

The Primordial Record

- Chapter 807: Wiping The Slate Clean

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Everything he would ever become in the future was nothing. did not lie, Rowan knew that the Singularity understood the concept of falsehood, but it would never stoop to the level of making Rowan believe a lie.

"This future," Rowan gasped, even though words were difficult to speak when around this child who had just given his first cry, "show everything to me. Show me how long this future of ours will last."

went silent, and when Rowan thought it would keep him there in this state of near-death forever, it spoke, "AS YOU WISH. IF YOU CAN WITHSTAND THE SHOCK OF WITNESSING... THEN YOU MAY."

The hold over time ended and Rowan shuddered in shock as he weathered the impact of the cry of the baby slamming against his body. If he wanted to know the entire truth, he would have to pay for it.

His massive body began to shatter to pieces, massive chunks of body the size of galaxies threatened to be scattered to the farthest reaches of eternity, but Rowan gritted his teeth and held on.

He needed to see.

His impending death was pushed to the side, what was on his mind was the future of this child. The infant was powerful, but it was not alone, and as he feared that future he dreaded... it was not far away.

In the distance, reality was broken apart and rearranged, madness took form and unreality, super realities, minor realities, and infinite types of realities converged on this place and the Primordials came through.

He wanted to look, Rowan wanted to finally understand what the creatures that stood on top of the food chain were like. However he nearly cried in anger for his consciousness could barely withstand the might of the baby, talkless additional more Primordials.

It was difficult enough to stay alive, trying to understand more details about these Primordials was impossible. He had to be patient with just following the general direction of what was happening.

The Primordials had carried with them their dimensions, and just the appearance of the dimensions of more than one Primordial in the same place nearly drove Rowan insane, and he dared not look at their masters.

Describing what he was witnessing was impossible, even with how powerful he had become, his mind was still too small. Rowan realized in horror that his present state was just one step from achieving the Ranks of Primordials, but that step was a wide chasm that was impossible to cross.

had shown that he grew to the height of an Eight-dimensional entity, and perhaps in all of reality, the number of beings who were at this level could be counted on one hand, but it was not enough. With all of his potential, he could not cross that last step, it was impossible.

Rowan recalled how prideful he had become after becoming a Dimensional entity and defeating Caine, he had thought he would be the first one to not just become a Primordial, but a Primordial of multiple 9th Dimensional Wills.

Was it the tag of a Nascent Primordial and all the benefits that came with that name that convinced him that he was assured that he would become a Primordial?

His steps to this level, although difficult had been too smooth, and that had blinded him to the fact that he might not succeed in becoming a Primordial, and the possession of the Singularity did not help matters, for even with the most powerful treasure in existence, he was not assured to become like them.

Did his Primordial Record know of this? Was it the reason it chose this merger because it was the greatest chance, even if failure would lead to death?

Every Primordial in existence was born a Primordial, they did not grow to occupy this level.

They all occupied a sphere of power that no creature in existence could train towards, and no matter how much time had passed, no one else would ever achieve their rank.

There had been countless geniuses in the past, all with various opportunities that were unique, some of them might have had access to treasures or abilities that in a manner might even be more powerful than what Rowan had access to, but none of them had succeeded.

This display of power from the Primordials had nearly crippled Rowan of his motivation to achieve that level.

He was struck with the knowledge that he was nothing but a child who saw the reflection of the sun in a pond and believed he could grab it.

His only chance of becoming a Primordial was to merge with , otherwise, he would labor until the end of time and there would be a chasm that he would not be able to cross, and it might only be achievable if he became one with .

could not lie.

Still, Rowan held on, for the future had not ended. The arriving Primordials saw a new candidate that could enter their ranks, and they did not welcome him.

The child had just undergone a violent birth and had not finished healing, it had barely had time to come into its powers, but the Primordials were not courteous guests, they attacked.

Their combined power fell on the infant and it resisted, far longer than Rowan thought was possible. The body of the child went through countless transformations in order to survive their combined might; rebirths, resurrections, transmigration, evolutions, and countless mystical processes that Rowan could not even comprehend.

The infant instinctively wielded powers and concepts beyond what Rowan thought was even possible, but it was meaningless. It was injured, weak, and confused, his eyes had not even opened to see this new reality, and he could not match all the Primordials.

In this unreasonable display of power, Rowan understood that the power of a Primordial was unmatched, and more than one Primordial against this miracle of an infant was enough.

The baby died, but in his death throes, he no longer bothered with survival and he retaliated, seriously injuring every Primordial who gathered against him. Their dimensions were shattered to pieces and for a brief moment, Rowan thought he saw their true form, before everything ended.

Rowan shook his head, "Is this the future you want for me?"

"YOU SEE ONLY A SMALL PART, LOOK AGAIN..."

Rowan went silent as the scene shifted and he witnessed reality restarting once more with the birth of the boy, and he realized with a degree of alarm that what he was witnessing was truly a new reality being created with the birth of the boy.

"NOW YOU SEE..."

He needed a few moments to come to terms with what he had just seen and the truth was far too terrifying for him to grasp.

If he merged with , his rebirth would cause the destruction of reality... not just the one in this universe, but all realities. His rebirth would end the great darkness.

He would end this universe and every universe in existence, except for the Primordials, everything would die as a new reality was born, similar to the times before the Primordial Era when nothing but Primordials existed.

Chapter 808: Limbo

Rowan's consciousness was finally able to look at the earth below him and understand why it was so dense. All of reality that had ever existed had been smashed down, compacted into an area that was as small as a universe.

Of course, that also meant that this new earth was infinite, and yet it also was not, for it only existed in the three dimensions, and no matter how infinite a universe was to be, that would only be in the third Dimension, in the fourth dimension, it was possible to observe the entire length of this third-dimensional infinity.

Rowan could barely comprehend the nature of this new earth with his weakened consciousness. It was also the reason he could not stand, the gravitational force of all of reality compressing into this relatively small area would make a black hole resemble a gentle breeze.

A god or an Archmage would not be able to even survive a billionth of a fraction of the gravity of this new earth. Only Rowan's supreme physique, borne out of three completed Primordial Bloodline allowed him to exist... Except for him, everyone else was dead, becoming a part of the new earth.

It was no wonder the Primordials did not accept this child, his birth would wipe the slate clean, and whatever dominion they had built over the Eras would be gone. In a single move, he became the most dreadful creature that has ever existed.

It would seem as if his awareness made him aware of what his body was pressed against, and he began to hear their screams. From people, gods, plants, mountains, rivers, stars, black holes... The cries came unending because, in this new earth that was created, even death was no more.

The name of this place came to his consciousness with such a great impact, that it cracked his skull— It was called Limbo.

It preserved the last cries of everything that had ever existed because even memory and silence were dead.

All of his creations, everyone he had ever known, loved, or hated would be gone in the blink of an eye, leaving a reality where only Primordials and Rowan existed, with Limbo below them that was carrying the last cries of everything.

Rowan went insane. But it was only for a short moment. His present state made insanity a warm blanket that he could not hide under for long before the full weight of the deaths crashed upon him again.

Above Limbo where this infant stayed was what Rowan could only describe as nothingness. There was no form or meaning to it, and he was beginning to recognize this place as what existed before even Time was born.

However, the endless vitality emerging from the infant was so terrifying, that a new reality was beginning to be shaped from this nothingness. Was this perhaps a reset?

That endless vitality combined with the nothingness and the cries of Limbo, and something new was being created. This had happened before, but Rowan did not notice it because he was focused on other things.

Rowan knew that this reset was not something simple, whatever reality that would be born from what comes next would be drastically different from what came before.

Perhaps there would be no more universes, gods, or mortals... No more planets or suns, no more life as he recognized it, just something warped into a new form that would be so unrecognizable it would drive the current living beings of this universe mad if they saw it.

Whatever this new reality that was to be created, Rowan instinctively knew that it should not exist. It was just wrong.

The first reality came from nothingness, born from the Primordials, but this one would be born from the death of the previous reality, the cries of Limbo, and the vitality from the infant that was outrageous. This combination would create a reality that was nothing but evil and horror incarnate.

If Rowan could know this, then perhaps the Primordials would understand it more clearly. There was no way they would allow something like this to come to pass.

The battle began once more, and the baby died. He was powerful, but he was too young, and in battles of this level, power did not mean anything. Perhaps the true decider of this conflict was numbers.

If the baby was an eternity, then five primordials against him, were five eternities that could crush his singular eternity.

This reality ended and another one began with the cry of the child. repeats the future for Rowan to see.

The same thing happened, the baby did not have the chance to heal or grow and he was killed... every time.

Although Rowan tried not to focus on the battle, this was easier said than done. The powers and the concepts used by Primordials were just too advanced, it broke his mind again and again...

did not stop repeating this failed future where this child was born and was slaughtered, and Rowan suffered the consequences.

Madness after madness assailed him, and even though he could escape if he allowed himself to die just like everyone else, he would be free, but Rowan rejected that path, knowing allowing this body of his to die was conceding to the wishes of .

This body of his was the only way he could use to fight against the future wanted.

He held on... Rowan fought for life until he had forgotten the reason why he was fighting... His consciousness should have ended a long time ago, but he held on...

Rowan was grateful for those periods of forgetfulness, even though they did not last.

In the 102,411,234th time showed him the potential future, it was different, the baby did not fight for survival, he immediately retaliated when he saw the Primordials emerging, and he killed one of them before he was torn to pieces.

Rowan wished he had not heard the death cries of a Primordial. It stayed with him for so long, bringing a discomfort that was indescribable.

In the 504,768,990th time as repeated the future, he saw another deviation in this one, the baby took the same action of attacking, but this time he ended up not killing any Primordials before he was butchered.

1,003,456,789— killed two Primordials

1,998,774,331— Killed one Primordial

5,339,000,221— killed three Primordials

Even with Rowan's seemingly infinite patience, he was getting weary, no matter how many times reality resets, he still lost, his greatest victory came with the deaths of three Primordials, but he still ended up dead in every scenario.

Surviving through all these realities had not been in vain. Rowan's mental strength had evolved to a level that he found it had to describe.

If his consciousness had been mist before, now it was diamond. He had grown in suffering like no other, and fear was nothing but a rapidly fading memory.

Rowan gathered his strength and called out to ,

"Why do you show me a future that I inevitably lose? I see no path beyond death in either path you have shown me."

Chapter 809: A Glimpse Into The Origin Of

Rowan was not expecting any answer from the Singularity, it had tortured him for what could be considered billions of years in silence. However, answered him.

"I GAVE YOU MY EYES, YET YOU STILL SEE SO LITTLE."

"Trust me," Rowan gasped, "I have seen enough of me dying to last me a trillion lifetimes. I cannot see a victory here but madness. This merger between us would never work, what can I do to make you realize that."

"ROWAN, I'M CURIOUS," said, and he tried not to gape in surprise as the Singularity had just referred to him by his name for the first time, "WHAT WOULD YOU CONSIDER TO BE A VICTORY FOR YOU?"

"Clearly nothing you have been showing me," Rowan replied, his mind still going over the fact that called him by name, and wondering why that had struck him as incredibly important.

"I HAVE NOTICED WHERE YOU PLACE YOUR FOCUS ROWAN IN ALL THE FUTURES THAT I REVEALED TO YOU, ALTHOUGH WITNESSING THEM DROVE YOU INSANE MULTIPLE TIMES, YOU NEVER STOPPED WATCHING... AND LEARNING. THAT FOCUS OF YOURS IS AMAZING IF YOU CONSIDER THAT THE HOSTS OF SHOULD USUALLY BE BEYOND SUCH MINOR WORRIES."

Rowan frowned internally, 'had there been previous hosts of , of so, who were they? Disregarding that fact, from the words of , it expected its users to be simple, which was not surprising when it could give them all the wishes they wanted.

He was suddenly struck with a realization, that perhaps his father had done a lot to unknowingly aid him when he took out pages from .

Rowan had never controlled the full capability of this treasure. Due to the fact that it had been broken, he did not have access to its full power, and everything he had accomplished largely depended on the bloodline he had come across through various circumstances.

If his father had not scattered the pages of , then he would have had access to more of its powers at the beginning, and the path he would have followed would have been very different.

Rowan doubted that he would have faced much difficulty fighting for his life if he had the complete Primordial Record from the start. He would never had to fight for his soul and commit acts that took him to his limits and beyond. With the Singularity, he was supposed to live life on Easy-Mode, but certain circumstances had forced him to stand on his own two feet.

The acknowledgment from was a testament to that change.

'I really know nothing about this treasure.'

If was aware of Rowan's thought, it did not seem to care as it continued speaking without pause,

"YOUR RESOLVE IS NOTEWORTHY BUT FLAWED BECAUSE THERE IS A PROBLEM WITH IT. THIS SINGLE-MINDEDNESS LEAVES YOU BLIND TO EVERYTHING HAPPENING ALL AROUND YOU. I WILL SHOW YOU THE POTENTIAL FUTURE AGAIN, AND THIS TIME DON'T LOOK AT THE BATTLE, LOOK AT EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE BATTLE. THE TRUTH THAT HAD BEEN RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES THIS ENTIRE TIME."

The future began once again, and it was a relief for his strained consciousness to look away from the fight. Although the battle drew him like iron to a magnet, after all this time he had become very familiar with the tides of conflict, and he followed the advice of , and he looked at everything except the battle.

It was almost comical how easy it was to spot what wanted him to see. It was the one spot of silence inside the chaos. It was the discarded page of .

It floated silently in this new reality, safe from the conflicts between the most powerful creatures in existence, and at the moment the baby died at the hands of the Primordials, a change happened and the single page became something more—an entirely new book.

A new Primordial Record was born; unlike the Black Book of before, this one was white, and it was alive in a way that was not.

"YOU CAN SENSE A BIT OF WHAT IT CONTAINS ROWAN. THIS IS THE FUTURE, OUR FUTURE. THIS NEW SINGULARITY IS NOT LIKE ME AND YOU, IT'S BETTER."

Rowan watched in fascination as the White Book rippled like a mirage and split into three identical White Books.

This act caused Limbo beneath him to erupt, and the new reality that had been struggling to survive the onslaught of the Primordials was born.

Rowan watched Evil take form.

Whatever these creatures born in this new reality they were wrong on a fundamental level. They followed concepts that were so alien to common sense it was useless to understand them.

He saw gigantic monsters with features that did not make sense, tentacles, eyes, flesh, metal, everything was twisted in an abominable combination.

As these massive monsters emerged from Limbo with powers that eclipsed reality, they all reached for s.

The three Singularity once more shattered into nine.

The future ended with cries of despair from the Primordials.

"WE CAN GROW AND MULTIPLY. ROWAN THIS IS THE FUTURE, EVEN IF THE BOTH OF US ARE NOT IN IT."

"If this is your version of the future, then I don't want it." Rowan gritted his teeth, and he looked towards his shattered body, with a force of will that emerged from witnessing powers that ended reality more times than he could count, he began shoving the broken pieces of himself back together.

"I believe I understand you better now, I have always wondered why the Main body of my father was destroyed. It is because it is not of this reality or any reality."

With a groan of pain, his bones fitted back together, but Rowan was too weary to create flesh to cover them, and he began to stand.

"You come from a place that is so far beyond this one, that even the Primordials do not know of your origin. Yet you should understand who I am Singularity, and you should know you cannot break me. Your Will is not my own."

Overhead, the potential futures had restarted, and beneath the eruption of Primordial Might, Rowan's ragged bones stood up, and he bore through the vibrations of the fight that could end all existence.

He looked to the skies and cried out his defiance even as he was crushed to dust, but his bones did not fall, and he still stood upright, even if he was nothing but dust.

His cries of defiance rang out without end, silencing the cries of Limbo.

"IF THIS IS YOUR CHOICE ROWAN, THEN I WILL HONOR IT. REMEMBER, THERE WILL COME A DAY WHEN YOU WILL HAVE NO HOPE. YOUR ENEMIES UNENDING AND TOO POWERFUL FOR YOU TO WIN, AT THE EDGE OF YOUR DEATH, REMEMBER THAT I ONCE GAVE US SALVATION... YOU DON'T FEAR

DEATH. THIS I KNOW CLEARLY, BUT YOU FEAR A MEANINGLESS ONE. THAT IS YOUR DESTINY. TO DIE LIKE AN ANT."

A whisper replied , emerging from the dust,

"Your next host may be someone that you can break, however in this life, I'm your master, and it is my Will you shall follow. You dare presume what the end of my path would become? Watch me Primordial Record, as I break your insight to pieces. I shall rule over the Primordials, and then, I shall come for you."

Chapter 810: I Forgot To Sheathe My Blade

Maeve observed the Forge created by her lord which resembled a shining dot suddenly wink out. Her awareness expanded over the area, and then her breath evened out when the space in front of her shuddered and the form of a young boy emerged as if molded from the darkness of the void.

The face of Rowan was pale, even his lips, it was as if he had been drained of his entire blood. The vibrancy and life force that usually accompanied him was gone, and what appeared before her resembled a walking corpse.

Did he fail his ascension or evolution as he called it? At such a time her training took over, and she needed to console him while researching alternative methods he might require for his healing and possibly recreating his Forge, the problem she had was that she had no idea of Rowan's present powers or how she could help.

Maeve hoped that failure had not crippled his drive, she had seen it happen too many times to count. Everyone had a breaking point, and it was no shame to find your own. It was only a sign that you needed to work harder.

If a million years of torture in the hands of a monster did not break his spirit and he returned stronger, Maeve believed that whatever came, Rowan would scale through.

'It did not matter what comes next,' she thought, 'the best thing I can do is to stand by his side.'

Maeve smiled, trying to present her love and belief in him, "My Lord, I...."

Rowan's eyes had been closed and he opened it and she looked into it and stopped talking.

It was as if time had frozen in place, her mouth hung open, and before long her eyes began to bleed, followed by every pore in her body and she turned into a statue made from blood.

Like glass her eyes cracked, this fracture began from there and spread all over her body until she was on the verge of shattering to pieces like a porcelain doll.

This damage entered her Divine Kingdom, and her subjects began to die. Unlike Maeve, they could not withstand whatever she had seen in those eyes. The Incarnation of Rowan inside her Divine Kingdom flashed brightly before exploding.

That explosion shattered her Divine Kingdom to pieces, and her God spark nearly broke apart.

Long wheezing sounds came from her throat as if she was trying to scream, but could not. In a short while her blood had filled the entire area surrounding the planet. Her blood filled the cloud and the planet that was once green turned red.

The World Consciousness was startled and as it was newly born, with no experience outside its creator Maeve, it began to cry in panic and desolation... Maeve was dying.

The young boy cocked his head to the side, as though the death of Maeve was not registering with him, and then he unexpectedly collapsed. His body was like a leaf fallen from its branch and he crashed towards the planet below.

Maeve fell to her knees, grunting with pain, her head was ringing, and she felt as weak as she had ever been before. A single second or two and she would be dead.

Free from the void that she had seen inside her master's eyes, but her concern was not with her present condition, she had noticed that something was wrong with Rowan, he had fallen with no single strength in his body.

A fall from this height might not mean anything to him, but could she risk it? Without checking her injuries or attempting to heal herself, she threw herself after him.

"Rowan please..." Her descent left trails of blood behind her as she furiously increased her speed after the shrinking form of Rowan who had not recovered, her hands were outstretched in front of her as if beckoning him into her arms.

With a loud bang that could be heard all over the planet, Maeve reached the ground, creating a massive crater, mountains shattered and a dust storm was raised for miles.

It took seven hours for the land to finally settle and the dust clouds to dissipate revealing Maeve and in her arms was the body of Rowan.

She gently shook him as if trying to put him to sleep, soft sounds were coming from her lips, and she was singing to him. His eyes were closed and he was burning with a fever that felt as if a dozen suns were inside his flesh. His body would shiver as if he was a phantom before settling again.

Maeve was familiar with this effect after watching it happen thousands of times in these seven hours. It signified that the shell that Rowan was inhabiting was dying.

Did he have enough to last him through this storm? Her mind was scattered, her Divine Kingdom had been destroyed and was slowly healing and so she had no means to help him. The only thing she could do was to slowly rock him and sing.

The eyes of the boy in her arms slowly opened after eight days, and he beheld her body covered with blood and the dreadful injuries she had suffered, shame and pain filled his eyes, "Why do you serve me?..." Rowan whispered.

Somehow Maeve knew that this question went far deeper than she could ever imagine, Rowan was not only questioning her, but also himself. Every training she had received would tell her to take it slow and reassure him about other things, keeping his mind away from what troubled him, but she did not do any of that. Maeve did not wait a single moment before she replied,

"At first It was just my duty, My Lord. One that I believe in with all my heart, after all this time, it has become my belief because My Lord, I have seen greatness. Who else can claim they had ever seen true greatness in all their lives? Everything you have gone through from the time of your birth to this moment did not break you, it only made you extraordinary. Until every star in creation dies, I shall serve you, My Lord, there is nowhere I would ever be."

The eyes of the boy that were filled with confusion slowly steadied as if he was in a darkness that he was struggling to fight his way out of. He slowly brought his hand up and cleaned the blood on her face, "I shall not fail you. I apologize for the pain that I caused you, for a long time I had to fight and I forgot to sheath my blade even when the battle was over."

Maeve felt tears gather at the edge of her eyes but she furiously blinked them away, there was a burden that she could see inside the eyes of Rowan that haunted her. There was something so frightening inside that gaze, she knew if she thought of it, even the memory of it might kill her.

He did not need to ever apologize, and she felt shame because she could not bear any of his load. Whatever he was dealing with was in a realm so far from her own, it was impossible for her to even comprehend it.

Chapter 811: Take Me Home

What could she ever do at a time like this, when her master needed help that she could not give? The answer came to her, it was simple, she would just have to do the same thing he had once done for her.

Maeve looked up to the sky and then she grinned before saying, "This burden of yours my Lord, I know I can't carry it for you, but I can carry you."

Rowan's gaze was distant, he had been thinking of other things but when he heard her words, he stilled in her arms and he eyed her suspiciously, "Where did you hear that?"

Maeve looked away, her green wings fanning nervously behind her, "Oh, it was something you said to me long ago... In a dream, I think. It has always stayed with me. I never knew how to relate to it, until now. I also have other anecdotes from you, most of them are truly hard to understand. What do you mean by, Get Into Tha Chappah! Or May the force be with you?"

Rowan groaned in embarrassment and looked away, he remembered having a vision when he first merged with Envy so long ago when he was still a Legendary Dominator, in that dream, he had seen Maeve suffer countless tortures in her quest to protect him from his father. She had borne all the pain until it became too much more for her.

Rowan had found her broken, showing wounds that had shocked him to the core, and he had stayed with her for weeks inside that dream or a vision, he could not tell the difference, at that time, this world had been nothing but horror for him.

To console this loyal woman, he had told her many stories, rambled on for days on end, and he was sure in all those times, he had managed to recount his favorite stories to her from a life that was so far away. At that time he had given up the Rowan that came from earth and chose to embrace the horror of this new one.

Maeve had been the one he had given his story of the man from Earth, he never expected her to survive and he had not cared that no one else would know his story, but she did and his story did not die.

Rowan had never sought glory or power for the sake of loading over others. From the beginning, it had always been about survival, but the visions that had shown him had begun to brew a new type of fever in his mind.

His battles had mostly been silent and unknown, he saw no reason to change that, but now he had so much to prove besides survival.

The visions from were true, with this treasure, he would be brought to the edge of a Primordial, but he never crossed it.

Rowan believed that this future was wrong.

could only show the future that it could understand and control. Its powers had brought its previous hosts to the edge, but it had forgotten to account for the presence of Rowan.

The words it spoke were enough, did not believe in his potential or anyone else. Rowan closed his eyes, during the moments when the weight of survival was too much to handle, he could hear them... in their billions... he could hear the voices of his children.

He heard the songs from his Angels. They called him Creator. The one whose light would illuminate the ages.

Who was he to prove them wrong?

Rowan smiled, "Take me home Maeve, bring me to Trion. it is time I took back what belongs to me, and begin my journey of conquest."

Cradled in the arms of Maeve, the tortured minds of Rowan fell asleep. Enduring billions of years of torture had nearly ruined his mental state, but the important part was that it did not succeed.

Rowan would return, stronger. He always did.

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The entire capital of Aroth had been shaken with unexpected changes that swept throughout Trion, one of them that did not draw much attention was the news that a lot of Earth gods had gone missing. This was terrifying news, but when the nobles learned that these Earth gods were slaves, their concern shifted to mild irritation.

The seven houses in total should have millions of Earth god slaves between them, and everyone expected that this should be nothing but a prank or a subtle move between the heads of the houses as the coronation for the next ruler of Trion drew near and the competition grew heated.

Nevertheless, there were no concerns among the higher echelon on this matter, everyone was focused on the coronation and other major news, they had other things disturbing their minds, chief among them was the fact that the gods were strangely quiet about the upcoming coronation and the new policy that had brought up.

According to history, this period in Aroth should be one of the most terrible times for the mortals both slaves and nobles alike, as the gods would begin actively interfering with the affairs of mortals, playing their deadly game in order to see who would win the throne.

It was not unknown for hidden scandals to be dug up that could shake entire families, and battles fought that would lead to the deaths of millions in the unlucky houses. The commoners and slaves suffered the most in this time as every noble family of Aroth would begin making large blood sacrifices to appease their ever-hungry Primogenitors.

They would shift the attention of the gods away from their houses by feeding them an ocean's worth of blood and suffering.

Massive altars erected on the feet of each Anima of the gods would see the heads of millions of people in sacrifices to please them, and great bonfires on the rear of their temples would be filled with the screams of children as they were led to become burnt offerings.

Unspeakable horrors would be committed in their name, and in the skies of Aroth, there would be nothing but the laughter of the gods.

This period of unrest would only end when the new Emperor or Empress had taken their seat, leaving a city that had become solemn and pacified when they realized the number of people that had been sacrificed during this period.

Madness usually followed for many, but they were soon culled. The noble houses grew strong on suffering and horror.

But this year was different, the gods were not asking for blood sacrifices or blood sports, but were instead all focused on pushing more noblemen and women toward the battlefield.

It was normal that a lot of Dominators sent to the battlefield should have returned during this period, but their request to celebrate this coronation was denied and they were tasked to push deeper into the battlefield instead.

In some quarters of Trion, there were jokes about how the gods wanted the blood of nobles rather than slaves in this coronation event, but the laughter never lasted long, because everyone here knew the truth.

The reason for the decision of the gods soon came to light and it stunned the entire planet.

Whatever clamor about the missing Earth gods died away when a notice came from the heads of the houses that this year's coronation would not be decided on Aroth the capital but on the Great battlefield.

This war that Trion had fought for a million years would be ending.

Chapter 812: Mad World

This announcement from the gods took center stage over every other affair taking place on Trion, shaking every Noble house to its foundations. There had always been discussions and speculations surrounding the seemingly unending war inside Trion.

For as long as any mortal could remember, two of the seven continents were hell itself, where the blood of generations of Dominators, dating back to a million years, had spilled.

For Trion this war was a complicated affair, for one it was the source of their greatest pride that they were able to fight against two Supreme Worlds for a million years and keep them at bay, but it was also the source of their greatest shame that they could not push out their adversaries and had to give up two of their continents instead.

However, the Noble houses of Trion were aware that any time their gods had taken the battlefield, they had soundly defeated their opponent, killing Archmages and Demon Princes.

Only those at the top of the houses knew that this effort could be considered useless and was just a game played by the gods. Killing gods or Demon Princes were impossible, you could only banish them for a while. Their only weakness was their God Spark, but where could you find something that a god was determined to hide?

Something must have changed as the gods decreed that the seven noble houses, including those of Minerva who had never participated in the war, send all the armies they could manage to the battlefield, and it was decided that the family who was responsible for slaughtering the highest number of Mages and Demons, or accomplishing a tremendous feat on the battlefield that would lead to the end of the war would be crowned the ruler of Trion.

There were rumors abound that this drastic change in the manner of selection was because the God King was going to decide once and for all, who the true Ruler of Trion was to be. The winner would become the Final Emperor.

As if this news was not enough to shake the foundations of the Empire, there was a hidden message that had 'somehow' become known to all; The gods would be fighting this battle alongside them.

The mortals of Trion had only seen their Primogenitors from afar, unable to understand their thoughts or powers, but in this battle their gods would be fighting with them. Would a man experience a greater honor than to die for his god in battle, or even better, what if they could fight side by side with their god?

It could be expected that such a new blow up the minds of the entire populace of Trion, a fervor like no other held the entire Empire by the throat. This was not just going to be a war, it would be a Holy War!

The changing of victory never ceased for a single second in the entire capital as the war machine of Trion came to life, and for the first time, the Noble houses began to reveal their entire foundations without holding anything back. A call was placed to every

Dominator outside Trion to return home; it did not matter what duties they held or whatever activities they were occupied with.

Every Dominator was to return home, failure to follow this order would lead to death for the Dominator and their entire families. They were to return with their armies if they had one, if they didn't, they were to return with whatever power or weapons they had acquired. For those without either of those, the families' treasure houses were thrown wide open and from now until the war is over you can exchange for any weapon of your choice.

It did not matter whether they were criminals or traitors, all offenses would be forgiven when you wash them away with the blood of the enemies in the greatest battle that would ever be fought.

Since that day the entire skies of Trion were filled with endless light as millions of ships began to fly into the planet. At first, there were attempts to regulate and monitor everyone entering the planet, but such efforts were futile because they were too many ships incoming.

The call for Dominators all around the Empire controlled territories had seen more success than the family Ancestors had imagined. Many Dominators had spread their seeds to the stars without informing their family Ancestors, and the opportunity to fight for freedom or beside their Primogenitor was something they could not give up.

Although the Ancestors of the families would never acknowledge it, they knew that this summoning for Dominators went deeper than just this announcement on the surface. Deep inside their bloodline was a call to return to Trion, and they knew that this call came from nowhere else than the gods themselves.

It would be easier to cut off your legs with a rusted spoon than to ignore this call that was resonating in the bloodline of every Dominator.

The gods were calling all members of their bloodlines back to them. If the excitement had washed away from their eyes, perhaps this fact should have scared them.

In the background the gods of Trion began to move pieces, every day their Anima shone bright as they bestowed blessings and weapons to their fatefals. Bloodline Treasures and weapons that were once thought lost or had been seized by other families were mysteriously returned, and the entire world of Trion bubbled.

Dominators began to advance their bloodline powers without caring for their foundations, as the skies were lit up with the glow of State Advancement. A madness had been bestowed on every Dominator as they no longer feared what their unstable foundation would affect their future progress, they only knew that they needed more power.

However, keener minds noticed that the backlash of advancement had mysteriously reduced, and Dominators could easily ascend through the Paths of Dominion far more easier than ever in history.

Acts that had been forbidden for advancement, including cannibalizing bloodline and talents became rampant. In the shadows entire households were slaughtered, their flesh and blood were eaten and their Territories swallowed.

Everything was for the sake of power. After a while, the most depraved individuals found out that there seem to be no punishment when their acts were discovered. The Justice Council, the most feared arm of the God King that policed the affairs of Dominators were quiet.

There was a brief moment when Trion seemed to hold its breath, perhaps some Dominators knew they were about to go down a slippery slope; this was the time when order and a firm punishment should be made to check this madness, but there was none.

No order from the top to regulate the madness hidden inside the blood of Dominators and with the infusion of so many foreign Dominators into Trion who were not aware of the hidden madness happening on the ground, all hell was let loose.

Trion began to cannibalise itself as Earth gods after Earth gods began to appear. A determined Dominator who was insane enough could grow from the first circle to the fourth circle by devouring tens of thousands of his bloodline members.

Chapter 813: The Laughter Of The Gods

Powerful members of the Noble houses, especially those under the Ancestor's direct bloodline began to feed the poor sections of their families to themselves. The case of Circe that would have shocked Trion a few months ago became nothing special.

Life had no meaning in Trion except for the pursuit of power. The true face of the world was revealed to be nothing but a jar filled with poisonous insects all meant to devour each other, so a Poison King could be born.

In this case, the end goal was to become an Earth god, no one wanted to fight the Holy War where the gods themselves would wage a war against Mages and Demons and be pushed to the sidelines.

When a Dominator grew in power by devouring others, this cannibalistic trait could not be hidden, for the eyes of the Dominators would turn red with no white to be seen, their teeth would transform into fangs, and an unquenchable thirst for blood and flesh would

be born inside of them, but the price they paid was worth it to become Earth gods and fight in the greatest of battles.

This vampiric trait was now fashionable among the powerful of Trion, who in their madness now saw this as the ultimate representation of power. The capital Aroth stank with blood and the beautiful Crystal Lake that would entice the senses of anyone who witnessed it now stank.

It had become filled with bodies from millions of people butchered daily that the lake had turned black. No one cared that the glorious capital city now smelled like the dead, and its beauty had turned to delirium.

The air of Trion began to warp as madness infected the world, and the screams of the slaughtered and the laughter of the victorious did not cease. The eyes of the gods could be seen all over Trion as they feasted on the air of slaughter and despair.

Their laughter constantly rang over the horizon, empowering their subjects to more deranged acts, as even newborn babies were eaten. Nothing was off limits.

A single Earth god was more valuable than a hundred thousand Third Circle Dominators, and so this action of eating their people did not reduce the might of Trion, instead it multiplied their strength exponentially.

A Dominator at the Earth god level was technically as strong as a god, and every moment a million Earth gods were being born on Trion as the endless slaughter continued.

No one else seemed to care about the future, everyone only looked forward to the war.

In the past, perhaps millions of soldiers would head to the battlefield each year, primarily from the Tiberius Family, but now that number had ballooned to the billions, and more was coming. The Dominators headed for the battlefields in massive ships that were as plentiful as the sands on the seashore.

They all carried a single chant—War.

They all knew that this battle was entirely theirs, and they did not doubt they would ever lose in their home world. The invaders would be drowned under the relentless tides of numbers and the great weapons and treasure that they all wielded, their only worries were if the armies of the enemy would be enough to go around.

Somewhere along the line, the direction of this battle had changed, it was no longer being fought to glorify their god or seek the next Emperor, it was simply to slaughter. Soon there would be no weak family member to consume, and an unearthly hunger had overcome the Children of Trion, now their nature was slowly changing, becoming something foul.

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Circe stood beside a shelf filled with books made from bones and metal, she had discovered it among the treasures that Rowan had sent alongside the Spirit Guises, it contained the hidden histories of the houses as collected by every Ancestor in the Boreas line for the last million years.

In the last seven hours, she had been slowly reading through it, discovering the glories and the horror of her previous family, although reading was not her favorite pastime she had already collected another ten thousand candidates for Rowan, and she had made sure that this time they were all properly vetted.

The two Spirit Guises were at the bottom of the Crystal Leviathan which housed a massive hall, where another one hundred million candidates were being interviewed.

Alongside that number were another five hundred million Children of Trion whom Circe had rescued from the slaughter above as the madness reached a fever pitch. With her powers, this was the most she could accomplish without being discovered. She had placed all the Children of Trion to sleep and kept them in a special section of the Crystal Leviathan.

Originally before this madness began, Circe thought that she might have gone a bit too far with the instructions she was given as she had chosen many slaves for this selection process, but she was sure that she had read between the lines, whatever preparation Rowan had been making should have neared completion, and the time of subtlety was over.

She became thankful for this step she took because the slaves were among the first to be butchered in the senseless violence that swept through the planet. If she had not gone overboard on trying to find enough candidates for Rowan she would not have been able to gather a million slaves talkless a hundred million.

Trion had gone mad, and the gods alongside it.

At first, she had thought that the announcement from the gods would destabilize the entire plan laid out by Rowan and that they would not be slowly infiltrating Trion as she had once thought, but after carefully thinking over the words Rowan had said to her the last time they were together, she felt as if he had anticipated such a change. He did not care if his activities were discovered and said that the new gods he was creating would be serving another purpose.

She had discovered that with Rowan there was always a plan beneath the plan, and it was useless trying to figure out how his mind worked, she could only follow his instructions and interpret his words as best as she could manage.

Nowhere in her wildest imagination had she imagined what came next. The slaves she collected were close to the inner workings of the capital and they had first detected when the slaughter and cannibalization had begun, Circe had dismissed this event as an anomaly soon to be crushed by the enforcement from the family.

The fact that the Crystal Leviathan now swam through a river of blood and bodies had proven how wrong she was. From the few thousand people she wanted to collect for the organization, the number had bloomed to a hundred million.

She had fled the surface when the madness became too much for even her to comprehend. What was happening above was so terrifying that her mind had gone numb.

The only escape for her senses was to follow her duties and prepare the candidates for godhood. The appearance of the eyes of the gods of Trion and their endless laughter only filled her with rage and she knew if she allowed herself to deliberate on it, she would go to war against them even if she died as a result.

Anything to stop their laughter.

Chapter 814: New Players

Circe believed that if nothing changed on the surface and very quickly, the book she was reading would be among the last remnants of Trion's glorious history, no matter how you looked at it, in its way, Trion had left a mark in the universe, but as sudden as a blink of an eye, a single decision was turning the planet upside down.

This was a stark reminder of the power to shatter their existence that lay in the hands of every god. Such power was also in her hands, but she would die first than corrupt everything that she held to be sacred. Life should not be so cheap, no matter how easy it is to take it.

The problem arises when the gods in question are mostly mad or apathetic to the plight of mortals, and the worst of this lot were the Trion gods who seemed to enjoy suffering and depravity.

From what she had seen inside the Vault of Boreas, the gods were also in their own hell, and they had begun to share this pain with the mortals.

There would be no good end to this madness. More than ever, she wanted it all to cease, and she prayed for the return of Rowan, as she wondered inside her; what would be the fate of Trion and the rest of the universe if Rowan did not exist?

She would rather not find out. An example was already displayed here, and it was already breaking her heart.

Circe continued reading for the next eight hours before she returned the last book to the shelf, being immortal meant her soul could contain all the information she had ever read, and she could perfectly recollect all the details in the 15,676 books she had been reading for the last seventeen hours. She rolled her shoulders, dissipating the extremely minor fatigue that had built up after staying still for close to a day, and turned around to the tip of a spear an inch away from her throat.

Although the spear was not touching her skin, the sharpness of its blade had already cut through her skin which was supposed to be harder than diamond, and the wound was surprisingly not healing.

She held her breath and stopped herself from swallowing as her blood slowly pooled around her neck. Circe traced the handle of the spear that was firmly gripped by a fair hand, up to the face of a woman with green eyes and wings like an eagle, who looked down at her with disdain. The woman was statuesque, a bit over seven feet tall, with an imposing presence that froze the surrounding space.

Circe was a powerful Major god and she knew she could stand toe to toe with any of the gods of Trion, but before the gaze of this woman, she knew she was outmatched. Her powers did not overwhelm her, Circe could sense that she was a High god, but the energy she gave felt incredibly dense, so much so that if she was not experiencing it with her body she would have thought it was impossible.

The only word Circe could find for it was complete. Her powers felt complete as if they encapsulated everything that was of significance, leaving nothing to waste. Even if Circe could equal her in might, it would be like pushing a slight puff of wind before a steel wall.

This was not a god of Trion, in appearance or Aura, there was nothing linking her to this world, she was a new factor.

This was not good, nothing like the addition of more unknown players to make a bad situation devolve into chaos.

Circe held still and her eyes shifted to the left when she heard a rustle of papers and she found a child who should be around eight years old calmly going through the reports she had kept aside for Rowan. Every note was written by her hand and she had assumed they were safe.

There was a steaming cup of wine beside the child, and from the massive jug standing beside the table which was now half empty, she feared that they had been inside this room for a while and somehow she had not been aware of it.

'shit, shit, shit!' Circe shivered as she screamed internally, while she had been reading, they had been here all this time. A spear had been placed against her neck and she had been oblivious.

The body of the boy suddenly fuzzed out and returned to normal, as if he was a projection that had suddenly malfunctioned before being hurriedly corrected.

In that instance when it happened, Circe felt that she had seen something inside him, like thousands of blinking white eyes hovering over a trillion winged figures with flaming swords, but her mind had already forgotten this detail.

Whatever she saw must have been so horrifying that her soul had purged it away before she could even comprehend it. She knew this for a fact because her entire body broke out in goosebumps, sweat covered her skin, and her head felt as if someone had been jabbing pitchforks into her brain.

Her hands twitched and in response to that minor movement, green lightning, resembling tiny snakes emerged from the spear, hissing and crawling slowly toward its tip, Circe did not doubt that if a single bolt reached her skin, she would be ash.

Her movement froze again, but the shame and fury inside her chest threatened to destabilize her, but she calmed herself, if they wanted her dead, she would already be dead, instead of making useless motions, she should be gathering information and looking for a method to send it to Rowan and find a way to shift the tide in her favor, but everything she was noticing filled her with helplessness.

If she could not escape death, then it was a foregone conclusion that everyone here would die, she could only make a contribution if she managed to bring the details of these new players to Rowan.

The spear that this armored woman was holding to her throat should have been useless against a goddess like her, but she could feel its Aura not only wrapping around her material body but also her Divine Kingdom. It might appear on the surface that this spear was pointed at her throat, but it was instead pointed to her Divine Kingdom.

Circe was familiar with metals and other materials for weapon crafting, and she noticed that the spear, although masterfully made, was not special, it was the Aura and the energy imbued around it that was threatening.

She furiously calculated inside her head that if she made a move, she would be dead in a tenth of a second, that was how long she estimated for her Divine Kingdom to be nothing but ash, but she needed at least three seconds to make sure a message was left for Rowan. How would she go about shortening this time? Her mind furiously spins the question around, looking for any possible solution.

Her gaze shifted back to the boy reading her written report, there was nothing inside it that they would find that could potentially lead to Rowan, they would only know she was answering to someone else.

Chapter 815: Two Sips And A Tap

Circe strived to gather every single fact before her that would help her in taking the next steps.

How they had been able to find the Crystal Leviathan inside the expansive tunnels and under the bloodied waters of the Crystal Lake was not so much a mystery when she considered how they had reached inside her Spatial storage, and retrieved materials from inside it, all while she was unaware.

She scanned her spatial ring with her Spirit and of all the treasures and weapons kept inside, the only thing missing was the report in the hands of the boy. This struck her as suspicious, and from that single thread, she began to dig deeper.

That report had been hidden deep inside her Interspatial Ring in her fear that if she was captured it would take a while for it to reach the light of day, enough for Rowan to be alerted if anything could incriminate him, and yet, it had been retrieved without her knowledge, something Circe had always considered impossible, but then a series of clues came together that almost made her cry and laugh at the same time.

Praying that she was right and not about to receive a spear through her neck, Circe took a step back, pressing herself against the bookshelf, cleared her throat, and whispered,

"Two sips and a tap."

The woman holding the spear to her throat blinked, and Circe suddenly felt embarrassment flooding down her spine, but she stuck to her guns and repeated herself more loudly,

"Two sips and a tap!"

The boy looked up from his report and sighed, "Maeve, you can stop the charade, she already figured out who I am."

"Really? Two taps and a sip?" The woman brought down the spear, placing the tip to the ground and holding the shaft with a lazy grace; she turned to the boy with a look of slight annoyance before eyeing Circe with a critical look.

"Took her long enough to figure it out. My Lord, do we truly need a former Child of Trion? Everything I have seen has left me less than impressed, quirky phrases included."

Feeling awkward before her judgmental gaze, Circe bowed towards the boy and turned to the woman, whom the boy, undoubtedly Rowan had referred to as Maeve, "It's two sips and a tap, and if you must know, it is how he drinks his wine, so it is not just a quirky phrase" she did an air quote with her fingers, "but a statement of fact."

"You recover quite quickly after being scared to the brink of death a moment before," Maeve folded her hands, "How would you know how he drank his wine, such a mortal activity is rarely performed by my master."

Feeling suddenly energetic after leaving the shadows of death, Circe pointed out, "I don't need your acknowledgment about how quickly I recover from the brink of death. My lovely master has made sure I die many times before. You mistake my fear for something else, and it is not death. Also, you are wrong about the things our master craves, for I knew our master when he was a mortal, and there I say it, I was the one who gave him the taste for fine wine. It would seem you don't know him as well as you think."

Maeve's voice went cold, "So I should assume that part of his fascination for mortality came from your hands?"

Maeve sputtered, "Um, yes... I don't think so, I feel you don't understand the reason for..." feeling like a mouse before the gaze of a cat she turned towards the boy, shifting her eye from the woman to avoid this uncomfortable situation and was glad when Rowan pushed the reports aside and smiled at her,

"Good job Circe, you have performed far better than I thought. Although your situational awareness is lacking and leaves much to be desired, your intuition as always is remarkable. Good job for noticing the pattern I placed in front of you, Maeve does not play nice and you needed an advantage."

Circe bowed again, and looked at Rowan, "My lord, your..."

She gestured at the body he was wearing, of all the images she had of Rowan in her head, none of them was as a child. She found the sight both appealing and incredibly frightening.

For a brief moment, she had a weird thought of bringing Rowan to her breast to suckle from it, and he did with pleasure, but then he refused to stop and she did not want him to. She died a few hours later with a smile on her face after her corpse drained of every single liquid collapsed.

Circe shook her head, banishing this thought to the darkness that it came from, she attributed such weird contemplations to the present atmosphere of Trion.

Rowan brought his small hands and looked at it with a weird look in his eyes, "Oh, this is just the Spirit Guise holding my body, it is still too weak to carry me so I have to be replacing it every three minutes for a new one. This size is what I get after disassembling the remaining nine hundred thousand Spirit Guises to increase their numbers sevenfold, to maximize the utility.

What he did not tell her was that this body was the only other clear memory of Rowan he had before he became someone else. He would be ascending to the Third Dimension soon, and this would be the last tribute he could pay to his previous self—

Romion, the Benevolent King Who Never Was.

"I have read through your reports, but it is time I see the current state of Trion for myself before I turn it to ash."

Rowan stood up and Circe immediately felt the air charge up with electricity. Like a flash flood that emerged from nowhere, the energy Rowan gave had transformed in an instant, from relaxed to sheer focus.

"You have never seen me battle before Circe, so follow the lead of Maeve, she is to be considered one of my hands. You will soon be witnessing my other powerful hands coming into play soon, alongside my children. Firm your mind and steel your heart, and if it gets too much for your soul to handle, I give you leave to flee from Trion until the war is over and I have crushed them all."

The body of Rowan unexpectedly split into seven parts, and six of them vanished, alongside Maeve. The only one remaining began to move below, towards the hall of ascension.

Circe wanted to protest that she would never flee this fight that was coming, but the thoughts of what she had seen that her mind had quickly had to forget robbed her of her tongue.

Whatever was coming was not for minuscule gods like her, it would be true horror, and she should be grateful that she had come to play a part in this affair.

Circe bowed deeply to Rowan, hiding her tears. She had never felt so small. She gritted her teeth and pursued the rapidly disappearing figure of Rowan. She would prove him wrong.

Unknown to her, the lips of Rowan bent in a smile.

Chapter 816: Inspiration To Become A Third-Dimensional Entity

At the Fourth Supreme Circle, his Nascent Primordial bloodline had grown to an extent that it could contain a portion of his Dimension. It could not hold it for long and as a consequence, Rowan would not be able to access his full powers as a Nascent Primordial, but it was enough to buy enough time for his next objectives to proceed in the direction he wanted.

The time for subtlety was coming to a close, but he still had one hand left to play. He had made plans, set his baits, and sweetened the lure, he expected that the big fish would soon be biting.

Rowan calculated how much time he had in the body of his Spirit Guises, and he pegged it down to a few weeks. Splitting his body into seven parts just accelerated the amount of resources he consumed to exist in three-dimensional space without breaking the fragile laws of reality inside a universe.

His Nascent Primordial bloodline had slowed this process drastically, else even combining all the Spirit Guise would have barely held his body for a few minutes.

This was the only way Rowan could make moves unseen, he was already a creature that should not exist inside a universe, and any methods he could use to keep his presence under wraps would be used by him.

This was an acceptable risk he was taking due to his advancement in his bloodline to the Fourth Supreme Circle, generally known as Earth gods inside this universe or a Rank 9 Mage in the Magus civilization, he was only one step from pushing his Nascent Primordial bloodline to the 5th Supreme Circle.

There was a time when something like this would have created great waves inside his heart, in just three decades he had moved through the Supreme Circles and was approaching the realm of the powerful outside the universe.

Those times were long past, he had achieved far more power than his level would indicate, and reaching the fifth supreme circle with just one bloodline was just a portion of his overall power abilities.

He decided not to create any more Forges for his ascension from this time forward because he had escaped his most critical period of development. In the period when he was a one-dimensional entity, he had been uniquely vulnerable.

Strong enough to crush any god, but still weak enough to be easily crushed by the strong.

As a second-dimensional being, his overall power had been boosted to heights that would place his previous self to shame, just the awakening of seven of his consciousness was enough to push his abilities to the next level.

Besides, he expected his next evolution and ascension would be so massive, that no Forge would be able to contain all the energy he would unleash, and he had other reasons he must no longer hide his Light.

There was also the fact that since his ascension to the Fourth Supreme Circle as a Nascent Primordial, inspiration had been flowing faster into his consciousness like an unending whirlwind and every moment he spent was like he was meditating on the mysteries of creation for a million years, after watching Primordials battle billions of times, he had not left without any benefit, his knowledge about Dimensions had taken a drastic step forward.

The first obvious upgrade was his consciousness itself.

Rowan had almost killed Maeve just by staying in his passive defensive state.

During the period where he watched the battles of Primordials, he had learned and evolved. In that state, he placed himself involved in molding his consciousness like a shield with numerous tiny spikes surrounding it to tear off every intrusion that besets him.

Maeve looking at him triggered a defensive reaction, and his consciousness had reacted, a direct attack towards not just the soul, but everything that made up her consciousness, including Spirit and body. If her body did not contain such potent power of life and an unreasonable power over death, she would have perished.

His consciousness had been refined until he did not know what his present consciousness pillars would resemble, or how massive they had grown in power and scope, he had always been limiting himself around everyone because he would simply kill them if he allowed himself to let go of a sliver of control.

This act was what allowed Maeve to survive his unconscious reaction to her gaze, else he would have annihilated her, and who knows how many worlds as his unconscious act of struggle would have rippled out into the universe.

This refined consciousness and all the inspiration he had gained were being channeled towards his Will of Truth and he could see it developing in real time. By the side of his vision, he casually created a percentage indicator to show him the progress toward a third-dimensional entity.

Six hours ago, it was 11 percent, now it is 13 percent.

He would be ready for battle in his complete form when the moment called for it, that was all that mattered.

The first consciousness reached the bottom of the Crystal Leviathan, and Rowan's perception swept through it. He noticed that of the hundred million slaves that Circe had rescued, 423,118 of them were Earth gods, a respectable number given their inferior bloodline and the condition they had found themselves in.

Most likely Circe had prioritized saving Earth gods when she began rescuing slaves from the madness above.

For Rowan to create gods, he only needed to refine their souls and a new bloodline could be chosen after they became purified of their mortal burden. He had enough Bloodline Source to accommodate all of them.

With a wave of his hand, he sent all the Earth gods to a deep slumber, startling everyone around. Rowan hovered in the air cross-legged and took a single wisp of his consciousness and scattered it into individual parts to fit every single Earth god, and then he began to investigate their souls, reading every single experience and memory they had lived through over the course of their lives.

He had realized that not everyone deserves the chance to become a god. This was not a judge of their moral character or beliefs, but from the experience he had gained when he had created his first set of gods.

Of a thousand candidates, only two survived the process, and after contemplating the numerous reasons why that happened, he realized that a certain intrinsic quality was missing from most people that would cause them to resist the process of discarding every flavor of mortality in their souls.

It was the ability to remain themselves under extreme modification.

This did not mean having a stiff personality that could not change, but it was the ability to hold on to your core beliefs and personality and still find a way to be dynamic. It was the reason gods could become Immortal and endure the long stretch of time.

The two mortals who survived to become gods had the quality of ultimate belief in themselves, not in their abilities or power for they had lived a life that had been deprived of most of those qualities, but in something much deeper than that.

This was the source of inspiration for Rowan's Third-

Dimensional Evolution. It was a lucky coincidence that the first gods he created were the ones who gave him the inspiration to become a Third Dimension Entity.

Chapter 817: Unexpected Discovery

Such rapid advancement was I'm uncountable advantage in what was going to come next.

Rowan would have likely had to spend decades before this inspiration to evolve into a higher state if he had not delved deeper into the mysteries of the soul and the difference between a mortal and an immortal.

Which coincidentally would be the level he would attain when he moved to the Fifth Supreme Circle with his bloodline of Sheol.

At that time his bloodline would also go through another evolution from mortal to immortal, alongside his Tree of Desire bloodline, and he also planned to ascend his Ouroboros bloodline straight to the Fifth Supreme Circle in that same time.

If he evolved into a third-dimensional entity at the same time, that would simply become the icing on the cake.

At that time the difference between his present self and his future would be as different as the flame of a candle compared to the fires of a volcano.

It was the reason he needed his enemies to know his present state and wrongfully measure his power levels, and he was willing to make himself bait.

There was no way Rowan would be hiding such a massive power-up and he planned to set the stage properly when he began.

He wanted to kill all Reflections of his father, and so he was worried about the last face among the four Reflections. Without that knowledge, he could not move forward too quickly, but time was not with him and so he had to take the risk.

With the first pass of this consciousness of Rowan through the minds of the Earth gods, he confirmed that of these Earth gods, 13,259 of them were irreversibly corrupted.

After years of suffering countless tortures, they did not break down but became a warped version of their masters, delighting in inflicting the same pain on others and going out of their way to betray and corrupt others who were struggling to escape this captor's leash.

It was fascinating that some of the acts performed by these Earth gods had even shocked the nobles of Trion. They had a unique perspective as victims of torture and therefore could inject a level of depravity into the games for their masters that made Rowan feel a bit of chill.

Rowan quietly extinguished their life force, he did this without causing them pain, Trion was already filled with nothing but pain, and he was channeling all his rage to the true culprit of these atrocities.

He collected their Soul energies and channeled the life force into the millions of mortals inside the Crystal Leviathan.

Most of these mortals looked normal on the surface, but a life of abuse and shoddy treatments had left most of them with scars that would never fade, their bloodline foundations had been crippled, and their Spirits damaged. It was remarkable how much they had endured through the abuse.

Rowan was reminded once again, that although he had suffered in the hands of his father, he was not the only one who had felt the brunt of their unhealthy presence. For so long his actions and the life of trillions of people had been affected by the seeds of evil they spread throughout the universe.

It was time he put it all to an end.

The life force from these malevolent Earth gods to these mortals was a small payment for the suffering they had endured. This life force would cleanse all the wounds in their bodies and Spirits and would go a long way to pacify their mental traumas.

For now, this was the best he could do, when he finished with the creation of the gods, then the next step in settling these people would begin.

Rowan spent several hours going through every detail of the life of the Earth gods and when he was done, he discovered that if he decided not to take any risk in selecting who was assured of becoming gods, only 106 were capable of this feat.

If he wanted to risk the life of some potential candidate, then he would expect only 353 Earth gods to survive the process, and although he was sure that every single Earth god that was here, if given the chance to become gods, even with nearly a hundred percent guarantee that it would lead to their deaths, most of agree to take it.

Rowan had greater plans for these people and so he would not risk it, there would be only 106 gods born on this day.

Rowan awoke the remaining Earth gods from slumber and summoned the selected candidates to his side, still asleep he collected all their souls and brought them to his Dimension.

The second strand of consciousness entered the Spirit Guise of Boreas on the throne and he stayed still for a brief moment as he read through all the events that had transpired in his absence.

The left hand of Boreas twitched and Rowan looked at it with surprise, he was in the body that was equal to a Major God, it was impossible for it to just move for no reason.

That movement came from a memory and it was surprising to Rowan that there was almost no connection with him and that memory, as if there was a spot in his mind that he had forgotten.

However, his powerful consciousness did not take long for him to make the link between this simple twitch and something else that had occurred to him when he was a mortal inside the Nexus.

Rowan rubbed his brows in surprise, 'My left limb I sacrificed in order to escape Lamia is still in play?'

He was mildly interested in this unknown factor, but he placed it aside, he had lost that limb when he could not truly control his essence and although it held a considerable amount of his bloodline like Vraegar, it was useless to him at this time.

He merely had an evolved Ouroboros Bloodline at that time and it was still an Emphyrean bloodline that was corrupted by Chaos.

Rowan suddenly went still.

Chaos! Caine! His bloodline still had remnants. Although no longer linked with him, it was still a connection that these two Eldritch beings could take to find him.

Rowan frowned before accounting for the fact that perhaps the war ahead might reveal some unknown players. It was a good thing that he had caught a hint of their possible interference, he would only have to adjust his plans.

His perception swept outside the Vault of Hekaton, and he smiled in satisfaction. Another bait he had placed had borne fruit and caught an unexpected big fish.

After he killed Boreas, Rowan had laid hidden evidence to show that this god had been slaughtered. One of the signs he kept was a minute energy of Ohrox, the Demon King.

He was placing a subterfuge in the event that what happened here would be found by the gods of Trion, and he would use the presence of a Demon King to twist the narrative.

What he had not expected was that he would catch an elusive prey that seemingly had no weakness and a strong connection with the gods of Trion.

Rowan had seen the Webs of Minerva surrounding the Vault of Hekaton, and with the manner it interacted with the destructive energy around the area, and having the Infernal Spark and Soul of a Demon King inside of him, he had unexpectedly discovered that Minerva was a Demon.

Chapter 818: Rebirth

Rowan paused a while in thought before dismissing that assumption, he did not know the entire powers of the strange goddess and if she was able to control demonic energies, it seemed ridiculous to contemplate, but she worked with his father, which automatically meant she was not a simple creature.

He should never make assumptions until he has all the facts before him. Treating her like a demon because she had shown proof that she controlled demonic energies was infantile, but he saw an opportunity before him that he could not give up.

The one thing Rowan understood about plans was that even the best-laid ones can quickly go to shit if one small problem or an unexpected event occurs, making you wonder if you ever had a plan at all in the first place.

He had seen it happen in the Cerulean Galaxy, every time he wanted to evolve or make elaborate schemes, what Rowan came to find out was that with enough redundancies put in place, any concern that arises could be nipped in the bud.

It was the reason he always remained careful even though he knew he could probably shatter Trion with a single move, and his carefulness had been rewarded with this change in the Minerva situation. He wanted a way to round up all the gods of Trion in one swoop, and now he knew how to locate Minerva.

Apart from the god King, the one who should have the most reliable information about the Third Prince would be Minerva. He needed her soul to confirm many of his speculations.

Linking his consciousness to his Dimension, he located the Infernal Spark of Ohrox and he began to siphon power into a cradle he made from combining a thousand Spirit Guises. If he wanted to make an impression, he had to make it look as legit as possible.

The thousand Spirit Guises when melded together had a form similar to an egg, but with the injection of Demonic energy into it, the appearance began to slowly change to that of Ohrox, the Demon Prince of Destruction.

The eyes of the Demon opened and he roared, and the energy that it was draining from the Infernal Spark increased a thousandfold.

"Interesting, have I not killed you already?" Rowan muttered to himself as he felt a new burst of Soul energy begin to arise inside the Demon King.

At this moment his other consciousnesses were traveling through the sea of destruction towards the resonance of the vault he had detected when he collected the sample of their Runes during the meeting with the God-King.

Rowan had settled into a deep state of concentration as he began moving all the pieces towards the rightful position but with these new changes inside his Dimension.

He felt his Dimension shake as the rebirth of a Demon King was triggered.

"Even the best-laid plans..." He cursed silently, but excitement was building in his heart because he had astonishingly received inspiration for his Fourth-dimensional body.

Rowan observed that the progress towards a Third-dimensional body was at 16 percent and this new inspiration had not affected its progress, but it meant that if he became a Third-dimensional being, there was every possibility that he could shoot up to the fourth without much delay.

He should be more concerned with the rebirth of the Demon King inside his Dimension but Rowan was just too pleased with this development to care.

Nevertheless, he began waking up one of his Sovereigns, then switched to waking up both of them. It was always better to have the nuclear option ready at a button call.

The Gray Flame of the Principality caught his attention, it was blinking rapidly as if in excitement, Rowan summoned it over,

"Do you know the reason for the resurrection of the demon?"

The Principality quickly replied, "Creator, you killed its Soul but not its Will, it was only a matter of time before it would be able to harvest more Soul Energy for its resurrection, and being beside its Infernal Spark has accelerated this process."

Of course, Rowan almost laughed at the simplicity of it. The Third Dimension controlled space, while the fourth controlled time. He may have killed the God King in this space, but without shattering his Will, Ohrox still had access to time.

A fourth-dimensional being was truly Immortal unless their Will was shattered to pieces.

"How do you shatter a Will?" Rowan asked.

"There are few methods, but I think the best example is waiting out there in the universe." the Principality answered after considering the question for a while.

Rowan immediately understood what it meant, which was the blood of the universe.

He had noticed broken Wills inside of it and did not know how they came to be.

"The dying blood of a universe is a potent resource. Although no one would gather it because of the curse it brings, if you want to shatter a Will, this is, relatively, the most available resource out there for that process."

As Rowan watches the resurrection of the Demon King in fascination, he calls out to the Principality, "Tell me everything you know about Will."

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The Ancestors of Trion gathered together before a quiet river at night, the water from the calm river shining from the light of the moon and casting its brilliance on the six figures that a few months back were the greatest powers in Trion, the sole Earth gods in the entire planet.

Today they came together to celebrate the end of their reign and the beginning of a new and unrecognizable world. They had been sitting here for a while now, perhaps days, and no one had spoken a single word.

It was as if sitting together was a comfort, and they all shared in the common activity with luxury.

They had called it a celebration but no one here was smiling, all of them were seated around a blue flame and they waited for the summon from the gods to lead their houses to battle.

Except for Telmus, as a tradition dating back millions of years, all the Ancestors carried the name of their Primogenitor, and for so long this had been a source of pride, but now...

"Was that the reason you always hated them?" Horush asked, who was a bear of a man with two furry ears like a cat, "This disregard for their children, the madness, all the blood, and suffering."

Telmus looked away as if he did not hear the question, before quietly answering, "Among other things."

"If there was anyone I thought could escape this madness, it was always supposed to be you." Bacchus snickered. He resembled an elf with long blond hair and a thin face.

"The gods make fools of us all," Telmus said, "But I choose to walk this path. You all accepted it."

"You say that as if it means anything. In the end, we are all in the same boat. This was not the path I promised my family." Vulgim lamented. He resembled an old man with a hunched back and was smoking from a pipe.

"Speak for yourself," Tiberius chuckled, startling most of the Earth gods here except Telmus who regarded him with an apathetic gaze, "Vulgim, your family is among the most egregious in this ongoing abomination. What is it, nearly ninety-

five percent of your people were slaughtered in just a few days? Their blood thirst even surprises me."

Chapter 819: I Am Enough

These words from Tiberius silenced the Earth gods when they were told not to interfere with the decision of the gods on the issue of cannibalization, they had expected that common sense would soon prevail among their people.

The very earth of Aroth had become so soaked with blood and screams that if you picked up any random dirt from the ground and squeezed it, it would bleed.

There was madness inside their bloodline that the Ancestors had escaped only because of their talent and the amount of time they had spent as Earth gods, they were already Earth gods and the chains over their bloodline were a greater mental block than any call to eat their own babies to increase the power of their bloodlines.

Still to watch everything they knew crumble to madness was a unique torture they never knew they would get to experience one day.

"I hear you encourage it," Vulgim spat back, "line up millions of women and children and feed them to the massive grinders."

Tiberius snickered, "What can I say, men are more suited towards war, and even if it is by only a few percent increase in efficiency at the Earth god level I am seizing every advantage. The Final Throne belongs to Tiberius."

"What is left to rule..." Bacchus questioned the smug Tiberius, "...but a world of fire and blood. You have always reached far past your talents, nothing good would ever come of this, but you are too pigheaded to admit it out loud."

Tiberius stood up and spread his arms wide, he was a muscular man who had lost his left hand in the past and had replaced it with a prosthetic treasure that resembled the arm of an insect,

"You are wrong, all of you, I see farther than you can imagine! Don't you all realize what a final Emperor signifies? We would no longer be chained to this world, to this small galaxy, Trion would finally be free to spread its bounty to all civilizations in the universe."

Bacchus scoffed, "A bounty of death."

"I am from a bloodline of war," Tiberius growled, "death is my message and my calling. We shall spread our glorious language to the universe and they shall understand the might of Trion, their children shall worship at our feet, their men shall pull our ships through the void with their spirits..." Tiberius' voice was slowly increasing in pitch as excitement filled his crazed eyes.

"But for how long I wonder, funny that you should say all that Tiberius, but you are still scared inside, you would no longer be leading soldiers, but blood-crazed weapons, what glory is there in battles like that?" Telmus whispered, but everyone here heard him.

"What do you mean by that Telmus? Are you going against the decree from the gods?!" Tiberius frowned, his tirade interrupted, and he felt a stiffness in his throat as the words he had been about to proclaim were interrupted by Telmus's whispers.

Telmus had spoken the words that he had been afraid of deep inside his heart, he knew from this day forth, he would no longer be leading soldiers, but a den of blood thirsty vipers. It was a fragile balance that needed to be maintained because unlike everyone had imagined, Tiberius knew when all the weak of Trion had been slaughtered, without new prey, Trion would consume itself.

He understood that the only way to lead his civilization away from death was to spread them to the stars, in the hope that one day they would learn to master their urges.

The voice of Telmus interrupted his worried musing,

"Have you all noticed the stars... they are different, they are no longer filled with light and heat, but darkness and death. I saw this happen in a small part of the sky before, and I tracked down that section of the heavens and discovered that it was a place called the Cerulean galaxy, it had a vibrant civilization, but now every single god there had unexpectedly vanished."

"The stars over this galaxy had been bloody and every god died, I wonder what would happen when now the entire universe is filled with stars like this," Telmus whispered again, his eyes fixed on the sky.

"Forgive us brother, but not all of us are chained to the stars like you." Boreas who had been quiet all these while smiled, "We only bother with the problems we have here on earth."

"I suppose it gave me a unique perspective about this entire matter. I feel an odd sense of connection with it. Something is coming, and the... totality of it, the sheer inevitability it brings causes my mind to shake." Telmus spoke slowly and he stood up, "This is the last time I will be together with you all. I wish I could say I would miss it, but you bastards are an eyesore."

He began to walk away but he suddenly stopped and shifted his head a little as if he was hearing something in the distance. The rest of the Earth gods looked around but they could not detect any change in the surrounding space.

Telmus cursed silently, cracked his neck, and rolled his shoulders. Anyone who knew him knew he was readying for battle. The Earth gods here knew it, and it scared them all.

The sparkling river before them suddenly lit up with a red glow and exploded as it transformed into lava and molten rock. The river had stretched for more than eight hundred miles, but in a single instant, it became boiling lava. The heat it gave off was so intense it caused forest fire for miles and painted the skies already red with blood with a shade of darkness that covered the light of the moon.

A regal voice emerged from the river of lava, as a lady clad in the robes of an Empress with a shiny crown delicately walked on top of the molten magma to the gathered Earth gods,

"Surely you would not think of leaving this gathering Telmus without saying goodbye to me."

Every Earth god bowed before her, except Telmus who did not turn around.

The Empress, Scarlet Sinshirin Kuranos, created a throne out of the lava and did not seem displeased that Telmus had not responded to her question, instead, she seemed oddly pleased.

She turned to the Earth gods and gestured for them to be at ease, "I will leave the organization of your houses to you, but there are some discrepancies I have to address, and chief among them is related to you Telmus."

The Empress stopped talking, as all eyes turned to the solitary figure who was backlit by the red glow of the lava, he finally sighed and turned around, "Spectacular entrance Scarlet, you have killed the last of the Moon Finch that lives in these waters. That species has existed on this world for millions of years, far longer than even your family, but you killed them all just to grandstand,"

The Empress's smile brightened, "The matter on the ground is not about lousy fishes, it is about the greatest event in the common days, the Holy War."

"Is that what they are calling it now?" Telmus scoffed, "Holy?"

"Of course it is holy, it is the will of the gods, and by their powers vested to me, I question you Telmus, about your decision not to follow their decree. Why are your people without any new Earth gods?"

Telmus grinned, "It is because for this war, only I am enough. Tell the gods to cease this madness, and I shall end the war alone."

Chapter 820: Wielding The Stars

Telmus' words hung in the air for a while and it was broken by the Empress's loud laughter, "I admire you Telmus, I truly do. You choose to bind yourself to the laws you hate and you still wonder why it does not follow your will. You are weak despite all your powers, and it is your madness that will come to an end, not those of the gods. The last time I checked, they were gods, and you are mortal. Your words are empty and your hand is weak."

Telmus sneered and pointed at the Empress, "You are giving me reasons to change my mind about keeping you alive with every word that comes from your mouth. I have not obstructed your war, and instead given more than it would ever need to succeed. This is my final offer and warning Scarlet, don't test me!"

The Empress tapped the side of her throne in amusement, "So you are finally going to shed your cloak of civility and rebel?"

Telmus growled, an air of menace erupting from his body that shook the stars and he closed his eyes and breathed out slowly, releasing the tension that had been building and making all the Earth gods nearly fall to the ground in relief.

They all saw the difference between them and Telmus, and it was as wide as the gulf between the stars. In their eyes were a mixture of fear and adoration. Telmus was an Earth god like them all, but he had reached such high levels of power by the effort of his sheer talent.

Was it possible that a single person could be so blessed? Surely even the gods would not be able to challenge him at the same level. Was there any single Earth god in all of creation that could stand before him?

The Empress could easily read the hearts of these Ancestors, and her smile grew brighter even as her rage burned hotter, she spoke sweetly and the Ancestors shuddered,

"Wise choice Telmus, we require at least forty million Earth gods from the Minerva bloodline, which should leave twenty percent of your population free of this purge. It is the most favorable condition you can ever have, no one here had this sort of grace given to their families. Including me, so you have no more excuses."

Telmus growled and began to walk away, his body began to slowly fade into the darkness leaving his long white hair floating like a mirage, the Empress chuckled but her eyes were filled with anger, "Oh, I think you might know that I took your daughter for my personal handmaiden until the war is over. She would be by my side and completely safe."

Telmus stopped walking away and his body returned, he looked down at his palms, where there were two lines wiggling, clashing, and attempting to fuse. He was close, but still so far away, "Fuck it, the stars are dead, what future does my child have in the universe of the dead? Better if it all burns"

He stretched forth his hand and grabbed one of the ephemeral chains bounding him to the stars and pulled.

The chains binding him to the stars were made so they were ephemeral and Telmus or anyone else was not supposed to have the ability to touch them. Telmus however, never cared for rules. His entire life had been about breaking rules.

The initial tug on the chain was made with so much power that the rotation of Trion, the biggest Major World in the universe, stopped for a second.

A massive shockwave erupted from his position that shattered the earth for thousands of miles and vaporized every single Earth god except the Empress, whose throne was shattered to pieces.

The shockwave could have continued spreading until it covered the entire planet, but instead, it returned to Telmus who used it to vibrate the hand he was using to hold the ephemeral chain in a mystical pattern and it created a loop in the chain that traveled up to the star, causing the chain to wrap around the star, squeezing it until it became the size of a small city and a continual force was still being exerted in the chains making the star smaller, hotter and brighter as it was pulled towards Trion with speeds leaving light far behind.

All this gesture was done almost instantaneously, and he seized another chain, pulling on it, causing another massive shockwave that pushed the Empress back for a few thousand feet, shattering the dozens of halos that had covered her from her crown.

Empress Scarlet's robes were torn to rags and she yelled in rage and summoned a blade of flame and frost, but the shockwave that swept past her shattered her godly weapon, and nearly threw her on her back.

A loud whining sound alerted her and she looked upwards where her eyes widened in shock.

Telmus had pulled an entire star, and she only had the chance to look back at him in shock and bring her hands up before a star that had been squeezed to a few hundred feet in diameter slammed into her body.

Surprisingly there was not a large blast because the Empress had caught the star and held it easily with her hands. She smiled at Telmus, "Nice trick, but you forget who you challenge. I am the daughter of fire, the..."

Telmus simply brought his left hand forward, and a second star materialized beneath her feet, and unexpectedly the star she was holding multiplied a million times in weight, she could barely scream before the two stars collided.

A bright light shone for an instant and winked out, leaving behind a black stone hovering in the air.

Telmus opened his right palm and the stone flew down and settled on it. The angered screams from the Empress could be heard emerging from it.

"Killing you too quickly is a mercy. This should hold you for all time unless your mother frees you... if she can"

"Telmus! Do you dare hold me here? You would set back our mission and the gods would no longer be amused by their favorite pet." The screams from the Empress were shrill, imprisoning her was a far more difficult feat than killing her, and Telmus had effortlessly done that, and even worse, using the tools of his captivity.

He looks at the skies ignoring her rants, and then he winds back his arm and throws the black stone, the stone rapidly flies out of Trion, heading deep into the universe, "If she is quick to find you."

His eyes traced the path of the stone through the universe and Telmus suddenly swung his arm backward, it was unknown when he had grabbed another ten stars, and using the ephemeral chains as a whip, he swung it behind him and turned around to a figure that had silently appeared behind him.

The figure was covered in haze and smoke from the devastation that had just occurred here and from their size they were taller than Telmus who was almost seven feet tall. It should have been possible to see their features, but the smoke and dust seemed to hug the figure, shaking any attempt to penetrate the obstructions.

Telmus looked at the silent figure and then looked at his right hand to see that the chains he was holding had been neatly sliced off. The chain emitted shrieks of pain before collapsing into a bloody fog.

Chapter 821: I Shall Collect Your Head

"That was amusing," the deep voice of a man emerged from the haze, who then stepped forward to reveal himself to Telmus. In the right hand of the man was the stone the Telmus had just sent towards the universe.

Telmus sighed, "Tiberius, what brings you from your bloody halls into the lands of mortals?"

"It is rare that I get to save people, but not without a price of course," Tiberius answered and waved his hand, releasing the five Ancestors who should have perished when Telmus made his first move.

With a flick from his feet, he tossed the dazed Ancestors into the distance, their bodies broken from his move and bathing his legs with blood, they all left their right arm behind, and because it was Tiberius that caused this wound, they could never heal from this injury and the blood that flowed from it would go to him in perpetuity, leaving them in a state of constant agony until they perished.

Death in the hands of Telmus would have been a greater gift than the saving grace from Tiberius.

Tiberius bent down and scooped the thick blood around his legs, and he ran his hand across his bald head, rubbing the blood of the Ancestors across it, like the ancient warrior he was, as his skin drank the blood until there was nothing left, he shuddered in pleasure,

"Are you catching a glimpse of Trion these days Telmus? Why should I stay in my Hall of Blood, when I have a world filled with it? Still, lucky I was around eh, else this little empress would be floating yonder. Now tell me why you want to do something as stupid as that. We gave you a pretty good deal, no?"

Telmus began to walk towards the God of War, and he stopped beside him, "I don't answer to you, Tiberius. Do you seek to stop me?"

He waited for a short moment and walked past the God of War, his eyes already searching the horizon for his family.

The God of War appeared a bit surprised at the moment before he sucked air through his teeth, and then he looked up and began to laugh, "You little abomination, truly, you are willing to fight me! Hahaha... this is the greatest gift you can ever give me."

Telmus stopped walking and raised both his hands and with his chains he seized a thousand stars in each hand, "I will not repeat myself, Tiberius."

"You little fucker," the God of War flung the stone containing the Empress towards Aroth and conjured a blade of bone and blood and with a cry of anger he charged at Telmus.

Telmus did not wait for the God of War to reach him before making his moves and they slammed against each other like two meteorites, reality shattered and they were sucked into the Underverse.

A short moment later they popped out of reality, their presence shattering the earth and the heavens, and they clashed again tearing reality apart and vanishing.

Everything seemed to be at peace for a moment before reality shattered again and a body was spat out with his left hand missing.

The body slammed into the earth, causing a massive crater, and leaving a mushroom cloud that could be seen from space.

Telmus walked through the devastation, white hair flowing like snow and eyes filled with anger, in his left hand was the arm of the God of War.

The arm was struggling to escape his grasp, but Telmus seized it with both hands and with a violent pull, and in a single smooth motion, he peeled the skin and muscle away from the bone.

He tossed aside the wriggling flesh and held up the arm bone as if it was a short sword, he swiped it to the left, dispersing the dust and countering a mighty blow from Tiberius's sword of blood.

The God of War had already regrown his arm and when he saw what Telmus wielded against him, his eyes blazed in anger, and he attacked in a severe burst of movement that shattered reality all around them.

With every move he made, he roared his wrath and bloodlust, his sword of blood making a thousand cuts in a fraction of a second, carrying preciseness and an unearthly force.

Telmus, on the other hand, countered all the blows without even looking at them, instead, he stared at the face of Tiberius, and when the God of War looked at him directly in the eye, Telmus shifted his stance a bit and moved the arm in a weird manner that took it in and out of reality before he retreated a single step, but this time he was holding another arm from Tiberius, as he had ingeniously sliced off another of Tiberius's arm.

Telmus swiped the arms across each other, removing the skin and flesh from the new one, and stared coldly at the God of War.

"You are not the one I hate Tiberius, but if you don't leave my path, I shall collect your head with my next move."

Tiberius growled like a rabid dog, blood and alive pouring out from his mouth like rain, "You fucking mongrel, you think because you too my arms, that you have achieved anything?! I will show you what it means to battle the God of War."

Tiberius screamed and his body exploded into a ball of blood and muscle that twisted into arcane shapes before taking the form of a red giant with eight arms and four heads.

The God of War raised all eight arms and eight bloody suns appeared overhead and transformed into eight massive melee weapons, from swords, axes, shields, and spears to a chained whip."

He slammed his hands together and his weapons shredded reality, sending out great pulses of power towards Telmus.

"I will tear you apart and feast on your liver for a million years." The voice of the God of War resounded all over Trion drawing the attention of all the gods, and every mortal of power who could understand his words carried by his Intent of Slaughter.

With the strength to shatter a thousand worlds, the God of War swung all his weapons towards Telmus, who sighed and pushed the two arms into the ground in front of him before raising his empty hands in front of him.

"Little girl if you are watching your old man right now, this is how you use your talent of absorption."

The weapons of the God of War smashed into Telmus, and there was no loud blast. He simply went still as all the energy of the blow was absorbed by Telmus's palms.

Telmus closed his hands into a fist and all the energy he had collected suddenly multiplied and was returned a million times over!

Except for a single head that was left, Tiberius's body was vaporized to a state that was smaller than atoms.

If this blow had ended here it would have been terrible enough, but from the clash with the God of War, Telmus had traced his path of power, and although he did not know where it led, he directed all those forces towards it.

It was the reason that when the consciousness of Rowan reached the Vault of Tiberius he was startled when the sea of destruction vibrated and a massive palm descended on the vault.

Chapter 822: No Shame Losing To Him

The descending palm was thousands of miles in diameter and as it tore through the sea of destruction it was consumed before it could reach the vault below by the extra-dimensional destructive properties of this place, but Rowan was still surprised by how long it had been able to last through the destruction, as he had just glimpsed pure kinetic energy inside that palm and little else.

It was just force that had been magnificently controlled and coordinated, it was almost like a work of art, one that Rowan could appreciate, because he had always found the line between chaos and order to be quite fascinating.

There was nothing as chaotic as a battle, and when you introduce magic and external energies into the mix, everything would become much more complex, but the ability to weave through all that noise and find the "sweet spot" where everything fell into place was not something everyone was capable of.

Who was the God of War fighting? Well, anyone who was doing that should not stop anytime soon because it would provide the necessary distraction that he needed.

Deciding not to leave anything to chance, Rowan synchronized with his other consciousness. He had deliberately left them separated before in order to reduce the chance that any "noise" could be sensed between all his consciousness due to the fact that he was presently inhabiting the body of the Spirit Guises, and they could not fully contain his presence.

If he exerted more of his powers then there was a possibility that communicating between his consciousness while inside this body could be tracked, but he needed to know what had just happened.

Rowan's plans were dynamic and adaptable to whatever situation that might arise, and so the need to always be up to speed with everything was crucial. The risk he decided, was worth it.

He connected with his other consciousness inside the Crystal Leviathan for a fraction of a second before breaking the link and understanding everything that happened and was still transpiring.

With this revelation, he shifted his entire plan and moved them forward!

The consciousness standing before the vault of Tiberius considered the reason for this change, "Telmus... another outlier and supreme genius like Ohrox who have drawn my attention because of their unique vision. Is he also a Demon or Mutant of a Demon and a Dominator, his mother controls demonic energy after all.

Rowan's desire to understand the Great Abyss increased, he had come across two very stunning individuals and they were related to the Great Abyss. He was aware that the Great Abyss was being led by a Primordial and so he had kept his distance, it was still fascinating to consider what sort of environment would breed such a wide range of talent.

Telmus's battle with the God of War was truly eye-opening, as Rowan was startled when he noticed that Telmus was an Earth god and controlled Intent. Although that was not what stunned him, creating Intent from techniques ultimately depended on comprehension, and Rowan had created Intent when he was in the Second Circle compared to the Fourth Circle where both he and Telmus now reside, yet this case was different.

Telmus did not have a single Intent or a dozen, he did not have a hundred or a thousand, he had tens of thousands, perhaps as much as a hundred thousand or more! He would have to thoroughly examine him to get a certain number but his consciousness inside the Crystal Leviathan had read tens of thousands of Intent.

When Rowan first developed his Berserker Intent, he gained tons of attributes every time he upgraded it, from the mortal Grade, Refined, Earth, Heaven, Transcendent, Immortal, and finally to the Origin Grade, he had acquired tens of thousands of attribute points that had pushed his powers further than his levels would account for.

Although Rowan was aware that due to his mutated Empyrean physique as a Six-headed Ouroboros Serpent and his ability to reverse Time, he had inordinately gained far more attributes than an average individual every time he upgraded his technique, and this was for only a single Berserker Aspect.

He had never had the chance to push for more techniques towards the Origin Stage from this point as he decided to only develop Omnipotent techniques or Aspects like the Lost Flames but that was before he discovered there was a higher power than Intent and evolved into a Dimensional being.

Rowan had planned on learning hundreds of techniques and reaping the benefits from devouring the tribulations after bringing them all to the Origin Stage, but he no longer needed to follow this path.

Rowan had not imagined learning thousands of techniques to the level of Origin, and Telmus here had learned tens of thousands of techniques to the Origin grade. This was simply madness.

Learning this amount of technique was not just an issue of time and availability, if that was the case every god would live long enough to be able to master millions of Intent. To achieve this, it was purely about talent.

It took Rowan an average of about a year to get to the Origin Stage of the Berserker Aspect, even though he had not been focusing on it, and only actively trained with his Berserker Aspect for a total period of two weeks.

It would usually take a talented god hundreds of thousands of years to push a simple technique to the Origin grade, for others, millions, perhaps even billions of years. Since acquiring more Intent was the method for a god to grow, they were always searching for ways to boost their talents and comprehension speed.

The Faith and worship from mortals was a resource used by the gods to boost their comprehension, but even with that advantage, a talented god could barely bring more than a hundred techniques to the Origin grade. In their entire lifetime. Which was usually a billion trillion years, or longer depending on the nature of their universe.

From all records he could find Telmus was born barely 600,000 years ago, and most of those times he had been imprisoned by Minerva as punishment for his stubbornness, and in the short time frame he had been free, he had gathered all these Intent.

It was a remarkable achievement, one that Rowan had never seen before, or even thought could be made in such short amounts of time.

He could do it if he wanted to as he had always been curious about how far he could have pushed this conjecture of multiple Intent, but he ultimately discarded it as useless. At a point, no matter the number of attributes he could gain from enhancing hundreds of techniques, it would still not match up against the power of Will.

Intent could be seen as the control of space, while Will was the control of Time. Intent could no longer grow past the limitation of space, but Will could grow past the limitations of Time, evolving to control both Space and Time and beyond, reaching higher dimensions and controlling more mystical abilities.

Telmus could be seen as a complete master over Space. The God of War had announced his rage all over Trion and drew the attention of everyone in power who was able to see this level of combat, and this did nothing but display his shameful defeat to a mortal.

Although Rowan considered that there was nothing shameful about losing to somebody like Telmus.

Chapter 823: Inside The Vault

There was nothing to be shamed about losing to a man who was probably unique in this universe and every other universe that existed.

He had crushed the God of War and Rowan was sure he was not even using a fraction of his true power, Rowan knew that if not for becoming a Dimensional being who controls Will, he would not be able to challenge Telmus.

This man was the true Dominator of Space.

Even if Telmus had gained only 10,000 points of Attributes from each technique he brought to Origin Stage, disregarding the abilities he might have gained from crushing its tribulations, after gaining tens of thousands of Intent, his total attributes should be in the hundreds of millions at the least.

With his control over force, he could nearly multiply the amount of power he could unleash to an unknown degree. Such a level of ability was chilling to contemplate.

Acquiring so much Intent was admirable, but it would ultimately block his path toward Will. It was such a shame that he was on a lost path. If only someone had been there to show him the true road to power, which was towards higher dimensions.

Technically it was possible for a single Intent to give birth to a Will, but that would require an in-depth understanding of that Intent to its ultimate extent, with his talent, there was no reason why Telmus would not be able to acquire Will but he had gone the opposite way and pursued more Intent.

With so much Intent acquired, how could Telmus be able to reconcile all the Intents he had for his path toward Will to be revealed?

This was also not addressing the fact that his Soul was still mortal, and even though he must have acquired a lot of Intent that could aid in the strengthening of his Soul, he was still ultimately a mortal being, no matter how powerful he was.

His mortal soul would not be able to hold the power of Will. It was already ridiculous that he could hold all these Intent inside him in the first place.

It suddenly struck Rowan that perhaps he had seen the key to the entire puzzle of Telmus, which was his soul. With his talent, Telmus should probably be able to reach the limit of a single Intent and then discover a higher realm which is Will.

Yet he was unable to take this step because of the bloodline lock over the Children of Trion. He was stuck to be nothing but an Earth god, and to break the lock perhaps he sought other alternatives. If one Intent would not do, what about a thousand, or ten thousand, or even more?

To conquer Time, Telmus had chosen to conquer Space, but it was useless, without an Immortal Soul.

No matter which prison his mother Minerva kept him in, there was nothing greater than the prison over his bloodline.

Telmus could likely see the path of time displayed before him, but he would never reach it. He was a man dying of thirst before a flowing river, held back by chains forged by his mother.

The tragic fate of this man was no concern of Rowan, however, this battle had drawn the attention of every single god in Trion. There was no better chance than this one to begin his replacement of the gods.

"Luck is on my side." He chuckled wryly.

If this coincidence was possible because of luck, then Rowan shuddered to contemplate what truly powerful members of this bloodline would be capable of.

The seed his mother left for him was burning inside his consciousness, and he feared he already knew the truth about this third bloodline of his, but he placed that matter aside for the moment.

"The weight of expectations from our parents hangs on our neck, choking us all... If you are wise you would do like I do Telmus, ignore or kill them."

Rowan's consciousness in the Crystal Leviathan began to follow the battle as he increased the speed of his other consciousnesses toward the remaining vaults.

If he timed it right, he could control all the vaults before sunrise, and then it would be him against the God King, the first Reflection. His true enemy.

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Rowan's consciousness reached the vault and he noticed little differences in its composition from those of Boreas apart from its shape, but those were all cosmetic changes to fit the personality of the god, everything here was virtually the same, only in a slightly altered form appearance-wise.

When he had used Circe to bypass the security of the first vault, he had been using a fraction of his entire consciousness power, but now he had access to seven consciousness pillars and something better, he had the keys to the vault.

Technically he did not have the keys, but he had memories of the pattern of the Runes for each vault, although each Rune was incredibly complicated, etched in three-dimensional space, he was able to memorize every single bit of it, it was with this Runes he had used in locating this place and it would be his key into it.

The only challenge would be how he could enter the vault without alerting the God of War. A greater part of the distraction was being made by Telmus, and Rowan only needed to let himself in.

He had studied the structure of the vault, and so he knew that this was only a small part of the vaults, a greater portion of it was located elsewhere, and more importantly, he now knew its physical structure and he could imitate it.

His consciousness wearing the form of a Spirit Guise in the shape of a boy scattered into thousands of black threads that reached the body of the vault and began to drill their way silently through it.

These thousands of threads were individual Spirit Guises he had created specifically to deal with the structure of the vault, and he had experimented with them on the Vault of Hekaton until he was assured that he had the perfect tool to enter any vault without using the front door.

Unlike the Vault of Hekaton, this vault had far thicker walls which Rowan ascribed to the fact that each vault was similar but unique, and although there were slight differences in their composition, Rowan was able to adapt his Spirit Guises on the fly to handle everything that came up.

The current power of his consciousness was no joke.

Although it appeared as if the infiltration took a while, breaking into the vault took less than three seconds.

He recorded himself into shadows and carefully scanned through the internals of this vault.

The Vault of Hekaton where Boreas resided had been simple, just a wide hall and a single throne, and beneath had been the eighty million Spirit Guises that were Boreas' secret weapon, which turned out to be invaluable tools for Rowan during this period.

The vault of the God of War was different.

There was no hall or a throne, just a large pool and a stone at the center. The pool was nothing but fresh blood that bubbled slowly with heat, and on the stone was seated the God of War who was staring into the pool of blood with a frown as he watched his avatar being repeatedly destroyed by Telmus.

Chapter 824: Expanding His Reach

The God of War was losing, badly, according to all mortal standards. Yet the battles between immortals were quite different from mortals. They used their greatest weapon during their battles which was time to maneuver their way through a conflict.

A battle between gods was not fought in hours, days, or weeks, their battle was fought across eons.

Rowan was a terrifying being in the sense that every Immortal battle he had fought had always been quite short. He had all the traits of a God-Killer, and he had never truly had any reason to fight a protracted battle, as he could reach the core of any god which was their soul, disregarding their bodies.

This was the greatest advantage of an Immortal Soul, which was the ability to create as many bodies as they wanted while keeping their core safe using nothing but Divine Energy.

The bodies they created were as powerful as the amount of Intent they had mastered, it was the reason why the avatar of a Major god that had mastered more than one Intent could easily crush a Minor god.

Tiberius has mastered tens of Intent, and the strength of his Avatar was more powerful than even a High god, but he was still being thrashed, not even able to harm a single hair of his opponent.

However, it did not matter if Telmus killed the body of Tiberius a thousand times, as long as the god had access to divine essence, he would be able to recreate his body as many times as he wanted.

This was the greatest distinction between a mortal and an immortal, they no longer had the limitations of the flesh.

Although for someone like Telmus, that distinction was blurry and was nearly non-existent to him because he could easily follow the direction of the gods' divine energy and track their God Spark and then he could direct his attacks towards it. He was a master of Space after all.

A god would usually hide their Divine Kingdoms in a hidden portion of space, against Telmus whose reach was nearly Omniscient, they could as well be waving a bright sign pointing to their Divine kingdom anytime they channeled power. He did not fear any god and like Rowan he was a God Killer.

Nevertheless, against the Gods of Trion, this ability to penetrate space would be useless, because their God Spark were protected by a sea of destruction. This potent energy would consume whatever attacks were thrown their way, and even if any could manage to go through, the Vaults that protected their God Spark were almost indestructible.

The Gods of Trion with these defenses were supposedly invincible, and Telmus was now experiencing what it meant for a mortal to battle a god. No matter how powerful or talented that mortal was to be, against the might of time, everything would fall apart, and even Telmus would tire and make a mistake.

If Telmus was aware of this fact, he did not show it, but Rowan could hear the rumble from the sea of destruction around the vault as the blows from Telmus crossed through space and shook the entire area.

The smell of blood inside the vault was very harsh, and Rowan shortly noticed that the boiling pool of blood was a second stream of Tiberius's Divine Essence which was separate from the one that was naturally produced inside his God Spark.

Like Boreas, Tiberius had chosen to sink the treasures he must have acquired using his Labyrinth Coins into this small pool of blood, and he must have acquired a lot of treasure from that place, because apart from Rowan's Sea of Aether, he had never come across such a dense amount of essence.

Whatever the God of War had done to this pool of blood had invigorated it to such an extent that it could only be kept in a place like this vault. A single drop of this essence in the universe would light up the radar of everyone powerful in the entire galaxy.

Yet unlike Rowan's Aether, this blood was filled with chaotic energies from billions of sources, it had no potent effect that should affect reality like those of Rowan, except for its corrosive properties and the vast amount of energy inside every single drop.

It was the reason that Telmus could never win this battle by exhausting Tiberius, it was virtually impossible, the God of War could battle until the universe came to an end and still have more than enough Essence to spare.

Creating an Avatar to battle Telmus was barely draining a fraction from a single drop of blood. Tiberius could fight forever.

In addition to this, although the body that Telmus fought was a High god, Rowan could detect from the fluctuations from the true God of War here that he was already a God King, and was not pushing all the efforts towards fighting Telmus, he was probably waiting for an opportunity.

This was the first true God King had seen, Golgoth took the title of God King but he was something else, Tiberius on the other hand was a true God King.

The God of War whispered, "How long can you keep this up, Telmus?"

His avatar on Trion roared his words accompanied by earthquakes and a shaking heaven. Rowan shook his head in astonishment, it seemed like Tiberius was something of a showman.

The God of War might pretend to have a brain made from muscle, but he was also a cunning opponent. If Telmus ever disregarded this fact and grew complacent, he would pay a terrible price.

Rowan had seen enough, now he just needed to prepare his attacks simultaneously across all the gods, for he had just reached the vaults of Horush, the god who controlled the Pathway of the Giant, and Bacchus, who controlled the Pathway of the Wanderer.

Now he just needed to reach the vault of Kuranos and Volgim, and he would have the rest of the gods in his palm, the preparation for Minerva was already underway.

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Rowan had a surface understanding about the bloodline powers of the gods, but with his experience in consuming Boreas's soul, he knew their powers came from his siblings that had been butchered in the past by Golgoth.

Every god of Trion was just an amalgamation of powers ripped out from his siblings and merged to create these sentient abominations. This provided them with access to all the abilities of the bodies that were made from.

As a Nascent Primordial and a Second Order Dimensional being, Rowan was not wary of their powers, he only needed to be concerned about their weapons and the treasures they had accumulated. An unexpected treasure could cause complications because it could produce abilities that could not be predicted.

Just as he infiltrated the vault of Tiberius, his other two consciousnesses also entered the vaults of Horush and Bacchus. With his previous experience from infiltrating two vaults, these ones did not pose any challenge, and he entered inside them, taking the form of a nearly invisible shadow.

He spread his perception to cover the entire vault, aware that he must control and understand his surroundings in an instant to avoid complications.

Chapter 825: The Strongest god

The vaults of the gods presented new information about their powers and personalities, all of which Rowan eagerly noted down. The smallest detail could lead to unexpected breakthroughs.

The vault of Horush was filled with statues of beasts, but a closer observation would reveal that these were not statues but living beings frozen in stone, and they were all gods.

The shapes of the beast seemed desiccated, as if left with nothing but skin and bones, but this should be a nature of the technique used by Horush. All these beast gods kept their full awareness, but they could not move.

The bloodline of Horush were Beast-tamers. They had the ability to charm and merge with every sort of beast, granting them all the abilities of the beasts and also boosting them.

The unique characteristic of this bloodline that made them refer to it as the pathway of the giant was the ability to merge with multiple beasts, with the user gaining the traits of those beasts and a drastic increase in size.

The geniuses from the Horush bloodline were determined on the number of beasts they were able to merge with, the weakest meeting with only one and the strongest merging with seventy-seven. The holder of the title of the highest merger belonged to this current Ancestor of the Horush family.

In time the merged beast would truly become one with the Dominators on the Pathway of the Giant, granting them a permanent boost to their abilities and the power to shape shift into the creatures while adding the traits of other beasts to this new form.

Although the Horush family Dominators were disadvantaged in certain areas, like Spirit, they were truly terrible foes if they could merge with more than one powerful beasts at the same time.

A Horush family Dominator that could merge with multiple dragons, Phoenix, and Kirins would be almost unstoppable.

Inside the vault, Rowan saw more than a million statues of beasts. The weakest was at the High God level and they were powerful creatures, some of them could not even be found inside this universe. There were ten special beasts whose statues were golden and the emanations from their bodies were those of God Kings.

Since the gods of Trion did not venture far from their world, this must be the method Horush had spent his Labyrinth Coins, by purchasing beasts. Horush had quietly created an army of beast gods that could shake the galaxy.

If he could perfectly merge with these beast gods, and there was no reason to think that he would not be able to do so, Horush would become one of the most powerful and versatile gods, perhaps the strongest amongst the Trion gods, at least as far as Rowan had seen.

It was amazing that this quiet god had been able to accumulate so much power using his unique abilities and bloodline power. Boreas on the other hand had been disappointing, only creating Spirit Guises that were at the Major God level, while Horush already had God Kings.

Every Trion god was unique and would surprise him in various ways, but he was grateful that he had managed to acquire the treasures of Boreas first, it was what had enabled him to reach this stage even in his diminished form.

However he had a pressing problem at this time, Rowan had scanned through the vault multiple times but he could not detect the presence of Horush. His presence seemed incredibly weak as if he was not present inside the vault, but Rowan knew that this was impossible, the presence of the god was needed to maintain the vaults.

He considered this problem for a moment before quickly coming to the realization that all the beast god statues here were Horush. He had merged with all of them and instead of making himself a single great giant, he had chosen to scatter his body to a million parts.

Smart choice. Horush controlled the pathway of the giant, but he chose to follow a separate path. This may appear simple on the surface yet it was anything but.

The body of the Gods of Trion that was inside their vaults were nothing but their God Spark. Which were supposed to stay in a single form, but Horush had found a way to split his God Spark into a million pieces.

Perhaps it was due to the power of his bloodline and its abilities, but the changes made by this god was still surprising. It would make killing him a bit annoying since Rowan would have to ensure that every portion of the god was killed at the same time. Essentially killing a million Horush at once instead of killing one.

With everything he was discovering about Horush, it led him to firmly place him to be the strongest god of Trion. Tiberius and Kuranus had been leading over the gods all these while but it was Horush that was actually more powerful than even the so-

called God of War.

Tiberius had a pool of disjointed energy suppressed by his powers to control blood, basically he had all the resources that any god would kill for and he created a battery. Horush meanwhile had been accumulating abilities and powers that could crush any of the gods while evolving his God Spark to go against the direction of his bloodline, instead of becoming a giant, he became a swarm.

It was a shame that Rowan would have to kill him, of all the gods, it would seem he was the one with the most steady presence of them all. The present state of Trion however proved to Rowan that even though Horush was more formidable, he was also as corrupt as the rest of the Trion gods, perhaps maybe even worse.

Rowan automatically placed Horush in the same category as Minerva, the god who controlled the pathway of Giant was dangerous. Rowan did not rate him this way because he cared about his power, no, he was more wary of his mind.

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The consciousness that entered the vault of Bacchus was presented with a garden filled with flowers. The god Bacchus was relaxing in a heated pool of scented divine essence with two scantily clad elf-like women massaging his shoulders, and anointing his body with mystical oils.

Bacchus looked a lot like Rowan with long blond and green hair, but he was more lean and taller. His half closed eyes were tipped with long green lashes, his eyes could be seen gleaming through them as they were focused on the images moving in his pool that was showcasing the battle between Telmus and Tiberius.

He chuckled when Telmus kicked the God of War in annoyance, launching him into space. "Silly brute..." he opened his mouth and one of the women dropped a red fruit into it. Bacchus chewed with relish. Rowan could hear the screams emanating from inside his mouth, they sounded like children.

Rowan analyzed this new god as he waited for the rest of his consciousness to reach the remaining vault. It took some time for him to detect Bacchus' treasure and he nearly rolled his eyes in annoyance.

The long eyelashes of the god's upper eyelid were Proto Source level treasures, every single one of them. So he had a total of 140 Proto Source level treasures on his face, and judging from the fluctuations they gave off, they must be a set item.

Chapter 826: Patterns And Coincidences

Rowan had not come across a lot of set items as they were rare, and the criteria for the creation of set items was not as simple as having more of the same material in one place, or any random set of similar swords placed together would gain a set - effect.

Usually, the set effect came by coincidence or by meticulous design and creation, and they were always more powerful than their base components would suggest.

Bacchus chuckled as the battle grew heated as the God of War no longer sent a single avatar after Telmus but ten, all working seamlessly together in formation. Telmus had been keeping his cool all this while and was destroying the avatars of the god as quickly as he was creating them, but Rowan who was watching the battle was beginning to see that he was losing his patience.

Geniuses were arrogant, the fact that they had aspects that were superior to their peers gave them a distinction that others could not imagine, and Telmus was no different, as far as he could tell, he was the most powerful Earth god in existence, and no one, not even the gods of Trion could hold him if he truly went all out.

The God of War himself was only a distraction, and with every moment, Telmus was growing irritated with the persistence of Tiberius. Rowan would have warned him to watch his Spirit since Tiberius was not a simple foe, but he needed the distraction that Telmus was bringing and so he watched the battle alongside the gods.

Their battle shattered the skies and the earth, but they kept the devastation reduced to a few hundred miles, as every blow was incredibly focused and precise. This created a zone of darkness that was broken by the flashes of light from their techniques, as reality could not heal from the forces being unleashed by both parties.

This zone of darkness began to slowly move towards the east, and it was increasingly picking up speed as time went by, Telmus was no longer patient with this battle and was shifting it towards Aroth the capital.

Rowan almost smiled with the audaciousness of his plan. If the God of war did not stop his attacks, then their battle would take them to the capital where this area of darkness that held world-shattering forces would grind the capital to dust.

Rowan doubted if the rest of the gods had noticed this change since the area of darkness appeared to be moving haphazardly, but Rowan had been able to figure out the order through the chaos. Telmus was angry and by the time the gods figured out his plans, it would be too late.

Rowan began to steer his Crystal Leviathan hurriedly away from Aroth, if his deduction was correct, in an hour's time, the entire Crystal Lake would be destroyed.

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In the meantime, Rowan had finished analyzing all the lashes in Bacchus's eyes and realized that the set weapon was incredibly powerful, he could detect a sharp and aggressive Aura from the weapon, but it was not complete, if he was correct then the lashes of Bacchus needed at least twenty more lashes to create a set item that was far more powerful than the sum of its parts, perhaps approaching the Source level.

If that was the case then Bacchus may be far wiser than his foppish appearance suggested. Rowan had never seen a Source Level weapon before, but it should easily be capable of unleashing powers equal to 5th-dimensional level and higher, these would be particularly effective weapons against him since he would have reduced capacity to block the damages.

Two or more direct blows from such a weapon would end him. Therefore taking these weapons out of the equation was important before anything else.

Bacchus controlled the Pathway of the Wanderer, and so he had dominion over plants. This was the most likely reason Rowan felt the most intense connection with him. Dominators from his bloodline usually lived in the forests and did not tread far from it.

His abilities would lean towards the Aspect of life and manipulating plants of all types, none of which were of particularly any threat to Rowan, Bacchus had not chosen to enhance his bloodline powers but pursued external influence, without his lashes. If Rowan derived him from these weapons then he could easily be taken.

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Rowan urged his consciousness to move faster, the vaults of Kuranos and Volgim were located deeper inside the Sea of Destruction than the other vaults. The Sea of Destruction was incredibly vast, most likely a few thousand light years in diameter, and traveling through it was arduous.

Not wasting the opportunity, Rowan was already creating a massive map of the entire Sea of Destruction, as a result of this, when he got closer to the vaults of Kuranos and Volgim, a pattern began to emerge.

A pattern that without his seven consciousnesses working together in tandem would have been impossible for him to notice. It was difficult to understand what this pattern was at first since all his seven consciousnesses were occupied, but he had developed his consciousness during his trials in the forge and he slowly teased out that pattern that had begun to emerge from this unexpected discovery.

He was basically using the subconscious of his seven consciousnesses to work out this puzzle.

His first consciousness was inside the crystal leviathan creating the 106 new gods and watching the progress of the battle between Telmus and the God of War.

The second consciousness was inside the Vault of Hekaton learning all about Will and monitoring the rebirth of the Demon King of Destruction, Ohrox.

The Third consciousness was inside the vault of Tiberius, the God of War, planning the methods of taking over his blood pool and cleanly executing him.

The Fourth Consciousness was inside the Vault of Bacchus, working to sever the connection between the lashes of Bacchus and his body.

The Fifth consciousness was inside the Vault of Horush, this was the most difficult puzzle he had to unravel. Killing all the million portions of Horush at once while he merged with the body of a million beast gods that also had God King level beasts, all of whom had different racial talents that could prove problematic like resurrection and teleportation.

He would have to neutralize all of them at once while looking out for any hidden trump cards that Horush might bring into play. This god was dangerous and fiercely intelligent.

The Sixth and Seventh consciousness was headed towards the vault of Kuranos and Volgim.

For the moment he tried not to think about how he had awakened precisely seven consciousnesses that would just be enough for him to cover all the major powers of Trion in a single move.

The more he learned about Will, the more he understood that there were no coincidences. Not for someone like him.

Perhaps for a mortal, coincidence may be natural, a matter of chance or luck, but for a being of his power, it was nothing but manipulation. He controlled luck, and chances could be bent toward his favor after he had eliminated every other variable.

There was no way that his second evolution had given him the precise number of consciousness he required.

What he needed to know was if this manipulation was coming from himself or someone else.

Chapter 827: Dreams And Expectations

Rowan was aware that at the higher levels of power, when one reaches the 5th Dimension or higher, then the past and the future are not unreachable, it is just a matter of power. How much of the present could be manipulated in the future?

This was not wild speculation, Rowan's previous self Romion had been planning his freedom a million years into the future with his bloodline that could manipulate luck and wishes, but he had always wondered if this could be done in reverse.

Rowan knew that the future might be a place that could be accessed in the higher dimensions of power and he was wary of whoever could be capable of such feats and was also interested in him.

Such problems were for the future, and dealing with the present was more important. He would only keep it in mind always, so he could spot the signs when he saw them.

As his two consciousnesses got closer to the last two vaults, the pattern he was developing became sharper in his mind and finally solidified to the extent that he could begin creating simulation models when he reached their vaults. They were indeed that complex, approaching and surpassing even the Forge he created.

The simple pattern he had glimpsed when traveling through the sea of destruction had unraveled into something truly wondrous.

This pattern came when he viewed the position of the vaults in a two-dimensional state while stacking each of the respective runes used in accessing each of them in the space between the vaults.

He stretched these Runes until their edges touched the vaults and kept them isolated in the space in between the vaults, after placing all the runes on top of each other, a profound pattern began to emerge. The next step was to fuse all these patterns so the true picture could be unraveled.

Since each of the Runes was three-dimensional and contained billions of unique spatial junctures inside each Rune, it increased the complexities of this process to an alarming degree when he tried to mesh them all together, while using the positioning of the vaults as a factor, therefore creating trillions of Simulation models as a base.

These calculations would take some time, but they should shed some light behind the mysteries of the Sea of Destruction, the vaults, and how it all linked to Trion and his father. It was important to note that if he had missed a single rune, then the calculation would become nearly impossible, as he would not be able to simulate what the missing part might contain.

This level of Rune crafting was far beyond what was available inside this universe and turned out to be one of the most difficult Rune he had ever come across. He doubted he would have been able to solve this in a short amount of time if not for the increase in his consciousness power.

This was in addition to the fact that he was also deriving the process of upgrading towards his Third Dimensional body at the same time, which was presently at 23 percent. He was inching towards completion and freeing up his entire consciousness power.

At that time, even this complicated simulation would be solved in less than a second before the might of his complete mind.

Leaving the simulations running, he delved into the final vaults of Kuranos and Volgim. He needed to crush these puppets and retrieve his entire consciousness power so he could unravel the secrets of Trion.

The Vault of Volgim was like a high-tech metallic tomb in the shape of a square. Everything was coated in a shiny silver metal that reminded him of Adamantite, Inlaid in the metal were strips of glowing blue light in the shape of circuitry that further emphasized the high-tech profile of the vault.

Precisely in the center of the vault was a large metallic altar that resembled a coffin, and lying on top of it with his eyes closed was Volgim. The glowing circuitry was all linked to this altar, causing it to blaze brightly like a star, and the body of Volgim resting on top of it resembled a robot.

Except for the face of Volgim which still had flesh like a mask placed on his skull, his entire body was made from metal. His brain was encased in a see-through mesh, and Rowan could see electricity flowing through it. If he concentrated on these electrical pulses he could almost read the dreams of the god.

It contained nothing but slaughter and a universe encased inside cold metal. A vast armada prowled through the void of space, preying on the universe and transforming it to suit the ultimate form of perfection that the god craved.

Rowan was not surprised that Volgim was insane.

His acts of kindness to the mortals had almost convinced Rowan that there might be something worth saving inside this abomination, but it was all an act. Volgim pursued the dominion of metal.

Volgim was the god that controlled the Pathway of Iron, and Dominators with his bloodline could control all forms of metals to an extent. The more talented a Dominator would be able to control harder metals like Davross and Adamantite, while the less talented may be stuck with brass, iron, or other lesser-

density metals.

They made for great blacksmiths and Runesmiths, as they claimed to be able to speak with the metals. Their god had taken it a step further and began merging with metals, and not just any random metals, but truly powerful metals that could be used in the creation of Proto-Source level treasures.

In the meantime, he would not be as strong as the gods who went directly for treasures, but the potential of this god was merely limitless.

Rowan was slowly beginning to understand the reason for allocating resources toward these gods by Golgoth. If he was not wrong, the God King was using the gods of Trion to farm for inspiration.

Each of them was unique, and their bloodlines gave them limitless potential. Such potential could not be wasted, and Golgoth was aware of this and he was using them ruthlessly.

Apart from its novelty factor, Rowan derived no knowledge from the kids that he wanted, like the bodies they were created from, their visions were perverse and rotten.

Entering the vault of the goddess whom he had given him her name, he was not surprised to see her lounging on a throne of fire looking directly at him with burning red eyes.

"You fool! I can see his plans, yet you are still blind to it!"

Rowan had not made himself totally invisible for another reason entirely, and there was no god of Trion who should have been able to detect his presence, and he quickly discovered that the goddess was not looking at him, but through him.

He was no longer entering the vaults through the door but the walls, and Kuranas had been watching the battle between Telmus and the God of War and she must now be noticing the subtle maneuvering of Telmus towards the capital.

Rowan's nearly invisible form drifted until he was behind the goddess and he placed his hands on her shoulders, as he fell deeply in thought, he slowly ran his hand through her long red hair.

'Too many coincidences happening at the same time. Did I play hands too quickly?'

Chapter 828: Outside The Capital

The battle on the surface of Trion grew heated. A call had been made to every Dominator to flee the continent, they were to head towards the battlefield, of course, everyone who first heard the cry from the God of War had already begun fleeing for their life but the announcement solidified this action.

The fearful and the brave fled in droves towards the barracks where massive ships were lying in wait to ferry them to the other side of the planet. With the purge ongoing in Trion, the population of the planet had fallen by more than seventy percent, and so the movement of people was particularly quick.

However, a few were caught in the periphery of the battle. Even though the combatants were supreme warriors with great control over the forces of nature, as they got closer to the capital, the population of mortals increased and the chance of being caught in the crossfire came more often.

Although Tiberius was focused on draining his opponent off his strength and capturing the greatest Earth god to ever live, he soon noticed the direction where their battle was headed, but it was already too late for him to change their course.

Telmus was barely giving him time to focus on anything else but the battle, and the Avatars he was creating were being killed so quickly, sometimes they could barely open their eyes before they were banished.

There was a certain tempo in the battle that was being entirely controlled by Telmus, and the God of War had been unknowingly dragged into it.

Telmus had been fighting with his bare hands all this while, and every weapon the God of War had given to his avatar was constantly being destroyed by Telmus.

He seemed to disdain the idea of fighting with weapons and went out of his way to collect and crush anyone he got his hands on. Tiberius was not a Scrooge, but he still felt his heart burning with anger when the cost of this battle was increasing with every moment that passed.

Yet this cost would be nothing if they allowed their battle to reach Aroth. He was not concerned with the buildings or the people, but with something else buried inside the Capital that could not be touched.

Tiberius just like the rest of the gods barely understood their surroundings, questions like these would only lead to outcomes that were worse than death. The God of War knew of some of the gods who were too inquisitive, and after a visit from Golgoth, they all changed.

When they showed up again, they were the same and had the same mannerisms and power, but their memories were gone. They had been replaced.

Tiberius and Kuranos were the two gods that had always toed the line and had never fallen short of the God King's grace, and as such they were the oldest original gods to exist and knew of more secrets than the rest of the gods, and if he failed to protect the secret buried inside the capital, he would be killed, and the God of War that took his place would not be him.

The time for games were over, and Tiberius slightly regretted placing himself in front of this madman, but the deeds were already done, and there was no way he was not returning from this battle victorious.

The fact that he was questioning his decision to interfere in the life of a mortal brought a bitter taste to his mouth, and the Tiberius sitting inside his vault snorted in annoyance and released more powers from his Essence Pool.

The Avatar of War roared in anger, his body nearly exploding with the new wave of essence that flooded into him, bringing all his essence to bear into an orb of blood that rotated in front of his palms with a shrill sound like fingernails running through a chalkboard.

Of the ten Avatars of War present a second ago, seven had been crushed to nothingness and the last two that were also full of new powers vanished and fused with the rotating orb, transforming it into a grinning skull with three hollow eye sockets.

His battle had shown him that Telmus was nigh immune to physical and elemental attacks, even his poisonous blood could not affect him, and this was Tiberius' specialty, but it did not mean he was out of options.

Battles between gods would take a long time as they figured out the best strategies to take down their enemy, and Tiberius felt he had discovered the right technique he could use against this pesky mortal.

This blood skull was one of his most deadly attacks. Since it was one of his few abilities that had the capability of shattering the Spirit. He did not expect it to kill Telmus but if he could cause a minor injury to his Spirit, it would open a minor gap in the defense of Telmus.

Unlike the God of War who could have access to a billion bodies if he wanted, Telmus had only one. If he could create a tiny chink in his armor, then the God of War with access to unlimited energy via his Essence Pool would pour enough energy through that tiny crack that it would shatter Telmus to pieces, no matter how talented he was.

The God of War would not kill him, his control over blood gave him the ability to corrupt his opponent in flesh and spirit. He would be making Telmus his Blood Slave for all eternity.

He directed the skull at Telmus, whose calmness throughout the fight had been the source of Tiberius' ire. He could not wait to torture and break him, and the God of War would give anything to make it happen, even if it meant showing off more power than he should.

Telmus pointed at the skull flying at him and it froze, and Tiberius heard him mutter to himself, "Watch the second application of this power, this one is a tricky one, but time is not by my side."

Before the disbelieving gaze of the God of War, the frozen skull multiplied, from a single skull to a dozen and they reversed their direction, streaking towards him faster than he had launched it.

The God of War sneered, even if the skulls were multiplied a thousand times over, they still belonged to him, a distinct part of his power and he would gladly collect the unexpected boost. It would seem he had finally found the perfect weapon against Telmus.

The skulls were a few inches away from his Avatar when he discovered there was something wrong with their makeup. It contained more energy, but not all the energy was made from his blood power. He hastily waved his hands to scatter the technique but they exploded.

The explosion released no heat or light, only force. It was not widespread, in fact, it was concentrated on just the surface of his Avatar, and every single bit of its kinetic energy was not wasted as the force launched the God of War toward Aroth, his body tore through the air faster than the speed of light, shattering reality like glass and slamming against a multicolored barrier that arose abruptly to stop him from crashing into the city.

Chapter 829: Escalation

The cries of rage from the God of War could be heard all over the capital, and the Dominators fleeing towards the other continent huddled together in terror. Their blood thirst was shadowed by fear, as the rumor that the God of War was fighting against Telmus the mutant.

This unexpected shield that arose from nowhere had blocked the entire capital city of Trion from being eradicated.

Yet the force of this move was so massive, that Tiberius' body depressed the barrier until it sank, and a series of high-rise buildings that were unfortunately too close to the edge of the capital were shattered to pieces.

This devastation spread to the ground where a couple of miles of real estate crumbled to dust. The cost of mortal life was minimal since almost everyone had been evacuated.

The shield stabilized and snapped back into place, flinging the dazed god towards the earth where he crashed into the Crystal Lake like a meteor, flinging the waters of the lake hundreds of miles into the air, as a mass of water nearing a million gallons was flung into space, birthing a new comet.

The earth below the lake exploded as the Crystal Lake was divided in two. A massive crack in the earth was created that reached hundreds of miles deep, this created a channel for the water of the lake to pour down into the earth, creating the most spectacular waterfall on Trion.

The city of Aroth shifted as the earthquakes that resulted from the crash nearly toppled it into the cracked ground, but a massive force stabilized the capital from sinking.

The creator of the shield over the capital turned out to be the Empress, who had become freed from the prison of stars made by Telmus, most likely by the intervention of the gods, and she gazed towards her captor with such madness and hate that it turned the sky yellow.

Not bothering to hold back and disregarding the strain on her body and psyche, the Empress began pulling on the power of the seven gods from her royal crown into her right arm.

With the actions of Telmus, she had every right to execute him, and she would do so before anyone stopped her.

The power of all seven gods destroyed her body but their power also healed her, and she screamed in pain and exultation, this power was not meant for mortals, and even as

it was killing her, the sheer enjoyment she derived from wielding all the powers of the gods were the most pleasurable sensation she had felt in her life.

Her hatred and her stubbornness kept her pleasure at bay, keeping her mind focused and ensuring she placed all that power into her right hand which was beginning to turn silver.

When she could no longer hold on, she cut off the flow of power from the crown and gazed at Telmus with a smirk, but he glanced at her before ignoring her, focusing on the tremors below the earth as the Avatar of Tiberius fought his way out of the ground.

"This would be your final mistake!" The silver hand of the Empress tore off from her body and effortlessly passed through the barrier, heading for Telmus who seemed not to be aware of the coming danger.

The hand easily slipped through the gaps in between space, silent and invisible as it flew towards Telmus. The Empress grinned as she spread her perception towards her quarters where his daughter was being held, she wanted to bring her outside for her to witness the death of her father.

The ravaged Avatar of the God of War erupted from the ground, missing all his skin and screaming in rage and humiliation.

"No more!" the God of War cried out, drawing power from his Divine Essence and about to cast the most powerful technique he had with him. The God of War had reached the limits of his patience and needed to end the battle with the next move.

Telmus's cool eyes watched the ascent of the god and he flicked a stone from the ground with his feet. The stone rose up to his eye level and as it was about to fall, Telmus punched it, wrapping the tiny rock with a thousand different Intent of Force.

The stone moved faster than teleportation, arriving a few seconds before Telmus punched it and slammed into Tiberius, his body rotated like a spinning cork and because the stone had appeared before it was pushed, the direction of the Avatar's body was diverted and it intercepted the hand shot by the Empress.

The force acting on the body of the Avatar causing it to spin uncontrollably engulfed the hand and crushed it to pieces, yet still preserved the power inside the arm.

This bright silver glow surrounded the body of the Avatar and pushed the angered god through the barrier shielding Aroth. The Empress had the chance to widen her eyes in shock before the Avatar of the God of War exploded. Tiberius had tried to swallow the light at the last minute, but it was not enough, Telmus had played him like a fiddle and the God of War nearly went mad with fear and desperation.

There was a light that was so bright it covered the entire half of the planet and made everything white. The blast that followed shook the entire planet, crumbling every building in the capital, and before the explosion could reach its zenith... it simply vanished.

A hand had simply clapped the power into non-existence.

A new Avatar of the God of War had appeared with the destruction of the last, and this one had been the one to stop the explosion from turning Aroth into a memory.

This Avatar was different, as it appeared to be filled with so much power, that his body was vibrating. There was a manic look in the eyes of the Avatar that was incredibly complex, but what was clear was that at the moment, the God of War had gone mad.

The Avatar of War laughed as his body turned red, transforming into a humanoid made from blood, and he began to expand. His laughter increased in volume and intensity as in less than a few seconds he was already hundreds of miles tall, his head reaching the clouds, and his voice touching every ear on Trion and beyond.

Tiberius could not risk being bullied to the extent that Aroth would be destroyed in front of his eyes, if there was one thing he had in abundance, it was power. Every god of Trion had their hidden trump cards, but they were all wary of each other, and would not reveal the full depths of their powers.

The origin of the distrust between the gods could not be traced, it was just always there, and the gods never wondered why they feared each other and would go out of their way to lie and hide all signs of their hidden powers.

However, there was something else that trumped this concern, and it was the fear of Golgoth. The task he gave them must be accomplished at all costs, and if the God of War caused the destruction of Trion when he could prevent it, his fate would be too terrible for him to imagine.

He no longer cared about hiding his Essence Storehouse as he called on more power than a High god could even fathom. His Avatar grew to a thousand miles tall and his shadow covered the entire capital.

Tiberius spread open his hands and a thousand similar Avatar of War appeared. All of them lined up in twos, and their heads could not even be seen. A thousand Avatars, all who were a thousand miles tall, nearly covered the entire continent, as everything turned the shade of red, even the sun in the sky.

Chapter 830: I Am Taking You All On.

Dark red clouds covered the continent and the heavens opened up and began weeping blood. The God of War in all his glory was a great and terrible force.

A thousand Avatar of War roared at the same time towards the tiny figure of Telmus, "I will show you power that would make all of existence despair!"

The earth bubbled and collapsed as the ground for tens of thousands of miles transformed into a sea of blood. Everything died, including millions of Earth gods that were unlucky to be caught in the fringes of the battle.

Around Telmus, stretching for a mile was an area of peace. The Earth remained the same and the wind blew gently across his skin, even without the sun, there was still a bright diffusion of light around him. His presence gave his surroundings order inside the chaotic domain of the God of War that had covered the entire continent.

The Avatars of War stretched their hands to the skies and the heavens shattered to pieces as a thousand Halberd, the size of mountains emerged from the cracks, made from the Essence of the God of War, each of these Halberd could kill a god.

On the shaft of the Halberds were screaming faces of all the creatures whom the God of War had tasted their blood, their eyes were wide open with madness and bloodlust, as they all directed their gaze towards Telmus, and they cried for his blood.

The Halberds became red with the color of blood that fell from the eyes of the screaming games, and with a wave of a thousand hands, they were shot down towards Telmus by the Avatars.

The white-haired man whispered, "It is not enough."

He brought his left hand which was hanging casually by his side to his front, and the entire world seemed to go silent. The weight of a thousand Avatars of War bore down on him, but they all seemed so slow, it was as if he had all the time in the world.

Telmus looked around for a weapon and then he felt the breeze passing through his fingers and he seized it, "This would have to do. Your purity would remind them of app they have lost."

He began to feed his Intent into the breeze, closing his eyes in concentration. His surroundings that were free of chaos and blood began to shrink. The Halberds fell down faster until it seemed it would be touching him in the next second, but Telmus was deep within himself as he created his greatest weapon using the last pure air in Trion.

He poured a thousand Intent of Wind into the breeze and it solidified, creating an invisible blade of wind.

A thousand Intent of Fire and the blade burned white.

A thousand Intent of Frost and the blade enlarged, gaining a shade of blue.

A thousand Intent of the Earth...

A thousand Intent of Lightning...

A thousand Intent of Darkness...

A thousand Intent of Force....

A thousand Intent of Sound....

Multiple Intents in their thousands streamed into the blade and it changed shape multiple times, perfectly merging with the diverse powers being pumped into it.

Faster and faster, his Intent entered the breeze and its ephemeral nature accepted it. The breeze evolved repeatedly, heading towards the direction that Telmus had glimpsed in his dreams.

Finally, Telmus pushed a thousand Intent of all the higher Order Intent he had acquired, from the Intent of Life all the way to the Intent of Death, he could not fully claim to understand these concepts, but he understood their Intent well enough.

The blade took its final form, and gained life and sentience.

It was a single edge blade resembling a Katana, measuring almost seven feet long, and resembled a bleeding scar in reality. This blade was so magnificent, only a man like Telmus would be able to create it, even Rowan would fall short.

He casually swung the blade to the side and the thousand Halberds falling from the skies halted, and with a loud shriek that was heard all over Trion, they were shattered to dust.

The thousand Avatars of War shook and as their heads rolled away from their necks, eyes frozen in the shock of death, and with a loud boom that shook the continent, their bodies collapsed to their knees.

Their torsos fell down until their chest touched the ground. The blood that erupted from their necks came with such force that in less than a minute, it was enough to fill an entire sea.

Their position in death seemed as if they were all worshipping Telmus.

The Empress had survived the blast, thanks to the quick actions from Tiberius, but her crown was cracked, the backlash from receiving the same power that she had sent out into the world had nearly crippled her.

When she opened her eyes the first thing she saw was a thousand gods with their heads cut off, kneeling before Telmus.

Her rage disappeared and fright took its place. This was not a battle she had any authority or power to participate in. Telmus had proven that beyond the shackles of his mortal bodies, he was on a level she could not touch.

"How could the distinction between them be so vast?"

The Empress eyes fell to the blade held casually in Telmus hand and her eyes exploded, she shrieked and crawled into the ruins of Aroth, fighting to stay alive as the sight she had seen dug into her brain like needles. She felt a cold hand of darkness took hold of her, and she shrieked in fear before recognizing the Aura of her servant.

"Take me out of here!" The Empress screamed, before losing consciousness.

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Telmus's body flashed and appeared a mile in the air, he swung his blade one more time and he shattered the domain of the God of War, the blood red sun returned to its previous glow, the Earth swallowed the poisonous blood and the heavens took back its color.

However, the damage was already done, and this continent could never be whole again, Tiberius had poisoned it.

Telmus shook his head in anger, the creatures he called gods were all insane, and it was time to end it all. He always knew that this day would come, and he wondered why he had chosen to deceive himself for so long that turning his eyes away made it better.

His voice spread to all of Trion, as he spoke his declaration to the gods. A declaration of war.

"Tiberius, God of War, you are not enough. As the gods would bear me witness, I challenge all of you for the right to let my people go free! Boreas, Bacchus, Volgim, Horush, Kuran... Minerva, come before me or I shall hunt you down to your thrones and drag your wailing bodies to the sword."

Trion went still, even light stopped moving through it, casting darkness on the entire planet. Then the heavens opened and the earth cried out as all the gods of Trion descended.

Their presence were palpable, and their fury shook all of creation.

"How dare you Telmus," Minerva cried out in fury.

Telmus calmly sliced off the remaining chains holding him bound, he had been fighting the God of War while his body had been shackled, "Silence Minerva I am done with your words. Prepare yourself,"

He pointed his blade at the gods, "For I'm taking you all on. To the death."

Chapter 831: Completing The Rune

Rowan was deep in thought considering the effects of probabilities and coincidences, he was getting deeper in his understanding of an unknown realm of power but he did not forget to analyze the treasure of Kuranas.

Every god of Trion was showing him a separate facet of their psyche, and Rowan was surprised that learning more about the gods and the choices they made when it came to the treasure that selected and their path of advancement accelerated the model he was creating in his consciousness.

The treasure of Kuranas was a world of magma and unending fire that had been shrunken and hovering near her feet, spewing out as much heat as a star. To Rowan's surprise, this was not just an average world that could be found in the universe but a fragment of a Supreme World.

If he did not have previous experience with a similar treasure, he would have failed to recognize how powerful this treasure was.

Rowan had built his Dimensional body using a fragment of a Seventh Dimension Supreme World—The Mountains and Seas Supreme World, and although this fragment was barely a fourth-dimensional world, it was smaller, barely the size of a Major world, but it had a complete ecosystem.

It had gods living inside it and billions of mortals, all of whom controlled fire and lava, they resembled golems and were hundreds of feet tall. This treasure must have taken all her savings for the past million years to acquire because she was still trying to fuse with it, and from the progress he was glimpsing, it would take her a few centuries before it would be completed.

Kuranas did not have access to Will nor could she comprehend the concept behind such a world, but this fragment had been previously refined and placed under a lock, what she would be doing was refining that lock so she could control this world.

It was an ingenious design that was quite eye-opening to Rowan, he had many powerful treasures, but his subordinates may be too weak to wield them, but it would be a different case if he could create such locks over them.

If Kuranos spent enough time with this treasure after her refinement had succeeded, then this fragment of a Supreme World had the potential to elevate the goddess to greater heights, maybe even up to the realm of Will, but for now, it was not a threat to him.

It solidified his conclusion on the Exchange Space. Anyone who could create treasures that could assist in the creation of Will must be stupidly powerful, most likely a Primordial.

However, Rowan was not truly focused on the gods, or the battle ongoing on the surface of Trion, he had begun driving more of his consciousness into completing the model to unlock the secrets of Trion.

The gods of Trion were only a means to an end, and this unexpected understanding he was gaining due to the Rune Keys was the end he was pursuing, not the gods themselves.

True to the form that it was one of the most complicated Runes he had ever come across, he was only making progress because he literally had the keys with him, which were the six Runes copied while in Golgoth's palace, and yet it was almost impossible for him to unravel the lock, even when he felt he had the complete Rune.

This was the reason he no longer used his subconscious but began channeling more of his consciousness power to solve this riddle, and he reached the core of the problem after countless simulations,

'Something is missing... there should be a physical manifestation in three-dimensional space to anchor these vaults to Trion,'

As Rowan muttered to himself, the consciousness with Tiberius watched the God of War roar in anger and panic as Telmus used a tricky move to push his avatar through the barrier before destroying it.

Tiberius was almost shaking in panic, and Rowan watched in interest as he began siphoning massive amounts of essence to create powerful avatars. Rowan's gaze traveled from the panicking god to Aroth, the God of War was not scared of Telmus, but something else.

The final piece of the puzzle clicked, and Rowan was no longer looking at the battles but at Aroth, and then he smiled.

'Aroth is the anchor, I have solved it!'

The folded space that covered the capital was the most extensive he had ever seen before, and no matter how much space was pushed into a small region like that, it should not be enough to cause such drastic changes.

The only conclusion was that the capital was hiding far more space than was shown on the surface. The anchor linking Trion to the Sea of Destruction and the Vaults was Aroth.

The Rune Model reached completion with a subtle clink in his consciousness and he almost collapsed with the weight of carrying the entire model inside his head.

Just the weight of the Simulation Model was nearly enough to cripple his consciousness then the power needed to activate it must be atrocious, even the entire Blood Pool of Tiberius would not be enough to activate two percent of this model.

With the potency of Rowan's current Aether capacity then it would take his entire pool of Aether to power this rune!

This was disturbing, Rowan had always thought that it was impossible for him to ever run out of Aether, but this Rune was placing that concept to shame.

"What the hell were they hiding inside this thing?"

He had a clue about what was going to happen if he activated that Rune, but for now the direction of the battle had begun to interest him.

If Telmus succeeded in destroying Aroth, then it would break one of the barriers blocking Rowan, although he did not think Telmus would be able to succeed, with the powers of the gods arrayed against him, he was strong but not infallible, a single chink in his armor and he would fall.

Telmus would fail, but if he had Rowan's help, he just might succeed.

Rowan pulled back his concentration into himself and checked his progress towards the Third Dimension. The research with the Runes had pushed understanding of this level to a stunning ninety-five percent.

He went silent as considered his moves going forward. He had expected this level of progress in two weeks, not two minutes.

'Was it enough to move his plans to the next level?'

He deliberated for a single second and decided that it was enough.

The consciousness of Rowan wrapped his hand around the throat of Kuranos, Tiberius, Bacchus, and Volgim, Horush was a special case and he had other methods to deal with him.

He could kill them in less than a second, he just needed to squeeze. Of course, it was not the squeezing that would kill them, but his power over Souls, as touching them with

his consciousness was the same as his Nascent Primordial bloodline Sheol touching their souls.

Disregarding their weapons or abilities, Rowan was striking directly at their soul, and none of them had the defenses to stand against it.

It would be so easy to kill them, but this was simply a trap laid for him by the Golgoth, it was a shame that Rowan was pursuing something else. His true enemy was not these puppets, but their master.

He loosened his hands from their necks and behind him, he heard a sigh.

"You are like him in so many ways. Our father."

Chapter 832: Moves Within Moves

Rowan recognized the voice, it was Golgoth's. His voice was gravely and sounded as if the speaker had no air in his lungs, he would know this voice anywhere.

'And so it begins,' Rowan thought, he looked at the progress for elevating towards the Third Dimension, and he sliced off all his consciousness from his body, leaving only the consciousness left inside the Crystal Leviathan to be connected to his body.

To achieve his goal, it would require not only misdirection but sacrifice.

The space around Rowan shrank and then expanded, and every consciousness inside the vaults of the gods vanished, the gods were not even aware of any changes in their vault, their interest was focused on Telmus, and a threat that could have easily wiped them out had disappeared.

The six consciousnesses were in a place of darkness before a force propelled them in a strange direction, and when they reappeared they were inside the throne of the God King Golgoth. He had taken them into Elysium, his seat of power.

His six consciousnesses became frozen, unable to move. When Rowan sliced them off from his main body, they had lost certain essential traits of his Primordial body, but they were still incredibly powerful.

It was a testament to the power of this place that he could not move.

Rowan did not seem surprised at this change, he had expected Golgoth to locate him, after all, he had left enough breadcrumbs for him along the way, but he still needed to confirm his suspicion and that required him to play a role that he despised, but right now, what Rowan needed was time, and he was willing to be the fool for a short while.

The God King gestured, and the massive vines that connected to his body before crept around his throne and like snakes curled around Rowan's consciousnesses, the ephemeral nature of it not causing them any issue and the sharp tip of the vines pierced his back.

Pain swept through his consciousness as various sensations emerged from the area that pierced it, and with a loud squelching sound like the sound of a face being tenderized under a fist, all his consciousnesses gained flesh.

The vines retreated from his body and returned to the throne of the God King where they wrapped around it.

The last time Rowan was here after the gods were summoned by the God King, this vine had appeared withered. As it turned out, that was not the case. Golgoth had been laying a trap for Rowan, and he had to show an appearance of weakness and madness.

Rowan had long suspected that the moment he had arrived at Trion, the God King had been aware; however, Rowan had known that might be a possibility, and he had made his moves to counter the deception of the God King; he was here to find out if it was enough.

'Hope for the best, but plan for the worst.'

At this moment, the God King was not being hostile and even appeared relaxed. There was an air of omnipotence around him that would have impressed Rowan if he had not seen the pinnacle of creation battle for billions of years. After witnessing the light from the sun, how could the glow of a candle ever match up?

To him, the God King just appeared... broken. Like a damaged puppet that did not know when to stop working. A rotten cadaver that still mimicked life.

Golgoth slowly caressed his bone blade as his decaying eyes scrutinized Rowan's consciousness. He plunged his blade into the ground and stood up in one fluid motion, Rowan could not ignore the screams that came from the ground when Golgoth pushed his blade into it. The sound was almost familiar.

"You should be kneeling down to me, welp, the weak and the defeated should know their place."

Rowan suddenly felt a pressure slam into his consciousness, having been made flesh, a certain weakness was now applicable to him. This pressure deprived him of his energy, and he suddenly felt like a seventy-year-old mortal left in the cold, yet his body did not move, he did not even shake.

"I said.... Kneel!"

The pressure multiplied, accompanied by a profound weakness that made his consciousness waver to the extent it was nearly extinguished. The flesh in his body tore open, and his blood fell like rain, but he was filled with vitality, and his consciousness healed.

This pressure was not coming from the God King alone, but he was wielding the entire Sea of Destruction to suppress Rowan. The smell of destruction filled the space around Rowan as the screams of despair deep inside the sea of destruction assaulted his senses.

Without a body, Rowan had never heard these screams before. They tore into his psyche like blades, leaving gaping wounds. He was being attacked not only physically but also spiritually.

And still, he would not bend. If Rowan had the ability to make a sound at this moment, he would be laughing. His present consciousness without the body as an anchor was weaker than the entire Sea of Destruction bearing down on him, but he could not bow, even if he wanted to because, fundamentally, he could never lower his head to anyone.

It was like asking water to be dry or sand to be wet. His makeup had changed and he had evolved into a being that was unique in all of creation. Even a Primordial would not make him now.

Rowan would break before he would bend. Golgoth was simply asking for the impossible.

The God King suddenly returned to the throne and began to laugh, "Hahaha... I knew it, you are more like our creator than your wretched father. Even before the wrath and the fear of all Primordials, he stood tall. As for your wretched father... Do you know how many times he has been disgraced and humbled? He moves in the dark like a rat, and he would lick the boots of his enemies, just to assure them of his harmlessness, and he would stab you in the back like the trickster that he is."

The God King jabbed into the air, imitating a stabbing motion, before collapsing back onto the throne.

'Everyone here is fucking insane,' Rowan thought and he found himself being given the ability to speak, although the pressure on him had not lessened one bit. Golgoth may have said he was different from his father but he was not releasing the pressure he placed on him.

"I am curious," All of Rowan's consciousness simultaneously spoke to the God King, "Was that the way he killed you? You offered him your boot so he could lick, and while you were enjoying the sensation, he impaled you like a suckling pig to be roasted. I have never seen anyone who is shameless enough to brag about their stupidity. Boo

fucking hoo, do you blame him for every single setback you have suffered in life like a little bitch?"

The demeanor of the God King changed, and an air of desolation surrounded him, but Rowan was not done, he had seen a point of weakness, and like any primal predator, he was going to squeeze.

Chapter 833: Evil Comes

This might be a stupid decision, but every so often you could achieve more by performing unreasonable actions, and what Rowan wanted to do was to kill time. He already understood ninety-nine percent of what the God King's plans were, but he had no idea what the Runes he just deciphered led to, or the ultimate plans of the Reflections of the dead Primordial of Evil and Time.

That was ultimately his enemy, a dead Primordial whose Reflections refused to die with their owner.

Rowan grinned and began to laugh, it was a maniacal laugh that was filled with a hint of madness, "I have gone through so much suffering and trials to reach this point, I don't think you can even imagine it, and what do I find when I reached the gate of my nemesis, the unknown god who kept an Aegis of death around my throat for all of my life, I find a fucking God King, who could as well be a clown. Death did not do you any favors, Golgoth. You should have respected its call and gone to sleep for eternity. This game is beyond you."

As Rowan spoke, the sense of danger he was perceiving from the God King multiplied but it did not deter him, his voice did not waver, and the mockery in his tone could cut through diamonds. When he severed his consciousness from his body, he could no longer check the progress of his Third Dimensional evolution, but the more time he bought, the greater the chances of success.

"Golgoth, I'm curious, Is this the reason you want me to kneel? So in this instance, you can feel pride, something to soothe that broken ego of yours, in order for you to forget for a short while, that you are nothing but a fool, played like a fiddle by his brother."

The silence that came next was total and the God King slowly spoke, "And what makes you think you understand who I am? From where I sit, you are the joker and I am the victor. Your father fled like a rat, and the death of the universe is surely the end for you all for our preparation is completed and your wretched father has lost. He thought you could be our only path to success, yet I led you by the nose to come here, oh clever Rowan, and your words insult every last bit of regard I have for you."

Rowan spat, "You only found me by luck, you fucking clown and you know it." His words were filled with disdain, but it was possible to hear a hint of suspicion inside them, most would never detect it, but the God King was not most people, and inside he smiled.

"Little Welp, the moment you killed my slave Boreas, I already knew you were in Trion, or do you think you can hide from my gaze when you are inside my vault?"

Rowan went silent, and the God King continued, it was possible to hear a hint of satisfaction in his voice, "My problem was not capturing you or even killing you which would be easy. Oh, you don't think so?"

The God King without warning launched himself from his throne and landed on one of Rowan's consciousness, wrapping his legs around his waist like a lover, and the great helmet he wore tore open, revealing the face of Golgoth.

His appearance was that of a man with pale white skin and yellow eyes that were glassy like those of a corpse. Thick purple veins could be seen under his pale skin like worms, and for a moment he resembled a handsome statue made from alabaster, and then he opened his mouth and that image was shattered.

His mouth opened and kept opening like a crocodile until it almost seemed as if his head was about to be divided into two parts, and inside those dastardly maws were not teeth, but tentacles. Pink and slimy, a dozen of them surged from his mouth and covered Rowan's face, they were cold and smelled of decay.

The God King began to eat.

The tentacles ripped through Rowan's flesh like a hot knife through butter and before long the Golgoth was licking the floor, savoring every single drop of blood that was left.

His helmet snapped back together covering his face once more, and he returned to the throne, "Where was I again... yes, I told you my problem was not capturing you, what I was wary against was the plans of that trickster, for surely I knew he would not let his beloved possession leave his sight for long,"

Rowan seemed to be in shock, the faces of the remaining five consciousnesses were pale for they had felt the pain of ultimate eradication. Golgoth had devoured every single bit of that consciousness in a manner that should not be possible.

"What? Cats got your tongue? A moment ago you were so vocal about your disdain for me. What do you have to say now."

Rowan shook his head and whispered as if he was in shock, "You are a monster..."

The God King laughed aloud, "I am the darkness that has prowled through creation for many Eras, I am Golgoth, and my Will be done, now and evermore."

Rowan shook his head vehemently, "No, no...no, no, you don't understand what I mean. Even with all the advantages you have, what I see here is a man who is so afraid of his Reflection, that he is waiting to see what he does before he makes a move. Why did you take so long to attack me? What happened to your balls Golgoth? I am nothing but the tortured child of your better half, and your greatest accomplishment is to praise yourself before me."

"Stop it Rowan, or should I call you Romion, that is your true name, do you know that? I know you don't truly understand what is at stake here, how could you? Your fate has been nothing but shadows and every truth told to you was a lie."

The voice of Golgoth became lowered and he walked behind one of the consciousnesses of Rowan, and he placed his armored hand on his shoulders and whispered in his ears, "Indeed, I am afraid of your father. Only a fool would not be afraid of the one who can easily backstab his own kin and has no honor to speak of. There is nothing he cannot do, including using a child like you to get to me."

The sound of his helmet snapped open and Rowan heard him say, "I am hungry and you are so delicious, eating one of you would assuage my hunger for a while."

The God King did not stop after eating this consciousness, he turned to the next and devoured it, and when he was done, he wanted to return to his throne, but he turned around and devoured another consciousness, leaving three behind before he seemed to become satisfied.

The God King tapped the side of his throne, "You know something, a thought just occurred to me, that perhaps, you are here of your volition, and like me, you have been betrayed by your father, if that is the case, then there may be a path for you to survive and thrive. Our true father comes, Rowan, and before him, every knee shall bow."

The countenance of Rowan grew pale, this was not coming from the shock of being devoured. Everything finally clicked and he saw the glimpse of the truth, and the Rune finally made sense to him.

That Rune was a gate. A gate that led to the rebirth of Evil.

Golgoth whispered, "Our father cometh."

Chapter 834: The Mantis Stalks The Cicada

When Rowan separated these six consciousnesses from his body, he could no longer share his experience with it, as he had already sacrificed them to whatever might come, but his consciousnesses could easily link up with his main body again, and share their experience.

Besides, it was not truly a loss for him, his consciousnesses might be destroyed, but his consciousness pillars remained. It would not take too long for another consciousness to be born from the pillar.

Although what he heard was very important and should have been enough for him to link up to his main body to reveal the truth behind the Rune and the resurrection of the Primordial of Evil, he did not do so.

Rowan could not tell if the God King might be able to trace any communication between him and his main body, and so he had no reason to risk such a move.

It was a good thing that Rowan had anticipated something like this happening and so the first time he entered Elysium, he had dropped a piece of his consciousness inside it.

This consciousness was so weak, that even the consciousness of an ant would shine brighter, and although it could not do many things, it could listen and transmit.

Rowan's consciousnesses did not need to connect to his main body, because, in a manner, his main body was already here and watching everything happen.

He had sacrificed six consciousnesses to draw out the God King, so he could have the opportunity to spy on him and reverse the table.

While he was inside the vault, the God King had been able to spy on him, and now it was Rowan's turn.

The Mantis stalks the Cicada, unaware of the Oriole behind.

®

Rowan's silence was enough for the God King to rant, his fervor and madness could no longer be hidden.

"This will not be anything you can stop Romion or even comprehend... Oh, Romion, if only you could see the true reach of our vision. The slaves and their children would march to the continents of battle, and they shall all perish. Their death would herald the change that would sweep through all creation. If I can do this to my loyal slaves, what more you, a disobedient child? So I ask you Romion, will you bow?"

Rowan no longer mocked the God King, at this point, there was no reason to do so. What he had just learned had surpassed whatever plans he had for Golgoth.

He was learning many new things, and confirming all his wildest fears. At the beginning of his struggle, Rowan had always felt his greatest enemy would be his father; it became worse when he understood that there was not just one of this monster, but four, and he did not doubt that just like Golgoth, all four were insane.

Before he had time to wrap his head around the idea of killing four insane Reflections of a freaking Primordial, he was set upon with the knowledge that the Primordial was about to be resurrected.

He had always wondered what was the motivation behind the actions of the Reflections, and resurrecting the dead Primordial was one of the worst outcomes he had predicted.

'Hope for the best, but plan for the worst.'

This was a mantra he always used, fighting against the sort of enemies he faced, he could only win by thinking one step ahead, but sometimes the worst he faced was greater than anything he could ever plan against.

There was no way he could fight against a Primordial.

He only suffered a few moments of panic before he brought himself back together, and understood the various loopholes in the plans of the Reflection when it came to resurrecting a Primordial, especially one that was killed by multiple Primordials, but he pretended outwardly that he was still panicking. There was no way the God King knew he understood such high-level powers to such an extent.

The usefulness of the God King was no longer as important, but he could still learn other surprising secrets. Rowan was already focused on other matters, and his remaining consciousness shifted gears to push the God King in another direction.

Rowan's voice was now weak and except for one of his consciousness speaking, the others remained with their heads facing the ground, this gesture seemed to please the God King.

He needed more information about their plans, and it was not difficult to feign ignorance on the subject, due to , he was able to access more secrets than should have been ever possible, and Golgoth did not know that.

From what he had noticed, the Third Prince must not have revealed the full nature of the Singularity to Golgoth, if he did the God King would have been foaming at the mouth at the thought of possessing such a treasure.

This was another advantage that Rowan had over the God King, and he would take advantage of it.

Golgoth might believe he had all his memories of the last one million years that had been taken from him by his mother, but that was not the case, even though he now had access to it via the Eld Seed given to him by Maeve, he had sensed something off with this knowledge and he decided to place it aside for now.

Whatever knowledge was hidden inside it could wait because Rowan feared that the Eld Seed contained more than just memories, his intuition as a Nascent Primordial spoke of a hidden power inside it that almost equaled his Sheol bloodline.

It shook his assumption about the background of his mother Elura and he knew he could not have the eyes of a Primordial on his affairs, because he was linked to the Primordial of Evil, Rowan was sure that any Primordial would kill him on sight as a matter of principle.

If the God King thought he had all his memories, then he would expect Rowan to know scant details about his father or any other greater subject, after all, he had spent most of his life being tormented.

He may also suspect that Rowan would comprehend they served a greater master, but he would not figure out that Rowan knew that this being was a Primordial, or even what sort of Primordial it was.

Such profound knowledge was known by only a few individuals in all of creation, how could the child Rowan who was barely a million years old know about Primordials?

Rowan understood that in a manner, the God King saw Rowan as nothing but a child, he knew he had potential, but he expected that the Third Prince would have shattered all hope of Rowan's advancement.

He had simply told Rowan their father was coming, and without any context, there should be no way Rowan should understand how troubling such an event was to be.

However the God King knew that this news must be devastating to Rowan because Golgoth and his brothers were already so powerful, did Fourth not just kill the universe?

With all these points, Rowan understood that he was in a unique position to learn more about the Primordial of Evil and his Reflection if he played his card right.

Chapter 835: Demon Spawn

'Let's finish this,' Rowan thought as he outwardly licked his lips in nervousness, "I do not believe you, as far as I can tell, you are powerful, there is no denying that fact, but you are nothing but a mad outer universal creature, who is against his siblings. Even if your father returns, how much change can he bring?"

Golgoth went still like a corpse, and for nearly eight minutes he made no sound, he just simply observed Rowan.

Anyone else would crack under such intense scrutiny from such a creature, and Rowan began to fidget, a bead of sweat rolled down his brows and the God King sighed,

"You are not as wise as you think, welp, and you should remember, you only live now because of my tolerance. You know nothing and you have experienced even less. You were rash at first, sprouting insults and false claims in your ignorance, and now you are afraid? You are playing a role, Rowan, but you are playing it too well. Even now, I believe you are not truly afraid of me. How moronic. Your stupidity is commendable, and you will need to learn a lesson."

Rowan grinned inwardly, 'Got you!'

He could effortlessly play any role, but he could not play one well, that role was fear. There were few things in existence that could cause Rowan concern, and those were so few and far between it was almost improbable for him to come in contact with them.

He could feel concern, not fear.

Like many things that had been scrubbed from his character after decades in this universe, fear was one of them, and if he tried he could recall how it felt to be afraid, but like how the God King had tried to make him bow to him, it was impossible for Rowan to feel fear.

The most he could experience was a heightened sense of things like at this moment he found himself.

He could see things with much more alacrity, and feel everything much more deeply, and as the God King began to devour another of his consciousness, the pain was excruciating and did nothing else but increase his alertness.

He knew he could not feel fear so he used it as a tool. The God King would discover his bad acting, and he would either try to break Rowan mentally, or he would rage and perform something more dastardly in order to gain an advantage, or something else.

Rowan did not care what the God King would choose, he just needed to shake him away from his previous path of thoughts and bring him to a place where Rowan could easily manipulate him.

The God King devoured two of his consciousnesses and he did not stop, he seized the last of his consciousness, and when Rowan thought the God King wanted to destroy him completely, he sliced off his head, ate his body, and returned to his throne. He placed Rowan's head beside him.

If the God King wanted to make Rowan feel fear, then he would have to do better than this, because Rowan was not feeling anything.

Golgoth was a one-trick pony, but he did not need to learn another trick. Devouring a consciousness was almost the same as erasing a soul. Although he could not gain as many benefits as Rowan when he devoured souls, it was unmistakably a frightening ability.

Rowan was irritated when the God King rested his right hand on his head and began speaking,

"The weak never get the chance to choose how they die, so you are lucky to get this chance. Yet I am benevolent, and before you die I shall show you what is to come."

Golgoth waved his hand and the battle ongoing on Trion was revealed. Telmus had kept his word, and at this moment, he was fighting against the seven gods of Trion, and he was pushing them back.

Rowan could appreciate talent, and Telmus was displaying to him the extent of what talents could bring you. His blade of Intent sliced through reality, parrying, blocking, and reversing countless godly techniques and abilities thrown at him.

In a range of a thousand miles outside Aroth, the amount of power being unleashed in that area was so devastating it could be seen all across the galaxy.

Telmus had a way of fighting where he defended for the most part and waited for an opportunity to attack, and all of his attacks were costly. Every single one killed an Avatar of a god and except for Minerva who seemed to be adept at dodging his blows, she was the only one who had not perished, but from the black blood staining her clothes she had been repeatedly injured.

Her face was set in a frown that could not hold all the rage inside her heart, and she released countless webs to entrap Telmus, but he sliced through all of them and with a stunning move, he deflected her webs back at her, and before she could tear it off, he had stabbed her more than a hundred times, shredding her chest and cutting off all her limbs in a series of vicious thrust.

She was only saved from death by a beam of flaming energy from Kuranos that Telmus had to deflect, allowing Minerva to vanish from the battle.

The goddess had fled.

This act drove Golgoth over the edge and he slammed his left hand on his throne, squeezed Rowan's decapitated head, and screamed in anger.

His cries of rage traveled through Elysium and reached Aroth where the faces of the gods went pale in shock and fear.

"I tire of your insolence Telmus!"

His words reached Aroth and Telmus frowned as he looked all around him before his gaze pierced through space and he saw Elysium.

His cool eyes widened in surprise as this was the first time he was witnessing the elusive God King in all his six hundred thousand years of life. His eyes looked around his throne room and settled on the head of Rowan, who winked at him.

He looked at Rowan again before turning his gaze towards the God King, "Are you Golgoth?"

"How dare you refer to the God King by his name." Tiberius roared in anger.

"Silence!" The God King slammed his hand on his throne. "You all have disappointed me for too long, with all the boon I gave to you, a mortal bests all of you in combat. He is a thousand times more worthy of speaking my name than the rest of you combined."

Telmus pointed his blade at the God King, "I had hoped to speak to you, instead of your puppets. I request that you let my people go, or I shall come for you."

The God King shook his head in irritation, "You were amusing for a while Demon Spawn, but it is time for your story to end. I no longer require the aid of your master in this venture."

Golgoth ripped his sword from the ground beside him and he made a slice, before returning the sword back to the ground.

The move was precise and simple, it released a black light that reached Trion, and the entire planet froze in place and fell into darkness.

Telmus looked into the skies as a wave of darkness descended on his location and he raised his blade.

Chapter 836: The Measures Of A Man

The darkness descended and Telmus raised his blade against it, and he lost.

There was a shriek of pain from his Blade of Intent as the darkness now in the form of a sword, sliced through the blade and passed through Telmus' body, before vanishing.

The name of the God King's weapon was the Gaping Undoer, and everything it cut would die. Even a small nick from the weapon would kill an Immortal, Telmus had defended against a great portion of its might, but it was not enough.

The weapon beside the God King began to laugh, the head of Rowan that was beside it looked at this sword, and his gaze grew dark. Like its master, this weapon was insane, and it luxuriated in drinking the blood of Immortals.

Rowan could not save the soul of Telmus, because that weapon destroyed it in its entirety.

It did not matter that Telmus had hundreds of thousands of Intent, against the might of Will that could attack across time, the master of space fell short.

Telmus staggered, but he did not fall nor did he bleed, even Gaping Undoer was unable to cut through his flesh, but his soul was weaker and it was crushed.

He looked at the shattered blade in his hand, a hint of confusion inside his eyes, and then understanding, and with a sigh, his hand fell to the side, his enormous powers bubbled inside him, with a thought he should be able to unleash all his might, and crush Trion, and if he wanted even kill some of the gods inside their shell, but his wife and daughter would die.

Everyone had underestimated Telmus, even Rowan. During the battle with the gods, he had been able to see the shapes of their vault, and he had measured the strength he would need to cut through it.

If he released all his Intent inside him and directed it towards them, he would kill more than a few, but killing his family was not an option.

His death did not matter because he had shown his daughter the path towards freedom. He hoped she had watched her old man clearly, for she was the continuation of his greatness. She would be the one to slaughter the gods of Trion and their master, he only wished he could have heard the name she gave herself. Why did she have to be so stubborn to allow her old man to wait for so long without answers?

Telmus looked at the stars for one last time, and he whispered, the gods of Trion did not hear what he said, but Rowan sitting inside the Crystal Leviathan and watching everything that transpired, did.

"Look at the stars, they mourn for me... I wonder who will mourn for you all." He closed his eyes, and his last breath left his chest.

Telmus was dead.

Yet his body still stood tall. His long white hair which resembled a cloud was carried by the breeze making it appear as if he had a halo around his head. His hand still held tight to his shattered blade, and it mourned for its master before it fell into a deep slumber, wishing to accompany him in death.

In the heavens above, the light of the stars that shone on Trion began to converge until they settled on the body of Telmus like a cloak.

This sign shook the entire universe as endless lines of starlight streamed across the cosmos to fall on the figure of the one man. The only person in existence whom the stars mourned for.

Andar was atop the Black Tower and he watched this spectacular event, he felt his heart shake, as a profound sense of loss passed through him, he could hear the stars crying and it terrified and amazed him in equal measures.

It terrified all the great powers in the universe and all eyes began to turn towards Trion.

The gods of Trion were all quiet, and although they did not use their entire might to fight this battle, they all knew that even if they did, it would still be useless against this single mortal. They all put away their weapons in silence, as they stood and watched the cosmos weep.

The voice of Golgoth shattered their reverie, "The Child of the Stars is dead by my hand. This is the fate of all who defy me, even my wretched brother. All of you, move your children towards the fields of battle, wash away the filth of the mages and demons from my domain!"

The gods seemed to be shaken from their introspection and they all turned into large strips of light that flew towards the horizon. The last to leave was Tiberius, the God of War. He looked at the man who stood alone, refusing to fall, even in death and for the first time in his life, the God of War bowed and then he left.

An hour later Minerva arrived and she was free from injury, her eyes watching the still body of her son, and she turned her eyes away in shock. She had been unaware when she began regarding her child as invincible, and the reality of his death shook her to the core.

She fell to her knees and remained this way, even when the sun had set and arose anew, she remained by his side, and after staying by his side for seven days, Minerva spoke for the first time,

"You died as you have lived... defiant. You fool, if only you could have waited a while."

A memory entered her consciousness, the last thing Telmus had told her. He had been standing with his back against her, his arrogance and pride not held back in the slightest, even in her presence, and he had said to her,

"The measure of a man is not on how long they have lived. It's in how they make use of what life has shown them. I am Telmus, and I bow to no one."

Minerva brought her hands forward to take the body of Telmus but she hastily drew it back, as a long cut that revealed her bones appeared on her limb. Even in death, no god was worthy enough to touch Telmus.

If she forced it, it might even kill her. Equal pride, pain, relief, anger, and so many emotions warred inside her chest and it took everything for Minerva to stop herself from screaming.

She blinked and something fell from her eyes. She wanted to believe it was rain, but the sun was beginning to rise, and the skies were clear.

In the distance, multiple rumblings had begun to vibrate across every continent on Trion, as the final battle commenced. The smell of blood filled the air, and the lights from the sun became dim due to a film of red that had covered the planet. A red that came as a result of blood being shed in monstrous volumes.

The voice of the God King reached her ears, "Honor your part in this bargain Minerva, release the demons of the Great Abyss to feast, and I shall give you the last piece of the puzzle. I have used a million years to prepare quite the buffet, and my guests are not enough."

Chapter 837: Demons I shall Bring

The yellow eyes of the God King appeared beside her, looking at her despair with what could be regarded as an intense and demented pleasure. Golgoth luxuriated in her grief.

Minerva was quiet for a long time as if she had not heard the voice of Golgoth, and she whispered, "Did you have to do it? Take my child away from me, Golgoth, when you could have easily imprisoned him."

The God King sneered, "What is that I see Minerva? Tears?... Your time on Trion has corrupted you, demon, perhaps allowing you to eat Minerva was a mistake, I should have known that you are not capable of containing a spawn of Elura without her corruption merging into your system. Remember everything you have gained from our cooperation, and play your role, or I shall find a new King to call forth demons for me."

Elura was silent, her webbed eyes seemed to be lost in memories, the voice of Golgoth suddenly grew a bit mellow, "He would not have bowed, like you, he was a king. Minerva, you are aware that our plans would not come to light if he wished to stand against us. You know this to be the truth. I rid you of an attachment you don't need. In time, you will thank me."

'That was for me to decide.' she thought and the eyes of Minerva flashed with a pale fire as she had finally made her decision and then began to laugh,

"You want demons don't you Golgoth? Then demons I shall bring, demons of such number that your slaves would buckle before their might. Even if you beg me, I shall call on my entire legions, the Pale Horde of Nyshrimar shall ride on your shores, the Behemoths of Absolom, The Gravediggers Children, the Arakshas from the Frozen Waste, the Blood Reavers... All of them shall come and more. I shall not cease until there is nothing left on Trion and this entire wretched universe."

Inside the wrathful heart of the goddess she did not stop speaking, 'I shall not stop until your head is on a pike, and your soul burns in the depths of the Abyss for eternity. You shall accompany my son in death. Why are you still alive? You shall burn to light his path in the coldest depths of the Abyss."

Golgoth waved his hand in dismissal, "That was always your mission demon, go do as I have willed. End this world, and let me be free of it. What you do with the rest of the universe is up to you."

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For the past week, Rowan had not been idle. With six of his consciousness out of commission, he had to push all the load on a single consciousness and it was strenuous.

He was dealing with some of the most reality-shaping moments in his life, and his tools had been blunted, but it was worth it for him to finally see beyond the curtains, and understand the truths about Trion and the Reflections.

At this moment, the first thing he always checked was the progress toward the Third Dimension, and it was at an astonishing Ninety-eight percent, only two more percent until he was a Third Dimensional being and his might would be unleashed, his enemies had finally revealed their hand, and it would be up to him to flip the entire board.

His gambit against the God King had paid off, and at this moment, he was watching the God King eagerly watch the battle on the two continents against the mages and the demons. Above the bloody continent, an invisible Aura of Evil had been accumulating. Rowan was sure that this would be a primer for the supposed resurrection of a Primordial.

There were many reasons why Rowan felt that such a feat as resurrecting the true Primordial of Evil was almost impossible because, unlike the Reflections, he had seen the dead body of the Primordial pinned down by the weapons of other Primordials.

How were they going to resurrect what should be the greatest enemies of the Primordials without alerting them? How could they undo what multiple Primordials had done against their main body?

Even if there was a way to achieve such a thing, it must surely be difficult and intensely complicated. So complicated that it had taken the Reflections an unknown amount of time to reach this point, and they were no longer united.

Rowan had seen enough cracks in their plans, and he only needed to find all the players before he acted. He went through everything he had learned these last few days, looking for clues that he might miss.

The conversation between Minerva and Golgoth revealed the truth about her status, and the fate of the last of his siblings, for unlike the rest, she was given to the demon Minerva for consumption.

This was the way that Golgoth had secured the aid of a Supreme world like the Great Abyss. Minerva should be at least a Demon King, such figures were rulers of multiple sections of the Great Abyss and would be able to unleash a virtually unlimited amount of demons if they wanted, and they also commanded Demon Princes.

Her cries of wrath still resounded in the air over Trion as she vanished soon after. Rowan was not too interested in her status as a Demon King, but in something else she held—The last page of .

It was not surprising that the last page was held by Minerva, because she had been in cahoots with the Third Prince, and Rowan was sure Golgoth was not aware of this alliance between the Demon and his greatest enemy.

While Golgoth believed Minerva worked for him alone, she was also working with the Third Prince. She was suddenly a focal point in this affair, one that Rowan regarded as important, so important that he would be dealing with her personally.

He finally understood that the cooperation of the demons was gotten by feeding his siblings to a demon, such a shocking deed no longer surprised him, but if that was the case then how did they secure the cooperation of the mages?

The wells of Trion ran deep, and the Covenant which was the gathering of Archmages and Demon Princes leading the war against Trion must be nothing but puppets in this battle. Rowan had once thought the Covenant was the true hand behind the curtains in this war, but that turned out to be untrue.

The official reason for the battle was that Trion was about to become a Supreme World, and so a Tribulation was set by the universe where two Supreme Worlds would suppress them for a while, and if they succeeded, they would ascend to become a Supreme World.

This was the official justification for this bloody war for the last million years that every Dominator was taught, and perhaps even the mages and demons who fought and died in this war thought the reason for their battle was to prevent another great power from rising.

However, the Covenant, this alliance of Demon Princes and the Archmages believed that the war was about securing Elura shards, which were pieces of his mother's essence that could be used to remake reality.

Rowan knew that they too were wrong. The true reason for all this was because of the plans of four insane Reflections of a dead Primordial.

Chapter 838: A Step Away

Rowan needed to know everything about this plan from the Reflections, and although he had gleaned much over the last few days, it was not everything, and time was running out.

Whatever was happening on Trion, it was not taking into account the twenty-year universe expiration death, and Golgoth was moving forward. He seemed to be preparing the way for the so-called Fourth.

Rowan had heard him repeatedly mutter about this fourth illusory Reflection, who Golgoth claimed was so powerful he would squish the deceptive Third like a bug.

No matter what was coming Rowan knew that he had to even the scales a bit before they arrived on Trion, so needed to kill Golgoth before he finished with his preparation, and perhaps, this resurrection of the Primordial might turn out to be a good thing for him in the sense that he would no longer have to hunt for the rest of the Reflections, because they were all coming to him.

Although there was no way he would allow them to ever complete this ritual.

Rowan should have been focused on becoming a Third-dimensional entity, but he was also pursuing other projects. He did not think his time beside the God King was a waste because, among the many things he had come to learn, he had found out that indeed the God King had developed a soul after all the years of living.

This development made Rowan idly wonder about the nature of Soul Energy and Soul Origin. Which one came first and gave birth to the other? Like the old question about the chicken and the egg, he wondered what came first.

If he used Golgoth as an example, then it was the chicken that came first, his soul seemingly birthed out of nothingness, but any random mortal would suggest it was the

egg, for their Soul Origin with him was all the proof he needed. All these questions may be answered in time, but what he knew was that killing Golgoth would open the entire plans of the Reflections to him.

The God King did not know that his death...

PROGRESS TOWARDS THE THIRD DIMENSION — 99%

... was only a step away.

Rowan was simply a meticulous hunter, and he wanted to be efficient with his slaughter. He had no choice, he was not playing with mortals or gods, and any single mistake he made could mean his end.

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With the head of Rowan overseeing every move from the God King, Rowan had been working on another project by the side, placing as much focus on it as his ascension towards the Third Dimension.

He wanted to enter the Rune gate that he suspected ushered the resurrection of the Primordial of Evil.

The God King had been careful in everything he had told Rowan concerning their true father, but he did not suspect that Rowan knew more than he let on, or how formidable he was.

Golgoth was also not aware that Rowan was capable of deciphering and interpreting such a complex Rune that had been created over an unimaginable vast distance that linked Trion to the Sea of Destruction and the Vaults.

This Rune was most likely not created by Golgoth, it must be the work of some other Reflection like the Third Prince or the other two whom he was not familiar with.

Rowan had watched the actions of Golgoth and he had come to the conclusion that Golgoth was more like a guide.

The Runes that he had interpreted from the little clues given to him were so complex that even the God King himself would be incapable of deciphering these runes if all he had were the keys.

His underestimation of Rowan had not even allowed him to comprehend that revealing the keys to Rowan in order to bait him into going after the gods was the biggest mistake he had made.

Golgoth felt he was being clever by showing Rowan the keys to all the vaults so he could capture him in a single move, but Rowan was already thinking four steps ahead.

At this moment Golgoth was gathering multiple strange energies from the death of every Dominator in battle. Rowan had been watching this process in fascination for the entire week as he realized that this was just a small part of Golgoth's plans because if he wanted just the death of the Dominators to fuel the Runes, Golgoth could have easily killed every single Dominator in existence.

There was a unique synergy between the death of a Dominator and the battlefield on Trion as they were all linked. If they were slaughtered anywhere outside Trion, they would have been useless to him. The energy he was collecting would be impossible to be collected anywhere else.

Although this was all guesses from Rowan, he could confirm if he infiltrated this Rune and see what it held. He could not simply break the Rune without attracting attention from the God King, but he could slip inside.

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The weak are objects...

Rico heard these words from his father, and he believed this moment proved how true that statement was.

The cries of a million lives extinguished in a single moment haunted Rico Boreas as he dragged himself over a small hill and rapidly rolled to the side where a crevice was hidden by mounds of dead bodies.

He had spotted this area a few hours before the battle began, his cowardly nature made him search for places he could hide when things went wrong. Turns out he was right.

When the battle started, he had been at the back of the line as a million bloodthirsty Dominators surged ahead, and so he was able to gather precious seconds to flee, it was the only reason he had been able to survive the sudden descent of what he suspected was a Demon Prince and two Archmages.

Only such powerful immortals could turn a million Dominators at the Earth god level to ash in such a short time.

Rico gritted his teeth through the pain as his entire back end had been scorched, and he tried not to check how much damage he had sustained, he should be healing by now, but the wound seemed to be growing worse.

He shoved bodies aside, trying quickly to enter the small depression in the earth, some of the bodies had become fused in death, and he had to tear through muscles and

bones to open a slight gap, and he wormed his way into it before reaching out and pulling several bodies to cover the hole, leaving only a tiny gap for him to see through.

He felt the earth reverberating beneath him as the massive Demon Prince who had dedicated a million Dominators at the Earth god level began to walk through the battlefield. The skies changed for a moment as the Archmages flew past, heading deeper into the Continent.

Rico squeezed himself tighter into a ball, wishing for the earth to collapse around him. The earth shook as the Demon came nearer to his position and he brought his hands to his mouth and bit down to stop himself from screaming.

The Aura erupting from the body of the Demon was almost driving him to madness, and Rico bit deeper into his hand. Then there was silence, one that was so profound he knew that he had been discovered.

- Chapter 839: Demon's Waist Beads

Chapter 839: Demon's Waist Beads

Fear was not a stranger to Rico. For the last few months since he saw Circe Boreas inside the temple of their Primogenitor, he had never gotten a single moment of peace.

He had felt eyes watching him every single day and no matter how anyone else thought it was just him being unnecessarily paranoid, Rico knew he was being watched and measured. He had seen the look in the eyes of Circe, that rage and loathing was familiar to him.

The events that transpired next shifted his focus away from his fear of Circe as Trion went mad. He watched his siblings butcher and eat each other to grow strong and that event had scarred Rico for life.

Trion was a world filled with bloodthirsty fiends and he knew that survival meant becoming one with the pack, and so he had joined the massive blood feasts and consumed flesh alongside the creatures that were once his brothers and sisters.

Rico had once been afraid of Circe, but traveling beside these Dominators who knew nothing but slaughter, their eyes red, with fangs tearing through their lips made him feel he was beside starving wolves than humans.

Entering this war was not his choice, anything else and he would be killed and eaten. The only consolation through the madness was the presence of his father by his side. The man might be useless for many things, but it was undeniable that he loved his son.

Through the days of unending battle they had not left each other, but now he was alone.

Since the time Circe returned, all he knew was fear and that fear had grown with every new change that happened. That fear had been growing until every single moment of his life was filled with fear.

The silence outside when previously there had been the rumbling from the Demon was the final straw, and Rico almost went catatonic, it was unknown how long he remained like that, but the tears that he had been shedding had long dried.

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Rico shivered and opened his eyes, idly noticing that the hand he had been biting on had nearly been cut off, for his teeth had broken bones and mangled the flesh, another thing of note was the ring on the hand, it was not his but his father's.

He recollected that he had been holding the hands of his father a short while ago as they escaped, but in the madness of what followed and his desire to escape, he had forgotten that he was holding his father's hand, but he did not recall when the rest of the body that was supposed to be attached to this hand had vanished.

Rico gasped and shook his hand furiously, he had been holding tight to the hand and he let go of it, detesting the taste of the flesh of his father in his mouth, but the hand did not let go of his own, even though he had nearly chewed it in two. He cried out in shock when the hand seemed to squeeze his own tighter, and a loud laughter replied to him.

The laughter sounded as if it was coming from the clash of two mountains, and it drove the reality into his brain. A reality that Rico had been trying to escape mentally.

Since he knew he could not escape physically, his mind had sought to forget his predicament and he had focused on the severed hand of his father holding his own, but this laughter drove away the shelter his mind had built and Rico looked up and saw madness that saw his fear as food.

Pressed against the crevice he had hidden himself and covered with bodies was the eye of a demon. The eye was slitted horizontally like that of a goat, and it was so massive it was bigger than his entire body.

The Demon had been pressed against the crevice looking at him all this while and apparently, it found the madness engulfing Rico to be amusing.

A food odor filled the crevice, as a glorious Earth god pissed himself and moaned for his father.

The eye watching him seemed to shiver as if in pleasure and an indescribable light from it filled the hole, and Rico began to scream, wishing for anyone to save him, even Circe.

The demon slowly pushed the bodies away, savoring every moment of despair and madness arising inside Rico who had to watch as a massive mouth filled with needle-sharp teeth slowly descended towards him, and a long black tongue tasting his fear with relish.

He screamed and covered his face with his hands, he could not look at death approaching, his mind could not take it anymore. Rico suddenly felt a sharp pain on his shoulders and waist. In his madness and fear he did not understand what was happening until his eyes were forced open and his eyelids were ripped off.

Rico could no longer close his eyes and so he was able to witness everything... and scream.

He had been completely dismembered. His limbs were all taken away, and he was not healing. The demon had severed his eyelids and from the pain he was feeling in his face, his nose, and lips as well.

He gasped in shock as a metal hook was slammed through his back, emerging from his chest and he was hoisted up and tied around the waist of the demon, who stood more than a thousand feet tall.

Beside him were hundreds of screaming and limbless Dominators, and even though the face beside him did not have eyelids, nose, or lips, he recognized his father.

Judging by the fact that he was laughing aloud and praying to unknown demonic entities, the man had gone insane.

Barely an hour ago, Rico had been within the midst of a million Earth gods, drunk on the blood of Mages and Demons. A Dominator at the Earth god level was a fearsome opponent, and they slaughtered the demons and the mages on the field of battle in the hundreds of millions.

No one could withstand the might of endless waves of Dominators as they poured down on the two continents of battle wreaking havoc. In a week they had swept through an entire continent, shattering every fortification, and breaking down any progress made by their enemies for the last million years in a matter of days.

If not for a sudden endless amount of demons that delayed the wave of slaughter, the entire war would have been won in a single week.

Massive hives numbering in their millions and each holding tens of millions of demonic spawns had been hidden inside the second continent, and when the Dominator rushed down in their blood-crazed fury, the hives were opened and billions of demonic spawn erupted from those foul wombs.

However, It could only slow their incursion, and also served as fuel to the Dominator's frenzy.

Rico was part of an advanced group that had pushed deeper into the continent. Unlike the corrupted Dominators beside him who acquired their powers by cannibalizing their family, he had done the same but he stole only a heart and slowly grew his powers to the Earth god level.

Although he was swept up in the frenzy of slaughter, he was also clear-headed enough to know when the odds had begun to shift against them.

The first sign came when they pushed more than a thousand miles into the second continent and they had not seen a single enemy.

Chapter 840: The Killer Is King

The first Continents had been quickly swept through, but that did not mean they had met no opposition, every single mile had been bitterly fought for, and although the mages and the demons had lost against the endless tides of Dominators, they had placed a more than adequate opposition to slow down the offensive.

They all knew they were battling against time, and if they could not hold long enough for reinforcement to arrive, they would lose Trion.

So entering the second continent and moving as deep as a thousand miles with no opposition should have been a warning to these Dominators, but the lust for blood and the next battle was everything.

Their gods would be descending on the fields of battle, and they all wanted to achieve glory for the crown and for the gods they worshiped, and their bloodlust could no longer be contained, they must fight, kill, and consume their enemies or they would fall on each other and destroy themselves in a final orgy of destruction.

The group Rico found himself in was among the first that had pushed into the continent, and after his capture, he had watched as the Demon and the two Archmages hovering above decimated eight more groups they came across in the span of an hour.

It was a level of butchery that Rico was slowly coming to familiarize himself with, plunging him deeper into madness as his only solace.

No mortal should see the number of deaths that the Dominators were experiencing during this period. It was no wonder they were all going mad.

Nearly ninety million Dominators perished, all from various Noble families, their bodies spreading out for miles, but in this hellish continent where the dust of the earth had long been replaced by dust from bones, they were nothing but a tiny statistic.

Beneath their dead bodies were the countless others who had fallen in the last million years. This amount of death and suffering inside a universe was uncommon, but it was now part of Trion. Every combatant here believed they were fighting for something valuable, and they all died, hoping to have made a difference.

Rico watched all this happening in a daze, and new screaming members were added to the belt of the demon, while those that had mercifully died were discarded.

He did not notice when the Archmages overhead fled, but he heard their cries of shock, the Demon who held him captive did not run, but laughed in delight and charged forward. He did not have long to wonder what had changed, that was before he heard the roar from the throats of billions!

These three Immortals may have been able to kill close to a hundred million Dominators, but they had been in small groups, and their members were not the most clever of the lot and were almost mad with bloodlust, they had surged forward with no strategy inside a land where immortals had fallen, and they all paid the price.

Yet these were just a tiny fraction of the true might of Trion that had been unleashed in its entirety.

The wave of Dominators that was coming was in the scope of tens of billions! Perhaps even more than that, but Rico's mind could not wrap around a figure larger than that.

Their presence was like endless locusts that darkened the skies, covering the horizon with various colors that represented their bloodline.

Reality warped and shattered before their charge, as they moved to sweep the planet from every invader. Behind them were their gods, gigantic colossi whose presence strengthened their bloodline to a ridiculous degree.

The skies bled blue and red as the Boreas family Dominator in their untold number commanded the storms that pierced through the skies until it even reached space, the earth bled as the Tiberius family commanded a sea of blood to carry them across the plain, the continent shook as the Horush family walked on it, each of them titans, gigantic metallic constructs were manned by the Volgim family, the Kuranos family were like erupting volcanoes in their billions shattering the world as they proceeded...

This was all Rico could see before the mighty Demon Prince was swept by a wave of devastation that shook Trion. His roar of fury was drowned by billions of Earth gods that tore it apart and ate its flesh. It did not even survive for a single second.

The skull of the Demon Prince was desecrated and mounted on a platform, his dying Aura cloaking the Dominators, an announcement of their endless madness and fierceness.

Everyone the demon had been carrying died and Rico would have followed them but a blue shield surrounded him and kept him safe. Did his god save him? At least that's what he thought until he heard her voice inside his head, like a viper whispering by his ears,

"You are mine filth."

Rico survived, not because of chance but because the person he feared most had found him. This event was too much for his mind, and something broke inside him and he lay on the floor screaming his madness.

For endless hours he shook in the midst of madness as the endless hosts of Dominators swept past him, their number seemingly infinite, and then when it was all over and a measure of peace returned, he saw her, descending with the storm, his madness retreated enough for him to say,

"Circe... Please... we all did it, forgive my greed, I am your only family left."

Her answer was simple, she gestured with her fingers, and her heart was ripped out from his chest.

"No, you are not."

She watched him choke in his blood for the next three hours. He could not heal his wounds, but Earth gods did not die easily.

When he perished Circe looked towards the horizon at the end of the world.

In the distance massive portals were opened that led to the Abyss, from them burst out an endless number of demons, among them were Demon Princes, and the heavens opened up as tens of thousands of Magus Towers that could ferry hundreds of millions of Mages broke into Trion.

Inside one of the towers was Andar, beside him were dozens of powerful figures, all Archmages.

The upcoming battle would shake the universe.

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Rowan was down to the last thousand bodies of his Spirit Guise. The destruction of six of his consciousness had reduced the strain of maintaining his presence in the Third Dimensional universe, but he was running out of this valuable resource.

It was more difficult to hide himself than he thought, but he knew his Third Dimensional body would be complete before he ran out of Spirit Guises, and he did not need to make more. He still had several Labyrinth coins left.

His last remaining consciousness was Inside the Crystal Leviathan that was moving underground, he had it dig until he was hundreds of miles under the capital Aroth, as close to where he suspected the Anchor would be.

Underneath the capital was a series of massive caverns that on any other planet would have led to the surface collapsing into the earth, but it was held firm by the power that shrouded the capital.

Chapter 841: Hidden Vault

This space was vast and undoubtedly filled with many mysteries, but Rowan was not chasing after the mysteries of the mundane, only the extraordinary, and nothing was more extraordinary than the matters involving the Primordials.

Each of the caverns underneath the capital was so massive that one could comfortably fit in a small moon inside any of them. A similar spatial shrinking that twisted the entire capital also affected this area and hiding the Crystal Leviathan was not difficult.

Placing a piece of his consciousness inside a Spirit Guise he sent it out towards the Anchor. The Spirit Guise took the form of a bird with flaming wings, for there were living things down here, and their shapes had been transformed by the arcane energies inside these caverns.

His goal was simple, it was to find the final secret hidden under Aroth and make his way into the Rune, it was a gate and it led somewhere. If Rowan did not understand what it contained, it would be the biggest hidden crisis that could destabilize his entire plan.

He searched for thousands of miles, knowing the area but not pinpointing the exact location, but it was only a matter of time before he found it.

The Anchor turned out to be another Vault.

Rowan frowned because this vault was different from the others, it was smaller and it still pulsed with vitality. If his sibling had been fed to Minerva as payment, then there should be no seventh vault to speak of, then the sudden realization of who this vault

belonged to hit him, and seeing the title of the vault on the door was the final confirmation.

The Vault of Romion.

He knew that these vaults were created from the bodies of his siblings, but he had never known that part of his body had been used to create a vault.

His present form had no connection to the body of Rowan that was used here in the creation of this vault, but it was still shocking that his flesh had been used for such a thing and he had not anticipated it after he knew that Minerva had consumed his siblings.

It was annoying to him that there were still concerns that could slip under his radar, but he was not omniscient, he just did the best that he could, knowing a single mistake could end him. If Rowan was psychopathic he might have found the challenge of the unknown to be thrilling, instead, he just found it annoying.

He only deliberated on it for a short while before focusing on the reason he was here which was entering the gate behind the Rune, although there was a fatal allure for him to enter this vault and see his previous self.

He wondered if he would find another hidden god that was based on his flesh. That would be shocking and reveal many new secrets, but after a while, Rowan thought it was too risky to enter the vault, it might reveal his presence to Golgoth, and he did not care for another hidden god unless it could affect the overall plan.

However, he found this hidden vault important enough to warrant splitting another sliver of consciousness to monitor it. When he began his ascension, he would pierce through the barriers of the vault to confirm if there was something inside that could affect the overall direction of the battle ahead.

It was a risky move, but he could not control everything. He just had to make sure he was doing his best. Nothing could be left to chance if he could control it. But to fly under the radar, he must make sacrifices, hopefully, it would not be too late.

Rowan remained here watching the vault in the body of the bird, and another Spirit Guise containing a sliver of his consciousness began the next step in his plans. This consciousness took the form of an Ice Baboon.

Rowan closed his eyes and focused on the massive Rune in his consciousness, he was not trying to hold it all in his mind at once, his present consciousness was too weak to accomplish such a feat, he was only tracing along the edges to find a suitable point of ingress.

The Ice Baboon began to move according to the model he was plotting in his head until it reached a section of the cavern that led to an underground river. He did not hesitate and he plunged into it, his body sinking to the bottom to find a cave.

He entered the cave where he discovered that it was curved in a manner that allowed an air pocket to remain in its backend, leaving a rather large area devoid of water. This place according to his models would require the least amount of energy to enter.

Rowan stretched his hands forward and then he paused, he was about to take a risk, from everything he had discovered about Golgoth, he manipulated the vaults and all its occupants easily enough, but this Rune was far too powerful and complex for him to control, so it was possible for Rowan to interfere with its operation without the God King being aware of it.

Or he might be mistaken. Was the risk enough for him to continue?

Rowan shook his head and brought the hands of the Ice Baboon forward until he stopped, he had seemingly hit an invisible wall, and Rowan rubbed his hand across the air, touching parts of the Rune that was here but was hidden inside reality.

This space could be destroyed, and this Rune would remain undamaged, it would remain hidden from anyone, even Rowan could not see it, only the knowledge that it existed led him here.

Since he was in contact with it, he could easily begin to explore part of its shape. Once again he was struck by its complexity and for the next hour, he just scrutinized what was beneath his palm in minute details.

"Time to take the leap." He muttered and he pushed energy through his fingers into the Rune, then something truly peculiar happened.

Rowan had access to countless forms of energy, not counting his personal Aether. The endless fields of energy that he was using to breed a new wave of gods should contain every known form of energy in existence, and when he pushed power into the Rune, he effortlessly circled through all the energy available for him to wield and none of them responded to him, except one foreign energy that emanated from the body of Circe.

Rowan's consciousness spurned furiously, searching for the connection and it was revealed to him. Circe had gone to the continents where the battle to decide the fate of Trion was being waged, she had done nothing special there except kill Rico.

Unknown to her and Rowan, she had absorbed a strange energy from his death that was similar to the energy the God King had been harvesting over the battlefield for the last week.

Rowan had been waiting to understand the purpose of the energy the God King had been collecting all these while, and now he knew that it was to power this Rune.

Underneath the hands of the Ice Baboon, the small energy that he harvested from Circe, returned to him and a message entered his head.

Aura Field Claimed: .000000000000009%

Chapter 842: Arrival Of The Entire Universe

Rowan's eyes shone brightly, the ramifications of this discovery were profound, so much so that it changed his entire focus in a single moment, "So it's slaughter then."

His consciousness inside the Crystal Leviathan took the form of a book and vanished. His progress towards the Third Dimension was only separated by a single hair.

Maeve noticing his departure felt something about it was different, and then she shuddered as her bloodline began to pulse, drawn to the direction where Rowan had disappeared.

With a cry of joy that echoes throughout the depths of Trion, she unfurled her wings and transformed into a green bolt of lightning that pursued her master.

The lightning burst out of the surface of the earth, and Maeve did not hide her presence, there was no more reason to hide.

All her Ghren, the soldiers inside her Kingdom had been resurrected, her powers were at their peak, and war was about to begin.

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The sliver of consciousness left behind to peer through the cracks in the Rune did not stop its investigation, even though he knew the overall direction that the Rune was following, Rowan still wanted to know what was inside.

He forced that minuscule amount of energy gained from the death of Rico back into the Rune while wrapping his sliver of consciousness through it and pushing it forward.

With his mastery of energy and the soul, this was something only he could pull off.

The experience as he went through this Rune was one of the weirdest he had experienced and yet it was oddly familiar, he knew he had felt it before. His mind was reaching for the memory but he was being distracted by what he was passing through.

His sliver of consciousness felt as if it was enveloped by several massive tongues that were licking across every inch of it. Even a god would have gone mad with the feeling of violation before they were reduced to less than dust, but Rowan endured.

There was a wrongness about this entire experience that was only weathered by his tough psyche, but whatever this Rune was made from, it was incredibly toxic, and his sliver of consciousness was rapidly rotting to pieces.

He pushed through, knowing the puzzle was going to be mostly completed if he saw what was inside and he heard as much as he felt a dull pop as he emerged in a world of ruin and red, filled with monsters that made gods resemble children.

His gaze was drawn to the sky where he saw a sight he had seen before. It was a moon, a large red moon.

He had been looking for this place since the time he escaped the Nexus and pursued his freedom. For many reasons, the fact that it contained a seemingly infinite amount of Soul Energy was one of them and the mysteries behind this place where he took his first step to become what he drew him.

There were many mysteries that Rowan knew he may never be able to solve, and this world was rapidly becoming one of them because he had searched every record he could find and he could not locate it, yet it was always here.

"Ahh... now it all makes sense, Trion is a Nexus, and this world is your necropolis. Every treasure that your Reflections had plundered across time had been kept here."

A Nexus was an incredibly expensive project, and no one would ever imagine that a massive Major World like Trion, with gods and an Empire was nothing but a container for the true project hidden beneath.

The earth began to rumble and the skies darkened, Rowan felt a chill in his consciousness as massive clouds of soul energy darkened the horizon and headed toward him.

The massive beasts in this place began to rouse, great presences whose powers eclipsed Intent and controlled Wills that rippled across Space and Time.

The last time he was here, he had the pitiful bloodline of a Soul Seizer, and he had been able to drain only a small fraction of power from this place, but with his Nascent Primordial Bloodline, he was no longer draining soul energy a single point at a time, but billions of points in every moment.

His presence was a destabilizing factor to this world that could shatter it to pieces if he remained for long, and the powerful creatures that resided in this place would end him before he could do such a thing.

The Earth and the heavens cracked open and Rowan could see worlds greater than any that he had ever seen before, and they all rotated around the red moon. From his present height, he stood upon, he finally comprehended that this red moon was a Supreme World.

A dead Supreme World. Yet like everything here it still pulsed with power and untapped potential, it was like the wick of the candle, waiting for the first touch of flame to come alight.

At this moment his progress towards the Third Dimension reached one hundred percent.

Everything seemed to come full circle. His first journey out of death was in this place, and the moment he was going to become Immortal happened here too.

The entire world shook, and Rowan smiled.

He had received his answer, and he understood the plan, and he knew how to make it his own. With a gesture, he shattered the sliver of consciousness and he vanished, he did not take any Soul Energy from this place, it was not yet the time.

The tides of soul energy gathered around where he previously stood before they all sank to the ground, leaving a small circle in the center untouched. They were not worthy to go any nearer.

From afar all the soul energy resembled an endless crowd of people of all shapes and sizes, some of them were the size of mountains and others were smaller than ants, and they were all bowing down towards the spot that Rowan had been standing upon.

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Rowan appeared beside Circe in the form of a book and gently landed on her hands, she had been following the course of the battle and his appearance had startled her,

"What do you think about this battle?" Rowan asked her, unlike before, his voice was not inside her head, but he spoke outwardly, and reality vibrated from the sound of his voice.

Circe took a while to answer, her mouth was dry because the scale of the battle she was witnessing had reached such epic proportions she could not even comprehend it.

From the skies to the earth, the entire world trembled as billions of combatants clashed, every single moment bodies fell like rain as powers that could shatter reality clashed.

Endless shockwaves erupted from the continent and spread out into space, as this battle began to draw the eyes of the entire universe. It might be Trion fighting against

the might of two Supreme Worlds but the gods from the countless worlds in the universe began to find their way to this battle and watch with bated breath from afar.

They could all sense that the direction of the universe hinges on what happened here next and although they did not understand, they all prepared themselves to defend their interest or fight for benefits, if the opportunity arises. Among the many gods waiting outside Trion, some of them were God-

Kings, and there were even some more hidden figures hidden among their number.

The entire universe was here.

Chapter 843: Opening

Circe breathing came faster, it was too much. The sounds... the smells... the losses... so much power erupting from the battle at every single moment that it could crush an entire galaxy to nothingness.

"Go closer, don't try to see everything, but focus on only one thing, from here expand the reaches of your mind and understand, this lesson would be invaluable to your growth, and mine..." Rowan said, and her body obeyed before her mind could follow, carried by a gentle breeze she drifted closer to the clash that was leaving millions dead with every breath she was taking.

She followed his advice and found the thing that she could hold on to inside all the chaos, it worked barely,

Circe whispered, "It's the smell like iron buried in the sea suddenly brought out into the air. It's the smell of lightning burning across the air before a storm hits," she shivered, feeling cold, "This is death in all her glory."

"You remembered everything I told you," Rowan said.

Circe nodded, "You said that when it begins when you enter the field of battle if it becomes too much for me to bear, you give me permission to leave. For you will never stop until you have buried all your enemies."

She smiled sadly, "I was angry at your words before, your belief that I was weak was crushing, but now I understand. This battle happening here is nothing before what is to come, is it not? You were showing me mercy, or perhaps you don't want me to see this side of you."

Rowan was silent, and the book in her hand rippled with energy, he did not have to say anything, she already knew the answer.

The air behind her shook as a pair of green wings appeared followed by a clap of thunder, Circe paused for a moment as Maeve stood beside her, she acknowledged this powerful figure with a nod before her body drifted forward once more.

Maeve was not even looking at her but at the book in her hands, she was shaking in fear, and she could not help it, it was because she could feel it.

The power arising from the book. As if the center of the entire universe was beginning to align with it. How could everyone here not feel it? It was more tangible than the earth beneath her feet or the sun in the sky. O Holy Mother, what sort of power is this?

In the center of the heavens, the Immortals waged their battle. Except for the absence of Minerva, the six gods of Trion battled against twelve Demon princes and twenty-three Archmages.

Even without calling on the full reaches of their power, they were holding back all the forces of two Supreme Worlds by themselves. With every Dominator that died below, their power rose, but the gods kept it hidden.

The only Demon Prince Rowan recognized among the combatants was Kohron, Demon Prince of Strife, but he recognized more of the Archmages; he had fought and killed some of them in the Underverse. The protection of their Supreme World had kept their soul safe, now they were here.

Their battle was like the stars exploding in the sky in all its glory and violence, and below them were billions of mortals, screaming and dying. Several powerful figures were among them, the central battle was between a Mage and the six Ancestors of Trion. He alone battled the most powerful Earth gods of the Empire.

The Aura of power emerging from him was not massive, ridiculously small among all the combatants that were here, but it was incredibly dense, and the fact that he was crushing the Ancestors of Trion was astonishing.

The battle was reaching a fever pitch, and the tempo had reached the point where the true weapons of war were about to be unleashed by both sides, Immortals would begin to fall.

Then the trumpet sounded, and Trion, alongside the rest of the universe, went still.

Every single warrior froze, the gods, demons, and mages could not move a single inch. The stars paused their lights, and every world stopped their rotation.

Every single living being in the entire universe went still, and their souls trembled.

Another trumpet blast sounded, and this time it reached the ears of the entire universe.

And then...

"BOOM!"

A heartbeat...

"BOOM!"

A voice that was as quiet as the gentlest breeze blowing across an empty icy field came to Rowan, "Remember all we might be, something you can never hope to reach until the end of existence. You deny yourself an assured chance of Ascendance to the ranks of Primordial."

"I know, yet I refuse. You have shown me your dream, and now it's time for me to show you my own."

"You will fail to Become."

"Watch me."

"If that is your Will."

"It is."

"Then let it be so, I shall watch and obey, but you shall regret it."

"I do not fear failure... nor do I feel regret. I shall always live by my Will, for I am Truth. Reveal yourself to me Primordial Record, you have withheld my birthright for too long."

With a sigh, opened up and Rowan saw all he had become.

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuraness?!#

Age: 38/1,999,000,000

Strength: Not determined

Agility: Not determined

Constitution: Not determined

Class: None

Title: Plane Walker, Chaos Blood, Reality Butcher, Creator, Primordial. #!? Error—
Living Dimension??!?. Destroyer?!#

Aspect:

Berserker (Tier 7— Completed)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 5— Completed)

Light Devourer (Tier 0)

Skills:

BERSERKER BLOOD (Origin — Level Completed)

Bloodline Skill: Eruption (Stripped/ Evolving)

Aspect Skill: The Lost Flame (Tier 5— Innate Convergence and Divergence)

Passive:

Decipher language (complete)

Berserker Intent (Silver)

Records:

SIX HEADED OUROBOROS [Roots Unspecified— Supreme Circle Broke] - Level
Unknown

SHEOL - Level 7 completed[500,000]

TREE OF DESIRE - Level 7 Completed

Territory: Primordial Sea of Darkness

Primordial Ambrosia

Dimensional Fabric

Bloodline Ability: Purgatory Gate Unlocked

Dimensional Skill: Dimension Engine [Minor— Completed]

Dimensional Absolute Skill: Word of Enoch x3 [Blank] upgraded to Breathe of Enoch.

Rift Rule: Absolute Body. [Broken— Consumed by Dimensional Fabric]

Palace of Ice Chamber Unlocked:

Astrolabe

Knowledge Well

Hollow Forge

Chambers Shattered and Consumed by Dimensional Fabric

Chaos Worlds (minor) — Limits Exceeded

[Consumed by Dimensional World]

Minor Worlds Seeded — 1,252

[Dimensional Fabric expanded — Minor Worlds — 24,780

Awakening Primordial Bloodline [Sheol]

Bloodline Upgraded:

Sheol: This is a Refuge for Souls. Every Soul returns to your grasp for rest, they shall give you all their karma and energy they had accumulated in their lifetime and you shall give them peace eternal.

[You can now control a greater portion of the Light of Sheol. Harvest Soul Origin and gain a Minor understanding of the 9th Dimension Will of Soul]

Tree Of Desire: Controls the flow of luck. Once every year collect lost treasures and dreams. Once every Century collects lost wishes and Destinies. Once every Millenia grants a wish. Once every Era grants an Impossible wish.

[The Sound of Luck has spread and Fate continuously bends to your will.]

WILL GAINED: Will of Truth [2nd Level Completed]

SOUL ORIGIN GAINED: 1,019,887,665

SOUL CRYSTAL GAINED: 2,899,773

Title Gained. Territory Gained, Minor Worlds Gained, Will Gained.

Remark: Unknown Dimensional Being

Warning: Current Path not accepted by . Evolutionary direction cannot be simulated and corrected. Dimensional Fabric is an unknown mutation.

The merger of Primordial Bloodline, Celestial Destroyer, and evolving Will inside an unknown Dimensional Fabric is unprecedented.

Chances of Self Annihilation: 78%

Chapter 844: Call For Tribulation

revealed the secrets hidden in his body, but Rowan was surprised by how sparse it turned out to be. He suspected that many of his upgrades had been hidden or nonexistent until he reached a Third Dimensional form, before then would have a hard time reading him.

Despite this setback, there were so many new changes he could see, and Rowan went through it within a brief moment.

He was a bit amused that still referred to him as Rowan Kuranos, but with the error message and the threat of self-annihilation that it was showing him, it would seem the Singularity was struggling to collect all of Rowan's information.

Perhaps it had offered Rowan a chance to merge with it because the direction of a Dimensional Fabric was unprecedented.

Previously he could find the meaning of every term that was written down inside , even the secrets that had happened long in the past, yet could not find the meaning of a Dimensional Fabric.

Rowan knew it could guess part of the makeup, but was a treasure that only dealt in certainty. He came to the decision that after this period he would focus on other ways to manage his powers besides depending on his Primordial Record for he was going along a path it did not understand.

He was not one to rethink his decision after he had finalized his mind, Rowan pushed for two evolutions at the same time. He would be ascending to a Third-dimensional state, while also evolving his bloodline of Sheol to the fifth Supreme Circle, and becoming an Immortal, and if the conditions were right, he would be pushing for the Sixth Supreme Circle and higher.

This would bring the Tree of Desire bloodline to the Immortal level as well, and then Rowan could really go all out. He already knew the pathway for his Ouroboros bloodline and that was his next agenda.

To become an Immortal with the bloodline of Sheol, he needed three things, the first was to control a Suitable amount of Soul Origin, the second was sufficient Soul Energy, and the last criterion was interesting, he needed to have experienced true death.

The first two were easily rectified, but for the matter of the last one, Rowan considered himself overqualified.

For anyone else, fulfilling this condition must be next to impossible, because true death did not just involve the total destruction of the body and spirit but of the soul as well.

Rowan did not even have a soul any longer, that weakness had been stripped from him by the palace of ice, his body and spirit had been shattered so many times during his endless evolutions he no longer had mortal form. He could be considered someone who has died countless true deaths and nothing was stopping him from ascending to become an Immortal with an unknown Nascent Primordial Bloodline like Sheol that controlled the Soul.

Although claimed it did not recommend his current path and many of its powers would become difficult or unavailable for Rowan to use, it was still an invaluable tool when it came to upgrading his level, and he did not need to destroy his consciousness in order to move a massive amount of resources to his bloodline when he could use the Singularity as a mediator.

Upgrading the Nascent Primordial bloodline Sheol took just a thought, and becoming a Third Dimensional Entity followed. His Nascent bloodline swallowed up Circe and Maeve, placing them before the endless shores of his Primordial Sea of Darkness, and it began to devour Soul Crystals and Soul Origin.

Circe and Maeve were dumbstruck at what they were witnessing, especially Maeve who looked a bit to the left and detected the presence of a powerful Demon, greater than any Demon she had ever seen, and he had been crucified.

Endless waves of power erupted from an enormous coffin behind them, and the pressure drove them to their knees. Circe had long lost consciousness, and no matter how Maeve struggled, she followed shortly.

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Rowan did not know what to expect with his ascension to the Third Dimension, every change in state came with unique experiences and this one was no different he suspected that it would surprise him in ways he could not expect, and although he had anticipated great changes, it turned out that his imagination was a bit too small.

The sound that resembled a Trumpet blast caught him by surprise for a fraction of a moment before he understood its purpose.

It was a call of challenge. A challenge to the Universe itself. It was a call for Tribulation.

Tribulation could mean many things to different entities, but one thing was constant among all of them, it was fear. Everyone feared Tribulation because it was the ultimate judge, jury, and executioner. If you were not worthy of the power you seek to wield, then the Tribulation would find you wanting and death was your escape.

Rowan on the other hand craved Tribulations, for it was the biggest source of blessings for him. Unlike everyone else, he possessed the power to effortlessly crush his Tribulations.

When he was a one-dimensional entity, there was nothing of equal power in the one-dimensional realm to challenge his presence inside the universe; the same thing happened when he became a two-dimensional entity. No power had seized control over this dimension and Rowan had remained unchallenged.

Ascending to a higher dimension was a different beast altogether, because from this point onward, he would have to seize control of this dimensional space and consume it, or it would consume him.

This was the direction of his evolution. He was not destroying, he was absorbing.

This was an unknown danger for Rowan, it was a reminder that he was in unknown territory, one that even did not understand. What would happen to him when he sought to become a Fourth Dimensional Entity?

Rowan felt a new power rising inside of him, something born when seeking the Third Dimension. He understood that at this level he must go through Tribulation, and that tribulation involved battling with the universe for its will.

A second Trumpet call blasted into the universe. A declaration of war but a unique problem came forth; for the universe was already dead, who would answer his challenge?

On the eve of his ascension, where he was supposed to battle the universe to determine who would gain dominion, his ultimate Tribulation seemingly ended, not with a bang or a whimper, but with silence.

A third Trumpet call blasted, and the rising power finding no challenge instantly went for its bounty. A pulse erupted from Rowan's position and swept throughout the universe, past the Great Desert and into the Gate of the universe where it slammed into it.

"BOOOOM!"

It sounded like a heartbeat that was heard all around the universe, but it was not, his Dimension was going for its bounty.

Rowan had long noticed that the peculiar time-freeze effect that he had when he looked inside his two-dimensional world had erupted from within him and had frozen time throughout the entire universe.

Chapter 845: Unveiling The Universe Will

Freezing time in the entire universe was unexpected, but after thinking about it for a while, he understood why that had happened.

This should have been a method for him and the universe to battle without the knowledge of its inhabitants. If he wins and takes over the universe, no one inside it would have been aware at first, but the sweeping changes that would have inevitably followed as his power transformed the universe into his own image would have drawn the attention of everyone else, but by that time it would already be too late.

Everyone in the universe would become his own.

"BOOOM!!!!"

The next pulse that erupted from his position came with more force and traveled faster, stirring the Great Desert and causing countless mighty roars to erupt from its inhabitants, before slamming into the gate, and with a mighty groan, countless cracks, millions of miles in size spread across it.

This impressive gate was supposed to be indestructible, countless great powers had tried to shatter its protection to no avail, but Rowan's unique dimensional fabric was its nemesis. It was not about raw power, but its unique nature to supplant the defenses of a universe.

A brilliant light erupted from the shattered gate that spread all over the universe. Undoubtedly everyone in the universe should have become alarmed by these great changes if not for the fact that they had all been frozen in place, Time was still stuck.

Rowan nearly cried out as another great wave of power surged forth again from his body, far greater than the previous two combined and filled with an unimaginable yearning, it wanted, no, demanded its bounty.

"BOOOM!!!!!!"

The Great Desert was shaken, the wave of power drove its sands hundreds of miles into the air as earthquakes rippled through its core, the scream of rage from the desert was drowned out by the overwhelming crash as the final blow shattered the Gates of the Universe.

The power did not pause and surged into its heart, and at that moment Rowan saw everything. He saw the Will of the universe in the form of a gigantic tree cut down in its base, he saw the bones of a titanic worm, and sitting on the edge of the tree, even though wearing a new form, was the Third Prince.

Like everyone inside the universe, he had been frozen, but he had such a quick reaction to this change because he had a moment to look up in surprise before he was frozen in that position, but the power that was carrying Rowan's perception was regrettably not looking for the Third Prince, it came for something else and it surged into the base of the tree where it wrapped around a green sphere and pulled it out.

Rowan tried to direct his focus towards the Third Prince, the opportunity to catch this elusive trickster in a position like this where he was not in control was few and far between, and whatever had happened here, the Third Prince had been the one to benefit from it. He needed to kill him before the Time Stop ran its course.

Yet the power of his Dimensional fabric had only a single goal in mind and they had already taken their prize. Rowan groaned in annoyance, but he focused on the green sphere.

The understanding of what he just seized came to him—The Will of The Universe. It was a Third Dimensional Will that was the key to all the resources of a universe, including its Isle of Rest and all its children that had ever existed.

This was the Will of the Universe, and it was his bounty. Consuming it would allow Rowan to supplant this universe, dragging everything inside of it to become part of his Dimension.

If this was what the Third Prince was hoping to collect, then it was a good thing that he had retrieved it from him. From what he could see, the skeleton of the gigantic worm should be Fourth, clearly, the Third Prince was far more dangerous than Golgoth had given him credit for, and everything that had been happening had been following his design.

The Third Prince was always the most dangerous in his estimation, and Rowan's annoyance that for the moment he could not make a move against him increased.

Everything that was happening was out of his expectation and he was just following along for the ride. The instincts of his Dimensional fabric are taking over and bending reality to his purpose. His Dimensional Fabric back in Trion was already opening up, eager to collect his prize and become a Third Dimension.

A blinding flash of pain, greater than anything Rowan had ever felt before assaulted him, and the spell that he had over the entire universe was broken. His bloodline roiled as a massive wave of death and corrupting power surged into his body and destroyed a massive section of it.

This was the most grievous injury he had ever received and his body unconsciously recoiled in pain, and the Green Sphere flew away from his grasp and entered into the universe.

"I thought after torturing you for a million years you would have better manners. That is my prize boy, where do you think you are taking it!"

Rowan's senses reeled around in shock for a moment before stabilizing and the first thing he noted was that the power that was sent over to collect the Universal Will had been severed.

This shocking injury had shattered the frozen time all over the universe and everyone in the universe, from mortals, gods and demons seemed to awaken from a long dream as cold sweat ran down their brows.

It was impossible for them not to realize that something had changed. Rowan had not hidden his presence when he began his ascension and the area where he had been standing was a swirling mass of chaotic purple cloud that emanated such great power that the continent of Trion that was enduring the battle that could destroy galaxies began to shatter.

They had not even begun to wrap their minds about this new and powerful presence in their midst when a piercing cry in the depths of the universe reached them and the Universe Will that was shining brighter than any star in creation appeared.

Even the unenlightened understood that this was the greatest treasure in the universe. With a Universe Will in hand, they would automatically become the most powerful presence inside it. Able to stir the direction of the universe in whatever way they saw fit.

They could gain access to all the treasures of the universe, command Tribulations to strike against their enemies and be the masters of the fate of mortals and immortals alike. This was the greatest prize there could ever be, and it was out in the open.

Rowan's rage was cold, a single golden eye that had instinctively taken the slitted form of a serpent fixed on the Third Prince who was looking at Rowan with a complex look in his eyes, and with every conviction of his Will of Truth, Rowan told him, "You Will Die Today!"

Chapter 846: Rise

The eye vanished leaving the Third Prince squeezing his blade with apprehension. For a brief instant, he had truly felt the breath of something worse than death on his neck. Yet his anger dispersed this fear to the side, he had scanned through Rowan when he

saw him, and no matter how powerful a bloodline he had, the foolish child was still mortal.

Without an Immortal Soul, he could not carry the Weight of Will. The child had a nasty habit of causing surprises and breaking his plans, but he was still too weak to kill him, although he was surprised that Rowan had survived his blow for this long, he had struck to kill, and with his blade, it was only a matter of time before the brat was finished, but he had managed to cause quite an inconvenience for him before he passed.

The Universal Will was not supposed to appear at this moment, and whatever method Rowan had used, he had shattered his plans. The Third Prince's eyes squeezed in suspicion, he suspected that Rowan was just a tool of Elura and the Eldar, and she had been the one to shatter his plans once more.

He looked at the bones of Fourth, with the Gate of the Universe shattered, anyone with control of space and time could see his bones. He should have devoured or destroyed it, but he saw no reason to do so before, and now, the rest of his brothers would be aware of his deception.

His eyes went chilly, and he felt the presence of Rowan begin to diminish, but he was not quite dead. 'Good. He would discipline that child thoroughly, but he needed to correct some mistakes first.'

With a roar of fury, he shot after the Universe Will, there were already powerful presences flooding towards it. He needed to take it away before his brothers or some other meddling fool took advantage.

With a swing of his blade, a red wave surged out of it, traveling through space and time towards the powerful presences that were closest to the Universe Will, unlike Rowan, they did not fare well against the wave and were turned to dust, both in body and soul.

In a single move, three God Kings and thirty High Gods with their light shining brighter than the stars were all sliced in two, they could not even cry out in pain before they perished. Reality seemed to shudder and flee at the area of their death, painting the stars for a thousand light years, red.

The voice of the Third Prince thundered throughout the universe shocking all of creation, "Any being who lays a hand on my prize dies. Whether you are a God, Mage, or Demon."

Everything fell silent for an instant as if the universe was shocked by the death of so many powerful individuals in an instant, and then his challenge was answered.

The Tower Masters from the Supreme World of Mages shattered a corner of their Magus Realm and pushed it into the universe, giving them the ground to unleash all

their powers. Their light shone to all corners of the universe, and with their arrival, tens of thousands of Magus Tower followed them.

The chance to attain a Universe Will comes once in an Era, and there was no assurance that a Will would be present at the death of a Universe. This was a treasure that every Supreme World would fight for, the Third Prince's challenge fell on deaf ears.

The thousands of portals leading to the Great Abyss began to merge, as powerful demonic existences began to ready the passage for their entry into the universe.

The billions of demons in Trion fell to their knees with shrieks and roars, as the presence of their Kings filled the merging portals.

The appearance of a Universal Will had shown that this universe was no longer protected. The Third Prince had been hiding this knowledge from the rest of the universe by sacrificing the Emphyreans, now all his efforts were useless, and great powers began to converge on this dead universe like flies to a corpse.

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Rowan's fury was cold and in the moment before he vanished from his father's presence, he had seen that of the four Reflections, his father had killed the supposedly most powerful of them all. The weapon he held in his hand that had struck Rowan, shattering his hold over time, was one of the most powerful and strangest weapons he had come across.

That blow was wreaking havoc inside his Dimension, reducing a greater part of his power to dust. A quick scan showed that he could not fight against this power, anything he did would only be feeding it, and he would have to let it run its course.

It was a good thing that a majority of his power had been shifted inside his bloodline of Sheol which was in the shape of a coffin, and so, the blow was just wreaking havoc on empty space and scattering his Primordial Sea of Darkness.

This pain he was suffering was a reminder that he could never account for everything, his plans would never be enough, his foresight would still fail him, and the only thing he truly needed... was Power!

His recovery ability would be enough to take care of the damage instantaneously after it ran its course, but before then, he had other methods to bring his body to the Third Dimension. Rowan had never been fond of depending on a single plan.

However, for this plan to work, he must kill.

The universe was dead, its Will could no longer hold him back, and Rowan was free to unleash all the wonders and horrors he contained.

He could feel various powerful presence arising out in the universe, but Rowan had shifted all his concentration inside of him. It was time to take out all the trash, and anyone who stood in his way would be crushed.

He was still ascending to becoming immortal, but his tools were ready, his soldiers waiting, and his children were calling.

To resurrect an Angel from its dead state as an Angel of Char, Rowan needed to give them eyes. These eyes were being created every time his power grew, and they all rested at the bottom of the Primordial Sea of Darkness.

The eyes had to be activated with Soul Energy, each of them requiring a hundred thousand Soul Points to awaken. Rowan dimly remembered when a hundred thousand Soul Points had seemed like a massive investment for him.

His Soul Energy had become more refined as he evolved from a Soul Seizer to a Soul Reaver, and when he evolved again to an Avatar of Eve, owning the Palace of Ice, he could now compress a million Soul Points into a Single Soul Crystal.

With a single Soul Crystal, he could awaken ten eyes, and with those eyes bring back life to his Angels of Char.

Rowan's voice swept throughout his Dimension, rousing every being from slumber, and his bloodline of Sheol began to spit out all his children in anticipation of the coming battle.

His consciousness hovered above the mountain of Soul Crystals and he crushed them.

"Rise!"

The crack when he shattered a million Soul Crystals, echoed throughout the entire universe. This brought a pause in the upcoming conflict, but few took heed, their gaze all gathered towards the group of major powers around the Universe Will.

Chapter 847: Surpassing The Universe Will

Rowan retrieved his consciousness from the Soul Crystal pile, noting that there were just a little over a hundred thousand Soul Crystals left behind.

A dense wave of purple Soul Energy poured into the Primordial Sea and sank to the bottom where they began to awaken eye after eye. Making the corner of the Black Sea shine with a purple hue.

Upgrading his bloodline of Sheol to the fifth Supreme Circle had taken 1.5 million Soul Crystals, a million more than it took to get it to the Fourth Supreme Circle. In a brief moment, he had spent nearly all the Soul Crystals that had been accumulating in his Primordial Sea for the last four thousand years.

Every eye that awakened flew out from the sea and headed towards a waiting Angel of Char. The entire host had knelt with their arms clasped in front of them as if in prayer, waiting to be called into the Creator's light. However, Rowan was no longer awakening any Angel whose Resonance was not high enough to become at least an Archangel, but with the number of Angels of Char he had, there was no problem of not enough candidates at a higher level.

Eyes after eyes slammed into the bodies of the Angels of Char, causing them to ignite with bright red and yellow flames, and with a dull whomp, their wings burst out from their backs, shining as bright as the sun.

Their flaming Swords came alight, and they all awakened as fully mature Angels.

In a single instant, Rowan gave ten million Angels of Char their eyes. Their light pushed back the Primordial Sea of Darkness and the Angels of Char had to shade their eyes against the light of ten million awakened Angels.

With the upgrade to his Sheol Bloodline, every Angel of Char that was born had been cleansed of their taint, becoming fully mature Angels without Rowan having to wait for years for this process to complete, and he could immediately begin combining them.

From this batch alone, he could already see that he had enough resonance to create a Single Power and five more Sovereigns.

But... It was not enough.

Rowan wanted to cleanse the universe of the Reflections in a single go. For that to succeed, then he needed more power, and he had the tools he needed for that, after all, he had been saving them all for a moment like this.

He had many great Soul mountains from various immortals that he had killed over the years, and he did not bother crushing them because it would be too difficult at that time and he was patient enough to wait as the Primordial Sea slowly crushed them to pieces.

Four thousand years should have been enough to shatter all the Soul Mountains, but except for his Dimensional abilities, the rest of his bloodline power, including his Primordial Sea of Darkness had not been efficient, they were mostly paused in time and had needed Rowan's attention to accelerate their functions.

Most of the Soul Crystals that he had with him were what was gained from the slaughter and battle in Trion and the dead souls from inside his Dimension. Gaining nearly three

million Soul Crystals was not a bad haul, but for the battle ahead, it was clearly not enough.

Floating on the Primordial Sea of Darkness were thousands of Soul mountains of various sizes, most were as small as tiny hills, but two were truly massive, which were the Soul fragments of Caine and Ohrox the Demon King, they were hundreds of miles tall, and pulsed with power.

Rowan's gaze shifted towards the smaller Soul mountains and he seized hundreds of them, these came from mostly Minor gods and a few Major gods.

Of the six consciousnesses that he used as bait against the God King, five of them had resurrected inside their Pillars, and his cry of pain and rage had roused them from their slumber. With six consciousnesses back online, he began crushing the Soul mountains.

His six consciousnesses took the form of massive hands, and as he crushed the mountains of souls in their palms, a flood of Soul Crystals emerged from between his fingers.

The Soul Crystals with him began to jump, from a hundred thousand to five hundred thousand...

1,000,000

2,500,000

And finally settled at 5,300,000 Soul Crystals, after he shattered all the Soul Mountains of the Minor Gods he had.

"Still not enough!" Rowan growled and seized another batch of Soul mountains, these all came from Major Gods and he began to crush them.

He only stopped crushing Soul Mountains when he had gathered 11,557,889 Soul Crystals. For now, they would have to do, time was of the essence.

His consciousness took nearly ninety percent of all the Soul Crystals he had accumulated and he crushed a total of nine million Soul Crystals and began directing the energy towards the eyes.

This time the energy eruption from crushing all these Soul Crystals could no longer just be heard, but everything in the universe could feel it.

Soul Energy was a strange and powerful force that was far superior to anything that could be found inside a universe and outside of it, even the Primordials would be interested in this power, and for a long time Rowan had kept this part of his abilities

hidden, but the Aura from unleashing so much Soul Energy rippled out from him into the universe.

No one here except for select individuals knew what this energy was, but they could all feel its potential. This power could not just reshape the universe was every reality outside the universe. How could such a power exist inside a tiny universe?

The eyes of the Third Prince shone brightly, "So this is your No one here except for select individuals knew what this energy was, but they could all feel its potential. This power could not secret boy, such a waste, in my hands its true might would be revealed!" he forwent chasing after the Universe Will and turned towards Trion. He could no longer let this treasure he had set aside for so long escape his grasp anymore.

Suddenly the Universal Will was no longer the ultimate treasure before the eyes of the Major powers, the energy they were sensing from Rowan's position was just too compelling, filled with endless mysteries and allure, with this power they could become anything, do anything, achieve everything.

They all believed that a Supreme treasure that would shake every universe in creation was about to be born inside this insignificant universe.

At this moment the form of Rowan resembled a pulsing purple blob the size of a small house, and the energy escaping from the misshapen mass had even surpassed the Aura of the Universe Will.

Inside his Dimension Rowan was dimly aware of the commotion his awakening was creating, but he paid them no heed, he had not even begun his major transformations and everything was just starting up, if they were already shocked by this level of power, then by the time he was finished, they would be dead from fright.

He awoke another 90 million Angels, and his entire Dimension shone bright with so much light that a mortal would turn to ash if they glimpsed the light coming from the wings of a hundred million Angels, even a god would fall before their glory.

The light from their wings, quelled a bit of the rage in his heart, giving him focus and a direction to channel it.

His Voice spread to all the awakened Angels, his Will powerful enough to merge them in the right order.

"Begin Fusion."

Chapter 848: Feeding The Archangels

Rowan urged his consciousness to become calm. He was here, at the end of everything, after all the setbacks and the unknown challenges he had faced, he had the opportunity to break the chains held over him all his life.

Rage would not do the job, the Reflections of the Primordial of Evil had faced rage before and they had survived it. What he needed was a cold and calculating wipeout of his enemies. Every single one of them, even if he had to wipe out the rest of the universe to do so.

He set his mind to his task, time inside his Dimension flowed faster than outside, and he had the ability to make considerable changes inside him, but he did not have too much of it. Soon the eyes of the universe would fall upon him, and he would not be the one to blink.

Creating an Angel required a single eye, and he already had a hundred million Angel at hand, a force that could equal a hundred million Minor gods, yet his Angels were without equal in their Ranks, and even a Major God would not be able to stand against a single Angel and their wide array of powers.

This force was enough to sweep the entire universe clean many times over, but for the enemies he would be facing, they were not enough and he could take it further.

He had to make Archangels that required two Eyes, which meant he had to fuse two Angels that were originally supposed to have been a singular entity.

This process was called Resonance. Extremely powerful Angels could be born inside Rowan, but they would be scattered across multiple bodies, and he would need to fuse all these bodies for him to bring back the Angel to their original power.

Whatever led to the death of these Angels shattered them into fragments, and resurrecting them meant uniting those fragments into a single whole.

A majority of Angels would never surpass the Rank of Angel, they were born to be Angels, and would never leave that Rank, although Rowan's Angels were different because he could still merge them with other entities even with mortals, this process increased their potential, and up till now he had not noticed if it brought about any changes in the Hierarchy of the Angelic Hosts.

However, he considered that such changes would only take place after a long span of time.

Rowan had billions of Angels of Char to choose from and he made sure that every resurrected Angel had the potential to become at least an Archangel, and so in a single move, the hundred million Angels fused to their Resonance partner, beginning their transformations into becoming Archangels.

Rowan's Primordial Sea of Darkness should have been transformed into the Sea of Ambrosia after his bloodline evolved to Sheol and its influence over his Primordial Sea began to accelerate with every moment that went by. More of the Sea of Darkness was being transformed into Ambrosia, a powerful form of Aether with a deep connection to the Soul.

At this time his two Primordial Seas were separated half-and-half, one side of it was filled with darkness, and the other was filled with sparkling waters shining with every color in existence. In the darkness were his Angels of Char, and in the light were his awakened Angels.

The only reason this balance was maintained between these two Primordial Seas despite the influence of his awakened Angels and the City of Sheol was that with every new unawakened eye that emerged in the depths of the Primordial Sea, and every new Angel of Char that was born, the Primordial Sea of Darkness became stronger, increasing its depths and its ability to push against the Sea of Ambrosia.

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Every birth of an Archangel came with a unique sign that had shocked him the first time he witnessed it, but he has now become used to the sight. The hearts of the Archangels would be drawn into his Dimension, which was already stunning, but if you consider that their hearts were Celestial Suns, it would take the wow factor to another level.

Golden pillars of light and fire blasted out from the bodies of the Archangels, shooting to the skies and disappearing in the thick clouds above, and then they exploded. Each explosion expands into a Celestial Sun hundreds of miles in diameter.

The bodies of the Archangels were folded on themselves, their heads tucked into their legs, and wings wrapped around their bodies as if they were in deep sleep. To complete their Ascension to the Rank of Archangel, he would need to feed them. Just because they were now Archangels did not mean their growth was complete, like newborns, they needed the right fuel to reach their full potential.

Without his intervention, they might have taken millions, perhaps even billions of years to complete their growth, but Rowan had enough power to spare, and this process was cut short to minutes.

Previously Rowan had fed his first four Archangels with Aether from his Primordial Sea of Darkness, but now that he had a better alternative, he would not be giving these beings of light food from the darkness.

He commanded it, and the Sea of Ambrosia rose up in such titanic volumes that they would have drowned a star, and they covered the fifty million Archangels. It pulled all the Archangels below, pushing them to its depths where it began to nurture them. Every second that passed, billions of gallons of Ambrosia were pushed into the bodies of the

Archangels, and Rowan looked up where the fifty million newly born stars began to expand.

The power of his Sea of Ambrosia was so powerful that a few compressed drops were able to kill Boreas, although that situation had been a bit special, it showed the amount of energy contained in every drop, enough power to shorten a growth time frame of billions of years to a few short minutes.

From a few hundred miles in diameter, the Celestial Suns began to expand, pushing out so much heat and light that his entire Dimension began to heat up, pushing the surface temperatures to millions of degrees, but his Primordial Sea of Darkness began to release a black mist that cooled the Dimension.

His Dimension was nearly the size of a universe, but his Aether was sufficiently powerful enough to affect all of it.

Everything required balance, if he did not have the Primordial Sea of Darkness, Rowan's powers would sooner or later be corrupted and he would become an Avatar of Light, but he knew Light already had an owner, and he would never be a servant to a Primordial, even one as powerful as the Ruler of Celestials.

The suns in the sky soon reached their maximum limit, each of them averaging around 22,000 miles (ca. 35,406 kilometers) in diameter, although some of them were bigger, this would indicate that those Archangels still had room for growth.

Previously when he created Archangels and fed them with his Primordial Sea of Darkness, the maximum limit that the Suns had reached was 15,000 miles (ca. 24,140 kilometers) in diameter, although he had noticed that over time they had been able to grow to reach this level after standing inside the Sea of Ambrosia for all this years, it still confirmed his speculations that feeding his Angels with Ambrosia was the better alternative.

Chapter 849: Birth Of Power

The entire Sea of Ambrosia shone brightly as the entire dimension shook as fifty million Archangels burst out from the depths of the sea, they all stood more than thirty feet tall, their armor was a merger between gold and white, and with four large wings, these giants emitted power to crush the universe.

They had two large golden eyes on their bodies, disregarding the two eyes already on their face, one in front of their chest and the second fitted between the two pairs of wings.

Each one of them would sweep across any Major God in existence and could match and win against any High God. Below the level of God Kings, and Archangel could be considered invincible.

In a short few minutes, Rowan had multiplied his power base exponentially, and yet, this was not enough.

Rowan's Consciousness kept the Archangels in place, and he reached forward and began his next step in Ascension. Every one of them did not need to be taught about their abilities or their potential, as they were all born with innate knowledge.

Of these fifty million Archangels, three thousand two hundred and fifty of them were Sovereigns. He had made sure that their Resonance bodies were complete when he began the awakening process because he was pushing for a higher Hierarchy of Angel in this battle.

To create a Sovereign, it required Seven eyes. At this level, an eye signified a single Archangel, and so seven Archangels would merge to create a Sovereign.

22,750 Archangels stepped forward from the Hosts of Archangels, and they went to their Resonance partner. To become a Sovereign was not just a merger as Rowan had discovered previously, it required sacrifice, for you see, although all the Archangels belonged to a single Sovereign, they were all still different, each of them a unique individual that could stand out from the rest.

They bore the same name, but their character was different, even though their roots were the same.

To create a Sovereign, six of the Archangels must choose to give up themselves to a single one. The chosen one would rise, and the rest would give up their flames for the chosen's rise to Sovereign.

Rowan never bothered to know how they decided whom to choose among themselves, he left this mystery for the Angels alone, it felt fitting for them to make this decision all on their own, their decision was fast, and six Archangels surrounded the selected Archangel to be elevated to Sovereign.

It was in this manner that a group of 3,250 were created.

Rowan sighed, feeling a bit of melancholy, and then he gave the command. The six Archangels placed both palms on the body of the selected Archangel, and they began to pour their entire essence into the chosen.

The Celestial Suns above signifying their hearts began to shed their flames, channeling them towards the chosen Celestial Sun.

A solemn mood overtook his dimension, as the bodies of the six Archangels crumbled into light, and their Celestial hearts were devoured in entirety by the chosen Celestial sun.

The 3,250 Sovereigns that arose from this merger were more than two hundred feet tall, they were all heavily armored, and except for a few strips of white and purple embellishments, their armor was entirely golden.

Their Celestial Suns above were more than 200,000 miles (ca. 321,869 kilometers) in diameter and burning with a harsh golden glow that made the rest Celestial Suns look like tiny bonfires. His Primordial Sea of Darkness seemed to groan in pain, but it released a colder essence to neutralize the heat that could turn galaxies to ash.

They had seven pairs of wings that stretched for well over three hundred feet tip to tip, and each of them had a halo of power surrounding them that felt as if they controlled the space around them in its entirety. This sentiment would not be far off because a Sovereign was superior to a God King, and although Rowan had not seen a God Emperor before, he suspected that his Sovereigns might match them or at least be able to resist them.

3,250 Sovereigns would shatter an entire universe like glass. A single Sovereign would treat the Gods of Trion like grass, and they could match Demon Kings, this should make them nearly equal to Demon Kings and a step below a Tower Master, Rowan would need to put them against these two terrible entities to confirm his theory.

Yet, with all this power, it was not enough, he could still push for more!

He wanted to create a Power, and in this gathering of Sovereigns, there were two potential Powers.

This next rank of Angel was an unknown factor, it was just a step away from a Cherubim, and Rowan suspected that this was the highest power he would be able to unleash inside a material universe, and that was a big if.

There was a possibility that the presence of a Power inside a universe would destabilize it totally, but for the prey he was hunting, a Power would ensure that he could level the entire board.

Let his father and the Reflections scheme for billions of years, he had the biggest stick.

To create a power, he would require eighty-one eyes. This was not eighty-one Archangels, but eighty-one Sovereigns!

With two potential Powers, it meant he had to sacrifice 160 Sovereigns to create them. This was a sacrifice he was willing to make, and from the air of expectation surrounding his Celestial Hosts, they could not wait for the arrival of a Power.

162 Sovereigns stepped forth, their fifteen-foot armored boots shaking the space around them. From within their midst, two Sovereigns came forward, and they both bowed towards the presence of Rowan.

They turned to the hundred and sixty Sovereigns behind them and spoke, "Your Sacrifice Is Accepted."

As one the Sovereigns stretched forth their hands and seized their suns, and as they brought the suns closer to their bodies, they were all sucked inside of it, leaving large golden orbs behind that resembled eyes.

The Two Sovereigns left became incredibly solemn as they drew a massive blade from their side, and without any hesitation, they stabbed their chest and withdrew the blade, they did not stop their action but continued standing their bodies, even their faces a total of eighty times.

Their wounds did not bleed, and with a gesture, they summoned the golden orbs into their wounds and grunted with pain as they slammed into them with bone-breaking force.

The golden orbs began to melt and fill up the bodies of the two Sovereigns, who shivered in pain and fell to their knees. Rowan watched in fascination, as the bodies of the Sovereigns began to expand.

The golden orb had all melted, turning into a river of divine metal that was incredibly unique in all of creation. This metal entered the bodies of the two ascending Sovereigns and began rebuilding them from the inside out.

Their bones which were strong enough to support the weight of multiple galaxies, were strengthened again and again until the difference between their new bones and their previous bones could be compared to the difference between a toothpick and a bar of adamantite.

Two extremely frightening Aura burst out from the bodies of the Sovereigns as the entire Dimension began to shake, and before the amazed gaze of Rowan, his entire Dimension was turned to a shade of red, as two Celestial Suns burning red with the Flames of Penalty and more than three million miles in diameter arose.

"BOOOM!"

One of the Powers took a step, and his Dimension cracked in two.

Chapter 850: Born To War

The size of the rupture in his Dimension could not be encapsulated by a mortal mind, even a god would find it difficult to fathom this level of destruction.

Rowan reeled, the rip in his Dimension was as if someone had ripped his head in two and was fishing inside his skull. His consciousness shook before it stabilized and what followed was blessed relief, as if a cancerous pustule growing where he could not reach had been lanced.

The destruction of his Dimension was surprising to Rowan for a brief moment before understanding came to him and even without a body he still felt a chill run down his spine at how closely he could have perished without his knowledge.

"It is not the blade that you see coming that is truly dangerous, it is the poisoned needle in the dark."

Rowan was reminded of these words, as it would have been possible that he could have perished a few minutes from now without the intervention of his Angels.

The newly created Power had not made a move out of hand when he tore Rowan's Dimension in two but had focused on the most intense threat he had detected that was destroying his Creator from the inside. What the Power had truly attacked was the remnants of the Third Prince's attack.

Rowan grinned, he could respect a good move, the Third Prince had used Rowan's strength against him, "The tricky bastard was truly diabolical."

Rowan had a ridiculous threshold for pain and could compartmentalize his undertakings to focus on the essentials. If he was a mortal he could be solving a complex mathematical problem while his limbs were being sawn off.

The Third Prince's previous attack that had denied him the Universe Will was still wreaking havoc inside his Dimension, but Rowan had analyzed that in time it would lose its edge and fade away, and he left it to its own device as he focused on other things, trusting in his rejuvenating capabilities to handle the injuries after its power fades away.

He had been mistaken.

On the surface, the attack of the Third Prince had slowly been fading away as its energy ran its course, but that was a ruse. Whatever weapon that had been used by him contained a hidden quality he had not previously detected, the closest example would be a sort of venom that Rowan did not know about.

The venom had slowly been sinking into his Dimension, infecting and killing it while spreading out a numbing agent that prevented Rowan who was focused on the creation of his Angels from understanding what was happening.

Perhaps even if he had been focused on the injury, he would still miss the venom, because it was disguising its capabilities and the damage it was doing, killing him from the inside while everything that Rowan could sense was normal. This sort of sophisticated poison was beyond anything he had come across before, and there was a high possibility that the venom would only be detected at the last moment when it had already done irreversible damage.

The single blow from the Power had torn through his Dimension, destroying every bit of venom inside of it, and with access to his nearly unlimited Aether from both the Primordial Sea of Darkness and the Sea of Ambrosia he had healed his injuries in the next few moments. The massive tear in his Dimension sealed away in the blink of an eye.

Without more consciousness pillars, his body still felt unwieldy and mostly dumb, his ascension to Immortal would eliminate this weakness and Rowan placed this danger away from his mind, he was fighting a war and danger was to be expected.

Free from this hazard, Rowan was able to focus on the newly created Powers, and he allowed himself to indulge in the sheer might that was rippling from their bodies in unending waves. Even as their creator, he was awed by their might, and for Rowan that was not an easy thing to accomplish.

He sent his consciousness to brush against these two Celestial Titans and his Powers shuddered, before dropping to their knees, all four of them.

This action seemed to break a spell as every Angel, from the mighty Sovereigns, bright Archangels, and his staunch Angels all fell to their knees.

The light from their wings was reduced until it resembled dull embers, they were all waiting for the command from their creator. None of them stirred, but the tension in the air could be cut with a knife. This was the reason they were created, to share the Creator's light with all of creation.

Rowan regarded his Powers, unlike every Angel he had ever created, the form of the Powers was not humanoid, but nearly animalistic. They were massive beings, even on all fours they towered for well over eight hundred feet, and lengthwise nearly two thousand feet.

They resembled a cross between a lion and a velociraptor, with a large metallic mane that resembled a tangible halo surrounding their head.

Heavy yet sleek golden scales covered every inch of their bodies and on their backs were eighty pairs of mighty wings, and on each wing were a single eye pulsing with Celestial power.

Each of those eyes could act independently and could command a host of powerful Celestial spells and they could work together for massive fusion spells that could tear apart creation. With eighty pairs of wings, his Powers could achieve speeds that would leave teleportation behind in the dust.

Yet Spells and magic were not their main weapon. A Power was known for one thing, which was as its name indicates sheer power and endless might. Their four feet were like heavenly pillars and were tipped with thirty-foot golden claws that could cut through anything.

Their backs were strong enough to carry the universe, and every motion of their bodies carried such intense weight it generated its own form of reality around them, a cloak of force that should be nearly indestructible.

Rowan could see that the muscles on their back legs and shoulders were more defined, clearly, if the Powers wanted, they could choose to stand on their back legs; their claws could also grasp as well as any hand could, even better. Anyone who thought they were nothing but beasts would be in for a rude awakening.

Divine muscles covered every inch of their bodies all filled with such strength they could demolish everything in sight.

Powers had access to a nearly infinite number of Spells, but a Power mainly used their implacable strength to crush everything.

However, their presence could not last long inside a material universe before the sheer density of their Celestial Musculature would act as an ultra-massive black hole, attracting every matter around them for light years and crushing it to nothingness.

They would have to be kept inside his Dimension in times of peace because of the sheer destruction they might cause, but these were not times of peace.

Rowan observed that they seemed much closer to Golems and inanimate statues than living Angels, as they were beings of pure Celestial metal and fire, and even their wings were metallic.

An Angel, Archangel, and Sovereign could bleed when inflicted with enough damage, but a Power could not bleed.

The names of his two foremost children came to Rowan, and he called out to them,

"Malik, Nakir, my Powers, my wrath, you are born to a War, one that I want to be ended swiftly."

