

The Primordial Record

Chapter 751: A Purple Sun

A sleek purple spaceship approached the Black Tower, its speed was astonishing traveling at twenty-three times the speed of light, it slowly decelerated until it was a few million miles away from the Black Tower, although this ship was heavily protected by Taboo Level Spells and built with Divine Treasures, it would not be able to withstand the enormous gravitational forces of the Aether Geyser that surrounded the Black Tower.

The Aether Geyser was throwing out millions of streams of condensed Aether that resembled streams of rainbows millions of miles in length. A spectacular sight that would lead a mortal to madness if they witnessed it because looking directly at the Aether Geyser was like staring at the heart of a million stars.

Black Holes were naturally a storeroom for Aether gathered from the universe over countless billions of years and Supermassive black holes like the one used by the Black Tower contained more potent energies beyond what could be normally found in a black hole.

Usually, it was considered impossible to exploit the vast amount of Aether contained inside a black hole, but a Tower Master was deemed by most to be near omnipotent and they were able to achieve the impossible.

This Aether Geyser was created by the Tower Master of the Black Tower, Silas Black by using a supermassive black hole as the base and manipulating the event horizon around the black hole, freezing it in place.

This caused enormous turbulence within the black hole as two massive forces were set against each other. The unceasing compression of gravity, or the frozen event horizon of the black hole produced a sort of grinder.

This grinder pulled the compressed Aether that was deep into the black hole in a violent surge that shot out for millions of miles creating an Aether Geyser. This also created a unique space inside the Aether Geyser where the Black Tower was then situated.

The power and the precise calculation needed to achieve this was mind-boggling, as a single component out of place would destabilize the entire system., scattering the Aether Geyser and crushing the Black Tower until it would be smaller than a grain of sand. It almost felt impossible for the Black Tower to exist for a single second, yet it had endured for millions of years.

The purple ship patiently waited outside the Aether Geyser, having sent a pulse of light that contained information about its occupants and the entire manifesto of the ship directly at the Black Tower.

The process for verification did not take long because there were just ten people inside the 400m ship, and it was carrying an extremely important guest. The space in front of the ship rippled and a circular portal opened up, a burst of intelligible sounds passed between the ship and the portal for a few seconds before the ship slid into the portal and vanished, taken directly into the Black Tower.

Billions of miles behind the ship, three massive celestial bodies were moving towards the Black Tower, and the surging light from the Aether Geyser revealed that the massive celestial bodies were a planet accompanied by two moons.

Andar would have recognized this planet, this was Ikaron V, his home world, it appeared to be coming closer to the Black Tower, and in a few hours, it would be visible enough to be seen from the surface of the Black Tower.

His entire planet and its moons were being drawn closer to the Black Tower using a series of arrangements laid down by the Tower Master to determine the position of a planet in the Black Federation, which was the multiple worlds surrounding the Black Tower where prospective Acolytes were summoned.

Ikaron-V had just been promoted to Ikaron-II. All of this progress was thanks to Andar's standing as a Mage as well as several other factors.

On the surface of the planet, billions of people cheered, and it was not strange that in every town, village, and city, there would be a sign of Andar's presence, either a statue, pamphlets, or various other memorials, all in celebration of the greatest Magus to ever emerge from their world, and whose status was bringing about an elevation of all their collective status.

The planet traveled through the void at great speeds protected by spells laid down by the Tower Master, what was harder to notice however was the long series of battleships hidden behind one of the moons. They numbered in the thousands and they were also cloaked with a Taboo level spell rendering them effectively invisible.

®

The purple ship alighted in an exclusive hanger and a port opened near the center of the ship, a faint purple fog emerged from the opened hatchway.

A couple of Mages from the Black Tower who were about a dozen hurried over to the ship casting a Rank 1 Spell Red Cloak that covered the ground with a thin red film for thousands of feet. This red film ascended into the air in the form of a staircase that led directly towards the top of this arena where only Arch mages could stay.

They hurriedly lined up by the side of the open door and clasped their hands in a sign of respect as they waited for the inhabitant of the ship to exit.

Their wait was not for long as a couple of loud metallic footsteps resounded. Five heavily armored warriors holding large pulse rifles with a long wand strapped to their waists emerged from the ship.

They were followed by a figure covered entirely in a purple veil that was so lengthy it extended for more than twenty feet, this figure was hovering in the air and followed the armored warriors while gliding behind them like a specter. The remnant part of her veil did not touch the ground but flowed around in the air like a cloud.

The armored warriors scrutinized their surroundings including the spell cast by the mages of the Black Tower that received them before bowing to the cloaked figure when their inspection was completed and they returned to stand behind the figure.

The figure began to move and the cloak pressed against their body revealing a feminine figure underneath. In a short while, the hidden female began ascending towards the top levels of the arena, her presence already drawing the attention of the millions of eyes inside the arena and all the eyes in the Aethernet.

Suddenly, a purple flare rose as if a sun were beginning to be born in midair, the entire arena was silenced and except for all the Arch mages that rose from their seats, everyone else including Andar was pressed to the ground. The flying puppets were crushed, nearly half of them becoming nonoperational.

Most of the Mages present were sprawled flat, the pressure cracking bones, but Andar was able to stay standing but his back was hunched as if he was carrying an entire mountain. He was very familiar with the pressure that came from the true bodies of an Arch mage.

His eyes were wide open in shock because he recognized the Aura from the purple sun, 'Could or be her?... Surely, it cannot be my mother.'?

Chapter 752: Do You Matter?

Andar swallowed, not knowing what he was feeling at this moment. He had just partially resolved his lingering trauma with Rowan's departure and now another bombshell might have just literally dropped into his life.

The last time he had seen or heard from his mother she had been on the tumultuous path to becoming an Arch mage, a position that was harder to enter than a camel walking through the eye of a needle. She had sent him to his grandfather who had quickly handed him over to his master.

He did not remember much about his grandfather, who did not even look him in the eyes the entire three hours he had spent with the man, but he did remember his mother.

She had spent even less time with him, according to his maids, when his mother understood his condition she had abandoned a newly born Andar, and he had been nursed entirely by maids.

Whether by accident or design, the head maids always insisted that Andar referred to them as Mother. So before he was six years old, he already had three different mothers.

He barely saw her growing up, only knowing she was a powerful Mage and a figure of great importance, leading the entire Black Federation was a vaunted position that only a few could ever manage.

The last thing he remembered about her was when she sent him out of their home when she finally decided to take the leap to become an Arch mage.

She had talked for a few minutes about what was required to become an Arch mage, and at that time he had not been listening very clearly to her, he had just been afraid of leaving the only home that he had ever known.

Andar recalled she mostly told him that the quest to become an Arch mage mostly led to madness, death, and even worse outcomes, and 99 percent of Rank 9 Mages would fail, so the esteemed Rank of Arch mage was held only by the few.

She had shared with him that becoming an Arch mage was the most important purpose in the life of a mortal, as anyone who was not an Arch mage was nothing but a fleeting cloud. In the grand scheme of things, they did not matter, and would never matter.

"Do I not matter..." Andar had shakily asked her, he had never called her mother and he did not know if he should.

She cocked her head to the side as if in deep contemplation of his question before saying, "We don't matter."

She turned away and left. This was the last time he had ever seen her.

His mother had neglected him because she wanted to focus on her elevation to the rank of Arch mage, and apparently, she had succeeded. She had chased power and true immortality her entire life, and she had succeeded.

Andar gritted his teeth as he struggled to adjust his posture, there were not many ways to fight against the Aura from an Arch mage who was physically present.

Presently he was using his physical body to resist the pressure and with a sudden onset of madness he wanted to pit his Aether against this pressure, but he held himself back, it was unreasonable to resist an Arch mage when he was still but a Rank 1 Magus.

He tried to glance at the position where the other Arch mages were sitting, while there were multiple Arch mages in the arena, these were not their true bodies and were only shells.

Most Arch mages resided in their towers because it was the best location for them to stay and their presence was much too powerful for mortals due to the nature of their power and Immortal Soul. They spent millions of years in experimentation and the elevation of their souls and power, and the best tool to explore the universe and reality was their Tower.

The fact that his mother was physically present here strikes him as shocking, almost as much as her successful ascension.

The purple sun pulsed as it shrank until it became smaller than a teardrop and it descended until it stopped over Andar, and he suddenly felt the pressure from her Aura disappear from his body and he straightened.

"You have grown taller, and far more handsome than you should have been. You have grown into your own and I can see that power suits you Andar"

Andar looked at the figure covered in a purple veil that had appeared before him, hovering a few feet from the ground, she resembled a poisonous purple flower, her presence so outlandish it almost felt unreal.

He arched an eyebrow, "I am surprised you even remember what I looked like, also, that was quite an entrance. I have never seen anything like this. It is almost as if someone is overcompensating."

"I can see your tongue has loosened, but is that any way to speak to your mother?"

Andar scratched his head, "Oh, I don't know... I have spoken to many mothers for most of my life, so either I'm out of practice or I don't see you as one."

"You have not changed, that means that your education is lacking," he could hear the smile in the voice of the woman, which quickly disappeared and he wondered if it was his imagination, as she continued speaking, "After thirty years I would have thought you would understand..."

"Understand what?!" Andar could not help himself and snapped, feeling a growing sense of irritation in his heart because he knew without Rowan he would have long turned to dust on Ikaron V, and his so-called mother would have filed away his death as a minor inconvenience, a mistake that nature had corrected.

She continued without even acknowledging his retort, "...

understand that, without power, you would not be standing here, and I would not take the time to be here with you. You are a Magus Andar, not a child, in our world, it is the survival of the fittest. Leave sentiments to the mortals, we are above all that."

Andar chuckled, "So this is the reason you are here, to tell me I'm finally worthy to become your son?"

"Well, you don't pick up your calls. I have sent you many messages, and you have not even considered opening a single one."

"I have never read my messages or taken any calls for the last twenty years, except from my friends and teachers. You did not answer my question, but I should have realized that your deflection is everything I needed to know."

The figure of his mother shook her head and surprisingly she began to laugh, "Oh my dear child, you would think that by now you would understand. Your time inside the Body Farm has done nothing for you except give you power and not wisdom."

A sudden feeling of disquietness stole over Andar and he unconsciously took a step back,

"Why are you here with your true body Mother? You are nothing but a One Star Archmage, and you of all should know you are not invincible."

His mother laughed, "Now you are beginning to think like a True Mage my dear, why don't you tell me the reason?"

She chuckled as she rose into the air and headed toward the Arch mages.

Andar unexpectedly called out,

"Tell me something, Mother, do you matter now?"

Chapter 753: Growing Worries

Her ascent paused for a slight moment before she continued rising, the purple dot over Andar followed her and the noises from the arena entered his ears with a rush and he felt countless minor sonic booms that could barely be detected even with his enhanced perception.

Andar's internal clock resettled itself and he understood that his mother had seemingly frozen time around them.

This occurrence made Andar pause in deliberation, he knew that the act of stopping time was considered to be impossible, and what would appear as time stop to most laymen was simply the flow of time in a certain area that was slowed down to such an extent that it would appear as if time had stopped.

Depending on the proficiency of the caster, time could be slowed to a crawl or nearly a stop, but never completely and over a small area.

Whatever his mother just did had covered both of them in a bubble that would make her actions undetectable by anyone else. As far as anyone was concerned she was never near his position and the conversation he just had never happened.

Although it would seem as if time had been slowed down around him, Andar could not shake the feeling in his heart that what he had just experienced was truly Time- stop. As ridiculous as this sentiment might seem, his Meditation Art made his body and Spirit manifest an unusual sensitivity and understanding of the reality around him.

This was what informed him that although everyone considered it to be impossible, what he had experienced was a total stoppage of time. Andar had learned to trust his intuition because the fact of the matter was that his physique and talents were so powerful that it would be impossible for him to interpret all the information it was passively collecting, and the best he could do was to trust these instincts.

If that was the case it would mean either his mother was truly one of the most talented Archmages to have ever lived, he doubted that very much, or something was wrong and she had acquired power that was not her own.

The question was where and for what purpose.

"Magus Andar... excuse me Magus Andar!!"

"Oh, I'm sorry, my mind is a bit occupied with the presence of the Archmage and my upcoming test, I did not realize that something like this would happen." Andar smiled apologetically to the flustered Rank 9 Mage who had been trying to draw his attention for a while now.

Andar had been trying to process the words of his mother because his instincts had been screaming at him that something was wrong, and his perception of the outside world had been reduced to zero.

"No problem, it is as expected," Barah smiled at him and Andar tried not to grimace at the sight of a human mouth embedded in the body of a flying squid.

The Mage had shrunk her body and was floating near his head, she was not speaking loudly, and her eyes were peering intently around Andar's body as if to verify that he was unharmed. Andar could feel the touch of the monitoring spell like thousands of

spiders crawling along his skin, it was very uncomfortable, but it was not her fault, he doubted that she was aware of the effects of her spell on him.

Her examination must have come out with a positive result because she sighed in relief and began speaking louder,

"Due to the unexpected presence of an Archmage in the testing site, and the destruction of Aethernet puppets broadcasting the event to the Magus Worlds, we have adjusted the examination to six hours from now. Magus Andar you should take this time to relax and prepare yourself after that, um, abrupt interruption, you shall be informed when it is time to begin."

"Okay, thank you Magus Barah," Andar clasped his hand and he turned away before he stopped, "Oh, I hope no one was hurt."

"What? Oh, you can put your mind at ease, everyone is fine, including me, if you were wondering. Not that anyone here would ever dare to complain."

She sighed and Andar imagined he could see a dreamy expression on her face, "The honor to be in the true presence of an Archmage. Do you know how rare that is? Most of us would go our entire life without ever coming into contact with something like this. The chance to be near greatness... I know of many civilizations that would do anything for the honor of being near an Archmage, including murdering an entire species and much worse... Already I can feel the endless surge of inspiration bubbling inside of me,"

The Mage giggled, seemingly forgetting herself, "You know I focus on Body Modification and my Aether is Aspected towards Darkness and Poison?"

Not waiting for him to reply, the excited Mage continued speaking, "I can feel my Aether, especially those related to my poison beginning to rise and transform. I don't know who this Archmage is, but she must be truly..."

"Toxic..." Andar whispered to himself and turned away, quickly walking to his assigned quarter while dodging the host of Mages who were beginning to clear the field from the debris of the Alchemical Puppets.

Something was wrong. He could feel it inside him. Wasting anymore time with the excited Mage was not what he should be doing, because he suddenly felt that he was on the clock.

His heart suddenly skipped a bit and an instinct made him look at the sky. At the edge of the horizon, he could see three bright stars that soon resolved themselves into the form of a planet and two moons that were slowly getting larger in the horizon.

Which planet was being shifted? Was it his homeworld? Andar knew he had accomplished many things but he doubted it was enough for the elevation of his planet, perhaps it was because his mother was now an Archmage, maybe this was the reason.

Yet the sight of the growing planet increased his trepidation.

A pattern was emerging that he was on the verge of understanding but he was missing a crucial detail, he walked faster trying to piece together all the little hints that his instincts were blaring out to him that the journey from the field to his quarters passed by in a blur.

He hurriedly opened his door and shut it against a growing press of Mages who had noticed his presence and were coming forward to try to make contact with him.

Andar sighed in relief, "What am I missing? Six hours before the start of the test, was this delay deliberate? I should contact my masters, something is not right."

He felt the air move behind him and alarm grew in his heart but before he could respond a shadow slammed into him.

Chapter 754: The Purple Rose

The figure in the purple veil flew up to the Arch mages and their seating arrangements changed to a circular one, and she landed precisely in their middle.

Since the test had been shifted forward for six hours, the Arch mages would be deliberating among themselves, the concerns of the mortals below had no bearing on them.

The only thing they truly paid attention to was themselves, their experiences and accomplishments could not be shared with anyone else but those with Immortal Souls, this was what happens when you have the potential to live forever, you tend to disregard those who did not.

Arch mages were far more notorious than other immortals when it came to this issue because unlike the gods who could depend on their Divine Kingdom, faith, and the worship of the mortals, the Arch mage only required the commitment and the steady pursuit of the truth about reality in order to grow.

Except for outliers who treasured their families and special disciples, most Arch mages were isolated and only came together during certain special occasions like this one.

"That was certainly quite an entrance. I never knew we still made Arch mages like you again. The sheer madness of being this young again. You are here and with your Tower

alongside you no less. Now that is either quite trusting or truly foolish, my bet is on the latter." Shemira Myrcelo, an Archmage of the Black Tower spoke aloud to the new figure that had entered their midst.

Before the arrival of Andar's mother, she was the only female Archmage here, and she was the first to address the new arrival.

Escaping the gaze of the mortals beneath, the veiled figure touched her head as if she was parting her hair, and the long veil that covered her body transformed into waist-length purple hair, and her true body was revealed to the Archmages.

Andar's mother had been a beautiful woman and her ascension to the rank of One-Star Arch magus had multiplied her charm to the extent that it almost looked artificial due to the extreme perfection of her figure and features. Wearing a purple robe with large black gems on her waist and back, she cut quite a dashing figure.

The only non-human trait she had were her large eyes that were entirely purple and bleeding black smoke, and on her forehead was the tattoo of a weird twisted tower that seemed to be built out of flesh instead of stone.

The true body of an Arch mage could be said to be their Tower, as it was the container for their Immortal Souls.

She opened her mouth to speak, and her voice was calm and collected, this was the voice of a woman who had experienced power and status for a long time, and although she was a One Star Arch mage and was most likely the weakest one here, her voice was strong.

"You would have to forgive my improprieties, my fellow Holder of The Flame," she smiled at the Arch mages present, "My son would be making history and for such an occasion, I fear nothing short of my presence would have to do, he has been without the company of his mother for so long, this is the least that I could do for him. In my rush and excitement to see my son, I might have been a bit rash."

"Rash is an understatement, you have delayed this event for the entire Magus World with your little stunt, it would seem that you forget that we still have enemies inside the Material universe, and your safety could easily be in peril when you flaunt your Tower to the entire universe," Shemira replied, her eyes fixed suspiciously on the figure in their midst.

"I will explain the reason for the move I made, and if it's not satisfactory to you all, I am willing to pay the price for it."

"There is no need to feel that way. I can understand your position, revealing yourself to the entire Magus World in such a bold manner. That is commendable, I can see the reason you became the president of the Federation, " Khasos the steward of the Black

Tower called out, he waved his hand and a new throne appeared beside him, "Sit with us and partake of our communion, I can now understand where your son, my disciple, acquired a portion of his extreme talent."

"Thank you, Steward," Andar's mother smiled widely, "It would be remiss not to introduce myself and my name after my rebirth. My name is Aeynid Erik, The Purple Rose."

Aeynid turned to Shemira and smiled, "For the matter of safety, I am the president of the Black Federation, there is nowhere safer for me than in your midst, as a sign of my trust for the Arch mages of all the Towers, I can be here for my son using my real body, a gesture that he would come to appreciate in time."

She then concentrated on the rest of the Arch mages and made her voice bolder, as she pointed to the sky at the approaching planet and its moons, "As the President of the Black Federation, I am impartial in my conduct and wish for no other benefits to be given to me beyond what is needed for someone of my station. Yet the achievement of myself and my son has triggered the elevation of my Home world."

Dropping her hand and clasping both of them together on her stomach she addressed the Arch mages, "We are all aware of this elevation in status, but it was supposed to commence three months from now, but I pushed it forward to serve as a source of encouragement to my dear son. To see his actions causing such vast changes in the lives of billions would inspire him, at least this is what I hope for. The Arch mages of the Black Tower will forgive my impertinence, I only wanted to give my boy every accolade he deserved on this day."

The Steward of the Black Tower Khasos glanced at his fellow Archmages of the Black Tower, Hashim Prizahl, Shemira Myrcelo, and Lucius Gyfon, they all communicated internally within themselves, and the Steward nodded after making his decision, one of his heads turned to Aeynid and replied, the other head was usually asleep.

"We are all aware of the movement of Ikaron V, now Ikaron II, and this elevation by all indication should be considered overdue and falls within your purview as the president of the Federation and we all know that with the accomplishment you and your son have made, it would be an easy thing to take your home world to the top, yet you chose to settle for second place. In light of your discretion, certain considerations can be made. Andar is the Seed of the Black Tower, and on this day he deserves the accolades and the inspiration he needs on his path forward."

There was no mention of the damages or the disruption that her abrupt flare of power had caused, as a new Arch mage and the president of the Black Federation, it was expected that she should display her might in some manner and to do so before the gaze of the entire Magus Worlds was a display of her confidence and strength.

Such an action would be frowned upon and even punished if she were to repeat it, but ultimately nothing essential was truly lost as every Arch mage here was just a shell and their true selves were pursuing their main goals, leaving a small portion of their consciousness on this matter.

No matter how amazing Andar's performance was, if he did not become an Arch mage, they would never focus their full attention on him because in a thousand years or a million years to come, without becoming an Immortal Soul, all his accomplishments would be nothing when he perished, it would at most be reduced to be mentioned in a book, placed inside the Ancient Library, forgotten for eternity.

Aeynid Erik, newly ascended Archmage walked to her allotted throne and she sat gracefully, soon a burst of Aether began to pass between the Arch mages as they began communicating faster than any mortal could comprehend.

Shemira stroked her chin as she contemplated the name of Andar's mother, "Erik... Erik, why is that name triggering my concern."

Above them, the planet drew nearer.

Chapter 755: Missing Signals

Andar gasped in shock and a pleasant surprise after two minutes of a breathtaking kiss from his girlfriend before gently hugging her, "You do know I could have easily killed you right? I am very tense at this moment,"

A pleasant laugh came from the woman in his arms, "I know you have control over your powers that would rival a Rank 9 Mage Andar, I have never known anyone more careful than you in utilizing your abilities, even when you are in danger. That is both a good thing and a flaw. How else am I supposed to learn my lesson when you have never shown me the results of my many bad decisions? I have never been able to make you lose your cool and make a mistake."

Mira's arms were wrapped around Andar as she hugged him tight, listening to the sound of his strong heartbeat. Andar had grown to 6'4, and with his ascension to the Rank of a Mage, his body oozed vitality and power, it was like she was holding the sun, but instead of burning her to a crisp, he was just warm. Mira knew that she would not regret being like this forever, just holding him.

She did not know how it was possible but holding him tight was like being inside the fountain of youth. Everything about him, from his voice, his smell, and his touch brought about a level of calmness and happiness into her heart. It also helped that even though she was now a Rank 2 Mage and should be technically stronger than him on paper, she had never felt safer than when she was beside him.

She drew herself back a little and looked at his face, before bringing both her hands and cupping them, enjoying the feeling of bristles from his growing beard, her eyes searched his own,

"You are worried Andar, and I know it is not about this test, you were already a master ten years ago, is it about... her? The Arch mage that just arrived, my sources would still be bringing up everything they know about her, and don't worry, she would not be able to interfere with your test, no matter where she comes from, my father and the rest of your teachers would never permit that sort of thing to happen."

Andar smiled at her, "You don't have to bother your sources about the identity of the Arch mage, for that is my dear mother. It would seem that I am having a reunion of a sort, the only thing missing is my grandfather and... master."

Mira's eyes widened before she squealed in elation, before hugging Andar again, she turned away and began to rummage through her Communication Device, no doubt trying to access the Aethernet,

"Wow, this is great news Andar, I knew your mother was the President of the Federation and she was preparing to become an Archmage, but sometimes that preparation takes thousands of years, even more. I had no idea that she had succeeded and she would be here... with you."

She shook her communication device as if it was malfunctioning, before looking up at Andar who had no sign of joy in his face, instead he was stroking his jaw, his eyes clouded with worry, frown lines on his forehead deepening, and her smile disappeared.

Mira touched his chest, "Is something wrong? I can feel the Aether around you pulsing Andar, and they are cold. What is on your mind, today is supposed to be your day Andar, whatever is happening can't be that serious, your focus should be on your test. We will handle any problem that comes after that, I shall be focusing on whatever problems that may come up, what you should be doing is making sure you are at a hundred percent for your promotion test."

Andar shook his head, "You are right Mira, thank you for your care and concern, my focus should be on my test, but there are some things that do not line up, some patterns that do not fit, and I can feel a sort of chain wrapping around all of us, something is not right."

Mira and Andar had become truly close after seventeen years of relationship, and she understood that Andar's intuition was usually spot on, and since the moment she had first laid eyes on him, she had never seen him like this.

Yet she knew that this was the Black Tower, there could not be any danger here, then which meant that it must be the new addition to this place.

"What is wrong Andar, is it concerning your mother? Did she threaten you in any way? I know you are not close with her, and if she demands your attention, I hope you know you are now valuable enough to reject her, even if she is an Arch mage."

Andar sighed, "My mother is just a part of it, something else is..." he suddenly looked at Mira, "What were you trying to do with your communication device earlier?"

"What...this?" She brought out her device and shook it in annoyance after she tapped the screen, "I have been trying to connect with the Aethernet but it's not securing me a spot. An expensive piece of trash, and to think I always make sure to upgrade my device to the latest series a few months before they even hit the market."

Andar gestured, "Give it here,"

Taking it from her hands he began to fiddle with it, and after going through the software he began to disassemble it.

"Is this related to your feeling of worry?"

"Maybe, I usually don't have any communication device with me, and I was not aware of this latest development, perhaps... please be quiet for twelve seconds Mira, I need to focus."

Mira mimed zipping her mouth shut, aware that when Andar became engrossed, what he hated was distractions, normally he would just cast a spell of silence and stasis around him without any warning that was so powerful it could freeze even a Rank 5 Mage in place, but due to his trust in her, he knew she would follow his instructions without question.

In twelve seconds Andar had disassembled the entire device and then placed them back together.

"Well that was interesting," he rubbed his eyes in confusion.

"What is it?" Mira whispered, Andar's tone and disposition were beginning to freak her out.

He looked at her and his silver eyes flashed, "I never realized the advanced components now placed inside a standard recent communication device, it is quite different from just a year ago, I should go through commercial technology more often."

"Duh... that's why I always try to be cutting edge, nothing advances quite like technology, especially communication and entertainment technology. Did you find something interesting?"

Andar made a slight chuckle and scratched his head, "It's what I did not find that is worrying. You see, there is nothing wrong with your device, everything is working perfectly, and you are connected with something... but it is not the Aethernet."

"What do you mean, I can't connect with the Aethernet, it says so right here." Mira expanded the display to show him the blinking – NO SERVICE notification, before she paused,

"Wait, this cannot be right, my signal strength is excellent, and I am receiving... something, but why don't I have service?"

"That's just it Mira, the Aethernet is gone. I thought that was supposed to be impossible."

"Of course," Mira gasped, "The Aethernet is one service that is controlled by the Supreme Magus World and nothing should be able to interrupt it. Do you realize that since three billion years of Aethernet history, the only fault or disruption that had arisen had always been from the device on the receiving end and never on the Aethernet itself? I trust your judgment that my device is sound, but the alternative is crazy, nothing should be able to take down the Aethernet."

She looked up with panic in her eyes, "Can you imagine what this could mean Andar,"

"Yes," Andar gravely replied, "we are either under attack, or today would end up in the history books as the first time the Aethernet had gone dark."

The ground suddenly shook as if an earthquake had occurred and a loud crack reverberated. Then the screams started, loud and filled with despair as if millions of people were being slaughtered at the same time.

Chapter 756: Escape Passage

The tremors shook the ground and Andar and Mira would have fallen down but they unconsciously carried themselves into the air with a burst of Aether. Andar pushed Mira to the side and followed her as half the room collapsed as if it was flattened by a giant hand.

Another blast erupted that was so loud it was almost as if it carried its own weight and it pushed Mira against the wall with so much force her body left cracks on it, Andar easily shrugged off the blast and carried Mira in his arms and rushed deeper into the apartments.

It was a three-room affair and he went deeper inside, shutting the heavy doors behind him, but that did not seem to reduce the sounds of battle and screams coming from outside.

Mira pushed herself away from Andar and began bringing out various Runic Devices as she tried to activate them all without any success.

"What the hell is happening?" Mira whispered, "I can't contact my father or anyone else, it's also not the only thing that is down! None of my Runes, Talismans, Puppets, Scripts, or Artifacts are working."

Andar checked his Aegis Scripts and arched a brow in surprise, there was nothing wrong with his Script, if he wanted he could easily summon Cloudy. He grabbed her hands and looked at the numerous Scripts dotting her skin, they were beautiful and appeared very vivid,

"Are you sure about that, you cannot access anything at all?"

"Eh... yes, I'm sure, what is happening? There is a battle above us, but who is the enemy?"

Andar wracked his mind, almost sure he understood what was transpiring, but he could not figure out why it was happening at this time, it was maddening to see the effect of something but not the cause.

"Wait, something is wrong," Mira looked at Andar in horror, "I can no longer access my Interspatial Storage."

It was at this moment that everything went silent. The screams and the rumbling ceased at once and if not for the ringing in Mira's ear she would have thought it was all a hallucination.

Andar frowned as he sensed something shift in the air around him before he turned to Mira, "I think I might know the reason for why this is happening, and if I'm right, part of their objective must be because of what is happening today."

"What?... Andar, how... is it because of your mother? Everything changed when she arrived, it has not been long since she did and I'm sure it cannot be a coincidence."

"Yeah, partly..." Andar said, his instincts were screaming at him that something was seriously wrong and for a moment he almost regretted delaying his advancements for a stable foundation.

If he was a Rank 4 Mage, he should be able to understand a small percentage of what his body was indicating to him, but he could not do so with his current level of

comprehension and that frustrated him, seizing Mira by her hand he began walking towards the end of the room,

"Come on, we need to leave this place and hide. If I'm correct, then we only need to buy a little time and everything will be settled."

Andar dragged Mira almost making her fall to the ground, they did not go through the door, but instead, he pressed an unassuming spot on the wall, and a passage opened in the floor of his room that revealed a tunnel.

There were staircases that descended this passage and from the faint light that reflected off it, the stairs appeared to go down for miles.

"Thank you, master," he whispered and dragged the stunned Mira after him.

"There is such a hidden tunnel here? How can such a massive project be placed beside the testing area? No, this place should not exist." Mira called out in surprise.

"No it should not, but I created a special spell that used the permissions from the Artificial Spirit of the Black Tower to create pockets of stable structures that would tunnel through any place I find myself in, while inside the Black Tower, and the best part about the spell is that it's pretty impossible to be detected by anyone because it doesn't use Aether but the Artificial Spirit Fluid—Mass. So one moment it doesn't exist and now it does. Fascinating stuff I assure you."

"Eh, Andar, I don't understand what you mean, I am just focused on Talisman Creation you know, not everyone is as knowledgeable as you. This is good, we need to hide away until the true bodies of the Archmages arrive and wipe out whatever disturbance is occurring above. Also, I did not understand half of what you told me about this tunnel."

"Oh, I mean I can easily create escape paths anywhere I am while inside the Black Tower."

"Oh, got it. But you know that should be impossible right? Whatever it seems, I should be educated on what is considered impossible and what's not."

"You will be surprised how that line gets blurred," Andar whispered to himself, feeling a persistent itch at the back of his neck.

They hurried down the tunnel, taking the steps three at a time, and Mira suddenly stumbled, she laughed self-deprecatingly,

"Andar, It is not my intention to sound like a broken record, but something else has changed, I can no longer access the Aether in the environment. I can feel it, but I can't touch it. What the fuck is this, it is like I can touch it, but at the same time I can't touch it... this is messing with my mind."

Andar paused his movement and regarded Mira carefully, before he asked her, "Similar to the way your communication device can no longer access the Aethernet isn't it?"

"Now that you mention it, yes."

"We need to hurry then, whatever is happening is getting worse," Andar knelt, "Let me carry you, I will be able to move faster."

"Don't mind if I do, with my Spirit Body, I don't need Aether in the surroundings as much as other Mages, but whatever battle or obstacles that could happen ahead, I need to be at a hundred percent. I know carrying me would not strain you." Mira wrapped her legs around Andar's waist as he stood up and began moving faster down the stairs, his legs were a blur,

Mira was silent for a few seconds but the passageway seemed to get darker as they descended as if they were heading down the stomach of a beast, her voice shattered the gloom,

"You know I would most likely be enjoying this if whatever is happening outside must be so terrifying that up till now I cannot wrap my head around how something like this is possible, Andar what have you speculated about this matter?"

Andar seemed to be focused on running, silver light wrapped around his legs boosting him until he was leaving faint trails of heat in the air due to his speed.

Despite the fact that he could no longer access Aether in his environment, he was not worried because he had never needed to depend on the outside world or any other resource to generate Aether. His Spirit Body produced more than enough Aether for him, but he had discovered that any spell he tried to cast instantly fizzled out when it left his body.

All this while, he had been constantly trying to teleport to no avail. Andar understood that Mira had discovered that she could no longer access Aether in the environment, but soon she would come to the realization that even her spells would no longer work.

As he ran down the stairs, he snapped his fingers and invisible flames erupted in his palm, a weight he carried in his mind went lighter, and he continued downward without pause.

Andar did not depend on spells like other mages because of his control over the element and Aether was so advanced because of his sensitivity to supernatural forces, also he could memorize far more knowledge than the average Mage, and he never needed spells when he could control reality around him using Aether.

Aware that Mira had asked him a question two seconds ago, he opened his mouth to reply to her, perhaps she might be able to complete the puzzle in his head, and throw light on the problems happening,

"What did you see when my mother arrived at the testing field?"

Chapter 757: The Experience Is Different

Mira stiffened in his back and she brought forward the Comm-device she was holding and began fiddling with it,

"Well I was hurrying over to your room to surprise you because I knew the test would have to be postponed due to the damages the presence of the Arch mage brought, but I saw her moving toward the other Arch mages above and nothing else, which was in bad taste if you ask me, I felt she should have gone to you first, her loss if you ask me, which was partly the reason I hurried over, did you not tell me she left you to your irresponsible grandfather when you were seven?"

"Yes she did," Andar replied, "Are you sure you saw her heading directly towards the Arch mages and not anywhere else?"

"Yeah, I'm sure of that, wait, I should have pictures... here, I took them on my way to your room."

Passing her Com-device to Andar after finding what she had been searching for, he scrutinized the clear pictures that Mira had taken of the Arch mage that arrived at the testing ground, Mira's device was capable of taking seven hundred shots a second and it had captured the movements of his mother, and except when the purple sun that signified her authority flashed bright in the air, her movements were easily tracked.

It simply showed her moving towards the top of the Arena, and she had not descended anywhere near Andar.

This more than anything solidified the Time-Stop effect that his intuition had warned him about, somehow his mother had stopped time not just around him, as he had first thought, but on the entire Black Tower, or at least just the surface of the Black Tower.

It was the only method she could use that would have been able to fool the entire audience here, including the Arch mages above, who would have taken a different action if they knew of her manipulations, but he could not help but ask, why would she take the time to chat with him and risk the expose of whatever she was about to accomplish here in the Black Tower?

Andar spoke to Mira in a whisper, "Whatever is happening is bigger than I thought, and I don't understand the reason, but I believe what is happening here is due to the actions of my mother. I cannot be sure, but I think that she stopped Time, not slowed it down, but stopped it entirely."

Mira laughed incredulously, "What! That is impossible,"

"I don't think so," Andar replied, "it was only for a short period, but she did it, also I think the movements of my world closer to the Black Tower and the fact that my mother is here with her real body are all connected."

"I don't think I follow you Andar, you are saying some wild stuff,"

"As wild as the Aethernet going down? You said that was impossible, and it is, I don't believe anything should be able to take down the Aethernet unless the Magus Supreme World had fallen, and I think that is impossible.

"Unless you look at it from the perspective of Time and everything begins to weirdly make sense, it's hard for me to wrap my head around it, but if you try to think beyond the normal flow of time that we are familiar with, you will realize that everything happening now is as a result of Time Manipulation.

"The Aethernet has not stopped working, we are just not receiving its signals because it has been halted. Think of it as a boat moving in the sea and suddenly the entire body of water is frozen instantaneously, waves and all, the water is present but its state has transformed and our receiver cannot push through it. The fact we cannot access Aether in the environment, or your Spatial Storage malfunctioning can be explained using this same principle."

Mira was stunned into silence as she tried to follow Andar's thought, the tunnel they were in seemed to be endless,

"Who... what could be responsible for something like this? There are multiple Arch mages here and this is the Black Tower!"

"I don't know, but I think I have a pretty good idea, same as you I think, but whatever I may think is useless because they have already caught us. We are in danger."

Mira looked around in fear and tried to summon her powers without any success, although she had a Spirit Body and it could store a healthy amount of Aether, any spell she set out to conjure fizzled away the moment that left her body.

Suddenly, Mira felt a sharp pain in her chest as her body was jolted away from Andar, she looked down in shock to see Andar's right arm had been driven deep inside her chest, almost to the elbow.

Her eyes held pain and incredulity as weakness began to flood her body. Coughing blood she looked at Andar whose eyes were filled with pain, and a surprising amount of resolve and she smiled at him.

Bringing one bloody hand to caress his cheek, Mira whispered, "Would killing me help you?"

It did not seem possible, but the pain in Andar's eyes multiplied, but he croaked,

"Yes, it would..."

He brought his other hand and punched her savagely in the head. The blow drove her head to the side and it cracked against the wall, and if not for his other hand that was holding her firmly because it was inside her body she would have been flung away.

Andar turned his body so he could pin her against the wall and he began repeatedly slamming her head against the wall.

Mira moaned in pain as her left eyes were crushed alongside her nose, her beautiful features left in ruin, but her bright blue eyes never left Andar's own, although there was confusion inside them, there was also acceptance.

Hitting her head against the unyielding wall for the fifteenth time cracked her skull open and with a savage yank, Andar removed his left hand from her chest.

Feeling something running down his face he touched it and realized it was tears. He had been screaming and crying all these while he killed Mira and he was unaware of it.

Andar had never imagined that the first life he took was that of his lover.

The broken body of Mira shuddered on the ground as the blood from her body poured down the steps soaked his boots and continued downwards.

Mira was a Rank 2 Mage with a powerful physique, even with all this damage it would take a long time for her to die,

"I... am... glad I could help you Andar... I love..."

Andar suddenly screamed aloud, "No more!"

He brought both his hands forward and he conjured a concentrated ball of flames so hot it was approaching a million degrees. He hurled the bluish-white flame at the body of Mira and she gasped as the flames covered her and then she began to scream. The cries from her were bloodcurdling, far greater than what a mortal could let out because she was suffering a pain greater than what any mortal could ever experience.

Andar staggered backward and fell to his knees in shock, as doubt began to fill his heart, 'Was it possible he was wrong? Did he just kill...'

He covered his face with his bloody hand and began to shake his head side to side in a frantic manner.

'All my calculations are correct! The numbers aligned the way it should be, the words that were spoken have changed and the experience is different...'

His thoughts were moving in a thousand different directions but he refused to summon Grey Will because he knew that he might need it for more pressing dangers ahead. Yet whatever he was thinking could not erase the presence of Mira's scream of pain.

The screams from Mira that were so loud and filled with pain began to transform. It steadily grew weaker as if her energy was about to be spent. Her shiny bones were now visible in the flames and it was almost surprising that her left eye was still visible and she was staring at Andar all these while.

Those eyes slowly fell into her collapsing skull, but at the end, there had been something different about those eyes... something cold.

Andar slowly looked up because the cries from Mira's collapsing body had transformed into laughter.

Chapter 758: Reappearance Of The Supreme Meditation Art

When Andar began to kill 'Mira' he had anticipated a change but would have never imagined what came next, in hindsight, he blamed himself that he should have known what was coming.

From the ashes of Mira's body, a fair hand emerged, and before Andar's watchful eyes, a naked woman stood up from the ashes.

She had long blond hair and her eyes were red like burning coal, her features were beautiful, and a wicked grin decorated her lips. There were two small horns on her forehead and she slowly stretched her body as dull pops from her joints resounded.

The woman sighed, "Hah... this feels good,"

She looked down at the ashes she was standing in with a look of slight confusion and with a step, she seemed to glide to the side. Biting her red lips she looked at Andar and chuckled,

"That would have been impressive, the way you tried to kill me, if only you were not whimpering like a child, I would have enjoyed it more. Usually, my scent causes the opposite reaction in everyone else, but you are not just anyone else, isn't it... Andar." her voice was sultry and rich as if she had just woken up from a deep sleep.

The subtle sign of danger that Andar had been experiencing since Mira entered his room had multiplied by a factor of a thousand when he noticed that this lady was just a Rank 3 Mage, yet the level of danger he was sensing was a magnitude greater than what her ranking suggested.

"Where is she? What did you do with Mira?" he whispered. Andar had not yet recovered from slaughtering his lover, and at this time, his emotions were still burning hot, although he knew the Mira he killed was fake, it did not mean that the experience did not scar him.

She brought a finger to her lips and delicately bit on it, "Oh, when did you realize that your little girlfriend was no longer here? Hmm..."

Andar stalled his disgust and spat out, "You are not as smart as you think, your acting was filled with plot holes a mile wide."

For a moment he thought he saw a flash of irritation in her eyes before she laughed, "And yet for something so imperfect, I still made you cry, you know I can still taste your tears as they fell on my face... they are delicious Andar, I cannot wait to taste more."

He took a step back and assessed this Mage, she appeared to be around eighteen years old, which was saying nothing about her age, Andar would be thirty-four in a month and he still looked as if he was sixteen, although his height made him appear older.

Her body was curvaceous, and unlike any Mage that he had ever seen, this girl had no single Script on her body. Any Mage that could afford a Script would usually go for them since its importance could not be over-emphasized, from healing, defense, and offense, Scripts were a necessary part of a Mage's kit.

Andar had only a single Script which was the Aegis Script where he stored his Cloud Whale. Due to his abilities, he never saw the need for Scripts, his body was extremely powerful, and due to his sensitivity, more Scripts could cause unnecessary distractions. He had previously thought he was unique in this instance until he saw her.

The source of the danger he was feeling was now resolved because he finally found what was triggering his warning intuitions for so long. It was because he recognized the power inside her.

A sudden move from her made him back up again, but she crouched by the side of the smoldering ash, and using two fingers she gently pinched a bit of the ash, and as she

stood up, she dragged the ash with her that appeared to be sticking together in a crystalline configuration and a black and brown robe was created from the gathered ashes.

All this while her bright red eyes were focused on Andar as she pulled the robes over her head. Perhaps the material she used was not enough because the robe was extremely short, and she clicked her tongue in annoyance,

"Wow... I am nearly naked, should there not be more of this? I guess your flames must have done far more damage than I thought. Unless—"

She looked up at Andar with a look of amusement and surprise in her eyes as a dozen large spikes of blue ice burst out from her body that nearly tore her to pieces, but she did not bleed, and inside her body, there was no heart or lungs, but leaves, stems, and flowers.

Her head was hung to the side, held only by a few pieces of muscle and broken bone, but she was already beginning to heal, and so rapidly that in less than three seconds she should be whole again.

Every action that Andar had made, including beating Mira to death with his own hands, was just to buy for himself these few seconds.

The training from the Steward of the Black Tower resounded in his head: Gain the advantage using whatever methods that you can, and attack first, don't stop attacking until there is nothing left standing!

Andar accelerated towards her, hundreds of tiny vortices of air pushed him from behind and he appeared beside her as if he had teleported.

His anger and backward retreat were nothing but a ruse, as he had been charging up hundreds of elemental energies since he was unable to use spells and weave them in a fashion that could cause damage, he had to focus on manipulating the pure energy of creation and mentally destabilize them all.

Usually, a Spell was like a firearm, and the energy of creation was the bullet, whether it came in the form of lightning, fire, poison, or whatever energy you were manipulating.

Andar could typically create the framework of the gun by himself without resolving to a particular model. A typical Mage would often practice a single spell until they gained mastery over it, so it was as if they understood everything about a single model of a firearm, but with Andar's unique knowledge he had access to thousands of different types of firearm models and he could interchange them any time he needed, even create a new type of 'firearm' by adding pieces of different types to it.

The problem here was that he could no longer access any of these methods because Spells no longer worked, and so he had to be creating 'bullets' and propelling them with nothing else but pure Aether.

He had never truly fought anyone before, but that did not mean he had never practiced. All his teachers gave him different nuggets of wisdom and he had absorbed them all.

When this girl appeared before him, he finally understood the last of the puzzle because the energy he was sensing from her body came from the Supreme Meditation Art that had been denied him by a member of the Supreme World of Magus.

Frost Mourn. Rowan had called this Meditation Art— The Lament of Celestials.

Chapter 759: First Battle

With everything that was happening, the fact that he was here with a practitioner of the Frost Mourn Meditation Art was just the icing on the cake.

It would seem that in the time since he had gained the Endless Vault Meditation Art, someone else had been able to gain access to this power, and now they were here to challenge him.

This should not be the entire story because there was surely something else happening above him, his mother, the planets, the signs of battle, and the Time Stop effect, so many things were simultaneously taking place, but for now, he had to focus on overcoming this hurdle first.

He did not know what abilities the Supreme Meditation Art would grant to a Mage, but he knew that for him to win, he had to fight in a way that a Mage could not easily anticipate. His opponent had already shown certain abilities that he was not sure came from her Meditation Art, to win this fight, he must make sure she never had the chance to make his move.

Yet it might already be too late. He brought himself three seconds, but she had been planning this moment for an unknown amount of time. He was already at a disadvantage.

Andar had blasted forward to her side when any Mage would have retreated to create space to attack more effectively. This action was to get closer to the girl where he would be able to press her in close quarters.

Behind him, he heard a loud rumble as the bottom half of the stairs were unexpectedly crushed by a large mouth filled with teeth the size of his body.

The sound from this was deafening since this passageway was created from the Black Tower itself and its structure was extremely durable, crushing it would require extreme force, which would inevitably lead to a massive release of energy.

If he had retreated instead of coming closer to his opponent he would have been crushed to pieces by this mouth, his body was not rough enough to resist such an assault. He activated Gray Will a moment earlier than he had planned in order to adjust to this new variable and time appeared to stand still.

Andar now had the period to observe his surroundings properly, and the first thing he noticed about the girl he was about to attack was that her mouth was opened wide in laughter; her red eyes were emitting so much light it was as if two red suns were about to be born, but what was noteworthy were her fingers.

All ten of her fingers had transformed into green vines that disappeared into the shadows around her body, yet he was able to break through a portion of the barrier blocking his perception from tracing the paths of the vines and he saw that one of her fingers was responsible for the gigantic mouth that crushed the staircase behind him.

That mouth was a gigantic Venus Fly Trap, and it was a single finger from her. Andar knew the body of a Mage transformed the higher their ranking went, but he did not expect that a Rank 3 Mage's body could already be capable of such extreme transformations.

Andar was able to track another of her fingers below them, just lying underneath the stairs, in his perception, he could see and feel the gigantic mouth of the Venus Fly Trap closing up.

There were two fingers above him, and another two were coming from the side, he was effectively surrounded, and the trap was rapidly closing.

Although time appeared to be still, it was just his perception that had been accelerated, and although he could see everything, his body could not move at the same speed as his perception, and it appeared as if he and this mystery girl were frozen in place.

That made the fact that when those red eyes of hers which were brimming with so much pleasure slowly turned towards him even when his perception should have rendered time to an observer to be almost still, increased his wariness, his body could not match such speed, and he should be running but he knew that he was unable to escape unless he finds a way to win.

Gray Will had already wiped away his psi and fury and transformed him into a machine.

Andar had never seen any reason for him to go all out with his powers, but the situation was forcing him to adapt.

It was a good thing that although his body could not move as fast as his perception, the powers that he could control could move even faster than his perception.

From the appearance of the girl to when he attacked, it had barely been two seconds, and instead of scattering his abilities wielding different energies, he focused only on a single one— Wind.

The rest were just flashy props to distract, and the hundred vortices of air he used to push himself forward towards her were his true weapons.

Whatever was happening made it impossible for him to cast spells, and harness the Aether in the air, and was supposed to make it impossible for him to access his Scripts or any Spatial Storage.

However his only weakness here was that he was unable to cast spells, fortunately for him, this was not truly a weakness but an inconvenience, he was still able to access his Scripts, but this passageway was too tight for Cloudy to demonstrate its advantage.

Because he used his Endless Vault as a storage device, he could still access all the items he had placed inside it, but he chose not to reveal this to this girl and whoever was watching.

Usually, a High Order Sigil like his current Aegis script would have to be connected to a separate Aether Crystal to power it or would have a way to gather Aether from the environment, and no one would be crazy enough to link it to their Aether Channels, since no Mage would be able to bear the strain of holding such a Script, but Andar could easily carry it.

He sent all those flashy spells ahead and drowned the body of the girl who had nearly finished healing in a conflagration of flames, lightning, frost, poison, and hundreds of different attacks. Although Andar had called them distractions, they were still powerful enough to kill thousands of Rank 3 Mages and could level a mountain range.

In the same instant, the multiple gigantic Venus Fly Traps slammed into Andar's position.

The entire space imploded. Andar numerous attacks plus six of the girl's fingers clashing in that small space created so much force that a circular cavern was blown open inside this place.

The dust cleared away with supernatural quickness and revealed the girl and Andar, both of whom seemed unhurt. Andar was standing on two vortices of air, and hundreds of air vortices were spinning around him.

Andar pushed his palms together and the air vortices flattened until they were flat and resembled saw blades, and he tapped the air with his fingers and dozens of wind blades

flew towards the girl, he expanded his fingers, and the wind blades scattered into a thousand separate blades and then he closed his hands into a fist and they vanished.

The girl had only a chance to widen her eyes before she exploded, as a thousand air blades erupted inside her body.

Gray Will chased the position of her body that had split into 456 parts, and Andar sent precisely 456 wind blades at those body parts, while another seven wind blades suddenly expanded into seven large shields to block the seven large mouths that erupted from the surrounding shadows.

He angled the shields to push the mouths to a position slightly adjacent to his side, where he had placed another twenty Wind blades in wait that grounded them to pieces.

With an ephemeral scream, the body of the girl flashed with a green fire and she reconstituted herself instantly, using that move to avoid the hundreds of wind blades sent to her shattered body parts, but Andar closed his fists once more and the Wind blades vanished.

"How are you doing that?!" With a cry of anger and pain the body of the girl exploded again, her only reply was the cold visage of Andar who had no emotion on his face, only his silver eyes blazing like a bright moon.

Behind him, he was already creating an elaborate weaving of energy as he called on more wind blades.

Chapter 760: Attack Rhythm

The amount of Aether that Andar was summoning would have drained a Rank 4 Mage dry, but the battle was just beginning. Without access to spells, to achieve anything he had to be pushing out ridiculous amounts of Aether.

This was reflected in their surroundings, as the chasm created from their clash expanded as the energy inside here could not be contained by the space. The area of expansion reached more than a thousand feet wide before it slowed, this was because they were inside the Black Tower, anywhere else and half a continent would have been flattened.

Below Andar the mouths of the ten massive Venus Fly Traps opened and they cried out, vomiting out large oily clumps of darkness that began to fill this space, restricting vision and sticking to the Wind blades reducing their speed and sharpness.

With a gesture from Andar, the girl cursed as the energy contained in the blades increased, matching and surpassing the darkness clinging to them and they began to move faster than before.

Andar's silence and the laughter of the girl heralded the next phase of their deadly clash.

The shadow around Andar bubbled like hot oil and surged towards him, inside it were fleeting glimpses of vines and large teeth.

The wind blades he was standing on veered to the right, as Andar twisted his body to the side showing an impressive range of dexterity as his body twisted through tiny gaps in between the vines and the teeth, as the wind blades under his feet carried him in short and jerky movements that were so fast, it was as if he was teleporting.

If his physique were not so powerful, he would have crushed every bone in his body using these maneuvers.

All the while he never stopped creating more wind blades and sending them towards the girl, who had now realized that trying to dodge these green missiles was futile and the only way to escape being repeatedly destroyed was by demolishing the Wind blades before they reached her.

Yet she could not hold back all the blades as Andar once again teleported them into her body and she was torn to pieces. She had been trying to find the methods Andar was using to move the blades into her body since spells were not allowed here.

She had quickly realized that Andar must have implanted something inside her body when he had access to it when she had mimicked the form of her girlfriend and he smashed her body apart.

Then she grinned before laughing aloud,

"Oh you sneaky son of a bitch, your tears! You must have created a formation inside my body and used your tears as a carrier! My interest in you has just multiplied a thousandfold Andar."

In the short time, she was unable to locate the formation inside her body, the inability to use spells was a double-edged sword, and she also was disadvantaged, but with her physique, she was never supposed to have such issues.

However, it did not take her long to find out that Andar was able to teleport the Wind blades into her body when they reached a few hundred feet from her, so she began to keep her distance and work to destroy every Wind blade that approached her position.

Nevertheless, destroying the Wind blades was easier said than done, they moved rapidly and it was challenging to predict their movement pattern, a single Wind blade could separate itself into a dozen or a hundred without any indication as the gestures used by Andar were a ruse.

The fact that he did not even need to move his body to control the Wind blades and that he regularly changed his gestures made her confused and shattered her defense.

Every single Wind blade that divided itself was as lethal as the original, and that was not even considering that each Wind blade was filled with such a dense and unique kind of Aether making each of them as durable as Davross.

She had shattered tens of thousands of wind blades in less than thirty seconds, and she noticed that even the shattered pieces of wind were not dissipating so she had to seal them with pieces of tiny vines from the darkness she made, effectively canceling the advantages that the darkness should have given her.

Andar's assault however was unending, as the only thing keeping her in the fight was the sheer speed and control she had over her body. Every single movement of the Wind blades was evolving faster than she thought was possible and it was as if she was not fighting against a single Mage, but against ten thousand Mages working in concert, but not for a single moment did she think she would be losing this fight.

She giggled aloud as she overlooked a Wind blade that slipped through her defenses and sliced across her neck, but her head did not fall off but was held by a single strand of muscle and vine.

Her unique physique which was ranked first among the entire Magus Supreme World and seventh among all the entire multiverse granted her total invulnerability.

She could get hurt, but she could not be destroyed.

A couple more Wind blades passed through her defenses and her body became riddled with holes and deep wounds, but she did not bleed.

She distractedly pushed her jaws that had been sliced into two together before sighing,

'No, this would not do, I have to step it up a notch if I am to ever convince him who is superior among us.'

"Blood of my roots, emerge!"

She cried out, this was not a spell, but one of her natural talents. For the first time since the battle started, she began to bleed.

Her blood did not emerge in small drips but in a massive flood, as millions of black and green drops of blood burst out from her body, and from afar it would seem as if a massive flower was blooming with her at the center.

"Eat!"

A faint buzzing sound emerged from these blood drops which soon magnified until it sounded as if a plague of locusts were arriving, and this turned out to be the case.

Each drop of blood transformed into locusts, each of them the size of a man's head. The buzz from their wings made space warp and their speeds were like lightning bolts. Each of these Locusts had extremely durable bodies and judging from their strength and speed, they could individually stand up to a Rank 4 Mage.

Her face grew pale, and she would have fallen if not for the massive rush of Aether that flooded into her body, keeping her mind active, even if her body was on the verge of shutting down.

This girl was monstrous, but Andar was in the state of Gray Will simply did not care, the locusts were merely a new factor in this battle, and he reacted to it accordingly.

For the next thirty-five seconds, Andar performed miracles. He zig-zagged through the plague of locusts, accurately slicing in two any of them that approached him, and since at any given moment he had to contend against at least a hundred locusts, the area around his body grew bright with heat and friction as each Wind blade that sliced through a locust brought out sparks and great heat.

The sparks around him were like countless stars being birthed and destroyed every single moment. With the level of precision he had over his Wind blades this scene was extremely remarkable.

The speed and pattern of attacks from the locusts were fast and vicious, and if he allowed a single one to go through his defense, he would be ripped to shreds.

Below him, the sliced bodies of the locusts fell like rain, and when they hit the ground they slowly began to heal, and it would not take long before they rose again to continue the fight.

He rotated three sixty and clapped his hands together, the motion slamming a hundred Wind blades together into a spinning shield that slammed against three large Venus Fly Trap sneaking behind him, while shooting another hundred wind blades at his feet to create a tunnel as he used the momentum from the clash to push himself downward, before reversing his course and hurtling upwards.

All this while he never stopped attacking, it may appear that he was in danger, but he knew that he still had the ability to refresh himself, although her attacks were vicious and fast, he had already learned what he needed.

Chapter 761: Power Beyond Reason

Learning this pattern gave him the freedom to sacrifice less mental power towards his defense and push it towards offense. His Wind blades were becoming faster and more accurate, and the body of the girl was practically in pieces.

Although he was not sure how much damage he was inflicting upon her at the start because she had always been laughing, perhaps she had not realized that as the battle was proceeding, her laughter had begun to die down.

He had observed that no matter how much he was able to rip her apart, her body was still kept together by strands of muscles, bones, or vines, and no single part of her had been lost so far.

Therefore the goal was to sever a body part entirely from the whole and destroy it entirely. Andar did not think that this was impossible to do so, no matter how tyrannical her flesh was to be, at this time she was still a Rank 3 Mage.

Her weakness was glaring to him, which was simply Aether. Without the usage of Spells which might have given her the edge, she was challenging Andar using her physique alone, but that was not the only mistake she was making.

It was an oversight that she challenged him when she was still a Rank 3 Mage and not stronger, perhaps if she attacked when he was an Acolyte, she would have the chance to win.

The fact was that, even without the ability to utilize any spells in this fight. He still did not know his true limits and he had not been giving his all in this fight, he was simply laying down the foundations and now he was ready.

Andar placed his hands together as if he was praying, his long jackets flared to the side carried by the winds around him, he had not suffered a single injury since this fight began and his clothes were still spotless.

He spread his hands apart, and the Wind blades that surrounded him instantly increased from ten thousand to ten million!

Next, he fully activated Gray Will and his body began to stiffen slowly. He did not truly need his body, just his mind.

Andar looked at the girl whose red eyes showed tiredness and he was uncertain if he saw a hint of doubt.

He pressed his palms together again, a relatively simple action, but what he was doing was just a distraction to hide the fact that he had been secretly creating tons of Wind blades and keeping them inside his Endless Vault, and now he began to summon all of them.

Separating his palms, the Wind blades that had nearly filled this cavern multiplied to a horrifying hundred million in number, and it was as if Andar had become surrounded by a green sun.

Every single locust was vaporized and the body of the girl was shot back towards the end of the cavern where she slammed into the compressed walls of the cavern that were now as hard as diamonds.

Her body left a large crater in the walls, and she looked at Andar with shock and the beginning of wariness. She had not even received the attack and she was nearly at the edge of death!

Andar was a Rank 1 Mage, not what anyone would call this level special, but at this moment, he had called up enough power to entirely eradicate every single life on the surface of a Minor World.

This level of power was ridiculous for a being of his stature, and he would have been able to utterly eradicate Rowan at the same Rank. It should be noted that according to the Dominator's power ranking, a Rank 1 Mage was equal to a Rift State Dominator, so Andar was at the first Great Circle but the power he had just unleashed could equal that of an Arch mage!

He had many advantages, his extremely special physique gave him what could be regarded as an unlimited well of Aether, and his Endless Vault was also a storage that could be used to hold anything and keep them in the same state as when he placed them inside it.

Normally it was impossible to place a Wind blade inside a Spatial Treasure, and even if it was possible, it would break down in a few moments without a steady injection of Spirit, but he could simply create a Wind blade and place it inside his Endless Vault and the technique would not deteriorate.

This was simply a massive cheat. The Mira that came for Andar was his girlfriend, but Andar had noticed the switch when he felt his body react to another Time Stop in his vicinity.

Right before the battle happened above as the earthquakes and the screaming began, Andar's physique had detected that the flow of time had been disturbed in his vicinity.

Whoever had stopped time again did not include him inside the bubble, and Mira must have been switched at that time, but he was not expected to know, in fact, he was sure that even an Arch mage might not have been able to detect Time Stop, but his Endless Vault and unique physique made it possible for him to collect every single energy and sensation and not omit them.

It was easy to find certain loopholes in this new 'Mira' and he began creating Wind blades and placing them inside his Endless Vault as both of them descended the stairs to the battlefield of his choosing.

That was not all, he made formations inside his Endless Vault, using his masteries over all the Magus Disciplines and his act of slaughtering Mira was to push those formations deep into the body of the imposter, while disguising them using her own flesh.

It would be impossible for his enemy to find the formations he had planted inside her body for a short time, but that was if she would be able to make it past the upcoming moments.

Sweat began to line her forehead, was her throne about to be taken away from her?

This uncertainty only made her grin wider. She had never anticipated that fighting someone weaker than her would cause her to draw on her Meditation Art.

"I am so happy, I finally have an equal." She whispered and the red of her eyes extinguished itself and what was left behind was a black iris, like the void between stars.

She pushed herself away from the walls and called out, "I am about to call on the power of my Meditation Art, I should warn you, this power was not made to be invoked inside the material universe!"

Andar simply cocked his head to the side, he knew that the method he could use to win this fight cleanly was not to allow her the chance to use the power of her Meditation Art because that would mean he had to reveal the power of his own Meditation Art.

He pointed a single finger; using this gesture, he separated the Wind blades around him into two and simply pushed fifty million Wind blades towards her as his reply.

This level of power meant he could not control it, he could only direct it.

"At least ask for my name first,"

The girl clapped her hand and laughed as a massive lidless eye made from red flames appeared behind her.

It was at this moment that the Aura and the energy output they were emitting could no longer be held back by this cavern and it exploded open, revealing this battle to the

world outside, which was different from the Black Tower that Andar had expected, but he has no time to reassess this change.

What he saw however made him anxious, a battle had happened here but it was over, and above him were massive debris as if a world had been shattered, but the strain of controlling a hundred million Wind blades was so great he knew he had to end this fight before he could check his surroundings.

The only witnesses who could accurately see what was happening between Andar and the girl were the Arch mages, as anyone else would just see two green suns and a massive flaming red eye.

A massive shockwave erupted from this area that was so loud, that it silenced what was happening all around for hundreds of miles, and before the shocked gaze of the spectators, fifty million Wind blades that resembled a bright-green sun slammed into the body of the girl.

Chapter 762: Decisive Strikes

Power at this level was very difficult to be described or understood by a mortal mind, the power of these fifty million blades caused reality itself to crack and for a brief moment, the darkness of the Underverse was revealed.

The light from this attack shone inside it, banishing the darkness and killing millions of the denizens of this dark place, and then the attack reached its target.

There was silence as what resembled a green sun swallowed the body of the girl alongside the flaming eye behind her and for an instant, it was almost as if she was dead. Even a Rank 9 Mage would have problems handling a blow like this.

Andar right hand had been in a pushing motion, as if he was physically hurling the Wind blades, swiping to the left with a harsh movement, the Wind blades did not vanish, but instead, they began to rotate.

The space near the edges of this maelstrom was torn to pieces, and it was difficult to imagine the sort of destructive forces happening in the center of this maelstrom as Andar had pushed all the energy towards the center where the girl was.

He squeezed his fist and the maelstrom compressed itself and the speed increased. Over the calamitous noise from the area, as space was repeatedly torn to pieces, it was possible to hear the screams from the girl.

These were not screams of pleasure as she toyed with Andar before, now they were filled with pain and panic. Andar did not care how absurd her physique was, she was still a Rank 3 Mage, and her pseudo-immortality could only go so far.

He wanted to look up to ask for a sign from the Arch mages that had gone still and were spectating this battle because he knew they would not allow him to kill this girl, she was far too valuable and powerful for them to allow her death.

But then there was a loud thumping sound, and the swirling maelstrom began to expand, pushing against the compression, before he could adjust to this change, it abruptly shrank and vanished, leaving a battered figure floating alone in space.

The body of the girl was revealed, and she had been seriously injured, calling her a body was an overstatement for she had lost the majority of her skin, and except for her left arm, the rest of her limbs had been destroyed.

Her face had been destroyed entirely and she was blind, leaving two gaping holes in her bleached skull. She resembled a body that had been left to the elements for years.

It was possible to see her heart beating through her rib cage, it was erratic, as if at any moment it might just fail. It was very possible that if she did not heal herself quickly, she would perish.

Andar was correct, although her talents were as ridiculous as his own, her level was still too low and she could still be destroyed, he just needed enough power.

Her skinless face was a thing of horror, but she laughed aloud, bringing out her tongue to lick her bloody teeth. She could no longer heal, her body had been taken to the limits until it had broken.

"Without my physique, I would be dead a million times over, and to think I had thought your title was a mistake."

There was a crack beside her and a cracked diamond appeared for a moment before collapsing to dust.

She sighed in relief, her death had been shifted to that treasure and she would now be able to heal,

"I apologize for that oversight, but I cannot allow you to win. I wished we could have fought this battle when we are both Rank 9 Mages, but I had no choice. It's my turn... don't die quickly Andar, it would... sadden me."

From the gaping hole in her skull, two new eyeballs were created but it appeared yellow and sickly. Without healing soon, she would fall into a coma or worse.

She opened the palm of the only hand she had, two of her fingers were gone. A small flaming red eye appeared over her palm, it was vibrating as if it was at the edge of destruction.

Even though she appeared to be on the edge of death, the power from the small red eye hovering on her palms was so vast and potent, it was as if she was holding a sun in her hand.

The space around her collapsed entirely leaving a darkness that stretched for hundreds of feet.

"I have never collected power like this before, at least not from a Mage," she whispered, and bringing her palm to her face, she blew a faint breeze from between the opening of her teeth which shot the flaming eye towards Andar as if it was a laser beam.

A red line was torn in the air as the flaming eye broke past the speed of light and slammed into Andar. The attack crossed the distance between them almost instantaneously, but his defenses came up just as fast!

Gray Will made Andar into a cold machine that saw the world in shades of causes and probabilities, ones and zeros.

The moment the girl survived his attack, he had already begun defending himself, knowing that he had already won the battle, even though he had unleashed so much power, he had not reached his limits, what he needed to do was already calculated, every single move analyzed to know what came next and this battle was going along his projections.

He would defend against this attack, and his next move would end the battle. He released the cape that had been streaming behind him and the wind carried it far up into the sky.

Andar clapped his hands together and the fifty million Wind blades retracted and covered his body in a diamond-like shell as he stacked them to fit so tightly that even light would not penetrate through.

The beam of red light slammed into his shield, pushing it back for thousands of feet as multiple shockwaves radiated from the contact point.

Andar's body was still safely protected inside the shell of wind but it was nearly completely petrified, yet his motions were still calm as he analyzed the attack of the girl.

The attack was not only carrying an impossible amount of force and heat, but also a devouring property that was feeding on his Wind blades and Aether, as this devouring continued, the beam of light was growing stronger accelerating the destruction of his shield.

He now understood how the girl had survived his first attack, the Supreme Meditation Art she was practicing most likely had the properties of devouring.

Understanding this, he knew he would lose this fight if it came to a battle of attrition, it did not matter how much Aether he could produce when it would only be strengthening her, although he was aware she should have a limit, and he doubted if she would be able to consume all the energy he had inside him, although he was not going to find out, yet winning this fight like this was not the way to go.

If he was right, then he needed not just to win, but he needed to send a message. He had a few seconds left before the petrification from using Gray Will killed him or the energy beam turned him to dust. From his calculations, it would be a close call but the beam would destroy his body before he turned to stone.

Andar's barrier had been reduced by a third and he was pushed back for well over ten thousand feet, the destruction of his shield was becoming faster as the beam of light increased in power, it contained not just the energy of the first attack he launched, but also all the energy from the body of the girl.

The light from this clash was so bright it could be seen from millions of miles away.

Andar braced himself as he could now see cracks being created around his shields. His jacket waved to the side, exposing a bit of his neck, where a small section of his body was missing. The edges were smooth as if a portion of his body had been carved out years ago and healed without the flesh returning, leaving a smooth circular hole inside his neck.

Chapter 763: Two Can Play The Game

This hole that had been hidden was revealed as it was among the last part of his body that was turning to stone.

One of the talents given by his Endless Vault Meditation Art was the ability to turn into data.

This state was unique and Andar had not been able to decipher the mysteries involved, but he knew that while he was in this state, he was not made up of energy but something in between energy and solid mass. Among all the things he had hidden from his masters in the Black Tower, this was one of them.

When he was in this state he could "Refresh" himself, this was another unique and overpowered ability that would heal him from any wounds and return his energy to the peak. The best part about it was that he could do this Refresh, nine times, effectively granting him nine lives.

During his experimentation with this ability, he had learned that he could only Refresh himself a total of nine times in a year, and if he split his body into different pieces, he could choose the pieces he wished to be born from. He knew he was not unkillable, but he was close.

He had stored pieces of his body in hidden places all around the Black Tower and he even left a part of himself to drift away in the darkness of space. If he were to ever be killed, no one would know where he could regenerate himself from.

When Andar had killed Mira his tears had entered her body. For anyone else that was nothing of import, but every part of Andar's body, even his tears contained a massive amount of information, and storing it inside the girl's body meant the next part of his plans became possible.

Andar held on for the expected amount of time that he had calculated holding back his shield from collapsing using sheer force of will and his seemingly inexhaustible store of Aether, but it was a losing game, no matter how much energy he sent into this shield, it was only strengthening the red flames.

Before the slightly confused gaze of the girl who seemed to be holding on to consciousness only because she wanted to see him lose, his shields were consumed, and the red beam of light slammed into him.

The explosion released a bright flash and a gigantic mushroom cloud that could be seen for miles, the heat was so great that it vaporized the entirety of Andar's body.

Even under the hold of Gray Will, Andar discovered that dying like this was still truly unpleasant.

A quiet laughter echoed over the glow from the flame and the shattered body of the girl surged forward and entered the flames.

As if time was reversing, the mushroom cloud shrank as the red flames began pouring into the body of the girl, in a few seconds the massive conflagration that was miles high was swallowed into her body and she emerged healed, wearing the robe of ashes.

Her skin glowed and her eyes were now bright red once more, there was a flush to her face as if she was full of vitality, but she knew that this fix was temporary, it was similar to the last burst of energy before death, and she tried to enjoy this sensation for as long as possible.

The confusion in the eyes of the girl was apparent as she looked around her, although she had released her entire power in desperation she did not expect the battle to have ended like this.

She soon came to terms with the fact that Andar had not made any more moves before he died when she realized that Andar had already exceeded her highest benchmark, and the power he had unleashed at the end was solidly at the level of an Arch mage.

She was two ranks higher than him and she had access to the Supreme Meditation Art of Mages, she was unable to unleash such might, and she only won because she had consumed the power that he had unleashed.

Yet she had expected... more.

Sharing her head in amusement, she considered that for a Rank 1 Magus, to be able to release power to this level was nothing short of amazing, and she was overthinking this matter. What was left now was just to resurrect him and take him away from here.

She turned to the Arch mages watching the battle, previously there were sixteen Arch mages with the addition of Andar's mother, now their number had almost doubled and all the Arch mages of Black Tower were here with their real bodies.

However, there were two figures that held all the attention in this place and they were not even present.

The two figures resembled two streams of vibrating light, one was of the darkness of the void, and the other was the light of the moon.

She clasped her hands together and bowed her head, before her were two esteemed Tower Masters and one of them was her mother, and if she was not wrong the other presence was the Tower Master of the Black Tower.

She rose up and waited but she received no acknowledgement and she frowned. If they were not announcing her victory, then that must mean—

The pain that struck her next was the greatest she had experienced in her entire existence. It radiated from her core as every single cell inside her body screamed in pain as they were shredded to pieces and consumed.

A voice entered her ears and for a moment she was screaming too loud to even think but her powerful Spirit was able to reconstitute the meaning for her, it was Andar's voice and he said,

"You have displayed the power of your Art, allow me to display my own. Please, don't die quickly, it will... sadden me."

He was using her words against her, and then she began to laugh because the pain had grown so great that it had broken her mind.

There were risks to a battle of this level, and she had been willing to pay it, yet if she had known that the price would be so steep, she would have rethought her actions.

A series of loud cracks emerged from her body and her skin began to bubble and squirm as if she was filled with thousands of spiders.

She brought one of her fair hands up and observed as her bones were crushed to powder, her skin blistered and peeled away, only to be replaced by a new skin... but this skin was not her own.

She laughed and laughed as her breast deflated before flattening and growing broad like the chest of a man, her spine elongated as it was crushed repeatedly and she grew taller.

Her long hair was sucked into her scalp as short black hair replaced her own, the last thing to change was her struggling eyes.

The horror inside them was profound as they slowly transformed from the glowing red of coal to a cold silver.

Andar shrugged his body and his clothes returned to him, he stretched his hand to the side and caught the cape he had released when the battle began, he had sent it into the sky and the moment the battle was over, it had fallen beside him.

No one here would believe that this was a coincidence.

"Two can play the game," he whispered to the last of the dying screams inside his head.

Andar was a fast learner, and when this strange girl wore the flesh suit of Mira, and the application of her Supreme Art, he not only saw this as an opportunity to learn, but it also gave him a new idea about the application of his ability.

He chose to resurrect himself inside the body of this girl, and when he did, he was in his Data Form. It was a simple thing for him to merge his body with her own, down to the individual cells and he had learned that the number of cells in his body were a hundred times more plentiful than her own and were vastly more powerful.

Coordinating all his cells was easy when the order was simple—

Eat.

Andar had not killed her, in his hand was her pulsing brain that was connected to a pair of furious eyes.

He looked at the two powerful beings and he bowed.

"Andar you have won the right to determine the fate of the Mages in this universe." A deep voice resounded in the heavens.

'Wait... what?!

Chapter 764: Tower Masters

Andar had been expecting something different to occur after he emerged victorious, at the top of his head were numerous speculations, the first being the Black Tower had become compromised by outside forces, and the Supreme World was resolving the problem and eliminating the mistake.

The second was that there was a war between the Great Towers and he was caught in the crosshairs.

Or a rogue faction of discontented Mages led by his mother had seen a loophole in the defenses of the Black Tower and were staging a surprise attack.

He had dozens of other scenarios in his head, one thing he had learned was that life took strange pathways and anything was possible, but it turned out that he could still be surprised because this was nothing but an interview, and the result of it still reverberated in his head,

"Andar you have won the right to determine the fate of the Mages in this universe."

If these words were not coming from what he suspected were Tower Masters, he would think he was inside an extremely elaborate prank. No matter how talented he was, he was nothing but a Rank 1 Mage.

There were two tremendous presences before him, one was black and the other white, this was the only method his mind could distinguish what was before him, although his body was telling him something far different, he could not interpret the sensations, which was a good thing, because he knew knowing would erase him from existence.

Andar distinctively noticed that whatever was happening here which was blocking the Aethernet, his spatial storage, spells, and generally messing with Time was coming from the presence that existed in white. His body could feel it— like a mortal being blasted with radiation while standing beside a star.

No matter what happened next, Andar knew he would never remain the same again... these changes, and what he was witnessing were just too much. Rowan had not displayed this level of power to him in order to protect his sanity, but these powerful existences were not so gentle.

The other presence had been the one to announce his victory and Andar instantly felt a deep sense of familiarity with this presence and it was not particularly difficult for him to put together that this presence was the Tower Master of the Black Tower.

The spell used to create the Aether Geyser and the Inheritance ground where the Meditation Arts were stored was cast by this presence and Andar could feel it, as if his signature was left deep inside everything that he created.

He was the one who spoke to Andar and announced his win, but this did not bring Andar any sense of achievement, only fear, he would be foolish if he was not feeling like shitting himself at this time.

The presence of his Tower Master seemed to make a gesture that he could not perceive and once more Andar felt the flow of time coming to a halt.

Except for him and the Two Tower Master, everything came to a halt. It was a humbling thing to realize that all the powerful Arch mages were so helpless against this power.

Andar eyes looked at the frozen Arch mages, particularly his mother.

If this was a power that was unique to Tower Masters, how come his mother had been able to halt the flow of Time when she had arrived? If she was not the one, then she had been nothing but a puppet, just like Mira.

He swallowed, a mere moments ago, the only thing on his mind was gaining his Mithril badge for his various Magus Disciplines, he had big plans for his future, allowing himself nine years to become a Rank 9 Mage and not even understanding what he needed to achieve to become an Arch mage.

Now he had battled with a user of a Supreme Meditation Art and two Tower Masters were here in the material universe giving him a crazy notification.

A pulse of power from the Tower Masters shook him from his speculations and he watched in amazement as their ephemeral form shifted until they assumed a humanoid shape, although they still resembled creatures that were forged from light and darkness.

Andar suspected they were taking this form because of him, he doubted he would be able to withstand seeing their true form when he could not even withstand the presence of an Arch mage.

They flew down to his side and Andar could not help but bow his head in deference once more. His heartbeat was erratic in his chest, and he could not control it, even if he tried.

Something suddenly felt different as if the universe flipped on its head, and the sensation of apprehension left his body, leaving his heart serene.

"Give her to me, child, you have done well and I did not regret giving you a boon, for you have exceeded my expectations a hundredfold." A familiar voice entered his ears and Andar shook, he looked up and there were no longer two figures here but three; the last one resembled an older woman with kind brown eyes whom he had seen when he entered the Isle of Rest.

He had met this woman when he created Weeping Child, a Named Item, she had given him more Primordial Essence than he should have received which had boosted the growth of his power. He had suspected at that time that she was a powerful Arch mage, and it turns out that she was a Tower Master after all.

Andar saw himself walking up to her, his body acting against his conscious commands and giving the older woman the brain of the girl he had been holding,

"Let me take this one from you, I fear her mother would make an unwise decision and punish her for her loss." she smiled again at him and he felt his heart rejoice, if she had asked him to kill himself he would have done so while thanking her for her opportunity to do her bidding.

Mortals worshiped gods, but Andar thought that perhaps even the gods should worship this woman.

The older woman seemed to read his thought because he would have sworn that she rolled her eyes and turned to the two Tower Masters beside her,

"Surely you did not think you would make the final decisions for this universe without my input, Silas, Aeris, you forget that I'm still the Watcher of this universe, do not make me regret my cooperation with you two after all this time..."

Her voice seemed to shape reality and as she mentioned the name Silas, the humanoid form of the Tower Master took the shape of a man. Her words were bringing order out of chaos, making the impossible possible, and giving Andar the opportunity to see this realm of true power.

The words of the so-called Watcher of the universe had made the Tower Masters assume mortal form.

Silas was tall with black hair and eyes, his clothes were similar to Andar's, all black, but without the silver trimmings, this gave him the appearance of a specter, Andar noticed that even his lips were black. There was a feeling of intense focus around him, as if everything he did was to perfection, even the act of blinking must be perfect.

The second Tower Master Aeris took the form of an extremely towering woman, nearly twelve feet tall, with bright silver hair and a cold but gorgeous face; she resembled the girl that Andar had been fighting, they could as well be twins. Andar had only one

chance to look at her face before turning his head forcefully away, one look was enough.

Her face was similar to the girl in every detail but that was before Andar saw her eyes, there was a look inside them which were relatively similar to the eyes of Silas the Tower Master, they appeared... he had to search for the answers for a while before he understood it—broken.

If not for the brief moment he had spent with Rowan he would not be able to glimpse this truth. The Tower Masters had the form of humans, but they were far from this level of existence.

Their eyes had truly witnessed eternity, not just a single eternity but many eternities. This was a concept that Andar did not understand; he just knew.

Chapter 765: Nemesis Stone

It was a brief glimpse but it did not stop Andar from seeing too much and his understanding of these existences before him grew alongside this knowledge.

Nothing he did would ever truly matter to them, because he was nothing but a passing breeze, they could close their eyes, and billions of years would go by.

They had experienced every joy to be had, every horror, every disaster, every revelry, they had killed uncountable trillions and saved even more. They had been venerated and worshiped for many Eras...

Yet Andar knew in the greater scheme of things, that they were not the most powerful being in the many universes. They still had a master—The Supreme Magus. What sort of monster would someone like that be like? Was it even possible to ever become that strong? Could his creator match the Supreme Magus?

He was aware that he would go mad if he allowed his mind to think about that brief glimpse he had seen of those eyes, it was showing him a window to a reality that would tear his sanity to shred.

It took another application of Gray Will to settle his mind. He should not have come in contact with such power at this time, why was this happening?

"I told you, Silas, that this child is special." the older woman laughed aloud, her voice filled his body with energy and life, banishing the fog of madness that had nearly come over him when he had looked at the eyes of the Tower Master. It also eliminated the strain of using Gray Will.

This was most likely deliberately done to ensure he could preserve his sanity while he was in their presence.

The effect of the words did not end with him as the brain of the girl the Tower Master was holding abruptly grew a body and she gasped aloud as she woke up.

For an instant, her eyes looked across to Andar before she was frozen in place as she was excluded from this zone where time seemingly no longer existed. There were many emotions in her eyes but the most prevalent was resignation.

©

"Special? There is nothing special about him," Aeris sneered, "Something like him should not naturally exist, he is most likely a creation of an Old One, or perhaps even a shell of one. He is dangerous!"

"Your words lack any meaning, Aeris. Perhaps he just might be a shell for an Old One," Andar eyes lit up for the one that defended him turned out to be Silas, his Tower Master, "but you could as well call him an Infernal or a Celestial, why not call him a child of a Primordial since you now make up names as you go without any proof."

Aeris appeared shocked at Silas's words, something told Andar it was not what he said that shocked her, instead it was because he was willing to speak out so passionately. Andar did not know much about his Tower Master, but he felt it was something out of his character to be so vocal.

Silas turned towards the Watcher, "Since you are here now, you should have the honor of explaining the situation to him, I can see the gears of his mind turning so quickly that parts would soon start to fly off."

"If you insist," the Watcher replied before asking the stunned Andar, "What I am about to tell you will break your perception of reality in many ways, but it is essential you listen to every word and know them as truth. You might never get the opportunity again unless you become an Arch mage."

Andar nodded like a chick pecking rice, he felt the pores on his body opening up as if they wanted to swallow every word from the mouth of the Watcher.

The older woman smiled and waved her hand revealing a three-foot figurine that resembled white marble, it was a single piece and carved in a spiraling pattern that reminded him of a DNA.

The top half of this figurine was white, while the bottom half was red like fresh blood.

"This is a Nemesis Stone." the Watcher said, "It serves two important functions, the first one is that it documents the life and death of a universe. It is created alongside a

universe and pieces of it can be cut off to be used in creating Nemesis Plates. Although such an action is not advisable, because it is possible for the Nemesis Stone to be destroyed mistakenly... it is quite fragile."

As she spoke, the Nemesis Stone slowly began to rotate.

"Every Universe is dissimilar, and at their birth, a certain amount of Nemesis Stones are created alongside them, the known record for the highest number of Nemesis Stones created by a universe is fifty. We don't know how many Nemesis Stones were created by this universe, but it must be a very small amount, perhaps less than five.

"The reason why we think this is the case leads me to the second purpose of a Nemesis Stone, which is to serve as a key to gain access to the universe."

"Have you ever wondered how it is possible for a Supreme World that is not of the universe are able to gain access to it?"

This question was directed towards Andar, and he shrugged, "I had only become aware quite recently that there were many universes besides this one, and I don't understand the mechanics of outer universal travel."

The Watcher grinned at his answer, "True, knowledge like this is useless if one is not an Arch mage because understanding the true scale of the universe and its workings is only possible with the passage of time, something that is impossible for anyone who is not an Immortal to comprehend."

"I cannot tell you the entire history of the Magus Supreme World, that would take too long and you will not be able to understand anyway. What you should know is that our Civilization was not born in this universe but far in the past, extending as deep as the ending of the Primordial Era."

"Is there any reason you are revealing this sort of information to him?" Aeris snapped.

The Watcher turned her gaze towards the other Tower Master, and although she was far shorter than her counterpart, their eyes connected without her lifting her head,

"Aeris, if you would rather not participate in this exchange, then you can leave, you have already played your part and your chip has lost... she is mine now."

Not waiting for any reply she turned back to Andar and smiled. He instantly felt a chill pass down his spine, he suddenly understood that this woman could butcher an entire universe and this smile would not leave her face, and her kind brown eyes would not shake.

"Andar, our roots are deep and over the many Eras, we have been able to spread our reach to hundreds of universes. You can thank your Tower Master for the chance of

standing here today because the Nemesis Stone that the Magus Civilization used to enter this universe was procured by him."

Andar suddenly felt a rush of memory that was not his own, if not for the fact that he was under the effect of Gray Will, he would have screamed in surprise.

He recognized that this memory was not his own, but it came from Rowan. Apparently, he must have left them inside him and if he came across certain events, it would trigger these memories he left behind.

This remembrance took place when he was laboring to reach the hand of the Chained God where he was to receive the Supreme Meditation Art.

While he has been struggling to push his way through the clouds, Rowan has been witnessing something else.

For a very brief moment, he entered the mind of Rowan, and this mind turned out to be stranger than anything he had ever experienced. He overclocked his Gray Will talent until it felt as if his mind would explode before he came to terms with what he caught a glimpse of.

Andar understood that even while he was under the effect of Gray Will and acting like a machine, he was still human and alive.

Rowan did not feel human, he did not even feel alive, his mind was so alien that Andar felt like pushing blades through his eyes and destroying his brain.

Andar was surprised to note that he felt more kinship with the Tower Master than with Rowan at this moment.

This understanding scared him.

Chapter 766: A Universe Out Of Balance

It was a brief look inside the mind of his creator, and Andar knew he would never be the same again, there were some doors that should never be opened.

He had never felt so vulnerable, he should not have seen this memory, his nerves felt raw as if they had been irreparably damaged... Perhaps Rowan had expected that Andar would be much stronger before he was able to access these memories, but this event did nothing but push it forward.

How could he have expected that Andar would meet Mages as powerful as Tower Masters when he was nothing but a Rank 1 Mage? Of all the emotions that Andar had

towards him, from adoration, love, and many others, a new one was added to the list, and it was terror.

Rowan's mind seemed to be filled with nothing but endless ice and... nothingness. It was like being inside the mind of the void. It seemed to be nothing but an infinite nothingness, yet it was also aware.

What Andar did not understand was that he was sensing the lack of a Soul inside Rowan, for unlike anyone he had ever known, including the Tower Masters here, they all had a Soul, but Rowan did not.

What Andar had just experienced was the mind of a Nascent Primordial. Since the beginning of Time, it was unknown if anyone in creation had ever had the chance to experience something like this, and whether this would be of benefit to Andar or lead to his doom.

©

For the brief moment he had become Rowan, this was what he had witnessed.

In that vision, he had seen a new sky. New in the sense that the universe had just been born and its cries of birth were still ringing throughout the cosmos.

He heard a sigh and saw a world of the distant past.

There was a god on his knees, and his blood washed all the stars around him until an entire galaxy was red. His skin had been peeled away and it was used to make a foundation for a world that was as massive as Trion.

A man with white and black hair walked up to the kneeling god, and as he did his size began to grow until an entire star could fit on one of his fingernails.

He stopped before the god, stretched forth his hand, and placed it on the head of the god, he muttered an old phrase that Rowan was able to understand,

"SUNDER!"

The god's body was torn into six pieces, his four limbs and torso were pinned to five bright stars, and his head was taken away by the man with white and black hair.

As the gigantic man walked away, the eyes of the god slowly closed, but a message was left behind,

"Cleave my bones... Eat my heart... My Will shall ever remain. The stain that shall stay."

®

This is where the memory had ended, but Rowan did not understand everything he had seen in that vision, now Andar did.

The Tower Master Silas Black had killed the Chained God, which should be one of the first gods born in the universe who holds a Nemesis Stone.

All of these memories being played in Andar's mind happened for the barest moment and he did not miss the words of the Watcher who continued speaking without understanding the grand transformation that had occurred inside him.

®

"There are six Great Towers present in many universes, but there is only a single Black Tower in this universe, which you should know is nothing but a projection of the true Black Tower that is situated in the Magus Supreme World. Your Tower Master was lucky when he found the Chained God roaming outside the universe and he killed him, acquiring the Nemesis Stone."

"Since we are all in the mood for sharing Watcher, why don't you tell the boy why there are only six Great Towers," Aeris interrupted the Watcher, her eyes glinting with Malice.

The Watcher pinched the bridge of her nose in annoyance before replying, her smile never leaving her face,

"Andar, there should be seven Great Towers, but I refused to create one. You see, every Great Tower is created by a Rank 9 Arch mage, all of whom have reached the limits of a Magus Discipline. Silas Black, your Tower Master is at this level with Talisman Creation, and I am at the limit as an Alchemist, but instead of creating a Great Tower, I created the Alchemist Union."

She glanced at Aeris, "Of course, this is not the reason we are here. Now back to the matter at hand."

Andar knew there was a bigger story behind the creation of a Great Tower, but he agreed with the Watcher, he did not need to know about that matter, which was purely a distraction, what he needed to know was the reason why he had been selected as the leader of the Mages in this universe when there were Tower Masters here.

"With this key, Silas Black was able to enter the universe and create a new branch of the Magus Civilization, and for the last six billion years, this universe has given birth to 4,570 Arch mages, a truly stupendous amount for such a short time that has exceeded all known records.

"Is it that impressive?" Andar asked, although 4,570 Arch mages were a lot, greater than anything he had ever expected, and made him reassess the power of the Magus Supreme World, for if they could obtain this number of Mages from just one universe, then he could not imagine how many Arch mages there could be in all the universes occupied by the World of Mages.

Yet, there were only seven Tower Masters in existence. Yet in front of him were three of them!

With Gray Will Andar maintained an expression of calm curiosity, but he knew the stakes here were higher than ever.

"Impressive? Yes. Usually, a Universe would produce an average of three thousand Arch mages.... In its entire lifetime, which is typically a billion trillion years, or an Era. Yet, a fraction of that time, this universe has created this number of Arch mages, and has also created someone like you."

Andar could hardly comprehend Time at this scale, but he was not surprised that this universe could produce this number of Arch mage, because it gave birth to someone like Rowan.

"This universe has always been mysterious and we have been searching for the mysteries behind it, if we can find its center, where the Will of the Universe resides, we would be able to find answers. Usually, this search would take trillions of years, and we could have slowly explored the secrets of this universe, but we are out of time."

She gestured and the Nemesis Stone floated closer to Andar and he noticed that the stone was not equally divided between red and white, but the red was beginning to climb higher, crowding out the white.

"Seven hours ago, the Nemesis Stone was balanced, a relative amount of life and death was maintained inside the universe, creating balance. The white color is life, while the red is death. This has now begun to change, we don't know how it's happening, but a stupendous amount of death energies are flooding into the universe."

She paused for a while as if tasting the words she was about to speak next, "This universe, as surprising as it sounds, is beginning to die, this process is rapid and irreversible, and we estimate in two decades or less, it would end."

"This is a tragedy, but as with all things in life, there are two sides to everything. The death of a universe brings certain unique opportunities that can never be obtained anywhere. Usually, when a universe is about to die, it would be filled with various powerful factions, over its entire lifespan it would have birthed countless powerful beings who would vie for this treasure, but now this young universe that is about to die hardly contains any great powers.

"The Infernal presence in this universe is nearly non-existent, there are no Celestials or Titans, or the thousands of other powerful species that would slowly take root inside a material universe. We have an opportunity like never before.

The Watcher walked up to Andar and placed her hand gently on his shoulders, "This is why we need you Andar, to fight this battle that we can no longer fight and to win over the Will of the universe."

Chapter 767: Two Dreadful Choices

Andar's mouth opened and closed, too much information was coming at him without any respite and it was all he could do to swallow everything new in front of his plate. It was too much and his instincts told him there was more to come. The worst was yet to come and the Watcher had just been laying down the foundations before she hit him with the entire revelation.

"Oh, look at the little Mage," Aeris smirked, "I think you have broken him. You have given him matters of too much import Watcher, and he is unfit and unable to comprehend the seriousness of this matter."

"I don't think he is broken," the Watcher's gentle smile remained as she fixed Andar to the spot with her eyes, "none of us could do better than him at this level, even your precious daughter has failed you Aeris, he is perfect. I saw the promise of greatness from the first time I laid my eyes on him, and that promise shines brighter now."

Andar Whispered, "Why me? I am just a talented Mage, any Arch mage exceeds me in experience and power to a massive degree, I have no quality that makes me special... at least not at this time."

The Watcher's smile deepened at his words at the end, "Oh Andar, your potential is what we need and not your power. I told you how the Mages entered the Material Universe by the actions of your Tower Master. This causes every Mage that was born inside this universe to become one of her children, but when a Mage becomes an Arch mage, they would move their Tower to the Magus Supreme World, thereby severing their connection with this universe.

"At the end of a universe, various phenomena are to be expected, and one of them would be similar to this current environment we have simulated. You have proven that even without any warning or preparation you were able to succeed against great odds.

"There are places only a Child of the universe can reach, and in this entire universe, you are the one with the greatest potential. Andar you are a Rank 1 Mage, but the threshold of your powers has reached the Realm of an Arch mage, do you understand how strong you would become as a Rank 9 Mage? Do not look down on your powers."

She turned and looked at the universe and all the frozen state of the Arch mages here alongside the millions of Mages who came to watch Andar become a Master of the seven Magus Discipline.

"You should know that in this universe alone, there are ten billion Mages, and the people with the bloodline of Mages are 305 billion. When this universe dies, all these souls will perish alongside it. This inevitable fate can only be denied if you can seize the Will of the Universe Andar. If not, only the 45 Arch mages currently existing inside the universe would live, the rest would die... including you.

"Andar, I have lived for a very long time, and in those endless years, I have come across countless stories, battles, and lives. I have heard grand tales and the pettiest arguments anyone can make for the reasons for their actions.

"I have heard the tales of kings, of gods, of Angels and Demons, of Titans and Beasts, and all of them claim to know the reason for creation and the worth of a life.

"I will tell you this with all the confidence I have acquired as the Watcher of Universes... You would never perform a greater service than fighting for the Will of a Universe. Even if you die on this path, you would have achieved something that countless mortals from the beginning of creation to its end would never accomplish."

The Watcher removed her hands from Andar's shoulders and took a step back, waiting for him to digest everything she had said.

"My disciple, heed my words, you do not need to follow this path." The deep voice of Silas Black dragged his gaze away from the enchanting eyes of the Watcher and he looked at this grim figure in black.

"During your battle, another fight broke out here for something else. Do not believe that matters of such import would just be handed to you, a mere Mage and mortal. You were never even supposed to know the fate of this universe. Your potential may be unmatched but it is just potential.

"When I created the Black Tower, I also created the Bloodline of Mages in this universe using twelve drops of blood from the Supreme Magus. The entire Magus Civilization in this universe came from his blood that has been diluted and spread among the billions over the course of four billion years, this blood also runs inside you.

"This universe is about to end, and I don't care about it, so-

called Will, like the Watcher, because fighting for it is incredibly dangerous, and it would most likely lead to your death, but what the Watcher did not tell you is that there is another path. My disciple, I want you to understand this truth; there are many universes in the Great Darkness but there is rarely someone like you in all of existence. You are more precious than any universe.

"I created the Magus Civilization in this Universe, and I can end it. I can collect the twelve drops of blood I used to create it, making twelve doors that twelve worthy Mages would be able to use to leave this universe. This universe has already given us so many Arch mages and it has also given us you. Is it not a waste to allow you to die for such a foolish reason as saving its Will?"

He pointed up to the sky where Andar's world and its satellite hung in place, "To acquire these drops of blood, I will butcher the entire Magus in this universe and merge the blood back together again. Your mother brought your world closer to ensure the first drop of blood falls to you."

Andar looked up in horror, his planets and its satellites held a total of fifteen billion people, and his mother had been willing to sacrifice all those lives to ensure he would have a safe passage to leave this universe.

If Silas was aware of his shock it did not phase him as he continued,

"You are an obvious choice for this privilege, and this is the path I choose, Aeris here agrees with me, but the Watcher disagrees. We set about two wagers. A battle between the Arch mages here would decide the future of this universe. We won, her Alchemist are many things but they are not known for their combat prowess, but she picked another Wager with a much stricter consequence for her loss.

"I will not tell you the prize she would have paid if she failed, but she won and her prize was simple, it was for you to make a choice. You can follow her path and fight for the Will of the Universe, you will most likely perish, for the enemies you would face on that road would be Ancient monsters, or you follow the path I set for you and select the door to salvation.

"You and eleven talented Mages would be taken to the Supreme World where you can grow in safety. Make your choice Andar, and understand that the ramifications of your actions will echo for eternity."

With those words, Silas and Aeris vanished, leaving the Watcher behind, her smile now held a note of sadness

"I did not wish to give you such a heavy burden at such a young age Andar, but the measures of a man are known at times like this. I will leave this Time Stop for another hour. Make your decision in its profound silence where nothing in this universe would be able to disturb you. Know that whatever path you choose, I will not hold it against you."

The Watcher vanished as well, leaving Andar behind staring at a frozen universe.

"I can leave this universe safe and sound but the payment would be the death of hundreds of billions of Mages, or I can fight a battle with no assurance of winning, and everyone perish if I lose... what choice can I make?"

Andar cried out to the silent universe, wishing more than ever that his creator was here with him.

Chapter 768: The Freedom To Make His Choice

Andar knew that he had lived a relatively selfish life, he never communicated with anyone outside his close group of friends and his master, Mira was the only one who was his confidante, and up till now, he had never checked his communication device which should hold millions of messages by now.

His master, Jonathan Melbrooks, most likely gave his life so that Andar might live. A Rank 4 Mage going against the wishes of an Arch mage was ridiculous, and Andar never truly appreciated how much his master would have been sacrificing for him at that time, still, he was a Mage, and he was rational, he knew he could not change anything at his level of power, no matter how much he would like to do so.

It was this careful dance between risk and doing what was right that ordered all his actions, and he had to look at this present situation in the same way.

Was it worth the risk?

This was the reason he did not check his communication device all this while, knowing that if he knew his master was alive and contacting him, it would most likely be nothing but a trap.

There was always a reason to push this matter aside, he was too weak, he lacked experience, and he had a purpose beyond him, which was set by his creator, his life was not his own, and he could not jeopardize the plans of his creator with personal needs.

All these excuses fell flat when he was given his freedom by his creator, and his choices were now his own. He was free to make his choice, no matter how much he wished that those choices were not so monumental in scope.

'This is the price for my power and talents, where others would decide on minor concerns, I get to decide the fate of the universe.'

For months he had been stuck in a rut, deliberating on his path forward, and he had finally made the decision to chase after his creator, allowing himself nine years to become an Arch mage, a feat that would take all his time, and inevitably mean that he was abandoning everyone else as chased after power, even Mira.

Previously he wanted to keep a close group of friends around him that would support him and rise together with him, but he soon knew that the weight of talent supersedes

all manner of bonds. The Limit Breakers could not keep up with him and their uses to him were minimal, soon to be useless and instead he would be the one supporting them.

Mira had promise, she was a Spirit Body with a Heavenly Fate Meditation Art, the chance for her to become an Arch mage was nearly assured, yet he knew that no matter how talented Mira was as a Mage, it would be impossible for her to become a Rank 9 Mage in nine years like him.

When he reaches that level of power, Andar would inevitably leave her far behind and journey deeper into the universe to discover more powers and unlock more secrets in the universe.

Merely seven hours ago, his decision had been clear, he would leave them all behind, as he chased after power, Mira would not remain behind for long, her perseverance would be tested, but he knew she would chase after him, it was not hard to find her figure standing beside her siblings, she appeared to be in shock, but Andar was grateful that she was not injured.

The girl who took her place would not kill the child of an Arch mage without credible reasons. He idly wondered what her name was, this strange girl who was wielding the power of the Supreme Meditation Art that was supposed to be his. The Watcher had taken her away when she left.

If he had been bitter about the loss of this power to the Supreme World, then the victory over the girl helped him to lay much of that anger to the side.

It was time for him to make a decision. If he chooses to take the path of his Tower Master then there is a chance that Mira would survive, she was talented enough that she might be selected for the twelve positions of survivors, but that would mean the death of anyone else.

He had nearly killed himself when he strived to reach the hand of the Chained God during the process of selecting his Meditation Art, his stubbornness has led to him gaining the favor of his Tower Master and therefore was bestowed the Endless Vault, and he also gained Gray Will.

He had done all that because he wanted to be worthy of the new life given to him. This was just a single life... his own.

How then was he expected to atone for the billions of lives that would be paid just for him to live?

Perhaps if he had lived for trillions of years, then his mindset would be different, but at this moment he was just in his thirties, he had lived a sheltered life and technically, he had never taken a single life.

How could he survive on the blood of billions? The weight of all these lives would crush him to pieces. Andar was not like a mortal whose mind could not fathom what it meant for billions of lives to be paid for the sake of your own.

A mortal could live their entire life only meeting ten thousand people at most, they could not even imagine what a crowd of a million would look like, or even a billion.

Even if they could not understand what it meant to live the experiences of all those people, they could never understand the full weight all those endless lives carried.

Andar had no problem in visualizing trillions, his Spirit was powerful and he could understand all their lives and its significance, no matter how small.

Andar was unable to hide behind the shield of ignorance, the weight of this blood was heavy and he understood it.

Andar had lived a selfish life, but Rowan had shown him something powerful when he gave him the freedom to decide his fate. He was aware of his potential, and he knew how valuable he could become in the future, only a Rank 1 Mage, yet he was getting the attention of Tower Masters.

However, his creator, after giving him all this invaluable gifts, sought not to control him, but to give him freedom. How rare was this?

"If you want to make enemies, try changing something." These were Rowan words to him. This was the weight of the sacrifice that he was sure no other powerful being in existence would make.

'If my creator can be so selfless, how can I, the creation become selfless as well? Besides, I intend to chase after him, if I choose to flee to the Supreme World, I would lose out on many opportunities that I might never have the chance to find again.'

This thought finalized his decision, not just the idea of saving billions of lives if he succeeded, he would be able to potentially rally a great number of resources from the entire Magus Civilization and boost his levels far more quickly than he expected.

He needed to unlock more of his Endless Vault and locate sources of vitality for the evolution of his body, with the entire treasures of the Magus Civilization pouring into him, he could become a Rank 9 Mage far more quickly than he anticipated, leaving him time to hone his talents and gather more power.

'I can do it... I can carry the Will of this Universe.'

Suddenly all the fear that was wreaking havoc in his head vanished, his decision had been made and he would be fighting for the souls of every Mage in this universe.

With all the new revelations, Andar suddenly paused as he went through what the Watcher just told him about Silas Black, and suddenly he no longer felt that his concern was enough as a new wave of fear surged through his spine.

The pieces had been there before him all these while and his distracted mind did not put it together until he was settled and the realization hit him with the force of a hurricane.

The Watcher had said...

'...Your Tower Master was lucky when he found the Chained God roaming outside the universe and he killed him, acquiring the Nemesis Stone.'

Chapter 769: The Hidden Hand

Every so often, it was the confluence of different random events that could lead to unexpected revelations. When Rowan had seen the vision of the death of the Chained God, it had no meaning to him and he left it behind for Andar as part of his inheritance.

Andar took a step back in shock, analyzing the memories again, with the words of the Watcher and he gasped,

'No, that cannot be correct, in the memories of Rowan, Silas Black did not find the Chained God outside the universe, but he fought and killed him while inside it.'

Andar could perfectly recollect the stars, and the blood of the Chained God flooding an entire galaxy, and also his haunting words that seemed to speak directly with him.

"Cleave my bones... Eat my heart... My Will shall ever remain. The stain that shall stay."

These words now took a new meaning for Andar, because there was something personal about this message, it was as if the Chained God knew Silas Black long before this battle.

If that was the case, how was it possible that the Tower Master was already inside the universe when it was claimed that no Mages could enter the universe without a Nemesis Stone?

Could the Watcher be lying to him about this process? Andar did not think so, there was truly no reason for her to lie about this information when she could easily withhold it from him.

Then there must be another reason that was terrifying to consider, but Andar could not deny the conclusion that he made; which was that the Tower Master, Silas Black lied to everyone about how he acquired the Nemesis Stone.

Andar considered the option of finding his way to the Inheritance Cloud and reaching the hand of the Chained God to reconfirm his suspicions while the entire Black Tower was placed inside a Time bubble, but he quickly realized that it would be foolish to tamper with the plans of a Tower master.

He was also vaguely aware that Rowan could devour souls, and this was the only reason he could find out this truth, even if he could reach the Chained God, there was no way to communicate with him, the Tower Master had made sure of that, only Rowan could do so.

Still, it was impossible to deny the fact that was before him,

Silas Black was not truly a Mage!

His curiosity began to burn bright, pushing aside his fears, there were matters he could control and understand, and this one was beyond him, but it did not mean that he could not investigate it.

Looking back at the memories once more, he noticed that the appearance of the Tower Master was different.

The man that he saw here today appeared as a person who was all in black, and his Aura was filled with darkness but in those memories, Silas's hair was black and white and his features were more handsome.

'Wait, there is something wrong with this picture... his hair and face remind me of someone... his features appear complete, yet incomplete at the same time.'

Due to the fact that Andar was in a constant state of Gray Will, his many splintered mind took the image of Silas Black in Rowan's memory and disassembled it, a sort of mania overtaking his actions until when he was done he nearly collapsed.

This weird physiological reaction did not attract his attention because he was focused on what he was seeing inside his head.

When Andar unlocked further levels in his Endless Vault, he had to utilize all the experience he had from mastering seven Magus Disciplines.

Every level was like an intricate puzzle, requiring all his knowledge of Scripts, Alchemy, Talisman, Puppet Creation, Spiritual Plant, and Weapon Refinement to push further in the Endless Vault. It was no wonder it was difficult for the average Mage to reach higher levels of this Art when it was difficult for them to master a single discipline.

Andar was finding something similar like this when he saw the image of Silas Black in his memory, he transformed into a puzzle that he needed to solve. A puzzle that was almost as difficult as the highest levels of the Endless Vault that he had come across.

Perhaps only Andar was unique enough to perform this action as a Mage due to his experience with the Endless Vault Meditation Art. In addition to the fact that the memory he was using came directly from the Soul of the Chained God, his insight was able to reveal the hidden layers of Silas Black

In other words, what Andar was looking at was how the Chained God viewed Silas Black, and in the eyes of this God, the Tower Master was like the shifting sands.

Andar went to work, the white and black hair was taken out and separated into two, and the features of Silas Black were taken apart, from his skin down to the bones, revealing layers beneath, and when Andar was done there were two people standing before him.

Silas Black and Aeris, the second Tower Master.

This was the feature that had been bothering him after seeing the vision of Silas Black and comparing him to his latest appearance. If he had not seen Aeris, he would never have made this connection.

He nearly collapsed to his knees, and before he could think deeply about it, he merged the figures back together and began taking them apart again. There were more mysteries beneath and bringing them together seemed to unlock the next level.

His excitement began to increase, this was similar to the Endless Vault, but he was not going higher, but deeper.

When he was done, this time the two figures that were created resembled someone else.

"What does all this mean?"

He merged them back together and took them apart and they became transformed into someone new. Andar began to take apart the image of Silas Black over and over again, the two people he transformed into took countless shapes and sizes until he could no longer do it again.

It was as if the puzzle he had been solving was finally completed, and when he looked at the final result he was left with more questions than answers.

The image of the Tower Master had changed entirely into someone else. There was no longer any resemblance between Silas, Aeris, and this final image.

Andar knew that this should be the true face of the Tower Master. This was the true vision of the Chained God... this was the person the God saw under all the disguise.

Who is this person? Was it possible that this man had assumed the appearance of not one but two Tower Masters?

These were all important questions, but what Andar truly wanted to figure out was why this figure seemed so familiar to him.

The only conclusion he could make was that it was the eyes... The eyes were so similar to Rowan's.

Andar suddenly was struck by a great sense of tiredness and he collapsed to his face as sleep took over him. For the second time since he was born, Andar truly fell asleep.

The reason for this was simple: he was experiencing what every other Mage would experience when they overused their Spirit and exhausted the entirety of their Aether.

Andar had fought a grand battle and used so much Aether to release an attack at the level of an Arch mage, yet he had not felt the strain of using so much Aether.

When he Refreshed himself inside the body of the girl he was fighting, he was restored to the peak once more.

Yet he had used the entirety of his Spirit and Aether just to decipher the image of Silas Black in his memories, something that Andar considered to be impossible before now.

An hour later the Time bubble expired and he was rushed into his quarters when he was found lying in the middle of the field.

Another hour passed and he returned and completed his assignment. He became a Mage who had mastered all seven disciplines. His achievement reached the eyes of trillions, and when his Cape was being stenciled with this glory, Andar could not find the heart to even smile.

A brief meeting among the Arch mages took place and Andar was summoned to their midst. The rest of the universe would not know what was discussed in this meeting, but an announcement was put forth.

Andar had become the Seed of the Six Great Towers, and the resources of the entire Magus Civilization in this universe would be channeled toward his growth.

Chapter 770: Blood Of The Universe

The God of Storms has been dead for a week, long enough for Rowan to consider that his gambit may have succeeded, he never expected any of his plans to ever go according to his desires and he waited for any repercussions that might happen.

He had done his best to ensure he covered all the basis, but Fate was a tricky mistress, it would not surprise him if a slight change he made would bring about unexpected consequences.

Rowan had made no dramatic changes in the past few days, he had just sat on the throne of Boreas with his eyes closed, simply waiting. He had learned that sometimes the best method to conserve his energy and focus was to stay still, but if anyone else thought that he was harmless, then their miserable deaths were nothing but their fault.

A week was a blink of an eye to him, and he could sit here for a million years and it would be the same, merging his bloodlines with his Destroyer granted him such a long life span that time was slowly losing its meaning to him, he would know the precise number when he accessed his Primordial Record again, but he had a feeling that with his current lifespan, he should be able to easily live for hundreds of millions of years.

Technically, Rowan was still a mortal, as his present level was just at the Third Supreme Circle. True Immortality came at the Fifth Supreme Circle. He knew that at the Fourth Supreme Circle, his lifespan would be measured in billions of years, but Rowan was not too bothered about rising up through the circle instead he would be focused on rising through the Dimensions.

The true rulers of the universes were those on higher Dimensional Levels, the Circles, whether Great or Supreme were just a ladder to climb to the level of accessing Dimensions. Normally, he should have accessed Dimensions at the 6th or 7th Supreme Circle, but he was able to do so at the Third Supreme Circle.

Not only that, he was capable of transforming himself into something truly unique in all of Creation, existing as a Dimension itself and not just possessing the powers of a Dimension.

Rowan came across this realization when he sat here on the throne as she meditated on his powers and abilities. He was not a user of Dimensional powers anymore, but a Dimension unto itself.

It stunned him that it took so long for him to realize this, but he acknowledged that he had never had the time to truly rest and reflect after the events at the Forge.

He had placed Circe inside one of the Spirit Guise, giving her the power of a Major God, and he sent her into Trion to create a new organization called The Eye of Truth. He had placed another Spirit Guise with her to serve as her helper. With the powers of two Major Gods with abilities that were nearly identical to Boreas, she would be safe against any opposition she might face on the surface.

The Eye of Truth would be a secret organization where she would begin collecting people from the lesser bloodlines who had been crushed by the power of Trion and promise them freedom via the elevation of their bloodline power.

Although the control Trion had over its surroundings was not vast, it still controlled hundreds of Minor Worlds and the people from those planets had become nothing but slaves to the Dominators.

She would gather the best candidates and when she had enough, Rowan would enhance their bloodline when he was summoned by her. From there it was only a matter of time before chaos would ripple throughout the Empire's Territory and his passage to quietly hunting off the gods would be opened.

Rowan had expected Circe to find her revenge the moment she was given the freedom to walk the lands of Trion, but he was pleased that she focused on her mission, already she had set up a great temple underneath a massive river, and the first recruitment had begun.

Although she placed her vengeance on hold, he was aware that every day she made up different torture methods she would use Rico and his father.

Some of her choices made him smile as they were hilariously childish, while the others, well...

Make Rico dance like a clown in front of the Palace until he is forcefully taken away by the palace guards and he should beg to be whipped for his transgressions...

Clean the entire beggar's quarters with his tongue, including the sewers...

Go to the stables of the biggest Runethor Alphas, he should spread his ass cheeks wide open while giving Aphrodisiac to the Runethors, it is also permitted for him to use his mouth as a hole...

That one... that last one, made even Rowan cringe.

The remnants of the Spirit Guises were being slowly released into the universe. They would proceed towards the planet he had kept Maeve, and there they would begin to create a new Forge for his ascension to the Second Dimensional level and hopefully the release of his Primordial Record after its evolution becomes completed.

Rowan had been feeling a wave of power emanating from the direction of Maeve, but his body was in a unique state and he could not receive any transmission from outside his body. He only had to be patient, with the careful movements of his Spirit Guises, he would reach the planet Maeve was on in less than a year.

Rowan was wearing the body of Boreas, but his posture was different, the majesty emanating from his body was nothing Boreas could dream of achieving. His eyes remained closed as he waited.

®

At precisely the moment Time was paused with the arrival of the Tower Masters in the Black Tower and their revelations to Andar, Rowan's eyes opened not because of that matter—he no longer had any connections with Andar—but because he had sensed that existence had just... shifted.

He sat up straighter on his throne and held his right hand in front of him as if he was caressing the air, and then he pushed his hand deeper into space and reality parted around it. His hand began to extend further into space as it stretched as if it was made from rubber, his hand extended for miles.

Rowan brought his hand back and his palm was red with blood, he rubbed his fingers together, before bringing the blood to his nose and smelling it and he frowned.

Rowan knew this blood, he had caught sight of it when he battled with the Cerulean gods and wiped all the life on their Major World.

He had used a weird attack where he seized a large chunk of reality using his Telekinesis and waited for a while for reality to heal itself, after that, he would release the reality that he seized, and the clash between these two exact realities would release a stupendous amount of energy and force, and something else.

The energy and force were enough to wipe out the life of everything in a Major World, except the gods with an immortal soul, and the other thing that happened was that it could cause the universe to bleed.

It was also important that Rowan had been able to not only harvest Soul Energy when he used this attack, but he was also able to harvest Soul Origin!

Rowan could unleash far more powerful attacks than this one, but this one was unique in the sense that it was the only attack he had made that made the universe bleed and give him Soul Origin.

He did not know all the uses of the blood of the universe, but he knew that it held so much vitality it had created a Minor World; Rowan had not experimented with this attack again as he focused on building his Forge.

He had sensed at that time that using this attack multiple times would invite the wrath of the universe. hid him from the gaze of the powerful but if he went around destabilizing reality to a massive degree, he would not be able to hide anymore.

Yet, Rowan understood that he would have no choice but to use this attack again in the future. One of the requirements for him to level up his Sheol Bloodline was Soul Origin, and this was the easiest method for him to use to acquire this unique energy.

Chapter 771: The Betrayal of Fourth

Acquiring Soul Origin was the next agenda on his list after his evolution, he had to be careful about it and take his time, but it would be better if he understood how the merging of two exact realities would create such a peculiar change that it would lead to the creation of Soul Origin.

Rowan rubbed the blood in between his fingers, he feared that the choice had been taken from him again, and he could not afford to wait anymore. Existence has just shifted and the method he used in responding to it would determine if he would win or lose.

The blood he just collected from the depths of reality was similar to the blood of the universe, but this one was different. Instead of abundant life that could lead to the creation of Minor Worlds, it held nothing but death.

As he watched, the hand of Boreas stained with blood grew pale as it leeches the life force from the god. If this small amount of blood was released on the surface of a Major World, it would easily wipe out the life from that world and poison the World Consciousness.

"Interesting..." Rowan muttered as he allowed the blood to drain as much vitality as it wanted until its color changed from a dull red to a vivid purple and then it abruptly collapsed into water vapor and vanished.

All the vitality that was taken from Boreas had vanished into thin air. Rowan frowned and performed the experiment again, and now he focused on the working of this blood.

He used Boreas's essence entirely not allowing his own to touch the blood, although it would reduce his investigative efficiency, Rowan knew that this matter may involve powers much greater than what could be found on Trion and he must be prudent.

After experimenting with the blood dozens of times, he could finally glean a little part of its working and because he was using Boreas senses, he could not accurately judge what he had investigated, but it was clear that this blood contained many things, among them were broken Wills that formed an Incomplete Formation.

Rowan could see fragments of hundreds of Wills, perhaps there was more inside this blood, and without his full senses he could not accurately judge their levels, but he knew they were high, some of them should even reach the 6th Dimension.

"Well, this was strange. Is this your doing, father?"

This shook everything he knew about the universe and how it worked, and the fragments of the plan that his father must have been working on for an unknown amount of years were being revealed to him.

During his many experiments with this blood, he found out that he did not have to dip his hand further before he could acquire more. What this meant was that this blood filled with the energy of death and carrying an unknown Formation was slowly creeping towards the surface, and in two decades or less, it would erupt.

Rowan did not know the range of this disaster or how much blood it contained, but with the sensation, he had of existence changing, he did not doubt that this disaster would reach the entire breadth of the universe!

Rowan tapped the arm of his throne slowly, he now had a timeline to push for his ascension and the destruction of Trion—two decades or less. By that time his armies must be ready to battle against the entire universe, if his father had plans that could affect the entire material universe, then he had no choice but to be prepared for a battle of this level.

"This would be the battle that would be fought from the highest of heavens to the lowest depths of hell."

A dull rumble shook the Vault of Hekaton and the voice Rowan now knew to be that of the God King sounded in the air, filled with malevolence and rot.

"Return to the Fields of Elysium brothers and sisters, the Great Trickster has shown his hand. The time of waiting is almost over, and we shall be prepared to face it... Trion shall prevail."

In front of Boreas, a silver tear opened inside the vault leading to a place that appeared to be filled with golden light. Rowan sent his senses toward it and noticed that it required only a simple infusion of power to transfer a portion of the god's consciousness toward these fields of Elysium.

These were the same fields where the God King had summoned the gods of Trion not so long ago.

Rowan grinned, he had been preparing for such an opportunity, and it had finally arrived so quickly, he had expected the wait to take decades at the least, instead, it had been less than a week.

"Don't mind if I do." Rowan bit off the little finger of Boreas and threw it toward the portal, "I come carrying gifts for you all... I'm no longer as patient anymore."

®

TWO DAYS AGO.

Something zipped across a road made from light and broken sounds, moving faster than the speed of sound to a place that was hidden from all of existence. It was a palace that would place anything inside a universe to shame.

A hunched figure that was running on all fours for many months finally arrived at his destination and he slowed down and stopped before a gate so massive it was impossible to see its height or breadth.

The difficulty of reaching this place had been tremendous, others would have considered it impossible—to find the Will of the Universe was only possible by extreme luck or a patient hunt within the time frame of trillions of years, sometimes even until the universe dies after many trillion years, its Will would only be discovered at the end.

Among the many methods the universe uses to defend itself, the ability to stay hidden is among its greatest.

The main goal of every Major Power inside a Material Universe is to search for the location of the Will of the Universe because anyone who could control the Will of a Universe would have ultimate authority over it. Although this was easier said than done.

Controlling the Will of the Universe was impossible unless you were one of its children, and the universe was very careful about the powers it gave to its children.

One of the ways it protected itself was to push anyone that became too powerful away from itself, and only when it approached death would the slightest opportunity to reach its Will become available.

The Third Prince reached the Gates of the Universe and stood up. His appearance had not changed, he still resembled a withered old man standing more than twelve feet tall, whose stomach was massive as if he had swallowed an elephant.

Licking his dry lips he set his hands on the gate, his fingernails that were curled like claws dug into the gate, and with a loud grunt he pushed.

For a while, it seemed as if nothing was happening until a loud groan came from the gate, and a line emerged between his hands that traveled upwards until it reached the top of the gate that was fifty thousand miles high.

The weight of this gate was immeasurable, and the Third Prince was too weak to have opened it, but he had left preparations behind that would aid him, and also there was Fourth...

The Third Prince hated Fourth more than any of his siblings. Fourth was the youngest to be born therefore making him the most powerful.

The Third Prince should have nearly equaled Fourth in strength but he sacrificed nearly ninety percent of his essence to merge with Elura so she could birth Rowan.

Fourth was supposed to support him according to the plan the Third Prince had previously made with him, but instead, he was shunned, he did not believe in the Third Prince's plan to locate the Singularity, he called it a fool's errand, but he did not reveal his true intentions until the Third Prince had drained all his essence in the creation of Rowan.

Even after ten million years, the Third Prince still hated Fourth with a fury that was hard for a mortal to comprehend, and the fact that he had succeeded only added fuel to this fire.

Would Rowan have been able to escape his hands if Fourth had just sacrificed a portion of his essence so that the Third Prince could heal his wounds?

Chapter 772: The Enemy of My Enemy

There would have been a time when the Third Prince might have been able to answer this question, but he had lost this ability in the creation of Rowan.

Although Fourth was the most powerful, the Third Prince had been the most envied of all his brothers because he had an ability that made it possible for him to reverse Time!

Among all the Reflections of their main body, he had been lucky to hold these impressive powers, and it brought envy and hate from his brother because using this ability, the Third Prince had been able to gain the greatest advantages among all his brothers, particularly irritating Fourth, who was the strongest.

The loss of this power was unexpected and in his desperation to regain it, attacked the First also known as Golgoth the God King, but the stubborn bastard ensured that he did not succeed, even if the price to pay for denying the Third Prince was to reduce himself to a zombie and poisoning his essence so that the Third Prince could never acquire it.

Generally, the four Aspects of their Main Body Reflection worked together, but they were not close, all of them wanted to be the one responsible for the resurrection of their Main Body, and they might work together for a common cause, but they were still fiercely antagonistic to each other.

"We have lived for too long!" The Third Prince lamented. In the beginning, it would be impossible for them to have such a large difference in opinion that they would plot

against each other, but something changed after many Eras and countless tries and failures as they struggled for the impossible dream of resurrecting their main body.

Along the way, their vision had become warped and a sense of competition and individuality arose in their hearts, threatening the cooperation between them and finally shattering it.

What happened inside this universe was the result of trillions of years of strife slowly growing inside their hearts, and the result was spectacular. A Reflection of a Primordial who had lived for countless years fell to the whims of a mortal—his own son.

Rowan had learned that the Third Prince had betrayed Golgoth, but he did not know the reason for this unexpected event, he had inferred that it must be due to his birth or that the Third Prince might have gained a Soul.

He would have been speechless with amusement if he learned that all four Reflections had all gained a Soul, and therefore they were no longer pure. Although their primary purpose for existence remained ingrained in them, their individuality had been born.

The Reflection of a Primordial was supposed to be technically perfect, possessing great power and focus, but over the course of the endless tides of time, even perfection might grow flawed.

®

With the events that had transpired on Trion, the fourth prince knew he was not strong enough to bring Rowan back into his control, with every moment that passed his errant son was growing so powerful that he was already beyond his management.

His injury had shattered his Will, leaving a setting behind that was not as powerful as a Will but stronger than Intent. If Rowan had already been able to break that shackle he had over him, then it meant that in an impossibly short time, Rowan was heading towards the creation of Will.

If he failed to stop him then in less than a thousand years, this child of his might be able to control the power of Will and disrupt the plans they had inside this universe.

The Third Prince finally relinquished his pride and anger towards his brother, he might hate Fourth, but he knew that what was even more important than his hatred was the resurrection of their Main Body.

The enemy of my enemy is a friend.

If Rowan kills him, he will not stop there until he hunts all the rest of his siblings. No matter how much he hated Fourth, they were so close to achieving their goals that he would not allow anything to spoil the plans ongoing for many Eras.

The Third Prince knew how insanely lucky and crafty his son was, and he no longer underestimated Rowan, he was the greatest threat to their plans.

®

The Third Prince kept applying force to the gate, pouring the last of his Intent into hidden Runes embedded deep inside it until the Gates of the Universe began to part with a harsh groan. A bright light escaped from the inside and he had to cover his eyes with his arms, but the gate did not open wide before it began to close again.

The Third Prince cursed aloud, he knew this was the result of the Fourth interfering with his actions, disregarding his discomfort he leaped forward, barely entering the gate with all his limbs attached as it slammed shut behind him.

He would not be surprised if his troubles inside the Great Desert were because of his brother. He had faced too many oppositions that were beyond reason. Meeting monsters like the King of Nothing was rare, but he had faced several.

The Third Prince was not stupid, this was just the chance for Fourth to kill him without showing his hands. Due to the fact that they all believed they were so close to resurrecting their main body, the internal conflicts between them had worsened.

A silent competition for the last one to be standing was playing among them. Only the Third Prince knew that they had a wolf in their midst, and if they did not strike while the iron was hot, they would lose.

The bright light inside this place faded away revealing the center of creation. The sight of it was so unassuming it was frankly disappointing.

The center of creation was just a small tree, with the only difference being that it had no leaves, only nine massive branches that resembled the trunks of elephants, and they were all connected to nine bizarre figures who appeared to be asleep.

These figures were humanoid and all appeared to be made from gold, they had various animalistic features that separated their appearances, as some had wings and claws while others had horns and hooves.

The Third Prince knew that these nine figures were Emyreans, and where other universes would have only one Emyrean, this universe however had nine of them. From the fluctuations of power emerging from their bodies, it was not hard for the Third Prince to recognize how powerful they were in comparison to the average Emyrean.

Inside the hearts of these sleeping nine Emyreans, were Wills!

This was not the strangest part of this Universal Will, because, like its Emyrean, the Universe Will was asleep.

It was known that a Universe Will could never sleep... but Fourth could be very persuasive.

The Third Prince looked around the tree until he saw what he was looking for. If he was not aware of the form that Fourth usually wears, it would have been difficult to find him because he was perfectly camouflaged, and when he moved he was barely discernible.

The figure of Fourth appeared to be a massive brown worm that curled around the tree, his form was so long that he was curled around the tree multiple times, and as the Third Prince watched, Fourth opened his mouth filled with tiny white teeth that were shaped like those of a shark and began to bore his way through the trunk of the tree.

He had been at it for the last 4.5 billion years, slowly eating away at the tree, and it was expected that his feast would be completed in 15 billion years, a fraction of the universe's lifetime, and he would take the position of the Universal Will.

Such a thing would shake the minds of all who hear it, but this was just a small part of their plans.

When they had entered this Universe, Fourth was the only one powerful enough to easily cross the Great Desert and reach the Gate of the Universe, but he did not have the strength to shatter the Gate of a newly born universe, whose Gate would also be linked to the gates of every other universes roaming inside the Great Dark.

Fourth had tricked the Universal Will instead since he was the one who still had access to a small part of their main body's Aether.

Chapter 773: I Found It

It was challenging to find historians who could document the passing of the universe among the many Eras past, except for the Celestials who kept accurate records, yet their work was not enough, for the Great Darkness was vast beyond measure and they could not account for every universe I'm creation, if they did, they would have seen a certain trend occur.

A new super universe would be born, but it would not live for long, barely a few billion years before it perished, in the time scale of a universe, this was nothing but a blink of an eye.

What this simply meant was that Fourth had lots of experience in devouring universes.

When he entered this one, he had pretended as if he had been seriously injured while crossing the Great Desert, and he had opened up his heart to reveal a single drop of Aether.

The Aether of a Primordial even if it was just a single drop was precious beyond measure and no one would be able to resist such great power, talkless a newly born Universe Will.

Like a firefly to a blazing flame, it leaped at this opportunity and swallowed it entirely, devouring the body of Fourth alongside it.

The power that the Universe Will gained after consuming the Aether was unprecedented, but the trap was triggered because the Universe Will could not handle such a massive meal and had to fall into slumber, even after it created nine supremely powerful Emphyreans to bear the load, it was still too much power.

With nothing standing between Fourth and his prize, he had begun to devour the sleeping universe Will from the inside.

Perhaps a portion of the universe was aware of the danger it was in, but it was impossible for it to digest this power entirely before it was completely devoured.

Fourth was slowly taking the various Authority of the Universe Will over the years, and after devouring a third of it, he was able to control various powers of the universe and had blocked the Creation of more Nemesis Stones, making this universe one of the most barren universes inside the Great Darkness.

Although it was too late to stop the universe from producing three Nemesis Stones, these three Nemesis Stones had been used to pursue their various agendas inside the universe.

The first Nemesis Stone was sent to the Mages carried by Second who had been infiltrating the Magus World for many Eras, the second Nemesis Stone was sent to the Demon God, this Primordial cared for nothing but Chaos, and would not care about their objectives, and the last Nemesis Stone was given to First and Third who had asked for it for a personal project.

"Fourth, I seek your counsel," The Third Prince loudly called out, but the worm ignored him and continued eating with gusto. The sound that emerged from his mouth as he drilled into the tree was spine-chilling. The Third Prince knew that he would be ignored if he stood here for the next billion years and began to move towards the tree.

The tree appeared to be a few dozen feet in front of him, but with every step he took, the tree seemed to retreat and grow bigger, and when he had taken his hundredth step the tree was now so massive it was bigger than a galaxy

The Third Prince was now the size of a mote of dust, while the Worm was now so large it could swallow multiple solar systems with ease. This was the true form of the universe Will and the Worm that fed upon it.

I'm not a worm that does not listen. Also—" he looked at the massive stomach of the Third Prince, "—If I knew you were so capable at giving birth I would have whored you to the God of the Abyss many Eras ago, the treasures he would have given us would have made this mission far easier."

The Third Prince ignored his brother who was trying to get under his skin and for just an instant he had the mind to stop talking and leave.

If he did, his arrogant brother would likely celebrate his upcoming demise, but he would not know of the cancer already growing inside the universe and when he was aware of the presence of Rowan it would be too late.

The Third Prince understood how ruthless his son had become, he would slaughter the worm and devour him whole, he would kill all his brothers, and as lovely as that prospect sounds, Rowan had no reason to allow the resurrection of his Main Body.

The Third Prince cleared his throat, "You know of my experiment to create a being of Luck and Desire using my essence of Time and a unique Traveler like Elura... you also know that despite my sacrifices I had failed, but that is a lie... brother I did not fail. I hid my success from you all but this decision is now haunting me, and it will not stop with me, it will spread until it consumes you all."

Fourth eyes were filled with mirth, "I think I can manage whatever abominations you can craft brother... if this is all you have to tell me you can leave. It may be a single tooth, but it would save me a million years before I finish devouring this universe, and the more time I spend with you, the more losses I incur."

"You arrogant bastard," The Third Prince suddenly begins to laugh, "A million years you say... hahaha. You don't know how much I want to turn away and leave right now. I am sure that before I die, I will still be alive to hear your screams of pain. You fool, I found it... I found the fucking Primordial Record."

Chapter 774: Hijacking Powers

Fourth went silent as the Worm overhead paused for the first time in nearly five billion years and stopped consuming the Universe Will, he slid down the tree, and from his horrifying mouth, he spat out hundreds of teeth that rained down from the sky and slammed around the Third Prince.

Each tooth was so massive it could stretch across an entire star. These teeth began to shrink and before long they all assumed the humanoid figure of Fourth.

Hundreds of Fourth spoke at once, their voice merging in an unnerving symphony like the singing of a mad god,

"I will forgive the act of finding and hiding it away from us because only those of our bloodline may use it and without the essence of our father and the life force of a Primordial its powers are still mostly sealed, but this could all come undone if one of us were to fully activate it. Tell me Third, do you have a child? Child? Child? Child? Child child childchildchildchildchildchildchildchildchildchildchildchildchildchildchild?????"

The Third Prince opened and closed his mouth like a fish out of water before he barely whispered, "Yes."

The heavens shook as the worm above roared in rage. His voice reached eternity causing the entire Universe Will to tremble.

The hundreds of Fourths came closer to the Third Prince until they were only a few inches separating them, "Is he under your control?"

The Third Prince whispered again, "No."

One of the humanoid bodies of Fourth suddenly seized another by his throat and began to tear it apart while consuming its flesh, and in a short while the rest of Fourth descended on the single body and ate every single part of it.

Since they were so close to the Third Prince he could see and hear everything in excruciating detail as the needle-sharp teeth of Fourth consumed the selected body. The smell from its butchered body was so pungent that the Third Prince frowned.

The Third Prince understood that this self-cannibalization was a method Fourth used to control his anger, if he had not killed one of himself at this moment, then he would have devoured the Third Prince.

Whatever spell of madness that overtook Fourth seemed to be dissipated as he regained his composure and calmly asked

"How long do we have?"

The Third Prince licked his dry lips, "It might already be too late."

The hundreds of Fourth were silent as if they had all turned to stones and then they all said,

"Tell me everything, from the beginning, and do not leave out any single detail."

©

The Third Prince began to talk. His words were slow and steady as he dispassionately narrated a tale that began many Eras ago.

In the distant past when he was at the height of his powers, he had traveled across the many universes, and in a certain universe on the verge of death, he had come across details of unique variants of Emphyreans called Travelers, whose unusual ability involved the power of wishes and luck.

He had considered this power to be truly noteworthy, for it was the first time he had heard of a power like this. Using his Time Reversal ability, he reversed the time for the entire universe back for trillions of years until he found these interesting targets and everything changed for him.

It also became the last time he was ever able to use his Time Reversal ability again, but he hid this from his brothers.

He discovered that the universe that birthed this strange Emphyrean was in a dire strait, perhaps a certain mutation had occurred during the creation of the Emphyrean, and it had created a powerful Emphyrean whose abilities were greater than it could control, and this universe decided to destroy its creation, but the price it paid for the destruction of this Emphyrean was so great that it also died a short trillion years later not even leaving a Will.

It was important to note that a universe had the ultimate advantage over its Emphyreans, and it could easily deprive them of a greater amount of their powers. No Emphyrean would ever have the power to survive the wrath of their universe, but this particular Emphyrean must have missed the memo, for she battled her universe to a standstill.

Usually, the power of the Third Prince Time Reversal was limited. He could reverse Time and make certain changes but a lot of those changes had to be properly planned because any changes he made would rapidly accelerate Time, leading to unimaginable consequences.

The Third Prince's reasons for going back in Time were mostly for the purpose of investigations, and he rarely interfered in whatever he saw during his time spent in the past. Unexpectedly he became involved in something that should be impossible.

He came across the final battle between this powerful Emphyrean and its universe and he discovered that this Emphyrean also had another unique ability to procreate. In a stunning move that shocked the Third Prince, the Emphyrean turned to his position and smiled before she and her entire children were destroyed.

This matter was not as simple as it appeared on the surface, from the signs that he could see, this Emphyrean against all odds had been battling with the Universe Will for millions of years, his arrival had triggered a change as if she was waiting for him.

He was suddenly wrenched forward in Time until he returned to the present where he discovered that the universe that was supposed to be dead was now alive. His shock had been inestimable.

This change was caused by him and that Empyrean, against his wishes this strange Empyrean had found out that he would be coming and had made certain preparations that would ensure that his presence would trigger something, that smile she gave him at the end was full of awareness and filled with secrets.

He also discovered that he had also lost the power to reverse time. The Third Prince had not been too distraught because he figured out that there was a great mystery here and if he played his cards right, he might be able to achieve something that was great and unexpected.

His thinking was correct as more mysteries were slowly unveiled as time passed.

Universes died all the time, and the process of their birth was largely unknown, but the Great Darkness was filled with the power of the Primordials which created unknown changes.

A certain unique transformation happened every Era where the essence of Chaos the creator of universes would amass and in a span of billions of years after the end of an Era, there would be hundreds perhaps thousands of Big Bangs happening as new universes were born.

This was also the reason why Fourth was so powerful because unlike any of them, he could search the Great Darkness for fragments of the main body's essence and collect them. It was unknown how many drops of Aether he must have collected, Fourth played his cards close to his chest.

What was strange about this universe however was that every time it died, another universe would be born, precisely in its location, and after studying this phenomenon for countless years he figured out that this was not just a coincidental event but more like a function of his Time Reversal ability, and he could not shake the feeling of being used by that Empyrean who controlled luck and wishes.

Fourth could no longer be silent as waves of anger erupted from his body, "You told us that you had found a unique area in the Great Darkness that was isolated and attracted the essence of Chaos without fail guaranteeing that a new universe would always be born here. But it was not the area but the universe itself that is causing it. How could you be so foolish, Third? Your selfishness and shortsightedness is monumental! Do you perhaps wondered if there was something bigger than that Empyrean?"

The Third Prince sneered, "I don't have much time and the more you talk, the more of that time you waste."

There was a weird sound like countless firecrackers going off, but it was only the sound of hundreds of Fourth grinding their teeth, but he remained silent.

The Third Prince sighed, "Yes, I attracted you all to this universe, but it was you all that decided roaming the Great Darkness for universes to consume was too dangerous and if we could secure a permanent site for this purpose we would accelerate our plans and reduce the interference of other great powers."

- Chapter 775: Pain

Chapter 775: Pain

The Third Prince shrugged the motion making his massive stomach undulate like a canoe on a stormy river,

"I remember that you all did not believe me, and we had to wait for two Eras. You all watched this universe return twice in the same position before we began trying to break into it. Four and a half billion years ago we succeeded. You went your merry way and began devouring the Will of this universe while I pursued another agenda, searching for the trace of that Emyrean who had hijacked my powers."

"I found her merely 15 million years ago, and she had already given birth to children, but something was wrong. She was far weaker than when I met her many Eras ago, and the wisdom of her children was greatly diminished, more like animals than powerful Emyreans who fought against their universes and were powerful enough to drag it to its death."

"After all this time I had already gathered a preliminary understanding of her powers and what happened that day when she hijacked my powers. Whether I choose to believe it or not, she had summoned me, and using my powers as a vehicle found a way to deliver herself and her offspring to the future, even after the deaths of the universe."

"I wanted this power for myself, no... I needed it. Her abilities had gone beyond wishes and were now miracles, and I know to achieve the impossible, miracles were needed.

"It was harder and easier than I anticipated to trick this Emyrean this time, she was young, not knowing the dangers of the universe, but looking back now and seeing the result of my actions in the creation of Rowan I find myself wondering, who was really using whom."

The Third Prince stroked his stomach, "Oh Elura, even in your silence, your actions are still deafening."

He noticed the increased irritation on the faces of Fourth and he smirked, "I merged my essence with Elura with a promise to bring wisdom to her children, and First went behind me to kill and subsume their bodies into our great works, I had won at first, but my victory was short, I had unknowingly created a monster."

The Third Prince looked at the irritated faces of Fourth and tried to argue,

"You should understand that it was supposed to be a long shot. How was I to imagine that a pairing of our essences could create a child who would be able to draw the Singularity to himself using only his first cry? I knew with him I would be able to resurrect our Main Body with far more success than the plans we had but I had become too weak. That little bastard took far more from me than I anticipated."

"The rage of Elura when she knew of my treachery did not help matters. She attacked me with unbelievable amounts of powers that should be impossible for such a young Emphyrean, she lost and I believed that I may have won our battle decisively, but she must have drained all my luck, for nothing went the way I planned after this battle, this should be a hidden technique of her that I was not aware of..."

"I believe that my failure to steal the essence of First must be due to this bad luck and even your refusal to help me was this bad luck at work. Subtly changing Fate and outcomes around me so that I always run across the least favorable path."

"But as you know this is not the main reason I'm here. It had been difficult but I had managed to contain my son for the last million years. He broke away from me barely thirty years ago, and he is already on the path to mastering the power of Will and cross Dimensions. In a thousand years or less, I believe he will succeed."

"He already has at least two powerful bloodlines, each of them more powerful than should exist inside a universe. What is even more disturbing is his mind and cunning, he does not display the arrogance of youth and his bloodlines have not corrupted his decision-making skills."

Fourth interjected, "That's not how should work, you don't just get powerful bloodlines from nothing, and even if he acquires powerful bloodlines, it would take billions of years for him to actualize them. Destroying your Intent must be nothing but a coincidence, you are far weaker than you realize."

"Are you even listening to me?!" the Third Prince screamed, "It is just thirty short years, nothing that he achieved should be possible, I even suspect that he is able to consume sou... No that cannot be true, but remember who his fucking mother is and understand that if she could hijack my powers to bring herself across time, what other abilities could this bloodline not hijack also."

The Third Prince was unaware that he was beginning to pull out the little hair on his head as he complained,

"I suspect that the combination of my talent and the power of wishes might have created an effect that was greater than the sum of its parts, and in the hands of my son has nearly finished its evolution."

"He is growing too powerful, and with your interference with the universe and the ability of to hide its owners from the gaze of the heavens, it would be nearly impossible to slow his growth or stop him if we don't act now."

"So what do you say brother, a single one of your teeth is unrivaled in the material universe, search for him and hunt him down and share with me his essence, so I shall regain all that I have lost."

The Third Prince looked with cautioned anticipation at his brother, hoping he took the bait.

One of the figures of Fourth suddenly punched the Third Prince, his head flew back and he cried out in surprise and anguish, another fourth seized him by the back of his neck and forced him to his knees, and a third pushed his hands into the Third Prince stomach and attempted to rip out Elura from his stomach.

A wave of deep red energy erupted from the Third Prince as his cries of rage rippled around him.

Whatever power he was bringing to bear was useless as Fourth did not budge back for a single inch and ripped the sleeping figure of Elura away from the Third Prince.

That act caused great waves of green lightning to erupt from the body of the Third Prince as the cord binding him to Elura was forcefully severed. The mournful cries of a woman resounded in the void joined by the cried of pain from the Third Prince.

"What are you doing? What the fuck do you think you are doing Fourth, I swear if you harm a single hair on her head I shall butcher you even if it is the last thing I do."

The Third Prince staggered to his feet, massive coils of his intestines covered his feet and he stepped on his internal organs without noticing the damage he was doing to himself.

"Even now you don't see it," a figure of Fourth backhanded the Third Prince sending him to his knees, one of his eyeballs was crushed and his spine could no longer take the damage and it snapped.

The figure of Fourth holding the sleeping body of Elura looked at it in distaste and a bit of uneasiness as he tore reality apart revealing the Great Darkness beyond and the sight of other roving universes, and with a mighty heave, he threw her inside the gap and sealed it shut.

The Third Prince's single eye widened in shock and a surprising amount of pain as he screamed an incoherent cry of rage. From his shattered body, a mighty shockwave erupted, that ruffled the hair of Fourth and then another and another, each of them growing stronger with each eruption.

"Stop this madness at once Third, anymore of this and you shall perish!"

The Third Prince reply was only his cries of rage that was growing louder as more shockwaves erupted from his body.

At the seventh eruption of power from the Third Prince, the eyes of the hundreds of Fourth opened wide in surprise as they were pushed back a few feet. The ninth eruption pushed them back for hundreds of feet, and the playfulness in his eyes ceased to be replaced by a look of measured concern.

Chapter 776: No Primordial.... Just Me!

The power erupting from the body of the Third Prince meant that he would be dying soon. All his humanoid bodies suddenly shook, and he no longer looked at the Third Prince but checked his arms which were now covered with green veins that traveled down his arms and snaked around his throat.

A sudden feeling of weakness made all his bodies fall to their knees and he looked in astonishment at his arms, "I did not know that the rot went this deep. How did you survive all these while?"

The unintelligible screams of the Third Prince abated and he growled,

"The only thing holding me back from killing you all was keeping her contained inside of me, you dumb fuck I will tear you apart."

The Third Prince vanished from his position leaving his steaming pile of guts behind, and when he reappeared he was before one of the bodies of Fourth, he threw a punch, Fourth anticipated it and blocked, but it was a feint as the Third Prince went low and swept his legs away, breaking bones and slamming Fourth in the ground.

Before the figure of Fourth could retaliate, the Third Prince opened his mouth wide, stretching it apart like a crocodile, and chomped on the head of Fourth. He bit down and threw his head back, the action cutting Fourth in two. Rapidly swallowing the head and a portion of the torso of Fourth he seized the remaining part of his body like a covetous lover and swallowed, barely taking the time to crunch through the bones.

The swinging worm tail of Fourth was hanging by the side of his lips and as the Third Prince turned to the astonished face of the remaining bodies of Fourth he slurped it into his mouth and licked his lips.

The Third Prince's injuries reversed in an instant as he abruptly became a fat man before slimming down and transforming into Rowan.

He stood at eight feet tall and his body was similar to a Greek statue. Every muscle in his body was filled with perfection and explosive power, except for a red piece of cloth wrapped around his waist preserving his modesty, he was naked and he grinned widely.

It should be said that Rowan resembled his father and if they were to stand side by side, it would be impossible to differentiate them except for the hair, for the Third Prince's hair which was long and black like the void.

Now that he was fully healed he rubbed his neck as a new tumor suddenly emerged on it, abruptly swelling up, it exploded revealing a small shrieking worm with a mouth filled with needle-sharp teeth.

"What are you doing Third?" The many voices of Fourth rang out in astonishment. The deranged Third Prince's reply was only a roar and he slammed into another body of Fourth, they both went down in a spray of blood and claws, and in a few seconds, it was only the Third Prince that arose.

This time he had a second tumor on his neck and another worm burst free. The many eyes of Fourth went serious as he tried to calm the Third Prince,

"Use that deranged mind of yours and think for a single second Third, how could an ordinary Empyrean, no matter how powerful, be able to seize your talents... you are a Reflection of a Primordial. Look at the price I paid for ridding you of that monster."

"You killed her!" The screams from the Third Prince were so loud he tore his throat and blood shot out of his mouth.

Fourth shook his head, whatever consideration he had for his brother was gone, "Since you will not listen to reason, I will have to force them into you."

The hundreds of Fourth attacks in concert, their movements were fluid and they filled in every gap that the Third Prince could ever exploit, although their blows were not lethal, they were still bone-crushing, as every single gesture made by Fourth could crush a galaxy, even a God-King would die in a single blow, the Third Prince's body was shattered many times, but he seemed to have an inexhaustible amount of vitality.

"If you continue on this part of stupidity, even my essence will not save you." Third called out angrily, "At least tell me the location of before you are lost to death you stupid fool."

The Third Prince roared, his body moving faster, despite his injuries he was still in the fight, and any chance he got he bit and swallowed any flesh that reached him. Yet, he was still slowly worn down, but he had managed to devour another four bodies of Fourth, and six worms now surrounded his necks, all of them shrieking aloud as if in pain and madness, and then Fourth lost his patience.

With a roar of his own that echoed for eternity, he increased his might by a single percentage, and the Third Prince was nearly crushed into a stain. The shockwave that erupted from that single move shook the universe to its foundation, and it was a good thing that this battle happened here, or a greater part of the universe would have been destroyed.

Fourth placed his knee on the back of the Third Prince and no matter how he screamed and cried out, he could not rise from the ground.

He was frothing at the mouth screaming, "I will kill you Fourth, why do you have to take her away from me, she was my..."

"What? She was your... what? Fourth knelt beside the battered Third prince and seized him by his hair which was now caked with blood, "Answer me brother, and see the depths of the delusion that you have placed yourself into."

The Third Prince stammered, "She was my... my... everything!"

The eyes of the Third Prince widened in horror as he realized the words he had just spoken. His eyes were rapidly shaking on the verge of madness.

Fourth smiled when he saw that he had finally gotten to him, "Cutting off the tethers between you and that... thing was difficult, and it made me vulnerable for a while, allowing you to pierce my defense, but it was worth it. You were being played brother, I don't know whom, but another Primordial is the most likely suspect. This is also my fault. I should have seen the signs all along."

The horror in the face of the Third Prince suddenly faded and he smiled, "No Primordial, just me brother, and yes, you should have known of my ambitions, but it is too late."

"What..." The face of Fourth was filled with confusion for a second and then he gasped as the right hand of the Third Prince emerged from his chest, holding the beating heart of Fourth.

The Third Prince had somehow reversed the orientation of his bones and as if his body was made from fluids he had faced his brother and inserted his hand into his chest, ripping away his beating heart.

"I needed seven of your teeth brother, and even weakened by cutting that tether, you are still so strong." He swallowed the heart and the seventh worm burst out of his neck, "I should have expected something like this, you were always a hard nut to crack."

The many faces of Fourth warped in anger, as the gigantic worm surged down the tree as it opened its mouth that seemed to lead to oblivion, "Traitor! First warned us all but..."

"Silence," The Third Prince said, his voice was a bit weary as if he was tired and every single Fourth went still as if frozen in time, even the massive worm was frozen in mid-air.

The Third Prince grimaced in pain as one of the heads of the worms that were bursting from his neck exploded,

The Third Prince shook his head aggressively as he began to bleed from his nose, holding the Great Worm was like holding a hundred universes inside your hand, "You greedy little worm, you have truly eaten a lot of essence, all this power I stole from you and I can barely keep you still for a few seconds."

Another worm exploded and the Third Prince struggled to his feet. It appeared that moving through this frozen place was very difficult, but a soft green light similar to that of Elura surrounded his body and he was able to push through.

Chapter 777: Unmaker

The green light was, however, running out but it would burn long enough for whatever he wanted to achieve.

The Third Prince looked at the massive worm above him, whose mouth was only a few thousand feet away from devouring him. He could hardly see the edges of the mouth which were so large it could swallow multiple solar systems.

The Third Prince chuckled, "How nice for you to bring yourself closer to me. If you were a bit fatter, then I would have lost, but the many Eras of polishing your arrogance have finally borne fruit."

He crouched and leaped upwards, and as he entered into the mouths of the worm, two heads of the worms in his neck exploded, his time was running out as Fourth was beginning to fight back more aggressively.

The Third Prince appeared in what resembled a universe that was filled with countless stars and planets, but they were all made from flesh. There were countless monstrosities dwelling inside the worm, all of which would have torn the Third Prince apart in the blink of an eye, but they were all frozen in place.

Some of the leviathans inside the body of the worm had auras of celestials, demons, and Mages, there were also other exotic creatures that were nameless and their numbers were uncountable. Inside the body of the worm were armies that could crush multiple universes, but they could not move.

The Third Prince sighed in pleasure as his sight zoomed to an inconspicuous part of the fleshy universe and he vanished only to reappear beside a small ball of flesh that was spinning in mid-air.

This ball of flesh was situated on a small planet, and it had no distinguishing properties from the trillions of balls of flesh all around it, but this was the singular weakness of the worm—it was his soul.

Over the many Eras, the Third Prince had been studying the mysteries of the soul for this singular moment, it was to kill Fourth.

Another two heads exploded leaving him with one, but it was already too late as he grabbed the spinning ball of flesh and consumed it. He might not understand much about the soul, but he knew how to kill it, even one as powerful as Fourth.

It was at this time that the last head exploded and the Great Worm cried out in rage, shock, and despair, but it would be its last cry.

The section of the worm where its heart should be exploded outwards and the gigantic worm started to slide down the tree and collapse around it. Its coils fell down the tree for hours as if it had no end, every section that hit the ground shaking all of creation.

For a while, silence was all there was. The worm was dead, but its vitality was so profound that it was still breathing.

From the massive hole in its chest that was the size of a galaxy, the Third Prince began to walk out, and he was now a little more different.

Gone was the weak figure of an old man or a fat man, his back was straight like a spear and his eyes shone with yellow fire. He was back in full health and had exceeded his prime.

With every step he took, a vast amount of flesh and blood from the worm flooded into his body and he grew taller. When he finally emerged from the worm what was left behind was a gigantic skeleton that encircled the Universe Will. He now stood millions of miles tall, before he shrank down to eight feet.

He cracked his neck and spread his arms wide as if he were admiring his perfect body, "It's good to be back."

A gust of wind blew towards him that made his long black hair rise like the hood of a cobra and he raised one massive muscled hand and caught a form that was attempting to strike him in the back.

It was a broken body of Fourth that appeared to be collapsing into dust. In the few seconds, the Third Prince was holding him his limbs had already degraded and were blown away,

"How could you...how can...kill my soul... impossible... Why are you... wicked... father will not..." broken words emerged from the shattered body of Fourth and the Third Prince laughed aloud.

"This is the part where I'm supposed to tell you the plans I've been making for all these long Eras. You want me to gloat while you try to sneak a small portion of your consciousness out of here is it not? You are truly a worm."

The degrading body of Fourth suddenly halted, his eyes transforming into something that was truly malevolent,

"This is not over Third, if you think you can kill me so easily. I existed before I had a soul, and I will exist even if I don't have one, you cannot steal my authority over our father's Aether and I shall return to prove to you, how foolish the decision you have made this day."

"Give me some credit Fourth," The Third Prince began to reach into empty space as if looking for something, and before long a massive Great Blade appeared in his hands, "not for a single instant did I consider killing you to be easy. That's why I'm going scorched earth."

The Great Sword he has summoned made Fourth nearly scream in horror, "This... this..."

The Third Prince sighed in regret, "As much as I would like to say it is... no this is not a weapon of a Primordial, like us, it is just a Reflection. You should recognize it, it was the one that struck the killing blow against our main body."

Fourth looked at the Third Prince in deep horror, finally understanding that he had never known the depths of his brothers' powers.

"You always thought you were the most powerful, and in the past, it had served me well for you to believe it is so, but no longer. I don't need you anymore."

He turned and swung the blade, making a clean slice in the air that parted reality in two revealing the outside universes. With a despairing scream, the Universal Will was sliced in two alongside it.

The Third Prince closed his eyes in pleasure, "Aaahhhh... Unmaker, you are as beautiful as ever. How I had longed for your touch."

The eyes of Fourth went hollow, "Brother you are ending everything... the works of our hand, the pledge we made, Why?"

The Third Prince casually threw the body of his brother aside, "Because I want something better, and this should kill all the little worms hiding out in the universe. Win-win."

Fourth eyes were wide in shock and astonishment even as he died and collapsed into dust.

The Third Prince took to the air and arrived at the Universe Will that had been cut in two. The stump of the tree was glowing but even that light had begun to fade. There was a mournful song fading alongside that light, but the Third Prince had heard this song hundreds of times before, he no longer cared for it.

Cracking his neck, he gestured with his hands, and the nine Emphyreans created by the universe appeared beside the tree stump, they were still asleep, but golden tears were running down their eyes.

The Third Prince seized one of them by the neck, "With all your powers you are still useless, look at your mother, dead by my hands and all you can do is weep."

He threw the Emphyrean against the tree stump, making sure it landed properly and he brought up his Great Sword in an executioner pose,

"You all would achieve more in death than you would ever do in life. For this, you should be thanking me with your last breath. You die by Unmaker, a weapon of a Primordial."

He let down his blade and sliced off the head of the Emphyrean, golden blood shot out like a fountain, staining the stump and enriching the dying glow keeping the Universe Will alive for a while longer.

The Third Prince casually fashioned a throne from the bones of the worm and sat down in wait. Every two years he would be killing an Emphyrean, and by the death of the ninth, his preparation would be complete.

He closed his eyes and waited, a faint smile on the side of his lips.

Chapter 778: Figuring Three From Four

The God King Golgoth gave out his summons and the gods of Trion responded, sending out their consciousness to take form before the temple of the God King.

It was rare for Golgoth to summon them, things were clearly changing as he had summoned them twice now in less than two decades. The first time he did so, he had changed the direction of Trion, and with another summon this quickly, something big was soon to be inevitably announced.

On the fields of Elysium, the gods of Trion had finished manifesting their material form, because of how recently they had been summoned there were little to no changes in their physical appearances.

The appearances of the gods of Trion are largely manipulated by the perception of their descendants of worshipers. Their massive statues all around Trion and the Empire-controlled spaces ensured there were little changes in their appearances over the ages.

The feet of the gods reached the grounds of Elysium and before they could breathe the air of tranquility that could be found here, a formless pressure sucked them into the palace of the God King without them being able to resist in the slightest.

The God King was not sitting on his throne but he was pacing around, his battered cape was like bat wings as they flared around his body and his sword that he kept by his throne was hissing like a snake sensing the turbulence in the mind of its master.

This area was still the same as what he had experienced in Boreas's memories, aside from the fact that the God King was no longer connected with the life-giving vines keeping him alive.

'If this place is connected to the universe, then the vines providing the God King with life must also be linked to the universe. With the changes happening inside the depths of reality, perhaps it has affected the abilities of those vines to keep him alive.'

Rowan thought there was an opportunity here, although from the feverish mania, he could sense from the God King, that he still possessed enough vitality to keep his undead heart beating for a million years even without the aid of the vines.

He thought that the God King was like a cornered beast, who was snapping and snarling at his incoming captors, the madness he kept chained was about to be cracked open.

"Your Vaults, let me see them!" Golgoth roared at the startled gods who had not adjusted to this new attitude from the God King. Except for Minerva who kept her calm as she possessed no vault, the rest of the gods quickly opened their palms and showed the Runic representation that embodied their vault.

The God King took the next several seconds checking through the vaults using methods that the gods could not understand... but Rowan could. He appeared to be using his eyes but he was using something else.

What the God King was using was an unknown Will at the Fourth Dimension which should be offensive in design however he could manipulate it to fit whatever purposes he desired.

What was surprising to Rowan was that he was still able to detect other types of Will hidden inside the God King, and maybe because he was sure that there was no one here who could see through him, Golgoth did not make any measure to disguise the presence of the other kind of Wills inside of him.

Or perhaps due to Rowan's unique physiology and Will, he was able to easily penetrate the shroud of secrecy that would fool the gaze of others.

However, Rowan was puzzled because he was sure that you could only get a single Will, and unlike himself who possesses and could potentially gain multiple Wills, everyone else had to make do with one, even a Primordial.

Did the God King possess the research of their Main Body on how to possess multiple Wills? Was it related to the numerous broken Wills he found inside the universe?

The God King was nearly done with scanning through the Vaults and Rowan accelerated his own investigations and he soon found out the truth before the God King was done.

It did not take long for him to discover that all the Wills inside the body of the God King were broken, they were the same as what he had found inside the toxic blood in the depths of reality confirming the ties between the God King and whatever was happening in the universe.

Golgoth might have found a way to integrate many types of Will inside of him but they could not be as powerful as his single completed Will. The broken Wills funded him of the Intent from his father, something that was greater than Intent but lesser than Will. Was this a unique feature of the Reflections of the Main Body of his father?

He confirmed once again that the level of the God King completed Will was at the 4th Dimension, which meant that he had Dominion over Time. Rowan also felt that perhaps it was possible that this Will was discovered by the God King himself and whatever broken Wills that filled his body was from something else.

With this Will, it ensured that inside the material universe, the God King should be invincible, although it was telling that the Universe did not detect the presence of the God King and rejected him after all these years. Rowan had also made many major moves without the universe stopping him, what was wrong with this universe?

Without stopping his frantic pacing the God King spoke,

"The Universe is dead."

This sudden announcement from the God-king made the gods flinch, Rowan could perfectly read their shock and confusion that was partly shared by him, he already knew that something was truly broken with reality.

For a moment Minerva let her mask slip, showing fright, confusion and denial, Rowan could see how shocking the news was to the goddess. 'So, there is something you don't know after all. Your master does not tell you all his plans.'

Golgoth spat, the anger in his voice being echoed by his Great Sword, making the chamber tremble and leaving countless cuts on the body of the gods which began to putrefy and bleed rotting blood and pus, but none of them moved to defend themselves from the wrath of the God King.

"This is undoubtedly the work of the Trickster, he must have found a way to convince the Great Worm to bring about an early end of the universe, he wants to force my hand. He knows that without Trion the plan can never be completed, I still hold the final key and even the Great Worm cannot force my hand."

'Great Worm? Is the universe dead?' This was unknown and unexpected news, it signified to Rowan that the sensation he had felt a few moments ago was the universe dying, and the killer was most likely this so-called Great Worm who Golgoth was convinced had been swayed by his father to perform such an act.

Truthfully Rowan could see this happening, The Third Prince was a creature filled with guile, and if he was to go further in his assumptions and the manner the God-king talked about this Great Worm with so much familiarity, then he could infer that this must be one of the identities of his father.

There had been four faces inside the blood of his father, if he was right, this meant that he should have identified three of them, leaving the last without a name.

He must find a way to know the identity of the last face. It was important that he cleanly wiped out all presence of his father for it would be his greatest source of weakness.

If any of the Reflections find out they could no longer defeat Rowan or control him, they might leak the presence of his Singularity to a Primordial. No matter how great his potential was to be, he would stand no chance against a Primordial.

After truly understanding the unique powers of , Rowan knew that he could not allow information about its existence to leave this universe.

Even if he had to kill every single living being inside of it.

"Are we to ready for war, God King," the barely suppressed excitement and bloodlust were emerging from the voice of Tiberius who surged to his feet.

Chapter 779: Little Finger

Kuranos rose to her feet, her aura was blazing with power, but Rowan could sense the weakness inside her, there was a wound in her soul that had not healed.

She could hide it from the others, but Rowan could sense the panic in the soul of this goddess, and he knew this was his work, rejecting the Kuranos' name had nearly destroyed this goddess.

The God King waved his hands dismissively, "Yes, yes... follow the plans I gave you, I want you all to be God Kings in the coming years, and then I will be able to impact partial Wills to you all, strengthening your Vaults and preparing for the next moves from the Trickster."

Golgoth spread his hands wide open and revealed hundreds of Spatial tears that led to various mysterious locations

"I will begin allocating a hundred Labyrinth coins to all of you every year, and you are also free to trade between yourselves for whatever treasures you might need without any cost, but it must be strictly essential to the god, I'm aware that some of you hoard treasures that are essential to the others for their advancement, and such foolish actions stop this instant."

"As punishment for such misdeeds, you will give up the treasures needed by the other gods to them for elevation, without any cost involved."

The faces of Kuranos and Tiberius went a bit pale when they heard this announcement, while Boreas, Volgim, and Bacchus broke out with large smiles, the God King couldn't care less about their reaction as he continued,

"You have bigger worries ahead, and anyone that I find guilty of going against my wishes shall be dealt with in a manner that will break the foul hearts of a demon. Hear me well, gods of Trion, I shall not suffer a fool to live."

From the Demeanor of the God King, he was about to dismiss the gods, clearly, he had summoned them just to check the status of their vault, but Rowan could not allow the conversation to end when he was on the verge of cracking the secrets about his father.

The summoning to the Fields of Elysium were rare events and the next time the God King might call on the gods again could be a decade from now, that was too long for him to find out the truth. With time running out, he could not patiently plan for such events to naturally occur.

He needed to call attention to this problem, but in a way that was suited for the conversation.

Boreas cleared his throat drawing the attention of everyone here including the God King, "Apologies if I'm out of line, but if the Trickster is already convincing such a mighty figure such as this Great Worm, then don't you think it might be necessary for us to make a connection of our own? If the universe is dying, are we strong enough to fight against anyone who is capable of such an action? Perhaps it is time to spread our Dominion to the rest of the galaxy."

Kuranos snickered in apparent disdain, and the angered gaze of Tiberius fell upon Boreas for questioning the God King, Rowan almost rolled his eyes in annoyance, wishing to smack this battle-hungry god on his shiny bald head.

Volgim a close supporter of Boreas, showed his support by nodding at him, Bacchus silently agreed with a blink of his eye, Horush did not indicate any stand and was busy trimming his fingernails, while Minerva seemed distracted, she kept looking around her in a subtle manner.

Her eyes were entirely white and filled with cracks as if it was a broken mirror, with no pupils, It was impossible to determine if she was looking around, but Rowan could see that her eyes were furiously scanning through the bodies of all the gods here, and whatever she was discovering was only making her more perplexed.'

'Interesting,' Rowan thought to himself, 'it is almost as if she could sense there is something wrong here or someone extra among our numbers, but she is unable to verify the result of her senses. How is she able to do this when the God King cannot detect me?'

"I think this is a relevant line of inquiry, God King," Minerva unexpectedly chimed in, "even if we all become God Kings and are granted greater powers by you, I do not see how it is possible for us to be able to stand against someone who can kill a universe. We should reach across the stars and gather more powers to our fold, any extra hands would surely help."

The God King went still, his pacing figure that had been exploding around in manic energy just stopped with no indication, before turning to Minerva.

Rowan could hear the sneer in his voice as he looked upon Minerva, "I had thought that this question would come from no other than you Minerva," he turned to Boreas, "but I see your way of thinking is beginning to spread... pity. You had lost faith long ago, but don't drag the rest of your brothers and sisters along your lonely path."

Fully focusing on Boreas, the voice of the God King went soft, "Boreas my brother, I know that you may think that the troubles before us are greater than you can ever imagine or fight against, but I can reassure you that there is no way that Trion would

ever fall when it is under my watch. Go along with the plans I have given you and perform your duties diligently, and when the end of days arrives, I shall present the head of the traitor to you all. We already have a powerful ally in this fight, although you cannot see them yet, do not be concerned with the matters of the Great Worm, he cannot be deceived for long."

Boreas bowed his head towards the God King and followed the rest of the gods out of the hall.

Rowan frowned, this was far less information than he wanted, but he had been able to glean a certain amount of knowledge from the God King, but he wanted to know who was this hidden ally of Trion and how they could affect his plans.

Kuranos and Tiberius looked at Boreas with annoyance before both of them vanished after leaving the Temple of the God King, Horush and Bacchus shortly followed making no single observation throughout this meeting, and Volgim waited behind, his eyes signifying he wanted to talk to Boreas.

Minerva also waited at the gate, her eyes darting between Boreas and Volgim until she smiled and vanished as well.

"Did you see the face of that bitch Kuranos, I wished I had asked that question earlier and stolen all their thunder, good thing you are the God of Thunder" Volgim laughed aloud and slapped Boreas in the back, the action caused a booming sound like a thunderclap.

Bad puns alike, Rowan immediately felt a fondness for this god, it was a shame he was likely the next to die, it would have been better if he was last.

Volgim continued talking unaware that he had been marked for death, "They always want to suck up to the God King, do you know that they increased the rotation of Destruction around their Vaults by a hundredfold for the last million years and they never told anyone the secrets of how they remained sane!"

'Is that so?' Rowan thought he was very interested in the methods these two gods used in manipulating the Destructive energies around their vaults.

Volgim unaware of the precious nugget of information he had just given Rowan continued to speak,

"The both of them have obtained a hundred times more Labyrinth Coins than us, and using all that resources they have acquired all the best treasures including those that are uniquely suited for both of us. Finally, we would be able to take back what is ours from them as the field of play is equalized. How they must be shaking in their boots with anger to see the work of their hands over the last million years come to nothing from a single statement from the God King."

The politics of the gods of Trion were most likely fascinating, but Rowan had bigger fishes to fry, and gods to kill. He grinned back at Volgim, slapping him on the back also, and vanished, followed immediately by the startled Volgim, he had expected more enthusiasm from Boreas.

The location where they once stood appeared empty except that for an instant that was almost impossible to perceive, a small finger appeared on the ground before melting into the soil, leaving no traces of its presence behind.

Chapter 780: Vault Resonance

His attendance to the summoning from Golgoth had given Rowan everything he needed to find the gods of Trion in their respective Vaults. The Rune that the God King took precious seconds investigating was like an address and a beacon and while Golgoth was busy checking the durability of the vaults, Rowan was busy copying it.

He had never expected to be given such an opportunity, because he knew the God King checked the status of the vault merely two decades ago, and before that he had checked it a million years back.

Perhaps the death of the universe and the paranoia of the God King was what made him recheck the status of the vaults, but his careful actions only opened him to the influence of Rowan who did not miss this opportunity.

Rowan was presently inside the Sea of Destruction in the Vault of Hekaton, so he only needed to create a similar Rune to the god he wanted to hunt and a resonance would be created between both Runes allowing him to locate his target. He no longer needed someone like Circe to bring him into the vaults of the remaining gods.

This was the advantages of entering the inner circles of the gods, Rowan would be able to increase his speeds into taking over Trion with his presence inside it.

If Rowan was to pick the next god that would fall then he would pick Volgim next to die, after Boreas, he was the one with the least influence amongst the gods, and he could easily replace him without any fear of unknown interference.

He spent the next thirty minutes going through all he knew of Volgim, who controls the Pathway of Iron. Volgim was the most benevolent of all the gods. He brought inventions and knowledge to mortals, did not pursue war or power, and was responsible for most of the technological advancement in Trion.

From creating a reliable source of electricity, transportation like the Sand Lines and many others, to housing, medicine, he had touched nearly every facet of the lives of the mortals. Volgim had shown he would go beyond what was expected of a god of Trion.

What was notable was that he did not even use bloodline as a measure of his generosity. He distributed his boon equally among the mortals.

Volgim may have little influence among the gods, but it was opposite when it came to the mortals where he had the greatest influence.

This trait made Volgim very interesting to Rowan and also made him incredibly dangerous.

Rowan was aware that for the gods of Trion, staying in their vault was not a picnic. Every second they were inside the vaults, they were all tortured by the Aura of Destruction outside of it, madness was a mercy, and according to his inferences, it would be impossible for the gods of Trion to remain sane for long.

Why was Boreas seemingly unaffected by madness to such an extent that he could be so considerate to mortals, there was more to this story and Rowan was sure he might know the true reason for this, but the only way to confirm his suspicion was when he was killing Volgim.

Every god of Trion was unique, and the clues to his past as well as answers he needed in the present could be found inside all of them. They were like detectable feasts for Rowan and he intended to savor all of it.

®

The period after the gods vanished from the fields of Elysium, their consciousness was shredded to nothingness when crossing back to the vault through the sea of destruction, the God King did not care about the consciousness when they returned as he created no portals for them to return with, but for a god, such injuries form a destroyed consciousness pieces were merely annoyances.

Due to the fact that Rowan was using Boreas consciousness power alone, during his return back to the vault, it did not last long inside the sea of destruction, nevertheless with his complete control over the consciousness of Boreas, he was able to preserve it until it reached the gate of the Vault of Hekaton before he dissipated it.

He had achieved what even Golgoth would consider impossible. It was like transporting a single flake of snow through an active volcano.

Inside the vault Rowan's eyes opened and he summoned four Spirit Guises. Spreading them in the air, he began to craft.

With a wave of his hand, he disassembled their bodies, revealing the numerous divine materials used in creating them, although Rowan had already stripped eighty-five percent of its internal components, this change had instead led to an increase in the powers of the Spirit Guises, pushing them towards the peak of a Major God level.

Boreas only solution to increasing the power of his Spirit Guises was to add more precious materials into it, an incredibly wasteful move but it gave Rowan part of the materials he needed for crafting his Forge.

Golgoth did not give the gods of Trion knowledge, only riches and power, more than they knew what to do with it, because the God-King understood a unique philosophy,

"If people have too much knowledge, you will have trouble ruling them." This philosophy extended to the gods of Trion perhaps more than the mortals in Trion. Golgoth did not show them their true nature, did not reveal how their powers truly worked and never allowed them the opportunity to explore the universe.

He wanted to rule them, for the unenlightened were slaves, and the enlightened would be kings.

However, it was this fear in the heart of the God King who turned to the weakest point in the defense of Trion which Rowan had gladly exploited.

The rest of the materials taken from the Spirit Guises were to be used in the creation of his Forge with the rest to be exchanged for using the Labyrinth Coins.

Rowan was presently nearly twenty percent in the designing of his Forge, which was remarkable progress considering he had only one stream of consciousness available to him.

Inside the opened bodies of the Spirit Guises, he began to craft the shadow Rune that would match the resonance of the gods' vaults. Duplicating the Runes was not difficult for him, perhaps to a Mage these Runes might exceed a Higher Order Rune and could be called a Taboo level Rune, it all made no difference to Rowan who had an instinctive understanding of power and its applications.

The challenge was finding the correct energies that would match each god. A single second of brainstorming revealed the solution. It came in a lesser-known Divine Metal called Vorpal Essence. It was a rare metal but it turns out that he had enough on hand.

Rowan had harvested millions of tons of the ore when he fought and killed his first Minor god Dao Ma. Battling this Cerulean god had been challenging to him at that time but he did not regret that battle and the methods he had used in fighting it.

Those were simpler times, when the universe seemed so vast, and mysteries were hidden in every corner. With Envy in his hands, he had gloried in battle.

Rowan still remembered that fight with a degree of fondness. It was the first time he had extinguished divinity entirely with his own hands and as parts of his spoils he had gained a sizable chunk of Vorpal Essence.

This Divine Metal although not too powerful was capable of perfectly mimicking any energy incorporated with it. He had not needed these properties of this metal before now, because he had his Angels who could search through the universe and gather materials for him, and now he could finally make use of it.

Separating the Vorpel Essence equally to all the four Spirit Guises he began to craft the Runes for each vault.

A rather unique transformation occurred when he integrated the Vorpel Essence and transformed them into the outline of the Runes of each vault; the bodies of the Spirit Guises began to shift until they all took the forms of the gods of Trion.

Kuranes, Tiberius, Bacchus, and Volgim seemingly appeared inside the Vault of Hekaton and Rowan looked at this change with a degree of interest before dismissing it from his mind. What was important was that he could feel the resonance between these Spirit Guises and the vault.

Chapter 781: Little Centipede

The vaults were scattered in different sections of the sea of destruction and the distance between them was surprisingly wide; if he were to measure it, he would say it was as wide as a thousand light-years across between him and the closest vault, the farthest ones were as far as millions of light years away, making Rowan wonder where this sea of destruction was truly located.

Transporting the Spirit Guises through the sea of darkness would be challenging, he could only send them across one at a time because of his limited consciousness power. He would need to physically move the Spirit Guises through the sea of destruction to assure their safety.

For an instant, he contemplated using a single Sovereign to transport the Spirit Guises to their destination, but that would defeat the purpose of his stealthy actions and reveal himself to the God King.

From the sudden death of the universe, the so-called Great Worms, the vaults, and the unknown formations and broken Wills hidden inside the decaying blood of the universe, Rowan knew that somehow Trion was in the center of all of it.

Rowan bowed his head in thought for a moment before coming to a conclusion that with these new changes, it would be more efficient for him to evolve and free up more consciousness powers first, before sending the Spirit Guises to their destination.

He was making massive progress in collecting information and the materials he needed for the creation of his Forge, and this was presently the best method for him to use until something unexpected happened.

Perfectly imitating Boreas and designing his Forge was taking much of his consciousness power, if he went ahead with his plans to kill Volgim and take over his duties, then he would strain himself to the extent that he might make a mistake while slowing down the creation of his Forge.

It was important that he evolved first and regain access to his Primordial Record before taking more drastic actions. The changes in the universe meant he had little time to make his plans and less time to execute them.

At first, he had thought that he might have thousands of years to slowly uncover the secrets of Trion, silently replace all the gods, and kill Golgoth in his sleep, but it would appear that his father would not allow him the time to make this dream a reality... shame that.

Rowan would be leaving Circe without any guidance for the moment while he focused everything he had into ensuring that he completed his Forge and evolving.

He did not even consider undertaking his evolution in the open even though the universe was now proclaimed dead, and could no longer watch or react to his actions.

The death of the universe did not make him let down his guard. What it meant was that there was something more powerful than the universe and it meant he needed to be more careful than before, especially if it was related to his father who was linked to this powerful force.

'The old man had found a bigger thigh to hug, it just meant that he needed to make a bigger hammer to crush said thigh.'

Sending a message to Circe to be more careful in her dealings in the next several months. Rowan entered deep into his consciousness and began to design his Forge. Every single second brings rapid progress but leaves him a bit vulnerable to the outside world.

It was a risk that he simply had to take.

®

The goddess Minerva was troubled.

It was rare that she had issues that worried her to this extent, not after her Mirror of Fate was taken from her. Without those powerful eyes, she could no longer see far, and although that came with a lot of problems for her, it also carried its unique sets of

advantages. For one, she was no longer troubled by events she had no way of controlling or manipulating.

She became as blind as the rest of the damned puppets sitting on thrones of madness.

Nevertheless, Minerva was a spider who was most comfortable in the midst of her web, and she had spread that web wide open using any resources she could come across. One of these resources was a certain creature she had caught at the Nexus where Rowan had escaped from.

This creature took the form of a gigantic centipede whose evolutionary abilities were unparalleled. Minerva did not know who created it, but she could detect a portion of her power inside of it. Using this power she had been able to influence the creature, bending it to her purposes and making it call her—

Mother.

At first, the creature had been a side project, she wanted to unearth the mysteries of its birth, but after every test and obstacle she placed on its path was crushed with ease and its evolution did not slow down after all these years and was, in fact, becoming faster, she began allocating more importance to it.

Seven years ago, she fully merged this centipede with her Divinity and it became a thread in her massive web. With every year that passes, the importance of this thread was growing and she had the hopes that one day it would be able to replace one of her essential pieces, Telmus.

Regardless, she needed to find the true origin of this centipede.

Discovering it inside the Nexus meant that it was likely a creation of the Third Prince that had escaped during the destruction of the Nexus. Minerva knew she was called a partner by this enigmatic being, but she was not foolish, she more than anyone else knew how depraved and powerful the Third Prince and his brother Golgoth truly were.

Vanishing from the fields of Elysium did not take her to the sea of destruction for she had no vault, instead, she arrived at the foot of a great mountain.

Immediately the smell of decay assaulted her senses, this was a familiar scent, one she found more natural than anything else in creation. Everything dies, including the gods themselves in time, and Minerva could smell the rot in everyone.

She was finding it harder to resist surrendering herself to Golgoth, the smell of death around the God King was so intense it left her reeling.

Minerva flew a few inches above the ground towards the mountain before she stopped before a massive opening that led to a dark cave. The opening of the cave was filled with bones and decaying flesh from millions of bodies.

All these bodies came from animals, humans, and everything in between, with the curious characteristics of a missing head. The beast only devoured the head of its victims, and Minerva had never needed to feed it, hunting was an integral part of its nature and the entire continent was its feeding ground.

She had told the beast that it could prey on anyone weaker than itself, including the members of her bloodline, discovering early enough that the beast was smart and would never attack anyone more powerful than itself.

She looked around the mouth of the cave noticing hundreds of thousands of new bodies, some were Mages and Dominators, but most of them were Demons. The beast was becoming uncomfortable, killing had become too easy for it, but it needed more sustenance to fuel its growing power, but the best prey for it to grow was unavailable.

Trion was not filled with gods which was the preferred prey of the beast, and only the powerful bodies of Demons could slake its hunger for a while.

"Little Centipede, come on out." Minerva called out in a sing-

song voice, "Help me to figure out this thing that troubles my soul."

There was silence for a few seconds before the cave began to vibrate and then slowly closed. The Great mountain rippled as if it was made from water and the gray of the mountain stones began to transform into a shade of yellow and red.

Right above where the cave had been, two massive pincers that were at least a mile long erupted from the mountain and two large eyes opened above the waving pincers.

The grand mountain began to slowly collapse and it expanded until it was now resembling an entire mountain range.

"Hello mother, do you now know why the winds smell so... delicious."

The mountain was revealed to be the centipede who had been relaxing after a hearty meal. He brought down a single massive pincer whose end was as sharp as a needle and reached down until it was a few feet in front of the goddess.

Chapter 782: A Lost Cause

The language that the centipede spoke with was old. It took the goddess exchanging the required knowledge of this language with a Labyrinth Coin to decipher and learn it. The Centipede did not know how it came to learn this language, only knowing that it was part of his bloodline inheritance.

This bloodline inheritance was incomplete and it could not access all of it, but it knew enough for it to survive and grow. Inside this beast was a void that it was unable to fill, no matter how much it ate or grew. The relationship with Minerva helped a bit, but that void remained.

The question of the centipede brought about intense winds like a hurricane as it spoke, but they parted before reaching Minerva, who folded her hands on her chest and smiled at her increasingly favorite beast.

She considered what to say to it for a few seconds, wondering how much she was willing to invest in it. Like Golgoth she knew that to achieve total power over someone, then keeping them ignorant was essential, their dependence on you would become an instinct and they would forever remain weaker than you.

This consideration was pushed aside when she recalled the true reason she was here and what she had felt inside the hall of the God King.

Minerva was a goddess who could smell the energy of death all around her, from every creature, both mortals and immortals, but inside the halls of the God King she had smelled something else.

Not living... Not dead... yet intensely alive in a manner that placed all concepts of life to shame. There had also been a reaction from the Web linked to this centipede, amongst all her threads, this was the only one that detected this presence alongside her.

This raised certain questions that she urgently needed answers to. If Golgoth had found a new partner that could cause such a considerable disquietness inside her heart, she needed to learn about it. She could not allow the God King to be the final survivor in this battle, and any hidden powers he was setting up must be destroyed.

All these thoughts happened in less than two seconds and she replied to the beast,

"Oh that question is easy to answer my child," she patted the sharp edge of the pincer, "the damned universe is dead, and the wind you smell comes from its corpse that has begun to rot."

The body of the centipede rippled in agitation, causing earthquakes and darkening the skies for miles.

"I once attempted to see how far the winds could blow when I radiated it towards the void. I lost count of the number after it crossed this galaxy," the thundering voice of the

centipede went soft like the whispers of a dozing child, a stark contrast to its size, "apart from revealing your might to me, the only time I have ever felt such true awe was before the size of eternity. What could kill such a thing mother? Should I start preparing for my death? I think I will need to travel to the edge of the sea Mother, I saw a field of blue roses there, it was the only thing that removed the stench of death from my body. I would love to be buried beside them."

Minerva went silent, this was the most she had heard this beast speak at one time. She suddenly came to a stark realization that no matter how much she tried to limit the growth of this beast, it was different from the gods of Trion. Its roots were far more noble and there was a dignity inside it that could not be contained for long.

Perhaps she needed to take the steps to shift to another direction. The fact was that she could no longer be assured if what her partner was after was for their collective interest anymore, and she needed a wild card. Telmus and his daughter should have been enough, but she felt she required more... her hands had been forced.

Minerva rose into the air and stopped at one of the eyes of the centipede that were blacker than night, "Oh, do not fear child, for the death of the universe is the beginning of a grand meal beyond comparison."

Minerva flew up to the head of the centipede and stood upon it, "Go into the stars and hunt my child, nothing is holding us back any longer, you must grow stronger if you want to be my right hand in the battle that is to come. That scent in the wind was not a sign of your death, but a signal for your rise."

The beast shivered, "Mother, am I truly permitted to feast? You know that I will not stop, I have held back my growth for far too long, and the prey I eat is no longer fit for me to barely survive with."

"You can eat until the blood of the universe runs dry my child. Do not hold back, for whatever wounds you shall suffer in battle will be borne by me your mother. Challenge the greatest and arise from their corpse. Let your roar touch the gates of eternity and then you shall see the true breadth of the universe and then your fear shall become ambition!"

The Centipede roared in exultation and pushed itself away from the ground.

Its weight, which was countless millions of tons, shattered the earth for thousands of miles, killing hundreds of millions. It created such massive commotion that it could be heard all around Trion, but Minerva's eyes flashed and one of the webs inside it quivered and the eruptions, the sounds, the earthquakes all vanished as if it never happened.

Those who died stayed the same, but the memories that they had ever lived were taken away. The survivors never knew why they felt an emptiness inside their hearts. Nothing had changed in their little lives, but somehow they all knew that something was missing.

®

The goddess and her pet beast were barely a hundred miles off the ground when the centipede was already reaching light speed. With a shriek of joy, the beast tore through reality like tissue paper and entered the Underverse, leaving a massive tear in reality that took an entire minute to close up.

Inside the Underverse, it roared, an apex predator exerting its dominance, it sped through the Underverse covering countless miles in the blink of an eye before tearing its way out of the Underverse back into the material universe.

It arrived before a thriving galaxy that was similar to the Cerulean Galaxy but this galaxy was closer to the center of the universe and the power structure here was much more developed, with plentiful gods and monsters roaming through it.

This portion of the universe was destined to become its power center in the future, but that future would no longer arrive.

Minerva regarded this galaxy with discerning eyes, there were plentiful gods and powerful monsters to slaughter, and this was the first step she would be taking to create a new Wild Card. Minerva no longer cared about maintaining the balance, with everything that happened she was on edge.

The beast roared its challenge to the galaxy and was about to head towards the most powerful Auras it could sense when Minerva stopped it.

It roared in irritation, but the loyalty for its mother had been ingrained into it and so the beast stopped and listened,

"Little centipede, you could sense through my web something strange in the throne room of the God-king, your senses were the most important reason why I could detect something like that... tell me, what did you feel?"

The centipede shook his head in frustration, "No, I don't want to remember what I felt. You have my eyes, Mother, and my ears, so you don't need me to tell you again."

"Little centipede..."

The beast roared, cutting off Minerva, whatever he remembered was more devastating than her wrath and this memory was driving it to evolve, to beat that growing void inside its heart that had multiplied when he sensed that... thing inside the room with his mother.

It surged forward into the Galaxy, where dozens of shiny bright lights had been gathering for warfare.

The great powers in this universe had detected his presence and they gathered together to either destroy it or deter it away from their territory.

This would turn out to be a lost cause.

Chapter 783: Survive One Move

This universe was young, but it was incredibly powerful, especially in areas where Aether had gathered heavily over the eons. The Centipede knew that even with the help of Minerva, it would not survive in that place, but at the edges... it could feast at the edge of this power.

Yet even at the edge, the resistance was so great that it nearly regretted its actions... nearly.

The truth was that after years of barely surviving on mortal creatures, the chance to finally feast on godlike beings was an opportunity like none other. Also, instincts from deep within his broken bloodline inheritance were screaming at him to grow stronger.

The end was coming.

The centipede alongside its powerful body that could crush worlds and its poisonous pincers that could erode anything it entered, also the centipede had total dominion over the wind.

It summoned multiple streams of wind to surround its body, and its size appeared to expand, its appearance taking the form of a yellow storm thousands of miles wide.

With this storm, the centipede could move at speeds that were beyond its already ridiculous pace.

This storm descended on the powers arrayed before it, and calamitous explosions rang out from inside. The centipede was not just a hunter, it was also a brutal fighter. Its millions of legs were like spears, and any god caught in his grasp would suffer the fate of being torn to pieces.

Its winds blew with such power it could erode a planet to dust in seconds, blinding, trapping, and burning through the essence of any gods that came near it, and its one-shot kill weapon was its two pincers that moved with deceptive speed and could corrupt the bodies and Divine Kingdom of the gods.

Divine blood poured like water, and all sorts of powerful abilities were revealed as this area filled with dense Aether was more reactive to the manipulations of great power, transforming a move that should have the power of a bonfire to an erupting volcano.

The centipede alone was powerful, but his opponents were nothing to scoff at. He suffered heavy injuries in their hands when he was nearly at the edge of death, Minerva's eyes would flash and the injuries it sustained would be healed.

Its healing factor was great, but when it was battered by enough forces to crush a galaxy, it did not matter how much healing it could do when its body was being destroyed faster than it could heal, but it had a guardian goddess by its side.

Again and again, it was brought to the edge of death, its body was cut in half, its head crushed, its entire body burnt to ashes, shattered, frozen, poisoned until he was nothing but a stinking puddle... but Minerva who was invisible always healed him, and the trait that she valued triggered as he began to evolve after eating hundreds of Minor gods, a dozen Major gods and three High Gods.

A massive blast of wind that shattered multiple planets in the distance pushed back the attackers from around it as considerable changes began to happen inside the body of the beast.

The centipede roared, its voice so loud it could be heard all around the galaxy, carried by Aether till it touched the cells of every living being in the galaxy. Its body, which was previously the size of a Mountain Range, exploded in size until it could now be compared to a small moon, thousands of kilometers in length.

The might of its Aura multiplied a hundred times over and the wind it summoned was no longer yellow but red and was filled with the stench of death.

It surged forward and the battle for the galaxy resumed, becoming more heated as god after god fell, great monsters and terrible spirits fell to its endless hunger, and after four months of battle roving along the edges of the super galaxies, it evolved again.

This evolution was different and even Minerva was shocked by this change. The Centipede cried out in anguish and confusion as its body changed in ways that it could not fathom.

Its coloration which was previously yellow and red transformed into golden, and its size increased dramatically once more, no longer the size of a small moon but now it was similar to a planet, ten thousand kilometers long.

There was now a human face on its head that resembled that of a sleeping boy. The energy emanating from its body was incredible, not similar to a god, demon, or monster, but something more glorious... an Emyrean.

The centipede now resembled a shining beacon, like the first light from daybreak.

Inside her heart, Minerva was shaken, 'What is your origin?'

In the depths of the sea of destruction, inside the Vault of Hekaton, the left hand of Boreas twitched.

The evolution had pushed Minerva away from the beast, but she returned and her demeanor was unflappable as usual; she knew that displaying any sort of weakness in front of this beast was a recipe for disaster.

She did not fear the beast, she could easily kill it a thousand times over, but the little centipede did not know that, and drunk on this spike in power, if it tries to attack her to reclaim a sort of dominance in their relationship, she would be unable to hold back and she would most likely slaughter it and play with the corpse.

Minerva admitted that with the current power of this beast, her present form would not be able to match it, and unlocking her hidden powers was a risk she could not bear taking, not when she did not know the status of the entire player in the game.

The transformation of this beast however led her to a simple conclusion—Rowan.

Her partner was hiding the full scale of his activities inside the Nexus from her but she had detected the cries of an Emyrean when she came to investigate the location of the Nexus.

Minerva had rushed down to the Nexus when her Anima had been extinguished in such a complete manner that it had terrified her. She knew of nothing that should be able to erase her Anima so easily inside Trion, but perhaps if it was an Emyrean, then it was possible.

"Little Centipede, we should leave," Minerva called out to the beast, whose body was still shaking from its intense evolution.

"Not before I have a name." The voice of the centipede rang out in the stars.

Minerva's eyes shone brightly, "That is a pleasant idea, I have many powerful names that would fit your stature. I will call you..."

"No!" The Centipede roared, seemingly surprised by the intense dread it had felt inside his bloodline when Minerva wanted to name it, "There is something inside me that rejects the notion of being given a name, I would rather earn it."

Minerva's eyes went cold, "so you think you are beyond my right to give you a name?"

The centipede seemed complicated, but it nodded, "I would rather earn my name. You have given me such great gifts Mother, gifts that I will certainly repay with interest, but my name... is important."

Minerva suddenly grinned, "Then prove it. Survive my single attack and be free to find your name. Lose and become my slave forever."

The Centipede shivered, "Must it come to this Mother?"

"You leave me no choice, little centipede." Minerva lifted her left palm and a single strand of web shot out into a galaxy in the distance, as it traveled towards it, the thread began to expand, creating multiple threads until it was an entire web.

A web that covered an entire galaxy.

Minerva pulled and the galaxy went dark as she drained the entire power from it, leaving the galaxy nothing but a dried husk. In the palm of her hand, the thread returned and it now took the shape of a needle.

Minerva shivered and grabbed the needle and as soon as her hand came in contact with the needle, a transformation began that spread from her hands down to her body and when it was done the goddess Minerva was no more.

What stood there made the Centipede retreat in confusion and shock.

"You are no goddess Mother,"

The voice that replied the centipede seemed to emerge from the depths of evil and darkness, and its words corrupted reality making it bleed as madness followed warped everything that heard that foul sound.

"Survive one move, little centipede."

Chapter 784: Wild Parties

A beautiful woman with a shaved head was pinned to a table with four bars of ornamental spikes that had been driven through her palms and ankles. She laid out spread eagle and her stomach had been hollowed out and kept spread open by a series of golden braces, and except for her beating heart, the rest of her internal organs had been taken away.

Her heart remained so she could live for as long as possible, as the most important organ in a Dominator's body, its strength and tenacity could not be underestimated.

Inside her open torso still dripping with blood was stuffed full of various exotic fruits and pieces of ice chips to keep them cool, and now and then a hand would reach into her open stomach and collect the desired fruit. Some hands chose to linger inside her body, pinching off parts of her flesh as they collected the fruits they wanted.

After all, she was part of the delicacy... bred to become food.

Her large eyes were opened as tears slowly ran down the side. She was awake and aware, and a spell cast on her had ensured that the pain she felt was far more excruciating so she could weep for hours.

These tears collected in a golden bowl beneath her head, and the selected fruit would be dipped into the bowl of tears before being consumed with relish.

She recalled endless nights of waiting inside a freezing room, being fed on a strict diet of ice and an exotic worm that contained special blood that enriched the body of those who ate them with a pepper flavor.

The screams from those taken before her were a constant part of her everyday life and she knew that one day it would be her turn.

Today was that day. An extremely fat woman holding a large basin filled with blood and internal organs entered her room. Her other hand held a butcher knife, and holding her by the neck with her free dangling two feet away from the ground the woman delicately sliced away the robe she was wearing almost as if she was unwrapping a present.

The cut to her stomach was also gentle, and the knife was so sharp she had barely felt the pain, what came next was not so generous. Her organs were ripped away and dumped into the basin with an efficiency that spoke of endless repetition.

The braces placed inside her stomach did their job and began stimulating all the nerves ending in her body, placing her in the throes of misery. She had barely felt the spikes driven into her palms and ankles.

A pained gasp that escaped from the side spoke of equal agony, the woman did not have to turn to know that someone else was suffering the same fate as her, and not just anyone else, her sister.

She tried to block out the pain and the sound but she was a Second Circle Dominator with an inferior bloodline, who had been bred for the sole purpose of dying on this table. Her heart was meant to carry pain for long and her eyes were made to shed tears until her body lacked a single drop of moisture.

On this night alone, three hundred women and men would be slaughtered in this hall for the purpose of making the meals of the nobility taste a little bit sweeter.

Thankfully after eighteen hours of indescribable pain and indignity, she felt the darkness creeping in, and the pain began to slowly walk away. A hand roughly pulled her away from the bar that held her in place and she was thrown into a large cart filled with bodies.

She barely noticed that it was the fat woman who had gutted her in the morning and who was now returning at night to finish the job.

The parties in Aroth never ended, and the fat woman would continue this thankless task tomorrow.

The darkness filled more of her vision as additional bodies were thrown upon her until she could hear no more. Her stubborn life remained in her breast even as she was discarded down a long chute that led to a cage where the pet beasts of the nobles were reared.

She landed on a large pile of bones, and the last thing she heard was the snarls from countless throats as tens of massive beasts descended on the feast.

Thankfully she died before teeth could rip into what was left of her. She was sixteen years old.

This sort of party was one of the famous parties conducted by the nobility of Trion, and Circe had just watched the entire series of events.

After months of this madness, she had thought that perhaps her heart would have grown numb, but she always found out she was mistaken. New wounds were torn open every day, and the pain of her past seemed so small before the scale and intensity of this suffering.

Circe bit her lips until she bled and turned away from the sight of the girl being eaten by a Frost Wolf. She was here to submit the token of selection to one of the chosen Earth gods in this mansion, Emrelda.

This Earth god was taken from a small planet that was not even a Minor World, she had been truly talented, and even with a wasted bloodline imposed on her, she had been able to reach the level of an Earth god.

Her bloodline powers made her incredibly fertile, and she could give birth to tens of children in a span of a week, as a Volgim Family slave, she was forced to breed slaves for the family.

She was raped nearly every day and for the seven hundred years she had been an Earth god she had given birth to hundreds of thousands of children, all of them were sent to the tables of Noble families all over Aroth where their bodies were torn open and used as appetizers.

Emrelda kept her hate inside her heart, and although she knew she might never get any opportunity to fight back, she only prayed for a single chance to fight back.

Circe selected her to be among the first of the new gods to walk on Trion. This tortured woman did not believe Circe, but any opportunity to hurt Trion would be one she would take without flinching.

Circe wished that the story of Emrelda was the worst she had come across, but it was nothing compared to others she had witnessed.

A long life filled with hate could breed a level of sickness and depravity in a society that would make even a god run mad.

On some days, she nearly felt that to be the case. Every so often it was just too much.

With a flash of lightning that was invisible to any mortal or immortal eyes that might be looking in this direction, she vanished.

Circe did not venture far from the capital, Aroth. If she was going to be creating an insurrection in the Empire, there was nowhere better than this place which was the melting pot of the entire empire's administrative and political affairs.

The location she chose to build the headquarters for the Eye of Truth was deep inside the Crystal Lake that surrounded the capital. She had been able to find a Crystal Leviathan and built the massive eight-story building on its back.

The Crystal Leviathan was ancient for its species which was hunted every decade for their hearts.

Nearly two thousand years old, it had survived for so long due to its cunning and luck. Circe had found it by chance and when she noticed the Crystal Leviathan had built a complex array of tunnels underneath the lake and had a habit of not staying in a single place for long, always moving around, sealed the deal and she finally made her decision to build their headquarters directly on its back.

The Crystal Leviathan was a massive creature, it resembled a gigantic crab measuring almost ten thousand feet across, and its impressive musculature could carry millions of tons on its back, but Circe went further and integrated one of the two Spirit Guise into the Crystal Leviathan leading to its transformation into a true sea titan.

When previously it was just a powerful marine creature at the Earth God level, the integration with the Spirit Guise gave it a power equal to a Major god, and transformed its body to a mutated version of a Crystal Leviathan, although it retained the crab-like shape, its shells were now blue with faint trails of lightning rippling on its surfaces.

Chapter 785: Trion Needs To Burn

Circe was sitting inside a grand hall where there were a thousand elaborate platforms set up. She had organized their arrangement in a circular pattern with her in the middle. For the last eight months, it had been an endless whirlwind of activity as she prepared the candidates selected for the last stage of Ascendance.

The first stage was the selection stage where Circe had to find the right people who were not just hungry for power but carried a great grudge against the seven royal families of Trion.

Not surprisingly it was incredibly easy for Circe to find people like this, from rebels and freedom fighters to maids and gardeners... entire generations over the last million years who were nothing but slaves, their lives worth less than dust.

During the selection process, Circe had been able to come across the seedy underbelly of the Empire and she almost wept in anger and sorrow over the suffering that countless billions had endured over the millennia.

During her time in service to her family, Circe had not stayed in the seat of power, Aroth, and had been sent to a far-off planet Jarkarr, so she had never truly understood how sick and depraved the royal families had become inside Trion. She had heard rumors of course, but it had always seemed so fantastical to be considered as truth.

Cannibalism, blood rites, genocides, sickening experiments and so many other depraved acts that seemed to come from a fevered dream of a mad demon, but those were all happening.

There was a rot growing inside of Trion that had festered and manifested in ways that sickened the mind and for a while Circe wondered why she had ever asked Rowan to save these people.

Their gods were insane and considered them nothing but food, what sort of good could come from a society like this?

These were Billions of powerful individuals who were aware that they would never become immortal in their entire lives, no matter how much of a genius they were or how powerful they became.

Drunk on an equal dose of power and apathy, they began to find other ways to find comfort in their mortal dilemma, to forget for a little while about the shackles of their bloodline.

Rowan had been correct in his assumptions, to truly push Trion into a place of anarchy, the best weapon was to touch on this sore point that had worried their populace for so long, yet Circe was sure that even Rowan was not aware of how deep this wound imposed by the shackles on a Dominator's bloodline went.

There was a sickness here that Rowan in his lofty position could not see. Circe had been amazed by the city of Aroth when she had arrived eight months ago, but that joy had been left far behind, and she had seen true horror.

It would have been different if a Dominator could not feel it—that barrier in their blood.

Nonetheless, whether by accident or design, every single Dominator who reached the peak of their bloodline as an Earth God could all feel the shackle blocking them all from becoming gods.

This nearly drove them all insane, it was not as if they could not become gods, their bloodline was powerful enough for that to become a possibility, but a chain was placed over it.

What sort of a world would Trion become if every royal bloodline was free to become gods?

Circe shuddered at this thought. For the last million years, the seven royal families had become a breeding site for the most poisonous of vipers, and if they could all become gods, with the power of a Dominator bloodline, they would wash the entire universe in blood.

Imagine billions of Boreas, Kuranos, or Tiberius running around in the universe? Could anything be able to stand against them? Circe believed in Rowan and she had not seen the true reaches of his powers, yet she was worried that this move from them might not just sow anarchy, what if it led to the Gods of Trion finally freeing the shackles over the bloodlines of Dominators?

This and many other considerations placed Circe in a constant state of tension. She created a way of reducing the tension in her mind by picking some of the tortures inflicted on these people onto Rico, and no matter how horrifying the torture she selected, every day it seemed that a new one would come to light that was ten times worse.

Rico was a proud member of such depraved parties, and it was a miracle that he had kept his appetites under check while he was in Jarkarr.

"The only reason he kept himself in check was because there was no opportunity to let loose, not like here... this place is cursed. Rowan was right, it is corrupted to the core."

Circe shifted in her position, adjusting herself into a more comfortable cross-legged style, as memories of what she had just seen once more brushed across her mind. She flinched and channeled it into a memory of Rico suffering the same thing, but it was not enough.

Take for instance the torture she assigned to Rico where he would lick the entire beggar's quarters and its sewers with his tongue. This form of torture was a popular part-time for some of the youths of the seven families.

What made it worse was that the ones who usually suffered this fate were children. The sick games of the elites were uncountable.

She understood that the fate of the conquered was grim and in this world, justice was a concept only given to the strong, yet the degree of suffering on Trion was considerable. She was sure no other civilization in the universe would treat their slaves in this manner.

She had not gotten a precise figure, but she was sure that daily, at least eight hundred thousand people were slaughtered in Aroth alone for the amusement of the noble houses.

To distract herself from her grim thoughts she focused on her tasks, rechecking the Runes on the platforms of ascension. Circe could not imagine the sight of a thousand gods being created at the same time, but that future was not far off.

Rowan had sent a brief message to her two hours ago, that today would be the day he began making gods.

A list appeared on her hand and she frowned a bit as she went through each listed name, recalling the haunting process she had gone through just to select the best prospect for this earth-shattering benefit.

From this multitude of candidates, she began by selecting the smartest and the most dangerous. It took some time but she was able to narrow down a list of about 5,345 bloodlines. From here she proceeded with nearly the same formula.

There were only a thousand platforms and she needed precisely a thousand people.

She continued the process by vetting and processing the candidates by placing various trials and rewards in their lives to see who would respond best to the precious gift they were about to receive.

As a Major god, the task had been easy for her but the execution had taken a toll on her psyche.

Circe was aware that Rowan did not just want to create gods that were self-centered or had other pressing agendas they had to pursue. He wanted chaos, and Circe had to select those whose only purpose of existence was to bring about hurt to the Empire.

Becoming immortal would change the priorities of anyone, yet these candidates should not care about their lives, only seeing this power as an opportunity to tear Trion apart.

They were talented and smart, and against the odds they had grown to become Earth gods, facing trials that would shatter a million strong men, they prevailed because of only one thing—

Hate.

The selection process was complete. Circe paused as she considered that if she sent this list to Rowan to get his final permission then the ball was out of her court.

She almost hesitated at this point, these thousand new gods would bring about great chaos on Trion, her home, but then with the memories of everything she had witnessed for the past few months entered her mind again, that uncertainty vanished, replaced by resolve.

Trion needed to burn for something new to arise.

Chapter 786: The Eye Of Truth

"BOOM!!!!"

A structure of such incomparable brilliance and complexities unfurled itself in Rowan's mind, similar to his previously built Forge, it was meant to imitate the environment of the area outside the material universe.

It was far smaller than the previous Forge he used for his ascension towards a Will form and the creation of his Destroyer, barely six miles in diameter, and built like a square cube, this new Forge had taken nearly eight months for its designs to be completed.

He had pulled from all the knowledge he had accumulated, plus his insights as a Nascent Primordial to create what should contain his advancement for at least two more levels.

His powers had been brewing together in a muddled soup, and his advancement would untangle all of them, finally bringing him to his true form.

Rowan would not be adding anything to his body, he only needed complete isolation from the universe and whatever eyes that may have any interest in his advancement.

His experience with Caine revealed there were many invisible forces working in the universe whose actions were seemingly overt, but their presence could still be felt when they chose to reveal themselves.

This universe would soon be dying according to the God King, if that were to be the case, then Rowan would be thrown headfirst from its safety to the outer universe where he would become an extremely small fish in a large ocean.

He would not have any universe that would accept him as its own, and he would have to struggle to survive, death would be the most likely fate awaiting him. To avoid such a future, then every step he made must be methodical, and pursue the cause with the greatest benefits in mind.

The completion of the design for his Forge coincided with the arrival of the Spirit Guises on the planet he had placed Maeve on. At the same time, Circe alerted him that her preparations were complete.

Regretting the fact that he had access to only a single stream of consciousness, he decided to focus on Circe's matter foremost and create the first members of the Eye of Truth organization, before he began building the Forge.

By the time he was done with building his Forge, the seeds of chaos he planted on Trion should be bearing fruit.

There were changes on the planet he had placed Maeve, but with a force of will Rowan resolutely pushed his consciousness to the second Spirit Guise he had placed beside Circe and watched the last of her preparations, he could not afford to be distracted.

He began brainstorming the process he would take to create a thousand gods, according to his calculations, if he was correct, one of the methods he had on hand would have the potential to grant him unknown benefits.

Using this thousand as his experiments he aimed to confirm that hypothesis.

®

Circe felt it when Rowan arrived at the Eye of Truth. There was a change that happened to the air as if it had transformed into a solid mass, even the lighting felt different, colors that made no meaning appeared out of thin air, and the world was silent, almost as if time was holding its breath.

It was so difficult not to fall to her knees in adoration and horror. If this was just a small part of him, what would the entirety of Rowan be like?

She wondered why she had never felt his presence so keenly before, perhaps it was because she was now a Major God.

The list she was holding was sucked from her hands and into the Anima by her side, who after being possessed by the consciousness of Rowan went nearly invisible, his presence appearing like a pale smoke that could only be detected if you paid attention to it.

The list he held combusted and collapsed into ashes when he was done with it, having investigated all the thousand candidates in a few seconds.

"Your selection is almost perfect except for two bad eggs." Rowan's voice spoke directly in her head.

Circe frowned, although she had tried her best to select only the best, two wrong prospects had managed to slip in through the cracks, likely due to factors she could not control, but her failure still stung.

Bowing to Rowan she said, "I will fix it immediately. There are still several thousand who could have made the list that were placed aside for the next godly ascension."

Rowan paused before he replied, "No, leave them be, I will be using these selected candidates as they are. Everyone would be performing a function that I wanted to delay for at least a century, but time is no longer on my side. Whether good or bad, they shall all play a role in my vision."

Circe struggled to understand his line of reasoning, "Surely you don't want the truth of the organization spreading to the elites of Trion. It is too early, if it is nipped in the bud before any real changes happen, we would have failed."

Rowan chuckled, "I never said I wanted to keep the Eye Of Truth under wraps Circe, it was always the plan for this organization to reveal itself to Trion, but it was supposed to be slow, revealed over decades. I want anarchy, yes, but the true beneficiaries of this plan are quite different from what you have in mind. I do not fear the gods of Trion, the ease by which I killed Boreas should be proof enough, what I want is something else, and all these—"

Rowan gestured to the entire hall, "Simply plays a small part in the goals I have in mind and against the true enemies I have to face."

Not letting her follow those words to its conclusion, the voice of Rowan shook her from her contemplation, "Summon the prospective candidates, it is time I made gods out of them."

Bowing once again, Circe brought the hood of her white robes to cover her face and rose into the air. She waved her hand and lightning bolts like snakes surrounded her palms and she splintered it into a thousand portions which she directed towards all the platforms.

There was a dull buzzing sound and the platforms glowed with a bright blue light so blinding it was almost impossible for anyone to see what was inside before it slowly began to fade, and people who appeared to be sleeping appeared on it.

The thousand candidates selected were all in deep sleep, from the slight reverberations around two of the platforms, it would seem that someone had wanted to join the teleportation, but they had been foiled.

One of the purposes of this platform was to ensure that only the selected candidates were brought here when the time was right.

Some of them were already beginning to stir, and before long their eyes would open to a new world.

Circle swallowed, it was really about to begin, a thousand gods being born at the same time was ridiculous, she stammered, "How are you going to do it? I imagine the commotion that would result from such an event would be enough to shake the entire galaxy."

"It should, but it wouldn't," Rowan replied, "What I learned when elevating you to godhood is that what is truly necessary for this process to succeed was the soul, once that was made immortal, it would naturally form a core which is the Divine Spark. Around the Divine spark, the Divine Kingdom would be created. The body you see is not needed."

Rowan swiped his hand to the left and ripped out the souls of the thousand Earth gods and swallowed it, "Only the soul is."

He clasped his hands together in a manner as if he was praying, but it was only as a focus so he could direct these souls toward their destination.

Since he realized that he was more like a Dimension, he had begun using his powers in a weird direction that should fit his status as a Dimension and not necessarily a Primordial.

The thousand souls reached their destination and Rowan began the process.

®

The Eye of Truth made contact with Emrelda seven months ago inside her dreams. Her dreams were usually filled with nightmares but now they had been taken over by something better.

A single large eye that was glowing with a silvery light. Every time she had the time to rest, the light from her eyes presented her with peace.

Chapter 787: Happiness And Fear

It was the presence of this eye and the effect it had on her that convinced Emrelda that there could be a smidgen of truth in the claims made by this mysterious organization.

The Eye Of Truth proposed itself as an organization to help the slaves of Trion in gathering resources together that would aid many others of their kind in ways that would make their lives a bit more manageable. They would offer services like relocation out of Empire-controlled territories and many other activities that would aid every slave.

However, those were all peripheral tasks of the organization, because there was also a chance to obtain revenge and power.

This last part, although very attractive, did not matter to Emrelda as much as the welfare of her children. Unlike the average Earth god slaves who might not have any descendants, she had hundreds of thousands, and every day as she watched them suffer and die pitiful deaths it became a unique form of torment that she could not look away from.

She felt it was her duty as a mother to witness every death of her children since she was the only one who cared for them in this wretched world.

After all this time, while the torture of her flesh had ceased to affect her the torture of her descendants could never fail to draw out the pain in her hearts. All their voices were different, their lives were distinct no matter the small cage they were made to live all their lives in, they all had souls.

She was only permitted a single second to touch her children after she gave birth and she remembered every touch.

This organization promised to spread itself throughout the Empire-controlled territories and beyond. If it was possible she wanted to move her children out of Trion and its Territory, but if that was too much, at least she wanted to be given the chance to bury their bones.

Emrelda would join this organization even if the only benefit she earned was the chance to bury her children in dignity. The power of Trion was invincible, and nothing they could say or display could shake that immutable fact.

She had gone through many tests and trials with the Eye of Truth and the day before a Rune had been given to her, it came with a promise: Trion Will Burn.

She was to find a quiet place just before the crack of dawn and wait for her true initiation into the Eye Of Truth. Supposedly it came with a benefit that was impossible to be attained anywhere else.

She had followed the instructions and when a sudden white light swallowed her, she prayed that her actions did not lead to a greater suffering for her children.

©

Cornelius was being watched by his masters. This was not the plan he had made when he began to hide the day before but he had been caught.

He was unaware that the Slave Rune imprinted deep into his Spirit that he had fooled over the years with some careful tampering also came with the feature of observation.

His master gleefully told him that normally he had not been observed, but recently he had begun to take the pain with more fortitude, he no longer cursed his fate as much as before, and they could see the faint light of hope in his eyes.

That light would be snuffed out. They did not know for what reason he was becoming hopeful, Cornelius had discovered that he could not speak the name of the organization even if he wanted to.

After torturing him, they decided to monitor and follow him along. They all believed that whoever was behind this was one of their rival royal families. Cornelius, who was a slave of the Boreas Family, lamented his carelessness.

It was foolish of him not to anticipate something like this happening, but it was already a miracle that he had been able to alter the Slave Rune in his consciousness to this extent and survived for so long. He had just been unlucky in this final stretch.

Everything from this point depended on this mysterious organization, if they were as powerful as they claimed then the first test was to survive his masters. Cornelius was not afraid of death, but he would gladly betray this organization if they were weak. He would do all this so he could survive, waiting for the day when he would butcher everyone inside this hell.

When the light came for him, he nearly laughed aloud when the hundreds of runes and spells covering him were shattered to pieces and he was whisked away. The angered shouts of his masters were music to his ears, at least he had made them feel a bit uncomfortable and their plot was foiled.

He felt a brief moment of darkness that was so intense that it felt alive, and then he felt a hand made of ice cover his entire body and he was seized.

A profound fear took hold of his heart like nothing he had ever felt before. This hand made of ice had touched a part of him that three thousand years of suffering had not reached and the thought that he might have been too hasty with his decision to trust this new player was still running through his head when his consciousness returned.

He expected that the next time he woke up he would be inside the torture room of another noble family, nothing but a disposable piece in their sick games.

Cornelius opened his eyes to see himself lying down on a field of purple grass, a few inches away from him was a woman who also appeared to be waking up, she was naked and a glance down at his body revealed that he was also in the same state. He applied power to his hands and he shot up into a standing position as if his body was a spring.

Something felt off with his movement and he looked at his arms and saw that they were flawless, he had no protruding bone or disconnected joints, his muscles rippled under his skin and he marveled at the overall state of good health that he was feeling.

He waved his fingers, amazed that he could move them without pain. His bloodline was called the Bone Golem, and it caused bones to grow out of his body haphazardly, his skin was scarred from the countless times he had to dig into his body and shave off the growing spikes of bone.

This was the first time in a very long time that he could feel his body without pain or any signs of blemishes. He found himself laughing and crying aloud in glee and desperation.

Happiness that for a moment he could live without pain and desperation when he feared that it was short-lived.

Cornelius looked around him and caught a glimpse of hundreds of people noticing the changes in their bodies and laughing aloud too. Their laughter came together, infectious, perhaps for some of them this was the first time that they had ever truly laughed in the entirety of their life.

Yet he could still sense the fear and the mania in those laughters, most of them did not think this was real, or it could last, but they could choose to pretend for a while.

With his perception as an Earth god, he easily noticed that there were a total of a thousand people in this field, all of whom should have been selected by the organization.

Knowing that he should start asking questions and making contacts occurred to him, but for now, Cornelius shared in their joy he looked around him before looking upwards, and his laughter got stuck in his throat, he did not know when he fell to his knees as the strength left his body.

He tried to speak but he could not, only an intelligible dribble escaped his lips when what he wanted to be doing was screaming like a lunatic and running for his life.

Hanging above him and covering the entire horizon was an open eye. He had no time to truly process what he was witnessing before a crushing force seized him and the others and carried them into the air.

The enormity of what he was witnessing was threatening to collapse his mind. The eye that had replaced the heavens... Blinked.

Chapter 788: I Will Carry Your Dreams

In this eye Cornelius thought he saw the past and the future, he saw a million worlds and lived a million lifetimes on each of them. He saw great cities and expansive ruins that spanned an entire world and the vision kept on coming.

Although this vision felt real, it also felt unreal, and it was impossible for him to differentiate which of these sentiments was correct because he instinctively knew that both sentiments were correct.

When it seemed that Cornelius was being dragged towards the heights of madness and beyond it, the eye spoke.

"ALL WHO ARE WORTHY SHALL WITHSTAND MY GAZE FOR THE SPAN OF SIXTY SECONDS... ACHIEVE THAT FEAT AND YOU SHALL BECOME A MINOR GOD..."

"ALL WHO ARE WORTHY SHALL WITHSTAND MY GAZE FOR THE SPAN OF THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX SECONDS... ACHIEVE THAT FEAT AND YOU SHALL BECOME A MAJOR GOD..."

"ALL WHO ARE WORTHY SHALL WITHSTAND MY GAZE FOR THE SPAN OF NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE SECONDS... ACHIEVE THAT FEAT AND YOU SHALL BECOME A HIGH GOD..."

The voice boomed in the plain and inside their consciousness at the same time with a language that they should not have understood but they all did.

No one here doubted these statements, there was a certain truth inside of it that was as certain as the sun rising and setting. This eye that made them feel less than ants, less than dust held the power to shatter the heavens and would speak nothing but the truth.

No, it felt as if it went even beyond that... what this eye spoke of would always become the truth!

Even on the brink of madness, this knowledge scared him.

Cornelius opened himself up to the possibility that he could become a god. In the entirety of Trion there were only seven gods, was it possible that he would become one of their number? Every wish he had ever wanted would be granted, he could finally fight for his freedom, and he could finally get his revenge for the countless years of torture. But would it come so easily?

"BE WARNED, YOUR LIFE WOULD BE FORFEIT IF YOU FAIL THIS RITE OF ASCENSION. PLEDGE YOUR SOUL TO THE EYE OF TRUTH AND ARISE."

A set of mysterious Runes appeared inside Cornelius's head, and he grasped the meaning even though the Runes were far too complex for him to understand.

It simply conveyed the fact that he was submitting the entirety of his being to The Eye of Truth, and in return, if he had the tenacity to fight for it, he could become a god.

Cornelius did not waste a single second in contemplating if he was willing to submit himself to the Eye of Truth. As a slave, he had never been given the chance to ever choose for himself, and if the opportunity of choice was presented to him to become a god he would take it, no better chance would he ever come across in this lifetime or ten thousand more lifetimes.

He accepted the contract, idly noting that no one here had rejected it.

"PREPARE YOURSELVES... YOUR REBIRTH BEGINS."

The eye above blinked again, and it transformed from silver into purple. Because the eye was so massive, the change was incredibly startling. Starting from the center of its pupils, the color spread out and the heavens and the earth turned to the color purple.

Even their bodies turned purple.

Inside his head, Cornelius thought he heard a whisper, "Do you know the true color of the soul?"

The force that held them in the air was reversed and they all slammed into the ground with bone-crushing force creating minor pits with their bodies. Cornelius groaned before what seemed as if an entire planet slammed into him.

Cornelius had lived through three thousand years of agony on Trion, endured what others would call the stuff of nightmares, and lived through where others had gladly killed themselves to escape. He could boast that he had understood every form of pain that could be inflicted on a person, whether physically or mentally.

What he was experiencing now placed all his previous knowledge of pain to shame.

In his experience, Pain had its threshold, when it was taken to a certain point, the body and mind cease to be able to even process it, leading to a sort of numbness, of course, his masters on Trion knew this and made sure their slaves were kept at that sweet point where their bodies could feel everything and not a single inch past that point.

What he was experiencing took that threshold of pain and shattered it, showing him that there would be no limits to his pain. He would only survive if he could endure it.

Once again, he observed that whatever was happening to him, was touching a part of him that he never knew existed. A part of him that did not have the facilities of the flesh, was this his soul?

This body of his was stripped down to the core, and an endless wave of purple energy slammed into him with relentless waves, forcefully entering deep into his body and binding with it.

He felt himself swell, from the size of six feet, his body expanded, shattering the ground around him as he grew for more than a hundred feet. With more body mass, the pain grew alongside it.

"Have mercy, it is too much for one man to bear."

He looked at the time in his consciousness and would have cursed aloud if he had the ability to do so when he noticed that only twenty seconds had gone by. How would he fare for sixty seconds?

A scream was enough to draw his attention for a moment as the woman beside him exploded into a purple smoke, leaving a shining orb that ascended into the sky.

"DEATH IS THE PRICE OF FAILURE."

The voice of the supreme being slammed into his consciousness and Cornelius understood that whatever they were dealing with, this being was not a benevolent entity. Either they arose as gods or they would die.

Cornelius began to laugh inside, the stubbornness that allowed him to survive through three thousand years of torture became his foundation. With a cry of rage, he began to push himself from his prone position on the ground. If he would die, then it would be on his feet, for too long had he stayed on his knees.

With a cry from the depths of his being, his entire body surged up from the ground, he no longer hid from the pain but accepted it, drawing it deeper inside of him as he challenged it.

His body expanded from three hundred feet to a thousand and he felt as if he could crush the skies.

"Give me more!!!" He screamed as he stood on two feet and opened his arms wide. He looked to the sky and he would have sworn he detected a faint note of amusement from this eye.

"SIXTY SECONDS HAVE ELAPSED. YOUR SOULS HAVE BEEN SUFFICIENTLY PURIFIED. HEAD DOWN THE PLAIN FOR YOUR ASCENSION."

"Is it over?" Cornelius gasped, "But I can take more!"

"NO, YOU CANNOT, A SECOND MORE AND YOUR SOUL WOULD BE GONE. REJOICE CORNELIUS FOR YOUR SOUL IS NOW PURE, PICK YOUR PATH AHEAD AND BECOME A GOD."

Cornelius fell to his knees and looked around him, a new energy was slowly blooming inside his body, it felt so powerful that it scared him. He looked around him to rejoice and he was met with silence.

Of the one thousand people that arrived, only one other had survived. She looked across at him, and without saying a word she began heading towards the end of the field.

Her footsteps shook the earth.

He followed behind, dumbstruck. He knew the trials were difficult, having experienced it himself, but he had no idea that of them all only two would survive this process.

Cornelius did not feel sadness for their passing, in fact, he was aware that they should be envied. Having lived a life as slaves, the choice to pursue power was given to them, and even knowing they might die, they took the chance.

"Brothers and sisters, I will carry your dreams with me."

The field rapidly ended and Cornelius walked beside the woman who had paused at the edge of the field. He wanted to talk to her but her attention was focused downwards at whatever was ahead of them.

Chapter 789: A Deeper Understanding Of The Soul

The eye above vanished silently as if it was nothing but a mirage revealing a sky that seemed almost too wide and filled with multiple worlds with various bright colors, some of them so massive that they almost took an entire section of the horizon, but he did not look at these fantastic sights, his gaze focused on what lay ahead and once again he fell to his knees in shock.

Cornelius heard a dull sound beside him, dimly aware that the woman too had collapsed. Their size was so massive that every movement from them caused the earth to shake.

"What are those?" he whispered.

Inside his head, he heard a single word, "Power!"

"Are we to choose?" he heard the woman beside him mutter aloud.

It took some time before he nodded, "I think that's the idea. There is so much here, how do we make the right choice?"

"Is it not obvious that you go to the one where your heart draws you towards? I think I will go for that one," She pointed into the distance and her body faded away. In the distance, Cornelius saw a brilliant flash of light from the position that the woman had selected. He braced himself as a wave of power erupted from that position and pushed him a few hundred feet back.

Cornelius grinned, "So, this is what it's like to become a god."

Following instincts, he pointed at his choice and everything faded to black as he embraced power.

®

Rowan watched the two survivors of his experiment as they walked towards the area for their ascension. The process of making a god was easy and incredibly complicated, but Rowan had the ability to create the right conditions to make it all possible.

He had various methods he could use but he has opted for a new and experimental process which should reap him the most rewards. It would lead to an incredible waste of resources if he were to fail this experiment.

However, his experiments had worked and he had benefited greatly from it, although the losses were far greater than he expected on the number of survivors that made it through the process, clearly, he had overestimated the tenacity of mortals.

On second thought, he realized that even with all his powers, creating a god was a feat that was so difficult and went against the natural order that gaining two gods from a thousand mortals was already a trillion times more efficient than what the universe was capable of.

This experiment was essentially mimicking a bit of how Rowan had hypothesized that the universe created Immortals. Rowan realized that since he was now a Dimension, he should think of himself like a universe.

As he had told Circe, for any Immortal—be they gods, Arch mages, or Demons, what gave them the ability to live what was considered to be forever, was their Immortal Soul.

With his countless experiments on gods and mortals and having devoured untold billions of souls at this point he had discovered some fundamental differences between the souls of a mortal and an Immortal.

If he wanted to be able to easily create gods disregarding the constraints of a bloodline, then he needed to understand the process of how a mortal soul transforms into an immortal soul. He needed to understand all the distinctions between them.

When he understood it, he could then change it.

He had made great progress in the study of the soul, but the true breakthrough in his understanding of this difference was when he acquired Soul Origin.

Rowan did not understand all the intricacies behind Soul Origin, but his Nascent Primordial Bloodline was one whose dominion was over the Soul. This gave him an instinctive understanding of the soul where his knowledge ended and completed the gaps in his insight.

From the Soul Origins of the mortals, he had collected, ranging from a one-day-old baby to a nine thousand-year-old Earth God, he had discovered that they were virtually the same but for one small difference.

In the case of the one-day baby, its Soul Origin was heavy, as if it was filled with nothing but endless potential, this was a metaphysical weight that could not be detected on any scale, but Rowan could tell, and for the nine thousand-year-old Earth god, his Soul Origin was a fraction lighter, almost undetectable.

It told Rowan that there was a cost for living, no matter how small it was, the Soul Origin was being drained, the question was if this drain could be reversed or if it was permanent.

Although he placed this question aside for the moment, it had no concern with his present project, and he believed that if he needed to know the truth about this, it would likely take him trillions of years to experiment with Soul Origin.

However, from this one clue about the weight of a Soul Origin, Rowan created the basis for the first part of his Ascension process.

He split this process into three parts. The first part was that there was a cost for living, and this naturally led to the second part.

The second part of this process was concerning the purity and mass of the Soul.

The Soul of a normal mortal human without powers who lived to old age was filled with all the flavors of the life they had lived. Be they emotions, memories, traumas, and so many others. This made every mortal unique, a process more distinct than a fingerprint or DNA.

He had discovered that when mortals lived together for a while, whether via a community or a home, the flavors of their souls intertwined. A happy couple who have lived together for most of their lives would have shared most of their souls with each other.

This process was remarkable to witness, with his Soul Sight it was like looking at countless beautiful rainbows intertwining in harmony.

Rowan had noticed that the bodies of mortals were filled with what he thought of as holes, and indeed the first time he understood the complete physiology of a mortal he was amazed that such fragile creatures could carry a powerful force like a Soul inside their fragile shells.

It was this enlightenment that triggered his first evolution and opened this new path to manipulating and understanding souls.

Well, it turned out that this fragile shell of mortals was the reason why the souls of a mortal could easily intertwine when they came together, and as the mortals began to climb the paths of power and lived longer lives, their fragile shell became more closed off, and when they reached the state of an Earth god which was the peak of mortality, there were hardly had any holes left in their body.

Rowan figured out that the reason mortal creatures could easily give birth to newborns of their kind was because of the easy access created by their porous shells which allowed their souls to easily intertwine creating something new or something incredibly old.

Rowan had wondered if every newborn was given a new Soul Origin, or was everyone a reincarnation? Clearly, the fusion of the soul energies between two mortals could not give birth to a soul origin, or could it? These were questions to be answered in the future, Rowan focused on the present.

For mortals, the ease of childbearing was the only advantage such a porous physique gave them.

This mingling of soul energy caused the purity of a mortal soul to fall. Take for example an old man of eighty who had lived a full and rich life would have a soul that was filled with so much light of different colors, that it would be blinding.

Since the soul energy of mortals cannot be renewed, every time a bit of themselves rubs off on the soul of another, they lose that part of their soul forever.

The soul energy of an old man would be filled out in so many colors, but it was like a wisp of a candle flame that could be easily blown out.

He had lived a long life, and his Soul energy was exhausted, naturally that led to his death, that is, until his Soul Origin once more ejected another wisp of Soul Energy and he would be reincarnated once more, perhaps in the next minutes or many Eras from now.

Chapter 790: Returning To His Maid

After comprehending all this about the nature of the Soul, what Rowan needed to do was eliminate the impurities in the soul of a mortal and increase its mass to its maximum limits.

The gaze from his eye contained pure Soul Energy worth more than three hundred Soul Crystals. Rowan would have to confirm the power of his newly created gods but he was sure they would be far more powerful than a normal god due to how powerful he made their souls.

An average god might have a soul that was a tenth as strong as these two gods and he had eliminated every single impurity inside them. These two individuals were so perfect that even the universe would not have been able to create the conditions for where they might exist.

He might have overdone it a little and made the souls of these two gods extremely powerful, but Rowan chalked it to the benefit of being the first gods he produced using his Dimensional powers, the next batch of gods would not have such powerful souls.

This was the final process for step two.

This alone would not create a god, the last part of that creation was to create the right conditions for the Domain of the god to be developed. Step three.

Every god was unique in the sense that they all had different Aspects of power that they controlled, even in the same elements, every god was different. Two gods who controlled flames would have their powers diverge in two different styles, this change was also enhanced by Intent.

After a mortal ascends to become a Minor god, the power of godhood would lead them to develop Intent that could merge with their unique abilities giving the gods the ability to grow.

For a god to truly evolve and ascend to become more powerful, they needed Intent. Without Intent, a Minor god would remain in their position forever.

A Minor god would never become a Major God if they do not control at least two Intents. A Major God could not become a High God if they do not control at least three Intent. A God King required five or more Intent, while a God Emperor was unknown, Rowan felt that a God Emperor was supposed to control the power of Will.

The grade of Intent also affected this distribution, where a single Purple grade Intent which was the highest ranking of Intent was enough to create a God King. So an extremely lucky or talented god could become a God King with a single Intent if it was of a high enough rank.

The intent of this level should be one that was extremely close to the power of Will.

Rowan had given birth to many unique powers during his ascension to a state of Will and becoming a One-dimensional entity.

This came about when he fused with a unique Destroyer made from the ruins of a Supreme World, furthermore fusing with his Ouroboros Bloodline that had been enhanced to a ridiculous degree first by Chaos when he gave him the Chaos Engine ability and by him using Soul Energy, and finally his fusion with his Nascent Primordial Bloodline Sheol.

One of these powers was an endless field of energy of every element in existence, and there were some among them that he was not even aware of what sort of powers they contained. He hoped to discover the truths about these powers when he finally opened his Primordial Record.

During his examination of Archimedes, he was able to come across a hidden plan by Ohrox the dead Demon King, and from it, he had access to the Isle of Rest, a place in the Universe where Bloodline Sources were kept.

It was here that he understood that what he had inside him were all Bloodline Sources. These endless fields of powers were the nascent states of Bloodline Sources.

The method a universe gave power to its children was via the soul and bloodline sources. Rowan, as it turned out, had both.

What was displayed before those two gods was a small fraction of his Bloodline Sources and the moment they entered into the ones they had an affinity for, they began to pull from the Bloodline Source and ascend to godhood.

Unlike the universe, Rowan did not need to punish them with Tribulations, because even if his Bloodline Source began to run low with every god he created, he had an extremely unique resource he could always use to refill them—Soul Energy.

At the same time, the two gods began to come into their power, and a small seed began to grow inside their chosen Bloodline Sources.

In the case of the female, Emrelda, she picked the Bloodline Source that was Aspected towards Fertility. In Rowan's perception, this bloodline source resembled a pink shallow pool, but he was surprised that the way each of these prospective gods saw it was as a star.

Cornelius Bloodline Source was a simple one— Strength.

The growth of the seed inside his Bloodline Source was a positive direction for Rowan, if he created more gods and creatures of power inside his various pools of Bloodline Sources, the seeds would begin to grow, and the benefits it could bring him for now was unknown, but he was looking forward to it.

From this single experiment, he had been able to gain 998 Soul Origin, due to the fact that anyone who died during this process willfully gave up everything that made up themselves to him, and whatever forces that govern the direction of Souls must have finally bowed to the authority of his Sheol bloodline and given him the authority over their Soul Origin.

With two developing bloodline sources and the birth of two new gods, this round of experiments was over.

He alerted Circe to prepare the next batch of candidates that he would be making gods. Since the experiment was a success, there was no reason he should delay. She was tasked with bringing ten thousand candidates by this time next month. His plan was to create at least 10–100 gods every month.

Rowan did not forget about the ability of his Angels to fuse with other creatures, and he wondered what would happen when he began fusing his Angels with gods.

Rowan left Circe five more Spirit Guises as help, he needed to focus on the next important task.

His Forge and Ascension to a Two-Dimensional Entity.

Rowan would also be seeing Maeve again, which was a plus. The message from his mother signified that she might hold a piece of the puzzle about his past.

Dismissing his consciousness from this Spirit Guise, he channeled it to the eighty million Spirit Guise he had sent on this journey to a dead planet at the edge of nowhere.

They took so long because he made them journey through the material universe and not through the Underverse. It would be too easy to trace their path through the Underverse, but in the material universe, they would be lost in its vastness.

When his perception reached the planet, at first Rowan thought he was mistaken, when he left this world, it was dead. Its previous inhabitants all perished billions of years ago

after stripping the planet of every resource it had to give, leaving nothing but an endless labyrinth filled with nothing but gigantic pieces of machinery.

This world now was lush with life, and the cry of a newly born world consciousness. However, sensing the familiar wave of energy emanating from the world Rowan smiled and descended accompanied by eighty million Spirit Guises.

This place was to train Maeve and help her to the peak of mortality, and now that he had the capability of cleansing her soul and making her Immortal, he was here to finally free her of any shackles.

It appeared that he might have been too late.

®

Absomet, the former Rune Ship of Tiberius the God of War, had been tied to the branches of a massive tree for three weeks now, her limbs being flailed around by the intense wind that ravaged this planet.

She wished the reason she was being treated like a piece of disposable equipment was because she might be serving a higher purpose, or even being punished, but the truth was that they just wanted her out of the way, and so she was given to the children as a piece of toy.

Chapter 791: Our Lord Is Here

Absomet had argued her importance, her knowledge of war, and of the abilities of the Trion Gods were indispensable, she had been the weapon of the God of War for a hundred thousand years and she knew many secrets, and was told in plain sentence that this was the only reason she was being kept alive, but she was not included in the inner circle.

From the time these people had begun to prepare for war. She had no idea what was happening on the other side of the planet but she could feel a massive pulsation of power that left her breathless.

It was not the strength of the pulses that left her in shock, it was the sheer complexity inside them. Why should a newly born goddess be capable of wielding such powers?

Another pulsation of power erupted in the distance, clearing out the skies and creating a large burst of winds that shoved her until she was vertical for almost two minutes before the wind subsided. The massive tree she was hung upon did not even sway. If she was not wrong, this tree was once a Reaper, the variant of Abomination who had killed so many of her soldiers, now nothing but a tree.

"Leaving us both hanging," Absomet chuckled.

Once again she marveled at the weird nature of the power that this powerful goddess controlled, Absomet had heard of no single instance where a goddess was able to give such great powers to independent and sentient individuals inside her Divine Kingdom, granting them strength that would put a Minor God to shame.

She did not even appear to be feeling any sort of strain, and the last time that she flew overhead, Absomet nearly thought she had detected the powers of a High god emanating from her body, but that should be impossible. It had not even been a single year since her ascension, Absomet refused to believe that such a quick elevation in power was possible.

This strength was passed to every single member of this community, whether it be a newborn or an old man, although there were no longer any old men in this community, with the oldest among them having the appearance of a thirty-year-old. Last month, she appeared forty.

Even if all this mysterious growth in power were all explainable, it was hard for Absomet to comprehend how the birth of a new goddess could transform a world and make it a Minor World.

This was a power that was supposedly under the control of the universe itself, and even a God-King or even greater powers should not have access to it.

A metallic ping distracted her from her introspection pushing her head slightly to the side, two children both boys had nimbly scaled the three-hundred-foot tree with no fear, of course, these children could drop from orbit without a single scratch, they had been the ones to distract her from her thoughts when they threw a seed at her head with enough force to dent a seven-inch thick steel panel, Absomet knew this was them being gentle.

They appeared to be four and five years of age, and they were extremely healthy, with bright eyes and a sense of great vitality around them. These children were born to be immortals.

"Hey, Wyatt," Absomet called out to the bigger of the two boys, "I thought when I saw you again, you would be carrying your child. Is that not what you came to me for? I told you my advice was not cheap and here you are with another child. Or..." She paused, "...is this not your child?"

The six-year-old boy frowned before biting his lips, "Ewww... No, this is just Lev, my neighbor. I followed your instructions but Ma beat me and gave me extra chores. She says I was to clear out the entire mountain range to the south because of what I said to Penelope. It's not fair, that would take days to finish. I just wanna play."

Absomet growled in anger inside her head, 'Clearing out a mountain range, of course, this is the sort of chore they can give to you little dipshits. Days to finish? Hummph!'

Outwardly she smiled, "Did you follow my instructions to the letter? Remember you don't only need to say the words, you have to be suggestive, like smiling and winking like the baby factory that you are."

Wyatt scratched his head, "Of course, I did all that, I went to Penelope and said: Me and you should make a baby, I got that sugar stick that all the ladies are dying to explore..." he came closer to Absomet and winked, three times. "... if you know what I mean."

His voice was a perfect imitation of Absomet's and the only thing that spoiled his impression was that when he was winking, he did it with both eyes so it appeared as if he was blinking, making him look like a patient suffering from hypertensive fits."

Absomet sighed, rethinking all her life choices, "How old again was Penelope again?"

"She is my godmother. So she must be at least a hundred, what do you think Lev, should be a hundred isn't it?"

The second boy nodded, he appeared both shy and also tense, it was clear he did not want to be here with Wyatt.

Absomet broke out in a grin, "Then I don't see a problem here, I have bred armies from stock that were younger than you. I promise you, for someone of that advanced age she should be grateful you are willing to offer her your powerful seed untouched by the ravages of time."

Wyatt appeared a bit confused, "Well, it did not work and I have no babies to play with, and you know I have been forbidden from playing with them."

A quiet voice spoke beside Wyatt, "It was because you were tossing them into the sky," it came from the second boy who appeared to be meek and hid behind the bigger boy, refusing to look at Absomet who had turned her head to scrutinize him.

Wyatt stuck out his lips and folded his arms, "Lev, the babies loved it, they were laughing so merrily... I swear."

"They found little Jacob on the moon Wyatt. You tossed him so hard he ended up on the moon!" Lev replied, his voice surprisingly becoming louder and more heated.

Wyatt's eyes squeezed in suspicion, "It was you wasn't it? You told my Ma that I threw little Jacob."

"What do you expect, he is my little brother, he was born last week Wyatt. I told you we are not supposed to do that with babies."

"Then how am I supposed to practice my throwing arm? We would be going to war and my throwing arm needs to be strong!"

"You suck at throwing..."

Absomet let the inane conversation between these two children wash over her. The fact that any one of them could rip her into a million pieces was something she was slowly getting used to feeling.

Her eyes slowly drifted close. It was better that she fell asleep for the time being. If she was right they would be returning to Trion, and she would need all the power she could muster. Absomet wanted to feed the God of War his own guts.

As she pushed herself deeper into the realm of unconsciousness, her metallic heart suddenly squeezed in protest, and the feeling of being a tiny rat being watched by a hungry venomous snake washed throughout her body and she found herself curling like a ball wishing to take herself as small as possible.

The arguments from the two children had stopped and they were looking at the skies with mouths wide open.

Absomet did not want to look at the sky, but there was a gentle force that took over her faculties and she could not help herself. It was just a single turn of her head and she gasped aloud.

In the skies were titans... Not one, but tens of millions. Each of them was at least a hundred miles tall. Their bodies were filled with the powers of lightning, making them appear like lightning made flesh.

Absomet moaned in terror and sheer astonishment. Their rebellion had ended before it began.

The gods of Trion were here. At least that was what she thought before the two children bowed down, their bodies shaking with barely suppressed excitement.

"Our Lord is here... Lord Rowan is here!"

A loud blast from a trumpet resounded all through the heavens and the only one thought in Absomet's mind was, 'You have got to be kidding me.'

Chapter 792: Romion

The skies darkened until there was no light except from the eighty Million gods standing around the planet, beings of power made from lightning, ice, and the wind, yet amidst all

their glory that shone brighter than a star, everything and everyone on the planet, even the trees and the stones turned to face a single direction.

They could not help it, the being that stood there had a majesty that nothing could ignore. It transcended their consciousness, engraving itself into their souls, and they all knew that their existence depended on the whims of this mighty one.

One blink of his eye and all would be exalted, another blink and everything would perish.

The consciousness of Rowan that inhabited one of the Spirit Guise transformed it into a being of white smoke with a single golden eye hanging inside of it.

The golden eye was massive, at least a thousand miles in diameter. The white smoke that surrounded it was like multiple tentacles that seemed to extend deep into infinity.

As the eye descended the planet began to come undone. Trees collapsed into ashes and massive earthquakes rippled through the planet as a million volcanoes poured out the life essence of the world.

A Minor World could not handle the consciousness of Rowan who was truly in this place in all his glory. The eye stopped and the destruction of the world ended and as if time was reversing, everything returned the way it was supposed to be, with the only difference being that everything was now pressed to the ground, unable to look at the sky or even move a single inch.

This was Rowan's mercy, mortal creatures should not look at him, or his nature would corrupt them, and the least of their worries would be death. The destruction previously was to rid the world of the awareness of his presence. Now they only knew that something powerful was in the sky, but they did not know who he was any longer.

A burst of bright green light erupted from the surface of the planet, pushing past his restrictions and flying past row after row of gods that lined the path up to the golden eye. Space appeared to be unnaturally extended and the light had to travel for a seemingly long time before nearing the eye.

The green light dissipated revealing the figure of Maeve, who now had green wings, and two short green horns, and her hair was also green. She stopped a few miles away from the golden eye and bowed deeply, her eyes were filled with expectation and a hint of doubt.

She could sense the power and presence of her lord inside this great eye, yet it seemed impossible that he should already be this powerful, even without collecting his memories and true inheritance from his mother.

Rowan did not remind her of a being who should be walking inside the material universe but instead, an Old One, whose presence was met with horror and adoration.

The last time she met Rowan he was still a man, albeit a powerful one, but he had to run away from death and danger, even though his Incarnation inside her Territory should have given her a glimpse of the horrifying powers he now controlled, this came as a profound shock to her.

'As expected of my lord.' Maeve fiercely jubilated in her heart. The heavy pall of doom that had surrounded her since hearing the truth about Trion from Lamia lifted. They had a fighting chance.

The golden eyes suddenly vanished, the tentacles of mist retracting into a single golden point that shone so bright that Maeve had to cover her eyes, when the glow subsided what remained in its place was Rowan.

This form of Rowan was not like he previously appeared, he came not as a fully grown man, but as a child of eight, with bright green eyes and green hair. This was his appearance in the days before his father took him. This should be his true appearance and the one he wore before was something given to him by his father.

The general shape of his face was now a bit softened, not the harsh tones of perfection like before, but molded into something of beauty by the features drawn from his mother. His eyes no longer gave off the harsh reptilian look of a serpent, but one filled with curiosity, as if everything in creation was an open book he wanted to read.

Maeve on seeing this form of Rowan burst into tears and vanished from her position only to reappear below the feet of Rowan where she began to weep, her tears touched his foot and she hastily used her hair to wipe it.

"My Lord, Romion... it is good that you have returned."

A gentle hand rested on her head before traveling down her chin bringing them up so Rowan could look into her weeping eyes,

"What did you call me?" Rowan's tone was like a child, but there was an undeniable authority in his words.

Maeve smiled sadly, "That is the name your mother gave you my lord, Romion, it meant the one I have been waiting for."

"My mother..." Rowan whispered his eyes went cloudy with the fog of recollection.

"My Lord, you don't need to hear your story from my lips, following the instructions from your Esteemed Mother, I have built the Eld Tree below, which is the receptacle of knowledge and power granted to me by your mother to pass unto you."

Maeve gestured downwards to a section of the planet that resembled a green desert, which was a vast forest, with trees that were so lush with vitality, that each of them held millions of leaves with no space for even air to pass through.

Rowan nodded, "Let me see what she left behind."

Maeve nodded with satisfaction and flew down followed by Rowan, he looked at her bright green wings that reminded him of his Angels and smiled at the little Nymph that hid between the feathers and peered at him with curiosity.

He recalled a memory and suddenly burst into laughter, Maeve was startled and looked back at him with questions in her gaze.

Rowan looked at Maeve with new eyes, "You are that little Nymph in my memories... Oh, how could I have forgotten? You are Anihuruhdda, Guardian of The Green. The Nymph who decided to become my friend. So you have followed me through the ages."

She smiled brightly with equal parts joy and stupefaction, "How is it possible for you to remember me? Your memories of the past were collected by your mother to keep them safe from the corruption of the Great Deceiver."

Rowan cocked his head to this side in contemplation. So his missing memories were a result of tampering from his mother and not his father; he had been able to recall small portions of his past with the help of bringing back his lost bloodline— Tree of Desire.

His mother had been able to give him a bit of an edge against his father by taking those memories, depriving him of all the tools he could have used to totally manipulate Rowan. Every small measure taken by him and his mother over the years had borne fruit until they had been able to rid Rowan of the manipulations of his father.

The voice of Maeve pulled him from his introspection,

"But I'm not surprised, even the weight of death could not hold you down, and I believe in due time, you will recover your memories even without the aid of your mother."

"Perhaps," Rowan said, "but this would be faster, and time grows short."

Maeve looked at the stars in worry and nodded her agreement, "Yes, your mother predicted that such a thing would happen, the Great Deceiver is a scorpion trying to cross the river on the back of a frog."

"What's that?" Rowan asked, not familiar with the phrase she just used.

"Oh, I am referring to the story about the Scorpion and the Frog. Your mother used to tell you this anecdote as a warning against the darkness in the minds of some people

when you were young. I was privileged to listen to her once when she was with you. Would you like to hear it?"

Chapter 793: The Root Of All Evil

Rowan's green eyes lit up in expectation and descended more slowly towards the earth, Maeve followed behind him and with a small cough began her story,

"A blue frog was hopping along the edge of a mighty river, looking for a relatively shallow area to cross when he came across a starving scorpion on the edge of death. The reputation of the scorpion was dangerous and the frog wisely ignored it and went on its way to find the right place to cross.

"The frog soon found the position it wanted and as soon as it began to cross the river, the scorpion called out to the frog, imploring for its aid because it was on the verge of starving to death for there was no edible food on this side of the river.

"The frog was taken aback, it wanted to leave but it had a gentle nature, it thought that surely the scorpion would not harm it because it was starving and needed to cross the river to survive, but it was careful and demanded a vow from the scorpion which it willingly gave to the frog.

"Bending down to allow its passenger to climb it back, the frog began its journey across the river, and when they reached a particularly treacherous part of the river, the frog's body shook in pain as it was struck multiple times by the scorpion's stinger.

"As the both of them were about to drown, the disconsolate frog asked the scorpion why it betrayed its promise and doomed the both of them to death and the scorpion responded that it acted not out of malice or ingratitude but because it had an indiscriminate and irresistible urge to sting a helpless prey."

The story ended there but Maeve continued, "I remember your mother saying this next part to you, but you were already asleep. She said:

"Everything on the side of the river where the blue frog had picked the scorpion from was dead, not from disease or drought, but from the stinger of the scorpion, even though it did not need to do so. Not waiting for nature to replenish itself, it just killed and killed and killed until there was nothing left and it began to starve to death. Do not forget that the nature of the scorpion was just to kill."

Rowan went silent, and they were almost to the ground when he said, "The death cries of this universe came from the hands of my father. He is called the Trickster on Trion, you call him the Deceiver, others have called him a liar, desecrator, and many other

names, yet your story paints another picture of him, of a scorpion who does harm not because of malice or desire, but because of his nature. This perhaps is even worse."

Maeve quickly replied, "At the end of the day my lord, it's just a story, and it should not justify any of his actions."

Rowan nodded distractedly, he knew the essence of his father was a Reflection, he was simply the image in the mirror that revealed the true nature of the person looking at it. Whatever choices he made were not learned or acquired, but it was just a result of the person he was made from or in this case, the Primordial he was based on.

It was no wonder a group of Primordials came together to kill the main body of his father. If his Reflection could be so toxic and corrupting to whatever it touches, then the Primordial they were based on must be countless times worse.

What sort of reality could exist if a Primordial like his father was left to roam free?

The image he had seen in the murals of his Spirit Matrix Gate outside the universe had been hard to decipher, but he knew the main body of his father appeared humanoid, with tentacles on the lower parts of his face, like beards made from snakes.

The haunting four-sided eyes, the cups and the maps on the table, his dead body pinned to that table, but his Reflection still roaming free in the universe... a simple image but holding so much meaning.

This image suddenly took the shape of evil in his mind. Those painting eyes began to hold laughter and understanding. In those eyes he began to understand, that what lay here was not the mindless evil displayed by most sentient creatures in the universe borne from greed, hate, or fear. No this was true evil that took shape long before the concept of that notion even existed.

"This is my true roots... Evil." Rowan whispered, and something inside him resonated with those words, his stalled evolution began to churn, something was happening inside of him, and he did not doubt that if he was to look into his Primordial Record, and check the Will that his true father controlled it would be the Will of Time and Evil.

The universe seemed to groan in pain at this realization and Rowan wanted to think that it was just the sound coming from the branches as they were moved by the winds.

He knew he was wrong, knowledge had weight in this universe, and perhaps wanted to protect him from his true nature. But Rowan knew that such a time had passed, the fruits of his true father still patrolled the universe, and he would wipe them out.

Rowan sat at the trunk of a massive tree, his small child's feet were dug into the cool earth, and his head rested against its strong bark, feeling the pure energy of nature flowing through it. It was a sound that made him relax, underneath he could hear the screams of the creature that it came from, those screams were also comforting to him.

Rowan was fully comfortable with his nature. He was not good not evil, he just was.

Six hours ago, he had arrived on the planet where he had met the inhabitants, although they did not recognize him. With just a single consciousness he could not truly control the perception of those who beheld him, and the risk to them was too much.

Rowan was accustomed to being in the presence of his Angels before he evolved, his Sovereigns were the ones who stood before his throne so even the lesser Angels could not see his true glory. If he wanted to move around, he had to dedicate multiple consciousnesses to bend reality around himself to keep others safe.

For now, he just had to make do with wiping the memories of everyone. He looked to the left and smiled as he heard the laughter of children. Rowan saw his people who had been transformed into what Maeve called Ghren, and he also glimpsed the Rune Ship Absomet.

He was curious about her makeup, but there were other things that needed his urgent attention, Evolving into a higher Dimensional being, gaining the confession of Lamia, who was now the remnants of the Abomination Core, and regaining his memories and inheritance left behind by his mother.

He opened his palm to reveal a bright green seed that glowed like a star. This seed had been born from the gigantic Eld Tree that was planted in the now living core of this planet. After giving birth to this seed it had withered into ashes.

The seed was filled with such vast information it rivaled the Golden Book that Andar had collected from the Ancient Library of the Mages. Rowan had needed multiple consciousnesses to decipher and understand that book, and he could not risk it with only a single consciousness, it would leave him powerless for at least a year.

Rowan knew that creating his Forge was the priority, and while he began the process he could question Lamia, the Abomination Core was at the edge of death, but it was a shame that she still held on by a single strand of life because Rowan would not allow her to die until she gave up everything she knew.

He swallowed the seed and stood up to his feet. The time of contemplation was over. Summoning Maeve, she appeared in a flash of green lightning and bowed to him.

Rowan had been secretly investigating Maeve, her powers appeared like those of a god, but they were different. Anyone else would have been deceived, but he was a

creator, holding every Bloodline Source in existence, and although he had seen the match of Maeve's power inside his dimension, her powers were still alien.

'How curious.'

Chapter 794: Building A New Forge

Maeve's powers should not have originated from this universe but from something far stranger. Rowan realized that his third hidden bloodline must be more special than he had once given it credit. If it was able to attract , then it must have untapped potential.

Rowan took Maeve's hand in his two small hands and traced the lines of her palms in fascination,

"You are not a goddess but something else. Like Dominators mimicking the Supreme Circles of Empyreans, you are following a strange path. Yet it manages to hide itself so deeply that if I was not deliberately looking for it, I would not even notice the signs."

Maeve who was on her knees looked up in shock before shaking her head in self-deprecation, "After all the surprises you have given me, my lord, it still baffles me that every word you speak still leaves me in shock." She licked her lips and looked away to the side, before saying, "The answers to all your questions lie in the Seed of the Eld Tree. It would be better to hear the truth from your memories and those of your mother. I am nothing but a Drone, and my understanding of my powers and their origin is limited. What I know is that it would greatly shock you."

"Nothing shocks me anymore,' Rowan thought to himself while smiling at Maeve, "Do you know the reason I'm here?"

Maeve's eyes brightened, "War my lord, we finally crush the Great Deceiver and all his works. I don't know if you have looked through the details of my growth, you will be surprised at what I have been gathering."

"Yes, I have looked at the work of your hands, your newly birthed world is interesting, not like any planet in this universe, because like your power structure, it is strange and unknown to this universe, and it would save me a lot of labor in my plans if I can understand how it was made. You see, I need to evolve.

Maeve seemed to be deep in thought at what Rowan had just said, before bringing her hands up and calling out, "Wait, my lord... This is not even your final form?"

Rowan snickered, "No, it is not. Merely a small portion of my Light. I will need to evolve to bring out everything of me into the open, and with the death of the universe, I have no fear of being expelled because of my let say curious nature."

Rowan turned away from Maeve and looked at the skies of the universe, "However, the problem with this concept is that my enemies no longer fear the retaliation of the universe also, the great force keeping us in check are gone and every weapon that they had kept aside in fear of retaliation from it Will is no longer restricted. The coming period will be one of chaos, I need to be prepared."

Maeve slammed her hands twice on her chest, "My blade is yours my lord, no matter what is to come in the future. I shall be your shield my lord, everything of mine is yours, including this world."

Rowan's smile was bright, and the stars above seemed to sparkle brighter. He turned back to Maeve and urged her to stand on her feet, and he asked her,

"You said you don't understand the process by which this Minor world was created, right?" Rowan asked Maeve.

"No, I do not, the ascension of this world is a byproduct of the bloodline I have which was further magnified by the presence of your Incarnation inside my Territory. There are certain changes that I could not anticipate because I used your Incarnation to become a goddess."

Rowan bowed his head in thought for a whole before dismissing her, "That would be all, for now, Maeve, continue with your preparation, when I need you, I will call."

Maeve bowed and left, and Rowan closed his eyes in exasperation. Another new factor had entered the game, and he did not know if he would have the time to properly address it. His mother was turning out to be not just an ordinary Empyrean of Life as he once thought but something else.

It might just be possible that his father alone must not be the only one playing a long game concerning his destiny. The plans and the actions of his mother suggested the possibility that she might know more than she let on, her plans were just too elaborate.

Take for instance this Minor World born from Maeve's ascension to godhood. A marvelous event to be certain, but in the larger scheme of things, for a being of Rowan's power and potential, it was not too eye-catching.

However, what was troubling was that this planet's core had a property that could hide itself from the heavens. These properties extended from the core and surrounded the planet in a field of energy that hid it from the perception of anyone passing by.

If he had not been familiar with the position of this planet then he would have easily skipped by it, and by his calculations, if he stayed inside the Core of this planet and undergone his evolutions, the resultant phenomena that would arise from it would have been completely hidden from sight. He would no longer need to build a Forge because something of equivalent value had been placed here for him.

There was a great difference between hiding from sight, and hiding the energy of his evolution. This showed there was a clear design behind the upgrade of this planet, and it could not be a coincidence.

He tried not to rationalize how his mother might be able to know how he would need something like this in the future and also hid it all under the nose of his father, who was a Reflection of a Primordial, he was sure he would be getting those answers soon enough.

Rowan stroked the bark of the tree he had been resting against, 'This is all too convenient.'

He would like to believe in the unending love of his mother, and that every plan she had for him would be good, but he had not reached this far by trusting anyone else but his instincts and deduction.

It might be an extra burden for him to bear if he chooses not to follow the arrangements of his mother, she might have had to sacrifice a lot of resources for such a world to be created specifically for him, but if she truly loved her son, Rowan knew that she must understand the type of person he was. He was no longer accepting gifts with hidden intentions, he had learnt his lesson when he escaped the shackles of Chaos.

Rowan decided that he would not be using her ready-made Forge, but copying some of its principles that use energy and matter in a manner that he had not seen before.

This method was a completely alien way of utilizing energy that left him fascinated. As far as he could tell, nothing inside this universe or in any power structure he had come across, whether angelic, demonic, from the mages or the gods themselves uses energy in this manner.

Rowan spent the next forty-eight hours going through every portion of the Core of this planet and he barely took apart five percent of its total mysteries, but this had earned him so much new knowledge that he could reduce the materials needed for his Forge by twenty percent. This result stunned him, and he reevaluated the mysteries behind his mother.

However, he could not make more advancements because of time constraints, he would be taking apart the Core of this planet once he had access to more Consciousness Pillars, for now, it was time to begin building his Forge.

®

Seven hours later, Rowan stood above the clouds looking down on the planet. From afar his childlike body was lost in the immensity of the world below him and the millions of Spirit Guises that hovered below, but his presence could be felt like the sun on one's naked skin.

Maeve was just finishing rounding up, she had been clearing every single living thing on the planet, leaving only the trees.

They were rugged enough to withstand what was to come without suffering any unknown mutation, and they had the ability to soak up the energy of any form in a limited manner.

Chapter 795: Exchanging For Treasures

He left this tree behind for an important reason, Rowan was planning to direct the light and toxins from the creation of his Forge into the trees, no matter how minimal it might turn out to be, working with only one consciousness, made it difficult for him to make everything perfect, and some loss of power was expected in the form of light and heat and other free radicals.

When he gained access to more consciousness pillars he would be able to craft to a level that was befitting his status as a Nascent Primordial.

Arrayed before him were the eighty million Spirit Guises, and with a gesture from his fingers, they all slammed into each other. No sound escaped from this calamitous crash.

A moment before the Spirit Guises had covered the entire surface of the planet and with this gesture, Rowan had squeezed them together until when combined, they became smaller than the head of a pin. Recall that each of these Spirit Guises was made from billions of powerful divine treasures, and combining them all to this extent required a rather profound knowledge of Space-Time and the ability to utilize energy and matter above the understanding of even the gods.

The light that flashed briefly from the fusion should have been bright enough to be seen from outside the galaxy where this planet was located, but Rowan reflected them towards the surface of the planet where they were consumed by the leaves of the greedy trees who all began to rapidly grow from the energy they had consumed.

Rowan opened his mouth and swallowed a ball of colorless energy, it came from the heat generated by fusing all these Spirit Guises, he grimaced in irritation as the energy entered into his true body. The heat was in billions of degrees and did not bother him because he was nearly immune from the effect of normal elemental energies but it carried other peculiar aspects, like it was incredibly bitter.

Rowan shook his head at the endless wonders to be found in the universe and all its facets. This was the first time he had come across bitter heat, but such unique changes were to be expected in a project of this magnitude.

He sat down cross-legged and drew the tiny dot which was not discernible to the naked eye and he began to work on it. The stars above blinked on, unaware of the profound changes about to sweep through the universe.

®

The body of Boreas jolted in his throne as a sliver of Rowan's consciousness entered it. He opened his eyes inside the Vault of Hekaton and noticed that nothing had changed. Boreas should be the most relaxed god in Trion at this time, all others must be struggling to become stronger.

Well, Boreas was dead. Rowan thought that he should cut the god some slack.

During his sleep, another hundred Labyrinth Coins had been deposited into his Vault holdings, bringing his total up to 445 Labyrinth Coins. Rowan brought out a single coin and observed it for a short while. It was spherical in shape and resembled a normal gold coin without any imprinting or decorations. It could have been easily dismissed if placed in a chest full of gold.

Rowan sighed and clutched the coin tight. It was time to begin making withdrawals using this unexpected inheritance. He had no idea that the supplementary materials he would ultimately use for his Forge would be gained using this means.

It was relatively easy for him to access the exchange section created by the God King... Or at least that was what he had thought.

Each Labyrinth Coin was like a world unto itself, and touching it would reveal a vision of countless specks of light. Some of them were very large, shining as bright as a star and equally as massive, while some were small.

Investigating any of this speck of light would reveal the treasure they contained and the equivalent amount of Labyrinth Coin that could be used as a means of exchange.

Such an inefficient method of seeking treasures reminded Rowan of the Ancient Library of the Mages. They were given access to all the wisdom of the known universes, yet there was always a price to be paid for seeking it.

This sentiment was soon proven to be more correct than Rowan had once thought because the Labyrinth Coin that he was using to access this Exchange Space was beginning to slowly dissipate into golden dust.

Clearly just entering into this space would cause the value of the Labyrinth Coin used to slowly degrade, and spending more time here meant losing more resources. From the rate of dissipation, Rowan noted that it would take sixteen seconds for it to be entirely consumed.

The God King had claimed he would punish the other Trion Gods if they withheld treasure that their counterparts might need, but it appeared that the God King was above his rules, as he did not let up on the stranglehold he had over his treasures.

"Let me see the reason why the Reflection of a Primordial would be so stingy."

Three seconds later, Rowan became mute in shock as he realized why the God King was critical about protecting his treasures. It was simply because the man had everything!

He had not even gone through a fraction of the specks of light to be found here, and every sort of treasure or material that Rowan had ever come across both inside and outside the universe could already be tracked down.

From ordinary Mithril and Davross to Ancient Steel and Abominable Hearts of Titans. From the beating spleen of a Siren to the blood of Archangels. From the grain of sand on the Beaches of Blood to fragments of Supreme Worlds. From blessed blades to remnants of Universe Destroyers. Everything.... There was everything in creation here!

The immensity of these treasures stunned Rowan to silence, no god or Archmage or demon could gather such treasures in ten Eras, if he had to guess, these must be the spoils gained after countless Eras, after thoroughly gathering every treasure that a universe might contain.

This amount of treasures was too massive to be gained from a single universe but several. Rowan looked towards the edge of the horizon in this space and there were bigger stars that felt so powerful that it made his breath shake.

No, he was mistaken! This place and the treasures it contained must not belong to the God King, it felt too ancient and powerful. Rowan could sense great powers in the depths of this space, powers so great that it could crush an entire universe.

If the God King had access to these treasures, there was no reason why he would be afraid of his father. The fact that this place might not belong to the God King dawned on Rowan, perhaps Golgoth had just given the Gods of Trion the opportunity to access this place by carefully doling out the Labyrinth Coins at his disposal.

Perhaps the reason the God King did not relax the restrictions on this place was not because he wanted to keep these treasures for himself, but because he could not control this place.

From what Rowan had seen, there were enough treasures here that would make any war redundant. The affliction ailing the God-King could easily be cured with some of the treasures found here if he had not done so, which meant he did not have the ability to collect any of the treasures here without exchanging them for it.

If this space was unique then Rowan's previous plans to rob the God King of it needed to be placed aside. Anyone who controlled this space must undoubtedly be extremely powerful, he did not need new enemies.

On the plus side, it meant he no longer had to buy unnecessary treasures in order to mask the treasure that he really needed for his Forge. Rowan barely had two seconds before his time expired and he would have needed to use another coin before he rapidly began selecting the treasures he required.

Beside his consciousness, an orb appeared with an Abacus beside it. Every selection made by Rowan triggered a change in the Abacus, it even carried its own special sound effect,

"Kaa Ching!"

He noted that his dissipating Labyrinth Coin began to regain back its luster. A sign that whoever owned this place did not want people to just browse their wares but to engage in active transactions.

Chapter 796: Eldar Branch

There were a lot of treasures here, but Rowan was capable of browsing through millions of them every second, so it was not hard for him to locate what he needed, and they all turned out to be quite cheap.

The sound that emerged anytime Rowan made a transaction made him almost imagine a fat Imp rubbing its two hands together in greedy pleasure. He guessed that the annoying metallic ping came from his Labyrinth Coins was being deducted. Another observation he made was that the purchase could not be rescinded.

Any items selected were permanently acquired as long as the sound of the transaction had been made.

"Here I thought I was greedy, but it seems I have much to learn."

Rowan decided that he needed to investigate what this Labyrinth Coin was truly made of. Previously he had thought it was just a method of exchange created by the God King, and he did not investigate it thoroughly, but now he would have to rectify this mistake.

Every time he made the reality that surrounded him to be big, it turned out that his estimate was always wrong and it was still bigger.

He did not bother trying to scan through the larger stars in this Exchange Space when he found out that everything he wanted could be acquired in the smaller stars, and distracting himself with treasures he could not obtain at this time was nothing but a time-consuming affair.

Unlike anyone else, Rowan was positive that he did not need treasures as much because they would not be as much help to him for long. He developed too fast for anything else to catch up.

The total purchase he made rounded up to 350 Labyrinth Coins, and the orb moved the Abacus towards his consciousness and Rowan instinctively handed over the needed Coin by thinking about the amount. He felt the Coins vanish from the Vault with an exaggerated whooshing sound.

Whoever owned this place was not only greedy but also ostentatious. Every action made just had to be flashy. Rowan was amused.

A bright flash of light filled the space and his consciousness sliver dissipated. He did not even have the chance to select the location where he wanted his goods to be deposited before he was kicked out.

His main consciousness over the Minor World where he was building his Forge suddenly turned to stare towards a portion of space.

That place appeared to be empty but Rowan could feel a growing tension in that region of space. The area where he was focused on, suddenly vibrated as a hole was opened in space.

This hole did not reveal the Underverse or the outside universe, instead, it showed a world filled with snow and a large hand that appeared to be from a woman with the only difference being that her skin was extremely white like a marble statue and had bright red fingernails.

The hand dropped something into the universe before retreating and the hole vanished, leaving behind golden sparkles that took a while before dissipating.

What was revealed was a large silver bubble that had appeared a few thousand miles away from the planet. It reminded him of the orb he had seen inside the exchange space, although this one was ten times bigger and brighter.

The orb seemed to float around in confusion before orienting on Rowan's position and floating towards him.

Rowan was astonished that the Exchange Space had been able to accurately judge his location, even with the cloaking field enshrouding this planet. This was the final confirmation he needed that the Exchange Space was not the work of the God King.

This must be from a great power that could be found outside the universe. Rowan felt with the evidence he had gathered it was sufficient to determine that this place was not owned by his father and the rest of the Reflection, if it was, then it would be virtually impossible for him to win, there would not be enough time for him to get so powerful as to oppose the might of all these treasures.

The silver bubble reached a few miles from the planet and stopped, it appeared as if it became confused again because it began floating around haphazardly, as if it recognized the presence of Rowan was not far, but it could no longer find him.

'Guess he was wrong about the discerning powers of this orb.' It was amazing enough that it could locate him to this extent, and Rowan had to send a Spirit Guise to retrieve the confused orb; he still had three million Spirit Guise in storage, to be used in the case of emergencies.

The Spirit Guise came upon the orb and the mysterious artifact reoriented on the approaching Spirit Guise, a light flashed from it as it scanned the Spirit Guise before drifting over to rest on its hand.

The silvery sheen over the orb vanished leaving behind a yellow box with an elaborate knot tied around it, a piece of paper was tucked inside the knot.

Rowan collected the box and before he opened it he frowned in profound thought.

This exchange space had been able to locate his consciousness across the entirety of the universe to this unknown place, even when Rowan had given no indicators to point out his location.

He was also hidden inside the influence of this planet all this while, and he did not believe that whoever was capable of locating him through all these impediments had not pierced through the barriers of this world and located him.

Yet at the final moment, Rowan was sure that the owner of this space had chosen to pretend as if it could no longer find his location anymore. The easiest explanation was that there was a policy not to interfere with the business of a customer or they had recognized the power behind this planet and it was notable enough that such a powerful exchange space had to back off.

If it was the former he had no problems, but if it turned out to be the latter, then this was another new problem that he had to understand and control before it came to catch him unaware.

All these thoughts went through his mind in a fraction of a moment, and he smiled as he grabbed the box harder as if he was excited about receiving his package. If there were observers, he was just a customer happy with his product.

®

In a corner of space, a tiny figure wiped the sweat from his brows after he had noticed the area he had nearly stepped his foot into.

He regretted thinking that this job was going to be without any complications and he might be able to present his services to a brand-new customer.

After all this time he felt that he should be a great judge of areas that were dangerous and those that were not. A cheap transaction like this was one of the hallmarks of an underdeveloped region and he had snuck across with the goods to deliver it personally.

He shuddered again as he felt the touch of the World in the distance, hoping whatever Eldar Branch living inside of it had not noticed his presence. He had a million wives and only five more Eras he would have his freedom. After working for all these years, it would be unfair to him if he had to die a virgin and leave all the wives he had been acquiring for all these years to go untouched.

He slapped himself and began to find his way out of this universe, ignoring the millions of blinking red lights coming from his Guardian Mask. It would be stupid to try to investigate what was happening here, he would only suffer a painful death if he continued making stupid mistakes. Hoping the client had chosen to dismiss his errors, the small figure vanished from the universe.

®

Rowan smiled internally and marked a corner of space to be later investigated before he shifted these new troubles away from his mind.

There were several pressing issues on the horizon, but all those were problems he would be facing when he left the universe.

Problems like Caine and the children of Chaos, Chaos itself, his Angels and the complications behind their apparent resurrection inside his Territory, stealing Lost from the Mages, , his Mother and the unknown heritage behind him, the Primordials and so many other issues that the universe had been shielding him against for all these while.

Chapter 797: Forging Completed, Evolution Begins!

Rowan had less than twenty decades until his shelter was lost and he would have to come to terms with fighting all these battles, the prospect of peace was too far ahead in the future for him, yet he could only look forward and proceed, step by step.

If he survived this battle between him and his father, then he was ready to challenge whatever was waiting for him outside the universe.

Untying the knot over the box, he opened the folded piece of paper and it contained a simple message;

"USER99990756XCTYN5#—Thank you for your patronage. Spend a thousand more Labyrinth Coins to upgrade to a member and unlock special perks and bonuses."

Rowan kept the paper and looked inside the box, which turned out to be a unique Interspatial Storage device. Altogether he had purchased well over seven hundred thousand exotic treasures the box only contained 711,231 pieces of square yellow paper.

The picture and the descriptions of the item he brought were recorded on each sheet of paper, and Rowan was able to confirm how the gods of Trion like Boreas had been able to build such elaborate treasures like this Spirit Guise.

The creation of the Spirit Guises was sloppy work by Rowan's estimation, but with the proper description of the treasures Boreas had been able to acquire, he would have been able to figure out how to put them together.

Each paper held the treasure it described inside a unique space inside each yellow page, and Rowan was pleased with this arrangement when he easily retrieved the treasure he wanted without any interference to his forging operation.

Confirming he had everything he needed for his Forge, Rowan sank into a sort of daze as he continued his careful manipulation of each component of his Forge, taking note to integrate what he had learned from the world below.

Billions of parts and materials worked together as the Forge began to take shape, some of the treasures were melted, others frozen, some had their state changed from pure energy to solid mass, and even some of the treasures were given life in order to fit his needs.

He used hundreds of forging techniques at once and sank so deeply into his work that he barely had any awareness of his surroundings. Working like this was something that he found not only relaxing but oddly pleasurable.

The stress he was going through using just a single consciousness was stimulating, pushing him to make his forging techniques more polished so he would use the entire energy available to him without waste.

All these processes took place in a Forge that was smaller than the head of a pin.

His delayed evolution was like a heavy block on his mind. Rowan had not gone so long in his new life without evolving, and this was the longest he had spent while he was still in the same level of power.

However, he knew he had to become used to situations like this in the future as he grew stronger. The requirements for him to evolve would become increasingly strenuous in the future. It was a good thing that he had so many abilities that he could draw from.

®

Maeve had appeared a few hundred feet behind him as she watched the stars, protecting him from any dangers or distractions, she had felt the ripples in space as whatever item her master had summoned arrived, and she became extra vigilant when she noticed that Rowan had began his craft.

She could not help now and then and peek at her master. Her perception was not enough to understand the entire process that Rowan was creating and manipulating, but the little she could grasp nearly made her intellect collapse into chaos.

The mysteries surrounding her master went deeper than she could imagine and as she caught glimpses of such a massive amount of energies being controlled so precisely leaving little to no waste and remembered Rowan telling her that this was just a small part of his entire capabilities, she wondered if his parent knew the sort of monster they had created.

This face before her was the form her master and friend had in her memories long ago, but Maeve began to wonder after seeing the frightening display of power and dominion from Rowan if, like everything he was doing, this body was nothing but a suit worn by him in order to make her more comfortable.

She had detected it in his smiles and the way he touched her hand. She was a goddess and yet Rowan had held her hand as gently as a newly born as if he was afraid he would break her.

Her great powers did not seem to phase him as he barely acknowledged her strength. Every move from him seemed calculated, and she felt like a child anytime he was near.

"Elura, you gave birth to a true Emperor."

Although she tried to deny her instincts, it was clear that this person sounded like her master, walked like him, looked like him, but after a million years of torture and other grave indignities too grave for her to comprehend, what was left was somebody so different, they could as well be two different individuals.

He was not only mentally powerful but physically as well.

Maeve wondered if it was considered a betrayal of the memories of her master that she admired this version of Rowan more than his previous self.

Romion as he was named by his mother had been a boy who loved life, and it was difficult to imagine that he would be able to harm even a single ant. Such a person would not last a single second in this world. Romion was dead, and Rowan had taken his place.

She would weep the gentle ruler that could have been. But she embraced the tyrant that was present.

Their bloodline was sacred and venerated, and the desecration it had suffered demanded a more than equal retaliation.

Maeve sat and watched as the glow in front of Rowan grew brighter, as more mystical materials were added in dazzling amounts, and various heavenly apparitions were created and swallowed into whatever monstrosity her master was forging.

During the forging, Maeve had noticed that the body of Rowan would vibrate before calming down. She focused on this enigma, and she noticed that the power for this forging process was emerging from his body. But he was using so much energy it was destroying the body he was using and every time she noticed his body was vibrating, it meant that he had just changed a new body after exhausting the previous ones to nothing.

Maeve discovered that in less than six hours, Rowan had changed his body 13,000 times!

Finally, with a sigh from Rowan it was over.

Rowan, her lord turned to her and smiled. "Watch over my Forge, I should not take long."

His body turned to smoke and vanished into the tiny spot of light in front of him.

Maeve rushed over and covered the spot of light with her wings and she eagerly waited for his return.

®

The internal appearance of the Forge was simple. It was just a vast and empty landscape with a few small hills dotted around.

There were a few stars in the sky and several planets and moons were so close to the surface of the world that it was almost as if you could touch them if you stood on your tiptoes.

Rowan disregarded the form of the child he had been wearing and appeared as he truly was—A single line that seemed to be a few feet long but also appeared to extend to infinity at the same time.

He looked inside himself and everything was still. His gaze had made time stop inside his body. His gaze swept towards the area where rested and he tensed in expectation because its evolution was finally complete.

Shedding himself of every Wills in his bloodline and finally controlling inside his body was the catalyst that led to this evolution.

"It had been too long," Rowan muttered to himself, and with a long cry that pierced eternity. He released the holding he had over his evolution.

The silver line that made up his body began to vibrate and suddenly collapsed to the ground before its bright colors began to fade.

It suddenly resembled a thread that had been left to the elements and was on the verge of decay.

That was before a loud boom was heard, and cracks began to emerge from the line.

Chapter 798: Problems Arising From Excessive Power

The booming sound was like the heartbeat from a titan the size of a universe, and it only increased in intensity as time went by.

The cracks on the line multiplied and when it seemed as if it was about to shatter into pieces, the booming sound ceased and finally, the line exploded.

What emerged first was a shockwave of monumental proportions. This unleashed force swept through the Forge destroying the entire earth until it impacted against the edges, sending massive cracks throughout the space. Luckily the Forge had a self-healing component that rapidly reversed the damages.

Immediately after the shockwave was light, like a thousand suns exploding. At first, it shone white, the intensity of it was blinding, and even a god would not be able to stare directly into this light without their Immortal Soul not burning to ash.

The white light turned blue, and then red, before transforming into a horrifying black hue. As the light emerged, it was accompanied by a loud sound that resembled the screams from the depths of hell, and as the light changed, that screaming sound increased in intensity.

The Forge was being repeatedly brought to the edge of destruction and only Rowan's careful engineering and his continual infusion of the spare Spirit Guises into it kept the Forge in a single piece.

The screams reached such an incredibly high pitch it could no longer be heard and what followed was an explosion. The explosion was the true emergence of Rowan's essence and all the signs that had emerged before had just been pushed out before it due to the incredible force that erupted from the explosion.

Like the Big Bang that triggered the expansion of a universe, what emerged from the explosion was so much matter that it would be able to fill up a portion of the galaxy stretching for tens of light years.

They flew out from the area where the silver line had once occupied with speeds that were faster than light, and if the explosion was to be slowed down, it would reveal world after world emerging from the shattered silver line.

Suns, black holes, asteroids, moons, and countless other exotic materials and heavenly bodies emerged from that explosion, all of them were covered by a web of purple lightning, so it resembled a massive growing purple egg.

The Forge began to stretch to accommodate the increasing number of entities rushing out from the line, and the egg was now as big as fifty light years in diameter. Curiously there was no sound from this explosion, but the sound had already been pushed ahead by the sheer force of it.

If Rowan had chosen to evolve outside the universe, then his evolution would have been seen by the entire universe. The shockwave alone would have crushed reality, exposing Rowan to the harsh environment outside the universe.

The light that shone from this purple egg had gone beyond Intent and would have been able to touch all the corners of the universe at the same time. Rowan had grown to such an extent that his evolution would have shaken the universe to its foundations.

It was a good thing that he did not choose to use the planet his mother had arranged for him for his evolution because he doubted that it would be able to withstand this amount of energy that he had released, which had crushed even his most overblown estimate.

The egg kept expanding until even the Forge could no longer grow to accommodate its size and its edges slammed against the Forge, suppressing the stars in the sky and crushing the planets above to dust.

The Forge creaked dangerously, but it held, but the cost of running it grammatically increased as the number of Spirit Guises he was destroying every second reached the triple digits.

®

Rowan was facing a peculiar problem, shattering his Will to grow into a higher dimensional state was the right move to make, but he had ignored the fact that while he had not been in complete control of his powers when he was in a one-dimensional state.

His powers had been growing.

He had swallowed thousands of worlds and Seeded them with his Chaos Engine ability, and a fragment of the Mountain and Sea Supreme Realm, and inside his body Time moved multiple times faster than the standard universal time.

He may have spent twenty years outside in the universe, but inside him, more than 3,700 years had gone by.

This was enough time for all the world he Seeded to have received his bloodline and their inhabitants emerged from their chrysalis. His dominion had expanded thousands of times, and while he was trying to create new gods with his powers, inside him there were multiple individuals of his bloodline who had become gods!

This change was also reflected in the Mountain and Sea Realm which had trillions of people whose mortals and beings of power were slowly transforming into people with Rowan's unique bloodline.

The population inside him had grown exponentially over the years and this translated to power... so much power that his Forge would soon be crushed underneath and his wish to hide from the universe would be nothing but a fool's desire.

Rowan had only been accessing a small part of himself, his consciousness power too weak to understand the full scale of his body, and now he found himself stuck. The Forge he created was too small.

If he wanted to evolve successfully into a two-dimensional being, there was only one method he could think about, which was to forcefully compress his abilities so he could gain more control, to achieve something like this, he had to evolve his bloodline of Sheol to the Fourth Supreme Circle at the least it even the Fifth if he could achieve all its criteria for evolution.

If he did not do this, he could still become a Two Dimensional Entity, but his presence would now be revealed to the rest of the universe because this Forge could not contain him.

Rowan did not wish to display his powers to the universe. His father and the other Reflection had hidden themselves for billions of years even though they had the power to kill a universe at their whim.

Rowan did not know how to even go about killing a universe, which showed that in some ways his enemies were far more powerful than him at this moment and they were still not flamboyant. Instead, they moved in the shadows and used other methods to accomplish their wishes.

Your enemies can be your greatest teachers. Rowan would be upgrading his bloodline of Sheol so he could properly manage this unexpected boost in his powers.

There were two criteria for Rowan to evolve this bloodline to the next level. The first was to increase the Authority of Sheol, which was done by collecting Soul Origin, and the second was time.

The second part was not an issue for Rowan, he could easily use Soul energy to bridge past the issue of time, he had used this same method to grow this quickly with his previous evolutions. For the issue of Soul Origin, twenty years ago, Rowan had no idea how to gather this enigmatic resource, but since that time he had come across two methods.

The first was using the method of seizing and releasing space after the previously confiscated space had healed itself, this action generated a massive amount of energy that when unleashed against mortals would result in not only the collection of their soul energy, but their Soul Origins as well.

The second was discovered recently as he tried to create gods, when they pledged their souls to him and then failed to hold on during the cleansing process, he gained their Soul Origin as a result.

To easily gain a lot of Soul Origin, the first option was better, he did not utilize it before due to his fear of the universe retaliation, and now the threat had vanished, which was supposed to be good news, but it was replaced by another hidden danger.

Rowan feared that he had no choice but to proceed with this method. He had previously estimated that he would need hundreds of millions of Soul Origin in order to ascend to the Fourth Supreme Circle of his Sheol bloodline, and he had barely collected twenty million Soul Origin after all this time.

Chapter 799: Enemies At The Gate

This path would not be the one that he would choose, but it was the only viable option in front of him.

He would need to slaughter trillions of mortals and godly beings to gain the resources that he needed for his evolution, and he needed to be quick. His slaughter would have to take place in a portion of the universe that was heavily populated.

There was no consideration of whether he should risk himself and reveal his full might to the universe instead of killing so many mortals and immortals. In twenty or so years when the tainted blood of the universe reached the surface of reality, its vitality leeching properties would wipe out every life in the universe.

If their deaths could serve him now, it would be the best option for them. Rowan would keep their Soul Origin safe, freeing them from a destiny of endless reincarnation without choice.

He was already down a million Spirit Guises and he could not keep the Forge in one piece for long. He had made his decision and he had suitable targets in mind.

The galactic Superclusters that could be found towards the center of the universe. This region was a bustling portion of the universe filled with great powers that Rowan had not had the opportunity to explore.

He had heard of countless wonders that could be found in this area, with extremely talented individuals gaining great power with the dense amount of Aether present in the region, but he could no longer visit that place as an explorer instead he would be coming as a butcher.

"If this is the way it has to be... I will keep your Soul Origin safe."

Rowan was about to send a message to Maeve to move his Forge to a suitable inhabited world when his Primordial Record vibrated.

His consciousness froze in shock and he looked over to make sure he was not mistaken, but vibrated once more, and this time it was louder, shaking the entire Forge.

With evolution, he had not been able to access it after trying various ways to stimulate a response out of it. His most valuable treasure became nothing but a book for the last twenty years.

Rowan knew that this black book had a unique awareness, and if it chose to draw his attention, then it must be important.

Rowan's consciousness touched the cover of which was hovering over the pool of endless purple. Since his evolution was still ongoing, everything has been covered in a shade of deep purple, and except for , he could not recognize or find anything inside the purplish haze.

His consciousness was lost in a sea of purplish haze that extended for tens of light years. This was a distance that was impossible for any mortal to comprehend, and even a god would take some time to travel around his Forge, but his essence had already filled it and was straining to burst open this space.

Except for that was a part of him and yet still distinct enough in all the chaos that he could easily spot and reach it.

His excitement was mounting as he pried open . After all this while, he would have access to his greatest treasure again, it was too long since he touched its pages.

Three seconds later his consciousness was shaking with so much force it was vibrating the purplish haze that surrounded him. If Rowan had a body, his face would be red from the strain of trying to pry open the singularity.

"Now this is a worrying development. What am I missing?" Rowan cursed, about to leave and venture out to the universe when it vibrated again more violently, but this time with his consciousness around he was able to receive its message.

It turns out that he was not supposed to open when what he needed to do was just to touch it.

There was amusement and a little bit of annoyance in that message and Rowan learned that with a single consciousness, he would not be able to open the present form of , but the Singularity was able to send over a portion of its contents to his mind.

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

#%&*

##...%#

SOUL ORIGIN GAINED: 1,009,887,665

SOUL CRYSTAL GAINED: 2,887,773

##%%....

Rowan was stunned at what he was witnessing. He had expected a bounty of Soul Crystals from the powerful enemies he had come across and defeated, from Caine, Ohrox the Demon King and so many other creatures, both mortal and immortal, that had been slain by him in the last two decades, but where had he acquired one billion Soul Origin from?

Before now he would have sworn he had barely gained more than twenty million Soul Origin. Although he had slaughtered the entire mortal population of the Cerulean galaxy homeworld, he had not received more than twenty million Soul Origins, since not every soul produced Soul Origin.

Most of the Souls became nothing but Soul Origin, but a small fraction generated Soul Origin.

Rowan wracked his mind for a few seconds before realizing where such a stupendous number of Soul Origin had most likely originated from inside him.

His present situation where he was stuck halfway in his evolution was because of the rapid development that had been ongoing inside his body.

Countless new souls had been born inside him for the last twenty years, or 3,700 years if he used his own time, and of those souls, some had perished, and a portion of them had given him their Soul Origin.

It would seem that any new soul born inside him when they died, he had a great chance of receiving their Soul Origin. The amount of Soul Crystals he had available also could not be just from the mighty immortals he had slain, because a larger portion of their souls had not been digested and remained inside of him.

The most likely explanation was that many souls had perished inside him after nearly four thousand years, and they had all contributed a sizable chunk of soul energy to him.

In his time of need and confusion, had once more shown him a path towards salvation. Every time this treasure had acted for his sake, it was usually for something monumental.

Perhaps there was a reason did not want him to attack the Superclusters at the center of the universe?

Ultimately it did not matter, he had what he wanted.

"Ahh..." Rowan's consciousness groaned in realization, "I was searching outwards and I have forgotten to look inside myself. I am a Dimension, a universe unto myself."

understood every aspect of his being and had led Rowan to the right path.

Casting his voice until it echoed throughout the Forge he called out, "Sheol, my City of Rest, my Bastion of Light, reveal yourself!"

A piercing cry emerged from the center of the massive purple egg that was straining against the confines of the Forge, and lights like from the brightest rainbow shone briefly through the haze before dying out.

The multicolored light stained the purple egg for a few seconds before it was swallowed beneath the purple haze.

Rowan's consciousness pinpointed the location and he began pushing towards it, his abundant essence fighting against his movements and it almost seemed as if he was fighting through a tremendous stormy ocean in a broken boat.

Time ceased to have any meaning, as his consciousness pushed deeper into himself, not forgetting where he had seen that light, and then with a silent pop like a bubble bursting he entered a vast space.

Like , the City of Sheol had created a space over itself to protect against the chaotic essence of Rowan. The ever-shifting form of the city had assumed a rather unassuming form.

The City it transformed into resembled a fortress of rock and black steel. Rowan did not know where this city might have been located in reality, but it seemed as if it was built to withstand a siege against an entire universe if it was needed.

The walls of the city were thousands of feet tall, and several hundred feet thick, everything was built from heavy metals that sucked in the light as if the materials that it was made of were so dense it was generating its gravity.

What was concerning to Rowan, however, was that on the gate of his city, were massive claw marks, as if something had been trying to break into his city.

Chapter 800: To Ease You Of Your Burden

The gate the City of Sheol was presently using was extremely thick, and Rowan doubted that even his Sovereigns would be able to through it. Yet, it had nearly been breached.

The shock in Rowan's heart was monumental, during the period when he had not been in complete control of his powers, someone living inside him had been trying to break into his bloodline, and from the deep scratches on the gates of his City of Sheol, if he had delayed for a few more months in reality, that would give the intruder enough years to tear their way into his bloodline center of power.

How had he not been aware that he was in danger? How could Eva or any of his Angels allow such desecration on his bloodline? He had thought the trend where his body betrayed him was past, but a shadow had remained, a weak point that he had overlooked, or maybe it was something new, something he had no defense against because he had never encountered it before.

Rowan smiled, he was experiencing an emotion he had never felt before, and it was not rage he felt, it was something deeper than that, approaching what he felt about his father.

He had sacrificed and schemed for the opportunity to escape the hold over him from all sorts of enemies who sought to control or kill him, and when he was on the verge of

freedom, something else inside of him thought he was weak enough or sufficiently distracted that they could infiltrate his bloodline without his knowing.

"Who is it? What the fuck did I miss?" he was on the verge of ascension, and he did not have the time to properly investigate all avenues of weakness he had but it was not hard for him to narrow the list of suspects down to one individual.

He had previously been warned of the dangers in the past by the Lady of Shadow, or perhaps the rot went deeper than he suspected. Rowan hoped that was not the case.

Yet their plans were on the verge of failure, Time and Luck were not on their side for Rowan was here.

His consciousness touched the gate of his City of Sheol, and a bright light exploded from it. Accessing his bloodline deeper than he had ever done before since he usually did this with , he had to brace for a deluge of information that nearly blasted his single consciousness into nothingness, but he had succeeded in giving the order for ascension, and Rowan hurriedly tore his consciousness away from the gate.

The Primordial force sleeping deep inside the City of Sheol was activated and a pressure pushed back the purple haze for miles.

Surrounding Sheol was the Primordial Sea, half of which was black, and the other half was bright sparkling water, on the black side of the sea were endless rows of kneeling Angels of Char. There were now many strange and powerful figures among their numbers, which had multiplied over the years, their numbers were now as numerous as sands on the beach.

His Angels of Char were arrayed in the eastern part of Sheol, and on the western part were his Awakened Angels, their numbers were not as plentiful as from the Angels of Char, but their presence overshadowed their fallen brethren. They emitted the light of life and power, like tens of thousands of stars.

In the North of the Sheol was a single massive gate, which had grown more ornate over the years, filled with eldritch scripts and profound carvings, it was his Purgatory Gate, and finally in the South were Soul Origins.

They took the shape of glowing orbs the size of apples, they all had different colors, and they were stacked into large mounds the size of small hills.

Although the eruption from Sheol had pushed back the purple essence for miles, it was not enough to reveal the full extent of the Soul Origin stacked here.

The Soul Origin and his Awakened Angels were all arranged in the part of the Primordial Sea that was filled with sparkling water, and the Angels of Char and the Purgatory Gate were situated in the Dark parts of his Primordial Sea.

Overshadowing all of them in the distance but could be barely discernible were several massive souls frozen in place, and at the bottom of these gigantic souls were mounds of Soul Crystals.

With his consciousness inside this place, everything was frozen in time. The Primordial Sea had waves that had gone still, and the flames from the wings of his Angels were frozen in various positions. This should be the right moment to investigate who was trying to betray him, but he needed to ascend his bloodline.

His consciousness felt the pull from the City of Sheol and waves of Soul Origin and Soul Crystals began flying towards the city. As they neared the City, they melted into a column of purple light and slammed into the center of the city. A loud blast escaped from the city and like a thirsty whale it began swallowing the purple light.

Rowan's consciousness was focused on his surroundings, if his enemy wanted to make a move, this was the best time, because after now, they would never get the chance again. This was the last time that he would ever be vulnerable and they knew that.

The city of Sheol trembled and began to let out a harsh crackling sound as its massive buildings that resembled fortresses began to collapse into themselves as if a black hole had been dropped into the center of the city.

This process accelerated as more Soul Origin and Crystals were channeled into the collapsing city, and it shrank from a city that was at least a thousand miles in diameter to become something smaller than a thousand feet and it continued shrinking while drawing on an ever-increasing amount of resources.

'What are you waiting for? Your chance is almost out of the picture. Let's sweeten the deal a little more. I don't believe you will not eat this savory meal under your nose.'

Rowan's consciousness suddenly collapsed with a painful groan. His appearance all this while resembled a pale white smoke with a humanoid form. Now this smoke was on its knees, and it looked at the edge of dissipation.

It was not even that difficult to feign that he was gravely hurt and needed time to recuperate. Upgrading his bloodline with a single consciousness was like a mortal pushing a mountain. He might have succeeded but he had gravely injured himself, if he had muscles then it would translate to him tearing every single fiber of muscle he had in his body.

Rowan was used to pain, and at his level, such injuries could be shifted to the side while he focused on other things. He only needed to appear as if he was in his weakest moment for his enemies to....

"BOOM!!!"

... Strike.

A massive clawed hand seized Rowan's consciousness and slammed it to the ground. He felt a wave of cold power flood his consciousness, emerging from the hand that grabbed him.

The cold power healed all his injuries until his consciousness was in peak condition, but it also gave his consciousness flesh.

The smell of rot and burning dead flesh entered his nose, "This is the part where you beg for your life, Creator, and allow me to control your kingdom on your behalf. You are far too young to understand how to manage your creations properly. I am here to ease you of the burden."

The voice of his captor was unknown to him, sounding neither male nor female, but it had a rasping quality to it as if the throats of the person had been scorched repeatedly, and speaking of any form was accompanied by great pain.

Rowan wanted to turn to see who was responsible for holding him down, but his face was pressed back to the ground and he felt an intense burst of pain that went from his back to his chest.

He wheezed as his lungs became filled with blood, clogging his airways and depriving him of the energy to concentrate. His face was turned to the side and something heavy was dropped beside him.

It was his beating heart that was furiously pumping out the last of his blood inside of it, some of it sprayed on his face, and Rowan felt its warmth, and for a brief moment he recalled and missed the feeling of being a mortal.