

The Primordial Record

Chapter 801: Principality

This emotion struck him as odd and out of place. There was no way he should be missing the feeling of becoming vulnerable. He was under attack in more ways than one.

This attack not only coincided with the evolution of his Will, but it distracted him for several precious moments that he could have been using for analysis of the situation.

Rowan could feel the rumbling of his Essence, as the enlightenment of mortality solidified his position as a two-dimensional being. This led to an increased expansion of his Essence, and his purple essence began to close on this space opened by his Sheol bloodline.

His Forge was brought to the edge of destruction, as the strain of sustaining its operation multiplied. His City of Sheol stopped collecting Soul Origins and Crystals and its form now took the shape of a large platform that resembled a coffin.

Rowan's consciousness which was now wrapped in mortal flesh could not link with his bloodline. The cold energy that gave him flesh had isolated this single strand of consciousness.

With the position he was kept in, he could see the edges of his surroundings and managed to glimpse the individual who was holding him down.

He swallowed the blood that filled his throat, squeezing his chest together to force out the blood that filled with lungs. His captor had reached through his back and pulled out his heart. With his seemingly mortal consciousness, it was an annoying distraction, aggravated by the fact that his healing capabilities had been cut off.

With the blood out of his lungs, Rowan calmly conversed with his captor, "You speak of controlling my kingdom, but you still hide in the shadows. You believe I would hand my power over to someone who stabs my back?"

His captor suddenly released him and stepped back, Rowan could feel the earth vibrating under the heavy tread of his captor,

"I believe this is the only way for you to understand my qualities, Creator, and the proper way to utilize my power. I believe with my demonstration, I have proven the reason for you to allow me to rule in your stead, protecting your interest until you reach your complete potential."

Free from the pressure holding him down, Rowan stood up, his body bent in an awkward position from his numerous crushed ribs and shattered spine. Looking at the creature who had shackled his consciousness in this mortal form, he cocked his head to the side in surprise.

After freeing him, his captor knelt, and when Rowan stood up, they prostrated flat to the ground. His attacker was an Angel of Char.

At first, from its shape Rowan thought that this was the same as the demonic Angel of Char who was at the forefront of their Host, and indeed this enigmatic Angel had been his first suspect, but a glance at the Array of Angel of Char in the East and he saw the figure, standing still, and frozen in time like all the rest.

'Except this one.' Rowan thought wryly as he looked back to the prostrating Angel of Char.

He had the same demonic appearance as the foremost Angel of Char, with two batlike wings filled with dead eyes, a scaled skin that appeared to be scorched, and two long reptilian tails that ended at a spear point.

The head of this Angel of Char was also not connected to its body, floating a few inches from it, and slowly rotating. All four faces it had however were female.

He recalled the conversation he had with Eva that had led him to easily suspect an Angel of Char had been the one responsible for this betrayal. She had told him that more powerful Angels could not be easily controlled.

Although they were loyal to him, they could still choose to go against the Will of their creator if they felt that their actions would lead to an ultimately favorable outcome for their creator.

This includes imprisoning him, or performing other radical actions if they believed it would lead to his safety. The rage he had built inside his spirit subsided, the true enemy here was his weakness.

He had given too much space for his enemies to wreck his plans, and this newly awakened Angel of Char must have noted his level of power and believed that it could take over control of his bloodline and would only release him when he grew stronger.

But Rowan had not suffered for all this while and fought against fate all his life to be controlled by a glorified angelic zombie. He knew that the Angel of Char had given up as soon as the ascension of his Sheol bloodline had reached this particular phase because his Consciousness Pillars were beginning to rouse from their slumber.

It could bully this strand of consciousness that was not even as powerful as a single Consciousness Pillar of Rowan, but when the true Creator was beginning to rouse from its slumber, the realization of Rowan's true power must have been detected by it.

The City of Sheol which resembled a gigantic coffin, suddenly released a pulse of power, that pushed back the purple essence for millions of miles, and suppressed every living thing until they were driven to the ground... except for the now mortal body of Rowan's consciousness everything had been suppressed.

A single Consciousness Pillar had awoken.

If Rowan had been asleep for the last twenty years, he had now truly awoken.

Another blast escaped from the coffin pushing back the purple essence further until it could no longer be seen on the horizon.

Five more blasts emerged from Sheol, as seven Consciousness Pillars were awakened and they immediately surged towards the edges of the massive purple egg, and they began to suppress it, driving his essence to become compact for his evolution to be completed.

The mortal consciousness of Rowan stroked his chin and regarded this prostrating Angel of Char whom he placed in the middle of two crushing forces, with the power he was exerting on it, a slight fraction extra would destroy this rebellious Angel, but its unique nature piqued his interest,

"How can you still move when my consciousness now roams?"

Even the sliver of his consciousness made the entire time inside of him ground to a halt, now that he had awakened seven Consciousness Pillars, nothing should be moving, but this Angel could still move around.

The Angel of Char shuddered as if in great pain, gray smoke leaking from cracks all over its body, and one of her mouths opened, "It is because I am a Principality. I exist outside Time and Space."

Rowan blinked, did this Angel of Char just inform him that it had access to Will even at its base state?

A loud metallic groan came from the horizon as a wave of purple began rushing down towards them, his consciousnesses were now pushing all of his essence together, and in a few seconds, he needed to make his decision if he was killing this Angel or letting it go.

He considered it amusing that even on the verge of death, this Angel of Char had not released its power that had transformed his consciousness to a mortal's form. Gesturing

he dragged the Angel of Char until it was floating in front of him, the pressure he had applied on its body had almost flattened it, and the gray smoke emerging from its body was slowly diminishing.

Rowan looked into its cold unflinching eyes and said, "Your time is running out, and my patience is running out faster. Even though I consider it very unlikely that an Angel of your Rank had awakened inside of me this early, your answer is not enough to warrant the sort of actions you have taken against your Creator. I do not look lightly on betrayal, especially from someone who should be my child."

The Angel of Char struggled to speak,

"Creator, you are not supposed to awaken an Angel of my power at your level. The corruption within me wars against your light, warping my mind into seeking to suppress to keep you safe. I did all this to keep you safe. I awakened a few years back only to detect the gaze of several Old Ones roving a dead universe. My first instinct was to keep you safe, and the quickest method for me was to assume control of the Throne and ferry you to a newly born universe where you would be able to grow in peace."

Chapter 802: Breaking The Principality

Rowan eyed the Principality critically, his interest was piqued by its words, "You can ferry me outside this universe to a new one?"

The Angel of Char quickly replied, "I am a Principality, my Creator, charting a course through the Great Darkness is part of my skill set. My essence does not just draw from the light, but also from darkness, and every other mystical energy in creation."

Rowan nodded in thought, "So I should assume that the reason you wanted to control my bloodline is that you needed all the power I had. You are still diminished."

The faces of the Principality nearly smiled, "Precisely creator. To locate my Resonance bodies would take too long, perhaps many Eras before it is completed, I would be severely weakened until that time, this was the best method for your survival. I have no intention of controlling your mind, your consciousnesses are incredibly powerful, but I can steer you in the direction of safety. I believed you would rebel against my intervention so I made my move without informing you."

Rowan looked at the Angel, he saw no remorse or anything of that nature, it was obvious to him that the Angel was sticking by her guns, and truly believed in controlling his powers to lead him away from danger. After awakening his presence had invoked no awe inside the heart of this Angel of Char, only concern.

Rowan did not know if he should be annoyed or amused, but the shock of discovering someone was trying to take over his bloodline power had nearly driven him to the edge, and the Principality's attitude was only driving the stake deeper inside the fresh wound.

He shook his head in regret, what a pity, he valued its power but did not truly need it. If this Angel of Char survived his next series of experiments, then it would begin paying for its arrogance, if not... there would be others.

The Angel of Char must have detected the resolve in his eyes because her demeanor changed, it cried out in panic, "Killing me would be a mistake, Creator. I am a Principality."

Rowan nodded towards the other demonic Angel of Char who was curiously frozen in time, "I have another Principality, that one had obeyed my Will and vision since the time of its birth, and had never tried to take over my power. You were born yesterday and you already try to control my throne!"

The Principality scoffed, "That Fallen One is not a Principality, I borrowed its shape in order for me to easily tear through the defenses of your bloodline. I have no idea what it is, likely a birth resulting from the conflicts between the Celestial and Demonic during the Primordial Era. It has no future."

This was the first time Rowan had heard the term—Fallen One, this should be the general term for Angels of Char, or were terms for unique Angels of Char who were a fusion between the demonic and the celestial.

This Principality likely had so much information about the past of his Angels, their origins, and many more valuable insights, the only problem was that it did not understand him well enough, there were portions of Rowan that should never be touched.

Rowan squeezed his fists a bit closer, "What makes you think you are invaluable to me."

Detecting the subtle change in Rowan's tone, the Principality waited for a short moment before carefully answering, "You are young, Creator, and so you don't know how incredibly lucky you are to have given birth to a Principality. Among a billion Hosts of Angels, it is rare for a single Principality to be born. Destroying me would be getting rid of a unique source of power that you may never come across again, even if a thousand Eras go by."

"The Grand Creator of Celestials gave his powers to diverse Creators to create Hosts of Angels to spread light all over creation, and it is beyond rare for any creator to be able to summon an Angel such as I. You need me to become one of the greatest forces in all of creation."

Rowan smiled, "You really think so?"

The Principality clenched its teeth, "Creator, I know it to be so."

Rowan began to laugh, but there was no mirth inside, instead, it was cold, like the grin from a serpent, "It is a shame that before you attempted breaching my seat of power, you should have first asked yourself, I already control Sovereigns, but... How old am I?"

With a flex from his consciousness and the wide-eyed astonishment from the smug Angel of Char, he crushed the being to dust. For a moment her cold eyes had connected with his own, and she had seen something inside him that filled its gaze with what was not necessarily fear, but something... strange."

The peculiar Will bounding this piece of his consciousness dissipated and he returned to his mist-like form. His fascination with his mortality faded until it was a forgotten memory.

He took to the air and turned towards the unending Host of his Angels of Char.

Rowan had never truly taken the time to observe how new Angels of Char were created inside his dimension or Mental Space previously.

He knew their appearance coincided with whatever death happened all around him, and it did not necessarily mean that those deaths had to be by his hands. With every death happening around him, it coincided with the creation of Angels of Char as if they were born from the energy of death.

Like figments from his imagination, the Angels of Char would suddenly appear from thin air, their burnt bodies which were constantly releasing cold ashes would drift over to stand beside the others where they would wait, for all eternity if need be, for their Creator to awaken them with his eyes.

His endless armies... soon he would be awakening them all.

Rowan looked towards the fore of the Angels of Char, as he had observed that Angels with high levels of potential usually appear close to the front when they were created. Their bodies even in their current form are still distinct from the rest of the Angels.

He was not wrong and he did not have to wait for long. There was no visible indication, but in a few seconds, hundreds of Angels of Char had been created, and among them, there was a special presence.

It resembled a ball of burning shadow and ashes more than a dozen feet in diameter. Unlike any Angel of Char, the Principality was born with a cry like an eagle. Its birth vibrated his entire essence and shook his dimension. He could almost smell the confusion emanating from the ball of gray fire.

Rowan gestured and the flustered Principality was dragged over. It screamed, "What... impossible, my Creator, this should not..."

Rowan did not wait for the Angel of Char to come to the brink with its shock before he crushed it to pieces again, leaving a shocked cry behind.

It took a little while longer, but among the new batch of Angels of Char that were born, the Principality was among them. Rowan drew it to his side and he noticed the shock it had undergone had shaken this Principality to its core,

He drew it to his side and whispered near the flame, "You have no idea about what I'm capable of, or who I am. Do not compare me to any Creator you may have known before. Your punishment and re-education would have to wait for the moment. Take your time and question my children, learn about my worlds and the next time I summon you, I expect to see that you have gained enlightenment."

The Principality who was a ball of flame flickered rapidly as if it was about to go out, "By your Will, Creator."

"You are a valuable tool," Rowan said, "Until you prove your wisdom, you shall remain nothing but a tool. In your ignorance, you have touched my one reverse scale. There will be no second chances."

Rowan dismissed the Principality and looked around in awe as his Essence finally swept past him in endless streams to enter the massive coffin. The last thing this sliver of consciousness saw was a gigantic golden arm, taking hold of him as he finally rejoined into the greater whole.

Chapter 803: The Children Of Ouroboros

Every time he evolves, he thinks he has already gotten used to the sensation of becoming something else, but every time he discovers that he is wrong.

It was always new.

Rowan felt he was waking up from a deep sleep. Every sensation that brushed past and through his entire being was stark and electrifying, as if he was a newborn and his skin was still tender making every slight breeze that touched him feel like needles piercing through his body.

His entire existence had transformed and it took a while, even with seven consciousnesses to reconcile the change. He had taken a step in a single minute, that everyone else would have taken billions or trillions of years to cross, with no assurance that they would even succeed.

Rowan felt his body stretch and adjust to its new proportions, the feeling was entirely different from when he was a line. He had no mouth but his cries of exultation broke past the barriers of the Forge and escaped into the universe, making the stars in the void sing.

Maeve was shaken, discovering a breadth of power from the cry that made her feel so small... The cry seemed to emerge from the past to the future. She stopped protecting the Forge and stepped back, waiting for her master to emerge.

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Rowan's new state of existence was strange, for previously he was a line, but now he had transformed into a page. He resembled a sheet of an endless scroll that had no beginning or an end.

The page of this scroll was yellow and appeared to be incredibly ancient, but the edge of it was ridiculously sharp. Although he was now a Dimension, his base remained as a Destroyer, and unlike when he was nothing but a silver line, now he could wield his body like a weapon.

This page filled the entire Forge, curling among itself like a massive snake, after spending so long as an Ouroboros Serpent, some of his mannerisms had become similar to those of a serpent, and coiling his body felt familiar, even if he did not have a head or a tail.

On the endless page were bumps like 3D images, engraved on every single inch. There was no empty spot on the endless page, but anytime something new was born, the page would become longer to accommodate these new phenomena.

There were planets and stars, and every heavenly phenomenon inside his body, and they were all represented on the page, every living being that flew, crawled, or loved beneath the earth could be found.

The Aura of life blazed from his new body, affecting his environment, and the Forge began to grow massive amounts of vegetation.

In the corner was a massive coffin surrounded by an infinite sea of black and white, his City of Sheol. In this sea, there were powerful presences, his Angels, Archangels, Sovereigns, and Angels of Char.

He saw all his children. He saw Eva, Lost, Diane, Vraegar, Archimedes, and the trillions of newly born in this world, and with his seven awakened consciousnesses, he could begin truly understanding the scope of his Destroyer.

Furthermore, he could see the image of a massive tree whose roots were sunk deep into the Primordial Sea, drinking deep from its essence. His Tree of Desire had shown

its power over luck and probability, enhanced by his Will of Truth, forcing the Principality to be reborn over and over inside him.

Perhaps when he had not acquired a Principality, it was a matter of luck that he could get one, but as long as he had acquired it before, he would be able to bend reality to a greater extent than before and reacquire it.

His Tree of Desire bloodline which had been lost to him, had been gotten back with the same process. Only the complete destruction of the essence of the Principality would stop it from escaping his grasp.

On a vast expanse of paper was a portion that was entirely devoted to his second primary bloodline of the Ouroboros Serpent.

It resembled a planet made from flesh and scales, the planet expanded and retracted as if it was breathing and all around the planet were golden streams of light that were entering inside it, making the planet of flesh slowly grow.

This flesh planet was shown with golden and red light and was situated at the center of thousands of worlds, and the light from it was touching the entire world.

Rowan had sacrificed his Eruption ability and distributed it among all his Seeded Worlds. He had also given his Ouroboros Bloodline Source Power to all those worlds.

At this moment, his second bloodline was in an accelerated state of growth, as it existed in a symbiotic relationship with all the children of his bloodline. There were already three gods born from his bloodline that hovered a few million miles away from the massive flesh planet, basking under the rays of its power.

These gods process the power, growing stronger and a portion of that process power returns to the flesh planet and causes it to grow. This process was happening between the planet and trillions of his children.

Rowan had not expected such massive changes when he cleansed his bloodline from the hold of Chaos and knew that he would be evolving this bloodline next after it had reached its maximum potential.

With every moment that passes by, the power of his Ouroboros Bloodline grows stronger. The Eruption ability that Rowan once had felt different, he sensed that it was now more refined. Distributing this power among the children of his Bloodline turned out to be the right choice.

If Angels were the Children of his Sheol Bloodline, then the Children of his Ouroboros Bloodline would have to quickly grow to stand equally with his Angels.

Somehow Rowan did not doubt that they would be able to equally challenge his Angels when they fully developed. If their society could already develop three gods in less than four thousand years without his intervention or guidance, it spoke volumes of the potential they all carried.

That means for now he would have to continue evolving his Sheol bloodline to the Fifth Supreme Circle. At this level, he would be able to unleash more Consciousness Pillars and enhance his perception, leading to faster evolutions of his Will.

If he could reach the 3rd Dimensional State, he would be able to walk the universe with a complete body and not exist as a page. His influence over his environment would be complete and he would not need to scheme through hidden channels to gain what he needed. He would have the ability to wage war against the entire universe.

Leaving his battles to his children always left a funny taste in his mouth. Rowan wanted to fight his battles with his own two hands. He was the vanguard, the tip of the spear. Maybe in time, he would leave his battles for his children, but for now, he would fight.

On the corner of the page was the recognizable image of . It was glowing with a harsh red light, and an irresistible urge made him send his consciousness over and he touched the black book.

Chapter 804: Turning Point Of Reality

Like a magnet dragging iron fillings around it, held Rowan's consciousness and demanded his entire attention.

Rowan felt his consciousness convulse as if he were a mortal who had just touched a lightning bolt. This should not be far from the truth because his consciousness collapsed to dust, luckily he had six more and they surrounded , containing its power and hearing the message it was passing across to him.

had practically been screaming this to him. What this black book wanted was to make a deal with him.

He had an understanding that since the Singularity came into existence, it had never wanted anything else, but now for the first time in its existence, it desired something.

For a long while Rowan was silent, as he processed the information had sent over. The risk of failure was profound, but if they succeeded, it would elevate both of them to a level that was unknown.

If they succeeded, it would become the greatest showing of power from the beginning of time to its end. Nothing would be able to top it. It was a testament to Rowan's fortitude

that he was not foaming in the mouth when he understood the true scale of the offer from .

Communication with was still difficult, it existed at a level that was problematic for Rowan to conceptualize, and he imagined that whenever was trying to speak with him, it was similar to a man talking to a tree.

Rowan was still able to get the meaning of the message. Apparently, the Singularity was excited with his new form and potential as a Second Dimensional being. Rowan had become close enough to its sort of existence.

It sought to make Rowan become one of its pages. It would be discarding the final missing page, and merging Rowan with itself.

This concept seemed so outlandish to Rowan, he had always been the one to merge treasures into his body and not the other way around. He was still battling with understanding this concept when gave him a brief glimpse of what their union would become.

He could not digest it properly, his seven consciousnesses not able to handle the load, but he understood the general idea of it all.

There were advantages to this merger and also disadvantages. The greatest advantage would be that Rowan would essentially become , able to access its abilities to a level that would be impossible for him.

He had not been able to access a greater part of the abilities of , and there was a chance that he would never be able to, no matter how long he spent with it. was a treasure that a single individual no matter how powerful would not be able to access all of it.

The abilities of were so far-reaching that it obliterated all forms of power that Rowan had seen up to this moment. Rowan recalled the shocking moment when it took an entire timeline and folded it into one of its pages during the time when Rowan had gone insane and destroyed the universe using his Eruption ability.

Essentially had duplicated reality in such a manner that Rowan still did not understand. Did it create a new timeline? Or shifted Rowan to an identical parallel reality? Did it recreate an exact universe and clone everything inside it to fit the old one?

What were the limits to the abilities of the Singularity?

Another of its profound abilities was to access bloodlines of every type just because Rowan had witnessed it or even given him the opportunity of becoming a Dimension by showing the path of a One-Dimensional Will.

Rowan suspected that the reason was able to give him every bloodline he had ever evolved into was because it contained every single bloodline in all of creation. It did not need to search for the bloodlines that Rowan had come across because it was a Record of every bloodline across all-

time

If he merged with he could have access to every bloodline that had ever existed, perhaps he would be able to choose every Primordial Bloodline that had ever existed, even creating his own unique Primordial Bloodlines as he planned to do with his Ouroboros Bloodline.

He did not forget that with the power of , his powers would never clash, but instead work together in harmony, to become something greater than the sum of its parts.

He was already such a powerful Creator with three bloodlines, what would he become if he could carry a dozen bloodlines or even one hundred bloodlines at the same time? What about a thousand unique bloodlines?

"Goddammit... Is it even possible for a single being to control such amounts of power? There must certainly be a drawback.

Rowan did not have to imagine how powerful he would become. With all these bloodlines he would essentially be invincible. This was true invincibility, beyond what even a Primordial would enjoy. He would be a god to even Primordials.

This was essentially only using as a bloodline farm, but if he had access to its other hidden features, it could transform the way he saw reality.

He forced himself to calm his consciousness and analyzed the drawbacks. There was none!

Rowan wished for that to be the case, but it was a lie.

Now for the disadvantages and he quickly understood that the greatest of it was that would lose its invincibility, and if Rowan was killed would cease to exist alongside him.

The greatest treasure to ever exist would vanish forever if he was killed when merged with it. Such a loss was too massive to even contemplate. With , even an ant could fight to become a Primordial, what else in all of time could guarantee such a thing?

was invincible and the only reason his father had been able to extract pages from it was through bending Rowan's mind and essentially using his hands to slice off pieces of . Yet that did not lead to the destruction of and his father had been unable to access it.

The second disadvantage of this process which was equally as challenging was that the last page of that was left in Trion would finally be unclaimed. Anyone who was holding that page would be able to control its power.

He did not know the powers that this single page would contain, nevertheless, it would be enough to change the tides of reality.

Rowan would not be able to hide the fact that the page of was now separated from its whole because it would release so much energy it would not only be felt throughout this universe but in every universe in the Great Darkness.

It would be similar to birthing a somewhat lesser Singularity. Yet one that could be considered equally as powerful.

This would be like creating a newborn Primordial Record.

Chapter 805: Web of Seeking

The creation of a second Singularity would be a clarion call to all the great powers in all of creation, even the Primordials would be drawn to this dying universe. This would lead to a war that would end all wars. Everyone would want to control this Singularity, right before inside this small universe, their gaze would turn to Rowan.

The decision was before Rowan. Merge with , and for a short moment he would be invincible, but he would draw the attention of all the great powers in creation. If he survived this first clash with every Primordial in existence, and perhaps a few more battles with them, he would become invincible.

He would be able to perfectly control and develop all this bloodline, creating a body of power that was unbreachable.

If he fails, he dies, along with .

This bet was an or-nothing affair. There would be no turning back or maneuvering against Primordials, he would have access to ultimate power for an instant, with no chance to learn or familiarize himself with it before all hell would break loose.

Not to mention that if a Primordial collected the new Singularity, with their powers and experience from their extremely long lifespan they might be able to create something unexpected with this power.

There was no way Rowan could be sure that he would be strong enough to control the outcome when it came to powers of those levels. Powers that he was not familiar with in the slightest.

He had only one chance at this, due to a series of events that led to this moment that seemed intractable, Rowan had the chance to merge with his Singularity. If he recovered the last page of , that chance would be lost forever.

If he became a three-dimensional being, the chance would be lost too. He was in a unique position to become the most powerful being in all existence in a single step, and if he missed it, he would not get this chance again.

This decision was too heavy to be taken lightly, and Rowan decided to push it forward until he was adequately prepared. For one, may be able to grant him all the powerful bloodlines there was in existence, but it would all be at the mortal level.

Just like all his other bloodlines, they all needed resources to grow, and even if he had a thousand bloodlines, it was useless if they all remained at the mortal level when he had creatures like Primordial, who resided in the 9th Dimension prowling through this universe who could completely eradicate every single living thing in all the universes if they truly wanted.

If he could not survive the blows of a Primordial when he had a thousand bloodlines, it was useless to consider this option of merging with at this moment.

What he needed was more information, he needed time and he needed resources.

His mind went towards the area where he had just collected the treasures he used in creating his Forge. Perhaps if he had all the treasures that were inside that Exchange Space where he used the Labyrinth Coins.

Not only that he would also need access to at least a billion or more Soul Crystals, a couple of Principalities, and higher powered Angels to buy him a few seconds once the Primordials reached this universe then he might be able to risk it.

All of this preparation was the least he could have before he considered merging himself with .

Rowan swallowed his desires, the mission had not changed, he needed to get stronger, gather more resources, and understand all he could about the powers of Primordial, and if he felt he had a certain percentage of success, he would leap and merge with .

It was an unmatched opportunity for great power, but only one he would enjoy if he could survive

He figured out that the best method to find out if he could win against Primordials was to win the war against the Reflection of a fallen Primordial. If he won this fight against his father and his forces, he would have gone through a Trial of Fire that would have judged him worthy enough to challenge Primordials, maybe not enough to win, but at least survive.

Besides, he suspected that his father and the other Reflections now had Souls, and the amount of Soul Crystals he would acquire from the Reflection of a Primordial must be astonishing, perhaps enough that for the upcoming future, he would never need to find another source of Soul Energy.

With the knowledge he would gain from those Reflections, he would have the complete picture of what could be found outside the universe, he would know potential allies and enemies. Fighting and winning this war was the first thing he needed to do before considering his merger with the Singularity.

The only problem with this decision was simple, disagreed with him.

Rowan sighed in exasperation, "Why am I not surprised."

He suddenly felt a profound force taking hold of his consciousness, weaving it in a manner that left him helpless, and his perception was promoted to look above him and he gasped in shock and annoyance.

had emerged from his body and hovered above his body, it was the size of a massive star, and it opened itself revealing a vast open void. The Forge quaked, about to explode, but time unexpectedly went still.

wanted Rowan's body and it was willing to take the risk of perishing if they fell to the Primordials. It knew that merging with Rowan would lead to unknown potential benefits, and it would not wait.

Rowan was dragged to , and as he gathered all his energies to fight back, he could not help thinking, "Fuck, everything wants a piece of me today."

closed over him and everything was covered in darkness.

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Minerva was floating through the Sea of Destruction. For the past few weeks, she had been investigating the Vaults of Bacchus, Vulgim, with the examination of those two gods completed, now she was headed for Boreas.

During the meeting with the God King, she had detected with the help of the strange Centipede something that was not an actuality but more of a sensation, that something there was not supposed to be among their midst, but it was.

Something that seemingly could not die. Everything she saw had the energy of decay around them, and this was the first time she was feeling something that did not hold that decay.

She had suspected that one of the gods had brought along an unknown figure among them, although she could not fully ascertain if she was right, she fully trusted in her instincts and followed her hunch.

Boreas's Vault was not far ahead and Minerva hid her presence, she did not want any quarrel with these gods on the verge of madness.

Like before, she began to spin her web all around the vault. The energies of destruction did not trouble her as much. It was a familiar force that reminded her of better times, and she knew this place did not find her nature to be anathema to its own.

Chapter 806: The Voice of The Singularity

Minerva found it difficult to pretend that she was something other than her nature. She would like to think the millions of years on Trion would have transformed her, but that transformation was only skin deep.

She spun her web masterfully, no single fluctuation escaped from her activities, and if Boreas had been paying attention, he would have witnessed nothing.

The Web of Minerva was created out of the tides of destruction in this area, reinforcing its strength, and she soon encircled the entire Vault of Hekaton, Boreas's home with it. From afar the web resembled her face that had been magnified a million times. The eyes in the face suddenly opened and Minerva could see everything in the vault of Boreas.

This was not the first time she had been spying on the Gods of Trion, and she was familiar with their secrets and activities, although she might find some of their activities amusing at times, she could not deny their potential. It was a shame that they were kept in a state of ignorance, their powers halved, nothing more than puppets, but she understood the necessity of control.

She was a creature that thrived off control, and it was the reason she always found Telmus her child so fascinating. Not his powers like he thinks, Minerva had made sure that she crippled him in that area, but in his tenacity. How could she break him?

Minerva frowned as she recalled past grievances and slights against her, but pushed those matters aside to focus on her task, as she examined every single inch of this vault.

The Gods of Trion usually have hidden projects, Minerva considered these actions like little pieces of resistance against their slavery.

It was surprising to her that Golgoth encouraged these acts by providing them with access to Labyrinth Coins, she considered this to be a gigantic waste of resources, but if she was as wealthy as the God King, perhaps she would also be as extravagant in her activities.

Minerva hesitated, 'No she wouldn't,' a Labyrinth Coin was not a resource you could just give away at your whim, and it made her annoyed that she was still being paid the same amounts of Coins as the other glorified puppets. Yet she could not complain about receiving such an unexpected bonus.

The first thing she noticed while looking inside the Vault of Boreas was that his little hidden projects were all gone. The god sat on his throne with his eyes closed and for all visible indication, his consciousness must be elsewhere on whatever activities he was concentrating on, most likely trying to get more powerful.

She snickered internally, 'Becoming nothing more but a fatter lamb to be slaughtered.'

Minerva was not here for Boreas, the god was insignificant, she was here for something stranger. Her gaze swept past the god, looking for secrets, and she found them. Unexpected secrets that delighted her senses.

"Someone has been busy, oh silly brother, you should have asked for my help." she smiled and vanished from the Sea of Destruction, but she left her webs behind. Who knew what else she might find?

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The darkness over his consciousness receded and Rowan found himself pressed against the ground. There was an ungodly pressure on his body so strong, that he only kept himself alive with every single iota of endurance he had.

He was lying on a terrifying dense entity, and his body could not make it budge a single inch, effectively crushing him between two immovable forces.

Rowan felt the incredible changes in his body and was filled with awe. Moving his consciousness was like a mortal trying to lift a mountain, but he managed to do so in fits and starts.

The first thing He immediately noticed was that his size was different, bigger than a universe, his body was now so powerful it dwarfed his imagination, he could feel his three bloodlines had merged, creating something so powerful it almost felt impractical.

His consciousness was weighed down but he understood that he had become a Dimension that could stand before the powers of creation, his light would reach all eternity, and a single wave of his hand could end multiple universes, and yet he was at the edge of death because of a single reason—A baby boy.

If Rowan's body was the size of a universe, this baby was a thousand times bigger than a universe. The baby appeared to be asleep. The infant was hairless, and due to his massive size, or was possible to see that his body was filled with countless wounds that were slowly closing, but it would take a while for this child to heal and then begin to grow.

He had just been born and his birth had been incredibly violent and placed the baby at the edge of death. Rowan went still in shock when he noticed something familiar about this child and before he could confirm his suspicions, the baby shook as if he was in a bad dream.

The clothes used in covering the baby were made from countless newborn alien universes emitting colors that could corrupt the senses of anyone who saw it.

These universes had been woven in the shape of a blanket, and his agitation caused the universes that kept him warm to end, but they were reborn once more due to the Aura of endless vitality around the sleeping infant.

That slight agitation from the baby did not end only in the death of the universes, the force that action carried echoed into eternity and slammed into Rowan, and he screamed.

His body was being crushed to pieces, and he could not recover from this wound, all his powers were nothing before the slight shrug of this infant.

In every moment that passes, trillions of lives are lost inside of him. He held on to his life with a madness that had remained inside him for so long that he did not know the meaning of giving up. When his back was to the wall, he had always fought for his life, this time would not be any different.

He was fighting against the end, and he was winning... somewhat.

The baby opened his mouth, and to Rowan's horror, he gave his first cry.

It was a funny thing, all the ways he thought he could die, but dying from the cry of a baby was not one of them.

He could see the cry traveling at him, like a shockwave emerging from the deaths of a thousand universes, and he knew that he could not survive. Rowan had made peace with death a long time ago, and he finally settled down to observe his demise.

The shockwave began to slow down and then it stopped a few inches away from his head.

"THIS COULD BE US... WE CAN BECOME THIS CHILD. BORN ANEW, REMADE INTO SOMETHING SACRED. WE CAN BECOME THE ORIGIN... OF EVERYTHING."

spoke to him, and for the first time, he could hear it clearly. It showed him a vision of the future that was not so far away. He only needed to accept it.

was showing him that at the height of his powers, Rowan would still be nothing before the birth of this child.