, if I wanted I could make her a god before nightfall."

He had hardly finished talking before the excited woman had gushed to Archimedes what Rowan had just said, and the Kirin glowed with joy, her two wings beating rapidly, bringing her more than ten feet into the air.

Yet Archimedes did not celebrate for long before she asked Circe to repeat what Rowan said exactly, and when Circe did it, she frowned a bit, before addressing Rowan directly, confident in the fact that even if she could not hear him, he could hear her,

"You said you can make me a god before nightfall if it's only help that I needed," the Lightning Kirin nervously licked her lips before her eyes went firm, "What if I want more than just your help... what if I pledge myself to your service? There must be something more because I believe someone like you does not waste time for something that is not worthy of your attention."

Even without hearing any sound, Circe knew that Rowan was laughing in glee. That silent laughter nearly made her legs to melt in fright.

"Oh, what I shall make of you Archimedes."

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Two weeks later they were already five thousand miles away from that cave and were inside the hundred mile caravan heading towards Trion.

Circe was no longer at the Cinder Spark level of the Third Great Circle and was astonishingly at the Incarnation State of the First Great Circle.

Her body was wracked with pain and she was sweating profusely. The agony of losing so much power did not only affect her physically but also mentally as well, as it was as if she was slicing her brain into a thousand pieces with a blunt rusty knife.

To distract herself she began peering down at the silver tattoo on her left palm. Over the last few days, she had come to realize that even the barest fraction of this tattoo contained endless mysteries.

For instance, a single lash from this eye when viewed closely would reveal that it was not just a lash, but a belt of stars holding more than a hundred worlds.

Peering closer to a single world would begin to reveal many things, she began to see clouds and when she went deeper, she saw a city, and looking deeper still, she saw a vast amount of people but they were still, like a painting, only the movement of their chest that indicated they were breathing and therefore alive.

Shifting her gaze to a man drinking a cup of tea, she noticed that the tea was not just tea, but it was an expansive green sea and on that sea were ships engaged in a war against reptilian creatures from the deep.

The voice of Rowan suddenly snapped her away from her deep introspection, "I recommend you stop trying to do that Circe."

"Hmm, why is that?" she replied distracted by.

"You can hardly perceive my existence and that is the only thing keeping you sane and alive, look any deeper and you shall die in a very horrifying fashion."

## **Chapter 704: The Sand Lines**

Circe did not need to be told twice, she looked away and concentrated on anything else besides the pain that seemed to have no end to it. Like an ostrich that pushed its head into the sand and believed it was fully hidden, pretending the pain was non-existent did not help a single bit, but she could lie to herself.

She lay there for the next three days, and with an audible crack her Incarnation State was lost and she fell back to the Rift State. She nearly screamed aloud in abject misery, but her jaws refused to open as her entire body seized up.

A process like this should have released a massive amount of energy, but all the power she was letting go of was just quietly vanishing, whatever process Rowan was using to break down her powers, he was doing it without wasting a single iota of energy, how was he able to manipulate energy like this without having access to his full abilities.

Circe would have been impressed if she knew that for him, such an act was not even considered a challenge, or perhaps he understood the methods of utilizing energy instinctively and at such an advanced level, that nothing could be considered impossible when it came to matters like this.

Her convulsion ceased and with it a greater portion of the pain that had nearly driven her mad. With her mind free from pain, it began to wander and Circe could not help but ask, "Those people... all those worlds, are they inside of you, or are you a mirror that reflects other realities, what I saw, was it even real?"

Rowan was silent, and she panicked a little, perhaps her question must have crossed a certain line, "I am sorry, the only thing that I find distracting enough to suppress the pain is when I think about you..."

There was a smile in Rowan's voice when he replied, "When you think about me? Why Circe, I was not aware I had made such a profound impression."

Even in the midst of pain, Circe rolled her eyes, "You know that is not what I mean," muttering to herself, "All men are the same, be they gods or titans or whatever they are."



She was not expecting an answer and she appreciated that his unexpected joke was enough to make her smile and forget the torture she was under, but she became surprised when Rowan spoke, "There are thousands of worlds inside of me, each holding billions of lives. All those lives spread out are nearly uncountable to a mortal mind, and this is the reason you risk madness when you look at me."

"A mortal, even an Earth god can only experience one life at a time, perhaps if he lived long enough he might change into someone entirely new, but at most, a mortal can only become a new person maybe ten times at most, before their soul reaches its limit and dissipates. When you look deeply into me, it is to see the lifetimes of a trillion lives. If you do not quickly stop, your identity will be splintered into trillions of tiny pieces and you don't want to know the effect that would have on your body. Trust me, it would be the most horrifying thing you shall ever witness in your life."

"so you have told me," she said distractedly while filled with awe. What Rowan described was like the concept of a Territory but it had been taken to the limits and beyond.

There was suddenly a loud blast like a gigantic trumpet outside which sounded close to her ears and startled Circe, she soon settled down when she realized that they had reached the Sand Lines, and this was the indicator.

Trion was too large for the caravans to move from one continent to another in a short amount of time, and usually, every trip would take at least two thousand years, but in times of emergency when goods and services needed to be delivered in haste, then the Sand Lines were used.

The Sand Line was Created by Volgim that linked all the continents together. Volgim who was called the God of Iron, was a powerful god that was known for his technological innovations and was the god that was most interested in the welfare of the mortals, creating the Temple of the Iron God that brought great inventions to the mortals like electricity and plumbing. He was one of the most beloved gods.

The Sand Line unlike its name, was not made from sand but were sheets of massive metallic plates that could be as wide as twenty miles hovering a few feet above the ground, that could travel as high as thirty miles when it was moving.

These metal sheets could be boarded and it would move across the continents at a speed that many would call lightning fast, delivering the goods and services it carried to their destination, and no matter how heavy the load it carried, its speed was not affected in any manner, also there was no turbulence aboard, as it neatly scattered the wind ahead, protecting everyone, even the mortals.

This was another way to show the benevolence of Volgim.

An average caravan could not afford the cost of traveling using the Sand Lines, although it was not too expensive their entire livelihood depended on trading with the massive number of small towns and cities along the way.

But every ten thousand years, there was an opportunity where every caravan was given the green light to use the Sand Line and that was at the coronation of the new ruler of Trion. The gods did not care for the tiny amount of profit to be gained from ferrying more than forty billion people to the grandest capital on the planet.

At this glorious time, every citizen of Trion was encouraged to come to the capital to worship the new ruler of Trion, and this caravan alongside countless other caravans would come to the Sand Lines closet to them and would be ferried to Aroth the Capital, and a journey that would have taken thousands of years would be reduced to a few months or lesser.

The loud blast came from the carriage at the beginning of the caravan belonging to Roger the Earth god. This was an announcement to all the carriages in the caravan to prepare to board the allotted metal plate assigned to them.

## **Chapter 705: There Is No Need To Hold Back Anymore**

Circe settled down since the process of boarding the Sand Line was mostly automatic and did not need any input from any of the carriage owners, especially her own who owned a rudimentary form of artificial intelligence.

For some reason, Rowan seemed to be very interested in the Sand Lines and she could hear her mutterings about magnetic yoke and Aether repulsion decoupling.

She recognized some of the terms but she soon became lost when he began speaking a more technical language that sounded like gibberish to her and she shifted her attention away, her discomfort was slowly diminishing and she was feeling sleepy.

When Circe fell asleep, she was not aware. Rowan observed her state for a while until he was satisfied that she was ready. Her merger with Archimedes had been reversed and the power that resulted from that merger had been collected by Rowan and purified into millions of different elements, all of which would be used to build her foundations.

With her asleep, Rowan began to work, he took out Rico's heart, making sure he had accurately memorized the resonance so he could find the living pile of shit stain any time he wanted, and he began to rebuild Circe's heart.

He maintained her blood flow throughout her body, making sure all her organs were receiving the life carrying fluids, and he tried not to distract himself with the frail nature

of a mortal flesh, especially as Circe was now at the Rift State and could be killed by a small gust of wind.

Of course he knew that mortals were not that weak, but it was hard to convince himself sometimes.

Who created the first mortal?

Rowan might not know much, but he knew that the Primordials came first, if there was something older than the Primordials, then they were unknown. What actions did the Primordials take that began to spread life throughout the many universes?

If it was Chaos that created the universes, what was the reason he did something like this? Also, the words of Archimedes stuck with him. Ohrox had said that only mortals were truly free, and the Immortals were nothing but playthings for the almighty.

Yet Rowan knew that this was truly not the case. Even a mortal was not free, for their Soul was not truly their own. Except for the few Soul Origins Rowan had been able to gather either by accident or by various odd events, he knew that what he even considered the soul was not complete without the Origin.

This was the trigger that caused the change in mindset for Rowan. The reason that the Will he chose was to seek out the truth, nothing else would do. Not power or immortality, what he wanted to know was the secrets behind it all. That drive had become an obsession that was so great that he had transformed into a creature whose entire purpose was to unearth the truth behind existence.

Chaos chooses to become Reality, Asteraoth becomes Light, and I am to become Truth... Yet this is not all of my potential, with my Nascent Primordial Bloodline of Sheol I can still become Soul Origin, and if my plans for the Ouroboros Bloodline go towards the direction I want, then I will have another Nascent Primordial Bloodline.

This means I will be the first Primordial to control three 9th-dimensional powers!

Rowan shivered internally as he suddenly came to a realization. During his ascension to Will, he had come across various options and one of them included the Will of Time and something else that was hidden.

presented this Will as:

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

Was it possible that the true form of his father was someone who controlled two Wills? Was it the reason he was killed by other Primordials? Perhaps the creation of his second Will had not become complete before he was set upon by the other Primordials,

because Rowan believed that with two 9th Dimensional powers the true form of his father would have been matchless.

The Reflection of his father had been searching for a single thing all this while—.

This singularity had given him the path to cultivate more than a single Will. This was the connection!

'Does this mean if the truth of my Primordial Record becomes known every single Primordial would be after my head?'

Rowan shivered this time for real. He was lucky that Caine had not infiltrated his true memories but those that he had planted inside his Reflection, since he did not really understand the true value of .

There must be a reason the Reflection of his father seemed to be very careful when he was dealing with . If the Reflection was as powerful as he thought then he should be able to call upon great powers at a moment's notice and crush Rowan to dust, why did he not do this when Rowan was still very weak?

Perhaps the Reflection was not truly afraid of Rowan but was afraid of calling attention to itself and its activities inside this universe. Perhaps his father had never considered Rowan the true enemy but someone else.

'Whatever comes, I shall face with all my strength of Will. I have already placed my feet on the true road to truth and power and nothing shall stand in my way. If the Primordials can kill the true form of my father for daring to have more than a single Will, then there is no need to hold back anymore.'

Aware that all of these matters were for the future, perhaps he would not deal with Primordials until many millions or billions of years from now, he turned his mind to the present and the task he set out for himself—Rebuilding Circe.

The seat of a Dominator lay in their hearts, and they channeled Aether through it to all their bodies, powering all their abilities, both active and passive. When they reached the Second Great Circle and gained a Territory, the functionality of their hearts became more crucial, because power and essence were channeled from their Territory through their hearts.

It showed how impressive Circe's talent was, as she was able to reach the Third Great Circle and channel power through her body instead of her heart. If she was a Mage, Rowan would liken this talent of hers to be similar to a Spirit Body.

## **Chapter 706: The Worth Of A Creator**

If Circe was a Mage, then her body would make her equal to Mira in potential.

Yet a Dominator was not a Mage and using their bodies to channel energy was inefficient since most of their abilities were innate and not acquired like a Mage who would have to study the act of spellcraft and depend on their Meditation Art for special abilities.

Each of the power systems had its advantages and disadvantages, but in the earlier stages, Rowan felt that Dominators were more powerful, in the latter stages, the Mages were better in terms of potential and the sheer scale of the abilities and energies that they were able to control.

Circe had an incredible heart for a Dominator before it was taken from her, but Rowan's definition of incredible would be impossible for others to grasp and would be seen as madness to even consider.

Rowan did not care for the thoughts of most, he was already used to such heights of inconceivable greatness that the so-called incredible heart of Circe was simply mediocre.

To create a heart that he would be satisfied with, he began reviewing all the creatures he had encountered so far, and he had encountered many, but his selection would have to pass through a very stringent process.

Rowan did not want to start his designs from scratch so he shamelessly pulled inspiration from every application of power involving a body organ he had come across. He was amazed by how much he was enjoying this activity and delved deeper into his memories and body.

Inside him were unknown trillions of creatures of various sizes and shapes, and some of them, especially creatures from the Mountain and Sea Realm had very interesting bodily features that made him smile in appreciation.

Rowan had to remind himself about his goals or he would go crazy and make Circe a hybrid of a Dragon, Kraken, and a Phoenix. His fingers were itching to create something new and unprecedented.

He wanted to upgrade Circe, but he wanted her to remain a Dominator fully, anything else would destabilize his plans.

Circe was a Breaker and if his father was responsible for the creation of the so-called Breakers, then he must have done it by imitating the Spirit Bodies of Mages. This gave Rowan more options to upgrade her constitution and then there was no reason for him not to take it further with this advantage, he was after all a Creator.

With his connection to Rico, Rowan had been able to collect the blueprint for Circe's previous heart and was amazed by the structure that he found, but he still found it to be crude, he believed his father could have done better work, but he most likely wanted strong servants that he could easily manage, and not truly powerful warriors that should not be able to rebel against him, and as he had recently realized draw attention to his activities inside the universe.

had a feature that hid him from the gaze of the powerful, but he did not think his father also had the same capabilities to hide as he did. Every time Rowan had been found was either through accident or his ignorance.

Previously Rowan would have thought that his father was afraid of being overtaken by his creation, but with his Ascension to Will he saw that such a concern was not the full reason, the man must be afraid of calling too much attention to himself by producing something that was too powerful.

Rowan would also like to believe that he might be reading too much into this and his father might just be a poor Creator, and he was now better than him.

There were also reasons for Rowan to believe that he might be superior in terms of Creation because when Andar was sent to the Isle of Rest and the Archmage which Rowan was sure was a Tower Master had observed the body of Andar, she had said that such a unique Creation could either be made by an Old One or was a direct miracle from the Universe.

This was high praise coming from a Tower Master, a being that should be very ancient and must have seen a large portion of the multiverse. If his creation could rank so high in her sight, then his talents as a Creator must be far greater than he was assigning credit to.

Rowan knew that Old Ones were referring to truly powerful beings, most likely these were beings that controlled powers at the 7th Dimensional Level and above. His father was a Reflection of a Primordial Being, but that did not mean he had the same capabilities as his real body.

The evidence for this was that Rowan Reflection had no control over his bloodline, it could not control his Ouroboros Serpents or his Angels, it was simply a perfect vessel to channel his intent.

The Reflection could not even carry all his memories, but it could perfectly copy his Aura, and there would be no way to differentiate between Rowan and his Reflection if they stood side by side.

Using this inference then Rowan would not be surprised if the work of his father which might seem amazing to others would fall short when he began to take it apart, his Title

as a Creator was not just for show, and his father must be creating his subjects by experience alone and had no ability as a creator.

If this turned out to be the truth, then Rowan might have just come across a significant advantage over his father, and the plans that he wanted Circe to be part of began to solidify more closely in his consciousness. To truly win against his father he must use his advantages and exploit the weakness of this Reflection.

He slowly began to review the work of his father's hands.

The heart of Circe could channel an impressive amount of energy that she would be unable to fully take advantage of until she became a god. This was astonishing because it meant that if Circe had her own heart then the limits to her powers even as a mortal reached the divine realm, and the only constraint holding her back from unleashing powers that were similar to that of a god was the availability of energy and her control over it.

## **Chapter 707: The Secrets Of The Gods of Trion**

Rowan spent a while admiring this heart, he could imagine how terrifying she would have been with her heart, when others could only barely unleash powers that were twice above their levels, with Circe's great grasp of energy control and the fact that her heart would allow her to channel as much power as she could control would mean she would steam roll everything away from her path.

She would have even been more powerful than Fury Kuranos! What a sight that would have become, but her glory was cut short before she had the chance to stun Trion, her destiny was only delayed, but not denied, for Rowan would make her far stronger than her wildest dreams.

Her heart was stunning, there was no doubt about that, yet these impressive powers had a limit. Her potential was fixed, and this heart would never become more potent than that of a Major god.

Already this was very impressive because the greatest curse of a Dominator was their inability to become a god. Their bloodline potential was capped at the Earth god level, and Circe would have not been able to utilize her heart to its greatest potential even when she became an Earth god.

No matter how much power she would have controlled, she would not have reached the limits of a Major god and her potential would have gone to waste.

[This point was very important because, with all of Rowan's powers, he did not know about Tenma. If he did, perhaps he would not have rated Circe's potential to be so low.

Yet their meeting was bound to be inevitable, because Rowan was going to be shaking the entirety of Trion, and below the higher ranks of godhood, Tenma had never met his match.]

Bloodline potential... Rowan grinned as he contemplated this weird choice his father made, this would become the first part of his plan to destabilize Trion and pry open its mysteries.

To a large extent if he did not reveal himself in an ostentatious manner, he was basically invisible, and no matter the amount of attention he drew towards Trion, it would be his father that would bear the risk.

Augustus Tiberius the General whose interference with the Tower of Greed, an Origin Treasure that was Aspected to Time, was the one that was partially responsible for the freedom of Rowan inside the Nexus, due to his greed he opened a doorway that freed Rowan from his cell.

That greed was what he would be counting on to bring sweeping changes inside Trion and draw the attention of other parties, when the waters had become muddy, then he would be able to act.

He still remembered the reason why the General had joined the Order of The Broken Eye, they had promised him that they would be able to break apart the bloodline shackle holding back every single Dominator and give him the capability to become a god. Augustus was just one example among countless Dominators numbering in the billions.

The bloodline shackle had chained an elite force, rendering them bound to mortality, leaving only seven individuals to be truly immortal. No wonder the Children of Trion all wished to be free of this curse.

They were all aware that their bloodline made them powerful. The Cerulean Galaxy that Rowan once fought against contained many Minor Gods, two Major Gods, and a Single High God, and yet they would still fall to the Earth gods of Trion if Tenma was not present.

How would the Cerulean gods be able to fight against millions of Earth gods whose powers were equal to that of a Minor god?

Rowan could imagine how much this must sting the Children of Trion, to see themselves as unmatched, but their future to be bleak. This matter was a keg filled with gunpowder, and only a single match was needed to make it explode.

The foundation of a god was their worshippers. Their Divine Kingdom was expanded by the fate and adoration of their subjects. Rowan suspected that the reason the seven Gods of Trion were so powerful was that his father had found a method to channel



every single bit of power to benefit the gods and push their potential to unknown heights.

Instead of attacking the gods head on as was expected of him, he would chip away at their foundations, and reveal the power of Trion to the universe.

It took three hours to finish the designs for the heart, and most of that time was actually spent tweaking the heart for it to follow the pathway of a Dominator, but with a single difference.

The Bloodline Origin of Circe that was pointed at Boreas had been severed when she began merging with Archimedes, but now Rowan had remade that connection again, but he added something to it, another hidden connection that led to him.

The stronger that Circe became, the closer she became to her progenitor Boreas, the god who controlled the Pathway of Storms. As their connection deepens, so too would the leash of Rowan's connection to Boreas.

It was said that when a Dominator at the Pyre Lord level and above dies their Territory returns back to their Primogenitor. If that were to be the case then every Dominator inside Trion was just seeds planted by the gods, and when they died, their Territory was harvested to increase their Divine Kingdom.

Rowan had confirmed this fact with the Guardsman that had been sent on that mission bound to fail. After he was done, he was quietly killed by Rowan who harvested his bloodline and his soul and observed the entire process of his death with his Primordial Sight.

He had seen the massive Territory of Ice belonging to the Guardsman swallowed up by a vast power that he did not closely investigate in order not to be detected, and confirmed his final suspicion.

Every Dominator here on Trion was simply food for the gods.

It was no wonder the gods of Trion were so powerful, disregarding their other advantages, just the ability to harvest the Territories of their bloodline would mean their rate of growth would be ridiculous.

Rowan once felt that the gods of Trion could be at the least at the Major God-Level, but might have to increase that by quite a bit. If not for the bloodline shackle imposed on the gods of Trion, then they would be far more powerful than they are now.

His father had been keeping them weak for all these millennia, and now he had suddenly stopped placing the gods on a leash.

Was it because of him? The answer was most likely to be yes. The bloodline shackle was lifted when Rowan escaped Jarkarr. Perhaps his father knew that stopping Rowan was worth the risk of revealing the perverse growth rate of the gods of Trion.

No one in the entire universe would be able to settle down if they knew the gods of Trion had the ability to expand their Divine Kingdom millions of folds by harvesting the Territories of the mortals of their bloodline!

## **Chapter 708: Elura Will**

Whatever leash his father had over the gods of Trion was now gone, and any Dominator that perished in any manner would now be feeding their growth.

Rowan's gaze traveled to the two continents ravaged by war. There were seven continents on Trion, and two of them were permanently embroiled in war. It was no wonder the gods of Trion would never want this war to end, without a war their growth would crawl to a halt.

The Archmages and the Demons must surely be reaping various benefits from this war but he doubted any of them would imagine how much the gods of Trion were benefiting from this war.

This process was incredibly secretive and it should be noted that even with the Perception that was born out of his Will and Primordial Senses, the only way he had been able to observe the process by which the gods were absorbing the Territories of Dominators was because he was inside the body of Circe, a Child of Trion.

Rowan did not truly care how much the gods of Trion may grow with this process, for they would never be his equal, but as long as he was now here, he would be depriving them of this benefit.

Rowan checked again as he made sure that the heart he was in the process of creating was still compatible with the Dominator Pathway, performing the final checks, he began gathering all the energy that Circe had gathered until the Third Great Circle and began to transform them from energy into flesh and blood.

Not just any sort of flesh, but that of her Primogenitor, Boreas.

Unlike the other gods of Trion, Rowan had been able to come in contact with the Anima of this god a few decades ago on Jarkarr.

With Rowan's control over Will, his memories became nearly indistinguishable from reality, and the past and the present had become fluid concepts for him, the past was a

direction he could walk towards if he wanted to, but of course, there was always a price for such actions.

He had to hold himself firmly to this current reality so that he would not be swept back in time. Perhaps there was a good reason why Will was not permitted inside the Universe. He inferred that there was a limit to him hoping through time and no matter how surreptitious his activities were to be, it would attract the attention of the universe, and his plans would be shattered.

Rowan therefore set himself to just fully observe his past, and not allow himself to be drawn into it.

So a massive invisible silver eye watched that moment when Boreas arrived on Jarkarr and stretched forth his massive hand that was covered with lightning. Rowan was able to clandestinely harvest a sample of his flesh, and he decided to go even further and scan the entirety of the god and he discovered something else.

It was just the barest fragments that would have been lost if he had wasted a single moment.

Boreas had said a single word in Old Medan, "Return."

At that time, the battle on Jarkarr had turned the planet to one of devastation with the death of Erohim creating a rain of blood all over the world, the moons above had been shattered to pieces, and most of the mortals within were dead.

With that word from Boreas, the entire devastation had halted and like a movie played in reverse, all the damages were no more. Life returned to Jarkarr and something stunning happened above the planet, where the three shattered moons became whole, and not just that, they melded together to create a single massive moon.

Rowan had previously thought that this incredible power of change that almost resembled time reversal belonged to Boreas, but now he saw something else.

The power of his Mother, no, her Will. This was the power that was responsible for this change.

This was the power of the Elura Shards. This was another weapon of his father. How the fuck was he able to defeat his mother if she already was an Empyrean who controlled the power of Will? How was he able to shatter this Will and use it as a resource?

He would deliberate on this matter later. First, he had to complete the heart of Circe. Using the flesh of Boreas as a template, he began to improve on it, while making sure it did not exceed the bounds of a Dominator so that Circe would be able to control it and fully integrate with it.

When he was done, he was left with a heart that gods would wage war in order to claim. Satisfied with his work, Rowan began to destroy it until there was only a little piece of it left.

This piece could barely be called a heart, it was just a small piece of flesh the size of a thumb.

He woke up Circe who appeared confused that she had fallen asleep, and then she paused, instinctively knowing that something was wrong, she began looking around, panicked, until she discovered why she was unsettled.

She had no heartbeat.

Yet she could feel the blood pumping through her veins and her cheeks were flushed as if she was running as an intense feeling of invigoration settled over her body, a quick scan using her Spirit revealed the empty space where her heart used to reside, and she calmed down when she understood that the change had begun.

She was about to be reborn.

Rowan nodded in satisfaction, she had quickly adapted to her situation without too much hassle, showing a great depth of spirit and courage.

He manifested the tiny piece of bleeding flesh before her, and Circe's eyes widened when she detected the connection she had with it.

"What is this?" she asked in sheer fascination.

"This is your new heart. A small piece of it. Although the heart I created for you is suited for you alone, the potential it holds is so massive that even in its lowest form your body would not be able to contain it. It is for this reason that I kept only a small piece of it behind."

Circe looked unconvincingly at the flesh that was no larger than her thumb, the blood that dripped from it did not fall to the ground instead it transformed into pale blue energy.

"How can this small piece of flesh become my heart."

"Just swallow the damn thing, you have just said its purpose, it is to become your heart. I am allowing it to grow inside you to let it align with your body more closely than if I placed the fully grown organ inside of you."

"Oh right, do I need to swallow it?"

"If you want I can cut open your chest, and place it inside the gaping hole, of course, I won't be dulling the pain."

"Then I shall swallow."

"Good girl."

"Fuck you Rowan."

## Chapter 709: Speechless

There was a feeling of a drastic shift about to happen that filled her Spirit as Circe opened her mouth, and she instantly sensed the connection with the flesh deepen until she felt as if it was one of her limbs and she pulled.

It zipped into her mouth so fast that it left after images in the air, and she did not even swallow before it melted into a warm gooey substance that was simultaneously hot and cold.

She felt it run down her throat and settled around her chest, where it wiggled before forming a red sphere. Circe was following every single action this heart made with all her Spirit and when it began drawing energy from her it still came unexpectedly.

"I forgot to tell you," The voice of Rowan said, "This is the part where it would really hurt."

The orb suddenly rippled and a silver eye emerged from it, Circe's scream was cut short when her body suddenly collapsed inwardly as it imploded, all her flesh and blood was dragged into the sphere leaving a small clump of bleeding flesh that was no larger than an apple.

"Ouch," Rowan winced, "I should have warned you, all my changes are drastic and violent, but don't worry you now have healing capabilities that would rival anything you can ever imagine, and except for the pain, you cannot die... even if you wanted to."

He still remembered how a mortal mind could be overwhelmed with pain when it reached this magnitude and he pitied Circe for a brief moment before looking away towards the Lightning Kirin that was floating in the air in suspended animation.

"Hold on for a while longer, the power you shall grasp will make all the pain worth it in the end." With those last words to Circe, he fully concentrated on Archimedes. He had left the best for last, Circe was a profound genius and was very necessary to his plans, but Archimedes was something different.

This Lightning Kirin contained mysteries that Rowan found very fascinating, for one, the problems Archimedes faced with her talents were not natural, it was by design.

The Lightning Kirin had stated the truth all this while, that it was the first of its kind to ever have any problems such as this, perhaps if she had taken the time to fully analyze her situation and look at it from another perspective she would have realized that this fact made her problems very suspicious.

There was no precedence for a Lightning Kirin to not grow after every resurrection, an example would be a bird who has wings but could not even fly a few inches off the ground.

Her problems were relegated to bad luck and her lackluster talent but the truth was that Archimedes had been plotted against, even before she was born by a familiar figure that she worshiped—Ohrox.

The sly Prince of Destruction had been using the emotions and the love of this Kirin to maintain a plot it had been hatching for unknown millions of years, and he was unlucky that Rowan was the one who came across his designs.

Unknown to Rowan, Ohrox was not just any Demon Prince, he was a special figure who aspired for the most powerful position in all of Creation. Ohrox wanted to become a Demon God.

There was a single figure who ruled over the Great Abyss, a figure shrouded in mysteries and depravity. The Demon God was one of the oldest creatures in all of existence and he was also a Primordial.

Ohrox had seen the glory of a Demon God many billions of years ago, and he deeply understood that even if he lived for countless trillions of years, he would never reach that level. No matter how strong he became in the future he would never reach this level.

This Demon Prince could never accept this and he began his experiment, and Archimedes as lowly as she was, would be his crowning achievement.

Rowan delved deeply into the Lightning Kirin and discovered that intertwined deeply in every one of her cells was the energy of the Demon Prince, silently growing inside her and feeding on her potential and all her deaths, but doing it in a manner that would cause no harm and would show no signs to Archimedes.

The true resurrection of the Prince of Destruction was not supposed to come from his Origin Treasure—The Tower of Greed, but from the deaths of the Lightning Kirin, yet for all of his preparations, Ohrox had not expected that the Lightning Kirin would have survived this long and the Demon Prince had been stuck in limbo inside of her.

Rowan chuckled, it was sometimes the unexpected that always betrayed a well-laid plan. With the mental manipulation the Demon Prince had laid over Archimedes, perhaps he had expected the Lightning Kirin not to even survive past a single year.

What he had underestimated was the barbarity of the Gods of Trion. They had tortured Archimedes for many centuries, killing her in various ways that grew more elaborate with every death, and with their casual disregard of her sacrifice, the Kirin had grown bitter and no longer wanted to die alongside her master, but wanted revenge.

Her quest for vengeance was so strong that when she saw a chance with Circe to finally merge with her to become a god, she took it without any hesitation.

Meanwhile, the state of the Demon Prince's existence inside Archimedes made Ohrox unable to interact with the outside world, and for all intent, he was deeply asleep and was not aware of what was happening in the outside world all this time, or else he would have wept in rage.

Rowan had been able to see deep inside this Lightning Kirin when he observed her but that was only a brief investigation, now he attempted to look even deeper into the Lightning Kirin.

There must be a good reason why the Prince of Destruction must have risked the wrath of the entire coven of the Lightning Kirin and interfered in the life of one of their broods.

There were easier methods to be resurrected and Rowan knew that a figure like the Demon Prince would never make any moves that would destabilize its future and his aim of being a true Avatar of Destruction. At the level of a Demon Prince, their sights began to expand beyond the thoughts of just countless slaughters, now they wanted more.

Rowan began to take Archimedes apart, until he had every single part of her opened before his gaze, and then he was now able to view all the ways that Ohrox had linked with Archimedes, and for a long time he was puzzled. There were connections here that made no sense, and Rowan had to brainstorm for another hour before everything clicked.

"What the fuck.... What the fuck!!!... You can do this? Is this even permitted?"

For the first time in a very long time, Rowan became speechless.

## **Chapter 710: The Tyranny Of Ohrox**

It took a while for Rowan to settle his consciousness from the unexpected surprise, it was like looking down a well expecting to find water but instead, you are presented with the sight of a universe.

If he had lungs he would have gasped in sheer amazement at the goal of Ohrox, the Prince of Destruction.

He had to go back and recheck his assumptions again and again before he fully accepted the truth before him. was a shortcut to great power, but he should not look down on the ingenuity and wisdom that could be born from great age and special circumstances.

The multiverse was vast and nearly boundless, and the number of lives inside them all was infinite, among them were powerful geniuses who with the addition of a nearly infinite lifespan might be able to create miracles. Just as Ohrox did and nearly succeeded.

"Meeting me was your greatest burst of bad luck Ohrox."

Rowan did not know for how long the Demon Prince had used in concocting this plan, but it was a work of genius and madness, that was only possible because of two primary ingredients, the talents of a Lightning Kirin like Archimedes and a Time Aspected Treasure, and by careful preparation and planning the Demon Prince had access to both.

Rowan had learned about the Tower of Greed from the Oracle of the Covenant, that this Origin Treasure was given to Ohrox by the Demon God, who was a Primordial. Anything related to Primordials was deeply powerful, and it should not come as a surprise to him that the Tower of Greed had more uses than he thought.

In the vision of the past, he had seen from the Spirit Matrix Gate when he was awakening his Spirit Matrix outside the universe, he saw a table with the true body of his father pinned against it and in addition to that, he had seen six chairs.

That must indicate that at the very least there must be six Primordials, but he currently knew only three, Chaos, The Demon God, and the Ruler of the Celestials, Asteraoth. If the true body of his father was also a Primordial as he suspected he was, then it meant there were two other unknown Primordials.

Not letting himself be distracted, he focused on the method Ohrox had created in order to become something so powerful it almost wanted to make Rowan curse aloud, he had thought he was the biggest cheat in the multiverse, but Ohrox might have become a close second.

The Demon had infiltrated the body of the Lightning Kirin, and this was not a minor infiltration, he had shifted his entire essence into Archimedes.



This process might have begun far before Archimedes was born, perhaps hundreds of millions of years in the past. The Demon Prince must have been quietly moving from body to body of different Lightning Kirim over the eons until he had seen a suitable candidate.

This must be the only way he must have been so familiar with the physiology and spirit of this race that he had been able to entrench himself into their bloodline talent pool.

It must have been an incredibly difficult feat, but Ohrox did not appear to be a normal demon. Against all odds, he had succeeded.

Rowan had discovered when he had killed the Archmages in the Underverse that the true roots of their souls were placed inside a Supreme World, keeping them safe from mortal wounds that could destroy their Immortal Souls. He knew the Demon Princes were most likely the same.

If the Cerulean gods were members of a Supreme World, then they would have placed their Divine Kingdom inside the Supreme World, and no matter how many times Rowan would have killed them, he would be unable to enter their Divine Kingdom that was shielded by the Will of a Divine Kingdom. This was the absolute protection that was granted by a Supreme World.

To achieve his goals Ohrox had gone with a different path and shifted the roots of his essence and placed it, not inside the Great Abyss, but deep inside the Core of Archimedes.

Rowan had to brainstorm to understand how the Demon Prince had been able to perform such a feat, and he realized that the Demon must have used the opportunity when he was being killed by the Gods of Trion who most likely had weapons that could destroy the soul even under the protection of a Supreme Will.

With this manner, even though the Gods of Trion must be celebrating the death of this Demon Prince, unknown to them Ohrox had just been using them to further his ambitions. His death at their hands was just a means to escape and hide.

He must have found a way to successfully push the remnants of his soul into Archimedes using arrangements he must have made millions of years ago, which was a necessary step because if he succeeded in his plans, he would need time to rise before he was crushed in his cradle due to the ungodly potential he was about to unlock.

Rowan had heard of the ungodly competition inside the Great Abyss, and no Demon Prince would stand idle while another among their ranks rose up, they would all strive to cut Ohrox down before he surpassed them.

The second part of his plan was with the Origin Treasure. Rowan had been able to manipulate this treasure in a method that defied common sense using his Ouroboros

Bloodline, as he was able to go back in time and still keep all the benefits he had gained from the future.

Ohrox had been with this Treasure for billions of years and he discovered another method to utilize it using the bloodline talent of Archimedes.

As far as his inference could decipher from the evidence gathered from the lightning kirin, this is what would have happened when Archimedes had died a final time.

At her death, Ohrox would be resurrected, and he would regain his powers as a Demon Prince since a majority of his Soul was still intact, and he would become something greater, due to the fact that his Soul and Essence had replaced the roots of Archimedes bloodline and every time she died, the benefits of her resurrection was channeled towards the Demon Prince.

## **- Chapter 711: Infernal Spark**

### **Chapter 711: Infernal Spark**

The Demon Prince had made sure he selected the best candidate for his plan, after all with the amount of effort he had placed into this endeavor, it would be ridiculous if he did not go for the best.

Archimedes was truly unique, not because her talents were the worst among all Lightning Kirin that had ever existed like her coven had wrongfully assumed, it was in fact the opposite, she was the greatest genius in the Lightning Kirin coven, and the Demon Prince had likely waited for billions of years for the perfect candidate to be born before he took over her body and infected her bloodline root.

Every time Archimedes died, the benefits she gained were several-fold greater than what an average Lightning Kirin would receive, therefore the Demon Prince's talent and levels had been growing at an insane rate, reaching such levels that even if he had lived for a thousand more Eras, Ohrox would have never reached this height.

When Archimedes died for the final time, Ohrox would be resurrected, hundreds of times more talented and powerful. If that was the case then his plans would already be ungodly and although Rowan would be impressed, he would not be truly shocked, but the Demon surprised him and he took a step further using the Tower of Greed.

Using his talents as a Creator, Rowan became aware that the resurrection of the Demon Prince was only the first phase, his true goal was to combine the talents of the Lightning Kirin with his Tower of Greed.

With this combination, Ohrox would be placing the revival talents of Archimedes on an endless loop!

There was a price for this insane feat as this would destroy the Origin Treasure's ability to reverse time for the user, but the payoff would be far greater than this loss.

With his resurrection from the final death of Archimedes, he would have succeeded, and he would return his Soul to the Great Abyss where it would be safe from total destruction, from that moment, every time he was killed, he would return stronger and more talented, he would most likely disguise this improvement for a short while until he became so powerful that he was unrivaled.

Of course, the degree of growth with each death he suffered would not be as impressive as those of Archimedes, as it would be only about five percent as effective, but since Archimedes' talents were already so great, that five percent increment was nothing to scoff at.

Ohrox was already known as a Demon Prince who was incredibly difficult to kill and with the aid of his Origin Treasure he had become a nightmare on the battlefield, if he had succeeded here he would have transformed into something worse.

Rowan could not imagine how terrifying the Demon Prince would have become, each time he was slain, he returned stronger, and more talented, his command over energy, Aether, his body, his Spirit and Soul growing without any limits.

"Oh, what a Champion you would have become. Perhaps if you had not encountered me, I would have an equal who was also chasing the goal of becoming a Primordial in this Era. A shame that in this world a minor mistake can crush a great mountain."

Rowan pierced the sleeping soul of the Demon Prince and began to consume it... No... this Soul was different, this was no longer a Soul of a Demon Prince. It was stronger, almost similar to the Soul Fragment of Caine that he had not yet digested.

Ohrox was no longer a Demon Prince but was something stronger. Killing him would have been more difficult and troublesome, but Ohrox's Soul was scattered into trillions of pieces as he integrated into Archimedes's bloodline root, making it quite easy for Rowan to feast on the tiny individual part.

From the small flashes of memory entering his consciousness as he drained the scattered soul of Ohrox he understood the name of this level—Demon King.

Since the dawn of the Great Abyss countless Eras ago, there had only been eight Demon Kings, no one knew that a ninth Demon King had been born since Ohrox had ripped away his Infernal Spark and his entire Soul from the Great Abyss.

Now this Great Demon King, whose name should have shaken all of Creation, as he ascended from a Prince of Destruction to a King of Destruction was being silently devoured in a small corner of the universe.

"I see, thank you for curbing any arrogance that I might have felt with my promotion. I have to know that even with all my powers and wisdom, I can still fall into the smallest of problems. I can still fall to a mere mortal, you would think the lesson of my father's failure on my part would enlighten me on this matter. Ohrox, you have truly impressed me, I wish I had met you at your heights, your depths of vision and your ruthlessness are commendable. I have learned a new and valuable lesson today, and for that I thank you."

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For the next seven days, Rowan drained the soul of Ohrox, the mighty soul of the Demon King not even letting out a single whimper as it perished.

Consuming the soul was a ridiculous ability that should not be found inside the universe and Ohrox in all of his wisdom did not leave any defenses against that sort of assault.

As he killed this unlucky Demon King, Rowan had come across hundreds of traps laid deep in the soul of Ohrox, some of them would have woken him up, some of them would have summoned great traps that could have crushed this entire Continent, some of them would have teleported Ohrox straight to the Great Abyss.

Yet they were all useless because Rowan's method of attack was so strange. His powerful Nascent Primordial bloodline Sheol only needed to shine its lights on the scattered pieces of Ohrox Soul and as metal filings drawn to a great magnet, they all began to drift into Rowan.

If he had been aware, with his powers as a Demon King, he would have been able to struggle against this activity.

Finally on the 9th day, a second massive mountain even greater than that of Caine appeared inside his frozen Territory. He could not convert it yet into Soul Energy, but Ohrox was no more.

What was left behind was a massive red crystal that Rowan quickly swallowed before its light would have covered the entirety of Trion.

That crystal was the Infernal Spark of the Demon King Ohrox that was left without a Soul to control it.

## **Chapter 712: Re-entering A Familiar Place**

A Demon King Infernal Spark was a resource as rare as a Quillin Tear, its uses were varied and contained do much power that if he detonated the Infernal Spark of a Demon King it would be enough to destroy multiple galaxies.

Rowan placed it away, the sprout of a plan brewing inside his consciousness.

Focusing back on Archimedes, he concluded that the Demon King was already taking her on a path of no return, which was something anyone else would conclude on after seeing the dilapidated structure of her Bloodline Root, but Rowan did not want to reverse this path as a treatment to her condition, Ohrox had inspired him, and he needed to dwell deeply on these thoughts before making any action.

There was a chance of creating something truly unique, and if he was hasty he would regret the opportunity of not creating something spectacular.

Every time Archimedes died, Ohrox had taken the brunt of the mental load, and the rigors of resurrection, after all, he was the one enjoying all the benefits, and the Lightning Kirin was just along for the ride. So the only benefit she had gained from this was that her soul was relatively unhurt after dying eight times.

It was not as if there was no cost to resurrection for a Lightning Kirin, their souls were special, but that did not mean they did not get worn down by the energy of death after each resurrection.

Archimedes had been spared from such a fate so that meant her innate Soul potential was largely untouched and the touch of death had not sank deep in her soul, although she would no longer be able to resurrect if she died a final time, she would still be able to grow.

Rowan had devoured the Soul of Ohrox and Collected his Infernal Spark, but he left behind a space in the root of Archimedes's bloodline that needed to be filled. If Rowan wanted, he could fill that space with so much vitality that Archimedes would easily ascend to become a god, but that would be a waste.

The actions of Ohrox had made her something of a blank slate, and her soul was still relatively intact. This was a great development, it expanded the tools available for him to work with.

There was a thousand path he could take with Archimedes, and reducing them to a single best one would take a few hours of deliberation.

Rowan suddenly saw a flash of pale light that vanished so quickly that if it was not for his Perception that allowed him to casually watch light move as slowly as a snail crawls, then he would have doubted that he had seen something.

With the patience of a hunter, he waited for another three days, his instinct telling him that this phenomenon would repeat itself

That light had caught his attention, it was something that should not be a part of Archimedes, but there it was. The whiff of mystery tied around this occurrence interested him a lot.

His patience was rewarded when at the end of the third day, Rowan's intuition screamed at him and he marshaled all his perception and to him time stood still.

The light flashed once more and disappeared just as quickly, but what he saw made him pause and reevaluate his plans once more.

In his enhanced perception that slowed time to a full stop. That light became a series of runes that formed a spatial passageway, resembling a tunnel of lightning. He had pushed a portion of his perception into that tunnel and it was transferred to a new location, and there he saw a gigantic blue tree that seemed to be made from lightning.

The Tree was massive, stretching for more than twenty miles from root to crown. At least for any other creature such a tree would be a magnificent sight, but a single hair from Rowan in his Chaotic body was many times bigger than this tree, although the size of the tree did not truly correlate with the energy he could sense inside of it.

That energy was pure and clean and was so vast that Rowan nodded in appreciation. If he wanted to measure it, he would say this Tree contained a third of the energy he had inside his Primordial Sea of Darkness when he was at the Second Supreme Circle.

On this tree were various small fruits shining with viridescent colors and there were hundreds of them, with three prominent large fruits that rested at the top of the tree shining as bright as stars.

The roots of the tree were massive extended deep into the ground. Looking at the surroundings, Rowan was struck by a sense of familiarity, and it did not take him long to know why. He had been here before, well not him but Andar.

This place was the Isle of Rest.

This area was quite different from the place where Andar had been summoned into, and the terrain was largely different, whilst Andar had been surrounded by endless fields, Rowan could see a couple of large mountains in the distance and at the horizon he could see the blue of a sea.

This place was inside the universe, but where could he find it? It was clearly not in the Underverse. He looked away from this strange place and focused on the tree, with his perception straining to keep time in place, he could not travel far and understand all the intricacies of this place.

Nevertheless he understood that the value of the place could not be over emphasized, as it was most likely be considered the heart of the universe, it was important enough

that a Tower Master was stationed here, and most likely other Supreme Powers could also be found here too.

From what Rowan knew of the Isle of Rest, Non attributeless Primordial Aether could be harvested from here. The same energy that was fed to Emyreans and Archmages, and as he suspected, Demons as well.

He would be exploring this place deeply in the future, the mysteries and opportunities to be gained was enough for him to make a move.

Rowan sighed at the final present the Demon King had left inside Archimedes, it was a passageway that linked to her Bloodline Source.

This tree was the Bloodline Source of the Lightning Kirin, and every fruit on it was representing an ability unique to their race.

## **Chapter 713: Bloodline Source Gate**

When Rowan became a Legendary as an Ouroboros Serpent, his Bloodline Talent was corrupted by Chaos, and due to the fact that he was very weak at that time, he was helpless against this manipulation of his destiny.

The only way that Chaos Blood was added to his bloodline was during the period that his bloodline had been linked to his Bloodline Source.

Now the wheels had turned and he had access to a place like this, he knew how powerful the abilities that were stored there could be, and it once more proved the depths of the Demon King's influence over the Lightning Kirin bloodline.

Perhaps, he still had further designs for this place, and Ohrox intended to invade their Bloodline Source in the future.

Was it possible that he could be able to find the Bloodline Source of the Emyrean in this place? He did not think it was likely but he did not consider it impossible, the Isle of Rest was still a great mystery to him at this time, and he could not leave anything to assumptions.

Rowan suddenly felt a pulsation inside of him as a deep hunger grew in his bloodline. This caught him by surprise and he traced the source of it and his consciousness settled on the endless fields of power inside his body.

These fields were millions of miles wide and he seemed to be filled with lush grasses of various colors.

Inside his unique Destroyer were endless fields of power of various elements from Fire, Frost, Lightning to more exotic elements like Darkness and Sound. These fields of power as he called them was not something he had planned for, but a side effect of merging the Core of his Destroyer, his bloodlines and the remnants of a Mountain and Sea Realm, which was a shattered Supreme World.

Rowan did not know if there were any uses for this field of elements, but now he became aware of its purpose. All of these fields were the Embryonic forms of Elemental Bloodlines Sources!

If a Supreme World had a Will that surpassed the concept of Time and Space, then it must mean its power structure had to be very stable, yet Rowan doubted that even a Supreme World would ever contain anything like this. If that were so, then there would be no need for Ohrox to remain inside the material universe and plot for billions of years, or why every Supreme World drew their members and talents from a material universe.

The Archmages he fought had been born in this universe hundreds of millions of years ago and Rowan saw no reason for any Supreme World to fight for the chance of entering a material universe if the benefits were not crucial.

Universes were created by the power of a Primordial, while a Supreme World could be created by any powerful Individual with a powerful Will. An example of this was the remnants of the Mountain and Sea Realm, from the Will that had harvested from it, he could guess that the owner of this Realm controlled a Will at the 7th Dimensional Level.

You could not compare the complexities of a work of a Primordial against a 7th Dimensional being. So it was quite a stretch to consider that Bloodline Sources could be easily found inside a Supreme World.

Bloodline Sources should be a unique power that only a material universe should contain, and yet, Rowan had millions of such Embryonic forms of Bloodline Sources inside him.

It was easy for him to understand that perhaps the source of these Bloodline Fields were related to his ability to seed worlds and his Chaos Bloodline.

When he destroyed the Will of Chaos inside his Bloodline, he had access to the entire powers of his Chaotic Bloodline, and perhaps developing a Bloodline Source was the end point of his World Seeding ability.

If a Bloodline source was the end point of his World Seeding ability, what levels could he develop it, now that he had it at the start of his journey to become a Primordial?

The consequences of this were far-reaching, and he saw a new way of advancement he never thought possible, but he should not find it strange. He was in uncharted



territory, and with every day that passed, he grew stronger and more familiar with all his new abilities, even without access to his Primordial Record at this moment.

Rowan resisted the urge to enter into the Bloodline Source of the Lightning Kirin at this time, not wishing to cause a new wave of commotion until he fully understood the consequences of his actions. Entering this place would be difficult but not impossible, but that would mean giving up on his journey in Trion, and he knew that he needed more time to digest the benefits of his Ascension to Will and grow stronger in Trion.

He also did not forget that he needed to destroy the work of his father inside Trion, while using the opportunity to discover the secrets about this world.

Besides, with the state he was in, he would not fully enjoy the benefit of harvesting this bloodline source, due to the fact that everything inside him was in a state of suspended animation. Only his consciousness was truly active.

It was with this consciousness he was using to manipulate reality and time to bend to his whims, but that was just a small portion of his abilities. Discovering the page of and learning a portion of the truths about mortals had triggered an evolution he was suppressing.

He suspected that this evolution would upgrade his Will of Truth to the second dimension, and he would be able to access more of his abilities at that time, but before that, he had to place his chess pieces in the correct position and find a fortified position inside Trion where he would be able to act without fear of intervention.

The appearance of the gate to the Bloodline Source of the Lightning Kirin was random, and for the next three weeks, it appeared four more times, which was enough for Rowan to perfectly copy and duplicate all the lightning runes that made up this gate. It was strangely complex, and he kept it aside for later study.

These Runes would be the guiding light he would use to find the Isle of Rest. If he would be harvesting Bloodline Sources then he needed a reliable direction to follow.

## **Chapter 714: Trojan Horse**

With a new path to power unexpectedly presented before him, Rowan began allocating a portion of his consciousness to plan for that outcome. At this time he had no access to his Consciousness Pillars, and he had to make do with a single consciousness. It delayed his progress, but he knew it was only a temporary setback.

His single consciousness was multiple times more powerful than a god's or Archmage's and in this reduced form and with the task he was planning, it would have to do.

Yet Rowan was not willing to spend too much time with trickery and underground tactics, he was wise enough to know his own strengths and weaknesses, and although he had abilities that could make him flourish in the darkness, this was not part of his character.

Rowan was just unwilling to jump into an obvious trap, and with Circe, he would reveal enough of his father's hidden arrangements, and when he determined that he had opened enough of the hidden board, he would wipe it all out.

A successful hunter was a patient one, Ohrox had taught him that he could not be too careful, and with the trickery of his father, killing him would be similar to cutting off the head of a hydra with two more growing in its place. The only way to stop this war from extending for millions of years is to identify all the heads of the snake and cut it all off at once.

The plan to upgrade Archimedes was shifted forward, with these new changes discovered inside of her, Rowan wanted to familiarize himself with the intricacies of Bloodline Sources before he finalized his decision on the Lightning Kirin.

Although he was not planning to leave her without any development for now, Rowan brought her into himself and placed her inside one of the Embryonic Fields of Bloodline Sources that was Aspected towards Lightning Energy.

There would be nothing but benefit for the Lightning kirin to dwell inside such a primal source of Lightning Energy, and he expected nothing but positive changes inside of her.

"The Gods of Trion are born from the flesh of my brothers and sisters, they have powerful god-killing weapons that can disrupt Will, also they can easily grow by consuming the Territories of fallen Dominators. Knowing all these I can easily create countermeasures against it. All of these are the obvious details that while hidden can be discovered with enough time, but where is the curveball? What have you hidden beneath all this, dear father?"

Rowan knew that the window of opportunity to learn the truth was very small, now that the gods of Trion were not aware of his presence here on the planet, this would be the best time to infiltrate their rank.

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It took an entire month for the heart of Circe hanging in the air to beat for the first time, that meant, the change was nearly over, and Circe was about to be reborn.

Energy began to gather around the heart and soon transformed into flesh, blood, hair, and bones. Nerves and veins grew, connecting to tissues and joints, and a baby girl with bright blue hair was born.

Her eyes were closed as she slept deeply, hovering in the air and slowly rotating, the only sound emerging from her were dull cracks of her bones as her body grew fast from a six months old to a three year old in a matter of hours.

The silver tattoo of the eye of Rowan traveled from her left hand to her back where it expanded to cover all of it. Her growth began to slow down and the eyes of Rowan flashed as he began to pour Primordial Aether into her heart.

Her body began to rapidly vibrate as the change accelerated. With her new heart transforming her body, Circe was now capable of digesting Primordial Aether, an energy that was left for Archmagies and the gods, but her present physique was now capable of accepting and utilizing this energy efficiently.

Before long her body reached the age of sixteen and her physical change began to slow down, but internally drastic modifications continued. Her brows were squeezed as if she was in pain, but she never woke up, all through the transformation.

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Rowan watched these changes in satisfaction, it would take another week for it to be completed, and when it was done Circe would be an Earth god!

Unlike when his Reflection created Andar, Rowan was present here and he was easily millions of times more powerful than he was at that time, creating a peak Dominator like Circe was nothing to him, the trick to it all was making Circe have all the features of a Dominator yet still carry his presence inside of her.

When she awoke, the next step she would be taking was to become a goddess. An impossible feat for a Dominator, since the Divine Authority of the Boreas bloodline dwelled inside a still living god, but Rowan had made sure it would be possible with a slight twist to it.

Her bloodline was a carbon copy of Boreas, yet it was not truly linked with his own, but it was so exact that when Circe began to ascend, her Divine Kingdom would easily merge with that of Boreas because, for all intents and purposes, they were one and the same.

At the time Boreas would be puzzled at the sudden addition of such a large addition to his Divine Kingdom, and Rowan would strike. The god would undoubtedly be suspicious, but he would take a fraction to process this new addition to his kingdom, and that fraction was enough time for Rowan to dominate him.

The Gods of Trion may not be aware but war had arrived at their doorstep and Boreas would become the first fatality, Circe would be his Trojan Horse, and the challenge would be to silently replace Boreas with Circe.

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A loud blast resounded outside and Rowan became curious, over the month, there had been seventeen of such loud blasts as the Caravan was carried on top of the Sand Line, thirty miles away from the ground and moving at spectacular speeds.

He soon found out that the blast was to signify anytime they passed over a special zone or a place of interest be it a large city or a temple for a god.

## **Chapter 715: Lament's Fall**

Rowan extended his consciousness and the first thing he noticed was their elevation which had drastically increased from thirty miles in the air to a stunning ninety-five miles upwards.

Trion was a massive planet and its atmosphere extended for thousands of miles, but for those below Earth god they could hardly fly up to a thousand miles due to various restrictions, and flying below three hundred miles was the norm.

The reason for the drastic increase in elevation was soon shown when the sound of weeping flooded the Sand Line. Before now an announcement had been made to the millions of tradesmen here about the dangers of every one of these special zones they would be passing and the special measures they should be taking to curb these dangers or, if impossible, reduce the effects.

In the case of this special danger zone they were flying over, everyone below the second Great Circle was sternly ordered to cover their eyes and block their ears until they passed this zone, and they must be conscious because the dangers of this area were worse for those that were sleeping or unconscious.

This place was called Lament Falls.

Below the passing multiple Sand Lines was an inverted waterfall made from ghostly apparitions that covered a five thousand miles radius. Passing through this place would take thirty minutes, and it was one of the most dangerous regions in all of Trion.

From deep below the ground, a powerful force was thrusting ghostly apparitions tens of miles into the air, with so much force that the sound created from their ascent would drive you mad as the wind tore through their ghostly forms like fingernails on a chalkboard.

These apparitions were seemingly endless and they turned the world below to a share of gray and green, some of them were as small as mice and others were bigger than buildings, although they were all vaguely humanoid in shape.

When they reached the height of their ascent as the force that trusted them away from the ground diminished, they would spread out like a cloud and slowly began to fall to the earth, and from afar this scene resembled a hellish waterfall that was turned upside down.

The ghostly apparitions were silent, the only sound emerging from their bodies was the air passing through them, their faces were the faces of the dead, and it changed to fit the person who was looking at them.

The sound was a lure, and if you allow it to enter your mind, your eyes would be forced to find its source, and indeed you will find it... You will find those you have lost, and in your relief, you will be driven mad.

It was no mistake that thousands come to this place every day to find solace in death. The lost, seeking one final moment of peace.

A young boy could see the face of his dead mother, and the sound of the air passing through their bodies would be her sweet voice as she called for him.

A young wife would see the face of her husband, who was sent to the battlefield, and every evening she went to the door waiting for his return, and she waited and waited until her hair turned gray, but now she could see him smiling, hear his booming laughter... oh how she missed her love.

A girl would hear the call of her father...

The deaf for the first time would hear the sound of music...

The blind would see...

Although the warning was given to the caravan, thousands of people still lost their lives, as they walked to the edge of the Sand Line and let themselves fall seventy miles to the ground, their faces were smiling, and their hearts were happy.

Rowan looked and he did not see the ones he loved, he only saw the ones he had killed. Billions and billions of faces, they all looked at him and suddenly their cries went silent.

"Welcome home," He heard them say, "Do you glory in the work of your hands or do you fear it?"

Rowan looked away disinterested, the power of this place did not interest him for it was too limited, they showed him only the vision of the dead on Jarkarr, he had killed far more than this, and if they wanted to judge him, they needed to be capable.

It was so that a stunning event occurred, as the Lament Falls, for the first time in a million years went silent. There were fifty Sand Lines that were currently passing through this place, all together holding more than eight hundred million people, and normally the expected death rate even with all the precautions through this field of death was expected to be in the hundreds of thousands.

Yet barely five thousand had died before the entirety of Lament Falls went silent, and a chill went through the hearts of millions of people as they went to the edge and looked down.

All the ghostly faces were raised to the skies, and they were all weeping. Their cries were silent, but even a child would recognize one emotion inside all of them.

It was fear.

This was supposed to be a journey that would bring happiness and a time for celebration for all of Trion, a new Emperor would grant miracles to the people, and for a thousand years it was expected that there would be no taxes or other social responsibilities tasked to the citizens.

At the capital, the citizens would have one chance to see the glory of the gods so close to the earth, and it would be a story they would narrate to their descendants for thousands of years.

Now a feeling of disquietness had seized the hearts of millions of people. It was the fear of the unknown.

It was at this time that Circe woke up, and before she could move, information began to blast into her consciousness at lightning speed.

She held her head and moaned a bit in pain before she adjusted to the strain, and she settled in a cross-legged position, hovering in the air.

With every moment that passed, Rowan was downloading tons of information into her mind, everything she would need to become a goddess.

## **Chapter 716: Obedience Or Sacrifice**

Fury Kuranos had been standing shirtless on the top of the Mountain of Blood for ten years, his eyes were closed, and hundreds of small blazing pearls that turned out to be miniaturized suns floated around him.

This place was a holy place where you were supposed to enter and not leave, but like all traditions it could be bent to accommodate certain needs, and it had been done a few

times in history, Fury was just the latest person to bend that law, and for good reason, he thought.

He looked up to the skies, his gaze unmoving as he stared at the passing stars, the wind caressing his long red hair that had remained unchanged even with his ascension to a god. He had noticed after standing here for ten years that there was something wrong with the stars.

This observation was fleeting and perhaps it was because he was in this place and standing in this precise position that he noticed it. A passing thought went through his mind but vanished soon after, for a moment there he had thought that the stars were not real.

Yet that was impossible, from here he could feel their heat, and if he wanted with his Intent over Heat and Force, he could drag these stars to his side, just as he had been doing for the last ten years, and the hundreds of stars hovering around him was proof that his fleeting musing was incorrect.

Fury shook his head, dispersing all those errant thoughts, the distraction that plagued his mind, he was at the cusp of his destiny, the road he had been set upon since the day he was born, and now he waited on the Mountain of Blood, for his answer, he had been deceived and betrayed by the person most dear to his heart, but he hoped he was wrong with all his being.

He had been waiting to challenge his mother, Empress Scarlet Sinshirin Kuranos, Daughter of the Sun and the Earth, Ruler of Trion. If she refuses to speak with him cordially, then he will take what he wants by force.

He was not here to challenge her for the throne, he was only here for answers. His actions, while not unprecedented, would be considered by most to be foolish, the Empress was invincible and her will was inviolable, but Fury was no longer a mortal but a god, and his will was also absolute.

Yet, that was not the true reason why his actions would be frowned upon, power was respected first and foremost in Trion and Fury was powerful, it was because of a simple reason, Fury was no longer a Dominator, and it was only because he was the Empress son that he was permitted to remain in this place.

The Top of the Mountain of Blood was not large, barely five hundred feet across, and the ground was slick with blood that never dried. Every drop of blood here held incredible power and they moved as if they had a life of their own.

For this blood to have life was not strange, It was on this mountain that every Emperor or Empress at the end of their rule would ascend and would willingly bare their throat to their successor to be cut open. They would not resist the call of their mortal body dying

and their blood would flow until it was empty, only then would the gate of the Divine Kingdom of their Primogenitor be open and they would ascend to immortality.

It was now that Fury was beginning to realize everything that was wrong about this place. As a mortal he had found such a fate to be glorious, to live as an immortal beside their Primogenitor was a choice that he would pick a thousand times over, but as a god that was no longer a Dominator, he began noticing the wrongness of this entire affair.

There would be no resurrection to the Divine that could be found here, only death.

The blood that had stained Fury's legs up to his knees was from a million years of Emperors and Empresses. The blood of all his Ancestors was here, and in time, his blood should have graced this noble stone.

Fury was not afraid of death, he was only afraid of living a life without meaning. He remembered his mother telling him, "How can a man die better, than in service to their god?"

Those words should have empowered him, but they no longer did. He needed more.

A wispy voice sounded beside him, "Prince of Fire, how long would you wait? Your mother has already made her wishes clear. You of all should know that the Empress never changes her mind. You failed her commands, and your hesitations are useless."

Fury was quiet for a long time and it seemed as if he would not be replying to the voice which turned out to be the Empress' Royal Hand. This hooded figure that seemed to be sculpted out of darkness and as Fury realized was also a god, but one of the old ones that had been long defeated, he did not bother to learn his name.

"My mother wishes for me to become nothing but a sacrifice for Kuranos, but I can become more... She has to see that.

The Royal Hand looked away at something in the distance before replying, "Obedience is far greater than any sacrifice you can make."

Fury's nine-colored eyes lit up like a furnace, "She gave me the inheritance of the Sky Treading Phoenix, and she expected I would be just a Minor god, yet see what I have achieved with this power. I have reached heights that would shake the very galaxy, and that is not enough?"

"Oh but you are forgetting something, Prince of Fire, you were also given the Divine Spark of Kuranos so you could merge with it."

"To what end?!" Fury screamed, finally giving voice to his rage, "What would my merger with the Progenitor achieve besides adding just a bit of power to his Divine Kingdom



and damning me for eternity. I am capable of much more than just to be made kindling for the gods' flames.."

The Royal Hand suddenly chuckled, a strange sound that sounded like the hissing of a cat, "Obviously your Empress thinks that is all you are worth."

From behind Fury, a large avian head began to arise, the eyes of the Phoenix that appeared behind him were filled with so much wrath that the skies began to glow with the heat of a thousand suns.

## **Chapter 717: I Am Here To End It**

The Phoenix that appeared behind Fury was larger than when he entered Trion, as he had never stopped growing stronger even though he remained in this place, and he had already manifested two powerful Silver Grade Intent, of Fire and Force, and there seemed to be a third and more powerful Intent growing inside his heart.

Fury growled, "Watch your tone slave, or I will burn what remains of your broken kingdom to ash."

The Royal hand cocked his head to the side like a curious bird, "From where I stand, we are now both slaves, without your precious bloodline what are you to the gods of Trion?"

With a final mocking laugh, the Royal Hand vanished into the darkness leaving final words behind, "Prepare yourself, Prince of Fire, the Empress will be meeting with you in three months. I don't have to impress on you that your decision should have changed by the time she arrives. Merge with the Divine Spark of Kuranos, become a true Dominator once more, and accept your destiny."

Fury's rage died as suddenly as it appeared, the look in his eyes was a little lost, but he marshaled his thoughts and waited, in three months he would state his case. Surely his mother would hear him.

He had returned to Trion filled with elation, he wanted to return an Emperor in the making, he would display his powers of a Major God to his mother and then contest for the throne but he would not kill her, she would become his advisor, he would merge with Kuranos Divine Spark and ensure his legitimacy, becoming the first true Immortal Emperor of Trion.

His ambitions had been vast, but nothing less than what his supreme talents deserved. That had been his plan at first.

On his return to Trion was when he saw the truth, he was nothing but a pawn.

He could never become an Immortal Emperor, for the hunger of Kuranos was too vast, she did not want to share her powers, she only wanted to consume, and he was nothing but food for her to grow stronger in her competition with the other gods of Trion.

Fury had traveled to other places of power and in those places, every god would welcome an additional member to their rank, but the gods of Trion were different, they only sought to consume.

'Almost like Abominations!'

Fury shivered, he kept fighting with the thoughts inside of him that he was nothing but food to his Primogenitor, and becoming a god was simply to make him a more juicy delight.

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Circe's eyes were closed as she floated in mid-air carried by a dense sheet of ice and wind whilst surrounded by lightning. The three elements moved in harmony around her, and she appeared similar to her previous appearance although her appearance was more regal befitting her status as an Earth god.

Behind her was her Incarnation and previously it was of a young girl holding a flute, now the Incarnation transformed into a woman with two faces.

The first face belonged to a woman that resembled Circe, and the second face was at the back of her head covered by her long blue hair which was the face of a man that had a striking similarity to the god Boreas.

Every now and then the Incarnation would rotate her head and when she did her body would transform to that of a man, and the face would be of Boreas.

The only thing of note on the Incarnation was a tattoo of a silver eye on both their foreheads.

Circe had been taking deep measured breaths for a while and then she suddenly opened her eyes and drew the surrounding elements to herself, creating a robe made of the three elements that was soon indistinguishable from a lovely silk dress.

She whispered to herself,

"I feel like I'm at the edge of an explosion, everything is supercharged and my heart is beating a thousand times a second. The world has become nothing but dust and shadows and my very breath can crush the stars. Yet it feels as if all of that is compressed inside me, an ungodly pressure keeping all that power in check, and with every breath I take that power keeps building and building as if it would grow forever, yet that wall, that pressure, effortlessly holds it all in place. I should go mad with all of

this energy building inside of me, yet I know I can take more... much more. What have you made of me Rowan?"

The voice of Rowan was low as if his mind were on other things, but his reply was straightforward, "As amazing as this might sound to you, what you are feeling is real. You have become more Circe, and I'm taking you to still receive more power, for the task I have for you, nothing short but supreme power would be needed."

"Of course, there is always a price, but for powers like this. I think I will pay ten times over for whatever you ask."

"Be careful of your wishes Circe, for I will take all you can give me and I shall ask for more. My appetites are not easily sated. There is so much inside of you that I cannot show you yet, because your Soul is too weak to handle that level of information, but this weakness will not remain for long."

"There is always a price to pay for powers like this. What would you have me do?"

Rowan's voice was like a whip and Circe found herself staying extremely still as a statue, listening to every word.

"What happens next shall be fast, when the battle starts it shall be unceasing. I have finished making a greater portion of my plans and it is time we began. We shall be at the capital city Aroth in three days. You shall find the closest temple of Boreas, reveal your status as an Earth God, and proceed to its inner sanctum, and in there we shall make our move."

Circe breathed out, suddenly feeling a brief flash of panic because in an instant she had felt the true intention of Rowan and it nearly made her scream. There was nothing human inside, it was just cold and calculating, almost as if it was the mind of a blade.

She stammered, "So, it's about to begin. The war."

"Circe, this war started long before either you and I were born, I'm just here to end it"

## **Chapter 718: Arrival At Aroth**

Even from this distance a few hundred miles away from the metropolis, it was still possible to see Aroth, the capital city. It was called one city but it should be referred to as seven cities built together, intertwining in a confluence of architectural harmony that would leave anyone in awe.

Like a living entity, it had grown over the millennia to become the sprawling confluence of cultures from all around the planet. The finest wine and tasty dishes, the most beautiful of women, and all the great warriors of the world could be found here.

Paired with the mundane were signs of great power, for this was the city of the gods. Signs of power could be seen everywhere, flying houses, living flames, the walking dead. Beauty and horror walking side by side.

This was a city of seven colors, green, black, yellow, red, blue, brown, and purple. Each color represents a particular god, and entire streets and buildings can be a particular color, yet city planners have found methods to make all these different colors work together, and walking down a street could turn into a colorful affair similar to walking through a rainbow.

Seven massive temples for the gods that were decked with gold and precious jewels sat on fields, mountains, and rivers hundreds of miles wide, each of them so tall that clouds touched their peaks signifying the central temple of worship for each god and their Anima each standing hundreds of miles tall could be found in front of the temple. The shadow they cast covered seven corners of the city.

Just the sight of the Anima of the gods caused hundreds of millions of people to fall to their knees and worship, and for a mortal, it was impossible to see the full scale of those statues, for the clouds covered their waist and they could not even see the faces of the gods that seemed to reach the firmament of the heavens.

Every once in ten thousand years these statues would move, signifying the presence of the gods here on earth.

In the periphery were beautiful estates and sky-scraping buildings holding hundreds of floors, where the members of the seven major families dwelled and were the accepted center of power and commerce for the mortals and Dominators alike.

Yet this was only a small portion of the magnificence of Aroth, for if you look at the skies over this great city then you would notice a peculiar phenomenon, as if the sky was glass that was being rapidly rotated causing it to shoot out light of various shades.

Although this sight was incredibly beautiful, it signified the fact that the city of Aroth was a zone where space had been folded and stretched countless times until reality had become warped. Only a powerful Major world like Trion could ensure that their space could still be stable after such massive modifications.

This also meant that any form of Teleportation inside or around Aroth was impossible, as the chaotic spatial zone would destroy anyone foolish enough to try, only the gods were strong enough to pass through this chaotic space.

You could walk down a small street in Aroth and discover that the street went on for a hundred miles, or a stone by the side of the road would be a mountain holding a clan of thousands. It was truly a city of endless wonders that would take multiple lifetimes just to discover a small portion of the marvels it contained.

Philosophers, poets, and historians have not managed to grasp even half of this great city in their writing and musing even for the last million years, its mysteries it seemed, were never to be fully known.

Circe was stunned at this sight as she trooped outside with millions of other people on the Sand Line that was rapidly approaching Aroth. The energy of the crowd was palpable and Circe found herself being pushed by bodies until she approached the edge of the Sand Line and examined the magnificence before her.

She had never been to the capital city and this place filled her with a sense of wonder and adventure.

The entire city of Aroth was encircled by the largest river on the Continent, stretching thousands of miles in length, its water sparkled like diamonds, and it was said that millions of years ago, this river was as small as a pool, but over time it kept growing, its name also reflected this change as it was called the Crystal Lake.

This name came from the time when this mighty river was nothing more than a lake, but its name nevertheless was not changed even now when its volume was greater than a sea.

At the bottom of the lake lay the Crystal Leviathan, massive beasts shaped like crabs that were hunted every decade by the royalty in a competition where the winner took its heart which was a source of purified Aether similar to what could be found in the depths of the universe.

This heart could easily push a Dominator to a higher level, and the competition for it every year was fierce.

There were two striking structures in Aroth whose presence still grabbed your attention despite all the wonders all around, the first was the Royal Palace, unlike any other building here it was made entirely with gold and a red and brown metal that signified the reign of the Kuranese family as the reigning Ruler of Trion. The Bramian Court which is housed within contains members from all seven Royal families swerving as ministers and advisers to the Empress.

The second notable structure was the only mountain allowed in Aroth. Any other mountains had been shrunk or placed inside the massive building dotting its skyline.

The mountain was nameless and stood as straight as a spear piercing the heavens. It was not made of any earthly material but a black crystal that seemed to draw in light and placed the surroundings around it for miles in a state of permanent darkness.

At the base of this mountain was the dungeon of the Justice Council, a location that was shrouded in mysteries and darkness, and whose affair concerned only Dominators alone, which mostly meant their primary duty was to hunt down Dominators who had broken the law. They were the most feared forces in all of Trion because no one else understood their powers or methods even the Empress.

The Justice Council was also the only body that was directly controlled by the God King Golgoth, and none of the other families could interfere with their activities.

## **Chapter 719: The Central Temple**

The members of the Justice Council were always covered in darkness, and when they returned from their hunt they carried great chains of darkness that resembled dried branches, with which they dragged screaming Dominators, sometimes by their tens of thousands into the dungeon.

It was said that 350,000 years ago, a rebellious Emperor chose to commit an unpardonable offense, and it was the Justice Council who entered the palace and in a single stroke, seized the entire adult members of that family along with the Emperor into the dungeons.

It was hard to estimate the figure but the numbers were in the tens of millions. What made that story scary was that the perpetrator was only a single individual. He had entered the royal palace and behind him were the millions of screaming people, bound by wood and darkness.

No Dominator had ever entered this place of darkness and returned. In the fictitious tale Spurn to the previous prince Rowan Kuranos, his mother had been taken into the dungeon of the Justice Council, and in order to free her, his body would have to be taken through a series of grueling experiments.

He had believed her and threw his whole soul into helping his mother to become 'free' of a life of eternal torture in the darkness.

Recognizing the lies there and the interference of the Sigils that at that time was bounding his Soul and Singularity, Rowan knew that it was just another method for his father to twist the truth and authorize Rowan to unknowingly give him access to his body and therefore .

That old bastard had been so close to succeeding. So deep was the spell that Prince Rowan was placed under, he would have never fought against the lie, and slowly but surely, his father would have harvested every single page of from his body until there was none left, and knowing the sick delights of this man, he would have kept Rowan alive for as long as possible to watch him suffer, only revealing the truth at the end.

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Circe watched the great city getting closer, her eyes fliriting among the massive number of people in their millions entering the city, she suddenly staggered as she saw a vision of fire, the beautiful city shattered in pieces and the bodies of billions piled up in a mound that reached the clouds, as a rain of blood turned the Crystal Lake red.

She squeezed her eyes shut, dismissing that vision, Rowan had promised her that his war was not with the mortals, and if any mortal would be dying, it would not be by his hands. Her actions he told her were similar to going for the head of the snake, killing the corruption from its roots, and sparing the life of the branches and leaves.

'The only thing that dies is the corruption, not the corrupted, if they can be saved, I will do it.'

Much more quickly than she would have expected, they had arrived at the receiving port for all Sand Lines, and with a quick negotiation with her neighbor, she sold off her carriage to the delight of the merchant, who had undoubtedly made a nice pile of change from this single transaction than he would have otherwise made for decades.

She entered Aroth and began to walk towards the closest temple of Boreas, there were countless temples where you could worship the gods and it was not hard to find the temple of your choice, except for the temple of Minerva, her people did not worship in temples but under the moonlight of the night skies.

It was easy to identify the Minerva family with their white hair, white eyes, and brown skin. They refused to live in houses, pitching large tents out in the plains, but Aroth was so large it had several open ain't measuring hundreds of miles and they could easily settle themselves.

The first temple of Boreas she saw was filled with worshippers, and she left, no matter how mild her ascension to a goddess was to become for Rowan had promised to hide the entirety of her Tribulation, there would still be fluctuations that would kill even an Earth god.

The search for a suitable temple continued for hours, Circe having traveled hundreds of miles and witnessing countless wonders.

Finally, she stopped and looked at the horizon at the massive statues... no not statues, the Anima of the gods, and their temple in its shadows, and she knew that was the place she wanted to ascend.

"I guess this is fate." the voice of Rowan said, "Your enemy lies inside that temple, and the woman you seek is also there."

Circe gasped, "Rico... Nana, both of them?!..."

"Yes, there is also the presence of your Ancestor. Use the Rune of Concealment I taught you and proceed towards the temple, but be careful to put your emotions under control. Your Ancestor is particularly sensitive to a mind clouded by emotions, I think it is one of his innate talents, fascinating stuff."

Circe found herself walking faster, barely listening to Rowan as she covered herself with the Rune of Concealment, her heart was steady, but her mind was filled with countless thoughts, but slowly the calm best of her heart served to steady her nerves and the power she felt rushing through her veins was an anchor to hold down her spirit.

The enemy that she had chased for a million miles and the family she had sought for answers and to protect was right in front of her.

Suddenly everything was coming to its conclusion faster than she had ever thought possible, and she knew it was only because of the presence of Rowan, this enigmatic being whose very presence seemed to warp reality to his will.

She felt fear, anger, sorrow, awe and so many emotions in a single breath it was hard to wrap her mind around it all, but that calm power soothed her shaken spirit and she walked steadily towards the Central Temple of Boreas.

The massive shadow of the Anima of Boreas covered her and she shivered as her Incarnation turned itself to its male form without her prompting and the full weight of what she was about to do hit her.

Was she about to assassinate a freaking god?

## **Chapter 720: The Priests of The Storm God**

Circe walked under the Anima of Boreas feeling the immense energy inside it like a massive thunderstorm, just the feet of the Anima were longer than five hundred miles, clad in boots of gold and precious metal, the foot of the Anima was more than a thousand story tall.



Yet she was an Earth god and her perception could hold the entire statue in her consciousness and the awe she felt was controllable to a certain extent.

'what do fuck was she doing in the battles between titans like these?'

The distance shrunk under her feet, as the wind gave her legs wings, but she did not move too quickly as she prepared herself internally letting the weight of this moment sink in.

She emerged beneath the shadow of the Anima, and the brilliant light of the twisting skies of the capital entered her view and she swallowed once more, stunned by the sights and the magnificent temple before her.

"This is such a shame. Aroth is a glorious city, and no matter how much you hold back, you shall destroy its magnificence."

The voice of Rowan sneered, "There is nothing magnificent about this place. It is rotten to the core, and the surface has just been painted with a small coat of polish."

"I beg to differ, perhaps the gods might be corrupted, but the energy of the city... Can you not feel it, Rowan?"

"Your sights are still too shallow Circe, and the walls that divide life and death, the present and the past are still firm in your spirit. Trion is a lake of fire, and in this city, these people are all surviving on a small island in this lake. They may live like this world is everything, but the truth is that they were placed here to be a distraction."

"I don't want to believe that to be the case."

"Your beliefs mean nothing before the face of truth. Although there is truth to what you say, I fear that for me destruction is the only answer I can come up with. The depths of the corruption my enemy had wrought on this land are so deep, if it is not destroyed, it would infect everything it touches. I will do my best to limit the pain, but I will destroy everything made by his hands."

Circe was quiet for a while before she perked up, it would seem that she was eager to settle all her affairs in case she died in this expedition, which was most likely to be the case, for she knew that if it came to it, she would not be surprised if Rowan sacrificed her for his cause.

He may be easy to talk to sometimes, and even teasing him could be fun, but there was something so cold inside of him that made a part of her ache. No matter how powerful he was, she thought that he was broken.

"There is something I have always wanted to ask you, I believe I did raise this question about you before, but your answers were not satisfactory and that urge to know that

truth has never left me, but has grown stronger with everything that I have watched you do."

She paused and licked her lips in nervousness, "Who are you... really? You are not Erohim, that's a whole load of bullshit and you never claimed that name, nor are you a god, or if you are then you must be one that is so powerful that you should be called a God King or maybe a God Emperor. Are you a Demon or an Angel?"

She quietly whispered to herself, "Are you even...real?"

Rowan quickly replied and once again she cursed the fact that she could not see his face, it was nearly impossible to read any sort of emotions from his tone,

"I have waited for you to ask this question for a long time, and you chose this moment before the battle to ask?"

"A girl needs some time to reveal her true intentions, Rowan, you know we can be quite fragile."

"There are many words I can use to describe who you are Circe, and fragile is not one of them. Yet this is not the time to tell you who I am, because you are far too weak, and knowing of me would corrupt your nature as a Dominator, and that would ruin my plans, but I can tell you something."

Circe was silent, waiting for the hammer to drop, when the reply came it was almost silent but it gave her a weird strength as if knowing more about him made this fight easier to bear because like her this war for him was personal.

"You and I are Kin. You can think of me as the brother to your true Ancestor, not the depraved imposter who sits on his throne."

"Family right... no war can be more bloody." Circe muttered.

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As Circe neared the gate of the temple, she began seeing its priests. Thousands of them lined both sides of the walkway in their voluminous robes of blue and white, their heads shaved and their eyes closed as they chanted.

Their voices came together to create a deep tune like the rumble of thunder and the soft sigh of the wind, and the presence of Circe did not disturb them from their state of meditation.

She reached the closed gate of the temple where she was stopped by a gigantic priest who was eighteen feet tall. He lowered his large head and looked at her and Circe noticed that his eyes had been scooped away from the sockets, leaving a deep

darkness behind that flashed intermittently with a blue light as if lightning was trapped inside his skull.

"Welcome Daughter of the Storms." The priest said, "You stand before the mighty gate of the God of Storms, within your breast I sense the ferocity of the storm that is still tempered to... perfection." the gigantic priest's voice became colored with amazement.

Circe regarded the priest who was surprisingly a Dominator at the Earth God level, she bowed in acknowledgment to his words but remained silent.

The priest nodded, his inquiry did not go any further, he could not refuse a child of Boreas to his temple, and for such a talented child, it would be a waste to not bring her into the service of the god.

He made a motion and the massive gate standing more than a thousand feet tall and fifty feet thick began to slowly open,

"Welcome to the home of your Primogenitor, let every heavy burden you carry be laid to rest at his mighty gate."

## **Chapter 721: Ascension To Godhood**

Aware of the empty eyes of the priest following her movements Circe progressed through the gate and entered the temple, and she immediately thought that she was walking among the clouds.

Indeed it was clouds filled with lightning that covered the ground and extended for miles, until even with the eyes of an Earth god, Circe could not see the end of the temple. There were mighty tornados filled with ice and lightning, some of them were so massive and powerful that they could shatter a Minor World.

The Central Temple of Boreas could only be accessed by the Earth god of the Boreas bloodline, and if you were not an Earth god, you would need the protection of one to survive here.

Massive blocks of ice shaped in various forms filled the insides of the temple and on it were figures of worshippers, some were praying, others sat together in deep discussion, and it was not hard to guess the reasons for that.

The new Emperor was about to be named and in the entirety of Trion there was no greater matter, and even in the temple of the gods, it was still to be brought up. Her eyes passed over a group of people and suddenly returned to the group, her breathing went fast for a little bit before returning to normal, and with a force of will she turned away, and her revenge would come soon.

Circe set her eyes forward and began to walk, stepping on a passing lightning bolt, it carried her until she reached the very center of the temple.

This area was filled with deep black clouds and powerful lightning bolts, even an Earth god would be wary of stepping into this region, but Circe did not pause, she entered and knelt, before genuflecting, her forehead touching the cold ground.

This was the last act of respect to her Primogenitor, and with a deep breath, she cast her Spirit into her Territory.

Her Territory was unlike anything she had ever known, it was empty like the void of space and was strangely filled with nothing but two drops of Aether, one resembled a black liquid and the other was shining with many colors like a rainbow.

Rowan had told her she would not need a Territory because she would be seizing the Divine Kingdom of Boreas, any Territory he created for her would be imperfect because he did not know the true state of Boreas' Divine Kingdom, and the second reason for this unique nature of her Territory was for her to be able to slip a part of his power into Boreas Divine Kingdom.

The first time she had seen the two drops of what she sensed was nothing but Aether, she had frowned not understanding how two drops of Aether would be enough to kill a god her Spirit had rushed to investigate, but common sense urged her to pause and reconsider her actions, nothing from Rowan was ever simple.

She had sent a single strand of her Spirit to explore and she had nearly died.

Circe had first analyzed the black Aether, her Spirit had not even come in contact with it and immediately she had felt an intense cold, and although she controlled the power of frost, this cold was different. It was as if she was plunging her entire Spirit into sub-zero ice, and to her horror, Circe found that her body had turned into black ice.

With a snort from Rowan, that condition had ceased and she spent hours inside her carriage gasping for breath, she was not foolish enough to investigate the second drop of Aether.

According to Rowan, the Aether of others were solid like grains, and Circe was familiar with that concept, her own Aether also took that form but was shaped like a snowflake, but Rowan's was different since his Aether appeared in the form of liquid, and he measured them by droplets.

So a single drop of his Aether should be equivalent to a single grain of Aether. This realization frightened Circe, as she knew each individual according to their talents could control between thousands and millions of grains of Aether at a time.

Surely that single drop of Aether should be enough to kill even a god, then what does it mean when Rowan had possibly millions of such Aether droplets inside his territory?

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Becoming a goddess turned out to be simple. Her body had become primed by Rowan to be perfect in every way. Her Incarnation surged forward and merged with her body, and her body began to open up like a man dying of thirst and going mad for a drop of water, but this time it was Aether that her body craved.

Normally this would be the time when the universe would have recognized her ascension and pure Aether would flood into her body and with it would come a Tribulation because she was robbing the great amount of resources from the universe and therefore she would need to be tested, to become an Immortal Soul was to rob the universe of its power over your death.

However, in her case, her body did not look to the universe for this resource for her heart opened up and a vast amount of pure Aether, flooded into her body and she gasped in pleasure as her state of being began to slowly elevate.

The most peculiar ascension to godhood began to take place inside Boreas temple as the kneeling figure of Circe appeared to be praying and there was no visible change in her body.

"For as I breathe... Circe?! I knew it was you, but I thought my eyes must be deceiving me."

Her heartbeat accelerated as she heard the slimy voice of the man she hated most in the world.

Rico alongside his father and other Boreas family members walked up to the kneeling Circe she looked at the leering face of the bastard and she closed her eyes.

"So this is what it truly means to hate someone with every fiber in your body,"

she whispered to herself as her body collapsed into dust and vanished leaving Rico and everyone else in shock as they used their Spirit to search for her.

Nana was at the back looking bewildered, if not for the fact that more than twenty people here saw Circe she would have believed she was dreaming, yet the fact that struck in the back of her throat was echoed by the furious Rico,

"It cannot possibly be that bitch, is it? That person was a fucking Earth god! Find her... find her, bring her to me! There is a sizable bounty on her head."

## Chapter 722: Fleeing The Darkness

Circe gasped in horror as she felt her mind shatter into a thousand pieces, the process was painless and made the atrocity happening to her psyche feel magnified because nothing was distracting her from noticing her mind tearing itself apart.

Without owning a Territory her mind was lost, there was nothing to anchor her consciousness because her Soul kept elevating without a shell to contain it. If this continued her consciousness would dissipate to the universe and might take millions perhaps even billions of years before the fragmented portion of her immortal psyche merged.

This was the reason why a Divine Spark was essential to becoming a god because it housed the Immortal Soul of the god. Nothing else could contain an Immortal Soul, except you were a Mage with your Magus Tower, but that was just another variation of a Divine Spark or for a Demon, Infernal Spark.

She screamed soundless cries to the vast nothingness as her mind stretched until she feared she was about to be lost forever.

It was then that she felt it...

Like a cold fork repeatedly driven into her eyes and stirring her brain. It was a cold beacon that felt old, rotten, and awfully familiar.

Without any volition, her spirit embraced that cold, a thousand portions of her mind pushing it deep into her soul. Beggars could not be choosers, without this beacon she was lost, any amount of pain and violation was better than to feel your mind stretched till it shatters, and with a loud shriek that held all the horrors in her heart, Circe woke up.

She found herself kneeling in front of a bridge made of ice. An intense storm was blowing all around her, painting the area with a nightmarish shade of chaos. The wind blew her hair across her face and with a frown, she tied the hair behind her with a bonnet made from ice.

"This is tricky... she is still too weak. My Will would shatter the fragile balance here, hold on for a while longer Circe, the pain would not last for long. I can only do this much. I know you cannot hear me, but hold on."

Circe examined across the bridge and she saw a castle made from ice and bone. Was this the Divine Kingdom of Boreas? This was not how she had imagined it, she expected something greater than this.

She heard a crack that was loud enough it cut through the tumultuous sounds of the storm and she turned around only to see the ground behind her was cracking to pieces and falling to oblivion.

Her mouth opened wide in shock as behind her was nothing but a yawning darkness that seemed to be reaching across for her soul and it was already so close to her without her being aware of it.

Circe pulled herself to her feet and began hurrying to the bridge before she stopped her movement, she was feeling an intense sense of apprehension in her soul as if crossing this bridge was like delivering herself into the mouth of a hungry beast.

She was torn with indecision and another louder crack ensued behind her, figuring out that the darkness was a known threat against an unknown force ahead, she made her choice and Circe stepped onto the bridge, as the ground she stood upon a moment before fell into darkness.

"Rowan..." She whispered fiercely, "What is this? This is not a Divine Kingdom!"

Only silence answered her and the bridge began making a harsh sound of metal being twisted in a gigantic fist as the darkness began to creep forward, devouring the bridge along the way.

Placing her panic aside, Circe raced across the bridge and noticed that the darkness was beginning to creep faster as if it was hunting her.

Thankfully the bridge was not too long, barely a hundred feet and she made it across in less than three seconds gaining precious time away from the darkness, about to step forward, she was immediately slammed by a wall of air and ice that nearly threw her into the darkness that had devoured more than ninety percent of the bridge.

With a scream of desperation and anger, she drew on powers she did not yet understand and the storm subsided as its fury was channeled into her body, the power hurt but it was a familiar pain, making her laugh despite the anguish of calling upon it.

Her blue hair lit up as it transformed into thin lightning bolts, and her feet left the ground carried by winds that swirled around her like a tornado.

Acknowledging that this storm was her power, and the darkness was something else, she drew the storm inside her and everything stilled as the storm ended, it was as if time had stopped but that was a lie as the darkness had finished devouring the bridge and was now coming closer to the castle.

Unexpectedly the darkness exploded forward with a loud shriek that startled Circe and she hurled herself towards the castle, hoping it would be able to withstand the darkness,

every instinct in her body was telling her that this darkness was the end of life, touching it would kill her, both in body and soul.

Her forward momentum was arrested as her body slammed into the unyielding door and her mind went blank for a brief moment with pain and desperation. The door was locked.

'Pull yourself together!!' She screams internally, channeling all the power of the storm that she had taken and placing it on both palms. Her hands lit up like a star as a dreadful power erupted from it.

With a loud bang, she blasted her way through the door and pushed herself inside the castle with the last of her energy, the darkness barely missed her by a slight margin, and she could not help but grin when she heard the shrieks of anger from that darkness.

Turning around she saw that the darkness had stopped at the edge of the door and as she observed it, the darkness went silent, and Circe had a feeling that it was waiting. She could feel a chill as she somehow knew that this darkness was aware and it was hungry.

An abrupt pain erupted from her left leg and she looked down and saw she did not entirely escape the hold of the darkness for her left foot below the ankle was simply gone. The stump was as clean as a snapshot and she was not bleeding.

## **Chapter 723: Checkmate**

The pain that suddenly erupted continued to increase until her wounds began to bleed, what emerged from her body at first was black smoke, and then a rush of stinking black blood like a greater part of her body had rotted from the inside, before fresh red blood poured out of the wound and a new foot reappeared.

Circe sighed in relief, the pain that erupted from her foot was a sign that her body was healing, the emptiness she had felt before was one of death.

If she had not heard the sound of the ground being destroyed by the darkness behind her she would have been consumed by the darkness without her knowing. She was sure the darkness had barely brushed against her body but she had lost a foot and her internal organs must have rotted, but what was the most frightening about all of this was the fact that she had not felt anything.

If not for the pain of her healing body, she would have rotted into a stinking puddle.



'Where am I, where is this place?' Circe could not help but feel a cold in her spirit, she had been screaming for Rowan constantly inside her head and she could not find his presence, even her Incarnation was gone.

Then she heard a sort of mental switch activate itself inside her head and the chill she felt grew warm and a feeling of satiety replenished her until she felt that she would explode, and if not for the marvelous amount of power that had filled her body since it was recreated by Rowan Circe would be howling in equal part glee and fear.

Her body surged with power and she felt something more wholesome, her soul was growing stronger with every breath she was taking, it was as if this castle was a fountain of power and vitality. The darkness outside the castle began to vibrate as if her growing presence was anathema to its existence.

Circe was becoming a goddess at this moment, but everything still felt surreal, not at all how she imagined an ascension to this esteemed status would be like. Is this my Tribulation?

"You are not alone!"

Her soul power was increasing and perhaps it was the reason she was able to sense that she was not alone. Someone was here with her in this place.

All this while the wind had been moving, but her state of mind and her perception were so limited that she was now recognizing that this wind was moving in a measured pattern... breathing. The breath of a single person was stirring the wind.

'So it begins.' she did not have to guess who must be behind her, was it not the target of her mission?

She turned to see a man sitting on a throne of ice that was situated precisely in the center of a massive hall, in fact, the entire castle was just this single hall.

His blue eyes were filled with lightning, scrutinizing her like a snake gazing at a rodent. His pupils began to rotate and Circe began to feel the rush of power of ascendancy that was making her a goddess began to slow down but it did not cease but was reduced to a trickle, effectively halting her path to become a goddess.

Looking at this man was like staring at the heart of the sun, he was like a concept given life, every single hair on his body was being engraved in her mind with a careless abandon that made Circe feel as if her head was about to explode, but she could not stop looking at him. It was a compulsion that was beyond her control

"Boreas!" she gasped, as blood began to run down her eyes and nose. Only the slight pulse of power entering her body from the castle was keeping her on her feet.

He looked like a young man of eighteen, with short blue curly hair, and a strong jawline, and it was not hard to see that he resembled Rowan, his features were perfect but the slight tilt of his head gave Circe an impression of arrogance and disdain from this god, Circe could as well be a passing breeze.

At his feet and surrounding his throne connected by thin strings of lightning that radiated from his body were countless small statues, which Circe abruptly realized were Animas! There must be hundreds of thousands, but her budding Immortal soul gave her a number — 111,100,610, and they were not truly Anima but were called Spirit Guise after Boreas discovered a method to splinter his consciousness into Living Stone that was infused with a small part of his Anima.

This was his secret weapon and up till this moment, no one else had seen this sight. Boreas would like to believe that with this power he was stronger than the rest of the gods combined except for the God King, but it was hard to tell the hidden card that the rest of them controlled.

"It is true what they say. If you live long enough, you shall see everything." the voice of Boreas was soft, like an old man on his deathbed, this was not the sound that should emerge from a face that was this young.

"You are not a culmination of one of my Spirit Guises given life. You are of my bloodline yet you are not. You are a perfect copy of one of my Spirit Guise, but you are one. How strange. Is this a game of the Trickster?"

Circe swallowed, the strength of move talk less of to speak was gone from her body and the best she could do was to gasp.

Boreas sighed, "Whatever game is being played here I would see it end." He stretched forth his hand and a great palm made from lightning and ice seized Circe, covering her body and leaving only her head.

The hand began to squeeze and finally Circe could scream when she felt her body began to disassemble itself as all the power she had seized from the castle was being collected by Boreas.

The pain was astonishing, but in the midst of her agony, Circe could not help but note that this pain was not the worst she had felt, during her creation in the hands of Rowan, the pain had been much worse.

'Did he know by that time that this journey he was about to place me in would be filled with pain?'

The consumption continued but Circe's mind was free and deep inside her spirit where she could not reach was two drops of Aether.

Circe grinned as the suction from Boreas reached them and they vanished, taken by the god.

With her fading strength she looked directly at Boreas and she smiled.

"Checkmate."

## **Chapter 724: The Layers Of A Divine Kingdom**

As Circe began her ascension to godhood, the process for her would have seemed short, her soul was still too weak to process the vast amount of complexities that came with this process, but for Rowan it was anything but, he felt as if a century had gone by before she reconstituted herself inside the Divine Realm of Boreas.

Rowan called it a Divine Realm because this was not a Divine Kingdom, at least not the typical ones he was used to.

During that moment that felt like a century when Circe's mind was being torn apart, Rowan was working to rescue his plans from failure.

Circe would have immediately perished if not for his presence, and it was not easy keeping her alive while he had handicapped himself because he had to lay low.

His plan was on the knife edge of failure but Rowan kept it there, playing a delicate game of catch-up where he stayed just a single step ahead of the hunter while leading him on. Circe might have felt her mind on the edge of dissipation for a few minutes, but Rowan had been fighting to keep her alive for at least a century inside this place where time would had no meaning.

If Boreas had a typical Divine Kingdom no matter how vast it was then Rowan would simply sit back and watch his plans unfold, but he knew the gods of Trion were not simple, and he was right, although he had anticipated a great many situations occurring, including perhaps the Trion Gods were Demons or Celestials or perhaps even Emphyreans in disguise, the truths as he was slowly uncovering was far more stranger.

It shed light on a portion of his father's plan in the universe that made Rowan determined not to fail in this venture. There were so many things he could be learning with every passing moment that he was stunned and Rowan regretted the fact that he had only a single consciousness to work with at this time and he had to be focused on his objectives.

The entire idea for having Circe infiltrate the Divine kingdom of Boreas was for him to make his moves stealthily, so what he prioritized was the total secrecy of whatever was going to occur.

He must kill Boreas without the knowledge of the other gods. This was crucial as he feared he would never get a second chance like this again. Rowan likened this situation to him walking on a field of landmines, he could not avoid the danger but only tread softly, too much force and he would trigger an explosion, too little and he would get nowhere.

This feat would be a hundred times more difficult than simply shattering Trion to pieces with a single Sovereign, but Rowan had the confidence that he would succeed, simply because he had many tools in hand making him to be very adaptable to any changes that might occur.

It was for this reason that when he saw Boreas Divine Realm he knew that he was on the right track.

Rowan had seen numerous Divine Kingdoms, even taken apart hundreds of them during his quest to build the Forge. His angels had roamed deep into the isolated corners of the universe in a bloody eight-month affair that saw Rowan harvesting many Divine Kingdoms and learning how they worked.

His father seemed to have a deep fascination with gods and had managed to meld the Emyrean power system to those of the gods and created the Paths of Dominion, and Rowan started like he did—from the fundamentals, which was tearing apart a god's Divine Kingdom to understand all its function.

One of his earliest analogies that he made for the Divine Kingdom was that it was like a fruit and up till this moment he found himself referring to it as such.

If the Divine Kingdom was the fruit, then the Divine Spark would be the seed. To get to the seed, one would have to peel open the shell of the Divine Kingdom which was a region of compressed space around the Divine Kingdom that was fully controlled by the god.

It was this reason why a god could make their Divine Kingdom so small that you could fit a million Divine Kingdoms on the head of a pin, also they could easily hide them in any spatial tears or folds and it would be very difficult to track them.

Nevertheless, part of the reason Rowan took to hunting multiple gods was for the purpose of understanding the methods used in controlling the shells of their Divine Kingdom.

It took a while but he figured out the pattern by which the Shell of a Divine Kingdom applied Spatial Folding to its structure, but this process was still unique to each god, similar to the fingerprints of mortals.

With time he was able to perfectly locate the Divine Kingdom of any Minor God since their application of Spatial Compression was very crude, and no matter how deeply they had hidden their kingdom he could locate them.

Rowan would struggle a bit with a Major God, their Intent brought a new dynamic to the mix which was time, making it difficult for him to pierce through it. If the Spatial fold of a Minor god was stagnant water, a Major god would be a flowing pool.

He could not find the Divine Kingdom of a High God, but all this was before he ascended into his Will State during his creation of his Forge, and he could not tell how much he had improved when it came to detecting their shells at this time.

Still using a fruit as the analogy to a Divine Kingdom, after passing the shell would be the soft pulpy parts of the fruits or the Divine Kingdom proper, this portion of a god's kingdom was where the manifestation of their powers was present, the size and what it might contain was impossible to conceptualize because every god was unique.

Rowan had seen a Divine Kingdom that was filled with nothing but light, another had been filled with human hair, some were deserts and others were nothing but endless rocks and floating islands.

He had learned to quickly reach the essence of the Divine Kingdom and locate its core at a glance.

The Third and final portion was the Divine Spark, which like the seed of the fruit was located deep in the Divine Kingdom, protected and nurtured by the god, even if the shell and the Divine Kingdom were shattered, with the Spark, the god can remake everything that they had lost.

To truly kill Boreas and replace him, Rowan must break through the protection of his Divine Spark and supplant his consciousness with Circe's.

## **Chapter 725: The Vault**

The challenge Rowan faced when it came to Boreas could be roughly summarized in these three sections, which were the Shell of the Divine Kingdom, the internals of the Divine Kingdom itself, and finally the Divine Spark. In order to kill Boreas without alerting any of the other gods, he would need to counter all the advantages the god's Divine Kingdom gave to them.

The key to the first problem would be Circe. Rowan knew that it would be nearly impossible for him to find the location of Boreas's Divine Kingdom in a stealthy manner.

It could be anywhere, not even necessarily on Trion, in a head-on battle, he would have only needed to kill Boreas a single time for him to trace the essence of the god when he resurrected inside his Divine Kingdom and use Astrolabe to deliver him into his stronghold, but Rowan would be using the ascension of Circe to bypass that first hurdle, the Shell.

As he had feared, getting through to the Shell was not simple, because he had come across a very strange fact that had nearly killed Circe and destabilized his plans: the Divine Kingdom of Boreas did not have a shell!

This should be impossible, like seeing a mortal live without his skin. This was sheer madness but he was witnessing it with his eyes. He hated his father for a lot of things, but not for the breadth of his ambitions.

This fact alone meant that Rowan could not easily kill the gods of Trion if he wanted to, because destroying the physical shell of a god was useless, only destroying their Divine Spark would kill them.

So how would he kill this god when after destroying his shell, he was not able to locate his Divine Kingdom because, by all measures, it was non-existent?

Rowan's method of assassination had turned out to be the right choice. He would have failed to kill the gods of Trion if he had attacked head-on, instead, he would have revealed his hand and only butchered the mortals, also he could feel that whatever was going on, he was only seeing the tip of the iceberg.

When Circe began her ascension, her body did not reconstitute itself inside the divine Kingdom, that would have happened if there was a shell, instead, her body appeared inside nothingness.

That was the only word Rowan could describe this place at first before he took it measure and understood a bit about what this place was.

In an instant, Circe's body was vapourised down to the last atom, and her soul was to be next, but Rowan's control over the soul was a thousand times more potent than the flesh and he kept it safe, but not for long.

Circe's soul was a candle flame in the midst of a tornado, it was being torn apart, and although Rowan could maintain the flames of her soul, if it was spread out too wide her personality would shatter.

What was happening to her at this time was similar to if she had seen his true Will form. This gave Rowan a hint about what this place might be. This area touched upon energies of higher dimensions, and it was one he was familiar with.

This region was not safe for Circe because it was filled with the energy of Destruction. To Rowan this place was like a pool of relaxing water, his Destroyer luxuriated in this place and he could even feel himself growing stronger as his body attuned to this environment, but he stopped that process when he noticed that Circe's soul was being shattered more quickly while he was distracted.

There was also a hint of decay and malevolence to this energy that was different from the pure nature of his Destroyer, whatever this energy was from, it was tainted and he only needed to learn from it, not attune himself to it.

To become a Primordial his path must be flawless, any hint of corruption would cause more harm than good.

He pulled Circe's soul together and began to search through the area, there must be a reason why her ascension brought her to this place, Boreas Divine Kingdom was connected to all of this, and his father had found a method to place their Divine Kingdom inside a pool of destruction while hiding it.

This duration of this search was what others would call centuries but Rowan knew that in this pool of destruction, even time was consumed and everything happening was ongoing in an instant.

If a god with a miracle survives inside this place, they would slowly go mad even with the aid of their immortal soul as the concept of time passing by and remaining still would tear their soul to pieces.

When Rowan found Boreas Divine Kingdom that second surprise ensued. He would not call this a Kingdom but a jail.

There was a castle made from ice and bone-deep inside this pool of destruction, and it was not staying still, it was the reason it was difficult to locate it, only his familiarity with the energy of destruction gave Rowan the capacity to even find it.

Rowan called this castle a jail because he could feel that the energy of destruction was swirling around it in a manner that locked anything from escaping from it.

It was as if this energy of destruction was made to not only protect the castle but to keep whatever was inside it from escaping.

With burning curiosity, Rowan dragged the many pieces of Circe's soul and brought her before the castle...

Inscribed on its gates were words that were fading, in a language that was unfamiliar but Rowan could understand it.

"The vault of..."

The rest of the words were missing.

'Hmm... so not a jail, but a Safe.' Rowan mused.

He began to prepare Circe's Soul for what was to come. He could badge inside this vault, but that was foolish when he had the best chess piece here, Circe would not be able to survive the onslaught of the destructive energy without help.

Rowan set to work creating a framework that her mind could be able to conceptualize, he created a place of order inside this place of destruction using the energy of Boreas found in her bloodline.

He found that he could wield the power of the god when he was closer to this vault, and with it, he was able to inject the power that Circe would need and understand.

When he was done a bridge and a small piece of land appeared. This place of Order was what the shattered soul of Circe craved and without any intervention from him, her soul dragged itself onto it, and with the strength of her near-immortal soul, she recreated her body.

## **Chapter 726: Knucklebone**

The only consolation he could give Circe while pushing her towards the lion's den was the fact that he had her soul in hand, and except Boreas used a god-killing weapon that could shatter her soul to nothingness, she was safe, no matter how many times she died.

Ambushing the god would not be easy, he was now most likely suspicious of this event and the only play Rowan had at this time would be Boreas's curiosity, arrogance, and depravity.

He doubted his father cared about the mental health of the gods of Trion, because living in the place, surrounded by the energy of Destruction, was enough to lead an Angel to madness. What Boreas and by extension, the rest of the gods were going through would be a million times worse.

Their Divine Kingdom was situated in this place, and without a shell, it was like dipping an open injury inside a vat of acid.

How were they all not insane?

Rowan suspected that this vault had a large part to play in this. No god, no matter how powerful should be able to exist inside a destructive zone like this. Circe would have to play her part well without the knowledge of what was going on, and Rowan would have



only a single chance because he was dealing with forces here that he could not fully control.

"This is tricky... she is still too weak. My Will would shatter the fragile balance here, hold on for a while longer Circe, the pain would not last for long. I can only do this much. I know you cannot hear me, but hold on."

Rowan sent this message to Circe's subconscious, anticipating what was to come. She would not be able to hear him, but he suspected that his resolve would flow through her, and he knew that with her strength of character, she only needed a little nudge.

Circe looked around confused and panicked, but Rowan held back from revealing himself. Everything he had displayed was from just using her power alone, and at this moment, Rowan could feel the gaze of Boreas flowing around Circe.

He could sense his curiosity, he was a creature that was invincible, fear and death were something hard for him to understand, and in his world, it was hard to surprise him.

For a god, surprise was not something to be feared, it was to be welcomed. In the long and endless road of time that awaited every god, surprises were welcomed, almost cherished.

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Rowan was a bit amused that Circe was not moving, she was too distracted, the world she found herself inside was like nothing she had ever known, and that distraction would be deadly. The power he used to keep her safe would not last if she did not enter the castle.

Unaware that she was surrounded by Destruction that would erase her from existence in a moment, Rowan interfered with her hearing with a gentle touch, aware of the scrutiny of Boreas on Circe, he could only do this much.

That touch made her hear a loud cracking sound, and she turned around in surprise.

Rowan saw her panic as she witnessed the encroaching darkness. She ran across the bridge and at first Rowan thought she would hurry through the storm to the castle, but he was surprised when she pulled the power he used to create this minor barrier against the destruction into herself and used it to fuel her movements.

This turned out to be the correct decision because she had managed to enter the vault with this power, even though he suspected that it was Boreas who opened the door for her, she made the right choice and Boreas would have detested her controlling this power, driving away the suspicion that someone else was involved.

Circe just made his job a bit easier with this action but Rowan was not concentrating on what was happening inside the vault than outside of it, mapping every single part.

There were many surprises inside the vault but he wanted to understand the entire lay of the land before he focused on the obvious. An understanding of what the Vault would be began to evolve inside his consciousness, and then he shifted part of his focus to inside the vault with Circe, and as he expected, she was holding the attention of Boreas.

Rowan began to map the insides of the vault. The millions of Spirit Guise created by Boreas was noteworthy, but barely caught his attention although all of them were at the Major God level. This was enough firepower to control a vast section of the universe, yet it was only controlled by one god.

What was curious was where Boreas had acquired so much energy that he could fill up millions of Spirit Guise, but that train of thought was placed aside. If his father could have access to such great Destructive energies like these, then he should be able to acquire other great sources of power to feed his pets.

However, It was clear that even if he succeeded in killing this god, Circe would not be able to take his place because her Immortal soul would not be able to contain this much power in a short period of time.

It was almost difficult to fathom how much energy was required to create more than a hundred million Spirit Guise with powers equal to a Major God. Rowan could do it, his Primordial Sea of Darkness had more than enough Aether to power all of this and more, but he was a Nascent Primordial.

His surprise was a distraction he could not afford and he focused on the task at hand: locating the Divine Spark of Boreas.

Rowan had learned to see past the essence of a Divine Kingdom in order to find the core which was to be the Divine Spark, but everything about this place threw his calculations awry, and he could not find the Divine Spark.

At this moment, his investigation of the outer parts of the vaults to reveal its secrets was complete, and he finally understood how it possessed the ability to withstand the energy of Destruction.

The castle was made from a corpse, and this part he was seeing should be a small part of it, with his inference as a creator, he quickly figured out that this part was the knucklebones. Which would make whomever this bone belonged to most likely a hundred thousand feet tall if not more.

It was not hard to figure out that this body was the corpse of his brother.

## Chapter 727: You Sound Like A Broken Clock

From the glimpses from his past, he knew he had seven siblings, and he was the last born. Unlike him, who was born from the union of his father who was a Reflection of a Primordial, and his mother, the acclaimed Empyrean of Life, the rest of his siblings were all born from the essence of his mother alone.

This made them deeply connected with nature and therefore made them creatures of instinct; they were more alike to forces of nature like hurricanes or earthquakes.

Although Elura loved her children it also pained her that they were powerful but lacked wisdom. Rowan knew how difficult it was for creatures of great powers to have children, it was a feat that was almost impossible, and although Elura had succeeded seven times, there was a price to be paid.

Whether it was due to pride, or love or she was deceived, his father had convinced her that he could help her with this problem, and she had agreed. The payment was to be the union between both of them.

Rowan knew how this story ended, his mother was betrayed and mutilated, his siblings slaughtered and their essence twisted to become the gods of Trion, while he was tortured for more than a million years, his mind and memories twisted.

He had replayed it a million times in his head, he no longer obsessed over the details of the past, instead, he focused on the next part of this hidden story before him and observed the body of the brother he never knew. This would be his window to the past.

His father left nothing to waste it seems, even in death the bodies of his siblings were put to use, Rowan did not find this to be strange because he suspected that the palace of the Godking floating above Trion was made from the remains of his mother.

His memories were not yet complete and he did not feel pain at the death of his brothers and sisters like he had once before when everything had felt so new and overwhelming to him.

As he grew stronger the concept of life and death was increasingly without much meaning to him, because he was aware that even the soul he consumed was just energy, their true Origin was still denied to him, and except for the rare few Soul Origins he had acquired by accident, the concept of death was just another turn in a page.

Every mortal he had killed, every god he had consumed would be reborn in another place, at another time. At least this was the truth so far, but Rowan firmly understood that this was all about to change.

The battles henceforth would be far more cruel, because the Supreme Worlds controlled weapons that could shatter souls, eradicating them at their roots, and it would seem that the gods of Trion had such weapons too.

At this time, even he had no idea what such a weapon would do to the Soul Origin of the deceased. Was it enough to affect it? He could not answer this question at this time, he could only move forward and do what he set his sights on achieving.

What Rowan could understand well, however, was self-preservation and revenge.

His father aimed to kill him and rip his inheritance from his soul, Rowan would stop him. His father had already taken so much from him, corrupted his path, and butchered his family, Rowan would annihilate him.

His quest to locate the Divine Spark of Boreas led to the question of where the rest of his brother's body was kept. This tiny bone could not be all of him.

Circe was presently being tortured as every essence in her body was drained and refined by Boreas, she was displaying a firmness of will that pleased Rowan so he accelerated his search and he found nothing. The Divine Spark of Boreas was not here.

Rowan paused when he realized there was a single place he had not searched.

It was at this moment that Boreas drew Rowan's Aether inside of his body and Circe whispered, "Checkmate."

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Boreas arched a single brow and sat up straighter on his throne, he heard what the aberration had spoken and he understood that something had changed, but what? His curiosity increased as he sensed no hints of danger from this child, but this detail made him even more interested in her, for he knew the sound of victory and she thought she had won.

Boreas could not wait to crush this blooming hope, and a hint of a smile was beginning to creep on his lips and then he frowned.

The first indicator was the silence, for the first time in forever the screams all around him had stopped. The excruciating dirge he had been subjected to for millions of years had ceased, and now his hysteria was beginning to arise, but it was just a bit.

With a flick from his palms, he tossed the body of Circe to the side and stood up from his throne,

"Can this be?" he whispered, the millions of Spirit Guise on the floor parted and he walked past them to the door of his vault and he hesitated before stretching his hand to reach for the darkness.

With a muffled boom like an earthquake happening in the distance, his palm stopped before the doorway shielded from the darkness.

"How can this be?!"

"You know... you sound like a broken clock." a pained voice said beside him.

He turned to Circe who was gasping for breath on the floor. Boreas found it annoying that she was already pulling essence from his vault, although compared to the ocean of essence he had to work with, what she was collecting was worth less than a single grain on a beach.

"You are either brave or incredibly stupid to continue stealing from me." The god stopped talking, "But I know this is not your doing, you are nothing but a puppet."

Circe barely felt her heart sting with his words, the fact that she could become a puppet in the war between gods was an achievement that she would never dream of accomplishing.

Here she was in front of her Primogenitor and she smiled at him, "Fuck you!"

Boreas left eye twitched and suddenly a realization came to him like a bolt out of the blue lightning shot out from his eyes as he was about to make a move but a large black and seized him by the throat,

Another hand plunged deep into his chest as four more hands seized all his limbs.

Boreas struggled to speak, "Rowan.... Wait... we... can..."

"You can speak better when you are dead."

With a grunt of effort, the hands separated and tore the shocked god into six pieces.

## **Chapter 728: I Have Your Attention**

The being that attacked Boreas resembled an octopus, but instead of tentacles, it had arms. The hand had eyes in their palms that accurately resembled the demonic entity that Rowan had seen Tenma summon on the battlefield, it even had the aura of a Demon.

Although Boreas had called Rowan by his name, Rowan was not fooled, he had not revealed anything of himself to the god, and he would be foolish to reveal himself even if Boreas was correct.

He expected that Boreas would begin to fish for information next, which was good. While he would be busy trying to crack Rowan's disguise, he would be doing something else.

Rowan had already covered the entire vault using his Aether, creating a shield of unnatural black ice that was resisting the influence of Destruction and blocking Boreas from escaping this place for a short time.

This weird body was the form Rowan took, as he was no longer restricted to a humanoid form when he lost his flesh Rowan used his Aether as a tool to impose his will on reality while hiding his Aura until he finished his objectives.

The head of Boreas in one of his hands gasped in pain before he began to chuckle, and that soon exploded into a full-blown laugh,

"You disappoint me, Rowan. Like your trickster father, ultimately the only thing you truly understand is violence. The snake only sheds its skin to grow into a bigger snake. I came to you with my arms placed away and yet you attacked me with no hesitation. Your bloodlust makes you similar to Tiberius, that fucking animal."

The shattered body of Boreas exploded into lightning and he reappeared on his throne. He dusted non-existent dust from his sleeves and relaxed on his throne, a smile playing along the edge of his lips.

"You cannot kill me, little brother. Tell me, what do you hope to achieve here? I had thought you would be fleeing to the farthest corner of the universe. Yet like the rabid dog that you are turning out to be, you jump at the first chance to bite the hand that reaches out to you. How predictable and disappointing. Yet I don't believe it is entirely your fault, you have been left alone for too long, you need guidance and a firm hand."

The weird demonic figure of Rowan silently vanished and Boreas' eyes blazed with regret and annoyance, and he turned to Circe,

"I will take care of you first, you have no right to be here with my family." He spread open his right hand as if he was cupping the air, and out of nowhere, a lightning bolt that was so condensed it resembled a star that was shaped as a lightning bolt slammed into Circe, she did not even have any time to scream before she was turned to dust.

Boreas clapped his hands together and smiled brightly,

"Now that this little distraction is out of the way, why don't you come out and play little brother? I have seen your signs and the potents you leave all over reality. Like a

petulant child, you crawl on everything that had been raised up slowly over the eons and you seek to trample them with your overgrown feet. If our father would not discipline you, then so be it. I will be the one to bring you to heel. I do this out of love."

Boreas looked around, his senses running through every layer of his vault. Like all the other vaults held by his siblings, it was stark with no decorations or symbols, the only things here were his Spirit Guises, which he had been able to cultivate with the help of the unique environment of this vault.

"What is your goal here little brother? Do you seek to imprison me because now you realize that I'm invincible and cannot be killed? Is this the way you want to win this ill-conceived battle? Let me give you information for free, yes my Divine Spark is here, along with my consciousness, but you should know by now that this is not all of me."

Boreas vanished and reappeared by the little bit of black ash left behind by Circe's vapourised body, "My siblings will soon seek me out when they discover that I'm not responding to them, just one of them that becomes a bit curious would draw the attention of the rest. How long do you think this will take? A year? A week?... The next minute?"

He bent down and reached for the ash and dragged his fingers through it before bringing the digit to his lips and licking it. His eyes were closed as if he was savoring the taste of the ash.

"I will admit, I don't know what method you use to seal the vault. Yet I'm not surprised, you always had this way about you... the miracles you could effortlessly accomplish. I do not envy your gift, Rowan, I know the curse that it carries. I heard your cries of pain for a million years little brother, and as punishment for my silence, my darkness, this fucking prison now holds your voice... screaming inside my skull like a pack of starving mice. How quaint that your seal is the one to hold them back after all this time. I almost thought this to be impossible and I will endure this curse forever."

Rowan remained quiet. No matter what Boreas says, he did not truly know it was Rowan manipulating Circe, and he was already so close to finishing what he set out to do. Boreas had swallowed his Aether after all. Let the god keep talking, the true battle was taking place beneath all the bluster.

'I will make a pact with you,"Boreas stood up from his crouch, "You have seen my powers, and you have witnessed that I can not be killed. My body is my Divine Spark, and no matter how many times you rip me apart, I will not die. Give me your strength and together we shall rise above the gods and we shall take back our throne from the Trickster, Golgoth has promised your safety if you bound yourself to our will."

Boreas did not seem to be bothered that Rowan was silent as he chuckled,

"Don't you see, we have the same enemy. That damned trickster was not just your father. The act of ripping us from our bodies and placing this... this blasted consciousness in all of us also makes him our father too. If he had stopped there that would be too much of an affront to us, but he didn't, in his madness he also went after his own kin!"

Suddenly the vault went silent as if an invisible weight had settled over it,

"That's right, I have your attention now. My foolish brother, do you think our father is alone? Why do you think he is called the Third Prince? He is a mad tyrant and a betrayer and his delirium goes beyond what you can conceive!"

## **Chapter 729: You Will Scream For Me**

TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO.

Rowan had scattered his Berserker Clones into various positions to perform varied crucial tasks, one of which bore fruit not too long ago as they located the missing page of his Primordial Record.

Another had achieved something similar far earlier when they succeeded in unlocking a portion of the mysteries behind the blood he collected from the Third Prince.

He had gained this boon in the surprising ambush he had planned against whoever might be pursuing him when he was in Jarkarr after escaping the Nexus, and Rowan had caught a far larger prey than he had expected, the Third Prince, and at that time he did not know how incredibly lucky he was that this event had occurred because this was the first time his past was revealed to him.

Elura the Emphyrean of Life who had been imprisoned inside the body of his father had taken advantage of the chance created by Rowan and broke free from the Third Prince's control, even if it was only for a short time. She had revealed to Rowan that she was his mother and Rowan had used this opportunity to steal the blood of the Third Prince when his mother had burst out from his body.

At that time Rowan had no powers to manipulate this blood and unravel its secrets but he chose to slowly study it and he hoped that he would be able to find something from this long shot. In his desperation against such a powerful foe, he would never let any advantage he had go to waste.

He had partially succeeded in this venture, but as always he had been left with more questions than answers.



Unlike the Berserker Clone that had entered the Underverse, the clones that Rowan used to investigate the blood taken from the Third Prince all aged unnaturally fast. It was as if Time was accelerated a million times faster around that blood, and Rowan had to change these clones every three minutes.

It was a good thing that Rowan was capable of this feat, or else even a god would have drained their entire Divine Kingdom in a month, but Rowan had effortlessly held on for twelve years before he saw any meaningful result.

He had been changing his clones so frequently that he did not even think about it, as the five Consciousness Pillars assigned to investigate this blood drop expanded the number of clones he used from one to ten thousand.

Every three minutes ten thousand Berserker Clones would perish and another ten thousand would take their place.

Even with all this sacrifice it was difficult for him to unearth anything from this blood, and the difficulty only increased when the Blood was rapidly decaying and a larger portion of his energy had to be channeled into keeping it viable.

The only breakthrough came by accident, Rowan had already given up on gaining anything from this blood and expected that no matter how much effort he placed into this experiment the blood would be destroyed in a few months.

It was then that a Berserker Clone who had the appearance of a ninety years old man, with long white hair and a beard unlocked a small corner of the blood, a single cell.

Rowan had caught a brief glance inside and saw the structure of the Third Prince's blood.

The cell resembled a polygon, but that was not what was strange about it, as the shape of Rowan's cells changed after every evolution, and he knew his cells always changed to fit his growing powers. What was strange about this cell was that on the four sides of the polygon were four different faces and one of the faces belonged to the Third Prince, his father.

The faces were vivid and clear, and he had placed them all in his head. The first was the fat face of the Third Prince, the second was the slim face of a young man who resembled him, the third was the grizzled face of a man who seemed to have fought many wars, and the last was of an old man.

Four faces, four different people.

At that time Rowan did not understand what this might signify. Were these the shapes his father could take? His clones? Why were they branded on his cells?

All these questions could have no answer with the evidence he had on hand, but everything changed with the words from Boreas. This was information Rowan had no idea about, but he had feared the possibility that he did not have a single enemy, but four.

The Third Prince.... He had never really thought about the significance behind that name, seeing it as a title, but what if there was a first prince, a second prince, and a fourth prince?

How many of these bastards were out there? The history of his father was still too much of a mystery.

Rowan thought of the story of Erohim and Orum, the fact that he knew there was more to that story than was revealed. Would he be getting his answers here?

Rowan's Reflection was a direct copy of himself, but that did not mean that the Reflection of his father would be the same, and with the experience he acquired from his Berserker Clones and the Reflections he had created, he knew that time could cause unknown changes in an embodied technique.

His Berserker Clone had acquired a soul after two decades of wandering inside the Underverse, who was to say what unknown changes might have happened to the Reflection of his father after countless years, that could not even be measured using a mortal sense of time?

At this time his technique was complete, and it was just in time, Rowan was tired of the endless prattling of Boreas. Before he acquired his Will, the gods of Trion might have been a challenge that would have taken all of his power and concentration to win over.

Now he had so many tools to use that it was not even funny. He had taken the best weapon that was available to him, while still keeping himself hidden.

He would kill Boreas without even showing his face to him. This wretched Reflection of his brother did not deserve the honor of fighting him.

Calling up the soul of Circe he asked her, "Are you ready for round two."

She cracked her neck, "Release me Rowan."

"Careful fierce warrior. For I will be fighting with you too."

Rowan made his move and from the back of Boreas who had been talking, hoping to draw out Rowan exploded, pushing a ton of flesh out that coiled like a snake and separated into two.

Boreas screams were heart-wrenching and he turned around as the two snakes transformed. One of them took the shape of Circe and the second took the shape of Ohrox, the Demon Prince of Destruction.

"Ohrox, impossible, you are dead."

The Demon Prince grinned...

No, not a Demon Prince, Boreas face went pale, this was a ducking Demon King!

"Keep talking little god, soon you will be screaming for me."

## **Chapter 730: The Game Of Violence**

The presence of Ohrox swept through the vault, and his extremely potent Abyssal Aura turned the air thick with a noxious fume that was straight from the deepest corner of hell.

In a brief moment that was caught by Rowan, he noticed the gaze of Boreas, it contained many complexities, but the foremost was the shock of being incorrect. Boreas had originally thought that if there was anyone who could reach this place so quietly, it would be Rowan.

However, Reality seemed to be playing him for the fool because a Demon was here before him, and not just any Demon, a supposedly fallen Demon Prince that was now a Demon King.

There was no way for this energy to be disguised, for the presence of a Demon King could not be faked.

Rowan saw this realization solidify in the eyes of Boreas and he smiled internally, no matter what happened, he wanted his presence to be undiscovered until the moment he wanted it to be revealed.

The myriad negative emotions felt by the god began to surprisingly fuel the power of Ohrox, and the miasma generated from his presence began to thicken. The long black tongue of the Demon King swept through the air and his red eyes went alit with madness and the lust for blood.

Boreas staggered backward, his eyes still wide with shock, fury, doubt, and deep fear as he rapidly processed the implications of a Demon King that was not just inside Trion but was within his most sacred sanctuary.

He was no longer comfortable in his might, against a foe such as a Demon King, Boreas knew the fight would most likely take everything for him to win.

Even now with this unexpected revelation, Boreas was not afraid of loss, despite the fact that when Rowan burst out of his body, he had torn a huge chunk from Boreas that contained nearly forty-eight percent of his Divine Spark.

Boreas had been a Major God when he had awoken, and in the past three decades without the bloodline lock imposed on his bloodline and billions of mortals sent into the battlefield to drive back the assaults of the Demons and Mages, Boreas had stepped into the stage of a High god.

A High god of Trion was multiple times more powerful than a god had any right to be, and even in the presence of a Demon King, Boreas soon settled his negative emotions and focused on the battle that was to come.

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'This battle must happen quickly,' this was Rowan's goal, and to achieve that every move he made must have a purpose, he could not waste a single moment.

When he had manifested a demonic presence to tear Boreas apart, leading the god to believe that Rowan was inside the vault but was hidden from sight, yet unaware that Rowan was already inside of his body working to understand the unique structure of Boreas Divine Spark so that he could strike at the right time was a move from Rowan and many factors came into play to make it possible, and this move was the first of many to come.

"How can this be?" Boreas stammered, his eyes filled with panic, but it was a shame that he fought against Rowan who could smell the deception oozing from Boreas, this god was acting the part of the prey in order to strike when the Demon King lay down his guard,

"Ohrox! You are alive?! With the power of a Demon King." Boreas yelled in shock and took a step back. Rowan nearly rolled his eyes, Boreas was not convincing him a bit, but, he laughed internally... 'two could play this game'

"Too much talk little god, I promised to make you scream. I am not a king who does not keep his word." Ohrox grinned, showing rows of serrated teeth like a shark, as from his six-fingered hands, twelve-inch claws that were covered with red fire erupted with a metallic sound.

Unlike Kohron the Prince of Strife who was becoming more human-like in appearance, Ohrox as a Demon King became more like a beast.

Apart from his face which had distinct human characteristics and which appeared incredibly malevolent with thick red scaly hide, Ohrox resembled a powerful dragon who was standing upright, eight massive horns pierced through his head and a burning red sun sat in the middle of the horns like a crown.

His wings, if you could even call them that were the stuff of nightmares, as they resembled arms, seventy large black hands that seemed to be connected with webbings that grasped the air making various demonic gestures.

The potential for violence that wrapped every inch of this Demon King was remarkable, and it seemed almost impossible that a creature like this would have the patience to converse before battle.

Ohrox did not disappoint as he raised his wings high, the seventy black arms had finished casting a demonic technique, and with a loud shriek that tore through the air, they released it. The demonic technique erupted from Boreas' body like a supernova, and the entire vault was shaken to its foundations.

Endless waves of Abyssal energy erupted from Ohrox's flesh and in a stunning development, the Spirit Guises on the grounds of the vault began to mutate. Large black wings tore out from their back and their bodies warped into that of a Demon.

Ohrox had been focused on Boreas all this while, but the first move he made was not against the god, because Boreas had been laying a trap for him if he had done that, but he went for his armies.

This development was enough to shock Boreas out of his lethargy, he was not fighting against a power-addled monster but a cunning beast and he had been burned for the last time for his negligence.

With a scream of rage from being mocked and deceived, his body erupted with Divine lightning straight from the depths of his soul, he would cleanse his vault of this filth with the lightning from the highest heavens!

The lightning began to grow as the shape of a hammer was being created from this gathered energy, this hammer that felt like it could shatter a galaxy exploded as Ohrox blasted through it seizing the god by his throat and halting his energy transformation.

"How dare..." Boreas' cries of anger were cut short as Ohrox opened his mouth wide and bit his head; he worked at it like a shark, tearing a huge chunk from the face of the startled god.

As Ohrox tore through the head of Boreas taking large chunks out of it he did not forget to mock him, "You are too slow little god. You fight like someone who has been battling with weak enemies all their lives. That false confidence from you is so delicious. Tell me, little god, when was the last time you fought for your life?!"

## Chapter 731: The Tenacity of The God of Storms

Boreas screams of pain and shock could hardly be heard over the sounds of Rowan feasting. The wings of Boreas began to writhe around once more as he began generating a new Demonic technique. The sight of those arms moving was horrifying to witness, as looking at them for just a short while would drive a god mad.

What Ohrox was consuming was not just flesh but was the Divine Spark of Boreas transformed into flesh and blood using a process that Rowan was rapidly deciphering, but he was beginning to see the similarities between the Divine Spark of the gods of Trion and the creatures found outside the Universe.

The development of power found outside the universe was a merger between the flesh and the soul, while the gods of Trion merged their Divine Spark with their Souls, making them similar to an Outer Universal creature.

There should be a reason why the gods did not travel far from Trion and expand their dominion to the forces all around them, and Rowan had just discovered the truth.

They would not be able to. Unlike Rowan, who was able to still exist inside the universe for a short while due to his unique will, the universe would quickly eject the gods of Trion from her embrace because they were technically breaking the rules.

The universe would consider them as outer universal creatures, although they were far too weak to deserve that status, and Rowan knew it was because his father had stunted the growth of the gods.

Trion must possess a unique environment that could shield their presence from the universe, but it must have a limit, if he had allowed the gods of Trion to grow unchecked, with their latent potential, it would be impossible for them to hide their presence from the gaze of the universe.

It was no wonder that the gods of Trion considered themselves to be invincible, while inside the universe, it was difficult to affect the soul but unfortunately for Boreas, Rowan was the bane of souls.

Although the Divine Spark of Boreas made it difficult to affect the soul of this god, Rowan had been inside the body of Boreas for a short while and he had ripped a considerable amount of soul energy when Boreas had been distracted with his ramblings.

With his power over souls, it was easy for Rowan to make the pain that Boreas was feeling from each bite to be millions of times as potent as it should normally be, nearly crippling the god in the process. The pain Boreas was experiencing was enough to kill a

dozen High gods and the gut-wrenching screams from Boreas were evidence of the torture he was going through.

Ohrox was going for another bite, when an unexpected cry of rage erupted from Boreas body, a terrifying storm holding ice, wind, and lightning pushed Ohrox back, the claws from his feet creating large sparks on the ground as he was pushed for several feet and disrupting the Demonic technique he had been creating, if Boreas had delayed for a single more second, whatever technique Ohrox had been creating would have been unleashed.

Out of nowhere, Boreas had summoned the strength to push back Rowan, freeing himself from the demon's dreadful embrace.

The Demon King opened his hands wide and laughed, openly mocking Boreas, but inside Rowan was furious, he had not expected Boreas to break free from the lock of pain that he had been inflicting on him, and this move from Boreas was keeping him away, buying time for the god to recollect himself.

At this time Circe who was immune to the effects of the storm summoned by Boreas tore through it and slammed into the god, she was holding a blade of lightning and black ice and she stabbed Boreas through the large opening in his skull that had not yet healed from the assault from Ohrox.

Rowan decided to use Circe who he had kept behind him all this time as the next move on the board.

Since one avenue of attack had closed, he had to open another, he would not let the god have the time to collect himself, because he had shown that he had a surprising command over his senses and if he gave him the chance, then Boreas had the potential to be truly dangerous.

Boreas cried out and slammed his hands together, wanting to squash Circe like a bug, and she twirled around like a dancer, bringing both her legs upwards and resting all her weight on the lightning blade she was pushing through the skull of the screaming god.

A blast of lightning erupted behind her feet and gave her a frightening amount of thrust, and she drove the blade deeper into Boreas skull.

She screamed aloud as she placed all her energy into pushing the blade deeper but Boreas hands clapped together and a shock wave erupted from it that pushed her towards the ceiling of the vaults hundreds of feet high and still held so much energy that it pinned her to the roof, but she had given Rowan space to attack and he took advantage of it.

Boreas brought his hands to pull out the blade embedded in his skull but Ohrox was already beside him, his twelve-inch claws ripped into Boreas tearing huge chunks from

the god, and his wings caught all the pieces of flesh and blood and an open mouth in the center of their palms devoured it.

The Demon King's deranged laughter rang out in the hall even louder than Boreas screams of pain,

"Did I not tell you, little god, that I will make you scream?"

Ohrox opened his mouth to take another large bite from Boreas' head when the demon halted his attacks and suddenly vanished, which was just in time before billions of bolts of lightning that had merged to create a large pillar of condensed lightning passed through his position.

That lightning slammed into Boreas and did not hurt him but healed him and began creating armor around his body. This lightning was coming from the millions of Spirit Guises whom Boreas had activated.

In his first move, Ohrox had corrupted a third of the Spirit Guises of Boreas, transforming them into demonic entities, this process was still ongoing, but Boreas had shown a surprising amount of battlefield awareness and he chose to receive all the attacks from Ohrox while he had pulled back the majority of his Spirit Guise from the corrupting influence of Ohrox.

Circe, who had been fighting against the effects of the force pinning her down, freed herself and flew down intercepting the beam of lightning that was launched from more than seventy million Spirit Guises. Boreas was using this opportunity to heal and activate his abilities.

At this time she was a Minor God, and the power from seventy million Spirit Guises was overwhelming even though she shared the same elements and had a near immunity over the power of storms, however, the force that erupted from this blow could not be easily nullified and she was shattered to dust, and yet her sacrifice stopped Boreas from completing his healing using this energy.

## **Chapter 732: Thirty Seconds To Die**

Rowan would not be using the entire range of his abilities for this fight and had reduced himself to using Circe and the energy from Ohrox Demon King Abyssal Spark.

This restricted his abilities to a large degree, and even though Rowan would like to deny it, he almost welcomed the challenge. With the tools he had available to him, how could he kill this god who for all intent was an outer universal creature?



The answer was simple, by anticipating all the moves he might be able to make and using the advantages he had created when he led Boreas to believe he was fighting against a Demon King and not Rowan.

If the plans he had set down were going to work perfectly then Boreas had only thirty seconds more to live.

'Let's make those seconds count.' Rowan grinned inside, but the appearance of his puppet, Ohrox took a different look, after all, if Rowan truly wanted to end the battle this instant, he would be able to, but he wanted to push a message across because he believed no matter how much he hid this fight, the truth of Boreas death would be revealed when he begin to make drastic changes across Trion.

At that time, the Demon King would be his shield, dragging the Mages and the Demons of the Covenant to this battle in order to make sure that everything would be chaotic, only then would he strike.

'Your death count begins now... Thirty seconds... Twenty-nine seconds...'

Ohrox reappeared near the doors of the vault and frowned when he noticed that the soul wounds that he had inflicted on Boreas had nearly been entirely healed, casting his gaze down on the Spirit Guises, he saw that only ten of their number had perished.

This meant that Boreas sacrificed ten of his Spirit Guises to bring himself up to a hundred percent, even the Soul injuries he had sustained had been alleviated to a great extent. Boreas had mastered dozens of Intents, among which was Deep-Mind, an Intent that could soothe the spirit from mental damages and when taken to the limit could heal the soul of injuries.

Although Boreas had mastered multiple Intent, he had not yet transformed this power and elevated it to the Fourth Dimension which would give him control of time.

Deep-Mind would continually heal Boreas Soul injuries and in a battle of attrition that would take centuries, Rowan would have no issue with slowly whittling him down to size but he would not be fighting this god for centuries, only for a few seconds.

'Twenty-eight seconds...'

Boreas roared with anger, with the pain tearing his soul apart reduced to its minimum, he was now free to display the full might of his powers,

"I AM THE GOD OF STORMS, OHROX YOUR END IS HERE, I SHALL KILL YOU AGAIN, THIS TIME IT WILL BE PERMANENT!"

He was now clad in gleaming metals that resembled a merger between blue energy and black fire, a helmet covered his head revealing only his bright glowing eyes, a long cape made from ice and wind flew out behind him and an icy sword appeared in his hand.

The double-edged sword was not massive, just two inches wide but it was long at nearly six feet, with nebulous gray energy like a storm cloud surrounding it. The sword spat out yellow lightning that tore holes in the space of the vault, which was astonishing because with all the powers that had been erupting inside the vault since the battle began, none of them had even warped the space inside the vault, yet only the minor emission from this blade was tearing this space apart.

'Twenty-seven seconds...'

This sword caught Rowan's attention because it was astonishingly a Pseudo Source-level treasure! It was nearly as powerful as the Scythe he summoned from Thanatos the god of death.

If he had not gone outside the universe and become familiar with treasures of this level after using it multiple times, the weight of this moment would have shattered his confidence, a weapon like this should destroy anything. Rowan doubted if anyone inside the universe would be able to stand before this weapon without dying.

The sword's presence outstripped Boreas and for an instant, it was almost as if it was the sword that was wielding the god and not vice versa. Rowan would not be surprised if that was to be the case, except it was deliberately destroyed, every weapon of this level must have a fierce intelligence.

'Twenty-six seconds...'

Boreas voice boomed out like multiple thunderstorms,

"INFIDELS AND DESECRATORS, YOU SHALL PAY FOR YOUR INSOLENT! WHEN OUR TRIAL IS OVER, I SHALL PERSONALLY MATCH TO THE ABYSS AND LAY WASTE TO IT."

The sword was raised up and the tip was slammed against the ground with devastating force, but he still held back a bit, because unleashing the entire might of this weapon would kill him as the cost of powering only a fraction of his abilities was too much for a High God to bear, even a High God as powerful as him, and the vault was powerful, but it could not bear the full might of this weapon, destroying the vault would most likely kill him as the endless tide of Destruction outside would flood inside this place.

The vault shuddered, and this palpitation did not cease but increased in pitch until it felt as if the vault was about to be destroyed. Nearly ten percent of his Spirit Guise was destroyed by that vibration, a painful cost, but Boreas gathered all that scattered energy

and transformed it into eighteen bright silver suns that revolved around his head. This would be the fuel he would be using to power this weapon.

He nearly fell to his knees as a sudden weakness took hold of his body but he swallowed one of the silver suns and the energy he expended in activating the tip of the weapon was returned to him and actually overflowed, causing his body to expand until he stood more than twenty feet tall.

The vibration reached a crescendo and the Demon King grunted as if he was in pain before taking a step back.

'Twenty-four seconds left...'

Boreas smirked and watched what was about to happen in glee, this was all he needed to do, nothing would survive this blow, not even a Demon King. Boreas did not know the entire history and mysteries behind this weapon, not even its name, but he knew that it had killed far greater beings than Demon Kings, and using only a fraction of its powers was enough.

Ohrox apparently did not agree with that assessment as for the first time since the battle began, he began to chant, his rough voice like massive boulders being crushed together resounded in the vault competing with the vibration from the Pseudo Source level weapon.

His wings that held seventy arms drew large Demonic Sigils empowered by the potent Abyssal energy of a Demon King. The energy building from his body transformed him into a bloody sun, and the smirk on Boreas's face disappeared as he watched the growing energy from the Demon King.

## **Chapter 733: Three Seconds Left**

Boreas had never fought a Demon King before, and their abilities were a mystery to him, he should have been contacting the God King at this time but all communication was being blocked by the black field surrounding the vault.

This meant that Ohrox must have realized that if he broke out from the vault then he would lose, and normally Boreas should have turned his attention towards breaking free and alerting the rest of the gods.

Yet the pride of a God of Trion was unmatched, as a High god of Trion, by all means, he should be able to battle a Demon King, and if he fled from his vault to beg his siblings for aid, he would never be able to raise his head high in the presence ever again.

Also if the detail of how the Demon King had deceived him and played him for a fool at the beginning of their battle left the vault, the God King might even kill him in fury. Golgoth was a cold bastard, but he did not suffer fools.

With the surprise that had occurred since this battle began, Boreas was no longer holding back and he would ensure that this wicked beast was crushed with nothing left of it behind. Clearly, the Covenant was aware of the internal schism within Trion and they wanted to take advantage of it.

What he would be revealing to the gods was how he had been able to uncover a hidden lot of the Demons and possibly the Mages in their attempts to assassinate them in their respective realms.

Before that, he needed to leave nothing but the head of this Demon King behind.

With a cry of rage, Boreas banged the tip of the weapon against the ground once more, he swallowed another three of the glowing silver orbs beside him and slammed the weapon another five times against the ground.

This act drained Boreas until he almost faded away, and he quickly summoned all the orbs that were left and swallowed them to regain his strength and also grew again until he was more than three hundred feet, the space of the vault stretching to accommodate his increased size.

'Eighteen Seconds left...'

The vibration that had been building from the weapon activations suddenly ceased, and space fragmented like a cracked glass. From within the fractured space what could be considered as blue flames but were so cold it defied meaning poured out from the crack in space into the vault.

This flame came from somewhere that was so far away from this universe that the distance defied meaning, yet this weapon had pierced through that gap and delivered the flames into the vault.

The flames revolved into themselves and created seven warriors shaped entirely from the blue flames. The warriors had the shape of Boreas but they held two long spears and they surprisingly had the fluctuations of souls inside of them, and as they striker forward, it was revealed that these seven warriors had the might of God Kings!

These were lifeforms with the strength of Demon Kings. The soul energy Rowan could sense from them revealed that this weapon was a summoning tool, and Boreas had used only a small fraction of its power.

Rowan calculated how much this weapon would interfere with his plans and determined that it would have little to no effect. If Boreas could push more energy into it then that

would not be alarming, because a weapon of this level was wielded not with strength alone, but with knowledge.

Boreas was like a child, he wielded the weapon with no finesse, what a waste.

'Twelve Seconds left... until your soul is mine.'

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The might of this great weapon could not be underestimated, with one move Boreas had reversed the entire situation. The seven figures took a step and they vanished before seven simultaneous massive booming sounds occurred as they appeared around Ohrox and impacted against the flaming red sun that surrounded the Demon King.

The loud sound that exploded from that crash was like a piercing siren and it erupted in a series of staccato beats like the heartbeat of a star as it neared its end.

A shockwave swept through the entire vault, crushing hundreds of thousands of Spirit and Demonic Guises to death. A loud crack emerged from the side of the vault and Boreas's gaze turned towards it in alarm before focusing back on the fight, his gaze no longer relaxed, the strength of Ohrox was shocking.

The energy from the destruction of the Spirit Guises flooded into Boreas who began to expand until he reached a thousand feet, and the eyes of the gods twisted in rage when he noticed a similar thing happening to Ohrox who was feeding on the energy of the Demonic Guises he had stolen from Boreas.

With a loud cry of rage, the Demon King shattered the technique created by Boreas, the winged arms seizing the seven flaming figures and Ohrox swallowed them into his guts, they struggled all the way, but Ohrox tore them to pieces with his teeth, and down his throat, there were many rotating teeth that grounded up the flaming figures.

They did not go down without a fight, their long flaming spears tore long rifts on the Demon King's body, his arms were torn off and a powerful blow from four of the flaming figures targeting his midsection almost tore him into two pieces.

His stomach exploded multiple times as the figures he had swallowed struggled to escape the hell that could be found inside his stomach, but Ohrox had one diabolical property unique to the Abyss, which was the so-called Abyssal Flesh.

It was incredibly difficult to damage his body and even if that was done, he could heal and regenerate lost parts supernaturally quickly, and even though this battle was happening very quickly, Ohrox was healing so fast it was almost as if his body was made from water and the weapons of his foes were just passing through him.

'Seven seconds left...'

Ohrox began to grow also, the energy from the Demonic Guises giving him an intense burst of power that was both mild and incredibly powerful and he integrated every single bit of it without any waste.

Throughout the confrontation with the summoned beings Ohrox never stopped chanting, if his mouth was occupied a new mouth would grow from his shoulders and resume the chant without any break in the flow.

Boreas was no longer underestimating this Demon King and had been creating a powerful spell assisted by the blade in his hands. The moment Ohrox unleashed his might, Boreas did the same and the entire vault seemed to have parted in two.

'Three seconds left...'

## **Chapter 734: The Winds Of Eternity**

Inside this unknown vault, two powers that could shake the universe clashed, their battles unnoticed, but the effect would inevitably spread out during the coming days.

Change was coming.

The Divine Spell Boreas summoned could be argued to be the most powerful spell in his arsenal—The Wind of Eternity.

This was a spell that partially was born from his previous body as the Child of the Emyrean of Life who controlled the storms. Golgoth had improved this spell until it became so powerful that it would be impossible for Boreas to cast it without the aid of this weapon.

He was no longer able to effortlessly cast this spell or pass it across in his bloodline but Boreas considered it a worthy trade-off because this spell was truly mighty, and its life-saving effects were second to none. The greatest reason for his fearlessness was partially due to this spell.

This spell had a simple function, to expand space... Infinitesimally!

"VROOSHHH...."

Unleashing the Winds of Eternity created a pale green and blue cloud over Boreas that exploded and crashed against the flare of red power that erupted from Ohrox demonic technique. Boreas sensed the sheer corrupting power inside that demonic technique

and his eyes widened in astonishment, it was almost as if the Demon King was using his entire essence to battle him.

This was not far from the case, Rowan had no use for a Demon's King power, and he carelessly squandered it, even if it was destroyed, as long as he kept a small piece of the Infernal Spark, it would regain its powers in time.

"Two Seconds left..."

Their strengths seemed to match for a brief duration as multiple shockwaves erupted from the points of collision that could snuff out stars, but then the effects of Boreas Spell took hold and with a loud creak, the vault began to expand.

Every combatant here appeared to shrink as space multiplied a billion-fold and the presence of Ohrox was left far behind.

Of course, that meant that the green burst of power from Boreas's Divine spell could no longer stand against Ohrox's might because its purpose had been accomplished.

The red flare of power tore through the sparse green and blue cloud blocking it and headed for Boreas, but the god did not panic, imitating Ohrox, he spread his arms apart and laughed.

The beam of destructive demonic energy traveling faster than the speed of light reached Boreas and stopped a few inches away from his head.

There appeared to be a greenish corona around Boreas that was blocking the attack, but that was if you were viewing it from the front, a look sideways would show a drastically different scene.

The beam of demonic energy did not stop, in fact, it was traveling faster than when Ohrox unleashed it, but the distance between Boreas and the beam was stretching in real-time, and in a blink of an eye, the distance between Ohrox and Boreas had become wider than the empty gulf of space between galaxies, and the length was still increasing.

The Wind of Eternity could supposedly stretch the size of a small room to be as large as a universe, but to reach this size, it would need a ridiculous amount of power and a caster to have high attainment in Spatial awareness and manipulation.

Boreas could expand this spell until he could make this space as large as fifteen thousand light-years across. He had the power but his attainment was still too low to attack his enemy across such a distance, but his enemies could also not attack him.

If his Spatial mastery was high then he would be able to expand this space multiple times than even what was here and be able to attack his enemy as if he was beside

them while they would have to send their attack across the vast distances before it could reach him.

Boreas had come to realize that the greatest advantage he had in this fight was time. No matter what barrier the Demon King had surrounded the vault with, there was no way it could be able to halt back the endless tides of Destruction outside, in a short time, even without his intervention, it would be destroyed.

Also, it was blocking his attempt to communicate with the rest of the gods, since it was the first move the Demon King made, then Ohrox must certainly be afraid of the situation where Boreas could broadcast what was happening here to the rest of the gods.

It should have been impossible for Ohrox to find his way to his vault, and this was an emergency that was worthy enough for the gods to convene once more.

Now all he needed to do was to avoid this Demon King for a little while, and he could summon more creatures in the meantime to tear this beast apart. With the endless gulf of space in between them, he would be the one to smile at the end.

Boreas' heart went still as a soft voice like that of a lover spoke beside his ears, "Your time is up..."

At first, Boreas was puzzled when he saw his arms floating away neatly severed at the elbows, but he noticed that he was no longer holding his sword.

'Where is my sword?' he muttered in confusion, his thoughts seemed to be mired in mud, and thinking was becoming harder.

He attempted to look down but his head tumbled from his shoulders and his perception went awry for a moment before he focused on his body that was only left with a torso, his legs had been cut off at the hips and was also floating away carrying a healthy trail of blood.

'When did that happen?'

Even his torso did not stay in one piece and was bisected into eight different sections and slowly scattered.

From his scattered body parts came long trails of lights of all colors that resembled a rainbow, but they were more stunning than any light in creation was supposed to be. The lights flooded out from his body with so much force it spread out for millions of miles and it was almost like a supernova explosion.

The light brought intense peace to his soul even as it took it away.



It was the most beautiful sight Boreas had ever seen in his life.

"What... how could I hold such beauty inside of me?" His head could hardly complete a statement, when his sword was driven through the top of his head and burst out from his neck.

His confused eyes which were becoming filled with blood jiggled from side to side, 'I don't understand.... I don't understand... I don't..."

Those were his last thoughts.

Boreas head was impaled with his weapon and his eyes in his blue eyes disappeared and it slowly closed, to see no more.

Boreas the Gods of Storms and the Primogenitor of the Storm Callers was dead.

## **Chapter 735: Waste Of Potential**

The first god of Trion had fallen, not with a bang, but a quiet sigh.

Rowan paused for a single second as he mourned for this god, not because he was once his family, but because of how much his potential had been stifled. The difficulty of killing Boreas came not from his strength but from seeing such great potential go to waste.

Killing Boreas was easy, he was a child stuck in the body of a Titan, given weapons of unimaginable powers yet still too ignorant to wield them and understand his true nature.

He was never allowed to grow, to reach outside the universe and understand his abilities, like Rowan before he escaped the Nexus, Boreas had been kept in his crib and was made to rule a small patch of land, his potential squandered.

Nothing was tying the gods of Trion to this universe except ignorance, and if Boreas had utilized even a single percent of his innate potential Rowan would have found it impossible to kill him in the form he was in now.

Yet the tools Rowan had to work with were extensive, even given up the advantages of his armies or even his physical presence, his evolution and growth made any battle with a creature that was not a Superior Dimensional entity with multiple millennia of experience not truly a challenge.

Nevertheless, he still acknowledges the fact that even the smallest of errors and the most shameful of defeats could come from even the weakest adversary.

The body he wore of the Demon King Ohrox whose laughable end came despite millions or perhaps billions of years of preparation because of a mortal Archimedes and the willingness of the gods of Trion to play with their prey like children was a warning sign to him.

He was powerful, but not invincible. Rowan would always remind himself of this fact. Boreas had believed in the might of his spells and the protection of his vault, even till the end, he had not understood the reason he died.

Rowan would go to every hunt fully prepared and never underestimate his enemy, the proof of this was even until the death of Boreas, he had never shed his disguise, and every ability he used that could implicate him was utilized because he was sure the gods of Trion were not familiar with them, as he had never revealed them, especially the killing blow he used against Boreas.

The shell of this plan and many others had been made decades ago when he knew he would be coming to Trion, and he had shifted to the best ones when he understood the situation he found himself.

To kill Boreas he had placed two drops of his compressed Aether inside Circe.

During the recreation of her body, he had structured her entire being to be able to carry his Aether for a short while. Circe physical flesh was useless to him, and he essentially made her a container for his power.

This method was selected to be the one with the greatest degree of success when he reviewed all the methods he could use against Boreas.

Without his Physical or Energy Body, Rowan could not wield his weapons properly, and so he used another method, his Aether whose properties were particularly potent.

When Boreas had consumed those two drops of condensed Aether, he was already dead, even if he was not aware of it. The Aether of a Nascent Primordial was a power that was ridiculous against foes inside the universe, even a god of Trion.

The first drop was from his Primordial Sea of Darkness, after it had been strengthened by his elevation to Will, this Aether had developed certain interesting barriers and sealing properties alongside its abilities to freeze both the body and soul, Rowan had used a majority of it to seal the vault, wary of Boreas sending any message out of it.

He had then used the remaining portion of it to freeze a portion of Boreas body and forcefully separate it from him so he could build the template for creating Ohrox and Circe, but all of this was a distraction while he finished his preparation, as the true killing weapon was the second drop of condensed Aether which came from his City of Sheol.

No matter how powerful his Primordial Sea of Darkness was, Rowan had discovered that its power was born from his Angels of Char, its properties were demonic in nature and was born from the Will of whatever Abyssal Power corrupted his Angels.

That power was beginning to grow stagnant inside him after he purged the Wills of the Old Ones from his body, and it was only growing because of the new Angels of Char that were continually being summoned inside his Territory when he took a life.

This power however could not be compared to the Aether born from his Sheol bloodline whose roots were linked to Rowan was continually being strengthened with every evolution he had undergone.

Rowan had always been careful with wielding this power because he was still incapable of understanding its entire nature.

He knew that it held supreme power over the soul, and it could enchant even him when he imbibed it.

Rowan had multiple consciousness pillars now reaching in the hundreds, and each of those pillars was more powerful than what an average god or Archmage could command, and he had a great resistance against this Aether, it belonged to him after all, but with all those advantages, plus the fact that he did not have a soul, Rowan still finds himself enchanted by this Aether.

He knew that this Aether already controlled the powers of higher Dimensions, but his Will of Truth was unable to peer through it yet, understanding would only come with time and the elevation of his bloodline.

Boreas had no chance of resisting, even if the Aether that entered his body was not larger than a cup full.

The only thing that delayed his death for a short time was because Rowan understood that killing Boreas was the easy part, what came next would be multiple times harder and to prepare Circe better for the role she would be carrying out, he needed to be sure that he had properly scanned the entirety of Boreas.

There were always repercussions in killing a god, but Rowan was going to stop that from happening by deceiving everyone else that Boreas was dead.

The body of Ohrox appeared beside the scattered body of Boreas and attempted to hold the hilt of the sword, but a flare of greenish power like a shield covered the blade and he could not touch it, but the hands of Ohrox began to shrink and then it transformed into a small and fair hand.

That transformation of the hand continued upwards until the Demon King transformed into Circe, but her eyes were different, it was silvery bright and cold like the void.

Rowan recreated Circe's body but kept her soul sleeping, and now as he reached for the blade, there was only a tiny resistance but his hands closed over it and pulled it from the ground while pulling off the head of Boreas from the blade.

"Wonderful weapon, I shall add you to my collection. In my hands, your true power will shine."

## **Chapter 736: The Ritual Of Transference**

With a sound as if the air was escaping a vacuum, the Divine Spell that Boreas conjured began to lose its energy and the space inside the vault was rapidly shrinking, millions of miles vanishing in every heartbeat, and it was a shame that he could not observe this process better, Rowan felt that there was a mystery here that would reveal itself if only he took the time to observe properly but his time here was rapidly coming to an end and the effect of Boreas' death would be rippling out in no time so he focused on the most difficult part of his task.

Building his forge had taken all of Rowan's theoretical knowledge about the operation of Runes and hundreds of other disciplines to the pinnacle in the universe and with this Nascent Primordial senses and perception, that pinnacle was being pushed forward daily, even if he was consciously not trying to learn.

The time spent in the Sand Lines on his way to Aroth was not in vain, Rowan had been creating a Runic Platform for the transference of Soul Traits, memories, abilities, and energy to a willing receptacle. He had the sample of Boreas bloodline and he had Circe, and now that he had the Divine Spark of Boreas, everything was complete.

The ritual for transference was a relatively common rite but was notorious because it was dangerous to perform because there were a great many unknowns about this ritual, yet Rowan knew the reason for this difficulty was because of the soul.

Most of the rituals of transferring did not make any allocation for the soul, the concept of souls was too high level for most and it usually caused these rituals to fail, so it was not popular.

Usually, a Transference ritual had extremely strict criteria, and the most powerful transference ritual that had been created was the one that could transfer the Spirit power from one individual to another.

There was no one he knew that could transfer souls, and even if it was possible, certainly not the soul of a High god, and the soul of Boreas was stranger and more powerful than any High god because his Soul and Divine Spark had been fused.

Faint trails of mist had begun to escape from Boreas scattered body parts, with a gesture Rowan pushed them back inside. Killing Boreas should set off great calamities on Trion that could shatter continents and kill billions, and this was the least of the aftereffects, that is, if Rowan failed to stop the effects of his death from rippling out from this vault.

Rowan slammed a spherical Runic platform into the ground of the vault that measured around thirty-five feet across; it was made from metals that could not be found inside the universe. Millions of Living Runes were etched on it, which swam across with a life of their own.

There were eighteen receptacles on that platform that were arranged in the shape of a man but were spread out so a large square-like platform would be left in the middle.

He waved Circe's hand and a pale silver fire erupted from the edges of the circular platform, which began to slowly rise from the ground. If his calculations were correct, he needed to finish this transfer before the platform rose higher than seven hundred and seventy-seven feet or he would fail.

Rowan began to rise alongside the platform as he deposited the body parts of Boreas into those eighteen receptacles. When he killed the god, he did not butcher him into all those parts for the sake of any twisted enjoyment, it was all for this ritual.

Rowan paused when he glimpsed the face of Boreas. Death had ripped every indicator of arrogance from his features and Rowan could see that in another life, he could have called him brother. Their resemblance was truly striking.

Like all his victims, Boreas was not born evil, but the touch of his father had perverted their nature.

There would have been a time when Rowan would have felt intense loss and maybe a bit of sorrow, but he knew he had no more place in his heart for his enemies whether they became so by choice or coercion. Boreas did not show it, but he had been in pain.

With the time he had spent inside the body of this god, he understood that the Aura of Destruction around the vault had driven him mad, and his only hope to escape this torture was death. The corruption inside them was like a virulent cancer that had taken over the cells entirely.

He set the body of Circe inside the receptacle in the middle of the Runic Platform. This type of ritual would normally need the aid of hundreds of members working in tandem, and that was for a much simpler affair, what he would be doing now would be ten times harder.

Despite all those challenges, he had managed to refine the ritual down to its essence, but it would still require someone else to complete it. Rowan could only do so much while existing as a one-dimensional being in a three-dimensional universe.

The platform had already risen for forty feet, aware of the time constraints he began riffling through his consciousness.

There were multiple choices that could complete this ritual for him, at the top were Eva, Lost, and the two Sovereigns. He automatically dismissed the Sovereigns as a choice from the three.

Although the Sovereigns could restrict their energy outflows, they were still too powerful and their presence would be felt all over Trion and beyond if he summoned them, Eva would be the best choice but Lost would have to do because Rowan was still planning for the future events that whatever happened here was discovered.

He would be scrubbing any trace of his energy from the vault and make sure only the energy of the Demon King was left, of course, he would ensure that the flickers of that energy would be so minute that it would only be discovered by luck, but if anyone could discover an evidence so minuscule like that, it would be the gods of Trion.

Rowan would also be making use of Lost due to the energy of the Mages contained inside their Spirit Matrix. In the event that he failed this ritual and could not contain the energy of Boreas, the culprits responsible for the death of this god would be the Demons and Mages.

He hoped to perfectly take the place of Boreas, but he must always plan for when he failed.

## **Chapter 737: I Will Not Fail You**

With his decision made, Rowan's consciousness spread across his Destroyer. Since he had access to just one consciousness he could not even cover the entirety of his being. He could only see a small part of it, his consciousness could not cover the totality of his existence, and like an ant roaming the body of a mighty dragon, he searched through thousands of worlds until he found his target.

Lost tends to move around... a lot.

Rowan wondered if it was because of his name that the boy tended to wander like the breeze. Names were powerful, but he still thought it fit the nature of the boy. Rowan was grateful he did not wipe out the consciousness of this Supreme Aspect when he made it.

This would be something his father would do. Rowan would be better than that. He had to be, or else the battle with his father would lead to nothing but destruction on such a scale that nothing of laughter or love would come of it.

'This sentiment... is this the realization of a Mortal's life that colors my thoughts?' Rowan mused. 'My Will of Truth comprehends the value of creation and preservation. When I was weak, I was nothing but an animal struggling to survive, giving up my soul for a mere Empyrean bloodline, but as a Nascent Primordial, my vision should be greater.... I am a Destroyer and I am a Creator.'

Although it was harder to regard mortals as important as he grew stronger, the fact that he could not understand how their simple structure could hold an energy as powerful as a soul humbled him.

Their chaotic lives and deaths. Their ambitions and sorrows, their loves and hatred, they all seemed so small and meaningless when you looked at them from afar... he could crush trillions with a wave of his hand, but the true magic was to descend and live among them.

Their lives were brief as mayflies... but by the light of all creation, how they shine so bright.

He felt his Will vibrate strongly, and the urge to evolve to a Second Dimensional Creature was so great, that he nearly gave in but that would be a mistake in this place filled with the energy of Destruction that was tainted.

He had a mission, and he would complete it first before upgrading his Will, and he would be doing that outside of Trion to avoid any complications or interference. Besides, Rowan hoped to be able to push forward and become a three-dimensional entity in one go.

Rowan settled the fierce commotion in himself and concentrated on the target he was after.

He found Lost riding on top of the body of a gigantic elephant with eight tusks, his face was bright with laughter, and his small arms still chubby with stubborn baby fat pumping in the air.

Rowan could not help himself and he smiled.

Rowan had noticed a weird phenomenon that he had dismissed for the moment after he tried to understand it, there would be time for experiments later. He had noticed that the worlds inside his Destroyer and everything it contained were active when his attention was not focused on them.

The moment his consciousness returned, time would stop. Take for instance the figure of Lost, the last time he had looked inside here, he was being taught by Eva, their frozen posture was enough to convey that impression, but now the boy was riding on this large beast.

Rowan wrapped his consciousness gently around the boy and brought him out, with access to only one stream of power, he had to be careful not to hurt anyone by mistake as controlling many things at the same time could cause lapses in his power management.

Lost appeared by the Runic Circle, and at first, he was motionless as if the effect of the time stop was upon him and then he gasped, looked around, and focused on the form of Circe lying on the ground, he looked at her female form in shock since he could detect Rowan inside of her,

"I'm hello sir...madam? My lord, I never knew you liked to um... shapeshift to a woman, I mean...see life from different perspectives. " Lost seemed distracted and he could not look at the eyes of Rowan who appeared to become suddenly tired.

Lost snapped his small fingers as if he had come to a realization, and he beamed,

"I get it, this is what the Lady of Shadows had been trying to teach me. This is how I can see life from another point of view. From today, I'm no longer Lost, the boy of flames, I am now a proud..."

"Enough of this buffoonery child," Rowan interrupted the silly antics of Lost and pushed the knowledge of what he required into his mind, he waited for two seconds before he asked, "Have you mastered the rites."

Lost blinked rapidly for a few seconds before he gave a thumbs up and his demeanor drastically changed as he swept both his legs upwards and sat down cross-legged in midair.

"Good, you have only one chance. If you fail me then my plans for this world would have to go a different route. Many would die in the war that would erupt, including those you know and love."

Lost swallowed, "I won't fail you."

Rowan nodded and closed Circe's eyes. What he said to the child was harsh, but he needed him to put a hundred percent of his effort into this task. The sting of his Angels dying in the hands of Caine still pained him deeply, and it was one of the reasons he chose not to attack Trion head-on.

Lost also closed his eyes as he concentrated fully on the ritual, his amazing consciousness was able to encapsulate the entire information that Rowan had sent to



him, and with a voice that did not waver he began to chant using a harsh demonic language.

Rowan nodded and made sure Circe lay correctly in the receptacle, he dispersed her clothes, and it was revealed that her skin was now filled with multiple Runes that were not engraved on her skin but had been sliced deep into her flesh until the white of her bones could be seen.

The Runes also penetrated her bones, and in the realm of the invisible, the Runes covered her soul.

Lost floated above her body and as he continued chanting another voice joined him, it was feminine and sounded like Circe, but the voice was speaking Medan.

Circe's mouth opened wide and a pale blue fog drifted out of it to gather above her and created her incarnation.

The Incarnation had two faces, Circe's and Boreas's. The Incarnation was pale, almost resembling a marble statue, its features were washed out, and its form appeared to fuzzi at the edges as if it was at the fringe of dissipation.

The Incarnation also sat cross-legged opposite Lost and the chants were coming from its lips.

Lost looked down at Circe one last time and focused on her entire form, knowing that what he looked upon was his creator.

## **Chapter 738: Forbidden Ritual**

"Mrtklrukkrr Ymnowhemu...

"For the wandering soul that seeks rest, You shall find a home inside me...

"Hrrakkharr Ymnotrugok...

"For the wandering heart that seeks life, takes my flesh...

"Trruddrokill Yrmmunill...

"For the wandering land that seeks home, you are here...

The Merger of the Body, Soul, and Divine Kingdom.

"Boom... Boom... Boom... Your heart is strong, as your creator made it so. Wake up!"

Circe gasped as she became awake, the sound of her heartbeat was so loud that she felt it would be heard from space.

In a few short hours, she had died multiple times, and she knew that the effects of her numerous deaths should leave a scar on her psyche, but she was not feeling it.

It was as if every time she died, her soul was protected in a bubble of solace that cleansed the trauma of her violent death, and every time she woke up, it was like being born for the first time.

The only problem was that she never awoke to anything great. Just blood, violence, and horror.

This awakening was different, as she was hearing voices deep inside her spirit, her body felt both stretched to the limit and also relaxed and a deep sense of fear and loathing filled her heart.

Interested in finding out the source of the disquietness inside of her, Circe opened her eyes, and for a short while, she did not understand what was happening.

The last time she was alive, they were fighting Boreas her Primogenitor. Rowan had transformed into a powerful demonic presence and she had sacrificed herself to stop Boreas for a single moment. She had prayed it would be enough, and the fact that she was awake, meant they had won.

Somehow she did not doubt that this would be the case. Rowan had always felt like a force of nature, his victory always seemed... inevitable. Perhaps it was due to the confidence and power that came so naturally to him as if he was the center of existence and everything swirled around him.

For anyone else this achievement should be enough to celebrate for a thousand years, but Rowan was already moving on.

She sighed and spread her perception all over her surroundings, trying to understand what was happening.

Circe saw herself lying spread eagle on a rising platform. She saw a boy with white hair and clothes whose Aura was so bright she felt as if she was peering into the sun floating above her and he was chanting words that caused pain to stab into her spirit.

Circe felt another sort of pain all over her body but this one felt distant, as if the pain belonged to someone else, but what was troubling her was the feeling in her Spirit, it felt empty... drained.

So much was happening to her in such a short amount of time, Circe felt that her many deaths were a good thing because they 'refreshed' her spirit. She nearly laughed aloud

because a realization came to her that without dying multiple times, she would already be mad.

The fact that dying and coming back to life was not the strangest thing that had been happening to her spoke volumes of the madness she found herself in.

Her eyes looked a bit to the side and she saw her Incarnation chanting alongside the boy, and every time the boy spoke, her Incarnation would follow along, and it did not take her long to understand that her Incarnation was repeating and interpreting whatever that boy was saying.

Suddenly the boy looked down at her and she saw his eyes were nothing but twin suns, and then he winked.

Circe consciousness fell into darkness again, but not for long as she awoke to something sweet forcing its way into her mouth, it felt slimy and warm and it rushed down her throat even while she wanted to spit it out. Panic and disgust were warring inside her head but then she felt a rush of awareness and power flooding into her body from whatever just entered her mouth.

This feeling was coming not only from her mouth but from every part of her body. Forcing her eyes open she looked at herself and something above her that was not there before entered her sight and she shuddered in shock.

Boreas was hovering above her. His eyes were partly open and she could see there was no light behind them, he was dead. A single red line was on his neck and all over his body were red lines that should indicate that he had been sliced to pieces.

Those red lines on his body suddenly expanded and blood that resembled tiny snakes crawled out of his body in their hundreds and rained down on her.

They all began plunging into every open area on her body, including her open mouth, and before the horror of what was happening could fully dawn on her consciousness she felt the same wave of orgasmic energy as before flooding into her body, and in much greater intensity.

Her eyes shook from side to side but these were the only movements she could make, she saw that floating above Boreas was her Incarnation, and every time the snakes of blood poured into her body, another pale energy in the surprising form of houses and bridges rushed into her Incarnation.

She wanted to scream when with a faint pop, one of Boreas's eyes was pushed from his sockets by a snake of blood and before it could fall into her open mouth, it scattered into hundreds of bloody snakes that rushed into her body.

Circe did not know which one could have been worse.

"You were not supposed to be awake during this process," The voice of Rowan spoke in her mind, "but I underestimated how much your body and Incarnation could merge with that of Boreas, and how quickly you would grow as a result."

Circe could now make faint noises from the back of her throat, as she felt a tear slip down the side of her eyes. There was something incredibly disturbing about what was happening to her that she found hard to stomach.

"Your revulsion stems not only from this ritual which your soul finds wrong on an instinctive level. Unlike me, you were not meant to consume a soul, and your essence rebels against this intrusion. What you are feeling right now is only a fraction of the true aversion inside you, as I am filtering the majority of the side effects away from your consciousness. Eating a soul is... difficult, especially that of a god, don't fight it."

## **Chapter 739: The Conviction of A Mortal**

Rowan's words only brought what she was experiencing to the front of her mind. The concept of the soul was something she heard whispered by the fires at night. It was something unknown and ethereal, and even though she had been resurrected multiple times and she now had an Immortal Soul she still found it difficult to wrap her mind around the concept.

Becoming a goddess made her aware of her soul, but it just stopped there. There was only a vague understanding of its presence and purpose, and it was quite impossible to consider understanding or manipulating it, and now she was consuming it.

This aversion inside her was so strong, how could this be only a minor fraction of it? Does it mean that without the presence of Rowan, she was that useless?

Circe's mind shook and she closed her eyes for a while before anger overtook her spirit. 'Why was she weeping like a child?

She knew what she signed up for when she accepted the help of a power like Rowan to change her fate. She had told herself that a brief life of usefulness and power was a hundred times better than a life of mediocrity.'

'What did she truly want for herself? A life of uselessness burdened by a heart given to her by an enemy who slaughtered her parents, or a life of meaning that although beset by horror, suffering, and chaos, would be one where she would get to not only avenge her past but control the fate of countless others so that what happened to her, would not happen to someone else.'

'This is the reason I returned to Trion, the whole purpose of my struggles is useless if, at the first sign of trouble, I break down and weep. If this change comes with this sort of

pain and anguish, I will bear it. To cleanse the past of my shame and make a better future for everyone else.'

'Was this not the reason that I and she hoped; Rowan was fighting for? Their past was beset with evil and suffering, and to change their story, to rewrite the rules, the board would have to be swept clean and a new one would be made.'

Circe struggled to speak, making dull croaking noises.

"You can talk to me inside your head. I will hear you." Rowan said to the struggling goddess, but she stubbornly stuck to her guns before speaking, although it came out slow and broken, Rowan could understand her, and her words resonated with the budding mortal comprehension inside his consciousness.

"To create... something new and bright, the old, the tarnished, the corrupted would have to be torn down!" Circe nearly screamed the last parts and her voice grew stronger, "I have no regrets and I only despise myself for being too weak. I believe in you, and whatever it takes for everything that is wrong about this world to be changed, I'm willing to pay for it."

She opened her mouth and her Spirit and with a scream of madness, Circe touched her Soul, and she drew in the power of Boreas above her.

The Runic platform shone as bright as a star as lightning bolts in the millions erupted from her body.

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Rowan watched the merger of Circe and Boreas closely, the platform had already ascended for four hundred feet, more than the halfway point, but it appeared that the process would end far more quickly than he imagined.

Her words made him consider his actions from the past, and the direction for his future. He had never thought beyond winning this war with his father, because he knew how challenging this would be.

No matter how powerful he became, Rowan was aware of his weaknesses and knew that there were many unknown methods or abilities that could pull him down, and if there was anyone who could take advantage of those abilities, it would be his father.

It was for this reason he never planned for what came after. He would either win this war and survive, or he would lose and his best outcome would be death.

He never cared about the collateral damages or the broken worlds or bodies he left behind. He never cared about his legacy or how he would be remembered, he only knew about survival.

Circe a mortal, whose soul was nothing by his standards, her life was so weak he could crush her with a flick of his fingers, had shown more determination and strength of character in a single moment that eclipsed his greatest expectation.

She was fighting not for herself, but for the future of those she did not know. Rowan was not just her savior, as he was using her, she was also using him.

Rowan had seen her true motivation at this moment. She had given him permission to use her body and soul at her discretion because she believed he could be better than the gods of Trion.

Rowan sighed inside, 'I fight for revenge and survival, but there is no reason why I cannot make your wish come true. I'm not the messiah you seek, and my compassion is colder than the void. I understand the strengths of mortality, but I'm not a mortal. Your ambitions, your sorrows, your very light, although it shines bright to me. It is something that I can no longer share with you all.'

'I will rid your world of monsters Circe, the power to choose the direction of your future shall be given to you all. As long as I'm alive, the fate of mortals and all those who chose to live life decently shall be protected.'

Rowan did not say these words to Circe, he kept them inside his heart. The battle with Boreas, although appearing easy, was only possible because he had prepared for this day for decades.

He was lucky that he had someone like Circe to use against this god, he had access to Boreas true bloodline via his Spirit Guise when he encountered the god on Jarkarr all those years ago.

The other gods of Trion would not be this easy, but Rowan expected that to change. Killing Boreas was not only to weaken Trion, it was for something far more important.

His memories.

His understanding of Trion was about to take a massive step forward. Boreas' memories would show him the details of the past, and his present, and it would be the key to unravel Trion from the inside.

Rowan had learned patience, he waited until Circe had absorbed everything that she could, and as always she surprised him with her strength, she took everything without losing a single iota of power.

Now it was his turn. He shut off her mind and entered her soul, waiting inside of her, the memories of the God of Storms.

## Chapter 740: The Vault Of Hekaton

The memories of Boreas appeared to him like an ocean, they were massive, but when he touched them, they were not deep and oddly empty. Something was holding him back, a barrier he had hoped would not be present, but who was he kidding, there was no way everything he wanted would be presented to him on a silver platter.

His father was smarter than that. Like any good weapon, he had placed safeguards in the memories of Boreas. Rowan would have done the same thing.

He swept his mind over the ocean of memories and received a multitude of sensations and Intents, dozens of them. He parsed through each of them and enriched himself with a deeper understanding of the god.

Although what he discovered next was surprising, he could not say it was unexpected. From the surface memories he collected, he immediately discovered that Boreas was not complete.

What he had killed was indeed Boreas, this was his Divine Spark after all, but an essential part of him had been stripped away, and he no longer had access to it. This was the case for the rest of the gods of Trion.

What was left here were more like figureheads, given enough power to make them appear strong to the rest of the universe, while their true abilities had been locked somewhere.

It was possible for his father to kill any of the gods if he wanted to and simply replace them with 'another Boreas' or 'another Kuranee,' if he wanted to. In fact, Rowan did not doubt that he might have done this more than once with some of the gods.

Boreas had been slowly growing insane inside this area that was rife with extra-dimensional energy of Destruction, and one reason he could survive for so long was his varied Intent that soothed his Spirit and purified his soul.

Since such a power was unique to Boreas, then Rowan could infer that some of the other gods might not be able to do the same. Perhaps when some of them went insane beyond any hope of recovery, his father could simply replace them. Their true core was not here.

He had come to realize that what his father valued from the gods were their powers and not their intellect. Rowan had stolen the mind of Boreas, but his true body and power were out of reach.

This caused the memories Rowan got to be just what he could skim from the surface, if he wanted to do more he would have to push through an ephemeral barrier that connected Boreas to the rest of the gods.

The best method to describe this phenomenon was that the gods of Trion were a sort of hive mind. The majority of their consciousness could not be accessed by them, and only the surface layer of their mind was their own.

Rowan did not know which fate was worse, was it to be a puppet and be unaware of it, or to be a puppet who was aware that its independence was limited, and everything it had could be taken away with a tug of the leash?

Immediately Rowan saw the similarities between the gods and Andar. Despite the fact that he had given Andar a large part of his independence at first, the truth was that before Rowan gave him his freedom, he had been the true core of that child.

Even if Andar had perished Rowan would have found ways to resurrect or collect all the benefits the boy had labored over.

This was the power of a Reflection. This was the cursed legacy of his father. The gods of Trion were simply programming casually played by his father. In many ways, he was not so different from his father, only his Will of Truth had begun to separate him from his foul legacy.

Without his Will, he would have never been able to truly see how deeply he was falling, and he might have found himself in a situation where he could no longer separate himself and the man he wished to kill.

'Focus on the reason you are here. There will be time for you to search your consciousness and rid yourself of any latent dangers hidden in your psyche.'

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Boreas had become a High god with the deaths of countless Dominators with high levels of power who were carrying his bloodline, but the real benefits of all those deaths were not channeled to him but to his Divine Kingdom.

Rowan could see the trick that was being played here. The core of a normal god was their Divine Spark, but for Boreas, the core of his power was his missing Divine Kingdom.

His father had placed him in a vault, while he had taken his Divine Kingdom.

One of the reasons Rowan could easily kill Boreas was that he had access to his Divine Spark and did not have to fight against the Divine Kingdom of a High god; this battle had only one outcome when Boreas had been crippled in such a manner.



His Divine Kingdom still existed, but it had been taken away, and Rowan could not find it because details of where it resided were hidden deep inside the hive mind.

The hive mind could as well be called the mind of his father. Rowan was so close to the man and if he pushed further into the ocean of memories, he might be able to excavate a lot of secrets.

The idea was tempting, but he held himself back. He had his plans and he would follow, doing that act would be a direct challenge, and without more information on his foe, he would fail to succeed.

The hunter was patient. He needed an opening to gain access to this Hive mind, and perhaps the key could be found when he finished scouring through the mind of Boreas.

He could not hope to unravel the mysteries of Trion in a single move, but learning from Boreas memories would have to do.

Rowan hoped to understand the reason for the decision his father made, and he plunged deeper into the memories available to him, zipping along the tumultuous highway of the long life of a god until he reached the beginning of what he could access without plunging deeper into the hive mind of the gods.

This portion of his memories was disordered, likely because the true owner of this memory was long dead and Boreas remembered only little bits of this past life.

Rowan discovered that a greater part of Boreas's life had been spent inside the vault, and now Rowan knew the complete name for it.

Rowan shivered in excitement as he discovered the opening he was looking for. The vault was one part of a seven-part key to unlock a place of mystery that was unknown to Boreas and the rest of the Trion gods.

Hekaton was the name of his brother. This Ancient being had been born seven hundred million years ago, and for the greater part of his life, he had existed as a massive storm that stretched for more than a million miles, his presence was so vast that it reached outer space and influenced the movements of the moons.

## **Chapter 741: Golgoth**

For a moment Rowan was almost lost in the primal nature of his brother. He was a being of pure elemental chaos. Uncontrollable and unbounded, a million years would go by before he blinked his eyes, and although he existed without any drive to seek a purpose or even learn to speak.

Hekaton had been happy.

Elura had made a mistake, her children were already perfect, and it was her desire for change that brought a monster into their midst.

Rowan watched a small part of his brother's life. He rarely took a physical body and had only taken such a shape three times as he hated the constraint of the flesh, and the last time he took it was on the day of his death.

This was the moment he was looking for. This memory was short but strangely clear as if Boreas had looked for this particular set of memories inside the Hive mind and had replayed it over and over again.

For the first time, Rowan watched it happen.

His consciousness oversaw the events like a third party and he saw a scene of great devastation. The entire planet of Trion had almost been torn to pieces, three mighty bodies were sprawled out on the broken surfaces, they had been killed, and Hekaton was going to be the fourth to die.

Rowan paused this scene and mentally rebuilt the devastated world of Trion and even though it was a Major World, when he brought it together, he discovered that it was far smaller than the current state of the planet. He filed this information for later, it could be an important clue.

Rowan saw that Hekaton took the shape of a blue humanoid with three eyes but from the waist down he was nothing but a mass of ice, lightning, and swirling winds, he was holding two lances made from lightning and was already gravely injured.

He had been sliced nearly in half, he was a being that had six limbs, but a sizable chunk of his torso was splayed on the ground, his bright blue blood was spilling from his wounds in such prodigious volumes, it was enough to fill an entire ocean.

The wounds seemed to freeze his body in its present state, as Hekaton struggled to become the storm, but his flesh was a burden that refused to leave him.

Rowan recognized the presence of Will of at least the fourth dimension, Time. This blow made it impossible for Hekaton to heal himself because it had fixed the timing of this wound as absolute, and without an opposing Will, no matter how powerful Hekaton was, he could not fight against it.

Hekaton was not dwelling on his injuries, his eyesight was focused on a full-body armored figure sitting on a stark metal throne. The armor worn by the figure appeared to be rusted and he sat with his head resting on one of his arms.

The figure had a tattered black cape draped by the side of the throne and a great sword rested by the side of the throne. The wind that blew past this man appeared to be infected by an air of desolation.

There was something about this man... it was as if he carried all the burden of creation on his shoulders and he appeared, so tired, but he refused to stop moving with a sheer stubbornness that had long exceeded madness.

From his memories, he knew that this figure arrived when Elura was lured away from the planet by a shadowy presence.

When this man arrived, he had dragged the seven children of Elura before him with a gesture and he gave them the chance to attack him with their greatest power, and only after they did would he retaliate.

He told them that if they could make him take a single step back, he would leave them to their fate, and honor the bargain with Elura, but if they failed, their life was forfeit.

There was almost something honorable about this man.

After collectively striking him for the first time, the single blow from the figure killed three of their numbers, leaving Hekaton and the last three at the edge of death.

He struggled to lift his weapon, but the figure on the throne sighed as if in great tiredness, with a wave of his hand Hekaton's life was snuffed out, and his siblings shortly followed.

The knowledge of who that armored figure was, easily came to him then, Golgoth the God King.

Rowan did not doubt that if he pulled off the helm of that man he would see one of the faces he saw inside the blood of the Third Prince.

Was Golgoth another Aspect of his father or was he something that was created after? Why was his father called a trickster by the gods? Rowan hoped for all those answers as he began ascending the memory chain.

What came next was a series of incomprehensible images and sensations that went on for too long. Rowan took the time to analyze these inputs and found out that it was similar to birthing pains.

This period of chaos must have taken millennia, but it would seem that his father was carving the bodies of his siblings into the form he wanted, and although they were dead, their insane vitality made it possible for them to feel this violation of their flesh.

There were more details but most of them were to be found deep in the hive mind. Rowan was patient and did not push deeper into the hive mind, which would do nothing but alert his father, if he could not learn everything from Boreas, then he would take it from the minds of the other gods.

Even though the information here was sparse, there was still a lot. Most of them were meaningless to Rowan, details on rituals, politics, crafting, and many other endeavors that Boreas focused on, all of these were treasures to any god, but Rowan had long surpassed this level of crafting and held more sophisticated techniques.

Another interesting memory came up and Rowan embraced it. It showed a scene not so long ago where the gods of Trion had assembled.

It occurred in a place called Elysium, which was most likely a pocket world or dimension similar to this area filled with Destruction because Rowan could detect another form of Higher Order Energy here appearing in the form of golden mist.

This place overlooked the entire Empire-controlled Territory and it enabled the gods to monitor their holdings in real time.

Rowan discovered the mystery of how the gods knew he had arrived before he reversed time. Although he had traveled fast with speeds many times the speed of light, he still took at least four seconds to cross the entire span of the Empire before he reached Trion.

It would be enough for any watcher here to have detected his presence, but when he entered Trion not using space but time, he had nullified the advantage of the gods when it came to their surveillance capabilities.

What drew his attention however was the figure of Golgoth sitting on a throne made of wood. He barely acknowledges the rest of the gods, simply memorizing their Aura and shape as he focuses on the God King.

Was this really another Aspect of his father?

## **Chapter 742: A Traitor And A Betrayer**

Without access to multiple consciousnesses, it was a bit difficult for Rowan to separate his deeper introspection while analyzing every detail of the memory he was watching.

He silenced his chaotic thought process and focused on what was happening at the moment, he would analyze these memories later, what was important was not to miss any slight clue that came up. He would not have the advantage where another godly being would tell him all the answers to his questions.

Every answer he would receive must be fought for, and no one was here to help him if he made a wrong conclusion from the data he collected. Rowan would rather have it this way, he trusted no one, not even reality, and only wisdom and a firm mind would lead him through the countless dangers in his path.

With this in mind, he concentrated on the memories, specifically on the armored figure sitting on a throne made from wood.

Rowan was able to see more of the God King and he saw something shocking. The god King was dying.

This was a terrible sign and it made Rowan destroy many of his previous assumptions. The God King was supposed to be Immortal, and unlike a mortal, death was something that should be much harder to come by for such a being.

Through tiny gaps in the armor, he saw pale bones and rotting flesh, the yellow eyes of the God King seemed feverish and Rowan could smell the intense sense of rot emanating from his body.

Not dying... dead, but still too stubborn to relinquish his hold on power.

The Great Sword beside him was also the same, it was made from bones, and there were veins that ran along the spine of the sword that pushed cold congealed blood along its lengths, yet even in death, this weapon grew more powerful, as if its spite against all life was multiplying the closer it got to death.

This weapon was dangerous. Rowan felt an almost instinctive aversion to it, and he was almost amused at this emotion because it signified that if he was attacked enough times with this weapon, then it would be able to kill him.

If his father had more than one Aspect, and he was referred to as the Traitor, then it was most likely the case that sometimes in the past, his father must have betrayed the God King. There was no one else who should be able to injure this powerful figure to this extent.

Perhaps his father must have felt that his injuries would have killed off the God King by now, but this man did not know the meaning of giving up. He was already a rotting corpse, yet he and his greatsword still clung to life, too stubborn to die.

Rowan had assumed that the reason his father chose such a weak physique previously was to hide himself from the gaze of other powers in the universe. Yet he never considered the fact that his father could be hiding from someone inside Trion itself.

This would explain so many actions he took in the past. Why would he ally himself with such weak Dominators like Augustus and the others? Why did he have to be truly

threatened on Jarkarr by the Demon Prince and his mother escaping before he revealed his might? Also, why was his presence not well known on Trion?

The answer was simple, he was also being hunted.

The waters of Trion ran deep indeed, and his father might not be the only player in this game. Or perhaps, multiple personalities or Aspects of himself were fighting for a single prize.

Rowan wished he had a face so he could massage his scalp, he sighed, answers could be waiting for him ahead, he should proceed with the memory.

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The first gesture from the God-king was to ask for the gods to reveal their vault.

Those words were backed by an incredible power, it was spoken with an application of Will. Rowan could feel how the command had bored into the soul of Boreas, compelling the god to open up his soul and reveal everything to the God King.

This enabled Rowan to understand the limits of the God King's Will and he pegged it at the Fourth Dimensional Level—Time. Every piece of evidence that was presented to him showed that the God King was indeed at this level, and even after all this time he had not improved.

It also did not mean Rowan Will was stronger than those of the God King, technically he was still a One-Dimensional being, while the God King was already a Four-Dimensional being. Yet the unique structure of Rowan's body made him capable of performing certain actions that should be impossible for someone of his power.

An example would be traveling through time and space when entering Trion, if he had his previous Ouroboros Absolute body, even with the Tower of Greed, it would have been impossible for him to travel across time and space.

His form was that of his Destroyer Apollyon, a Celestial Doomsday Machine, meant to destroy universes, and he built it with the ruin of a Supreme World with a foundation at the Seven-Dimensional level, while having access to power as unique as the Will of Truth, it was not an understatement to say that Rowan was unique in all the many universes since the beginning of time. He was a confluence of many impossibilities working together in harmony to create something... more inconceivable.

Rowan did not know what he was truly capable of, and that was good because his enemies would not be able to either.

Yet there was no doubt that at this time, the God King was dangerous, the figure he saw in Boreas' memories when he slaughtered the children of Elura appeared somewhat

tired, but there had still been vibrancy and a sense of honor around him, but now, he appeared to be nothing but a corpse who had forgotten to lay down and die.

The rest of the gods opened their palms and a passage to their vaults was revealed, except for Minerva. She sat with the gods, but her presence was distant, even among her peers she was alone.

Apart from Golgoth, Rowan was very much interested in this goddess, he needed to confirm her powers but Rowan was ninety percent sure that Minerva was the goddess he had encountered inside the Nexus.

He had escaped from the Nexus when he was still a mortal and at the Legendary State of the first Great Circle, an accident occurred where he had been too late to follow the warnings of and he had caught a glimpse of the Anima of an unknown goddess inside the Nexus.

He had become inflicted with a curse called the Flesh of Madness and he nearly died. Vraegar had been born from that maddening period where Rowan's body had done everything to betray him.

It was telling that amongst all the gods, Minerva was the only one that was truly free. She had no vault. Perhaps the rest of the gods might think the vault was a powerful weapon, but the truth was that it was nothing but a cage, and no matter how much advantage it gave them it would also drive them to madness.

If Golgoth was hunting his father, then did he know that Minerva was secretly working with him? Did any of the gods know that potentially there was a betrayer in their midst?

## **- Chapter 743: Who Is The True Traitor?**

### **Chapter 743: Who Is The True Traitor?**

Rowan hurriedly ran through the knowledge he knew about Minerva while pairing it with the impression Boreas had about this goddess.

The most likely result that he derived was that she was the creator of the Order of Broken Eye, then which meant she was in league with his father. There would be no other reason for her Anima to be present deep inside the Nexus where she was overseeing a page of his Primordial Record while birthing a mysterious clone that Rowan had slaughtered.

Rowan looked deeply at this goddess. She sat with her hands folded primly on her thighs, her eyes looked down and away from the gods, others might call it a sign of reservation but Rowan recognized it for what it was. Contempt. Although she tried to hide it, Minerva held nothing but contempt for the gods.

There was also something different about her, Rowan could not place his fingers on it, but it was mostly because of her eyes, they were cracked like glass that had been shattered but still forcefully held together, and there was a fierce intelligence hidden inside it.

Rowan caught glimpses of Boreas's impression of this goddess, and he saw that he hated her. Amongst them all she was the most mysterious, she was not a team player and her objectives were unknown. She did not fight for power or influence and she always had a smile that made Boreas think she thought of him as nothing but an animal.

The temptation to hurl a thunderbolt at the goddess anytime he saw her was so strong, that he made a statue of Minerva from Davross that he destroyed after their meeting. It was a pale imitation, but it would have to do.

From what Rowan could dig from Boreas memories, he found out that the reason she was not burdened with a vault was because she helped the God King in the past, and as a reward she was given an entire continent on Trion.

This was most likely not the full story, but it was a start.

Trion had seven continents, two of which were dedicated towards the great battle against the Demons and Mages, leaving five inhabitants continents.

Of those five continents a single one was given to Minerva, and the rest of the gods shared the remaining four continents between them.

For an entire continent to be given to Minerva was suspicious, but unlike the other gods, she did not hold any worlds outside of Trion. This was another reason the rest of the gods accepted this proposal, as Minerva had been forbidden to ever own a planet outside Trion.

Boreas remembered that she did not fight this decision. Only smiled that stupid smile of hers and nodded her head in acceptance.

There was also another reward given to her—Telmus. A genius like none other, whom they granted the possibility to become a god of Trion, but had refused. A glory that no one had ever received or will ever receive.

Rowan was impressed, who was this man that refused such great power? Was Minerva the one behind his decision or was he just that freaking stubborn?

His inquiry dragged whatever impression Boreas had about him to the forefront and he saw a white-haired man with strong features and a confident bearing. He was an Ancestor of the Minerva family and he had been supposedly imprisoned for a long time and he was recently freed.



Rowan would bet that this imprisonment was because of his refusal to become a god of Trion. He was interesting, but nothing to be concerned about, Rowan looked away before he hurriedly paused this memory.

He called up the image of Telmus and analyzed it for a while. He had detected something about him that drew his attention, he did not know what it was, but at his level, every single indication of something special was most likely to be the case.

Rowan could not shake the feeling that he had seen Telmus before. Not just seen him, but he had consumed him.

'I have eaten you before... when? Where?'

When the answer came to him, he almost smiled. The reason it was so hard for him to recollect where he had seen Telmus was simple.

This was inside the Nexus, at that time Telmus was nothing but bones inside a crystal coffin, and one of his serpents had consumed him.

At that time Rowan had limited control over his serpents, not understanding their purpose or how to properly meld and control them.

He had directed his serpents to consume the entire Nexus, and one of them had gone beneath the river and entered Lamia's lair. At the bottom of the river was a field of bones and the serpents had consumed them all, one among those bones was a winged skeleton inside a crystal coffin.

It was by consuming this skeleton that Rowan had managed to accumulate such a large amount of energy that led to the accelerated evolution of his Chaos World Engine.

Without Boreas memories, it would have been impossible for Rowan to find the connection here.

Minerva was the goddess inside the Nexus and one of her bloodlines Ancestor Telmus, must have been imprisoned inside the Nexus, maybe as punishment or for whatever reason.

Rowan had consumed the body of Telmus. Yet If Telmus was an Earth god, he would have been able to survive such drastic injuries as being fully consumed.

Rowan's powers as a Soul Reaver at that time were still too weak, he had not even activated the ability of that bloodline, and consuming Telmus's body did not lead to any further complications, because he would have not been able to digest him.

This was a lucky event for both Rowan and Telmus, for at that stage of his life, Rowan still had a soul, and if he had consumed the soul of an Earth god, the strain would have shattered his fragile mortal soul to pieces. It would most likely leave him mad or worse.

If the rest of the gods were puppets, his true enemy among them was this white-haired goddess. Was it possible that she might be another aspect of his father? Or was she something else?

His contemplation was arrested by what the God King said next,

"The end of days is nigh."

Rowan paused this scene and looked at the expression of the gods, especially Minerva, he would like to flatter himself but somehow he doubted that Golgoth was referring to him. This seemed different, he did not say the end of Trion or the end of the gods, he said the end of days.

His intuition was screaming at him, that whatever was going to be said next was vitally important. His father had spent billions of years or even more inside this universe, what had he been planning?

Golgoth continued speaking after Kuranos knelt before him while saying, "Would you be finally free... brother?"

'Brother?!' Rowan thought in shock, did the God King see the rest of the gods of Trions as his siblings? Perhaps this might be the root cause for the disagreement between his father and the God King.

If Rowan understood the character of a Reflection, and he should, because he created multiple Reflections, then his father should not see any value for the gods of Trion beyond them being a resource to him.

Maybe Golgoth the God King had grown defective, or perhaps like his Berserker Clone left in the Underverse, was it possible for the God King who was previously a Reflection to develop a unique soul of his own, and therefore was no longer bound to the wishes of his father?

Could it be as simple as this, that after multiple billions of years, an Aspect of his father had developed a soul and had gone rogue?

'Wait, perhaps I'm going about it all wrong, what if it was not Golgoth that had developed a soul but his father?'

## **Chapter 744: The End of Days**

This theory was not unfounded, clearly, his father and the God King had been working together for a very long period, and whatever happened between them that had caused such a schism would have to be an extremely abnormal event.

If his father had gained a soul it may explain the many abnormalities of this man, maybe he was no longer fighting for the resurrection of his True Body and was after something more personal.

The answer to all those questions would be in the head of his father who had gone missing after the battle at Jarkarr, the gods had been searching all over for him but to no avail. Somehow the idea of that man hiding himself with so many monumental events transpiring struck Rowan as dangerous.

If his father had truly gained a soul, then he was no longer just a Reflection, but a new form of life, in that case, Rowan would have to adjust his mindset on how to deal with him. Because if he owned a soul, it made him much weaker to Rowan's influence.

A Reflection was dangerous to Rowan because it would be very difficult to trace their movements and Circe might be infected with a Reflection but it would be difficult for Rowan to find out if the Reflection chooses to hide deep enough, but with a soul... he would be at an advantage.

Rowan shelved these thoughts for later, as plans to understand the full background of the hidden conflicts began to blossom in his mind, he continued the memory and listened to the God King more closely than even the gods here were doing, except Minerva, she acted nonchalant, but her eyes were the most focused among all of them.

The presence of this goddess meant he would adjust his plans again, Minerva was a wild card, and he would not be able to kill her as easily as he did Boreas. Rowan decided to leave her for the last.

The eerie voice of the God King rang out in the silence of the hall,

"Your wait has been rewarded and your patience has led to our victory." He adjusted his posture with a feline grace so that he was no longer leaning back on the throne and sat forward, almost as if he were a leopard that was about to pounce.

"A recent event has opened a new path for me that I had once thought to be impossible. Our great enemy has made a grievous mistake and revealed too much of his hand and his treasure also."

He slammed his hand against the side of his throne, tearing a chunk from the wood, and it was revealed that inside the throne was filled with pus and fat maggots, for the wood was rotting,

That movement caused Rowan to notice a pair of branches that had pierced into the spine of the God-king, like the tentacles of an octopus. Rowan paused the images and noticed a subtle exchange of power happening.

Half of the branches were pumping green energy of life into the body of the God King while the other half were draining yellowish pus that stank of rot and death.

If he was not mistaken, this throne must be the only reason that the God King was alive. He was sitting on a metallic throne in the past, but he had to change it to preserve himself for as long as possible.

The wounds given to him must be so grievous that such abundant life force from the body of the Empyrean of Life was not enough to save him, only slowing down his rate of decay, keeping this shambling monstrosity of hate in a state beyond life and death.

Rowan signed, 'Trion is filled with nothing but Abominations.'

"He would not be allowed to retrieve it!" The God King roared, "The presence of that trickster was within my calculation, he wears my skin, but he does not follow my will. Be calm and watch, and let us come together like never before. Put aside the petty quarrels that have splintered us for so long, for our Ascension and freedom are before us all. Are you ready to seize it? It shall be the greatest battle of our existence, but our victory is assured."

So much information in such a few words, if his father had left Trion without a powerful Treasure that the God King had now seized, then this should mean that he was going for something much more powerful. With the God King previously saying that the end of days was near, it meant events may be proceeding faster than Rowan had anticipated, and perhaps his present powers may not be able to handle whatever calamity was on the horizon.

There was never enough time for him, from one calamity to another, he would have to rapidly put out this fire before it turned into a conflagration that would burn him to ash alongside everyone else. As far as he knew this universe was still very young, barely twenty billion years old, and it should have many trillions of years left in its lifespan, what should necessitate the end of days?

"What does that mean going forward," Tiberius growled, drawing Rowan's attention back to the memory.

Rowan's gaze turned towards the God of War, the air of menace rippling from his muscular body was intense, he resembled a machine made for battle and slaughter and not even a god, and he would be a powerful warrior in his own right, but he was not a concern, everything he heard now from the God King was more important,

The God King chuckled, his mirth was a thing of horror, exposing a thick black tongue that did not move even while he spoke, the dead should have no right to be laughing,

"It means I can now move more freely at this moment. The leash over Bloodline Elevation is gone. Let your descendants begin to shine bright. Let the light of Trion begin to rise!"

Kuranes gasped in pleasure, "Are we free to become?..."

"Indeed my brothers and sisters," The God King loudly replied, "before the great war begins, the least among you should be a God King, only then would you become free of your vault!"

'Oh, it was a good thing I arrived at this time,' Rowan thought, fighting a group of God Kings without the weakness of their vaults would be a challenge that would distract him from the true dangers of Trion.

## **Chapter 745: Plan For Chaos**

The vast majority of the memories ended here, the God King had called Kuranes, Tiberius, and Horush to consult with him, while the rest of the gods were told to rapidly increase their power bases.

A special currency would be dispersed to them every decade which they would use to increase their power bases, and they were encouraged to begin researching the mysteries behind their powers.

Boreas returned to his vault where he gave the order for his bloodline to rapidly increase their powerbase, and began sending a majority of the Dominators at the Third Great Circle with low potential to the battlefield to die, of course, this process was disguised as the gods now willing to wipe out the plague of the Demons and Mages in their land.

For those Dominators with greater potential, who had the capabilities of becoming Earth gods, he gave orders to the Ancestor for them to be protected until they became numerous enough that he would be able to rapidly climb the ranks of godhood when he consumed them all.

Every potential Earth god unique to his bloodline was given all the resources they would need without any limits, it was the reason Rico and many others could become Earth gods so quickly. This event was repeating itself with all the other gods on Trion as a wave of enlightenment and a great opportunity for power and long life swept the entire planet.

The mortals sang praises to their gods every day for this boon, and for those that perished at the battlefield, they all believed that their sacrifice would lead to an age of peace, that their sacrifice was to buy time for the geniuses of their bloodline to all become Earth gods so they could sweep through the battlefield.

'How utterly ridiculous, the gods wish to consume their descendants while they are nothing but food themselves.' Rowan thought. He now understood why there were no longer seven Earth gods on Trion like before.

His mind flashed toward Augustus, one of the firm wishes of this man was to become an Earth god, and for that reason, he had lied, schemed, and killed for the opportunity to become one of the lucky seven. Rowan wondered how the man would feel when he knew that at this time his talents would have been unleashed and he could finally become an Earth god.

Knowing Augustus, becoming an Earth god would not be enough, after that, he would begin to seek for something more. This thought finalized the plans Rowan was formulating inside his consciousness.

Although he had become aware of this change decades ago, the angelic spies he had kept on Trion had detected the bloodline lock over Trion had been lifted.

That information at that time did not trouble him, even if Trion produced a billion Earth gods, they were nothing but a slightly bigger ant before him, but this was before he understood that the gods fed on the dead Dominators, every time a powerful Dominator was killed, they grew stronger.

Rowan had always assumed that this order to break the bloodline lock had come from his father as a response to his escape after the events on Jarkarr, but he was wrong, this act had come from the God King whose unknown purpose could be a great threat to him.

Perhaps injuring his father and allowing Elura to escape for a short while had caused more damage than he had expected, as whatever plans his father must have laid down must have been severely disrupted by those unexpected events and Golgoth must have taken advantage of that.

It would seem the elevation of the Gods of Trion was never the plan of his father, he was playing a much different game.

Golgoth on the other hand called the gods his brothers and wished to elevate them to a higher level, Rowan was very suspicious of these acts. If Golgoth was another Aspect of a Primordial's Reflection, there was no way he would consider the gods of Trion, no matter how powerful, to be his equal.

Maybe this change happened because Golgoth acquired a soul. Maybe he now considered the gods of Trion to be his equal. It was impossible to know for now which line of assumption was the correct one.

Golgoth had said that a chance had opened up for him when the trickster revealed his treasure. That treasure must be Elura, perhaps the God King thought that she was dead, not knowing that she was imprisoned inside the Third Prince.

Elura told him that for the Third Prince to imprison her inside of his body he would have to be using a lot of power. This was very significant because if Golgoth knew that the Third Prince was weakened, he would be able to move against him.

The Third Prince must have recognized that his present weakness was now revealed to Golgoth, this should be the reason he had fled, allowing Golgoth to finally chart Trion on the course he wanted without any interruptions from a weakened Third Prince.

There must have been a delicate balance of power being kept between the God King and Golgoth, and that balance had been broken.

A single move from Rowan had set off far more changes than he had expected, and everything was rapidly spiraling out of control.

Rowan signed, there were so many speculations he could come up with but all would be useless unless he received more information. However what was important was that he knew that there was more than one faction in Trion and he had seen the cracks caused by his actions, what was left for him was to squeeze, widening those cracks until they became massive craters.

He had finalized his plans, he would be killing and possessing all the gods of Trion. With the powers of Boreas in his hands, he would be able to acquire the proper bloodlines of all the other gods and acquire a suitable Earth god from their respective bloodlines whom he would ascend to godhood.

With this method, slaughtering the gods would be easier, but that was only the first part of his plan, the other side would be creating chaos to distract the gods and the God King from what he was doing.

Rowan planned to do something truly crazy, he would be making the numerous weaker bloodlines like those of the Guardsmen now have the capability of becoming gods.

He wondered, how would the glorious and arrogant royal bloodlines of Trion react when their slaves and servants began to transform into gods.

## **Chapter 746: Labyrinth Coin**

Through experiments with the so-called lesser bloodlines, the powerful families of Trion had been able to create thousands of bloodlines, most of them were failures, but some of them could reach the level of an Earth god.

Although Dominators were numerous on Trion, they hardly constituted five percent of the total population on the planet, the majority of the sapient lifeforms were mostly comprised of those with weaker bloodlines, as most of them were taken from their home worlds all around the Empire controlled territories and brought to Trion as slaves and servants.

These bloodlines could not equal those of a Dominator and even those that reached the Earth god level were many times weaker than an average Dominator at the Earth god level, as a Dominator at the Earth god level was equal to a Minor god.

Even if Rowan began to enhance these bloodlines and made them able to become gods, they would not be able to overthrow the chains that Trion had wrapped around their neck, since even the Earth gods of Trion would be able to battle them.

Their purpose would be to create chaos and sow a seed of dissatisfaction in the heart of every Dominator.

Every Dominator was aware that their life was a ticking clock, one beat away from expiration. No matter how powerful they grew to be, they would never become gods and, hence would never possess an Immortal Soul.

If their weaker slaves and servants begin to possess the souls of Immortals, that would create a crisis that would shake the entire planet.

Granted, a Dominator at the Earth god level was able to fight a Minor God to a standstill. That was just it, they could only fight them, if they were more talented, they could even kill the god, but that was also useless.

A god had a Divine Spark that was kept inside an enclosed space called the Divine Kingdom, and their physical manifestation was just a shell they could wield at their leisure, killing their bodies was similar to a mortal losing a fingernail, they could always recreate more.

For everyone else, trying to find the Divine Kingdom of a god was similar to finding a single needle in a house filled with billions of other needles.

A single god would exhaust a million Dominators to death, not in a year or even after a hundred years, the battle could take tens of thousands of years and the god would win.

They would not feel fatigued, and with their immortal soul, fighting against Dominators would accelerate their learning and enable them to gain access to Intent faster, while



the Dominators would slowly lose their minds as the toll of regenerating their destroyed bodies countless times without the aid of an immortal soul take its toll.

A great source of pride among Dominators was the fact that their Earth gods were unmatched and could fight against gods equally, but with this analysis, that was simply not true.

A god was immortal, and so the concept of time was useless to them. Fighting a battle that spans two years and two thousand years was all the same to them, and even if it took them a million years, they would still win the fight against any number of Earth god Dominators sent against them.

Any observant Dominator would understand this fact and the hidden resentment in the heart of billions of Dominators about the lock in their bloodlines would reveal itself.

Because a Dominator could feel it, this lock that was preventing them from becoming gods. Especially the powerful ones at the limits of the Earth god level.

The chaos that this event would create would be unprecedented, it would be enough to distract the gods and Golgoth while he took them down, one at a time.

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Rowan began compiling the tangible benefits he had gained from this battle, and he quickly realized that the most valuable properties of Boreas were his Spirit Guises and the mysterious currency he had uncovered from his memories.

In the creation of his Spirit Guises, what Boreas was missing in knowledge, he made do with treasures, and he had come to build his Spirit Guises with so many Divine materials, it was absurd, some materials that could not be found inside the material universe were present inside the Spirit Guises.

Rowan noticed that Boreas had traded most of these materials from the God King using this mysterious currency, and he found it alarming that the God King had access to a vast amount of treasures that could not be found inside the universe.

Either the God King had stable access to materials outside the universe, or he must have brought a sizable amount of treasures with him when he entered the universe, although Rowan considered that the second option was the more likely one.

The gods of Trion were not just suffering inside their vaults with no benefits, as every ten thousand years spent in the vault would earn them a currency called Labyrinth Coin, for, during the course of their stay in the vaults, the gods could earn from a single coin to as much as a hundred depending on the turbulence of the Destructive Energies outside the vault.

The presence of the gods inside the vault served as an important lynchpin that stabilized this mysterious area filled with destructive energies. Without their presence then this vault would not last long under the unceasing onslaught of destruction.

This endless sea of Destruction was being held down by this vault, and Rowan had noticed that even the vault was slowly beginning to break down under the strain.

When he arrived with Circe during her ascension, he had noticed a sign saying: The Vault Of... the words were faded and the rest had worn away. What that sign should have read was: The Vault Of Hekaton, but slowly the vault was beginning to lose cohesion, even with the presence of the gods.

This made Rowan wonder where all this energy was coming from, and where this place was located in the first place.

Boreas had no idea where this place was located, he had been placed here not long after he was created, and there were no landmarks or signs that Rowan could use. Although he sensed he was still somewhere close to Trion.

If this energies were anywhere near Trion then just a brief release of this power would utterly wipe out the Empire and a greater part of the galaxy with it.

## **Chapter 747: Shall We Begin?**

This Destructive energy was just one more mystery to be uncovered, and it was all a matter of time before he did so.

Rowan would easily be able to know the truth when he evolved his Will to the Third Dimension and gained the ability to exist in his true form. This part was crucial as a lot depended on him being able to utilize his full potential, he would not be as lucky with the other gods as he was with Boreas, and it was frustrating trying to exert his powers through such weak vessels.

His mind had become much more focused so he was not too frustrated with his current state, he was just eager to evolve. Influencing this place and the currency that was earned could be the key he needed to evolve faster.

The energy of Destruction in this place rose and ebbed in a chaotic rhythm, and it could not be easily predicted. If the period where the gods guarded the vault were particularly chaotic they would earn more from the God King.

This was because the chance for madness increased with the rising of the energy of Destruction and the discomfort suffered by the gods multiplied as a result.

Each Labyrinth Coin could be exchanged for various powerful treasures, materials, techniques, and many other necessities.

This was the method the gods of Trion had been able to accumulate a massive amount of techniques, like the Berserker Art and so many other treasures, this also included the Proto-Source level treasure wielded by Boreas.

Boreas had spent a lot of Labyrinth Coins to purchase the materials needed for his Spirit Guises but he still had a sizable amount left to the tune of 345 Labyrinth Coins in total.

To put the worth of these coins into perspective, Boreas exchanged his Proto-Source level weapon with 250 Labyrinth Coins, and of the hundreds of millions of Spirit Guises he had produced, he had spent barely 50 Labyrinth Coins.

How Trion sourced its techniques and weapons was a point of contention for Rowan as he endlessly brainstormed how the gods of Trion had been able to produce so many advanced techniques and weapons without conquering the majority of the universe, and the answer turned out to be a hidden system of trade only accessible to the gods of Trion.

This would solve one of his greatest problems for materials for his evolution. At this moment Rowan needed to evolve from a One-dimensional being to a Two-dimensional being, and such an event would bring about great changes in his environment, and he expected that such changes would be detected by the universe.

Although he was inside the universe when he created his Destroyer, it was in another special Dimension that he called the Forge, an area that mimicked the Fifth Dimension that could be found outside the universe. This meant the universe had not been aware of his presence and his ascension, and he feared that all that would change if he decided to evolve while fully present in three-dimensional space.

The solution was simple, it was to build another Forge, but one whose focus was on containing whatever energy was released during his evolution, and if he could recreate the fifth-dimensional space that he used in creating his Destroyer that would be the icing on the cake.

The only problem with this was that he had no more materials that he could build a new Forge with, some of which he had to find from outside the universe or by stripping hundreds of worlds for their resources, he did not even have the manpower which was his Angels that would have mined and build the forge for him.

With this exchange system, he could solve a greater portion of his material needs when he exchanged for them, and the Spirit Guises would be used in place of his Angels. He hoped that when he ascended to become a Two-dimensional being or even higher, he

might be able to access more of his abilities, perhaps freeing up a couple of his consciousness pillars.

Rowan had a plan to enhance the process of earning more Labyrinth Coins, If he could influence the energy of Destruction in his area, then it would mean that Boreas would have to weather more potent energies, while this might have been detrimental to the god previously, with Rowan it was not as effective if at all.

The allocation for dispensing Labyrinth Coins would be taking place a decade from now, and so he had ten years to make Boreas 'suffer.'

Sending the exhausted Lost back into his body which had been knocked out when Circe had seized control of the technique and consumed Boreas, Rowan awakened Circe who looked around confused for a brief moment, before knowledge and understanding filled her mind and she arose.

She looked at the shape of her hand before asking, "Would I ever be able to walk in my original shape any longer?"

"For the next few years, no," Rowan replied, "but you should know as a god with an Immortal Soul, the concept of Time has become more ephemeral, and soon you would instinctively understand the trick to make time pass as easily as you blink your eyes."

"Oh..." she replied distractedly, "I don't know why I always thought that the weight of eternity must be especially hard to bear by the gods. I always thought it was maybe the reason why they were always so cruel. I would say they must need to relieve the tension of living an eternal life and bothering mortals now and then must be cathartic. That maybe as the payment for their protection, the death of countless mortals was worth it."

"Now that you know the truth about eternity and time, what do you think about the actions of immortals?" Rowan asked her.

She stood for a while in silence before she sighed, "I don't know anymore, but I believe I will need to dwell on this matter some more."

Lightning covered her body and she vanished, and when she reappeared she was sitting on the throne of Boreas, but she was no longer wearing her shape but that of the dead god.

Before Boreas, forty-eight million Spirit Guises knelt on a single knee, acknowledging the rebirth of their god, this was all that was left of the battle, but for Rowan's purposes, it was more than enough.

Most of them would be harvested for materials to build the framework for his Forge and the others would begin harvesting resources from other worlds, even though he could

collect resources from the God King, Rowan would never place all his eggs in a single basket.

Although it might be slow, it was technically possible to gather all the materials for the forge from the numerous celestial bodies inside the universe.

Boreas adjusted himself on his throne and then he smiled, "Shall we begin?"

## **Chapter 748: Finding Inner Strength**

The sound of a running shower stopped and light footsteps resounded as Andar walked up to the side of the wall and wiped the steam that had built on the mirror as he accessed his physical appearance.

His jet-black hair was wet with moisture, and his skin was pink from being hammered by a high-pressure shower for the better part of an hour... he had needed to clear his mind after everything that had happened and what would be happening momentarily and in the future that was to come.

He watched a drop of water run down his nose and hit the ground with a faint plop, and his mind calculated a thousand possibilities, from trajectory, heat, momentum, vector, and so many others.

Most Mages that were Rank 3 and below preferred the use of spells to keep themselves clean, considering the time spent on bathing to be nothing but a waste when with numerous Rank 0 Spells they could eliminate 99.9999% of germs on their bodies and leave them smelling of whatever fragrance they desired.

A Rank 4 Mage body would contain so much energy and would be very efficient in processing those said energies that they would not be able to release any waste, and no matter how much they exerted themselves, they would not even sweat a single drop.

Andar physique was superior to a Rank 4 Mage and he did not need to bathe but he always loved the experience and the vibration from the thousands of drops of water hitting his extremely sensitive skin every second was oddly relaxing.

Before he unlocked his Spirit Matrix he expected never to leave the ranks of a normal human, bathing had always served to calm his nerves and allowed him to deliberate on the issues that crowded his mind.

For the past few months, he had been living life on Autopilot, the countless congratulations he received from his peers and his teachers flowed around him, and he simply smiled.

He was now a Mage, and not just any other Mage, when he had returned he had battled with ten thousand Rank 1 Mages, a thousand Rank 2 Mages, a hundred Rank 3 Mages, ten Rank 4 Mages, and a single Rank 5 Mage, all of them in a powerful formation that could withstand even the might of a Rank 7 Mage.

Andar had won... with a single Rank 1 Spell.

Now he was set to perform another miracle, and not just in front of the Mages of the Black Tower, no this time, it would be in front of the entire Magic civilization. Countless trillions of eyes would be watching him from more than ten thousand worlds, not just in this universe, but in other universes as well.

He was to be proclaimed as a genius beyond comparison. The one that stood above all under heaven.

Yet, Andar could not help feeling like he was nothing but a sham, and instead of being here, he would rather be by the side of Rowan sitting beside a fire and listening to his words.

At 33 years old, life was moving by him so fast and heading in a direction that he could not predict, and although this was everything he had ever wanted, Andar wondered why he did not feel exultant, he only felt... hollow, as if what was happening was not real.

Andar looked at his striking silver eyes and whispered to himself, "What would he think about you when he realizes that this is how you respond to this gift he had given you?"

He had placed a bubble of air around himself instinctively, restricting every sound he was making from leaving his side. This application of energy was seamless to a ridiculous degree and it did not let the words he said escape.

It began to bounce the sound inside the cage he had made for himself, and in a few short seconds, the words he spoke had been repeated thousands of times,

"...respond to the gifts he had given you?"

"...respond to the gifts he had..."

"...respond to the..."

With a silent cry of anger, he dispersed the bubble and silenced the words. Andar sucked in a long breath, feeling pain inside his heart, Rowan's absence had left a gaping hole inside of him that he could feel. It was like losing an integral part of himself that he was not aware of, but when it was gone, it was almost maddening.

Andar felt something like this before, it was when his master had left him and sacrificed himself to give him a chance to reach the Black Tower, he recognized it as a heartache, but this one was magnified a thousand times over.

It did not help that the Light Devourer inside his Spirit Matrix also felt the absence of Rowan, and their discomfort fed on each other, and every so often the ache was so total it almost made him forget the pain of holding the Endless Vault Meditation Art.

Like an itch in your back that no matter how hard you tried to reach yet you could never quite touch it. Andar had never expected that this loss would feel so terrible. Had Rowan understood that his absence would hurt him so much?

His silver eyes shook, and a faint blue light began to arise from the depths of his eyes as if a star was awakening inside him. The stubbornness that had allowed him to exceed his limits a thousand times before was rising.

The heartache and the pain had pressed him down for so long, but Andar believed that if he was a metal, then all of this was the tribulation to cleanse the impurities from his constitution. It was all a test of his fortitude and it appalled him that he was failing.

Inside his heart, he chided himself,

'If he did... if he knew his departure would leave you broken, then he would expect you to have picked yourself up by the scruff of your neck and forge ahead with the talents he had bestowed upon you. He is not gone, he is only far, and every moment spent not chasing him would mean the chance of ever reaching him would be lost to you forever!'

This was the thought that snapped Andar out of his melancholic state. He could not remain as he was for long. With every passing moment, Rowan was moving away from him.

How powerful was Rowan compared to him, and Andar had gained the impression when he sat with him that he was still quite young, and in his words, he heard the hunger for advancement.

'I will not allow this to happen. One day, I want to stand in front of you and say...'

Andar shook his head in self-pity, as he mused, 'No, this is not right, words are cheap and action is everything.'

The chance for bridging the gap between them was rapidly shrinking, soon to disappear, so everything he did now would be to ensure he was utilizing his abilities to their utmost potential and going beyond them, he must seize every opportunity given to him and create the ones that were nonexistent.

## Chapter 749: The Nine Years Plan

The first of those opportunities was before him now, an opportunity that would redefine his path moving forward as his name would become known to the entirety of creation, one way or another he was about to walk towards the highest of stages.

Andar would be displaying his mastery of every discipline of the Magus World right in front of millions of audiences all Mages of renown and also in front of Archmages from all the Towers.

He was barely three decades old and already possessed the mastery of subjects that would take endless lifetimes for a single mage to gain mastery in just one of them because knowledge like this was not attained by how much time you spent studying for it, but purely depended on your talents and something much deeper, the soul.

Not everyone's soul would be capable of holding the mysteries of creation, which was ultimately the path that Magus's discipline led to. Complete mastery of any one of them would reveal the truth of creation.

To become a Master in one discipline would place you at the Mithril Rank, and if you were lucky, after countless years and back-breaking experiments that would most likely lead to failure you might claw your way towards becoming a Grandmaster.

A feat that even Archmages found hard to replicate because according to the hidden knowledge that even Andar did not have access to, becoming a Grandmaster in any discipline would mean you would be able to barely touch a higher dimension.

It would make it infinitely easier for a Grandmaster to reach that dimension and become a Tower Master. Not all Grandmasters of their Discipline could become Tower Masters, but it raised the chance.

His masters believed that with Andar's talents, it was inevitable for him to become a Grandmaster in at least one of these disciplines, and if he could become a Grandmaster of all of them, a feat that seemed more likely to happen with every accomplishment that Andar continually made, then the chance for him to become a Tower Master would increase more than six folds.

These were the reasons why all masters from all over the universe and beyond had found their way to this place to watch the beginning of a legend.

This was to prove his ability, for him to be able to master all these disciplines in such a short time. After all, the last Tower Master was born many Eras ago, and from the beginning of the Magus civilization, there had only ever been six Tower Masters.



Andar took one last look at himself in the mirror and made a small gesture with his left index finger. His body glowed as it repelled all the moisture left on his skin and clothes settled over his body, from shoes, pants, jackets, and flamboyant cape.

He hated the cape, but it was a necessary part of his attire as a prospective Mithril Rank master.

If he failed this test, he would be stripped of the cape and if he succeeded, he would become the first Mage to have all seven of these disciplines branded on his cape.

When Andar became a Mage, his Spirit Body had evolved once more, giving him greater control over his Aether and massively increasing the amount of Aether he could store and generate at the same time.

It was difficult for even him to understand the limits of his abilities, and this change had reflected itself in his companion beast, the Cloud Whale, who was currently at Rank 4 and rapidly heading to Rank 5.

The reason he could enjoy such pleasant showers without any barrier of Aether blocking the water from reaching him was that he could shut off his body's natural response to the outside stimulus, which naturally happened by thickening the Aether around his body that would then produce a sort of force field around his body.

This talent was similar to those of Rowan, whose force field was generated by his Telekinesis talent, and Andar's own was generated by the insane amount of Aether and the Empyrean shell of the evolved Ouroboros that Rowan had inscribed into his DNA creating a unique barrier over his body.

As a Mage, his control of power had become fine, and now he was able to manipulate this part of his talents that had made it previously impossible for him to become an Acolyte.

His Spirit had expanded, becoming stronger, stunning all his teachers, but Andar knew it was due to the last lessons taught by Rowan on how to recreate his body inside his Spirit Matrix using just his Spiritual power.

This exercise was difficult and up until now, Andar could only create a vague amorphous form that barely resembled humans, yet this alone had helped his Spirit to grow faster, increased its sensitivity and his control over it, and enhanced his perception.

He reached the limits of an Acolyte with the Endless Vault Meditation Art with 396 Engraving Tiles unlocked. This number had reached 450 in less than a year since he had become an Archmage, and he was already a peak Rank 1 Mage.

Already with his qualifications, he could easily become a Rank 4 Mage if he had enough vitality, but he wanted to make sure he would explore the limits of each level before pushing for the next.

With his calculations, he would reach the limits of Rank 1 at 480 Engraving Tile in a few months, and he would push to become a Rank 2 Mage.

He planned to spend just a single year on each rank as a Mage, an impossible achievement for anyone else, but he knew he could achieve it. In nine years, Andar wanted to be a Rank 9 Mage. He could not plan on how long he could take to become an Mage as he was not yet qualified to judge himself on that matter.

'I hope this will be enough to see the end of the trail you leave behind. But if it is not, I will have to keep getting better.'

Andar brushed invisible dust on his sleeves and turned away from the mirror. His clothes had been stored inside his Endless Vault alongside all his properties, and with gestures that he had attuned to various actions surrounding his Vault, he could summon anything he had stored inside of it.

Andar veered around to the door and slightly opened it, and a wave of sound that could only come from millions of mouths speaking at the top of their lungs assailed him. He cringed as he noticed hundreds of faces turned towards his direction, all lining the path he would be taking to the testing ground.

He was no longer on the Body Farm but on a massive testing ground situated near the top of the Black Tower. He would be tested here before the eyes of the many universes.

'Well, let's get this show started.'

Andar snapped his fingers and he vanished in a burst of silver light and he appeared in the center of a vast field.

He looked up at the millions of faces all around him as a sudden hush fell on the crowd. His entrance had been unexpected, as he was supposed to walk along a decorated path that was lined with various dignitaries from a thousand worlds who would like nothing better than to shake his hands.

This hush did not last for long as a cheer erupted from the many masters sitting here. They had expected Andar as a youth to take his time to enjoy the adulation from the various heads of state waiting for him along the path.

But his appearance in the center of the testing field showed them that his only interest was in knowledge. This was a true Mage, and in their heart, a new feeling besides awe at his talent began to emerge.

## Chapter 750: The Aethernet

Andar glanced around his position, he had teleported to the center of the arena giving him an uninterrupted field of view of his entire surroundings, he was in the middle of a large field surrounded by an arena that extended for more than 18,000 feet (5.49 kilometers) around each side, and could contain a total of two million people. Presently, all the seats are filled.

The arena was in the shape of a square, and floating around it were hundreds of puppets that resembled flies the size of horses with comically large compound eyes that covered the top half of their torso.

These eyes were windows to the Aethernet where trillions of people on a thousand worlds watched this event with bated breath, and Andar could almost feel the weight of their gaze. There was a dull buzzing sound coming from each of the flying puppets which he knew came from billions of people commenting on the Aethernet.

Depending on how much they paid for their Aethernet services, they could either be viewing this event from a two-dimensional perspective or a full immersion experience where it would feel as if they were inside this arena.

Andar had access to a high level of Aethernet services that he rarely used apart from communicating or the occasional gaming he did with Mira to brush up on certain spells she wanted to refine.

It was not difficult to spot Mira even in the midst of the crowd, she was surrounded by fifteen Limit Breakers, who were all Rank 1 Mages. The robes they wore were black and silver, the same as Andar's color, in commemoration of their leader. They were holding up a large banner titled– Limit Breakers.

Recently, the popularity of this group has soared, and countless endorsements and rewards have streamed into this elite group, boosting the strength of their members. Currently, it was the most sought-after student group in the Black Tower, but Andar had restricted the acceptance of new members until they were properly vetted.

So in the nearly two decades that the Limit Breaker group had existed, there were only fifteen new members added. All of them were premier geniuses with a bright future, plus they were all fiercely loyal to Andar and Mira.

Andar smiled at them as his gaze was blocked by dozens of flying puppets who sought to capture every expression he was making.

If he wanted he could try to isolate a single puppet in his consciousness and decipher the words and messages bouncing around inside the Aethernet they were hosting, but

that would be foolhardy and a waste of his spiritual power with no benefit to him, he did not want to know about the latest gossip or what these trillions of people thought about him, he would rather be brushing up on his masteries.

Above the arena were sleek golden platforms that carried the fifteen Arch mages that were here for today's event.

All the Arch mages of the Black Tower were present including the Steward, the rest were Archmages of the various six Great Towers plus three Arch mages from the Alchemist Union and the CTB— Central Transportation Bureau.

The only missing representatives were Arch mages from the Great Tower of Fire. The only Supreme Tower that was situated in the Magus Supreme World. Members of this Tower were from the direct bloodline of Endirius the Supreme Arch mage and they rarely left their Tower, instead it was expected that whatever great event that occurred should be brought to their doorstep.

It was this reason why this ceremony was a great spectacle to the entire Magus civilization. Although it was not spoken loudly, everyone knew that Andar should have taken this ceremony in the Supreme Tower, but it would seem that past issues had caused a shift between the Great Towers and the Supreme Tower.

The most notable was the action of the Tower Master of the Supreme Tower that robbed Andar of the Supreme Meditation Art among many other grievances. Andar was aware that he was being used as a figurehead for the six Great Towers and he was not against it.

There were certain actions and resources he would be able to gain from this position, and he had not forgotten the pain of being stripped of the Meditation Art that he had earned. If not for the intervention of Rowan then he would most likely be healing from the injury inflicted upon him even until this day.

His presence was a challenge to the Supreme Tower by the Great Towers—Bring one of your geniuses who are equal to ours. It would appear that his presence had begun to unite the Great Towers.

The crowd roared, the sound amplified by the flying puppets as a trillion voices raised from them. He could not help it, even his heart skipped a beat.

Andar had no time for the spectacle to sink in before the host of this event, Barah, a Rank 9 Mage who specialized in Body Modification and resembled a gigantic squid floating on a green bubble.

From her small body as a human, she had slowly changed her form until she was a 30 meters Onyx Cepheid. A powerful creature that was famed for its control over darkness and poison.

She spread out her ten tentacles as a surprisingly loud and pleasant feminine voice came from her human mouth that was in place instead of a beak,

"Welcome all to the Ranking Upgrade test for the position of a master in a Magus Disciple, and for the bestowal of the Mithril Sigil to the Mage... if he is worthy. Yet what we are going to witness here today is different, far from the norm and something I fear would never occur again, not in my lifetime at least."

Barah went silent, letting the anticipation build and when it seemed it had reached the zenith, she smiled, her red lips vivid against the yellowish black of her skin,

"Before us is the Rank 1 Mage Andar Erikson, acclaimed Number One under Heaven by the Supreme Tower, he is the Seed of The Black Tower, the Lessor of the Endless Vault, the Maker of a Named Item, the holder of a Proto – Supreme Meditation Art, the titled most powerful Acolyte, ...."

With every title representing his achievements and capabilities rolling out from the mouth of Barah, the hush that settled over the crowd began to deepen, this extended to the flying puppets as the unending buzzing coming from them finally went silent, and perhaps the full ramification of the individual they were watching began to settle into the collective consciousness.

There was something building inside the heart of everyone here, and for the first time Andar began to glimpse the edge of something great or something very terrible that could be associated with his name and rising influence.

He stilled the growing chaos in his heart and focused, there would be time for the glory and horror ahead. First, he needed to gain his Mithril Rank in all seven disciplines.