

The Primordial Record

Chapter 851: One Blow

Rowan Will pulsed throughout his Dimension, and the flames inside his Angels brightened, the millions of Celestial Suns overhead began to rotate before disappearing deep into his Dimension, bringing light to the darkness.

The two Powers arose, standing on two feet, and their animalistic aspect seemed to transform into something extremely noble, they now resembled beastly knights. The single large eye in the middle of their head lit up like a star, and their mouths opened, filled with sharp golden fangs.

There was a red glow at the back of their throat that showed that they were filled with nothing but energy and flames, and their voices shook his Dimension, they spoke at the same time, their voices blending to appear as one.

For such frightening creatures, their voices were beautiful, meant for the greatest of songs and the most haunting of melodies, but the strength inside it could not be denied, their battle cries could transcend a universe, although a Power was not a general, it was the cornerstone in any Angelic Host, performing functions that even Higher Order Angels might be incapable of.

Generally, their position in an Angelic Host was to be either Guardians or Hunters. Their incredible strength would shatter even the staunchest of foes. Rowan was counting on this ability.

"By Your Will, Creator," a massive blade of red flames appeared in their hands, and they clasped it, bringing it up to their head as if in salute, "We shall wipe the universe of every filth who desecrates your Will."

Rowan's consciousness smiled as his evolution to the Fifth Supreme Circle was finally completed and he became Immortal. Hundreds of Consciousness Pillars began to hum as they came alive, and Rowan's perception spread out from his Dimension, at first it covered the entirety of Trion, and then the Galaxy, and in a breath, the entire universe.

He observed the entire state of the universe at this moment, everything seemed frozen in place when accounting for the speed of his perception, and he took note of every player on the battlefield.

There were far more powerful players than he had expected, but they were just distractions, his primary focus was on Golgoth, the Third Prince, and the mysterious last Reflection, he already had a clue about where the last Reflection could be residing after

a process of elimination, but he was not worried that the Reflection would hide for long, not at the end of everything.

This battle was too important, and they would never allow Rowan to destabilize their plans.

Rowan's consciousness pinpointed the Third Prince who had just broken into the Empire-controlled territories, moving faster than the speed of light and would be arriving on Trion in two seconds.

From here, Rowan could see that his eyes were filled with desire, and it confused him for a brief moment before he understood that although he had shown his father a lot to be scared of, what he would be concerned about was mostly his potential.

Like Golgoth whom Rowan had tricked with his weakened consciousness, few could understand how quickly he could grow stronger given the right conditions, and the Third Prince had fallen into that trap of complacency.

Although Rowan could see the reason for his confidence, the Third Prince was a different beast than the fat and smiling figure of before. Now he resembled Rowan with long black hair and wore a scarlet robe. He was no longer controlling the distorted form of Intent and Rowan could feel the pulse of Will surrounding his speeding form.

Interesting.

He was no longer holding the poisonous blade, but Rowan knew that he could easily retrieve the weapon anytime he wanted. He remembered the ache from the destruction caused by this weapon and it aggravated him, but Rowan did not understand that the blade he was stuck with was a reflection of a Primordial Weapon, perhaps if he understood he would still not care.

Furthermore, he had seen Primordials battle, and if the Third Prince was foolish enough to think what he held could compare to a Primordial, then he was woefully misinformed.

Rowan placed the Third Prince opposite the Gods of Trion in the sense that he had enormous knowledge, but not enough power. If he had struck Rowan with a thousand times more force and delivered more venom into his Dimension, he would be dead before he understood what killed him.

'You are supposed to be a heavyweight, why do you hit with the strength of a child?'

Instead due to his weakness, he had just allowed Rowan to become much stronger, and he would not be making the same mistakes as his father.

"We start with him," Rowan pointed out, but then his gaze spread all over Trion and he knew he should begin the elevation of his Third bloodline as soon as possible, and he gave the command in passing, "Rid Trion of every filth."

The large purple blob that represented Rowan's body began to slowly expand, pulsing as if it was going to explode in the next second.

A quiet whooshing sound swept by, and the Third Prince appeared beside the purple blob and he smiled,

"My dear boy, are you hiding and licking..."

"BOOM!!!"

A sudden pulse of power erupted from Rowan's position which shattered the entire continent. In that instant, Rowan killed two-thirds of every mortal being who was on the continent, every Mage, Demon, or Dominator that was unlucky perished instantly, and their entire ships, Towers, and Fortifications, all of crumbled to dust.

The only reason a third of the mortals survived was because they had been shielded by the body of the Third Prince who had stood beside Rowan when he unveiled his might.

This force flung the body of the Third Prince into space and he slammed through all the moons of Trion that were coincidentally in a straight line, shattering all of them into dust; his body was pushed deeper into space where it blasted past hundreds of planets and suns until he was hundreds of light years away, he only stopped when he slammed into the surface of a sun.

He had been repelled faster than he had arrived and the path of destruction created by his body tearing through the universe could be seen, as reality had shattered like glass for hundreds of light years.

The entire universe paused in shock. Several powerful figures who had been trailing behind the Third Prince came to a screeching halt as the shock wave of the power that erupted from Rowan's position stunned them all.

The Third Prince tried to stand up and staggered to his knees. He brought a hand to his nose and wiped away the blood, he spat out a few loose teeth and looked up in astonishment to see a massive golden hand smash him into the sun with a million times more force than he had just experienced.

The Third Prince's cries of shock could not even be heard before he was blasted to pieces that were smaller than atoms.

The shock wave from the force that destroyed the Third Prince erupted like nothing the universe had ever seen, and the entire Galaxy that housed Trion was shattered to pieces.

Trillions of worlds, multiple billions of stars, mortals, and every Immortal below the God King Level perished.

The only world that existed in this dead galaxy was Trion, and in a shocking twist, the mortals that survived the first blow against the Third Prince still lived, while thousands of Immortals outside Trion were dead.

A single blow from a Power had ended a galaxy.

Chapter 852: Immortals Falling

The shockwave that had shattered the galaxy had spread faster than even light, and it could almost be said that it happened in an instant, but that was far from the truth, calculating using the mortal standard of time, the galaxy was destroyed in a twentieth of a second.

When the galaxy-wide destruction ceased, it left a perfectly round sphere of nonreality. A space that was not filled with anything, because every single essence had been stripped away. If the universe had been alive, its blood would have flooded out of this grievous wound, and reality would have slowly begun to heal itself, but now, this region would remain in this manner.

Although this universe was young, barely seven billion years old, it had faced its share of war and destruction, but none could match this scale.

The shockwave as it turned out was not a byproduct of the attack from the Power against the Third Prince, it was deliberate and strictly controlled, the fact that only Trion survived the destruction was another testament that everything that perished was according to the Will of the Creator, and this was just a means to an end.

The shattered galaxy was a hundred thousand light years in circumference, this scope of distance was impossible for a mortal mind to encapsulate and the amount of death and destruction that had swept through such a wide area in a brief moment was deeply unsettling... at least for a mortal or a god.

For a being like Rowan, he knew there were more than three trillion galaxies in this universe alone, and although destroying a single galaxy was a feat impossible for most gods and mortals, it was just a small part of the overall equation of creation.

Just like his enemies, the pieces they controlled were no longer small. Worlds to them could as well be dust, and their armies viewed the universe as the size of a large field.

The Power roared, the sound could not be heard in any auditory spectrum, but it could be felt in the soul, its form was invisible, another of its terrifying aspects, and apart from Rowan, his creator, Malik, the power that had just destroyed this galaxy could remain invisible to everyone else, except if he wanted his prey to see him.

He had shown the Third Prince its claws before shattering his body until there was nothing left, because the Creator wanted him to see his death, although he feared that this opponent was not dead, only subdued for a while.

Meanwhile, Malik curled around a hard lump of essence that would make adamantite resemble a ball of cotton. Shattering the galaxy was just the first part of its attack, its purpose was for Malik to gather every single Essence of Creation in a hundred thousand light years radius, his attack had not ended, he proceeded to compress it using nothing else but strength alone into a fifty-foot lump of gray metal.

As ridiculous as it sounds, the Power had squeezed an entire galaxy into a fifty-foot nugget.

His multiple wings spread wide and yellow beams of Celestial spells poured down on the compressed essence until it glowed as brightly as the sun, but because Malik had wrapped his body around his creation, like him, it was still invisible to everyone.

With a flourish, he scratched the final pattern on his creation and he blew on it, making it vanish as if it had never existed.

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The Universe Will was located millions of light years away from Trion, and when the Third Prince struck Rowan, he had not bothered to control the path where the Universe Will was launched.

At this moment the green sphere was surrounded by several powerful figures including Tower Masters, and the newly emerged Demon Kings, there were also shadowy figures in the area who stood in front of the gods, and even God Kings had to stay behind them. These figures should be the elusive God Emperors who were said to be more legends than truth.

Three of these legends were here, along with four Tower Masters and three Demon Kings, they had all been preparing for the battle that would decide the owner of the Universe Will, and behind them were thousands of powerful figures, Archmages, Demon Princes and God Kings, all of whom had carried their armies along, the least powerful here were High Gods, Demon Generals, and Rank 5 Archmages.

They had all felt the surge of Soul Energy erupt from Trion, and they had sent their representative over to confirm what new treasure had been born in that strange world when it happened.

Even for beings of their power, the destruction of the galaxy happened too fast and the manner it occurred was so strange because none of them had detected any movements of energy. It was as if the galaxy had just chosen to vanish by itself, only a few limping God Kings and a Demon Prince who survived showed that indeed the galaxy had just been crushed.

They had barely begun ascertaining the reason for a galaxy-

wide destructive event when a faint ripple enshrouded the Universe Will and it disappeared in its place was a glowing rock that was emitting so much gravitational pressure it was similar to a black hole.

They had all covered the Universe Will with their Auras, and it should not have been possible for the treasure to have been taken in front of them, but their opponent seemed not to be playing by any known rules.

Hundreds of Rank 5 Archmages, Demon Generals, and High Gods who were carefully following behind their superiors were dragged screaming towards the glowing rock and although they used various spells and techniques to escape the pull from it, one of them, an Archmage was too slow, and her body touched the ground yellow rock.

The rock vibrated and turned from yellow to a brilliant white. Silas Black, one of the Tower Masters that entered the universe muttered to himself in shock, "Celestial Descent?" he jammed two of his fingers together seizing reality in between them, and covered himself with it like a cloak, it was just in time as the rock turned black and imploded.

The implosion was like the descent of multiple supermassive black holes, creating such intense suction force that it could be seen from every corner of the universe, as a space more than five hundred thousand light years in diameter, rippled and was drawn towards the center of the implosion.

From afar it resembled a large eye blinking.

Luckily the Universe Will was in a barren corner of the universe, yet several surrounding galaxies were affected by this suction force, breaking their pathways through the universe as they were drawn towards the implosion which had claimed the lives of every Immortal surrounding the Universe Will that were below the God King level.

There had been several tens of thousands of Immortals that had surrounded the Universe Will in the hopes of acquiring any benefits by luck or opportunity, and when the implosion ended, leaving a harsh scar in reality, only fifty Immortals were left.

This death toll was incalculable, in less than a second, more Immortals had died here than in the last three billion years.

Malik grasped the Universe Will in his claws, looked around the universe one last time and he vanished. The presence of Rowan on Trion had also vanished as well.

'If the Creator wanted to complete his Ascension,' Malik thought, 'Nothing in the universe or outside of it would stop him.'

For a moment, the universe was silent, before cries of rage filled it.

Chapter 854: Aharis

Andar had become suspicious of any activity from this Tower Master after he had compared the appearance he had now and the vision shown to him by Rowan, plus the lies he told everyone about the origin of this universe made Andar walk around the matters of the Tower Master as if the floors were made from eggshells.

Everything inside him was pointing towards this terrifying planet, somehow he knew that everything was tied up in this world of monsters.

He could not refuse the orders of a Tower Master and he went below. He had never fought in a major battle such as this, but he had partaken in many simulations of warfare that had transcended the universe that he was born into, but nothing prepared him for what he would discover on Trion.

Dominators were stupidly powerful, and what was most shocking was that all of them had the impossible Rank of Earth god, billions of Earth gods on a world was shocking but not too terrifying after you consider the effect of time and preparation but that was different when every Earth god was equal to a Rank 9 Mage!

An average Earth god outside this planet was similar to a Rank 7 Mage or even a Rank 6 Mage if the bloodline of the Earth god was poor, and so a Rank 9 Mage was considered invisible in the universe below an Archmage, but every Dominator here threw such concept aside like thrash.

What amazed him further was that if not for their nature that had reduced them to a race of bloodthirsty fiends they could be stronger, nevertheless, he was not disappointed in everyone he found on the planet not living up to their full potential.

Their six most powerful Earth gods which should be equal to Rank 9 Mages, had battled him to a standstill. Their bloodline power and control stunned him, and he almost felt as if he was fighting against six Archmages with different specializations.

They were old monsters having lived for tens of thousands of years, and had a seemingly inexhaustible amount of Aether and fanciful weapons and techniques.

Andar wondered in dumb shock if every single Dominator on the battlefield had been able to access this amount of power without the weight of madness and bloodthirstiness on their mind what would have been the outcome if they were allowed to spread outside Trion? Was this the reason the Tower Master wanted to destroy this world?

From the files he had read about this planet, it would seem that there was a bloodline lock on every Dominator apart from the six here fighting him, and Andar wondered if the price for breaking that lock was the madness of their civilization.

He needed answers, the curiosity burning in his heart had gone beyond the machinations of the Tower Master, and now he needed more data to work with.

Andar silver eyes shone like a star and a gargantuan pulse of pure Aether erupted from his body shattering every technique from the six Ancestors that surrounded him and pushing them back for miles.

A long gray staff emerged from his sleeves around eight feet in length and impossibly thin, not measuring past three inches in circumference. The head of the staff was in the shape of a Light Devourer, resembling a shrieking raven with wings folded around its body.

The entire length of the staff was made from the tentacles of the light devourer erupting from the back of the raven and curled around its legs, descending below and twisted around in a mystical fashion that boggles the mind, but still unerringly maintained the shape of a straight staff

Andar named this staff Aharis, which means Light Bringer in the ancient language of the Titans after he discovered that the Light Devourer was from the bloodline of Titans.

Unlike every other Mage who made their staff from the most powerful mystical item they could find that could fit their specialization, Andar did not need to look afar to discover his own.

When he reached Rank 3 as a Magus, he developed the ability to begin materializing part of the Light Devourer into reality, and like all good Mages who love to cheat the system, Andar found a way to make this process a semi-permanent affair that would let him control the powers of the Light Devourer without losing his still fragile mind when using the powers of an extremely powerful Outer Universal creature like the Light Devourer.

A Magus Staff was one of the powers unlocked by the Spirit Matrix when they reached Rank 3, but none of them had ever constructed their Staff using the essence of their Meditation Art, it was not considered to be even possible.

His staff was still so thin because he had to be careful about the amount of the materialized Light Devourer he was bringing into reality, and at Rank 4 this was the most he could control. He should be able to fully materialize the Light Devourer in reality after he became an Archmage or perhaps even before then, Andar did not truly know his limit.

Also, due to the unique nature of a Magus Staff, he was essentially duplicating his Light Devourer inside his Spirit Matrix and was not truly pulling out the essence of his Light Devourer, and so by the time his Magus Staff was completed, Andar would essentially be controlling two Light Devourers.

The moment he brought out the staff from his Endless Vault, all light disappeared from hundreds of miles as Aharis laid claim to it, and the six Ancestors were frozen in place not even capable of moving a finger, six impossibly thin strands of winds, lightning, and darkness, moved around their bodies and squeezed them right, as Andar cast the Rank 2 Low Order Spell, Storm Clasp with a single word

This Spell, disregarding the low ranking that should not have been capable of holding individuals with the power of Archmages, was not even meant for the battlefield, it was built for the laboratory to assist the mage in holding several volatile materials in place while interfering with their makeup as little as possible.

Andar was a scholar at heart, and the few spells that were at the tip of his tongue were all related to studying reality and its mysteries, only he could use them as battle spells effortlessly.

Andar felt he had learned everything from these Ancestors, their moves were powerful but lacked originality or depth. They were used to being the hardest hitters on the planet and they never learned to fight with any degree of creativity, but they were oh-so full of delights, and he could not wait to unearth the mystery in their bloodlines.

Andar waved his hands dragging hundreds of Dominators from the six bloodlines on the battlefield towards him, already he had created a platform of ice and was incredulously going to begin experimentation on the Dominators.

Above him reality shook and shattered as the Gods of Trion battled against Archmages and Demon Princes, and below him were the cries of Mages and Demons battling against Dominator, and in their midst was Andar, who began his experiments.

Chapter 853: Andar and Nivi

"Shielding Module at 75%. Multiple Sources of Level 9 and greater threat detected. Recommend immediate evacuation. Spirit Matrix Warding Zone reduced by 1.002%. Recommend Spatial Minutiae movements. Triads..."

"Why should I leave when things are just getting interesting?" Andar sarcastically interrupted his CSA (Companion Spirit Artifact) – Nivi. He already knew most of the information she was about to give him, and it always irritated her that her usefulness was relegated to an unwanted announcer, although Andar felt she was closer to his family member.

One of the many offerings given to him as a sign of his present station, one of them was of his first experiments with his master even before he became an Acolyte, Nivi, his CSA.

Andar had created this CSA with the hopes that one day he would become a powerful mage who would build his personal Magus Tower and one of the essential pillars of any Magus Tower was the Spirit Artifact that managed it. They would grow alongside the Mage, although most Mage choose to build their CSA at Rank 7 because they would have access to more specialized materials, Andar had begun his own even before he unlocked his Spirit Matrix.

For that reason his CSA acquired certain odd traits, in their inexperience they made his CSA too sentient, giving it all the characteristics of a young girl. Andar saw no reason why this change was unwelcome, but Nivi began to change after seeing how other CSA behaved, deciding to speak in a more robotic manner.

Andar lets her do her own thing, knowing she will soon grow bored with it and choose to remain herself when she understands that Andar would never have any reason to change her. Why would he ever want to do that?

Creating Nivi had been his attempt to fight against his despair from the fear of never attaining the esteemed station of a Mage, and he was surprised and incredibly when the Governor of the region where he was born had brought the entire Spirit Module that had kept this CSA before fleeing for his life with his master, he had thought it would have been destroyed by the angered Mages chasing them.

Although Nivi was a rather rudimentary CSA with weird behavioral fractals grafted to her Core, Andar had spared no expense in creating a specialized Aether merging fractal for her that could merge her with his revised Aegis Rune that held his Cloud Whale.

Cloudy was now happy that he had a new neighbor, a rather sharp-mouthed CSA. But the Rank 7 Cloud Whale was a gentle giant and was quite unflappable. Andar's ever-growing essence and Aether had pushed the evolution of the Cloud Whale to a ridiculous degree, and only a vast amount of stabilizing essence treasure fed to the Cloudy had ensured that it had not mutated into an abomination with his insane rate of growth.

The greatest Cloud Whale on record was a Rank 5 beast. Cloudy would soon reach Rank 8 and there was no sign that his ascension was slowing anytime soon, Andar's

essence and Aether were so pure and powerful that it was almost as if the beasts were merged with a powerful Archmage.

Many things had happened to Andar after he was chosen to bear the fate of the Mages in the universe, the primary one being that Andar was now a Rank 4 Mage in less than six months.

Given the vast resources of the entire Magus World, he had been able to collect extensive amounts of Vitality Sources, and with nothing holding him back, Andar began his elevation as a Mage in rocket speeds, averaging an increase in Rank every two months.

The Light Devourer inside his Spirit Matrix was nearly insane with happiness with the sheer amount of Vitality Essence Andar had been ingesting, and it actively assisted Andar in merging with the Endless Vault, increasing his efficiency in unlocking higher floors and the creation of more Spirit Matrix Tiles.

With all the resources he was now able to collect, he was capable of pushing his Meditation Art to heights never seen before in the Magus World, and as a Rank 4 Mage, Andar's sparring partners became Archmages, they were the only ones who were capable of pushing him to the limits.

Time and time again they all reminded him about how special he was, even compared to the scale of every universe in existence. The so-called divine geniuses could maybe fight two or three ranks higher than their own, and for this reason, they had specialized groups and rankings devoted to the showcase of their talents.

None of them could ever imagine fighting an opponent that was a Higher Order than them, every common sense instilled in them knew that it was impossible, but creation was vast, and there were outliers.

Every single Archmage was once one of those frightening geniuses and they had been repeatedly humbled by Andar's progress and power.

The stars all mourning for a mysterious figure had shaken Andar from whatever pride might have been sneaking into his heart and the sudden call for war on a strange planet called Trion had pushed his focus into overdrive.

He had traveled with such mighty forces that Andar had grown a bit suspicious, from the information that he had received, this planet had barely been surviving against three Archmages and two Demon Princes along with their small forces for the past million years, what could warrant such high levels of deployment against them.

With his status, he had discovered that this order had been given by an esteemed Tower Master, Silas Black, master of the Black Tower.

Knowing there was more to this battle than should meet the eye, Andar had become careful in his actions, while taking this trip as a valuable training exercise. Mira and his mother had followed him on this trip, and he had made sure Mira who was a Rank 2 Mage stayed behind in the safety of an Archmage Tower that would be floating outside the planet for the duration of the battle.

Andar had felt the wrongness when he had neared this world. It was easily the biggest planet he had ever seen, and in the distance, it glinted like ruby, but he knew this was not the color a healthy planet should carry, and he was not wrong.

When they got closer to the world, he discovered that the shiny red was nothing but clouds that were filled with blood. Weaker Mages could not sense it, but the moment Andar entered Trion he went white, as the most intense feeling of disgust ravaged his senses.

The Light Devourer inside his Spirit Matrix was going crazy with equal amounts of dread and disgust. Whatever was inside this world was beyond wrong, it was an abomination.

That sentiment was proven to be correct when he saw their enemy. Dominators. He had read about this glorious race and its immense power, but what he saw was nothing like that.

They had their power, but they were no longer people, they were living aberrations that had no right to exist in a sane universe. Their gods were worse, shining beacons of depravity and madness that made even the Demons from the Abyss appear to be tame.

Andar had despaired when he saw their enemies, he was not eager to fight them as he almost felt they should be cleansed from orbit rather than engaged in close combat as the Tower Master had insisted.

Chapter 855: She Is Beautiful

A world-ending war was ongoing and Andar knew he did not have much time to experiment, but carving just this small amount to satisfy his curiosity was viable.

With his position, he did not need to be here and he could retreat and advance whenever he wanted. He judged that the danger for him was still within manageable levels and he could proceed without much interference, the darkness that Aharis created around him should shift prying eyes away for the time.

It was a simple thing to wrap all the abducted Dominators with the Storm Clasp Spell that he expanded to hold all 653 Dominators he had taken including the six Ancestors.

He frowned in irritation when, unlike the captured Ancestors who were silent and attempting to break out of the spell which they would find to be futile, they had power but it did not equal to his own, the rest were screaming crazy obscenities, their red eyes filled with nothing but madness, Andar sealed their entire heads with ice. Earth gods do not require breathing to live.

If possible, he wanted to take these Dominators with him to figure out further secrets behind their powerful bloodlines that could stand toe to toe with a Magus Supreme bloodline.

He sliced through their chests with scalpels of wind and extracted all their hearts. He remembered to apply anesthetics before beginning his experiments, so none of them were even aware that their hearts were gone until dozens of seconds later. Andar had never luxuriated in pain.

Nivi had gone silent when Andar had easily imprisoned all six Ancestors and when he took out the hearts of hundreds of Dominators and began taking them apart as he fell into deep deliberation while muttering to himself, the CSA shrugged, now fully accepting that her master was a monster and began humming a popular mortal song, "You're a heart stealer, a home wrecker...", and cursed aloud when the Cloud Whale began humming along with her.

Andar slowly dropped a heart and a portion of the brain of a Dominator aside and paused in shock as he discovered that every bloodthirsty Dominator here indeed had the capability of reaching the Earth god level and a shackle had been created to stop them from becoming gods, he shuddered, thankfully that did not come to be as their essence had become corrupted, mixed with tens of thousands of similar essences that were compatible only on the surface level.

Every individual is unique even though they have the same bloodline. Merging all their essence in one person was the most wasteful and brute-force method to increase their powers, it was as if the gods of Trion saw their children as expendable pawns.

Andar saw Dominators as similar to Dreadbeasts which were occultic creations by a Foul power outside the universe, and if his discovery was correct, they forcibly reached the Earth god level in less than a month after they cannibalized the essence of their fellow Dominators. Andar recoiled in shock, and the wrongness he was feeling from this world only increased in intensity.

He knew that such a technique was not available inside this universe and was even rare considering the scale of the many universes in the Great Darkness.

"What the fuck is going on here?" in one of the few times in his life, Andar cursed aloud.

He suddenly felt a sudden wrench on his insides and the Light Devourer in his consciousness screamed as every sense of danger in his heart multiplied by a million fold and his gaze was dragged towards the depths of the universe.

He had experienced this feeling before, so he knew when Time had stopped and resumed. The last time he had felt it left him in awe, he had felt nothing but a sense of idolization before the figures who could control a supreme power over a concept as ephemeral as time.

Andar discovered that what he had tasted back on the Black Tower was nothing. It had only focused on the Black Tower and if he was not wrong, what just happened here had frozen Time around the entire universe!

'Something has changed, the universe is no longer the same.' Nivi was screaming inside his consciousness but Andar could barely hear her.

His body acted before his mind caught up, Andar needed to see what could command such great powers, and he could sense a tremendous amount of vitality deep in the universe that was calling him.

His eyes were too weak to see such an incredibly far distance, and he borrowed the eyes of the Light Devourer using his staff. He closed his eyes and the frozen eyes of the Light Devourer flared silver and Andar could see into the depths of the universe.

He saw a green sphere that was throbbing with an impossible amount of vitality. He could barely even look at it and only observed its Aura, and just from looking at the Aura, he could sense the vitality in his body beginning to overflow, pushing him toward the next Rank!

Andar forcibly looked away, the astonishment in his heart reaching a feverish peak, he had read about the Universe Will, and if he was not wrong...

"Andar.... Andar, are you seeing this?"

Mira's excited voice broke him from his reverie and before he could reply, he felt another pulse of power, one that was much closer to home.

Andar shivered and fell to his knees, it was impossible to describe this power he felt erupting from the surface of Trion, but it had shut down all his senses. Andar prided himself on being able to accept every input and stimuli from reality, but this power had overloaded this ability, and he knew he had to shut off his senses or he would perish.

He began to bleed from all his orifices and he collapsed on his ice platform. He could hear the frightened cries of Mira as if in a distance, but everything seemed as if it was covered in deep fog.

Andar could not stop his body from sensing this power, and he realized that it was killing him, his talent had flown him too close to the sun and he was going to melt. If nothing changed then in sixteen seconds he would die.

He was surprised that at this moment he did not feel fear, only an odd sense of peace. There was something about this power that made it seem all right that he was dying to it. It was as if among all the ways he wanted to die, this one would be his choice.

He could hear Aharis cry in sorrow, or was it Mira?

"Andar, baby, please stay with me, I am coming for you...

please..."

The screams of Mira came slowly, he could hear in the background her cries of anger and shock, she wanted to come down to Trion but she was being restrained.

Andar struggled to tell her it was okay, but his blood had filled his lungs and he could only turn and look at the skies. His eyes were too weak, so he borrowed the sight of Aharis, and he could pierce through space so he could see Mira, and she felt his gaze making her stop fighting, she turned towards his presence and she smiled.

Andar smiled back, "By the seven towers, she is so beautiful." He wanted to tell her that she was the most beautiful woman that he had ever seen. That he would hold her smile dear in his heart even in death.

There was a sound that was impossible to describe, but he saw in clear detail the Tower carrying Mira... he saw hundreds of millions of Mages that should have been safe outside Trion.... He saw... He saw...

He saw it all end. But it was just the beginning, the entire galaxy followed.

Andar never knew that you could feel it... the weight of death.

Chapter 856: Ruler Of Reality

Rowan estimated that he had forty-seven seconds before he found himself adrift outside this universe, and all around him, reality screamed in rage to express his anger, although he remained silent as he sank deeper into Trion.

He did not find such an outcome to be strange because he had always maintained a balance between his bloodlines to prevent such an event from occurring, at least he wanted to be the one to make the decision when he leaves the universe, and this moment was not a good time in the slightest.

It was the reason the first action he took after completing the elevation of his Angelic Hosts was to command Malik, his Power to bring back the Universe Will, crushing the physical shell of the Third Prince to nothingness was just a welcomed bonus.

The blow from Malik was not simple and the Third Prince would soon discover the reason Powers were feared throughout creation.

Rowan willed his body to slow its descent into the earth but it was difficult, like trying to row a boat using a spoon, but with his plentiful consciousness he had many spoons, and he was able to delay this process of expulsion for a while extending his time by two seconds.

The bloodline of Sheol was a power that should not exist inside a material universe, and he had been containing it with his Ouroboros bloodline which shared a strong link with the material universe, after all, it was a bloodline born from Chaos itself, and the universe could tolerate its existence better than Sheol.

With the complications arising with his Ouroboros bloodline and his transformation into a dimension, he had no choice but to continuously boost his Sheol bloodline in order to attain more power, although he had always understood that if he wanted to remain inside the material universe for long, he would need balance.

According to his previous plans, he should have gained a measure of balance when he evolved to a third-dimensional entity, but the Third Prince had shattered those schemes, and Rowan had to adjust.

It was a painful setback, but it was rare that his first plans ever came to fruition the way he wanted, he just smoothly adjusted his plans as the situation progressed and continued.

His Power Malik had not only retrieved the Universe Will, but he also killed two-thirds of every Dominator on Trion, killing two birds with one stone. This should be enough Aura for him to be able to enter the real Trion with part of his consciousness to further his bloodline growth.

He had thirty-nine seconds left.

The Sheol bloodline gave him a body that he referred to as his energy form which resembled a gigantic humanoid figure that was pure darkness and contained millions of stars inside of it. His energy form could be mistaken as a piece of the starry sky if he stood still.

That should be the form he should have taken after becoming an Immortal with the bloodline of Sheol, but due to interference with his Dimension which remained at the second level, he resembled an enormous shapeless purple blob, as large as a mountain range and heavier than anything this universe could support.

The universe was already dead and it could not expel him, but he was too 'heavy' to be carried by it.

His body sank into the depths of Trion, this was all according to his calculations, and he had to struggle to remain inside the universe for his ascension to be complete.

His many consciousnesses worked in tandem and he released thousands of amorphous tentacles that drew upon essence from the material universe to create sharp tips that he could plunge deep into the earth slowing his downhill slide outside the universe, but every move from him was crushing reality and Trion alongside it, even though he was trying to keep the destruction to a minimum since Trion was the only planet in the universe that could barely support his weight.

Rowan body broke through a certain portion of reality and a deep groan echoed all through Trion that was transmitted deep into the universe which shook the foundations of the universe. From all around his massive amorphous flesh, massive geysers of black decaying blood erupted hundreds of miles into the air.

This blood was like the most potent acid that had ever existed and in less than fifteen seconds, it had eaten through the planet, and from afar Trion now resembled a donut made from rocks and magma, it could barely be regarded as a planet.

Rowan grunted in frustration as more of his tentacles shot out from his body and began to encircle what was left of Trion. He just needed to reach the Rune to connect to the Nexus.

Part of his body blocked the tear leading to the deeper corners of the universe to stop its dead blood from spewing out and shattering all that was left of creation, poisonous as it may be, but it was very useful to him.

As he struggled to keep himself inside the universe, part of his body broke through its reality and he saw the outside of it. He released multiple tentacles with large eyes to expand the scope of his vision and once more he saw the Great Darkness.

The last time he was here, he was barely out of the second Supreme Circle, and his senses were not capable of understanding everything that he saw and it had appeared to him like a space that was almost solid but was filled with endless streams of Primordial energy, the most prevalent of course being that of Chaos.

Rowan had drunk from that energy of Chaos and set off a chain of events that led to him becoming a Dimension and coming across new enemies and treasures. No matter what happened that day, he did not regret his decisions.

Now he understood that what he had seen at that time was just a tiny slice of the iceberg. His body had protected his fragile consciousness. With his new eyes, he could finally understand to an extent the essence of a Fourth dimensional space.

He could also see beyond that, glimpses of dimensions beyond the fourth, but it was still too much for him and he shifted his consciousness back to observe what he could see in this dimension and he finally understood why every Third Dimensional universe was sought after and the unique protection they all carried, and the answer boggled his mind, almost distracting him from the ongoing war.

The entire Fourth Dimension outside the universe belonged to Chaos. He could see multiple universes floating inside the Fourth Dimension, and with his new sight, he stopped counting when he passed fifteen million. So many universes and all are contained inside the Fourth dimension of Chaos.

The Fourth Dimension of Chaos was not at peace. There were multiple Fourth dimensions that due to the imprisonment of the Primordial had been able to attach to his dimension and like ticks, they latched onto it, consuming its resources.

These various Fourth Dimensions could only harvest unique resources that were born inside the Third Dimensional universes of Chaos, and they all carved out a portion for themselves.

The reason for it became clear to Rowan in a short while. Mortal life could only be born inside a three-dimensional space, and Chaos was the ultimate ruler of Reality itself, and his presence has forbidden anyone else from creating their own Third Dimension.

Chapter 857: Inestimable Loot

When he considered this thought for a moment, it finally solidified the reason even his Dimensional Fabric had to consume a Universe Will in order to be able to evolve to the Third Dimension.

Rowan would be doing something that everyone else thought would be impossible, and he would be stealing a Dimension from Chaos itself.

It was not hard for him to see the root of this ability when he looked deep into his powers. The Chaos Engine that allowed him to harvest Worlds was an ability given to him by Chaos himself, and after Rowan wiped away his Will, this ability no longer had any barriers stopping it from achieving its full potential.

This was what led to the surprising event where Rowan was going to be consuming a World Will and stealing a portion of Chaos's Dominion.

That thought had barely crossed his mind as he looked at the vast array of various Fourth-Dimensional powers that were feeding off of Chaos energy, and he felt a bit of pity for this shackled Primordial, but this did not stop him from quickly analyzing everything he was witnessing.

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Rowan had once thought he had seen multiple infinities when he exited the universe for the first time and now he realized that this was just one small series of infinities, hidden inside a larger Fourth Dimensional Infinity of Chaos that was surrounded by multiple infinity infinities!

The multiple streams of Primordial power he had first seen were because other Fourth dimensions belonging to Primordials and different powerful entities were connected to Chaos Fourth Dimension, and it was the reason the power of Chaos was so prevalent inside the Great Darkness.

Rowan now understood that The Great Darkness was the name of Chaos's Fourth Dimension. This was the Dimension where every Third Dimensional universe existed. Outside the Great Darkness, there were no more universes.

'Perhaps this was the reason the Chaos Blood, or the Children of Chaos had been able to survive all this while. It was because they were shielded by their father's Dimension, this also solidified the final portion of the mysteries behind Trion, the Nexus, and the so-called resurrection of the Primordial of Evil.

It was complicated and still extremely simple, but Rowan realized that for a plan that had been ongoing for many Eras, it was not too surprising that they could pull off miracles.

And as interesting as it would be to spend time taking apart the mysteries behind Dimensions, another pressing matter was upcoming.

The death of this universe was like a dead body that had gone ripe in the heat, and like all putrid carcasses, it had begun to attract flies and carrions.

Every major power outside the universe was always waiting for moments like this when Chaos Third Dimensions became vulnerable, and they would strike. Rowan had previously thought he had more time before more parties could interfere, but as it turned out, he would have to revise that number to something smaller. Fuck.

At this moment the powers assailing the universe came from Demons and Mages, but it would not remain this way for long. The death of the universe was open season for all, and more powers than he could count alongside their armies had begun to descend on this place like an unstoppable storm.

Rowan would have to finish his business inside the universe before they arrive, or with the chaos that would ensue, he would not be assured that he would destroy all the Reflections of the Primordial of Evil and shatter all their plans.

Inside the universe, his tentacles had fully covered Trion, giving him the appearance of a freakish thousand-arm octopus, this much support finally gave him enough leverage to push himself out of the depths he was sliding into and steady his massive body, he slowly pulled his bulk out of the tear in reality and began maneuvering his way to the Rune to open the Nexus, which to the Rowan was just a few inches away from any direction.

An armored figure appeared in front of him, but compared to the present form of Rowan, it was as tiny as an ant, and only Rowan's vast consciousness allowed him to notice that it was the God King, Golgoth.

He was wrapped in dark lightning arcs and held his terrifying weapon the Gaping Undoer, even though he was fully armored, the rage could be easily felt.

The God King pointed his weapon at Rowan and roared, "Who are you and wha..."

Whatever the God King was going to say turned out to be meaningless as Rowan slapped him away using a single tentacle, and he breathed a sigh of relief as another of his tentacles touched the spot where he had first infiltrated the Nexus.

Aura Field Claimed: 1.00897222100%

A little over one percent, but it was enough. Rowan pushed multiple consciousnesses into the Rune surrounding it with the energy he had gathered from killing billions of Dominators. It was barely enough to hold three of his consciousness, but he would have to make do, the majority of the Aura was housed inside the bodies of the Gods of Trion.

Fifteen seconds left.

Inside his Dimension, another massive change was happening as the Universal Will was wrapped with hundreds of massive purple hands that took it deep into the foundations of his Dimension, and for a short, while everything remained quiet, and then there was a bright light flashed and Rowan who was struggling to remain inside the universe settled and his amorphous body began to take shape.

With the help of the Universe Will, he was finally completing his Third-dimensional body.

A vast amount of information was streaming into his Dimension, and his entire Dimension began to expand so quickly that his Consciousness was left behind for a fraction of a second.

His Dimension had previously been the size of three hundred thousand light years in circumference, a majority of those spaces were unused and empty, and with the current expansion of his Dimension, that space had multiplied to three million light years in circumference and it was still growing.

Countless vortices began to arise inside his Dimension, and they all led to darkness, like fireflies, millions of blinking lights began to arise inside the vortices, and Rowan realized that those lights were all stars.

His Dimension was beginning to consume this universe!

Rowan's multiple consciousnesses calculated the present expansion rate of his Dimension, the amounts of vortices being created, and the amount of Universal matter they could absorb, and he discovered that even with all these advantages, it would take him at least ten years to consume the entire universe.

Obviously, he could not wait for this amount of time to pass, he barely had a single day to finish his battles before the rest of creation descended on this universe.

The universe contained trillions of galaxies, and unaccountable amounts of stars and worlds, and those were just the treasures at the surface. There was greater bounty beneath, like its Isle of Rest that contained Bloodline Sources and so many more mystical locations.

This amount of loot was nearly inestimable.

So Rowan did what he was increasingly becoming good at. He decided to cheat, but he needed his Ouroboros bloodline to be at the Immortal level first.

Chapter 858: Changing The Game

The vortices that appeared inside Rowan's Dimension also appeared in the outside universe as their roots were connected with the universe from which they all their essence into his Dimension, and as Rowan feared, it not only collected the stars and other heavenly bodies, it was also a direct passage to his Dimension.

A passage that he had no control over, and anyone could easily enter. For the first time since this battle began, Rowan had become truly vulnerable, and if his enemies were in any shape competent, this would be the right time to tear him to pieces.

The shock from Malik's raid would not last before they would venture inside this vortices that was consuming the universe and all its wealth. It would not take a genius to figure out the connection between the stolen Universe Will and the ongoing events.

Rowan's consciousness whirled around furiously, this was the time to control the actions of his enemies and buy every second he could for his Ouroboros Bloodline to be Immortal, only then could he fully be complete.

His advantage was that none of the invaders currently inside the universe, the Mages, and Demons knew who he was. Even the God King must believe that Rowan was dead, due to the fact that when Rowan had made a move and destroyed two-thirds of every mortal on Trion, Golgoth had destroyed the last head of Rowan in fury before coming into Trion where Rowan had blasted him deep into the universe.

Except for the Third Prince and the last mysterious Reflection, no one else should know that Rowan was the mysterious entity behind all the deaths and destruction. Although there was a chance the Reflections would reveal his status to the Mages and Demons, that possibility was rather slim, there were secrets here on Trion that they would like to keep out of the eyes of a third party.

Yet he was aware that if the Reflections knew the true depths of his ambitions they would cast away all forms of civility and attack him with every weapon in their arsenal. All the years he had spent investigating Trion and staying undercover was finally paying off, his enemies still did not understand who he truly was.

With this in mind, Rowan knew the greatest method to delay their actions was to keep himself shrouded in mysteries for as long as possible, it was a shame that the levels of his enemies were rather high and therefore their experience was vast, so he would not have as much time as he would like.

'No matter,' Rowan thought, 'I have always swum against the tides.'

The first unwanted visitor he had inside his Dimension was an Archmage. The female Magus fought her way through the heavenly bodies shooting into his Dimension and looked around in avid curiosity and a healthy amount of fear.

Rowan had begun to cover his entire Dimension even as it expanded with great amounts of fog that was so thick it was almost solid. He did this by vaporizing a vast stretch of his Primordial Sea of Darkness.

His Dimension was now incomparably cold and shrouded in mysteries, it would easily kill a Minor God who did not focus on their defenses.

The Archmage was at Rank 5 and she was covered by dozens of powerful defensive artifacts and spells, some of the spells were far more powerful than she was capable of making by herself, of course, it did not help her when a Sovereign appeared beside her and drove a massive flaming blade through all her defenses. Stabbing her more than ten thousand times in a fraction of a second.

Any form of defense she had over her body was destroyed far more quickly than she could recover them, and she could barely rotate her Spirit Matrix to block the attacks before they turned her to ash leaving her haunting screams behind.

The Sovereign was very efficient, each stabbing gesture he made might seem simple but he was shattering all the barriers and artifacts that had shielded her body, and since they were plentiful and very diverse, he had to use different methods to ensure he destroyed them as quickly as possible.

The Sovereign vanished from this position, flapping his wings with such power that he reappeared millions of light years away almost instantly and began to attack a new intruder.

The Archmage was not the only one that entered into his Dimension, presently there were more than fifty-three million vortices that were open all over his Dimension, and in the first fifteen seconds, there had been well over seven hundred incursions.

His enemies might be unaware of who he was, but they were trying to reverse that oversight as quickly as possible. Rowan thought that he had killed the scouts they sent quickly enough, none of the scouts lasted past a second before they were all destroyed by his Angels but Rowan knew it was just the beginning.

Like him, the Mages and Demons were under time constraints as well, they were the first comers into the universe but before long, other powers would be descending into it. He could imagine the anger and desperation in their ranks as an unknown third party was gaining all the benefits while they were played like children.

Rowan expected that they would start releasing their big guns soon. They should understand by this time that he was a threat that required an extreme amount of power to face.

He felt his bloodline of Sheol shiver in excitement and Rowan was shaken by what happened next inside his Dimension.

Since he upgraded his bloodline of Sheol to the Immortal level, he had quickly checked its properties and although there were a lot of changes and improvements in his powers, he had judged that it did not bring any new card to the table that could rapidly shift the battlefield in his favor, but it turned out that he was wrong.

And the implications for this new ability of his was far more terrible than he had imagined.

Inside his Primordial Sea of Darkness Rowan was surprised to see several hundred Soul Mountains appear as Sheol consumed the souls of every Immortal that was slain inside his Dimension.

He knew this should not be possible.

Rowan had begrudgingly accepted that he could not take the souls of any Immortal that was born from a Supreme World because they had tied their souls with the Will of their

World, and if he killed them he was only destroying the corporeal flesh and not the essence of their lives as he could easily do with any god born inside the universe.

He had been able to harvest the soul of the Demon King Ohrox because he had taken his Soul Origin away from the Great Abyss to perform his experiments on enhancing his talents and none of the Archmages or Demon Princes he had killed had truly been slain.

Of the many Immortals that were slaughtered by Malik in the outside universe, Rowan had only harvested a small portion of their Souls, these souls were most likely from the unlucky gods who had ventured into this conflict where they were nothing but ants, but the rest that died were only banished to the Great Abyss and the Magus Supreme World and he knew they would return in a short time.

However, the presence of his Dimension and an Immortal-level Sheol bloodline had just changed the game.

Deaths for these Immortals from the Supreme Worlds used to be a game while inside the Third-Dimensional Universe.

Well, it was no longer.

Chapter 859: Bargain And Answers

Any Immortal that was killed inside of it, no matter if they were members of a Supreme World or not, would all perish inside of it.

This change brought about an increasing level of stakes that was not previously present in this world. The threat he represented had just escalated from annoying to fatal.

Rowan had not expected such massive changes so suddenly, but he adjusted his plans, what would come next would be a far different battle, but it should buy him a little more time.

His perception swept past the expanding Dimension and frowned when he noticed that although the materials being sucked inside of him were precious, they did not fit in with his overall essence, that should not be a problem because, after a short while inside his Dimension, every essence would become converted to his own.

However, at this moment it would cause nothing but chaos and interfere with his ability to smoothly channel his power throughout the Dimension. Already he could feel his Sea of Ambrosia and Sea of Darkness slowing down as millions of chaotic essences began to mix with them.

The battle that was to come would no longer be fought with kids gloves and these new changes would complicate his ability to channel his power as effectively as he wanted, Rowan immediately channeled a lot of his consciousnesses to find solutions to this issue.

This chaotic essence was Aether from the universe. A million or even a billion Immortals put together would never have even a billionth of the Aether present inside a universe, and this universe had hundreds of times more Aether than an average universe.

For anyone else, this amount of Aether was a blessing as the universe's unique Aether was extremely nourishing to life, and was a valuable source of currency. Rowan had Soul Energy, and he did not need such a secondhand form of energy, it served as nothing but an unneeded complication that could be fatal if left unaddressed.

Rowan as a Dimension could hold this amount of Aether if given the time to digest it, but he did not have that time. This could end up benefiting him in the long run as his Primordial Seas would expand quickly enough to fill up the new size of his Dimensions.

Previously Rowan wanted to keep his bloodlines and his Aether to be extremely pure, but he had seen the end of that path. had shown him that no matter how pure he kept his bloodline, he would still be stuck as an Eight-Dimensional entity in the future, he would be above everyone else, but still beneath the Primordials, bloodline purity was necessary, but it was not the answer.

However, it did not matter if he had changed his mind if he did not find a solution to the hindrance caused by this unneeded Aether entering his Dimension.

Also, Rowan feared that even if his Angels had been able to kill the intruders quite quickly, they should have been able to send enough information to the outside world that would show that survival was possible for a brief moment, and if that was the case he should be expecting company.

He was not wrong, as the first of their heavy hitters smashed his way into his Dimension. Blowing apart hundreds of stars and thousands of worlds, this being did not hide as the others did before, why should it?

It was a Demon King.

"A new domain of Chaos?" the voice of the Demon King rumbled, "Impossible! Of all seven hundred fractals of demarcation and separation placed by the Celestial Court, nothing should escape their shiny gaze."

Rowan rolled his eyes, 'Great, we have a historian.' Then he paused as he contemplated that perhaps information had not spread as quickly as he had presumed.

This Demon King was too brash, and almost every Immortal that had just died inside his Dimension were Mages, if he knew those sneaky bastards, they would have withheld the true deaths of their Archmages from the Demons in order for these savage beings to test the water for them.

Even if the Demons suspected that something was wrong, a Demon King was supposed to be invincible, even death was difficult to come by for a creature that controlled Will.

The Demon King inhaled and dragged a vast amount of cold fog with his many heads and coughed in irritation as they irritated his throats and vanished from his chest to reappear all around him, blocking his vision, but he must have noticed something as he chuckled,

"Oh, but I see your shiny wings hidden inside the veils of darkness. Does the Celestial Court wish to go against their ancient pacts? If that is the case I want to know the Creator who goes against the Absolutes, you should come to the Great Abyss, you would make a fine Demon. Trust me I can get you a good deal." the Demon King crooned.

He had the shape of a gigantic eagle with eight heads and three serpent tails. He had no feathers on his body and his skin was pale and filled with sores. His cunning eyes looked around him with avid lust and growing expectation.

There was no fear in his eyes and Rowan became amused. He would not refuse the meal that entered his mouth, he was an accommodating host but he had his limits.

"What do you say?" The Demon King shrieked, irritation beginning to paint his tone, "You are surrounded and you know it, soon every force in Creation will descend on this place and take it apart unless you bow."

Hearing no answer, the Demon King sighed and spread his featherless wings, wishing to explore more of this place before others swarmed into it and then he screamed in pain as three Sovereigns appeared around him and they attacked.

In a flurry of moves too fast for him to properly react, they pulled off his wings and sliced off one of his heads. Only his speed and intuition as a Demon King after many Eras of conflicts had saved him.

However, that was the most he could achieve before he lost this battle.

What followed was a butchery. The Demon King was powerful, but against three Sovereigns, he was helpless, the Angels all worked with seamless cooperation.

One Sovereign blocked, diverted, and canceled all the spells the Demon King created, and another used multiple large flaming blades the size of buildings and sliced through

the body of the Demon King, prioritizing the tails and the heads, the last stopped his mobility, even without wings the Demon King could still fly, but he could not run for more than a few miles before he was butchered, his body parts were scattered for miles and his dead eyes could only roll around in a daze before the light of life left them.

"You are making a mistake. I will return..."

Rowan's consciousness seized his Soul, "No, you will not."

Another massive Soul Mountain grew inside his Primordial Sea of Darkness and with the lessons learned from killing Ohrox, Rowan began sealing the Soul Mountain using the dead blood he had harvested from the universe.

Special Soul Mountains like this that contained Will was far too valuable and should contain resources that could enlighten his path in the future.

He dedicated a dozen Consciousness to sealing the Soul mountain and he watched his Dimension finally reaching its full size of half a billion light years in circumference. Still far smaller than a universe but larger than any living being supposed to be.

Others controlled the power of a Dimension, but he was the Dimension itself.

Chapter 860: Come Forth My Children

If killing the minor Immortals that entered his Domain did not alert his enemies to the inherent dangers that were present in his Dimension, then the disappearance of a Demon King would do the trick, and they would not know what to expect. This should buy him a little time to push events forward.

He expected that there were extremely few methods to destroy a Demon King, and those of equal powers in the Great Abyss would have surely sensed the disappearance of such an esteemed figure. There were a limited number of such valiant powers in the Great Abyss, and the death of a single one would shake the Great Abyss.

He suspected that most would believe that the Demon King was trapped because he was not truly dead but sealed. It was the reason he did not go out of his way to kill the Demon King at the moment. Unlike any Immortals that he had slain, killing a Demon King would cause so much commotion that he feared it might attract the attention of a Primordial.

It was a delicate dance to find the right balance between causing just the right amount of damage to be effective and not overdoing it and outplaying his hand

With the inevitable descent of his enemies into his Dimension, he would first need to set up his defense and then plan how he should handle the chaotic essence flooding his Dimension. If he wanted to win this war, he could not be held back by such a crutch.

At this moment too much of his consciousness power was focused on filtering the overwhelming amount of Aether flooding his Dimension and separating them from his Primordial Seas.

He could not pursue the issue of his defense and concentrate on finding the solutions to this problem at the same time. It was a good thing that as a Dimension, he had residents, and all of them would arise to defend their home when he called for them.

"Come forth my children."

His voice rippled through his Dimension. Rowan's consciousness assumed the form of a gigantic golden eye that was as large as a star. With the expected birth of his physical body, he loathed to assume any humanoid form at this time, if he was going to appear before his children in his true body, then his form would be one that would no longer change.

At this time, they would all have to see one of his eyes.

His call pierced through his Dimension and shrouded the tens of thousands of worlds that had been born inside him. He could see that his children had been preparing for war for thousands of years.

He had given Eva access to his three Chambers, and she had not disappointed him. She had copied the features from the most powerful weapons and armor he had gathered and with Knowledge Well she had taken the best parts from those weapons of war, and using Hollow Forge, his armory was filled with unique weapons that would shake creation.

Although all his worlds were kept in a state of peace, martial might was respected as one of its foundations, and he had birthed mighty warriors and heroes without numbers. They heard his cries as a glowing pillar of white and blue light slammed against the surface of all his worlds.

Like ants, his children raced towards the pillars of light, entering it, and being transported before him. Even though they were in haste, they still matched with singular intent and harmony, their discipline born from having Angels as teachers.

In the blink of an eye, hundreds of millions of beings were arranged before him, their numbers stretching deep into his Dimension, the bright light of his Astrolabe flashed as millions of beings kept adding to their number until they reached half a billion, and still, his children were arriving, drawn from every world he contained.

The most powerful among them, all their preparation for the day they were called for the defense of their Primogenitor and their home.

Rowan was not an entity that craved the suffering of others. His Worlds were powerful, but they were also a paradise that could never be found in a normal material universe. His children came to defend him as well as their home.

At the front of this army wrapped in cold darkness and purple fire was the Lady of Shadow Eva, her presence was not loud, but it was everywhere, weaving through the darkness and complementing his light.

Rowan immediately felt a large amount of the load he was holding fade away as she took charge over a large portion of his Dimension, aiding him in filtering the great amount of Aether flooding into his Dimension, and by her side was the smiling figure of Lost, who after all these years remained a child.

He had a necklace made from large beads, each of these beads was the compressed essence of the Lost Flames. Due to certain complications in this Omnipotent Aspect, Lost could not grow stronger, and he made do with gathering his essence and compressing it with the knowledge he learned from the Great Sages.

On the other side of Eva was Diane, who after all these years had become a fully actualized Spell Weaver of the Seventh Weave controlling a Power that was similar to that of a God King. She was the shiny star amongst Rowan's children, catching up to the strong and exceeding them and everyone else.

Of all the Spell Weavers, she was the strongest, reaching heights in a short four thousand years that had stunned his myriad worlds. As the handmaiden to the Creator, her light was further enhanced, and in her golden armor, she glowed like the sun.

Standing beside Diane was Maeve whose green wings were open wide and shimmering with emerald lightning bolts and a shell-shocked Circe, whose eyes scanned behind her as millions of powerful beings were added to the army.

More than ever she questioned her presence in the midst of this Divine Army, the power she felt erupting behind her kept growing until her heart stopped beating in fright, and she could only watch in shock and horror.

Cradled in her arms was the sleeping Lightning Kirin, who was no longer black but now snow white, with large Runes of lightning on her forehead.

This was the vanguard of Rowan's army, Eva presence was a firm rock that everything revolved around, and behind them were the three Great Sages from the Mountain and Sea Realm, their bodies which formerly contained vast amounts of their homeworld essence were now different, over the thousands of years they had begun exchanging their essence for Rowan's golden Eruption ability.

The Three Great Sages, Han Li, Ni Tian, and Sparrow now had a golden glow surrounding their body, as his Eruption essence pulsed inside them, creating images of both destruction and creation.

They assumed their full stature, standing hundreds of miles tall, but their presence could not overshadow the Lady of Shadow whose darkness continually grew until it created a massive rune that expanded with the arrival of every soldier. Their feet rested on the massive purple rune that throbbed with power, imbuing everyone who stood upon it with the strength and fortitude to stand before the might of Rowan's gaze.

With the Will of the Lady of Shadow, all of Rowan's children would be able to stand before their creator.

Chapter 861: By The Creator's Will

The Great Sages looked at the expansive Dimension in awe, but their gaze could not help but fall on the Eye of Rowan. The power they could sense from inside of it was terrifying, vast, and boundless, and they knew that they were lucky to be here.

This was a power that was worthy enough to fight for and to die for.

Rowan scrutinized these Sages, it would seem that his Eruption ability from his Ouroboros Bloodline was more in line with the Cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm for they alongside his children of the Ouroboros pulsed with this power.

There were already twelve gods born from this bloodline and they stood beside other powerful members of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Previously there were three, but with the onset of the war, those that had been holding back their realm decided to break through.

Rowan's single eye shone in satisfaction as his children exceeded a billion in number and more were still being added. The defense of his Dimension was no longer a fool's hope.

The majority of his army came from the Mountain and Sea realms followed by his Children of the Ouroboros from the thousands of worlds he had seeded. The gods he created from the bloodlines of Trion were behind and they swallowed in awe before the majestic sights ahead of them.

They knew their new master was a powerful figure, but knowing and witnessing this power was something else entirely. The weakest members of this army were them, and they were all gods!

When Rowan's Children reached more than a billion, the Dimension shook as the lights from Astrolabe increased in intensity, and from it, the massive beasts and Spirits born from his bloodline who had inhabited all of his worlds began to appear. Like their humanoid relatives, they all exited in an orderly fashion, like a true army.

Their sheer numbers crushed the billion humanoids that came before them and their sizes were colossal. Billions upon billions of beasts and spirits of the earth, air, water, fire, and thousands of diverse elements, of all shapes and sizes appeared, and the lights of Astrolabe were shining so brightly that its glow filled more than a hundredth of his Dimension.

Standing in front of this enormous army with their number nearing tens of billions was a gigantic white dragon the size of a moon, Vraegar. Rowan smiled internally, this dragon knew how to make an appearance.

Vraegar was hungry for fame and the recognition of his father, and for the past four thousand years, he had not relented in his efforts to grow strong, and with the strength of his back and the sharpness of his claws and teeth, he had conquered all the beast in the realm and he was granted the title of their ruler. The Dragon God.

Vraegar's mighty head looked around, smiling when he saw the size of his armies compared to those of Eva; he spread his wings that were so massive they could hold hundreds of worlds on it and he roared.

The sound wave traveled for millions of miles, crossing across endless armies of Rowan, ruffling feathers, scales, and armor. Boosting the bravery in the hearts of everyone and imbuing them with his unique gift of plunder.

Anyone with his gifts would not only harvest the lives and vitality of those who they fought, and there was also a chance to steal their wealth and resources, regardless of where it was hidden. As a tiny dragon, Vraegar had even stolen from Rowan, and as a Dragon God, his rascal traits had multiplied to the extent that they became part of his powers.

Even Eva dreaded fighting this dragon, for its gift of plunder was so annoying, that it could anger anyone to death. When it seemed as if the gathering had reached its peak...

There was a loud trumpet and above his armies, millions of Celestial Suns appeared.

"Vrooshh!!!"

Celestial flames rippled through the ranks of Rowan's children as millions upon millions of Angels, the weakest among them being Archangels appeared overhead, with wings spread wide and glowing like stars.

They all held spears of flames and their armor radiated such great Celestial Light that it illuminated the billions of Rowan's Children, creating a diorama where the darkness of Eva's Rune was below the army, and the Celestial light of the Angels was above them.

A weight settled on the entire Dimension and then,

"BOOM!!!"

The massive Celestial Suns of his two Powers appeared and painted his entire army in a shade of scarlet. Creating a trifecta of colors, white, red, and black.

Their gigantic form appeared beside the eye of Rowan and they bowed to him before they rose up to their feet and their voices rippled before the gathered army.

"All Worship The Creator!"

The sound of the army falling to their knees resounded throughout the Dimension.

Except for Eva who Rowan had told never to bow to him, nevertheless, she bowed her head before his glory, and her eyes twinkled. Lost did not bow, he was attempting to climb on the bodies of the Powers and he was failing, his body was reported to a random part of the Dimension anytime he reached a million feet near the Powers.

If the Powers noticed this rascal, they gave no indication.

If Rowan had the eyes of a mortal, he would be sure that he would feel them tearing up. He was no longer a mortal, but his feeling of joy and satisfaction rippled out from his eyes and it touched every one of his children, and they could no longer hold back the fervor in their hearts.

As one, they slammed their right hand to their chest, "BOOM!!," Then they cried out their love to the Creator,

Malik frowned and wanted to stop the rabble but he was nudged by his brother to allow it. The cool voice of Nakir entered his consciousness, "Leave them be brother, it is a good thing they stand before the presence of the Creator. It will be the greatest honor in their life, let them savor it."

Malik sighed in irritation, "But their voices... There is no melody or rhythm to it. Their uncultured screeching is an affront."

"On that brother, I agree with you, but you can also hear it, can't you? Even in this rabble, their love is pure, they would gladly lay down their lives in defense of this Haven."

Malik's gaze swept through the Dimension, "It is a paradise alright, even if it is the beginning of one, the promise is here. They would fight for it, for I know no other Creator who would give any boon to his children without asking for everything in return."

Nakir smiled, "Although I admire their optimism, don't you think it is time to show them what a true cry to the Creator is?"

Malik was silent for a while, "No, let us give them this day, the battle ahead is long and hard, and when it is over, it will be the voices of Angels that signal its end."

"By the Creator's Will," Nakir whispered.

Malik also whispered, "By the Creator's Will."

Chapter 862: Understanding The Enemy

Like a wave that continuously rose without falling, the voices of the Children of Rowan rippled throughout the Dimension and escaped through the vortices into the material universe where it transformed into a horrifying sound that swept through the cosmos.

This should not be possible, the vortices were meant to collect the essence of the universe and not release anything in return, their makeup should make such an action highly improbable, but the Lady of Shadow had reviewed all the details of this conflict, and she knew what Rowan needed was time, and she could buy time by making the dead universe sing.

Her Will had seized partial control of the vortices and she channeled the roars of the army, merging them with the death cries of the universe that had lingered unheard, perhaps a part of the Universe Will still held its grief, it gave out all its pain and joined the voices and what emerged from the Vortices was a dreadful sound that led to madness to anyone who chooses to listen closely.

The Third Prince had just materialized his body and he cursed as he was promptly turned to ash by a burst of red flames that seemed to have merged with his essence. This had happened well over thirty thousand times and when he remade himself for the 30,001 times, a hint of fear and anger had begun to stain his gaze.

Then the sound that could shake the soul of anyone swept past him, that built and built... any sane person would close their ears and block their consciousness, but the Third Prince listened closely and underneath the screams of the universe he heard the roars from countless throats, this distracted him and he collapsed to ash once again.

He remade himself with a cry of bitterness, gritting his teeth against the flames and suppressing them deep in his soul, for this flame could consume the body, but not his

immortal soul, it could only cause him pain; however, this pain was not enough to distract him as he surveyed the present universe and watched with wide-eyed astonishment at the absolute spectacle Rowan had created,

This horrifying sound seemed to be increasing in intensity as if challenging the Third Prince, this distracted him and his flesh exploded, the flames leaking out from his soul.

The Third Prince shuddered, his body slowly getting back the flesh over his flaming bones. He now understood this flame and could easily dispel it, but he wanted to feel it... he needed to feel this pain.

This sound was like a knock to his head, telling him how much he had miscalculated, Rowan was not the prey to be toyed with, he was the predator here. His foolishness allowed the snake to transform into a dragon.

This realization made him grin and then he beat his chest and howled like a wolf, all the setbacks he had faced in the hands of his errant child did not fill him with despair but excitement. It was not every day that the threat of failure and death was presented so starkly before him.

The Third Prince had lived his life in a constant state of daze, bored and unfulfilled no matter how much he craved for something more because in time he knew he would still win, it was impossible for him not to win... but now he could almost feel it, a fear he had not felt since the day that he was born.

"My dear boy... I can't wait to kill you! I Can't! Wait!"

He vanished into the universe his eyes focused on the vortex and then he paused, "I will need something bigger to kill you though, I can't make the same mistake twice, no, no, fool me once Rowan, and you escaped Jarkarr, hahaha, and yet you fool me twice and you gained the universe. What sort of father would I be if you fooled me for the third time?"

"Why can it not be possible you imbecile?" Golgoth suddenly appeared beside the Third Prince, his armor was battered and he held his sword with so much force that the blade was bleeding from his grip, "Your useless fascination with your son has led us to this disaster, and even now your madness has not ended. You conspired and killed our Great Sword Fourth, how are we to fight in against this enemy without his great strength?"

The Third Prince cocked his head in surprise, "Golgoth, surely you don't think the state of this universe is of my doing?"

"Here me brother, your time of reckoning is coming and it will be by my hand," The God King swiped his hands in dismissal, "But it is not now, at this moment I don't care for your madness or your betrayal, because there is something worse out there. I have

killed Rowan so forget your fascination with that bastard and focus on whatever this entity is, it is not in our plans. This problem resulted from your actions Deceiver, and you shall help me fix it."

The Third Prince looked stunned for a moment and then he began to laugh, "Even you? Hahaha... you would think that someone who had the raw power of creation in his hands would be more flashy, but he is more like a snake than a god, hahaha, I want to kill this child even more Golgoth! Can you not realize what he has done to you? He fooled you and led you like a dog on a leash, and yet you believed something else. Damn, I should not have killed you, death has done you no favors."

The Third Prince stopped and scratched his head, "Perhaps I have judged you harshly, did he not fool me as well?"

Golgoth dead gaze went cold, "Explain yourself well brother."

"Don't mind if I do..." the Third Prince crooned and then sent a burst of knowledge toward Golgoth who assimilated everything in less than a second and then he froze.

"We have a problem," Golgoth spoke slowly.

The Third Prince threw his hands up in the air, "Now he gets it."

"No, you fool. He knows. I allowed him access to the vaults. I thought to trap him but..."

The mirth in the eyes of the Third vanished and he went cold, dispelling the flames of the Power in his Soul and then he screamed, "What!"

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The cries from the vortices were touching every corner of the universe, the sound was like the dirge of the dead emanating from an endless field of corpses.

Every Immortal who heard this sound went pale, even the screeching demons grew quiet. The sound escaping from the vortices rose to a fever pitch and then it abruptly disappeared.

The silence that prevailed was even worse, it felt hungry.

At this moment, in every world in the universe, the living creatures entered a stasis-like state and were sucked through the vortex. Only a mortal would enjoy this benefit, every god born in the universe could only watch as their worlds were sucked away.

The universe was not just losing its Aether and mass, it was also shrinking. Such an oddity was fantastic to witness, for even a dead universe did not shrink but usually broke apart, and was harvested for scraps.

The call for retreat spread around the ranks of the Mages and Demons, and Gods as a quick plan for their next actions was being formulated.

Chapter 863: Understanding The Enemy (2)

"Have you seen anything quite like this before?" The Watcher frowned, her eyes flickering from one position to another, trying to come to terms with the new changes they were witnessing.

Three Tower Masters stared at the bodies of hundreds of billions of people, who stood in silence, only their breathing indicated that they were alive, but everything about them was dead, their glassy eyes would give a dead fish a run for the money.

They were all naked, and despite their bodies glowing with a robust vitality, the cold air of death around them was so strong that even the void seemed to freeze.

Silas Black a Tower Master of the Magus Supreme World, twisted time to return to the moment before the unknown entity had first struck, around Trion and the location where the Universe Will was taken.

He was strong enough to reach through the shroud of time and reverse it even inside a material universe and it helped that the universe Will was dead and nothing could hold him back.

As a Tower Master, his reach was not strong enough to reverse time for an area as vast as this calamity had imposed which was almost a hundred thousand light years in diameter, he could barely reverse time over a space that was a million miles in circumference, a pitiful number but creation was always harder than destruction and going back in time was ten times harder, but with the assistance of the two other Tower Masters with him, he could expand that reach to seven million miles.

They began to fish through time in an attempt to resurrect the mages that had fallen. They did not need to resurrect all the dead, but they should be able to resurrect all the Mages that had died, especially the Archmages. Although an Archmage would be reborn inside their Tower when their mortal bodies perished, it would be quite difficult to transport all of them to this universe.

At least that was the plan, but when they turned back time to naturally start the resurrection process, the result was as expected, the Archmages had all returned alive but every mortal was lost

Ignoring the fact that trying to rewind time in the area of the universe that was destroyed by the mysterious being was harder than it should have been, the people who came back were empty vessels, all hollow, rendering their efforts futile.

To understand more of this strange occurrence, the Tower Masters kept resurrecting the dead until they had collected billions of people, but they could only bring back their bodies from the hands of time, their souls were gone.

When the vortices appeared in the universe, in an attempt to learn something about this new entity, they sent a portion of the newly resurrected Archmages, which turned out to be a mistake.

Silas Black drew one of the bodies forward, this body was an Archmage and was one of the scouts sent into the unknown vortex to investigate what was happening inside of it. Andar would have recognized this Archmage, it was the two Star Archmage Lucius Gyfron The Pioneer of Treasure, one of his teachers.

He was not the most powerful Archmage Andar had come across but he was one of his favorite teachers due to the manner he chose to instruct his disciples.

He had died from the unknown attack in the universe that had stolen the universe's Will and he had been resurrected without any problems and was tasked to investigate what was happening inside the vortex, the Three Tower Masters had discerned when the Archmages they sent all perished barely bringing back any valid data, but this was a normal occurrence when trying to deal with the unknown.

From the pulsation of power they had felt alongside the Universe Will, they knew they were dealing with something that was both incredibly precious and also dangerous and the Tower Masters had expected that they would be resurrecting their forces hundreds if not thousands of times before they could pierce through the mysteries behind this unknown entity.

This was the normal pace of battle, however, what was not normal in the slightest was the fact that every Archmage sent into the vortex could no longer be resurrected, their bodies became nothing but empty hollows, all signs pointing to the true death of their souls.

Aeris the Tower Master in white took the body of Lucius Gyfron from Silas and pressed her sharp fingernails into his scalp, ripping off the top of his head to expose his pulsing brain. The eyes of the Archmages twitched, it would seem that without souls their bodies still responded to external stimuli.

She pushed a finger into the brain and fished for his Spirit Matrix, slowly withdrawing it to reveal a strange fleshy item that resembled metal and was vibrating with energy and an eldritch glow.

The Watcher gaped as she saw the Spirit Matrix, "That is impossible, his Matrix had already merged with his Tower millions of years ago, what could reverse this process?"

"This is getting more interesting," Aeris giggled, "Let's find out."

Throwing away the body of Lucius, her eyes which had no pupils inside them but were nothing but a blank white seemed to penetrate the Spirit Matrix of the Archmage

It did not take long for her to sigh and place the Spirit Matrix into a specialized storage device and she dragged a dozen Archmages to her side and performed the same ritual, extracting their Spirit Matrix from different sections of their brains. She became more confused and excited with every further experiment she was making before she discarded the final body and smiled with fascination,

"I will need to return to my Tower to confirm all my findings, but I think I know what happened, but what I can't tell you is how it happened. It is like seeing a fish grow wings and fly, I can tell you..."

"Stop with your meaningless dribble Aeris," The Watched chided, "If you have not noticed, the Demon King has not emerged from the vortex also, if this is not a plot from the Abyss, then that means a similar fate might have befallen him, and if his soul was also shattered it would take decades for him to reforge himself again. I don't know about you but the last time I checked, we are not more durable than a Demon King."

Wrenching the souls of Immortals from the grip of a Supreme World was not unheard of, but it would require a power that transcended the material dimension, but they were inside the material universe

Aeris rolled her eyes, for beings of power that had lived as long as they did and controlled Will, death was not strange to them, it even fascinated them, and Aeris was a long lover of death. What was happening here was not supposed to be possible and this did nothing but thrill her senses, but she also understood the concerns of the Watcher and promptly gave her findings.

"The souls of every dead mortal here are gone, but that is normal for an attack of this scale to shatter the soul of a mortal to nothingness alongside their bodies, but as you all saw this attack was quite useless against our Archmages until they entered the vortex."

"The how of their deaths is not possible for me to discover at this moment, we could barely discern anything in the final moments of their lives, but what I believed happened to them was that their Souls which had already melded with their Towers were drawn away from the Magus World and destroyed somewhere that this vortex leads to, the time reversal only showed us the intrinsic state of their being after this process has already been completed, they are truly dead and there is no way to reverse this process."

Chapter 864: Time To Harvest

Aeris's statement was met with silence before the Watcher frowned before standing to her full height, her appearance was of an older woman with white hair, but at this moment there was nothing frail about her, she appeared to have made up her mind and she began speaking unhurriedly,

"We have been looking at this whole thing through the wrong lenses all this time. This universe was never ours or the Demon's. We were meant to believe that it was. It is clear that someone else had acquired a Nemesis Plate long before now and created deep channels in this universe that are now coming to fruition, and sadly we have all been playing catch up. I am sure the demons would be coming to the same conclusion soon, and so we have limited time to act before the full gaze of the Abyss falls on this place."

Silas Black blinked, "Surely you cannot mean..."

The Watcher nodded, "I do, look around you, remember how strange this universe was from the start. It had too much essence, so much I likened it to the mythical Super universe," she gestured around, "These portals most likely lead to an unknown Supreme World. I don't believe anyone can simply set up such a passage inside a Third Dimension, it would require many Eras of work and a knowledge of the Third Dimension that trumps any I have ever known."

She began to count on her fingers, "The death of the Universe, the appearance and collection of its Will by hidden forces, that energy surge from that cursed planet, this unknown enemy with the ability to break through the barrier of our Magus World's Will and forcefully merge the souls of our Archmages to their bodies. We are in over our heads, and we should call for the Supreme one. I should have taken this matter to Endirius billions of years ago when we detected how strange this universe was. This calamity could have been avoided."

"Hold on Watcher, you forget that the call to the Supreme world is a decision that was always mine to make," Silas Black retorted, "All of us have enjoyed the bounties from this universe, especially you. Don't think I don't know of the vast amounts of Primordial Aether you have harvested from its Isle of Rest. Disregarding that fact, this is a pivotal juncture and at this time, it is still contained, any word from you could shatter the opportunity we have here."

Aeris joined Silas and spoke out, "I have to agree with Silas. The battle has barely begun, and bringing this matter to Endirius would strip us of any ability to profit from this disaster, and it is a disaster, the death of these Mages would raise a lot of eyebrows in the Supreme World and your ability as a Watcher would be called into question on how such a threat was allowed to grow inside this universe unchecked."

Her eyes shone with greed and excitement, "But there is also a great opportunity to be found here. Don't forget the second source of energy we feel inside this universe, the key to becoming Supreme is here Watcher, don't you also crave it? Even if you don't,

fleeing to the Supreme Magus without more information would only lead to punishment. Think about it Watcher, we have access to more armies far beyond what is present here that are not Mages, we can control and slow down any ongoing operation here and when we meet Endirius with this news, we will also have results in hand, don't allow a moment of panic strip you of the gains we have made inside this universe for the last six billion years, and a monumental surprise that could be found here in the future."

Aeris grasped a portion of reality and showed it to the Watcher, "From my calculations, this universe can still hold on for another decade. We still have time to take appropriate actions and deal with this new threat."

The eyes of the Watcher gleamed, as she addressed ignored Aeris and addressed Silas,

"Before now the only thing you wanted to do was run, but now you crave this power? Putting that aside for the moment, if I remember correctly I paid for my watch over the Isle of Rest to you and Aeris with a vast amount of elemental resources and the multiple keys to the Labyrinth Space. I have not taken more than I should have and I have no problem with greed, a trait I see that you lack. Your ambitions are self-destructive at best."

Turning to speak to Aeris, "You speak of armies, but you forget something important, no matter how many armies we bring into this problem we are still playing catch up against an unknown force, that is likely a Supreme one. Understand this, for I don't say it lightly, we have lost Aeris but it is not too late, how can you not see it?"

She gestured to the shrinking universe, as more and more of its essence were siphoned into the vortices,

"This universe has no defense against Endirius at this point, withholding information from the Supreme Magus because of greed is beyond stupid, and you all forget something, this universe is dead, thus my watch has ended. It is time to return home and create my Great Tower, but not before this enemy pays for the death of all our Magus. Or have you forgotten how many of your Mages have been slaughtered this day, Silas?"

Silas scratched his head, "Eeh, I was hoping you would have forgotten that part, it's always strange the attachment someone like you can have against mortal creatures. You are also right, your watch has ended and as you and the rest of this rabble have proven to me, your usefulness is now redundant. I selected you because you were always quite docile and agreeable, but I see that you have grown full of ideas and flavor Megit the Watcher, I think it is time to harvest."

The Watcher's eyes slowly widened and then they stopped, only her eyeballs could move as the rest of her body was frozen.

Aeris had appeared behind her and wrapped her arms around the body of the Tower Master and this act froze her in place, yet she struggled to speak, "How... is...this... possible?"

Silas shrugged and looked away, seemingly concentrating on something else, by the way, his ears were twitching he was receiving a message, he turned back to the Watcher and beheld a grisly sight.

The body of Aeris had melted all over the Watcher and sprouted hundreds of mouths which was beginning to chew through the body of the Magus, brief bursts of Aether flared from wounds that were so strong it could crush a galaxy, but they were greedily dissolved and absorbed by a hundred cackling mouths of Aeris.

The Watcher was constantly regenerating and this kept the destruction of her body to a stalemate even while all of her powers had become bound and in her fury, she saw that the root of this poison had been slowly fed to her over the course of billions of years as she stayed inside the Isle of Rest.

Despite all her disadvantages, the Watcher had indeed gathered an enormous amount of Primordial Aether over the years and it would take millions of years to reduce her to nothingness.

That stalemate soon ended when Silas walked up to her and his black robe flared up like the hood from a cobra, and from his stomach, several massive black tentacles erupted and began digging into the body of the Watcher pulling out large chunks of flesh and bone and transporting it into a large mouth that appeared on Silas Chest.

Chapter 865: Losses and Despair

The death of the Watcher was not peaceful, or quick.

For a long time, the sound of feasting continued as the Watcher, a powerful Rank 9 Archmage, a step below the Supreme Magus and holder of a powerful Will that should have guaranteed her forever immortality, was slowly devoured, body, spirit, soul and Will. Nothing was being spared.

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A teleportation wave brought Andar and Khasos to the field of unending bodies resurrected by the Tower Masters.

Andar had not recovered from experiencing the strange energy that had rippled through the universe and his skin was red as if he had been boiled, and pain filled every inch of

his body but his pain-filled eyes looked around in search, and paused when he saw her. It became the only thing he saw.

Mira hung naked in space as if held by an invisible hanger, her limbs were splayed outward and her eyes were vacant. Her beautiful black hair that she had allowed to grow out surrounded her body, giving her a hint of decency.

Flashes of memory from the moment they met until this moment blasted through his mind, and with his perfect memory, he could recall everything in aching details.

Andar choked back the cry that threatened to escape from his chest. He wanted to go to her but was stopped by a hand on his shoulder. He looked up in confusion at Khasos, the Warden of the Black Tower, who shook his head and motioned to the three Tower Masters ahead, who seemed to be in deep discussion.

"Hold on until they are done with their deliberations, I know you wish to see her, but it would be foolish to distract the Tower Masters, their powers are mighty and if anyone would be able to save her, they would be among them. You should take the time and heal, don't forget, we are still in the midst of a war, and as this present event has proven, none of us are safe."

Andar nodded stiffly, his mind racing as he allowed himself to see the full scale of the devastation before him, he did not care about healing, his body was far more potent than it appeared on the surface. There were so many horrible events happening around him to consider pain as important. Although the Tower Masters had resurrected only a few of the casualties, they still numbered in the billions. He shivered. How could life be so cheap?

Growing his power as a Mage had always been fun and challenging to him, and even though he knew that such abilities could be incredibly destructive, there had always seemed to be enough safeguards in place to prevent something like this from ever occurring. How did it all go to hell so quickly?

The guilt in his heart could no longer be held back. He should have never allowed Mira to follow him on this expedition to madness. Although Andar knew denying the fierce Mage was most likely a journey of futility, he could have easily placed her to sleep before he left. Why did he ever think she could be safe in a war zone?

He sat and waited for what seemed like hours as the Tower Masters were deliberating, his mind going through various scenarios as he debated what had happened and what would be coming next. His only hope was that Mira could be saved by the Tower Masters, it did not matter the sacrifices he had to make for them to push more resources towards her reawakening.

His body had recovered but there was an echo of that energy inside him that he preserved with a fierce madness, this echo was his inky connection to the bastard who butchered Mira, and by the looks of it, was also killing the entire universe.

"Andar Erikson, come over here!" The voice of the Watcher broke him from his reverie and he looked at the surprised face of Khasos who nodded to him.

Andar thought he saw a hint of desolation and hope deep in the eyes of this Archmage, and he realized that he had lost Mira, but Khasos most likely had lost dozens of friends and disciples and millions of his students, that he might have known for millions of years. The weight in his heart must be a million times heavier than his own, but Andar had been blind to everything else but his grief.

Did death ever get easier to handle? Or was the solution to such grave losses to become indifferent?

Andar reached the Tower Masters and bowed deeply, his gaze shifted to the bodies of several Archmages, most of them he recognized they had been his teachers and had guided Andar with care and consideration, every one of them geniuses of their generation, and now they lied here like refuse, their skull had been split open and their brains tampered with.

This was an odd sight, Archmages were immortal, and even if their bodies were destroyed, they would be reborn inside their Tower, there was no reason to desecrate their bodies in this manner... unless. Andar's heart grew cold, surely it could not be possible...He looked at the position in the brains and he sensed the fleeting energy of a Spirit Matrix.

"Look at the way his little mind works Silas, he is surely an odd one. How he is able to pierce all the small clues is astounding, and his talents...hahaha."

"He is special and should be kept intact until it's all over."

Andar went quiet as he stood straighter, before the gaze of the Tower Masters he felt like an ant, but he had become used to being so weak before these titans, something else deeply disturbed his spirit, if Aeris had been the one to comment about his observation on the Archmages, he would have not been surprised, but those words had emerged from the mouth of the Watcher.

Andar had not forgotten the vision Rowan showed him, and the suspicion that everything, this war and the unexpected deaths of immortals, was tied up with Silas and Aeris, and now every fiber of his being was telling him that the Watcher had become compromised.

No matter his speculations, he was too weak to do anything. He could only accept whatever was coming.

"This war is not going the way that it should." The Watcher spoke to Andar and she smiled as if that thought was amusing, "We cannot let the talents of our next generation go to waste. You shall return to the Black Tower and further instructions will be given, you are to leave this universe, but other preparations need to be accomplished before you leave."

Andar's mind was working a thousand miles a second, fear and desperation clouding his thoughts, he felt as if he was being pushed towards death, but he had no way to stop or resist.

The moment he argued or resisted this order, Andar knew he would be killed immediately, this was a truth he felt deep in his spirit, and the only thing he could decide was if he was going to die now or later.

He opened his mouth and said, "Thank you for your consideration Tower Master, but I hope to ask for a favor."

The eyes of the Watcher tightened for a fraction before she smiled, "Of course child, what is it you want?"

"Can I bring her body with me? Mira, she was my companion."

"Oh, that, sure... with her physique that lump of flesh can live for another four hundred years. I know how you young things are still ruled by the urges of the flesh."

Andar gritted his teeth and he bowed towards the Tower Master, and he waited for a few seconds before turning and leaving.

If his senses were more capable, he would have seen that at this moment, Silas and Aeris were not even focused on him, but were busy devouring the Watcher, who had begun releasing cries of pain.

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The three consciousnesses of Rowan appeared inside the Great Nexus of Trion. Like every time he entered this space, he always appeared in a new location. He had not figured out how that was possible, but this space was indeed strange.

It had all the appearance of a three dimensional world and yet it contained an unknown number of beasts that controlled Will and the red moon overhead was a dead Supreme World.

Chapter 866: Journey To The Red Moon

Rowan called the Red Moon a 'dead' Supreme World but with further observation, he thought the best term to use was Nascent.

Like a body without a soul, this Supreme World was empty, and whatever purpose it was created to serve did not matter to him, he was taking it, and he had no guilt about stealing such an inestimable treasure.

All was fair in war, he was sure even his enemies understood that concept.

The Red Moon was a certain distance away and even though his consciousness was invisible, he could not risk traveling to it without cover for it would agitate the intense soul energy present inside this place. He was suppressing his presence but he would not want to leave anything to chance.

Rowan looked around him and saw a large number of beasts and his attention focused on a particular herd of giant creatures that resembled elephants, with comically large ears that when spread out turned to an organ that allowed them to achieve flight.

It was a bit amusing to see an animal evolve to this extent due to the influence of Aether and their surroundings. This herd was herbivorous but in this harsh environment, they needed to evolve in order to survive.

He saw this change as the ultimate truth to reality. Like himself who had to evolve into the creature he had become due to his surroundings, anyone who could not change fast enough would perish, even if that change meant you become an abomination.

There were dozens of different herds of animals of all shapes and sizes, and they obviously gathered here together to protect themselves, strength in numbers multiplied by a factor of several dozen, since they were all herbivores or generally peaceful creatures who did not need to hunt to sustain their existence.

He eliminated any of the animals that could not take flight, and those that were not sufficiently powerful, and his final selection fell on the elephant-like beasts. They possessed all the traits he required and he immediately took action.

The time it took for Rowan to review and decide on his actions took such a ridiculously short time it could almost be considered instantaneous.

Rowan's consciousness flowed through the selected herd, they were more than a thousand in number and he reached the leader. A massive creature that was well over three hundred feet tall with twin trunks instead of the single trunk possessed by the rest of the herd.

Taking over the beast was a simple affair and he also read all its memories to increase his understanding of this unique space. He had all the major pictures, but some details still needed to be filled out.

"Vrroooooohmmmm...."

He made a loud call with his trunks that shook the rest of the herd from whatever activity they were into and they assembled behind him, stirring a large amount of dust and agitating the remaining animals here who soon rested when they saw no threats, and spreading out his large ears, took flight, he was followed by the rest of the herd.

The beast he possessed had the power of a Major God and the weakest of the herd here were Earth gods. If this was out in the universe, although this would not be considered a powerful group, they would have had enough power to slice off a corner of reality for themselves.

In this place, they were at the bottom of the food chain, only slightly better than carrion and vermin like the rats Rowan had encountered when he was a mortal. These herds usually did not live long and were slaughtered.

Rowan did not need the power of this herd, their powers played no part in his selection process, he only needed them to get to the Red Moon because it was along their migration route. They did not reach the Red Moon, but they frequently flew close to it. These beasts were going to be his designated driver, and he was going to step off when he came close to his target.

The large ears of the herd leader flared open to its greatest extent and began to glow with a soft blue light as its speed increased, Rowan making sure he was pushing the herd to the limit but leaving none behind.

The blue light emerging from the ears of the herd leader began to spread to the rest of his herd, boosting their speed and endurance whilst actively decreasing their fatigue. It was an interesting Aura, and before long, the beast herd was approaching the speed of light, and the red moon loomed ahead, slowly growing larger in his vision, greater than every world in the universe including Trion, he pegged it to be almost a thousand light years in circumference, an utterly ridiculous size.

No material inside a Third Dimension could expand to this size without being crushed by its own weight, this Supreme World would never exist inside a Third Dimension, and this begged the question, what dimension was he inside of?

The journey should take him a few hours and Rowan began to ponder the abnormalities of this space, and before long he discovered another peculiarity of this world, and it was the absence of Aether in the air or the environment for that matter.

This lack of Aether was baffling, this space was not dead and contained a vast and varied amount of life, how could anything exist here without Aether?

For beasts of such great power and varied abilities to arise in this land was certainly a great mystery but there was a simple solution to this quandary when he factored in the lack of Aether inside this place.

Every creature here was not born, they were grown.

This was not an answer he saw inside the memories of the beasts he was presently inhabiting, since he quickly realized that they all had manufactured memories, he was able to come to this conclusion by analyzing their bodies and the age of their memories, and the differences were astounding.

Take for instance this herd leader he was possessing, the creature believed it was born three million years ago on the tip of a wind-swept mountain, Rowan wanted to roll his eyes when he saw that particular memory, someone had a lot of time and too much imagination in their head when they were making it.

But from the physical composition of the beast, Rowan had come to the conclusion that it was barely four hundred years old.

Anyone else would be confused as to why these creatures were given memories that did not fit their bodies, but Rowan was in a special position to answer that question. His many consciousnesses had analyzed this puzzle and had come to a conclusion.

The expected answer was so shocking, that he needed to confirm it, and if he was not wrong, he would be getting those answers overhead. If it turned out his speculations were correct, it would change his entire thinking about the Soul!

The herd of beasts flew fast and before long Rowan had reached the midpoint of his journey. By now the red moon had filled the entire horizon, leaving a gap to see the heavens and painting the surroundings in red.

Rowan looked below and observed the ground, from this elevation he could see the entirety of this space, and for a moment he was struck by its surreal nature.

Chapter 867: Time To Make You Mine

Rowan had seen many monumental vistas in his time, some were so horrifying like Limbo that it could break your mind, and some were so beautiful that the sight would remain in your soul forever, this land below was a mixture of both.

It was a vast land filled with ruins from bygone Eras, and it held an uncountable number of beasts, some of them were so enormous that even from this height he could see them, this meant these creatures were most likely bigger than entire solar systems.

The light from the red moon was reflected in an array of dizzying colors when they reached the ground, causing this entire space to possess a unique beauty that would make any poet weep. Ethereal colors and sounds that could not be fathomed by a mortal mind bled and combined in such stunning colors that only a being such as Rowan could appreciate. A god would run mad if they saw it.

Yet this beauty was part of it all. Rowan expanded his vision and he could see the edges of this land, its four edges.

This space was not shaped like a planet or any other heavenly body but was a flat square, like a two-dimensional space. It was as if a portion of a much larger dimension had been sliced off and placed here, which should not be far from the truth, for surrounding the edges of this space was the Sea of Destruction.

Rowan had to ascend higher to confirm that the source of the Sea of Destruction was emerging from this land. It was not bleeding, but its presence alone was causing an Aura of destruction that was so potent it created such great forces that could create its dimension.

This concept was so fantastical Rowan could only liken it to seeing a completely normal egg that somehow weighed so much that it could bend reality.

Looking at this land below, Rowan knew he was far too weak to understand everything that it contained, but he knew certain secrets that made it possible for him to make an educated assumption. This was only possible because he knew the answers already or part of it, and with it, he could derive the process by which it transpired.

This land was square, and it appeared to be sliced off from a larger piece of land but what if it was not a piece of land, what if it was an eye?

The eye of the Primordial of Time and Evil.

Such a conclusion was virtually impossible for anyone else to make this connection, but Rowan had seen the body of the Primordial of Evil and Time.

He was humanoid with tentacles erupting from his face, and one of his defining traits was his eyes. It was not oval but a square. Rowan did not know how the Reflections had been able to acquire an eye of this creature but they had managed it, and from it, all this madness originated.

The herd was making quick speed and soon reached the zenith of their ascent before they began to turn and Rowan excited their bodies and watched them disappear into the distance and he looked up, or rather down.

In space, there was no up or down, and it all depended on your perspective, and now the Red Moon was below him and the land of monsters was above, and this simple perspective change transformed this whole space.

The world below him was no longer red but white, the pale white of bone, real bones, for what was below him was now a skull. This change was so jarring that Rowan paused in appreciation. The so-called Red Moon was not emitting light, all the light had been coming from the land 'above' him and it was distorting the perspective of anyone from the ground until they reached a certain point and the truth of the moon was revealed.

Rowan shrugged and rocketed downward toward the skull, he was in unknown territory and anything was fucking possible.

He was analyzing the skull via all the knowledge he knew and he could not find any match to it. The skull had the basic shape of a human skull, except for its two canines were extended like fangs, and whoever this creature was in the past, it was so powerful that its skull could become a Supreme World.

As Rowan's consciousness grew closer to the skull he began feeling endless waves of incredible power that was so potent it would kill anything, even those with a Will, but he slammed past it, this energy attached itself to the soul and destroyed it, he had no soul.

Passing this zone he saw where this attack was coming from, it was a massive array that held trillions of Soul Origin!

Rowan already guessed something like this would be found here, he blasted past it, descending towards the eye hole of the skull.

When he realized that the creatures below were not born or created he was puzzled, but when he realized the impossible amount of Soul Energy present here, he instantly realized what was happening.

Someone was farming Soul Energy.

Rowan was a Nascent Primordial that could control the power of Soul to an extent that this universe had never seen before, but he was too young and before him, other powerful beings who did not have his advantage had been able to investigate the mysteries behind the soul and what he was seeing here was a successful branch of that experiment.

They had gathered Soul Origins and had created all those beasts below and gave them false memories, yet those memories were not truly false. Those memories came from the owner of these Soul Origins and Rowan would bet that every creature here was exactly in makeup with whoever those memories came from.

When they assumed the memories, their Soul Origins would be deceived and pour Soul Energies into their bodies creating a new soul once more.

Someone had cheated reincarnation and deprived these poor souls of the freedom to become something new, they would only repeat their previous lives forever. Anytime they were killed their Soul Energy dispersed into the surrounding and a new body was created with the same memories, and the Soul Origin would pour their power into these bodies creating new souls.

This idea was both genius and mad, and it required so many parts working together to manage it, but Rowan felt that there was something missing.

All this harvested Soul Energy was not going anywhere it was just accumulating. It was as if the final part of whatever equation was being created here was missing and so the energy was just left to build up and after all this time the amount of Soul Energy here was stunning, but not necessarily alarming.

Rowan had noticed that although the beasts here were powerful, their soul energy was weak. Whatever this person who created this place intended it to be, it was not to be a Perpetual Soul Engine, and their experiments with souls must have hit a roadblock.

From what he could see, the Soul Origins were still blazing with power, but the energy they were releasing to each new generation was becoming weaker.

Rowan reached the massive eye hole that was hundreds of light years in circumference and entered into the skull and he was instantly covered in darkness.

"Time to make you mine."

His consciousness slammed together and transformed into the largest World Seed he had ever created.

Chapter 868: Daring Acts

The first thing that erupted from this World Seed was Rowan's light. This light represented his Will and was a method to spread his perception, for the darkness inside this place was so deep only such a thing could reveal what was hidden inside of it.

Rowan's ability to seed worlds had been restricted to Minor Worlds until he grew stronger, back when he was still a Chaos Blood. As he broke the Will of Chaos in his blood, he now has access to all the unlocked abilities of his enhanced Ouroboros bloodline without restrictions.

His abilities to seed worlds were no longer gated behind his level but only required that he had the power and knowledge to unleash it to its maximal extent.

Rowan had theorized the amount of power needed to Seed a Supreme World in the event that he ever came across a world like that during his travels and the projection had been astonishingly bleak.

It would require an enormous amount of power, more than even his Primordial Seas were capable of giving, but since he had plentiful Soul Mountains from the immortals he had killed, power was not the problem, the other criterion was the Will of the Supreme World, this would be testing his knowledge.

At the time of his theorizing, Rowan had expected that he would have grown strong enough to be able to overpower the World Will of a Supreme world if he ever reached a point where seeding such a world became an option, and the revelation of the Red Moon being a Supreme World was a temptation he could not resist.

Rowan had always been looking for options to evolve his Ouroboros Bloodline past its limit so it could equal his Sheol bloodline and Seeding a Supreme World would catapult his Ouroboros Bloodline from his weakest to his strongest bloodline, he chose to proceed with the plan to take over this Supreme World because he discovered that it was empty.

There was no Will to fight, he only needed the power to take it over. Still, this did not mean that he would succeed, at the end of the day, a Supreme World was a power that he had not fully grasped.

The transformation to a World Seed inside the skull of this unknown entity was like the birth of a star. Rowan's three consciousnesses expanded and transformed into a large golden orb that resembled dandelions with numerous glowing tendrils, and his light shot across the dark expanse.

This bright light uncovered the internal area of the skull, and what was revealed inside was the ruin of a destroyed civilization. Rowan knew that this skull was not a construct but the remains of a once powerful being, the presence of a city inside the skull indicated that when this being was alive, its inside had contained a vast number of living beings.

Rowan could immediately trace the connection between these ruins and the ruins dotting the eye of the Primordial of Evil above, and he inferred that the ruins he had seen had fallen out from this skull. This was not a speculation because he could see that just the disturbance he had created as he unleashed the World Seed had dislodged the resting place for a lot of ruins and they were beginning to drift towards the enormous abyss of the skull's empty eyes.

It would take time for them to fall out, so he was not alarmed.

His time here in the dark would soon come to an end when the shattered buildings began to rain out from the skull, but he expected that the commotion of seeding this world would alert the Reflections soon enough, but they would be too late to stop him.

Even with the bright light from the world Seed his perception still struggled to reach all the corners of this gargantuan metropolis, but his light was slowly but steadily growing brighter and expanding his perception along with it, revealing more and more of this place to him.

With his experience from the transforming cities of Sheol, Rowan had been able to see thousands of metropolia of various nature, from ethereal and haunting to Sci-fi and prehistoric, but he had never seen a city quite like this.

It seemed to be covered with a supernatural haze of dust that even his light struggled to break through and from its diverse buildings, to its sheer size, this city must have held trillions. Its inhabitants must have also favored the skies for every building here, no matter how massive was built on incredibly long stilts, some of them as long as a thousand miles, making each building from afar resembling a flock of birds with thin legs.

At the base of these stilts must have been a body of water of some sort, but whatever it was it had long evaporated. Rowan found it a bit odd that some parts of this being were almost similar to his own, was there a connection here?

Whatever caused the death of this civilization, it did not come quickly, every single inch that his light crossed bared marks of battle. He soon figured out that this was not just a city, it was a stronghold, he had had noticed it when he uncovered enough of the city as the designs were quite ingenious.

All these marks told a story, one that was disjointed but could fit together quite easily when looked at from a distance, it all pointed in one direction. A single person had entered this place and battled everyone.

Maybe battle was the wrong word, there was resistance, sure, but they were all swept away like wheat before the farmer's scythe. From the battle marks, Rowan saw that this person did not retreat once, he ended this civilization and continued heading deeper into this fallen stronghold until...

Rowan saw the bodies.

From the marks of the battle, they were the last to fall, he did not know if this was by accident or design. They were seven gigantic bodies without their heads. They were not the biggest creatures he had seen, humanoid, and their bodies measured around ten thousand feet in length.

Rowan's senses quivered and a familiar hate bubbled from deep inside of him as he recognized the essence emanating from these bodies and realized that these were Primordial Keepers.

The problems he had with the Primordial Keepers had not vanished, but this universe had been protecting him all this while from their hands, and Rowan had expected that they would become a problem in the future, but he never expected to find the bodies of these elusive figures in this place.

The threat of the Primordial Keepers had always been on his mind but as he grew stronger and evolved past his root bloodlines, their influence in his lives and decision-making had almost vanished.

Another piece of the puzzle clicked into place and he was startled when he realized the roots of this place came from someone hunting these Primordial Keepers, and the reason for this crazy action was obvious, it was to gain Soul Origin.

Rowan could find methods to gain Soul Origin but he had the Sheol bloodline that made all that possible, someone wanted to create this place to harvest Soul Energy and they had gone to the source.

Although this action was made by his enemy, Rowan still found himself grinning. What could he say, Rowan always appreciated outlandish acts like these that could shock creation.

Chapter 869: Inferior Stock

Rowan had reached the end of this space and he had time to check out the bodies in detail, wondering why it was left behind and not taken like everyone else and he soon had the answers.

The heads of the Primordial Keepers were missing so he could not see their facial features, and their bodies were wrapped in black robes, even in death, their ethereal nature was still present as now and then, their bodies seemed to fade in and out of reality.

He had never expected to find dead Primordial Keepers inside this place, and it strikes Rowan as amusing that at the same time, the Primordial Keepers came to collect his soul when he was a mortal beneath the light of the Red Moon, someone else had done much worse and they had been inside their domain, perhaps if they had not been so focused on him and they had looked up, they might have seen the dead bodies of their kin.

Nevertheless, he was not here for the past, he would understand it and learn from it, his goal was for the future, and his light had reached the end of this land. Nothing was stopping him from claiming it, his abilities to seed worlds came from a Primordial, and like everything those beings were capable of, it was mighty.

Taking time to consider what he was about to do would only cripple his decision-making. He might be making a terrible mistake connecting with this skull, but Rowan was ready to destroy the three consciousnesses he had placed inside this World Seed if he came across a problem he could not control.

With every new revelation about the power and the resources of the Reflections coming to light, he knew he had limited time to act before they became aware of the full nature of his power and responded appropriately. With the time he had bought for himself, if he did not make this move, then the advantages that he paid for would be lost.

The World Seed that had been rotating shuddered before releasing thousands of tendrils, each one stretched for hundreds of light years before burying themselves into every corner of this city and digging towards its foundations which was the skull.

Rowan immediately felt the strain of power consumption, every inch of the skull that his tendrils dug through called for an enormous amount of energy.

It was a good thing then that he had too much Aether from the universe assimilation than he knew what to do with.

Inside the skull, the light of Astrolabe shone bright and connected to the World Seed as vast amounts were siphoned into it.

The World Seed vibrated and then began to shrink as it glowed brighter and with a dull roar, the number of tendrils he released increased from a few thousand to a hundred thousand, at the same time the World Seed expanded to three times its previous size and its sheen changed from gold to a purple gold.

The entire skull shook as the assimilation of the World Seed accelerated.

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Circe watched as Eva, a woman who seemed larger than life began directing her troops. Beneath her fingers was a large hologram with billions of blinking lights and connected to those lights were tiny purple tendrils that led into her shadow, a shadow that covered the entire ground for endless miles.

The feeling in her heart had transcended awe when she noticed that every blinking light was linked to every troop and the Lady of Shadow of connected to all of them. It was as if everyone here was an extension of her Will.

"Precisely," Eva said and Circe jerked in shock and looked at the Lady of Shadow, was she listening to her thoughts?

Eva's gaze traveled to Circe's shadow and Circe followed it, seeing a purple thread linked to her shadow, and understanding washed through her. The Lady of Shadow looked away but Circe could still hear her clearly inside her head.

"Circe, according to Lord Rowan, you are not to participate in this battle, you are here as an observer."

Circe jerked again, not used to hearing the cool voice of this woman in her head and she frowned in annoyance, although everything she had seen here had thrown her off balance, she was not a coward and was willing to do her part. She was the most powerful member of her family that still lived and it would be shameful that in the battle that would decide all their collective fate she was to be nothing but a bystander.

She closed her eyes and preserved any negative emotions downwards until they were smaller than dust, being emotional was not welcomed at this moment, so organizing her thoughts she responded aloud,

"I beg to differ, Lady of Shadows, you know my capabilities and I would be a useful asset in this fight that is coming. This battle is one that I deserve to fight, and I will not be left behind. If Rowan knows me at all, he would understand that there is no way I would be willing to stand at the sidelines."

She did not receive any replies for a while and when she wanted to argue her stand further, she heard the cool voice of Eva in her head, "I understand as much, stand beside me, I want to show you something."

Circe nodded and hurried to her side, swallowing when she came close to Eva. From afar the Lady of Shadow was magnificent, and Circe had never seen a woman more beautiful, her long black hair and purple eyes that briefly flashed with hints of blue lightning were stunning, and her physical appearance was not even the most attention-grabbing aspect of this figure.

It was her Aura. Besides Rowan, she had never felt something so deep. It was like staring into an abyss. You could only see the darkness above, but you knew there was an endless depth inside that could swallow eternity. It was scary and humbling and even with her godlike physique Circe nearly stumbled as she walked up to Eva.

If the Lady of Shadow noticed her misdemeanor, she gave no sign, she simply tapped the air, and Circe began to see images of countless demons and mages, from their weapons to their spells, it swept by so quickly that she had to take some time to process everything she had seen.

"What do you think about the forces of the enemy that I just showed you?" Again Eva spoke directly into the mind of Circe, but she was already getting used to it, and she imagined that perhaps the Lady of Shadow was communicating with billions of troops at the same time, and it was foolish to think that she would devote more of her attention to her preference.

Circe swallowed and began considering everything she had been shown. She had watched the battle between the dominators, demons, and mages before Rowan arrived and shattered everything as if they were nothing but squabbling children.

She would not deny that she felt this army Rowan was putting together was overkill, could he not simply wipe out all opposition as easily as he just did a few moments ago, surely there was no need for all these troops when their leader could end the battle with a snap of his fingers?

"That is where you are wrong," Eva spoke into her mind, "Everything you had just witnessed was not the true force of the Abyss. These were just the armies they bred inside the Third Dimension, they are inferior stock. The Demons that are coming are the true enemy. You have not seen the true capabilities of the Gods of Trion, or the Mages, plus there is another hidden hand stirring all these elements together. Rowan would be very busy fighting their leaders, we are here to make sure he is given all the support he needs."

Chapter 870: War Begins

This was it...

This is how the universe ended.

The attacks against Rowan's Dimension began with little warning, three days after the Demon King fell.

The number of vortices in his dimension linking to the universe had stabilized at ninety-five million. This meant that at this juncture Rowan had ninety-five million points of entry into his dimension, and he had no way to close them.

His Dimension was covered in black fog, and even the lights from the incoming worlds and stars entering into it from rye outside universe did little to lighten up the environment. Since he began channeling the Aether from the universe to feed the World Seed he had been able to allocate far more attention to this battle, but since he was not the most experienced when it came to large-scale warfare of this sort, he left it to the Lady of Shadows.

She was born to fight wars like this. Even in her apparent somberness, Rowan could still detect the excitement flowing within her veins. For the first time in a long time, the Lady of Shadow was truly alive.

The Demons attacked first and began their assault using more than a million points of entry. They came silently in numbers that would baffle the imagination, and against any other opponents, this number of demons ready for war would stagger them, their opponent however was the Lady of Shadows.

Each vortex was massive, enough that planets and stars could easily be sucked into Rowan's dimension with little hassle, and the Demons entered his dimensions by hitching a ride through the descending planets.

They had not learned much in the failed scouting mission previously, but they had learned that every vortex led to a different part of the Dimension, and so the demons had carefully spread themselves to different entry points, digging into a random planet or moons and allowed themselves to be sucked into the vortex.

Led by five Demon Princes and a million Demon Generals scattered amongst the horde, the plan was to hide inside the worlds until they had fully breached into this strange dimension and do what demons did best—Wreak havoc.

Each planet held hundreds of thousands of demons who had all masked their Aura, even the planets the Demon Princes had hidden themselves in were inconspicuous, and in a single concerted rush using a million points of entry, more than a hundred and fifty billion demon kind flooded into his Dimension.

To put this number into perspective, the War on Trion had been ongoing for a million years, yet the number of demons that had been fielded in the entire battle, accounting for both the living and the dead, did not number more than twenty-two billion.

Lesser universes had been crushed by a lesser number of demons. Yet this one was led by multiple Demon Princes and unlike how Demons usually went about their warfare, they had chosen to be silent and cunning.

It did not help them, Rowan's consciousnesses had now freed themselves of enough load to thoroughly monitor his dimension, and his great eye saw everything, and channeled it towards the Lady of Shadows.

Eva gestured, behind her were a hundred thousand Spell Weavers took a step forward and released their radiance, merging it with Eva, the Spell Weaver with the highest rank here was at the fifth weave, they were all wearing long flowing robes of gold and silver, with a blank full-face mask on their faces, and they bowed at the gigantic eye of Rowan, this gesture was the sign of the first salvo.

Rowan had given Eva permission to all his three Chambers, Astrolabe, Knowledge Well, and Hollow Forge. The Lady of Shadows knew the importance of these tools, and she used them effectively, as invaluable as they were as utility tools, they were also quite deadly in battle, and with the advent of Rowan's bloodline to the Immortal Level, their powers had multiplied exponentially.

Linking herself to the hundred thousand Spell Weavers, she channeled the light of Astrolabe to the million points of entry chosen by the demons, Knowledge Well made sure she could accurately pinpoint the planets they were hidden inside even when the worlds were shooting by with speeds far faster than light and covered with millions of other passing heavenly bodies, and she connected all these worlds to the Hollow Forge.

Eva collected all the light from the Spell Weavers, allowed it to run from her feet down to her right hand, and finally settled on her palm, and then she snapped her fingers.

There was a bright flash of bluish-white light all over the dimension as Astrolabe activated and drew a million planets chosen by the demons as their vehicle and sent them all into Hollow Forge, and in an instant, all the planets were vaporized to their tiniest components and stored inside the Hollow Forge, alongside it were the fifty billion demons.

None were spared even the Demon Princes. None made a sound.

The voice of Eva rang in the mind of Circe, "They had chosen to enter battle in silence, is it not fitting that they also die in silence?"

Circe shivered.

Eva looked away, already focusing on other tasks as her purple tendrils vibrated as she began to move the troops to the areas she anticipated the incoming assaults would be focused on. She sent a message using one of her tendrils placed deep inside the darkest parts of the dimension, in the depths of the Primordial Sea of Darkness.

"Reaper... Wake up."

That first assault lasted for barely a second, but it had already shattered nearly all the demonic presence bred inside this universe for the last six hundred million years.

This signified a vast amount of resources, and Eva channeled all those resources to a single presence.

The battle was just beginning, and it was her duty to make sure that every resource used was utilized to its utmost. Logistics could make or break a war.

"I walk in the shadows of despair and extinction, but I know no fear.... Anarchy is my blood... I am its blade, and now I am free to eat."

Tenma's eyes opened. He now had seventy-two of them. Two were on his face, but the rest were clustered closely on his back, running down his spine.

The multiple eyes in his body held a chilly gaze that stank of madness and despair, and another chilling quality, hunger. They were all dead, but were still frighteningly alive.

The words he spoke came not from his mouth, but from the many eyes he had in his body, this was a truth he believed in above all because for the last four thousand years he had never stopped fighting.

He shrugged his wide shoulders and stood up and kept rising and rising... until his present form was revealed. He still had his humanoid shape, except he was now tens of thousands of feet taller. His skin was pale, and his long black hair had been cut short so it stopped just below his neck. From all visible appearance, he looked like a man, except for his size and long black claws in place of fingernails.

Temma was shirtless, wearing only knee breeches made from the feathers of Angels. He looked at the world around him and saw anarchy and the onset of a battle so great it almost defied anything he could have previously imagined and his soul throbbed in happiness.

- Chapter 871: The Reaper

Chapter 871: The Reaper

Merging with Kohron did not bring Tenma the expected sweetness of peace and victory but a life of endless battle.

A Demon was an entity of anarchy, and a Demon Prince magnified this trait by a million times. Kohron was the Prince of Strife, his essence craved disorder, for without it, he would wither away. His soul might not be present, but his body was an extension of his soul, and this was the body that Tenma had possessed.

Tenma was just a High god, powerful when placed on a galactic scale, even a power to watch out for when placed against a universal scale, but the heights that a Demon Prince stood at meant he could as well be an ant before a mountain.

The body of Kohron in this universe was just one of many places in many different universes where the dominion of the Great Abyss held sway. Their bodies and essence were nothing that a god could conceptualize.

Without the aid of Rowan in breaking the mind of the Demon Prince, Tenma would not have been able to possess the body of Kohron, he had spent centuries before the merger was complete, and through all that time he had to battle with such primal essence that he had repeatedly gone mad, only the firm container he was stuck in with the Demon gave him the chance to succeed.

Every time he failed, he lingered and healed, drawing from the experience of living for millions of years and pushing through all the tribulations that had felled both gods and men, and eventually overcoming them.

The ordeal before him was brutal, anyone else would have begged for a release. A god was not meant to inhabit the body of a Demon Prince, the sheer madness of that concept was absolute.

Tenma would not have it any other way. The greatest of wins came from the most difficult undertakings.

He looked down at his massive body as the black waters of the Primordial Sea ran down his frame, the coldness of this sea embracing him as one of their own and he clutched his left hand, missing the grip of his familiar weapon, but it was okay, he had so many new toys to play with.

Tenma allowed the power from Eva to fill him until it almost felt as if he was about to burst and more kept coming, there was not just power here but essence from a million planets and a hundred and fifty billion demons, including Demon Princes.

Even with the body of Kohron, there was no way he could have handled all this power, but he was not a Demon Prince, the time spent in Rowan's dimension had enabled the possibilities of certain upgrades that necessitated his advancement to a special class that Eva had termed... Reaper.

Tenma grinned and began channeling all the power to the seventy-two gates in his body.

The eyes in his spine began to close. Each eye on his back came from an Angel, a dead angel. These eyes were gates.

As it turned out, merging with the Shell of a Demon Prince as a god was an astounding feat, but Tenma was left helpless, all his attention was spent battling against the essence of Kohron and he could not move a single finger.

If he had been able to conquer the mind and soul of Kohron then he would have been able to have the capabilities to control this body, but that was a task that was too complex for his fragile mind. He was like an ant placed inside the body of a man, no matter how hard he tried, utilizing the body of Kohron was beyond him.

Rowan also realized this problem and saw no promise in this experiment and placed him aside, but Tenma never stopped fighting, his stubbornness had pushed him beyond his station countless times in the past, and he would not stop until he made a breakthrough.

He failed many times, until everything changed when Rowan began to create his Forge and met Caine.

The battle against that entity for the first time led to the death of Angels, not one Angel, but thousands. Their Celestial Suns were snuffed out and they lied broken.

Tenma learned something that day when observing Angels after that battle—They did not mourn their dead.

The bodies of the Angels were treated with respect, but they were left to lie where their bodies had fallen. To them this was an honor, in death, their bodies shall guard the grounds they had defended.

Tenma had been experimenting with demonic spells for a long time, and although he could not truly control the body of Kohron, it granted him a high infinite amount of demonic essence and the ability to easily comprehend and extrapolate new demonic spells.

In the battle against Rowan, he had used a unique spell that had summoned True Demons from the Abyss, and this was the reason Rowan had seen promise in Tenma. With enough time on his hands and with the talent of a Demon Prince body, he had explored deeper into this power and it had borne fruit, giving him a direction to evolve past his limitations.

A flustered Tenma had contacted the Lady of Shadow and informed her of his new spell, but for it to work he needed something special, the bodies of Angels.

The Lady of Shadow had listened to him and she surprised Tenma was amazed that she did not only accede to his request, she aided him by giving further assistance by granting him limited access to Knowledge Well.

Tenma was blown away by how much his processing capabilities increased, and he refined the spell to such an extent that from the pathetic three gates he previously planned, it ballooned to the impressive seventy-two gates.

These gates were so balanced it could accept more Celestial bodies and expand its power base, and so it was that Tenma was given the privilege to be the container of all the bodies of every fallen Celestial.

This was the first part of this spell. The second part of this spell was the ability for Tenma to link to the dimension of the Great Abyss where he could summon and control an army of True Demons.

"My gates are opened, and my hands are filled with weapons. Point me to the war Lady of Shadows."

The next waves of Demons did not enter through a million vortices, but from ten million, and this time they did not hide.

Eva may have butchered billions of them a moment before, but those had just been bred in the last six hundred million years, the demonic presence had been inside this universe for six billion. This was enough time to create horrors that could end existence many times over.

It was useless to count their number, as they descended into the dimension without numbers,

"Open your gates, Slayer."

Tenma roared and the seventy-two eyes opened wide, releasing beams of black light that created massive portals in the air, and from those portals, an old man stepped forth, wearing a faded robe that seemed as if it was on the edge of fraying apart.

Behind him, similar-looking figures emerged, both male and female, until they numbered in the billions. Their eyes were red like flames and in the darkness created by the black fog of the Primordial Sea of Darkness, it was as if a billion burning lanterns were floating in the void.

The demons Tenma could control with his gates were called Akashic Trel. In the Great Abyss, their entire race had been exterminated, because of all demons, they were the only ones whose primary sustenance was feeding on demonic energy.

Tenma was called the Reaper because the Lady of Shadows gave him the life goal to end the Great Abyss for their Lord.

Chapter 872: Akashic Trel

Rowan's dimension was half a billion light years wide, you could fit five billion galaxies inside or two hundred billion trillion stars, this detail was significant because to understand the scale of this war, size was an essential component.

At this scale numbers became almost meaningless, what was critical was who held the most power in the battle and the precise control of resources.

Rowan understood that for the issue of resource allocation, Eva was better than him, so he was not leading the war and he was watching the Lady of Shadows, and when she placed Tenma into play, he realized that Eva was still playing to their advantage, as she was hiding Rowan's true capabilities behind the demonic armies of Tenma.

Rowan had speculated that there was a gap in information between all the parties that were attacking him, one side knew an aspect of his powers and the other side knew nothing, but he did not know how long this situation could actually continue.

If he was not sure that the Third Prince already knew that he was the one behind this dimension, he would have been able to trick the entire universe, and no one would know who he was or his capabilities.

Eva was banking on using misdirection to limit the power of their enemies' forces for as long as possible while reducing expenditure to a minimum.

The Akashic Trell created by Tenma numbered three and a half billion when completed, a stunning number, but against their attackers, it was a drop in the bucket, and when spread around the entire battlefield, they essentially vanished, after all this battlefield was vast.

From afar the demons pouring through ten million vortices were like dust, their numbers unending, they crushed the stars and every heavenly body in their way, leaving a trail of destruction that extended into the outer universe.

Apparently, someone out in the universe had begun destroying the stars and the planets so that he could no longer consume them. For anyone else, this would be a loss, but Rowan did not care for the surface resources of the universe, its true treasures were yet to come. Although these losses irritated him, in the larger scheme of things, they were meaningless to him at this point.

Most of the demons pouring into his dimension were Demon Spawns, wretched creations that could be as weak as Earth gods or grow strong enough to rival even Major gods. Their shapes could either be animalistic, humanoid, or any variation in between.

They usually had limited spell-casting abilities but tyrannical bodies that could survive in the void of space and fight even without their heads, it would take shattering their bodies to tiny pieces to finish off one of them.

Limited but also in greater number than could be counted were the Demon Knights. Typically on a mount or possessing a far larger physique, the weakest Demon Knight had the strength of a Minor god, they were usually the strongest amongst their ranks, and they were just a step below a Demon General.

A Demon General were creatures that had survived endless battles, some of them were graced with bloodlines from Demon Princes and above, and they were merely a step below royalty.

However, Rowan wasn't concerned with this rabble even though they numbered in the billions, he was only looking at the shining light amongst them.

His seemingly arrogant perception was born from the fact that Rowan had never spent a lot of time weak, his ever-

evolving bloodline meant he had skipped billions of years or more of growth, compressing all that time into three short decades, and so he had no real understanding for the weak and their struggles, he had eyes only for the strong.

In these armies of demons, he saw eleven shiny lights, all from Demon Princes and sadly no Demon Kings, he hoped one or two might be foolish enough to present their heads to him, he could have crushed and halted the entire Demonic assault if he had killed two more Demon Kings, but they were all old monsters who had learned not to overreach.

It would seem that the apparent death of the first Demon King inside the Dimension had made the rest wary and they were sending fodder. Shame.

The Demon Princes were hidden amid the horde and they were subtly releasing large bursts of power to push back the black fog that filled his dimension; they would soon find out that their efforts were useless as Rowan was actively creating more fog to block the sights of anyone who entered here.

This was also not adding the debilitating chill that came with this fog that was causing the demonic horde to slowly collapse given enough time, except for the Demon Princes, every demon that entered his Dimension would be frozen into a block of ice, but the Lady of Shadows was not giving them that time, she could not afford to, the Demons could travel quite quickly, and if they were not stopped they would find their way to the center of Rowan's dominion, which was not as far away as they might think.

The vortices had spread all over his Dimension, and some of them were clustered around his emerging City of Sheol, its form had not yet solidified, there was something missing and Rowan had a hint of what it might be.

Rowan suspected that of the six hundred thousand vortices around his seat of consciousness, the reason that no demon had been able to come through any of them was down to luck. He was sure if his Tree of Desire bloodline had eyes, it would be winking at him, "Luck, yeah right. It's all me baby."

The summoned Akashic Trells seemed to merge with the darkness and when they reappeared they were deep within the ranks of the demons, and for a short while their presence was undetected, lost in their vastness.

Unlike the hulking brutes that most demons' physiques favored, this race was tiny, the biggest amongst them barely six feet tall, their bodies shrunken as if they were a single step away from the grave, and the passing demons ignored them, they had immense demonic essence inside of them and they fit in with the crowd, this ignorance of the threat in their midst would turn out to be costly.

The first Trell that was summoned sparked the war, he negligently held out his hand and grabbed the leg of a passing Demon General. This monstrosity was almost five hundred feet tall, with bright red skin that could barely hold the tons of muscles about to burst out from his body, horns that could pierce through reality, and he held two large axes.

The Demon General was mindlessly breaking off pieces of black ice that were growing on his body when an ungodly force grabbed him by the leg.

He paused and looked down and nearly laughed when he saw the old man holding on to his shin. Only the vice-like grip on his leg made him wary and he noticed a red light shining in the hands of the man that he had missed at first because of the color of his skin, and immediately his instincts screamed 'danger.'

The Demon General had fought wars for millions of years and knew not to doubt this set of instincts that had saved his life far too many times to count. He flipped the axe he was holding in his left hand and swung it at the old man.

Chapter 873: An Endless Army

The Axe blade was more than fourteen feet in length and carried enough force to split a continent in two parting the fog with a loud whooshing sound that could be heard for miles.

Slamming into the body of the old man, it vaporized the entirety of his body leaving tiny quivering flesh behind that soon froze into black ashes, the Demon King sneered and continued brushing the black ice off his body as he tried to penetrate the despicable fog in this place with his perception, and then he stumbled.

He looked around confused, he was still in midair and there was no obstruction anywhere around him, it was impossible for him to even know the ground from the sky and he was just selecting a direction and pushing forward until he found something to kill, and then he yawned.

The urge to sleep overwhelmed him and he fell to one knee, dropping his massive axes that disappeared into the gloom, his large cat-like eyes began to droop, and he noticed a few meters ahead, one of his Demon Knights, a Dulahan, a headless horseman riding a decaying horse had been reduced to bones, an old woman was hugging him to her breast.

"No, this is not right," he growled and tried to return to his feet, but everything was so much harder to do, even lifting his fingers was nearly impossible, and when even breathing felt like the most difficult thing he had ever done, he dimly noticed that the old man holding his legs had returned, and he was no longer tiny.

His figure had filled up, and he stood straighter, now filled with vitality, his eyes which were previously dull embers had begun to glow. The Demon General released a small groan as he noticed that his legs had been reduced to dry bones and the destruction was moving up his body, before his life faded away, he saw that perching on his once magnificent body were six other figures, the last one had been hugging his neck.

The last thing he heard was his neck snapping like a dried branch. He idly wondered why he had felt no pain.

The Akashic Trell was a silent assassin, and except for enemies like Demon Generals with enormous amounts of essence, any Demon usually fell within a second, unable to even scream, and even if they did, there was no one here to hear their cries except darkness and the endless cold.

Nyrroth the Mind Flayer was the first Demon Prince who noticed their presence. He was in the midst of the demonic horde pushing away the fog for miles, he cursed when he looked behind him and noticed that the path he had opened had become filled once more with fog.

Like a blanket surrounding him, Nyrroth could feel the presence of his demons around him and then the blanket began to grow holes. A bit of cold touched his senses where there should have been warmth.

His eyes tracked through the fog trying to find out what was happening but he could only see dim flashes of red, whatever was happening outside his perception, the perpetrators chose to remain far from him, but since they were hunting so close to him, it meant they did not really fear him. They were fools.

Nyrroth continued forward, moving faster and pushing the fog aside in an erratic manner, hoping he could catch the ones who were stealing his warmth, but after a while, the Demon Prince thought he could hear the cheeky laughter of a child. He knew when he was being mocked. In the last few minutes, he had not counted but he must have lost hundreds of millions of demons, indeed he was being mocked.

With a roar of anger he dispelled the fog around him for hundreds of miles, "Show yourself!"

That turned out to be a mistake as a blurry figure that was moving so fast it was impossible to accurately see his form slammed into Nyrroth and took him into the fog, he never emerged.

The rabble was for Eva to contain, the Princes on the other hand, were for Rowan to hunt, and his Sovereigns were his hands. The hunt continued in the darkness, the Arkashic Trells growing larger and faster as they consumed more demons and after reaching the peak of their growth from feeding from so many demonic essences, they began to evolve.

Their human shell tore apart revealing a smooth chitinous shell that was black like midnight, multiple arms and tentacles burst out from their bodies and they shot into the darkness looking for more prey. The Trells gave out invisible cries that stunned and placed every demon to sleep around them before they began feasting.

The slaughter escalated, almost matching the number of demons pouring into his dimension at every moment. Rowan's stores of Soul Crystals began to multiply faster than he could have anticipated.

In three hours, all the Demon Princes were dead, but the flood of Demons continued pouring in, unending, and even with the power of an Akashic Trell, they began to fall against the weight of endless numbers. A surprising amount of them died due to self explosion, they had eaten until they burst.

This was not altogether a bad thing, for the Trell that died in that manner had a chance to split into smaller copies of themselves, restarting the circle all again, but it was clear that in a while, even the Akashic Trell would not be enough, there were just too many demons to kill.

Rowan was not focused on this dilemma, something else was calling his attention, he just had a new discovery on the bodies of the Demon Princes that was a cause for concern.

Rowan had noticed that the essence of the Demon Princes was weaker than normal, he had killed enough Demon Princes to know the amount of demonic powers that should be present in their bodies, not wasting time to investigate every single facet of their corpses he hastily located the Soul Mountain of one of them and crushed it to pieces, not interested in the Soul Crystals, he was here for the memories.

The slammed into his mind, different from any memories he had ever read before. These were reaching for him. There was no cognizant structure to these memories, only a voice, and the first thing he heard was the voice of the Third Prince,

"You can eat souls boy, then that means you might hear my voice, surprise! Well, don't say I don't give good presents, and since we here are all in the spirit of giving, here's another one!"

His entire Dimension suddenly lit up with a supernatural glow that chased away the fog, a loud groaning sound rang out that caused ears to bleed, and as the light vanished, an endless army took its place.

Endless was not a word that Rowan used lightly.

This army did not just hold demons, but mages and so much more. Rowan's great eye had been exposed and could see the Third Prince and Golgoth standing side by side.

The Third Prince was grinning with his hand spread open, revealing his powerful physique, his face that so closely resembled Rowan's own was warped in a manic excitement. Golgoth held Gaping Undoer with both hands and lightly tapped on the hilt with his fingers, his body was vibrating as if he was holding himself back with every willpower he had.

The voice of the Third Prince rippled through his dimension, "Surely, you don't think you are the only one who likes giving out surprises, or did you think this battle was going to only play by your rule...boy?"

Chapter 874: True Daughter Of Old Light

Rowan's army was so massive that a mortal could spend his entire life walking past their seemingly endless rows and he would not be able to see more than ten percent of the entirety, especially for the Spirits and beasts like Vraegar who were so massive they were the size of worlds. Only a battlefield that could cover light years across could hold this army.

When Eva had sent Tenma to attack the demons, she had begun posting everyone to different positions, different members in the army all had their strengths and weaknesses, and sometimes the best way to employ them effectively was at specific places and moments, and she would ensure that everyone here performed to the best of their abilities.

With the surprising descent of their enemies into the home field all those plans had to be scrapped, a unified front was better than one that was scattered, especially when their enemies already filled up a greater portion of the battlefield, with a gesture she drew back everyone from where she had sent them to encircle the growing city of Sheol.

They stood like an unbreakable wall around his city, their faces were hard and their eyes were sharp, none of them felt despair, only the crazy will to battle until none of their enemies were left, and the invading army gave them nothing but endless motivation.

Although the invading army did not attack, they began to encircle them, and now it was clear that a majority of their numbers were not demons, mages, or gods, they were beasts.

Rowan could see the similarities between these beasts and the ones from the Eye of the Primordial of Evil, but unlike the living beasts there, these were dead. Massive wounds that rent their flesh to the bones adorned their bodies, but they had been fused together in a garish manner that made the beasts even in death feel pain.

He could see the fruits of the Abominations in the body of these beasts, the experiments with Lamia had borne fruits for the Third Prince, he must have used the essence of the Abomination to create an army that could flood multiple universes, and with the virulence of an unstoppable plague, every person that fell to these beasts would rise as one of them, an unending army of the dead.

The Third Prince must have realized Rowan could harvest souls from his enemies and made sure that the bulk of the attackers had no souls they could give him. He had created the perfect weapon to counter Rowan, an army of the dead that could only grow stronger during battle.

The mages, demons, and gods stayed at the back, allowing an unending mass of flesh to crash down on Rowan's position. The Third Prince, Demon Princes, Archmages, and God Kings stayed behind, whatever deal had been struck between them must have been strong enough that they chose to work together as one.

They were assured of their victory, they only needed to wait and observe as the endless tides of beasts washed out the opposition and they would mop up what was left.

The riches of this unknown dimension were theirs to take.

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Eva's memory had not fully returned to her but she felt she had stood here before, countless times in the past as an unending flood of enemies poured down on her fortification. Especially towards the end of her life, where nothing was left but endless losing battles, as she fought to survive not just to the next day, a prospect that seemed almost impossible sometimes, but to the next minute.

Yes, she had stood here before and weathered the gaze of a thousand stronger foes as they called for her blood and the blood of all that she held dear.

The Lady of Shadows did not need to sleep, but sometimes when she closed her eyes in contemplation, she heard a voice, a sound that had plagued her since the moment she gave birth to her Will, that voice had always been inside her head but she could not hear it clearly, but as she returned to her previous heights of power, it came more clearly, not everything, but enough that she could sense the Will of the speaker,

Eve! True daughter of Old Light thou art!

Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.

Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,

Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?

That voice was the last thing she heard before she died, taunting her ambitions, and shattering her dreams. The voice seemed to merge with those coming from the Third Prince. His taunting voice was a reminder of her death.

She must have given an outward sign of the turmoil in her heart for Circe looked at her in concern, and Eva nodded at her and then she smiled because she was unexpectedly happy as a realization came to her.

Eva gained her Will two decades ago, and since then she had been tortured by this voice, but now, the Third Prince had given her a venue to channel all the rage and frustration that had been building inside her all this time.

It was difficult sometimes to remember that she was not alone anymore, and the entity she served was not one to be looked down upon. Rowan was extremely dangerous when he was nothing but a mortal, he had several powerful gifts that he could not unleash due to the frailties of his flesh, what more now that he was Immortal his gifts had grown to heights unseen since the beginning of creation.

She could sense the Will of Rowan, it was strong and steady, and he was not afraid or panicking, it was a cold and calculating presence that filled her heart with strength, she could feel that above everything else he wanted to kill this creature whose face was a mockery of his own, and in an instant, everything aligned in her consciousness, and the Lady of Shadows gave Rowan's response for the entire battlefield to hear,

"Reaper!"

A cold voice replied, "Your command my lady."

"Hold them back for as long as you can."

The old voice burst into laughter that could be heard throughout the entire dimension,

"All that entered your dominion shall die, my lady."

Eva had noticed that although the Third Prince had entered into their Dimension with fanfare, it did not come without a cost. From all outward appearances, they were filled with exuberance, as if their victory was assured, but was it that easy to teleport into Rowan's dimension without any repercussions?

Admittedly the holes poked into his dimension by the vortices must have gone a long way to alleviate the incredible strain that must have occurred when they teleported in, but the effects must still be wearing down on them.

The Third Prince had truly picked the right army to counter Rowan, the strain of teleporting into this dimension was useless against the dead, but Eva saw the opportunity here and would not miss it.

The Akashic Trells gave out haunting howls that although could not be heard, could still be felt, and even though their numbers had been cut short, they still numbered in the billions. They appeared around Rowan's army, and even in the light it was difficult to see their true form and with a soundless shriek, they pushed forward towards the descending army of the dead.

Chapter 875: Annihilation

The Akashic Trell's cries only grew louder as they neared their prey, yet their screams did nothing but irritate the dead beasts, these creatures were dead and in pain, the cries from the Akashic Trells only exacerbated their agony and they snarled in anger before pushing forward, these dead beasts also gave out cries of battle that were horrifying to hear, for they sounded like what they were—dead.

The moment they were about to slam into each other, The Akarshic Trells vanished into black smoke, and what slammed against the tides of beasts was an enormous tide of divine lightning. The switch was so fast that it was disorienting, and the army of the dead could not adjust.

This lightning came from a hundred thousand Spell Weavers who had been subtly gathering power for days in a massive spell formation that ringed the entirety of Rowan's army. The connection Eva made with them was also a path to send power to them, and at this moment Eva was giving them as much power as they could hold without burning them out.

The lightning burned so hot and bright that it practically melted the front lines for miles, reducing beasts in their billions to less than dust, the weakest of these beasts were Earth gods, with countless at the Major God and even the High God level.

Their powers served for nothing as the lightning that was as condensed as a river and hotter than any star in the universe burned through their ranks. The light and the sound from that attack were so bright and loud that many had to shade their eyes.

The resultant shock wave from this move crushed hundreds of millions, folding great beasts the size of cities into little clouds of ash, and then in the midst of the army that had been situated comfortably in the back, the demons, mages, and gods began to silently fall, turning to dust before they could even cry out.

Many of them had become excited and had pushed themselves closer to the front lines, confident in the nursing walls of flesh in front of them, and now they were paying the price.

This created a commotion in the midst of the army as the charging Akashic Trells had been a diversion at the start, they were assassins and there was no way Eva would be using them to charge the front lines, she just needed the focus of their enemies on them.

It was the reason she so loudly announced the Reaper, making sure the enemy had been focused on Tenma and his minions. In her first life, she did not necessarily employ tactics like these, but she had learned the art of theatricality and deception from Rowan. He was someone who would loudly announce something and in the next moment do something else.

The Akashic Trells were not a good matchup against the dead, but living flesh was their domain, their cries could lull even the toughest of opponents to sleep and their touch would drain every bit of life inside of them.

Endless ranks of the enemy were stunned by the lights, sounds, and cries from the dying, and before they could respond to the silent assassins in their ranks who were slowly killing their way toward the center of their line where the truly powerful were waiting, another wave of lightning impacted their front lines, vaporizing enemies and unlucky demons, mages and gods caught in the blast zones for miles, another devastating shockwave followed that flung bodies for thousands of miles.

This lightning was the top killing weapon of the Spell Weavers when they worked together in a formation. Eva had drawn inspiration from Tribulation Lightning and fused into it, thousands of Intents that were skewed towards destruction. The result was a force that could chew through anything, plus it was an effective counter against the dead.

Eva knew that to kill the dead infected with the curse of the Abomination, there must be nothing left of their bodies, and of the billions dead, none of them left any fragment of their flesh behind.

With only two of her weapons, Eva had killed untold billions and was pushing the lines of the enemies backward, causing disarray in their ranks, and she was just beginning. She made a gesture and Heavy Runic Cannons began to rise from the Primordial Sea.

Before the strain of teleportation vanished, she wanted to deal as much damage to this army as she possibly could.

With Knowledge Well, Eva had been able to theorize powerful weapons and Spell Formations, but it was unfortunate that the materials to create those weapons and formations were almost impossible to acquire inside the dimension, she would have to find them outside the universe or use Hollow Forge to create them from a vast amount of ordinary materials.

Whatever Rowan had done, he had brought the entire universe here to him, trillions of planets, stars, and all sorts of heavenly bodies had flooded into the dimension and Eva had everything she needed to bring her weapons of war to life.

The true might of Rowan's chamber was beginning to reveal itself; if he had enough materials on hand, Rowan was the sort of enemy no one in their right mind would ever want to challenge.

The Lady of Shadows fell into her creation with gusto, taking inspiration from the massive cannons used on the wars in Trion and the many other wars in her memories, and she began crafting tools of annihilation.

At this moment a hundred cannons were rising from the sea, and each of them was the size of a planet. Their shapes were sleek, resembling silver spears, they were cannons but there was no visible hole at their tips, their mode of fire was a mystery.

The surprise ambush from the Third Prince had halted her plans to create a million of these cannons, but for now, a hundred would have to do. With a million of these, the Lady of Shadow would fear nothing inside this universe

The Akashic Trell were still wreaking havoc amid the army and another wave of lightning poured on the army, allowing Eva enough time to activate her cannons and make the first shot.

Every cannon she created was primed with the Intent of Destruction and Unraveling. This was the truth behind these cannons, they did not fire a bolt of force or energy, but something far more powerful, they fired Intent.

The hundred cannons encircling them fired at once, their tips exploding into pieces as a visible wave of force erupted from them that was directed outward and away from their army.

The leaders of the opposition had clearly seen the cannons rising from the Primordial Sea and as many hands rose up to create spells to block the expected fire, the Akashic Trells still battling in their midst, glowed red-

hot and exploded.

Their death released endless waves of silent screams that battered the minds of the living, stunning and distracting a large wave of the defenders, and as they reeled from the mental blow, the tides of annihilation swept through their ranks, traveling for millions of miles before it dissipated.

The battlefield was silent as untold lives collapsed into dust. Eva gestured and the Cannons began charging up again. They were disposable treasures and could only fire seven shots, she had to make them count, after all, building each cannon required the resources from a dozen galaxies.

The great eyes of Rowan blinked, 'So this is what Eva is capable of if you gave her enough time to plan.'

Chapter 876: Breaking The Rules

Rowan's consciousness passed through the long stretch of decimated undead and the unlucky mages or demons who were struck by the cannons; he could feel his pile of Soul Crystals swell up from the death of hundreds of millions, including dozens of Soul Mountains.

This wave of destruction had reminded him of Telmus, each of these cannons could be said to be a Mini-Telmus, capable of unleashing a potent wave of destruction with a single move using Intent as its vehicle, although it lacked the sheer control needed to weave all this destruction in a focused direction, leading to a wide dispersal of its energy, it was still more than enough to kill even a Demon Prince and any Immortal below.

Originally such a blow should do nothing but shatter their bodies and would be nothing but an annoying inconvenience, inside his dimension, every death was permanent.

If not for the tight grasp their leaders had over them, he doubted that any immortal would ever want to enter his dimension. Rowan could imagine that it was not really difficult to push demons into this battle, but for extremely conservative figures like Archmages, what could be the reason that they would choose to fight a battle with such a steep margin of error?

Demons were primordial beings to whom the concept of death did not truly matter, but mages were different, unlike demons whose growth was also dependent on bloodline, a

mage struggled from a mortal to become an immortal Archmage, they treasured their lives, and dying here for an unknown benefit was madness.

He detected the hands of the Reflections inside this matter, and for a moment Rowan wanted to pursue this line of thought and figure out how to cause a disunity in their ranks, but he tapered this thought. It was unlikely that he would be able to present enough evidence to cause a rebellion, and besides it was not as if the mages here were not guilty.

Intruding into his home and dimension only meant one thing, that would be thorough elimination. No one here would leave alive. Two of the Reflections were already inside his dimension, including the one he could not wait to kill, but before then, this war was just beginning and there was much to learn about their enemies, every moment spent here was another moment gained in his digestion of the Supreme World and elevation of his Ouroboros bloodline.

The unstable situation of Sheol was deliberate. His city was still in flux, it needed a shape, and it needed Soul Energy, but Rowan was holding back, because its current appearance made the shape of his bloodline to be unknown.

The Third Prince was cunning, and he would not allow him any chance to gain information that could shift the course of this battle. His father had been a great teacher, and Rowan would show him everything he had learned before he killed him with his two hands.

A major part of his attention was placed on the Third Prince and Golgoth, there were several other individuals with them that were hidden in a strange darkness, it was most likely that the third Reflection was hidden inside that darkness, alongside other powerful figures like Demon Kings, Tower Masters, and God Kings. Rowan had easily noticed that among all the immortals on the battlefield, the highest were High gods, Demon Princes, and Archmages below Seven Stars.

Like him, the Third Prince was keeping his powerhouses behind to recover and also tease out his capabilities. Rowan could see the grin on the face of the madman, he was thoroughly enjoying himself.

Rowan contemplated sending his powers to attack him immediately, but he held back, it was unknown the preparation his father must have made around him, the fact that he revealed his presence so early meant he was confident enough to survive whatever Rowan had thrown at him previously.

If he was confident in waiting, Rowan had no problem with it, time was also what he needed at this time.

'Wait a moment longer, dear father.'

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The cannons released their charges another two times, spreading shockwaves of destruction deep into the lines of the enemy. The number of deaths was getting ridiculous, but it was muted by the fact that ninety-nine percent of the dead were already dead, and were simply meat shields soaking up the damage, however, the third wave of cannon fire was blocked as the enemy began to strike back.

Whatever disruption caused by the teleportation had not truly subsided but the enemy weapons were not only in their numbers but the armament that they also carried as well. They came with many weapons and they began unleashing them.

From out of nowhere, massive ships that were thousands of miles long and equally as high, numbering in their millions pop into view, crushing beasts and any unlucky magus or demons who could not move out of the way, all the ships were identical, having the shape of a triangle, like massive pyramids.

From the tip of the ships, a bright yellow light erupted that created a dome of bright energy that connected all the ships as one. The dome expanded quickly and shielded a greater portion of the army behind them, blunting the wave of Intent. The shield vibrated loudly, its lights dimming, but it sprang back up once more, far more quickly than the cannons could fire another salvo.

Eva noticed that although the ships were blocking the destructive wave, they also suffered damages as well, massive chunks of their infrastructure were shattered, but they still barely held together. If she fired two more shots from the cannons, the ships would be destroyed, but that would be wasting the shots from those cannons when there were cheaper methods to bring down the shields.

The three blasts from the cannons had chewed through a sizable portion of their forces and she needed to make every shot count and was a bit irritated that she had missed the subtle shift in energy that hinted at the emergence of these ships.

As she feared, a greater portion of the army was recovering faster than she had anticipated and the lights from billions of various spells and techniques were beginning to smolder inside their ranks.

Eva gave another order and the Spell Weavers who had been charging up another wave of lightning, seamlessly switched to a different spell, and she did not even have to turn to her left when Diane spoke up, "They are made of metal, but I need a little gap through their force fields to destroy them."

"It will be done," Eva responded as the Spell Weavers released a wave of negation energy. This was not a spell that was considered almost impossible to cast, because it was the antithesis of magic and energy, but somehow, Eva had found a way to make her Spell Weavers unleash such a power.

As if that were not enough, the speed of the spell casting was so fast that it was disproportionate to the power of their spells to such a large magnitude that the enemy magus could only gasp in shock.

Three impossibilities wrapped in one. This was the basis for a Taboo Spell of every Magus discipline, the domain of an Archmage, the dream they all pursued, and on this field of battle, they were beginning to see a demonstration of it.

A Taboo Spell was supposed to break a single impossible rule, but this massive spell of Energy Negation was breaking three impossible rules. Which the mages considered to be well.... Impossible.

Chapter 877: New Crew

The Negation Energy had the color of a green mist, that shot across the distance, faster than a lightning bolt, quick bursts of spells and energy blasts were aimed down upon it from the opposition, even though most of the enemy had not recovered from the strain of teleportation, their enormous numbers were an advantage as millions of spells and energy bolt impacted against the Negation Energy.

The green mist dispersed most of the spells and energy bolts, but its volume began to decrease as it tore through wave after wave of spells that hindered its movements, but enough of the green mist went through to splash against the shields, creating minuscule gaps that most would not even notice.

The shields had been strengthened dramatically before the Negation Energy had reached it, and although it quivered, or still held, the tiny gaps were closed in less than a second, a time that was short enough for none of the green mist to flow through or any other harmful spells.

But for Diane, this short period of vulnerability was enough.

Her senses had been primed for the moment she spotted a gap, and when it emerged, she seized it. A golden glow that was virtually undetectable during the chaos slipped through the gaps in the shields and touched a single ship.

Diane's abilities were similar to those of the Volgim family, but what separated them was her reach and power. These series of ships were called Horus Crest, a unique line of galactic crusher ships employed by the Magus Supreme World.

Every Horus Crest had the power to police an entire galaxy and contained proprietary technology unique to mages. A million of them was enough to control a greater portion of the universe, but there were close to nine million of these ships here.

This was a power that had been carefully built up during the last five billion years by The Watcher, harvested from resources from this universe, these ships would have solidified her position beside the Supreme Magus and expanded the reaches of magus society across dozens of universes, but they were all deployed to this field of battle.

Diane was not just a Spell Weaver, she was one of the lucky few who had been transformed by Rowan's enhanced Ouroboros Bloodline directly from the source which was his scales, and that gave her certain unique properties that made her a terrifying prospect.

One of her special abilities was a unique form of resonance, she had touched and understood the composition of one of the ships, this made it possible for her to connect to every ship in the fleet that shared the same material, and this link disregarded the influence of space, and perhaps if she grew strong enough, it would be possible to disregard time.

What this simply meant was that connecting with one ship here meant that technically Diane could connect to every single Horus Crest in existence, that is if she was strong enough.

Connecting to all the ships here would test her powers to the limits and beyond.

Her golden eyes lit up as if there was a star inside her head and she raised her hands, her legs leaving the ground and she screamed, for a moment it was as if nothing had happened, and then the entire fleets of Horus Crest, all nine million, shuddered, and they began to turn around slowly, this shattered all the shields they had created and their weapons began to hum to life.

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Six Star Archmage Ventus Ezeh was not having the most pleasant day, and after experiencing some of the worst moments in his life during this short year, this was saying something. For the last few minutes, he had been pushing out the fog that shackled his Spirit, Soul, and body, and he was barely halfway done when commanded to block the attacks from the enemy.

The fleet of Horus Crest that he was leading should have left this doomed universe months ago, but administrative delays and other unforeseen developments delayed this process. He was used to situations like this and considered it one of the pains of magus bureaucracy, something he was also guilty of.

He had spent tens of millions of years dedicated to this esteemed project, and he was one from a long line of successors who was heading the creation of these Galactic Destroyers, he could boldly beat his chest and affirm that he was among the most productive of commanders to ever sit on this chair.

In the short millions of years he had been with this project he had been able to develop a whopping 563 Horus Crests, a record he was sure would be challenging to beat. This universe was bursting with untapped resources and he had not been as frugal as his predecessors, and it showed.

The call from The Watcher to assemble before a gigantic spell formation three days ago was unexpected and if he had the capability to refuse, he would have gladly taken it, whatever conflict that was ongoing in this universe was not something Archmage Ventus felt he was capable of dipping his fingers into. He had lived long enough to understand the meaning of Will, and the monsters who controlled the power of higher dimensions.

Even if he lived till the end of creation, he doubted if he would ever touch the realm of Will, and like ninety-nine percent of every archmage, he would be stuck at the limits of Intents. This realization made him develop a healthy fear for the users of Will, for them, eternity was assured and everyone else was dust by the roadsides, even the so-called Immortals like them.

Archmage Ventus had hoped that the summoning was the final confirmation he needed to leave this universe because he knew that although the Horus Crests were powerful, they were missing several valuable components and Spell Arrays that could only be fitted in when they reached the Magus Supreme World, and it was not advisable for them to participate in this conflict.

With his power as Commander of the fleet, it was his right to at least delay any order that was given until it could be reviewed but he did not have the chance to exercise that right. The Watcher who should never have let such a blunder happen, gave her consent to it.

There was no discussion, only orders and instructions on what was going to be happening next, apparently, the three Tower Masters had made a decision about the direction of this conflict, and Archmage Ventus did not have the time to wrap his head around the orders when he was warped from his position into this unknown dimension.

Inside every Horus Crest were ten thousand crew members, a skeletal force that could barely run the ship. Blocking that perverse blasts of Intent was possible only due to Archmage Ventus's direction, as he had fought through the paralysis afflicting him to ensure that his Horus Crest fleet responded as they should to their tasks.

It was the reason why he was baffled when the number of crew members in his ship that were barely above a thousand in number had suddenly ballooned into a million with more life signatures popping out with every passing second, and from his readings, this was happening on all Horus Crests.

It did not take long for him to see who these unexpected visitors were, and they were parts of his ships.

Chairs, pillars, control terminals, Spell Arrays, Weapons, even entire rooms, and halls... all of them had been animated, they tore their way out from whatever position that they were placed, and before the gaze of the stunned Archmage, they began to crew the ship as they slaughtered the previous crew members.

He was flung away from his throne as it stood up, assuming a humanoid shape, before launching itself at the Archmage.

Chapter 878: Golem

The animated throne bellowed with a scratchy metallic tone, "Stand still for assimilation before our glorious lady of gold."

Archmage Ventus promptly vaporized it with a flick of his finger, he may not be able to fully control his powers, but the myriad wards and spells he had woven around him were more than enough to take care of any intruders.

He was furious. Never before in the history of the glorious Horus fleets had such great acts of sabotage performed on it.

"Damn this fucking war, nothing would block me from getting this fleet back home. I swear it in the name of Endirius."

It was a simple thing to expand the first layer of his defensive Taboo Spell to sweep through his entire ship holding all the rampaging elements together and freezing his Horus Crest in place, his Spirit dug deep into the fabrics of the ship and he gasped, "This should not be possible."

There had been attempts in the past to control a Horus Crest by outside forces, anyone who seized one of these ships would have enough power to control a galaxy, and to ensure that this sort of thing did not happen, every Horus Crest was fitted with state of the art Defensive Scripts, that even Archmage Ventus could not even decipher after spending tens of millions of years studying these ships.

These safeguards were put in place to deter the actions of other Supreme Worlds from stealing the powers of the magus worlds and adding them to their domain, some of the greatest and the most bitter battles outside the universe were for protecting the intellectual properties because it represented the strength and capability of a civilization.

If Ventus allowed his Horus Crest to be infiltrated, even if they win this war, his future prospects would be bleak, a permanent stain on the record of an immortal did not just go away with time.

The Archmage realized that whatever took over his fleet had not performed these egregious acts by going after the spells, wards, scripts, or the million other components that made it up, but they had controlled the structure of the ship itself and gave it a weird form of life.

They essentially made his ship a gigantic golem. Archmage Ventus knew about the acts of Puppet Making, as it was a major magus discipline but he had never known of anything quite like this. For a brief moment, he felt an alarming surge of greed in his heart for whatever technique or ability that could make such a thing possible.

Perhaps he needed to devote more of his attention to not just survival but winning this battle so he could begin to uncover the tantalizing secrets this unholy place held. If he could understand this power, perhaps it would forge his path to the creation of Will, if not, the ability to seamlessly control his entire fleet was a game changer that would resound all through the universe.

He was distracted from his thoughts when he felt an endless series of vibrations pushing against his wards and spells, in addition to that there was a stunning upsurge of power around him that shook him to the core, fighting through the fog chaining down his Spirit, Archmage Ventus spread out his perception and noticed that the fleet had turned around and opened fire on their allies, except for his own that he had frozen in place.

The Archmage's face went pale, the greatest weapons of the Horus Crest were still offline, not yet fitted in until they returned to the magus Supreme World, but there was enough minor weaponry in the ships to raze entire star systems to ash.

Whoever had taken charge of the Horus Crest fleet was not holding back in the slightest and was pushing out so much firepower as if it was going out of season, and the energy erupting from all the ships was like a thousand supernovas, going off at once.

'My life's work!' He howled inside his head, seeing his prospects as a leading power in the magus world ruined before his eyes, there was even a possibility he would be punished for an eternity after this battle was over, his eyes bugging out of his skull as the weapons fired again and again.

Even with all this sheer devastation unleashed by the Horus Crest, the trait of the Magus Weapon showed itself, which was precision. Every weapon that was fired was not targeting the undead but tracking all the living signatures on their side and pouring down so much firepower it was destroying the barriers and killing even high-level Archmages.

The panicked screams of his crew all over the Horus Crest fleet had been cut off a while ago, their ships most likely devoured them all, only to be replaced by cries and curses from other Archmages outside as they screamed for Archmage Ventus to take control of his fleet. Unlike the Intent Cannons, these weapons were far more devastating against their army.

Eons of learning how to control every facet of himself gave him the ability to suppress a greater part of the debilitating effect on his body and mind, silencing the unneeded emotion and he began to assert himself, as he called on his Tower Spirit, "Give me something Charri!" He weakly called out.

His Spirit, mind, and Soul might be suppressed, but his Tower Spirit had enough autonomy to work without his supervision and was one of the reasons he could fight through the strain of teleportation.

"I have connected all Spell Fractals linking the entire Horus Crest, master Ventus, unfortunately, I'm locked out from accessing the Power Matrix of the Horus Crest fleet so I will need the power from your Spirit Matrix to push for harmonization between the fleet to achieve..."

"Take it!"

"With your condition, it could break your Spirit Matrix."

"Charri, don't make me repeat myself."

"Affirmative, Opening Sequence to exploit... Warning, Incoming wave of Level 9 Destruction Level fields, composition 3,765 Intent of force, 5,332 intent of Fire, 3,221 intent of..."

Archmage Ventus cut out the panicked cries of his Tower Spirit, as his Perception swept behind him, he had forgotten for a brief moment the reason they shifted his Horus Crest to the forefront was to block the wave of Intent from the cannons, and now their shields were down.

He watched the nearly invisible wave of force reach the edge of his fleet and expected his fleet to be crushed to nothing, but the waves parted around them, bypassing millions of his ships and passing by. His ship was situated at the back of the fleet, and so he saw that no single ship ahead was damaged.

Archmage Ventus's heart settled, it would seem that the Tower Masters had finally recovered and were ready to break the control the enemy had over the field of battle. He straightened his shoulders and watched as the wave of Intent drew nearer to his ship, he was already calling for his Tower Spirit to begin purging the unknown influence from his fleet.

Archmage Ventus brought out a new throne so he could be in a good position before his Tower Spirit began pulling power from his Spirit Matrix; he would rather not be caught flopping on the ground like a fish out of the water as his power was extracted.

Unexpectedly, reaching his ship, the wave of Intent that was supposed to pass by his ship suddenly closed the gap, Archmage Ventus's eyes widened in realization that the

Tower Master had never been in control of the Intent Wave, and they were taking care of him personally, the image of an enigmatic woman entered his mind, "clever bit..."

Then he knew no more.

Chapter 879: Forgive Me, Brother

The tendrils from the World Seed had been digging through the core of the unknown skull for hours, and the energy Rowan had expended would have lit up a billion stars, even though his consciousness and the World Seed were a perfect conductor of energy, his consciousness had begun to feel raw.

He had never channeled and processed such enormous amounts of energy for such an extended amount of time. He could feel fatigue beginning to build up, and he simply rotated this worn-out consciousness to a fresh one. Rowan had been able to bring three consciousnesses with him to this place, and it was already showing its advantages.

The build-up of stress was a minor setback however and he felt he could handle a thousand times more power, the war inside his dimension was enough motivation for him to go beyond his limits and push for more, he would rest when he was dead.

Rowan pulled on more essence of the universe because as the universe was shrinking, the rate it pushed its essence into his dimension increased, this made Rowan reevaluate his timeline and increased the pressure on his dimension, but he should be able to take it.

The increased essence absorption in his World Seed led to a doubling of the tendrils he released from the World Seed and pushed it closer to success. Already he was perceiving a building connection with this Supreme entity and he began to brace for it.

He was in unknown territory here, and if he was not careful, his daring would lead to his destruction.

Rowan instinctively felt that the first roadblock in claiming this Supreme World was coming up, and before long he slammed head-first into it. He felt the familiar tug of a memory, but this one was so strong and complete, it could as well be a new reality.

It was with avid fascination that he allowed himself to be pulled into it, as he realized that if he wanted, he could choose to live inside this memory, for it contained everything that reality should hold.

'Was this the power of the Will of a Fourth Dimension or higher? The capability to keep a moment sacred in time and preserve it for all eternity.'

There was light and then darkness and he felt as if his mind had been stretched into opposite directions, this memory... This moment in time tested the strength of his soul, and Rowan held under its power before he seized it and drew himself into it, and everything snapped into place.

His consciousness pierced through a darkness that seemed to extend for an eternity before he reached his destination and he opened his eyes.

Rowan found himself standing in the body of a child wearing a silver robe, he was inside a palace made from gold, and then he frowned as he closed his eyes. He pushed deep into his consciousness and his breath settled when he noticed that although his progress into claiming the Supreme World stalled for a moment, his other consciousnesses had taken charge and began to push deeper into the skull.

If Rowan was like everyone else with a single soul, and therefore a single consciousness, a vision with the power of Will behind it would have taken all their attention, and their progress into claiming this supreme world would have stalled. It did not matter if they had the ability to separate their consciousness into many different strands, since they had a single soul, that soul would be totally occupied.

If there was a test inside this memory and he failed it, then it would still not matter to him, because he was already pushing ahead behind the scenes. Rowan was claiming this Supreme World and nothing would be stopping him, whatever Will was left inside of it would soon be understanding the type of person he was.

He felt the vision waver and he smiled, he knew this roadblock was supposed to stall him, but it was okay, it could hold one of his consciousness, and the others would simply go around it.

Rowan felt the roadblock silently melting away, and the hold of the memory over his consciousness ceased. He felt the memory trying to eject him but he refused to budge, there were secrets here that he wanted to know.

His eyes opened once more inside the throne room and even though he knew no time had passed, the entire place was now devastated, as if a giant had flattened the entire place, and the ravages of time had also taken hold.

Rowan looked up and saw the stars and he instantly knew that this place was another universe. The stars were unfamiliar.

When he called for Tribulation in his ascent to the Third Dimension, he had seen the entire stars in the universe, and he knew their shapes and position in the void, but these stars in this memory, he knew none of them.

Four mighty figures clashed overhead, the lights from their battle so bright it eclipsed the brightest light in the universe, and he recognized two of them.

With a cry of pain, one of the mighty figures was cast down, his body torn in two, and he fell beside another figure that was on the edge of death that Rowan had previously not noticed.

"Fourth you bastard, why did you not protect me?" The figure that was cast down gave out long cries of pain as his body and essence were shattered to pieces, releasing so much power from his shattered body that it stunned Rowan.

That power swept through the universe, shattering galaxies without numbers into ash, and nearly tearing this universe in two.

Whatever wound that was inflicted on this person was so severe that it nearly killed him and he lost a majority of his power. The body that crashed was the size of a galaxy, but when the power that emerged from it dissipated into nothingness, the broken figure of the Third Prince was revealed.

He looked at the figure beside him who must have suffered the same fate, but Rowan did not recognize who they were, and he hypothesized that this second broken figure must be the unknown last Reflection.

The Third Prince retired his gaze to the battle above with anger, and Rowan followed his stare. He wanted to know who they were fighting.

A massive clash separated the combatants for a while and he saw them clearly. The second person he recognized was Golgoth, he was wearing golden armor and held two greatswords, unlike the battered figure that he was at present this figure of Golgoth was radiant and powerful, beside him was a large worm that hovered above Golgoth.

Opposite them was a figure covered in blood, but in no way did this reduce the inherent might and nobility he carried. On one hand was a bright silver light and on his other hand was a bright golden light.

"My brothers, why do you fight me so? Golgoth, I gave you a name, and I would do the same to all of you. Do not listen to Third, his path is madness."

The figure of Golgoth trembled, he seemed to be in anguish, but whispers drifted from the Third Prince into his ears and he straightened, "I wish I could follow you brother, but Third is right, we can bring him back, even if the chance is a single percent, we owe it to our father to pursue it."

Golgoth pointed one of the Greatswords at the bloodied figure, "I am sorry, but you have to die for our dreams to live Erohim. Forgive me, brother."

Chapter 880: We Are Connected

The words from Golgoth hung in the air, and something seemed to shift in the atmosphere, Rowan saw the stars turn red and the world came to a standstill. Even from the ground, he could feel the pain and the rage coming from the body of Erohim.

"So be it," Erohim smashed the two orbs of silver and gold together, and the entire universe quaked.

A burst of gray force erupted from his body that smashed against Golgoth, shattering his armor and would have annihilated him, but the worm who remained unharmed drove down and wrapped itself around him.

The burst of gray light faded and a surprising scene appeared before Rowan. Erohim was on his knees, and the Third Prince was behind him, holding his beating heart, on his face was a familiar grin, before seizing the hair of Erohim and whispering in his ears. Perhaps it was because of the nature of this memory that Rowan could hear what he said,

"You were always so arrogant, keeping us in your shadows as you hold all the light, I know you never expected this, but the heights of my ambition were too great for your tiny mind to accept, and so you fell just like everyone who stands against me. Yet your name will not be forgotten, I will make sure that every story that is known of your name until the end of time will show you for what you truly are... a coward and a slave. Oh Erohim, how I wish I could show you the future and my victory."

The memory froze in place, Rowan felt the earth tremble and reality seemed to fuzz at the edges and then time reversed and the battle began again, the memory replaying from the start.

Rowan watched this play out two more times, watching the Third prince's great body being shattered alongside his Will. Yet even with this grave injury, he was still the one who struck the greatest blow and ended the battle.

Stroking his chin, Rowan considered that perhaps the Third Prince had allowed himself to be grievously injured in order for Erohim to shift his focus away from him, allowing for the killing strike to happen.

If it were anyone else, Rowan would think it was an accident, but he was like the Third Prince in a manner, that they would make great sacrifices for their cause. Even if this injury had stripped him of a greater portion of his power, he had still succeeded.

When the memory began playing again for the third time Rowan looked away as he perused the surroundings, he could feel the earth begin to shake underneath him and the groans of pain from this reality, and he knew there was not much time before this place was destroyed, the progress of his World Seed tendrils was bringing it down.

If that was the case there was a last curiosity he wanted to be satisfied, even though he felt he already had a ninety percent assurance of who they were; he wanted to see the true body of the last Reflection.

The battle began again in earnest and Rowan began to walk towards the first collapsed figure. He had to be careful because this memory was so complete that the combatants here may be able to notice him, and he would rather not face the Third Prince at his full strength.

Suppressing his Aura to nothingness, he began to push his way through the ruins, he did not need to get close to the battle, nor could he send his perception over to see the first fallen figure, he just needed to find the right angle, so he could see into the massive crater.

Rowan had seen the right place for that, and at the seventh repetition of the memory he was able to reach it. His eyesight could peer across the galaxy, and although the crater where the first Reflection had fallen was hundreds of miles deep, he could still see it clearly.

Like the Third Prince who was to follow, the blow from Erohim had stripped him of a great portion of his power, but his injuries were not as serious as the Third Prince. What Rowan saw inside that crater was not a man, or a woman, but multiple bodies fighting to merge as one.

The power of this last Reflection must involve splitting his body into separate bodies, and at this moment, a majority of his body was dying and transforming into a stinking black liquid.

Rowan observed that he was trying to save himself as before any of his body fell apart he would remove his heart and give it to the next until there was a large pile of beating hearts on the ground. There were two bodies remaining and like starving animals, they descended on the hearts and began to devour them.

This grisly act was what saved them from death. Rowan saw their faces and he was satisfied that his speculations were correct. In the advancement ceremony of Andar atop the hand of the Chained God, he had seen a powerful mage killing the god.

With his present experience, he knew that this Chained God was a God Emperor, and although he saw two bodies here, it was not difficult to see that they were the same person. "Silas Black, you are the last Reflection."

Rowan sighed, perhaps he had placed Andar in far more danger than he thought, he believed in the ingenuity of a talented mage like Andar, but Reflections of a Primordial were not enemies he could face.

He had seen everything he needed in this memory, perhaps if he infiltrated deeper into the skull, he would see more of the story behind Erohim, he suspected that the skull he was occupying now belonged to him. The only puzzling thing to Rowan was that Erohim did not feel like a Reflection but something else.

The fact that it had taken all four Reflections to fight him, and the power he wielded meant that Erohim was something different.

Rowan was about to eject his consciousness from this memory when a silver and golden light appeared in front of him and began to swirl around, before coalescing into the shape of a man. He stood as still as a statue and his eyes looked at the battle being fought.

Erohim as it turned out was bald, his eyes were brown and filled with a sharp light like a bird of prey, and even his hooked nose lent to that image, heavily muscled, he was the spitting image of a powerful warrior, only his demeanor that was filled with a sort of melancholy and tiredness gave him the aura of a scholar.

'This man is an enigma,' Rowan thought, he could feel a darkness inside Erohim that reminded him of Limbo, that land that was filled with nothing but evil, but that darkness had been carefully placed on a leash. It was like looking at a person who had every reason to be evil, yet he was an avatar of good.

The memory had reached the portion where the Third Prince had stuck his hand inside through the back of Erohim, and the man beside him sighed and looked at this scene,

"See the prison of my own making." he said, "Viewing my shame over and over again so even in death I don't forget my fate. After all this time you would have thought the pain would have ended, instead, it only grows. A fitting punishment, I think."

He turned to Rowan, his eyes filled with pain, and said, "You can understand this fate, after all, you are me and I am you. Our essences are... connected. Meeting you was always inevitable, even death could not stop it."

Chapter 881: A Doomed Plan

Rowan's heart was shaking and the final piece of the puzzle clicked he stumbled backward, and Erohim smiled. Rowan found it odd that his teeth were stained with blood, but he knew that it was just a distraction conjured by his tumultuous emotion.

When he first heard the tale of Erohim, he had felt a connection with this noble warrior, and after he learned more and more about the secrets of the Reflection, the mysteries behind the presence of Erohim had been placed to the side, he had felt it would be one of the things he was destined not to know about.

Fate thought differently. Erohim had told him, they were connected, and even if the path to reach him was convoluted, it still brought him to this place in the past, and in another universe that no longer existed, where they stood together.

What could be the odds of something like this ever happening?

He had so many questions about the past, and Erohim did not keep silent, he folded his hands behind him and looked at the memory that now appeared faded, the rumblings from the earth increased to such an extent that this memory would soon be gone.

Of course, Rowan could choose to slow his infiltration of the skull and preserve the memory for a moment longer, but he was not a sentimental being any longer. Whatever answers he could not find here, he would find inside the screaming souls of the Reflections.

Also, there was a discrepancy inside this memory that Rowan had noticed because of his multiple consciousnesses, but he kept this observation in his heart and listened to the words of Erohim.

"Third does not have the ability to create life, none of them do. They are powerful, yes, but they are still nothing but shadows, unable to create light, only darkness and death. I do not blame them, their nature has left them incomplete, they chase after a privilege that they shall never have, and the fruits of their labor would only be failure and death, surely you have seen this? What else do they bring to every reality but its end?"

The memory was not discordant, freezing and skipping ahead, and it paused at the scene where the Third Prince was cursing at the skies after he was cast down and wounded, "He is not your father, he never was, he took my heart, gave it to Elura, and they made you."

Rowan regained his composure quite quickly and his eyes narrowed, "You are not like them, a Reflection."

"Is that what you call them? The name is rather apt," Erohim shook his head, "No, I'm not a shadow, I was the only thing left after the fall, and I preserved the shadows of the past, hoping to keep them safe, but they betrayed me. You have already walked on my body, at this moment you are digging through my skull, and you should know who I am."

Erohim paused as if what he was about to say held great weight, "I was the last living eye of He who holds Time. I was the one who kept his shadows safe for many Eras until Third went mad with greed and ambition. I preserved the peace until all was stolen from me."

Rowan was silent, his perception sweeping through this body of Erohim, if he was telling the truth then the massive four-sided eye below was the body of Erohim, and if that was

the case who was the one who created the Soul Machine outside, and how did it connect to the so-called resurrection of the Primordial,

"Tell me everything," Rowan said.

Erohim shook his head, "I don't think this is the right time for it, you should be running, if the shadows find you, they shall steal your light."

"I fear it is already too late and I no longer have the option to flee. The Reflections and I am in battle, just like you were in the past, and at the end of the day, only one of us would make it out alive, everything I learn from you would aid me in this battle."

This time it was Erohim who retreated in shock, his eyes widened and unexpectedly, he began to laugh, "Of course you are, only someone like you would have the capabilities to fight and kill them. You are their light and no matter how hot you burn, they cannot help themselves, they would try to claim you."

Rowan folded his hands, "I will kill them, but they seem to be doing that task themselves, that great worm, the one you called Fourth is dead, killed by Third, Golgoth is now a walking dead creature, by all evidence he was also put in this state by Third, but I don't know the status of the last Reflection, who is he?"

With every word he spoke Erohim's eyes widened and then he looked away, Rowan did not know if he was trying to hide his pains, and he remained silent, when Erohim spoke again, almost thirty minutes had gone by.

" I have lived too long already and languished in this awful memory for far too long. Whatever is happening in the universe outside, it is not as simple as it comes across."

Erohim rubbed his chin in contemplation, "It would seem that his plans are coming to a head. You are in grave danger. You have to listen closely to what I am about to tell you, only with this can you prevail over Third."

He suddenly turned towards Rowan and held out his hand, "Take my hand, it would be faster if I show you."

Rowan looked at the offered hand and his eyes slightly tightened, and he said, "I would rather you tell me. I am a good listener."

Erohim paused, and he smiled warmly, then began to speak, his words coming out very fast, "The shadows betrayed me because they were looking for a way to resurrect my main body. The one who holds Time. There are many things you don't know about him, and I cannot speak of, but he died in a manner that would make his resurrection impossible."

"I knew that such a venture was madness and for a long time, I had preserved the peace, kept the shadows in check, and gave them a life of plenty, and Third broke that peace, he whispered betrayals in the ears of his fellow shadows and they ambushed me. You need to stop them, for if they succeed with the ritual of resurrection, it would surely fail, yet the backlash from its failure would lead to the end of everything."

"What do you mean when you say the end of everything," Rowan asked.

"My main body was the Primordial of Time. He is the glue that keeps reality afloat, even in death, his essence is frozen and preserved across all facets of creation. They sought to resurrect a portion of his essence, with the hope of triggering an event that would lead to the overall awakening of his entire essence. That is nothing but madness, they do not have enough power to do it, even with my light."

"Their failure would trigger a catastrophic Time Expulsion Event, where Time would go out of bounds, merging the past, present, and future into one unholy combination that would lead to the destruction of everything. I know a part of them knows this road leads only to death, but they are nothing but Shadows, their fruit is nothing but death and despair, and nothing would dissuade them from this path."

Rowan's breathing slowed and he asked, "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to free me. Together we can stop this madness from happening."

"You are dead, how can I free the dead?"

Erohim smiled, "You are forgetting the power my Main Body controls, it is Time and with it, you could... what are you doing?"

Rowan stepped back, "Oh, you noticed, I have been killing you."

Chapter 882: The Game Our Family Plays

There was something strange about this memory that Rowan had been able to quickly pick up on because he had multiple consciousnesses. He had detected the earth rumbling and the memory glitching, but what was strange was that the consciousness inside this memory was not experiencing this change.

To the consciousness inside this memory, everything was playing as it had always been, the battle between Erohim and the consciousness was repeating itself and the mirage had been perfect, for a while at least.

The moment Erohim had detected the change in this memory, his consciousness inside it had also detected the change. Rowan saw no reason to lie or twist his words to fake his intentions, he would never be able to deceive Erohim for long.

Rowan suspected that this memory had been carefully hidden by Erohim, a backup against his eventual demise, and when Rowan first entered the memory, it was supposed to trap him, so as to give Erohim enough time to deceive or compel whoever entered it.

He had not forgotten that this memory was so powerful it was real in every sense. This could only be a power that came as a result of Will. Rowan had been careful to hide himself from the gaze of the Reflections, and when Erohim found him, he instantly knew that the hidden battle had begun.

The reason was simple. In this memory, Erohim was still all-powerful, he was able to fight against four Reflections with the power of Will and was able to win. He might have presented himself as a faded memory, lamenting his loss and betrayal but that was a lie.

Rowan was not deceived, the truth was that he was already in the belly of the beast, but Rowan was not an easy prey to swallow. Erohim had been fixated on this consciousness here with him, unaware that Rowan also had two other consciousnesses outside that were controlling a World Seed.

The moment he opened his eyes inside this memory and realized the depths of its makeup, Rowan began to make changes. In a reality where Erohim was all-powerful, his memories were not safe.

Scrubbing this consciousness of any relevant memories, and planting just the right ones to deceive whoever chose to read them had become an art form. Rowan knew to give enough where nothing was missing, but take out essential pieces so that the overall picture becomes something else entirely.

One of the most important things he took away from his memories was his experiences with other dimensional entities like Caine and , his multi-consciousness ability, and the true scale of his power.

It was a careful balancing act, but it was the only way that Rowan could set traps in his mind that would be impossible to be detected by anyone quickly enough. His traps were perfect, nevertheless, Rowan did not doubt that if he gave Erohim enough time to truly peruse through his memories, he would soon detect something off, but luckily time was not on his side.

This change to his memories was performed instantaneously as soon as he detected he had entered another reality, and it turned out that his fears were correct, because as much as he tried to find it, he could not detect Erohim's touch in his memories.

Unlike Caine, Erohim had taken apart all his memories and learned everything that he could from Rowan, and yet he had not felt anything. It was from this memory that Erohim had crafted the stories he told him, and the funny thing was that Rowan had no true evidence to back this up at first, but like all prideful bastards, Erohim had revealed several discrepancies in his stories, and he had played his part too well.

Erohim's tale was very persuasive, his acts and his demeanor were truly convincing, but his story was not complete. Certain minor parts were taken out that if it were left in, would show his story in a different light.

The first and easiest indicator was simple, the full name of his main body was not only the Primordial of Time, he also controlled another power which was Evil. In his memories, Rowan had changed the method he learned of the Primordial existence.

In his doctored memory, Rowan got this knowledge from Golgoth, and he was unaware of his second Title, Erohim was aware of this change, and he made sure that he only referred to the Primordial as He who holds Time.

There were thousands of other minor changes he had made that Erohim had built upon, and Rowan was only aware of them because he was the one who planted the roots of those narratives.

The second reason Rowan had known that Erohim was playing him was simple: he had seen Primordials. Not many in existence would ever claim to have seen these esteemed entities, even great powers that have lived for countless Eras might never see a Primordial even till the end of creation.

Rowan had seen Primordials, perhaps more than anyone else in creation, and he knew that their nature could not be changed because they were the essence of their name. A Primordial of Fire could not change into a creature of water, because every intrinsic part of it was of flames.

The same with Evil and the Primordial that controlled it.

A mortal could change, an Immortal could change, but a Primordial was eternal and unchanging. They were the pinnacle of a concept, and their nature was rigid to the extreme.

Rowan recognizes his roots. He knew that a part of his nature was evil, and he accepted it, his lack of remorse, or his apathy towards life was born from that evil, his essence was born from Evil, it was something that was never going to change but he also had good in him, and he also accepted that good.

Erohim on the other hand showed himself to Rowan as a being whose core was evil, but every action he took was righteous and selfless. He painted the Reflections as the

villains, and himself as the defender of life, telling Rowan that he was the one keeping them in check until their betrayal.

His demeanor was solemn, melancholic, filled with pain and loss... such a perfect picture of despair that Rowan wanted to puke in irritation.

One of the entities that Rowan truly hated was Caine, he was the creature who wanted to take over the Will of Chaos and was the first to harm his Angels, now Erohim had been brought to stand beside Caine in his head.

Rowan never thought he would ever be glad that he had once met an entity like Caine, but if he had met Erohim before he had met Caine, then he would have never understood the cruelty and nature of those with power.

Rowan looked at the expression of shock on Erohim's face and he shook his head in irritation, "You can stop the act Erohim, I have seen better. This game our family plays with each other has only one rule, the winner takes all, and the loser dies. Did you think of all us, that I was the easiest prey?"

Erohim went still and then he grinned, his expression warping from one of grace and confusion to a look of sheer madness that would frighten a god,

"What gave me away, Romion?"

Chapter 883: I Want His Head

Rowan noticed that even his voice had changed, becoming something scratchy and deep, like a talking disease. The Erohim in this place had not spoken to anyone for who knows how long and it showed. Trapped in a prison of his own making, this creature's hold on sanity was nonexistent, but he could fake it well enough to appear normal and deceive his prey.

Rowan shrugged, "Nothing, you played your part well, and it is hard for me to find fault in anything you have said, I'm impressed Erohim, truly, you don't know how hard it is to impress me."

Erohim bowed, his grin not leaving his face, but his eyes were cold and empty, "Thank you for your praise Romion, it means everything to me, yet I still find myself waiting for the but,"

Rowan took another step back, looking around him before answering, "But you are family Erohim, I will believe a demon can become an angel before believing that a member of our little family can be like you. Our nature cannot be changed, and the fruit of evil dwells not only in the shadows, but in you as well, and I think perhaps you are a

hundred times worse than the shadows. I have been with them, and they never disguised themselves as a being of light."

"Aah, I see the shadows have taught you well."

"They gave me scars that would never fade. It's a good lesson to learn."

The grin on Erohim's face faded away and his features went slack and he scratched his bald head in confusion, "Forgive me if I'm wrong, but how are you this competent? Unless... Aahh, I see, I have been played for a fool. I should have expected that anyone who could reach this place would have made adequate preparation, but surely Romion, you cannot fault me for trying. As you say, this is the game played between us—family."

Rowan shrugged, "I also told you how the game would end."

Erohim waved his hands dismissively, "Forget all that nonsense Romion, you should know that at the end of it all, what transcends all this unnecessary strife is profit, and what you want is not necessarily what I want, and at the end, we do not need to fight each other, let me make a deal with you, one that would be more profitable to me, than to you."

Erohim spread his hands around, "I have power, and this skull is just a portion of it. You are in a war and the enemy of my enemy is a friend Romion. With my aid, we can shatter the shadows once and for all. Granted my power is locked inside here, but I only need to emerge and connect with my body below and resurrect my eye once more and you shall have the eye of a Primordial as your ally. What do you say Romion, release my essence and I shall help in crushing the shadows and bestow upon you all the riches and power I kept away from the shadows."

Rowan cocked his head to the side as if he was thinking and then he shrugged again, "Eeh... I will pass. The moment I entered this place, you were already attacking me, I see no reason to join with you Erohim, the only reward I shall get would be a blade in my back. There will be no deal or negotiations between us. Unlike you, I do not mince my words so listen closely, I am going to wipe out all trace of you and the Reflections from reality, there is nothing you will be able to give me that would supersede my need to see all of you become less than a memory."

Erohim vanished and he appeared beside Rowan, he wanted to touch him, but Rowan had somehow shifted his position the moment Erohim vanished so his hand touched empty air, instead of showing any indication that he had just been caught trying to ambush Rowan he grinned.

Rowan could see a hint of frustration growing inside the dead eyes of Erohim. Every time he stepped back was due to his attempt to counter Erohim's intended assault. Like a patient predator, Erohim had been waiting for Rowan's vigilance to fade a bit before he attacked.

It was a dangerous game, and if Rowan missed a single step, his consciousness would be taken over. He had experienced his consciousness being devoured and tortured countless times in the past, and Rowan had discovered how to govern his mind.

Erohim sighed in frustration before he seemed to have come to a realization and he snapped his fingers, "Don't be too sure of that stand of yours Romion, you are not seeing the entire picture here, let me tell you another tale."

Rowan grinned, "Then you have to be quick, because by my estimation, you will be dead in eighteen seconds, well, this part of you anyway."

"Oh you naughty child, you have no idea of the changes you are about to wrought with your decision to kill me, do you know of the Primordials and their fate? The shadows are too powerful to stop alone, only I know the method to strip them of their Will, without me, you cannot win, I am..."

Rowan looked at the crumbling reality around them, "Sixteen seconds,"

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Inside Rowan's dimension, the slaughter continued. The Lady of Shadows still holding back a majority of her forces was using a combination of her Spell Weavers, Diane's metal dominance, and Tenma Akashic Trells to wreak havoc on the enemy line, reaping billions of lives with every moment that went by.

Still, even with the rate of slaughter, the army before them was mighty, but they had reaped more than fifteen percent of its entire volume, which considering the size of the army was nothing short of a miracle.

"How long has this child been alive Third? How is he able to do this? Are you sure he is not Erohim reborn? You never really told us how you were able to take his heart."

The Third Prince seemed to consider the words from Golgoth for a while, for the first time, true doubt and fear began to flicker through his heart,

"No, I'm sure that he is not Erohim, I broke the spine of that madman. What we have here is the unexpected culmination of random events, held together by unholy luck to bring forth this glorious madness."

"I find it strange that you can acknowledge that someone is mad when knowing that you are mad as well,"

The Third prince snickered, "Cheap shot, I know I'm mad, but there is a method to my madness, same as you, Erohim is just... wrong."

Golgoth brought his right hand forward and began to caress the reality around them, "It's so strange, the time inside this place flows hundreds of times faster than what the essence of our main body decreed unto reality, why is it still so stable?"

The Third Prince muttered, "Unexpected coincidences held together by dumb fucking luck."

Suddenly the Third Prince stood straighter, "Hey, do you feel that? The shackles are broken and our synchronization with this dimension is complete. A shame Rowan did not attack us during the past few moments, that child is too smart for his own good."

Golgoth cracked his neck, "It's about time, don't hold me back Third, I'm going to crush him."

The Third Prince giggled, "Wait a moment," he snapped his fingers and time seemed to reverse, all the destroyed undead beasts, except the unlucky mages, gods, or demons that were alive before dying inside the dimension, returned to the battlefield.

It was as if the heated battle that had led to the death of hundreds of billions had never happened.

"Now you can attack as you see fit Golgoth, I just want his head."

Chapter 884: Mortal Layer

"Five seconds left..."

The memory was crumbling, and the destruction had reached such a profound level that a vast stretch of its vista began to vanish, replaced by darkness. It was almost as if Rowan was watching the tiny neurons and sparks of light inside a brain go out.

Galaxies above disappeared leaving spots of nothingness and of the combatants in the memory, Golgoth had vanished leaving only his left leg behind, he had been caught in one of the memory wipeouts and his body and a greater portion of this world disappeared.

Erohim's seemingly dead eyes had begun to show more light of activity, as the inevitability of his death became more assured as Rowan's countdown continued.

Yet something was troubling Rowan because he could sense that deep within Erohim was not fear or detachment, but pleasure and expectation, and a sort of morbid fascination with him. Rowan doubted that Erohim was aware that his inner thoughts had been noticed by him or that such a talent was even conceivable.

Up till this moment, Rowan did not understand where he acquired this skill of deep discernment that could pierce through the haze of any falsehood, at this moment that was not the issue, Erohim must know something that he didn't that should assure his survival, and that troubled him.

Nevertheless, Rowan had done everything that could to manage the situation, anything that came up would be dealt with.

Erohim shook his head, "I would not continue with the path if I were you Romion,"

"Three seconds left..."

"You are indeed family Romion, this vicious streak of yours, informing your victim of the countdown to their demise..." Erohim smiled, "tsk, tsk, downright diabolical. In that case, there is no need to play with kids' gloves any longer, I have given you a wonderful deal Romion, something that you should have cherished and grabbed with open arms, but my goodness has been thrown away like thrash, you spat on my face Romion, and for that, the next deal would no longer be favorable to you."

Dreadful threats to be sure, but Rowan was only half listening to Erohim, his focus was on the considerable changes happening to his consciousnesses as the infiltration of the World Seed reached an advanced level. He had already cleared a majority of the skull and what remained was unlocking its core and merging with the skull.

"Thump!..

Something was stirring inside his consciousness linked with the World Seed and it was distracting, like an itch he could not scratch. Could it be? Rowan did not dare to hope, because it was too early, he expected their awakening when he merged with the Supreme World not before.

"Thump..."

It would seem that his first children were about to be awakened. Most likely influenced by the fact that the merger with the Supreme World would soon be complete.

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The amount of energy he had used to reach this point was ridiculous, every energy from the dead universe was being diverted here, although he was still surprised that he was able to advance quite quickly through the Supreme World, he had estimated weeks not days, and he pegged this progress to be as a result of the makeup of this Supreme World, and his relation with it.

If it was true that he shared a connection with Erohim then his assimilation with his skull was a byproduct of that connection.

His perception was digging deeper into the core of this skull and with it came roadblocks in the form of knowledge checks. Rowan's breathing settled, no matter what Erohim had planned he had reached the final checkpoint, and he estimated that although what happened next would seem like it would take a long time, with his perception, barely a second or two would go by.

Linking with the core of the skull was like allowing his consciousness to dissolve inside a serene lake until he became one with it, and then the World questioned him.

Mortal Layer/ Material Composition Analysis — First Layer

What is the compensation point for Ethereal lightning in a vacuum traveling under 0.6 Ohn, factor in spatial arrangement and aspects...

Bloodline convergence on a series of Gray Apes with an evolutionary tendency to self-isolate on conception, outlines the necessary resources needed to complete a standard evolution, Prime evolution,

Wind speeds over a million-mile crater on the impact of a gale technique caused by a sectional technique of Earth-

level impact...

Thousand-mile imprint on the surface of the third revolving moon around...

Clouds movement with pulse of...

Earth crust movement in a supermassive volcano....

At first, Rowan was a bit confused before the onslaught of unending questions that slammed into his consciousness, but when his World Will began effortlessly answering these questions he understood that he was seeing the inner workings of a World Seed taking over a planet.

He had never merged himself with a World Seed before and he did not realize certain steps that had to be taken to complete the process. When Chaos was in control of this ability, he did not have the authority to understand how merging with reality at this level worked, but now it was different, he no longer had the knowledge and power of a Primordial backing these abilities, and he would have to make it work using his power and wisdom.

Rowan felt a bit of doubt in his abilities to succeed, but that sensation was brief, if there was anyone capable of doing something like this, it would be him.

Focusing on the gigantic task before him, he followed the activities of the World Seed closely.

What was happening now was the skull querying the World Seed on its capability to manage its mortal layer functions, from wind speed to sunlight, to the birth and evolution of the creatures that were born on the planet. All the trillions of activities that would occur to ensure life and the standard progress of a world were shared with the World Seed and it had to ensure that it was answered correctly.

If the World Seed was incapable of understanding and solving this problem, the merger with the world would most likely fail, and even if it didn't, what would result from it would be a failed world on the edge of destruction.

At first, the questions were easy, and solving them was barely a challenge, however, this did not last for long. The questions began to increase on a scale of complexity that caused his World Seed to stutter in confusion, reaching levels of impossibilities that could not be easily derived from any prior experience, after all, Rowan had no preliminary knowledge of a Supreme World, or did he?

The benefits of having multiple consciousnesses came into play as he began digging into the roots of his dimension, to the portion where he had fused with the Fragment of a Supreme World—The Mountain and Sea Ruin.

Rowan had never bothered to truly understand all the tiny details in his realm, although doing something like this was on his agenda later in the future, at this time all his consciousnesses was dedicated towards battle, plus he did not have access to this level of information before and had not realized how much of it he could now access.

Digging deep into the roots of his dimension was no easy task, as the amount of information contained in a tiny strip the size of the head of a pin would fill a library the size of the moon.

The challenge here was to find the right information, and Rowan spent a few moments sorting through an ungodly number of unneeded data until he struck gold.

Chapter 885: Eruption

A Supreme World was quite different from a Major World or a Minor World in startling ways, one of which was its completeness. In other words, a Supreme World can accommodate any sort of life, both mortal and immortal life, no matter how alien, its laws and environment could accommodate everything.

If there was any possibility for a creature to exist, it would always find the right conditions inside a Supreme world.

Unlike smaller worlds that were affected by external factors, like their location in their solar system, the stars, and countless other factors, a Supreme World did not require

external aid like nearby stars to ensure the life of the mortals on its surface, because it contained its stars and moons, its size was both infinite and limited, and any wonders a mind could conjure would be found somewhere inside a Supreme World.

The easiest way he saw to describe a Supreme World was a mini-universe. Its size was dependent on its Will, so a Supreme World with a Will at the fourth dimension would be smaller than one with a Will at the fifth dimension. Of course to a mortal or an immortal without Will, a Supreme World would be infinite in their senses, only transcending space and time and acquiring Will would give one the ability to measure infinity.

The fragment of the Mountain and Sea Ruin came from a Supreme World that had a Seventh dimensional Will and its laws were more complete, if Rowan had acquired a larger fragment, there was a real possibility that he would have not been able to assimilate it.

The information he gained from assessing the Mortal Level of this fragment was more than enough to satisfy his need.

Linking the World Seed to the data hub he opened up, the stuttering Seed transformed from a sputtering flame to a raging fire, in mere moments it crushed the entirety of the first layer and the tendrils of his World Seed dug deeper until reaching another barrier.

Immortal Layer/ Energy Design and Array Trials — Second Layer.

The challenges here were no longer focusing on the world above but on the connection beneath the surface. This was a layer that would be the pillar of this world, and without it, the world would not have the status to become even a Minor World.

Design for Ascension of a Class 1 to a Class 10 Novitiate of an energy class, incorporating any fluid physique dynamic...

Influence the growth of a Sapient fauna to an Immortal State while enhancing its environment in a relatively mild pattern over a time frame of eighteen million years.

Manage the Aether distribution between sixty trillion inheritors while factoring talent, location, appearance, disposition,.....

The list continued unending, and Rowan did not leave the work of the World Seed alone, aware that it was not capable of tackling more than twenty percent of the tasks here.

The questions seemed to be unending and would have frustrated anyone else, but Rowan knew that power without knowledge was useless. To reach the limit of his potential and exceed it, he must understand everything.

It was a good thing that his dimension had been growing and evolving for four thousand years, making it possible for him to draw from a wealth of knowledge, and the progress into this level was surprisingly quicker than the first.

"Thump..."

Rowan thought he could hear roars emerging as if from an unfathomable distance, he felt his World Seed stretch as if something was gestating inside of it, and he was surprised when he felt a hint of pain.

His consciousness could feel pain in a sense, but it was not true pain. It could not be equal to the pain born from the flesh. After decades without his real body, Rowan was not ashamed to admit that he missed the feeling of pain.

"Aahhh... my children, life has been so dull without you. My rage... My fire... My passion... I miss the fight!

The tendrils from his World Seed blasted past the second layer and Rowan's excitement grew when it reached the zenith, and then nothing...

There should be a third and final layer, but what was here was a void.

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Rowan's countdown paused and the destruction of this memory ceased. His eyes were filled with confusion as she glanced around,

"Looking for something?" Erohim grinned, he opened his left palm, and on it was a swirling orb of power that was similar to Soul energy.

"I could feel you digging through my head, looking for the core of my being, and even if I don't understand how you are able to do something like this, I only keep it away from you to frustrate your ambitions. Hahaha Romion, I told you, that you cannot succeed without me. You should have taken the deal I once gave you, but now, I have changed the terms."

Rowan's eyes focused on the gleaming energy rotating in the hand of Erohim, his awareness was drawn to it like a moth to a flame, why did he find it so familiar, as if he had touched it a million times before?

His mind was swirling around in a million different directions, the feeling that he was before a great truth bombarded his consciousness and he only needed to look at it from another angle and everything would be revealed.

"I see that you are silent. No matter, I have always appreciated a man who can take his losses with his head held high. This would be the new deal... Hey, Romion, are you listening? I shall not be repeating myself."

Rowan was lost, Erohim could as well be speaking to a wall as his mind was captured by the glow.

Why was this core so familiar? Perhaps instead of trying to pick it apart with his eyes, he should follow the familiar aspects of it. The question he should be asking himself was why this core reminds him of Soul energy.

Rowan was so deep in thought that even the growing roars inside his consciousness failed to drag him out of it, and when he began to feel pain in his chest as if something was trying to tear its way out of it, he was still captured by that glow.

"The first thing obviously is to open your mind to me, revealing your true self and memories, I don't know about you but being deceived like that left a bad taste in my mouth, obviously I have been out of the loop for a long while, seeing as I am dead and all, and severely lacking information, you know that this condition is a must, the next thing..."

"Silence!" Rowan roared, and it was as if six other voices spoke with him, "Let me think. Your endless prattle annoys me. One more word and I shall tear out your tongue and feast on your entrails until the end of time."

Erohim's dead eyes widened in rage and he looked at Rowan's face and he went mute. Rowan's eyes before were a dull brown, like the earth that was filled with vitality and potential, but now those eyes had changed, becoming something... else.

Cold and golden, slit like a serpent, those eyes were filled with the glow from an apex predator.

Beneath his skin, came several bulges, as if something was moving underneath. The sight was horrifying.

As if this terrifying eruption had not happened, Rowan's eyes transformed back to his previous dull color and he continued muttering to himself.

Erohim looked at the hand holding his core and it was filled with goosebumps.

Chapter 886: The Power of Will (1)

Eva felt reality reassert itself and expand to create space for a series of gigantic presences a second before the Third Prince and the rest became free of their

restrictions. Their presence was like ink dropped in clear water, and before long, their Aura filled the entire dimension, shattering any fragile hold she had over the battlefield and transforming the heavens above into a lake of destruction.

Above, countless planets and stars began to detonate, shattered to pieces as the great presence of their enemies filled the entire dimension, leaving only the spot around Rowan's city and army free of the corrupting influence.

The users of Will were forbidden from stepping foot inside a universe because their powers were absolute, but they were facing multiple enemies with this power, and Rowan's dimension was tested to the limits, the Aura of destruction spreading above was tearing his dimension apart at the seams.

It was no longer about winning but doing it in a short amount of time, if they remained inside this dimension for long, Rowan would perish, he could not contain all these powerful enemies inside his dimension for long. He could barely hold two Powers, and even they did not control Will.

The light in the eyes of the demons, mages, and gods lit up in exultation, for a moment at the beginning, they had been afraid that something might have gone wrong, but with the restrictions holding them back from vanishing, they were free to destroy and plunder this dimension.

The power of the endless undead in their ranks began to swell, and their terrifying cries increased in intensity, this was matched by the cries of the living as weapons were pointed at the pitiful number of opposition before them.

The Lady of Shadow's presence touched everyone to whom she was connected and she sent a pulse of encouragement toward them all, the Aura from their enemies was like anvils tied around their necks, even with the dangers before them, their morale remained firm, and addressing them one last time would only cement their resolve before the battle began.

Her words were without any fluff, she addressed their primary fears, and left them to concentrate on what was to come,

"Remember, when you die, your soul is safe with your Creator. Fight for your home, fight for your family. Although they come to us in endless numbers, you shall crush them all!"

The roars that erupted from their side were spine-chilling, although their numbers were smaller, their cries eclipsed the armies of the dead.

A shockwave erupted from below the feet of the Third Prince silencing everything on the battlefield, and the undead rose again, but Eva did not despair, they were never her target, and the tens of millions of living mages, demons, and gods she killed were worth

the price she paid, but it was also something to note that the undead would always be a factor in this battle as the Third Prince could always resurrect them.

Which simply meant the true enemies to beat were the ones at the top, killing fodder was useless when they could be brought back in a blink of an eye. Yet the presence of these endless armies could not be discounted, for a billion ants would be able to take down an elephant.

The Lady of Shadows had been trying to pierce the barrier behind the Third Prince since the moment they entered the dimension without any success and with the shockwave eruptions below his feet, the barrier was shaken apart and she could see his hidden pieces. Eva scowled, her worst fears had been realized.

Not counting Golgoth and the Third Prince, there were eight more figures she saw with the light of Will burning around them. It was amazing that Rowan Dimension had been able to withstand the presence of ten enemies who were all users of Will inside it.

Behind these monumental entities were dozens of powerful figures that although had no access to Will, were also powerful in their own right. The weakest among them were Demon Princes and God Kings.

Six of the Will holders were God Emperors, this number amazed Eva, it was remarkable that for such elite and singular figures, there were quite a lot of them inside this universe, just these six God Emperors alone were more than half of the enemy's main power.

She had never expected this number of high-level gods in this universe and one reason for oversight was that they did not have an opportunity to investigate the Supergalaxies at the center of the universe with the richest concentration of Aether.

When Eva and the Angels were locked inside Rowan's dimension, the chance to investigate the entire universe was lost, if they had more time, she would have found out about their presence and set up a way to either neutralize the God Emperors or convert them, clearly they were all born inside this universe.

This line of reasoning did not go on for much longer before Eva realized how unlikely their presence was in this universe, especially one that was this young.

A God Emperor was a rare individual in any universe, most times there would only be a single one of them born to a universe, and this would usually occur at the end of the universe where every great power in the universe contests for the Will of the universe in order to attain true immortality and escape the hold of their dying home.

To become a God Emperor without the aid of the Universe Will was so difficult it was considered impossible, even with the aid of a Universe Will, the chance to become a God Emperor was slim.

This universe was barely seven billion years old, young beyond all measures, the fact there were already five God Emperors inside of it was a clear sign of an outsider's hand in all this.

Eva knew that one thing that had always troubled Rowan was what the Third Prince had created for billions of years when he was outside of Trion and the truth should be standing before them now—God Emperors. The method he used for such a miracle was unknown, but the result was apparent.

They all wore full-body armor revealing no single gap for their eyes or nose, not that they would ever need such a thing to function, another peculiar feature was how their armor was so similar to those of Golgoth, further cementing the shared origin theory. They resembled metallic statues, but the power of Will erupting from their bodies was undeniable.

The last two were Demons, most likely Demon Kings. The first was a Demon King who resembled a fifty-foot statue of a man that was made from blue ice, on his head was a crown of green flames, his arms were folded on his chest and his extremely handsome face was twisted in a frown, bright blue eyes roaming the battlefield and mostly focused on her.

He must be searching for the first fallen Demon King. They had been lucky that whoever that Demon King was, it did not use the power of Will, most likely because it must have sent a small portion of his essence into this dimension expecting it to perish; he would have never expected that the death of that avatar would lead to his soul being taken.

None of the users of Will here was making that same mistake, their bodies here were most likely filled with the majority of their essence and power, and they would not be easily taken down.

Chapter 887: Creating A Core

As they were gathering info about the enemy, the enemy was also doing the same to them.

The second Demon King even with her changed state was still recognizable—Minerva. Her top half remained the same, a woman with black skin and white hair, but everything below her waist was a giant arachnid form.

Her abdomen was armored, with her eight legs ending in sharp spear points that tore holes in the dimension, another noteworthy thing about her appearance was a centipede around her waist like a belt, like her companion she was looking around this dimension with curiosity, and her size was bigger than before, she was almost the size of a small mountain.

However, at their level of power, they could easily expand their bodies until they could be as large as a star or smaller than an ant.

For a being as powerful as Minerva to remain as a vassal of Trion for so long showed her patience and wisdom, she would be a dangerous opponent, equal perhaps to the Third Prince in some manner.

Eva's mind touched Rowan's consciousness and she smiled when she felt his Aura, it was just... steady. There was a calm reassurance that surrounded him that made Eva feel that everything would turn out to be okay in the end, it did not matter what the future may bring.

The Lady of Shadows understood that if they all died in this battle, it would be okay if they gave Rowan the time he needed to complete his plans. He was the one who could end this battle, they just needed to give him the opportunity.

With enemies of this caliber, it was a foregone conclusion that many of Rowan's children would perish. With the power of Will, the Soul could be crushed to nothingness, this effect could reach across time and shatter all fragments of their Soul energy, and it was unknown if Rowan would be able to collect their Soul Origin, although the chances were great, it was still not foolproof.

The space above Eva shivered and Golgoth appeared like a specter, with a cruel laugh he plunged his blade into her chest, and dragged it upwards, severing the Lady of Shadows in two.

A loud snap resounded in the battlefield and the charging undead, alongside millions of demons, mages, and gods suddenly appeared directly above the armies of Rowan as the Third Prince teleported his army instantly on them disregarding the space separating their armies.

They crashed down like black tides, their numbers in the hundreds of billions, so thickly clustered together that even light could not find a gap between their bodies.

The five God Emperors shot for the changing city of Sheol, only to be intercepted by an angered white mountain as Vraeger unleashed his dragon flames, but the God Emperors summoned blades that cut through his flames and impacted against his gigantic body, sending waves of force that swept through the battlefield alongside Vraegar's pained roars.

Despite their blows, Vraegar's scale resisted the blows from five God Emperors! His wrathful cries of disbelief at the death of Eva caused his Aura to rise to titanic proportions and he swept the five God Emperors with his wings, carrying them all to the heavens as he held them back with his body alone.

The Ice Demon King brought his hands forward and pushed his Will forward, and the entire ground below the battlefield was frozen, a space billions of miles in diameter turning into an icy hell, and from the frozen wastes, massive demons erupted from it, pinning the armies of Rowan beneath.

This Ice field was a direct channel to his Abyss Level, and the armies he could summon were virtually limitless.

Minerva tapped her waist and the centipede curled around it loosened itself and began to move towards the battlefield as its size began to balloon, she stayed back observing the entire scene.

Space shattered in the midst of the army as the Third Prince appeared before the Eye of Rowan in a burst of red light and summoned his poisoned blade, with a grunt he swung it downwards.

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"I have it!" Rowan gasped aloud, his understanding of the Soul reaching a new dimension by watching how the Will of Erohim worked with the core of this world.

There was a reason every dimension was connected to Chaos Third Dimension—The Great Darkness, it was not because of the resources, although that played a great part, it was also because it contained the framework to push for higher dimensions.

Erohim was wasting his time trying to draw his attention to whatever deal he was proposing, no matter how favorable it would be to him, he would be foolish to consider it.

Rowan was about to make a bet, he needed the core of the Supreme World to complete the assimilation with his World Seed. This alone would give him the Will of this world, but as it turned out, the Will of Erohim had already merged with it, but did he truly need this Will?

Taking over the World Engine from his Chaos Bloodline meant Rowan had all the framework he needed to build his own core inside this planet.

He lacked a Fourth Dimensional Will, but he still had access to a Will of his own. The challenge was to weave his Will with the essence of this world creating a new core. He guessed this was the method all Supreme Worlds were created, but their creators would usually have to be

extremely powerful holders of Will, but he would have to manage.

were created, but their creators would usually have to be extremely powerful holders of Will, but he would have to When the blade of Golgoth pierced into Eva's body Rowan

shivered, and his eyes began to transform as deep growls emerged from his body, but with a decisive move, he suppressed his emotions and placed his palms together, closing his eyes.

He had no time to contemplate the battle ongoing in his dimension, he wished he had more than three consciousnesses here with him to accelerate the creation of his World Will, but for that, he needed more Aura. At this moment Rowan regretted not hunting the Gods of Trion and harvesting their Aura when he had the chance, but they had all mysteriously vanished from the battlefield after he created his Powers.

Rowan needed a base, and it was his Will, although this would lead to a weakness in his consciousness inside his dimension, Rowan began diverting his Will of Truth and pushing it into the World Seed.

The World Seed began a dramatic transformation as more of the Will of Truth poured into it, no longer having the shape of a dandelion, it transformed into a lidless eye, and the tendrils now resembled veins.

Rowan pulled Soul Energy and he began to weave, the two layers, Mortal and Immortal into the World Seed, using his Will as a glue holding it all together.

At first, he thought his conjectures were wrong, and that there was no connection between Soul Energy and Will in the creation of a World Core, but then with a click, the first portion of the process merged.

Knowing there could be several problems he could not anticipate ahead, Rowan drove deeper into his work, trying to ignore the cries of his children, as they fought to give him the time he needed and suppress the growing rage in his heart that was threatening to shatter his sanity.

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Erohim watched Rowan and he chuckled, finding a comfortable position and sitting down. If he was not wrong, things were not going well for Romion, and he only needed to wait for him to come crawling, and at that time, he would not offer any deals, the boy would either become his slave or parish in the hands of the shadows.

Erohim knew which one he would pick. He laughed silently as he closed his eyes and waited.

Chapter 888: The Foundations of A New World

This could be one of the most important things he would ever do, Rowan thought, and it made it important that he was not distracted, his rage was boiling, although he had

made certain decisions when it came to defending his dimension, he began to wonder if the trade-offs were worth it.

His consciousnesses inside his dimension were calm and collected, influenced by his Sheol bloodline, but the emerging power of his Ouroboros bloodline was tainting his perception.

They claimed everything under creation as their own, and the loss of any of his children was like driving pins through his eyes, and for a moment he was on the verge of failing when his consciousnesses inside his dimension sent over a surge of strength and advice.

"Don't fight the rage, use it. It is yours, and it works for you, it is your Light that can never be extinguished!"

Rowan shuddered, how could he have ever forgotten? His bloodline was filled with rage, but it was also cold. His heart which was beating a thousand times a minute, settled into a slow and regular rhythm.

The emotions in his consciousness were channeled towards his creation and his mind went still, sinking back into the cool ocean of thoughts, where the work that transcends the gods and immortals was created.

He found that he liked it here, as he sank deeper into this ocean, and his creation revealed itself before him.

Rowan had once watched the entire life cycle of a Dragonfly when he was a mortal on Earth in a shallow swamp behind his home. From its egg to its nymph stage and finally as an adult. Unlike other insects that go through a fourth state of metamorphosis, a Dragonfly would skip the pupae stage and become a full adult after leaving the waters of their birth.

He thought this example was rather apt because he could feel the same transformation happening inside his World Seed as he grew closer to completing the Core of this world. His children, the Ouroboros, were skipping the long line of evolution and transformation, emerging even before the Core was complete.

The transformed World Seed that resembled an eye began to bleed, as the six sinuous bodies pushed against the membrane of the eye, a haunting cry emerging from them that spread until it reached the Eye of the Primordial of Evil below.

On the ground, Silas Black and Aeris, who were creating a massive Spell Formation to begin the transformation of this place, looked up in curiosity at the Red Moon above.

Silas frowned, "Is that normal?"

"How should I know? Complete the Scripts so I can leave this place," Aeris grimaced in irritation, "Being so close to him, I can barely keep my mind straight, if I spend another hour here I shall be sacrificing myself to him!"

"It is tempting," Silas sighed, "Dropping all our burden and returning to him."

"Focus Silas, that is not the plan, without our direction, there will be no Focus for the event, no matter how much we want to rejoin with him, we are Shadows, and our essence would not feed him." Aeris snapped.

Silas shrugged, "That should have been the truth before, but you know that we have changed, we now have souls Aeris, even you, we can bring him back with our sacrifice, all this battle between us all is useless."

Aeris looked at Silas with hate, "Don't talk to me about sacrifice. If you want to die, then complete your part and I will gladly merge you with him. As for me, I have lived for too long and paid for the privilege of existence!"

Silas looked away, "Our lives were never ours, we should have awoken him when we knew we were no longer empty, Erohim was correct, we are all traitors."

Aeris grinned, "You speak so much nonsense, Silas, here... I will leave the Scripts, you can jump in and sacrifice yourself to him, it should be enough to allow him a single dream."

She waited for Silas to make a move but he remained still, "See, you are just like me, you are just like the rest of us. Silence and dreams are no longer enough, the demise of Fourth was inevitable, and we would follow his doom if we don't focus on ourselves first!"

Silas sighed and snapped his fingers, bringing the sleeping true bodies of the gods of Trion to their side, and he methodically began his sacrificial slaughter of the gods on the six edges of the Scripts.

Aeris nodded, "There is so much power here that even if shared among us all, we would be below the Primordials only, who then in all of creation could stop us?"

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Rowan grimaced in pain and euphoria, not focusing on the peculiarities of this new creation, for it was creation, but unlike anyone he had ever done before, for he had never been so involved.

This action of creating the Core was stripping all his knowledge and experience, placing everything of him to the test. He felt as if he was on a cart moving down a mountain, he had to maintain precise control as he descended faster and faster and any single

mistake would have it all crash down, yet there was no path for him to descend, and he had to chart a new course as he made his way down.

Everyone had teachers, but Rowan had always trodden the path to the future alone. At first, it was because he had no choice, he could not find a teacher who was powerful enough to teach him without robbing him of his gifts, and now after making his way through life alone, he would have it no other way.

This was the path of the Primordials, the first in creation, who took power for themselves out of nothingness.

Rowan had answered all the theories about running a complex entity like a Supreme World and now he had to build the base that could support that theory.

His consciousness whirled around in a frenzy, he needed to make the right choice as he would not have a second chance if he failed in any step. Rowan became thankful for the baptism of his consciousness he underwent when showed him the battles between Primordials, without that event, his consciousness would have never been able to support this level of concentration.

After parsing through trillions of options, he smiled to himself as he returned to his root and everything inside him told him he had made the right decision.

He used himself as a blueprint to support this world, and unlike any World Creator, Rowan did not just start with the Soul, but with the Soul's Origin. He wondered how others created their World Core, but he doubted anyone else before him had used Soul Origin as a foundation, for the Soul was uncharted Territory, and even Primordials had not fully understood its workings.

Rowan had seen the shape and form of his Soul Origin, the white that represented Rowan Carter, the green of Rowan Kuranos, and the gold of Erohim, all these came together to create something new.

From this Soul Origin, he drew out a portent mass of Soup Energy and he dragged it into a world that he was creating alongside this creation. Proceeding through the growing fragments of the World Core and giving it light, heat, vitality, Aura, and millions of other components necessary to hold life.

Chapter 889: World Bearer

There was a long sigh and a giant ripple in creation as he made his first life, not through any technique or ability, but with his knowledge. This first step was important.

The child was born.

Yet he was the first to be born of this world and his conception was special, after all, there was no mortal flesh to be found here, and so the light from the moon was his blanket, the sun was his heart, the earth became his bones and the trees became his flesh, the first ocean that developed entered his body and became his blood and when he opened his mouth needing to cry out, the first breeze became his lungs and was the spark that ignited the forge of his life.

This concept seemed simple, but Rowan had drawn from all the immortal and mortal power systems he had ever known to create this firstborn.

The mysteries engraved in a single inch of his flesh would satisfy the cravings of a thousand Archmage for an eternity.

The birth of the child solidified the Core of the world, and his cries ignited it, bringing forth the birth of light and the stars.

Life, light darkness, erupted from the child, spreading with speeds beyond comprehension, weaving and wrapping itself into a purple-white and purple Core that hovered in front of the child.

From the distance, he could hear barks, hoots, and twitters, as a world filled with life erupted, time speeding along as he solidified the concept of a mortal and immortal.

The child slept for a million years and when he woke up, he saw that on his belly was a great city filled with mortals, and he watched and he learned, their antics making him giggle, this created great earthquakes, and the natives of this city learned of his great presence, and with time they knew how to pacify the earth below them, making the child slumber for decades at a time.

The people who were able to learn this skill became the first Shaman, as the merger between the mortal and the immortal solidified.

The concept of godhood was whispered quietly in the dark of the night, and the flames of ambition were born in the hearts of the mortals.

Since Rowan built this world directly from a Soul Origin and linked it to its core, it developed peculiar traits, in which every part of his body could grant a boon. Everything that happened was in his control and also not, and he only needed to steer the Core to its optimal conclusion.

The mortals that settled on his arms and fists became great warriors and berserkers, channeling endless might through their bodies, they constantly broke the shackles of their flesh, and they were the first to start the great wars that erupted all over his body, but life was cycle of light and darkness. Their rage served a purpose and it enhanced the merger between the mortal and the immortal. The World Core grew.

The mortals that settled on his legs became Nomads, they became the first Windrunners. Traveling around the entirety of his body and even beyond, exploring new lands that appeared out of thin air outside of his body as the World Core grew stronger.

The Windrunners showed him sights that he could have never seen as he lay there on the earth, nurtured by the Shamans, who had begun drawing strength from his body, enhancing their lifespan, and creating means to fight against the Berserkers that wished to dominate the realm.

It was a certain group of Windrunner that discovered his eyes. The Shaman kept him asleep for decades at a time, but sometimes he woke up, and those Windrunners were there to see his eyes open.

He did not know what this sight might have seemed to their senses, but he imagined it must be like seeing a vast pool appear out of nothingness. Seven among them fought their fears and braved the pool, dipping themselves into its cool waters.

There seemed to be no effect, as their bodies and talents remained the same, although they lived multiple times longer than their brethren, this alone gave them esteemed status, but the true change happened when they died.

Unlike every world he knew, Rowan had formed the base of this world from the energy that he understood the most and also the least, Soul Energy, and not just Soul Energy, he went to the roots and created it using Soul Origin, and his eyes were connected to it.

The seven Windrunners that entered his eyes died and unlike every other mortal, they were born again in the body of a child.

These seven Windrunners had achieved a strange form of Immortality, for they kept all the skills and memories of their previous lives anytime they died and were reborn.

These seven led their tribes to greatness, and slowly their nature as Windrunners began to change as time pushed inexorably forward. They saw that the Barbarians and the Shamans would not end their battle and they sought ultimate power.

Their long lives and endless wandering led them to his chest where these seven having learned the abilities of both the Shaman and the Berserker found a way to connect to his heart and they gained power, becoming the first gods and rulers of this land.

This act completed his Core. Once more, he had ventured where he was not supposed to have the ability to reach, and he had succeeded.

It should be everything he needed to finish connecting with the world, but Rowan felt that there was something missing. His instincts informed him that there was still a step.

Rowan was confused, although this Core carried a Third Dimensional Will, it was complete, and then he saw his mistake. For anyone else, this Core was perfect, because this power was theirs but also separate from them, however he was different, he could not just create worlds, he could become them.

He could not just create dimensions, the dimensions could become his body. His Core could not be like everyone else, because he could become the Core itself.

The child for the first time since his birth, opened his mouth and he swallowed the Core, becoming one with it.

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In the memory of Erohim, Rowan had no idea a tear was running down his face as he opened his hands, revealing a mass of energy that was smaller than that of Erohim but pulsed with such life and vitality, that the memory began healing itself, being subverted by his Will that began to spread over everything.

This time it was not Rowan's order that made it so, but the sight of this core drove Erohim to speechlessness.

Something shifted in creation, and reality opened, Rowan's eyes looked upwards and he saw a gigantic Steele begin to descend. Covered by lightning and fire, it reminded Rowan of and when he felt the Aura erupting from it, he knew he was correct. This was an unknown Singularity!

Rowan was speechless, he had no idea there could ever be another type of Singularity in existence.

Erohim's eyes widened until they began to bleed, he screamed, his words were unintelligible, but Rowan understood him,

"No, no, this is not possible! How can you summon a World Bearer test inside my memories? This is not right, you have to be a..."

The Steele erupted, shattering this entire reality and using it as fuel to drag Rowan's consciousness into it.

The voice of the Steel entered his mind,

"Honored One, You Are The 117th since the beginning of existence to Summon a World Steele. Take your first step as a World Bearer and engrave your name!"

Chapter 890: True Name

Rowan was silent as he observed the Steele, aware that he was standing before one of the most powerful entities in existence, in their own right a Singularity should be equal and also lesser than a Primordial.

He had no way to compare their powers at this time, but he knew that combining with had given birth to an entity with the power to surpass the Primordials, what powers would this Steele hold, and did it have an owner?

Apart from and this Steele, were there other Singularities, or were they the only two in existence?

So many questions he wanted to ask, but he felt an overbearing Will urging him to touch the Steele and engrave his name, without it, his World Core would still become complete, but he would lose out on something so incredibly precious that in all of creation, barely a hundred plus individuals had succeeded.

The odds of this occurring and receiving the title of a World Bearer were almost equal to receiving when placed against the entirety of time and the number of beings who dwelled in creation.

He did not know this would happen when he completed the World Core, but it had already shattered the domain of Erohim and the man who was left was barely a threat. The power of the Steele was undeniable, appearing in this broken universe that was nothing but a memory of Erohim and seizing control of it with no issues.

The decision had been made already, and Rowan would not deny himself the privilege to become a World Bearer, although he knew that with benefits, also came a hidden cost; new and unknown enemies, and an unknown path ahead.

Rowan walked towards the Steele, observing its shape, it was the size of a small hill, and etched onto it was the types of Scripts that Rowan saw inside, except there were subtle differences that made it appear alien.

Whatever language this was it carried power and it was still unknown to him, the only thing he had that was a bit similar was the Words of Enoch, now transformed into the Breath of Enoch in his dimension.

This power was the only one that was closest in shape to this mysterious Scripts and Rowan had studied it for a long time, discovering new mysteries inside of it, and he had held back against using this power until he was sure he understood its full potential.

Rowan understood that whatever he used this power for must be multi-universe breaking. Anything less would be a waste.

There was a subtle force erupting from the Steele that pushed him backward as he stepped closer, but he knew that this was not a sign of rejection, it was only the innate

power inside this Steele that was so massive, that anything not worthy would not be able to reach it.

He was worthy, but it was also difficult to complete the ritual. Difficult, not impossible.

Pushing through the barrier of repulsion that created a shining corona of force around his consciousness, Rowan stretched forth his fist, he was a few inches away from touching it, but he opened his hand, and his index finger touched the Steele.

A bright purple light shone in the spot where his finger made contact and it spread until it covered the Steele. A slow hum began to arise from it, and suddenly as if time was reversed, the purple light flowed back from the Steele and smashed into Rowan's consciousness.

He stepped back and squeezed his head, his mouth opened in a silent scream as he froze in position, on the surface, nothing had changed, but beneath, was something different.

Rowan felt a cold Will, powerful beyond measure, take hold of his consciousness and his memories were riffled through, his defenses crumbled like paper, as the Will bore deeper into him. Rowan could not fight it, and he could only delay it by pushing all his important memories deep into the Core of his being. The Will reached his core and before Rowan could abandon hope, it was rebounded by an equal force—.

He had been growing distant from when he saw that the Singularity did not truly believe he would prevail over the odds of ascension to a Primordial and when he knew that the origins of could be troublesome. His trust in this treasure had begun to decrease over time. The Singularity demanded too much of him, and Rowan would not lose itself to its vision, no matter how grand it was.

Rowan had begun using it less and less, depending more on his knowledge and Will to push himself forward, after all, he had made a bet with this treasure that he would not only become a Primordial in his own terms, he was also going to exceed that level.

Yet Rowan found himself glad that he had here with him at the end, despite its alien nature, this treasure had chosen him, and when push came to shove, his Singularity was by his side.

He had secrets that would follow him to his grave and no one would take it away from him, not even a Singularity. His helplessness against this Steele was unexpected and unpleasant, and he was glad at this time he had by his side when he had failed to stop its incursion.

The Will of the Steele paused at this unexpected barrier in his thought, yet Rowan sensed no anger or ill intent from it, having being denied, it simply took a different approach and spoke to him,

"The First Boon cannot be granted for there is a failure to assess your true nature. You shall not be named by the Steele. This event had occurred only eleven times in history; therefore you shall be the one to make your True Name. I should warn you, this act would make it impossible for your true rewards to be calculated in its entirety and only an estimate would be given, is this acceptable to you? Without your True Name, your World Bearer Title cannot be granted!"

Rowan did not wonder for long why he chose to protect his memory so fiercely, even from something that might be beneficial to him, he figured out that his memory was all he truly had, and except for his enemies and in rare cases, Rowan did not try to read the mind of those around him, he had an uncommon respect for this.

Everyone had the privilege of keeping something of themselves away from the world, and he had plenty he did not want the world to know.

Rowan felt his heart seized, although in this body he did not have a heart, he could feel a surge across all his consciousnesses in acknowledgment. Finally he was going to take a step that he had planned for so long, but he never wanted to use for various reasons.

His True Name might seem to be a small issue, but since the moment he defeated Caine and took control of his bloodlines, he knew he was not complete, not without his name. It may not look like it, but this was something that Rowan had dedicated a majority of his consciousness power in trying to solve.

Chapter 891: Time, Come To Me!

A True Name would follow him until the end of his path, and so he had made preparations for it, and over time that preparation had been evolving into something different with every event that was taking place in his life, and now it would seem that he had to finally take this measure.

Rowan took a few steps back from the Steele and whispered to himself, "My True Name, how odd that after all this time, I have considered what to call myself and received no good results. Yet who knew that the one who gave me my name would turn out to be her? It is time to go back and claim it."

There was a gamble and an opportunity for him in the claiming of his True Name, if he succeeded it would shake all of creation, if he failed he may never recover.

This plan came to him like a fever dream, borne by circumstances and coincidences, and it was something he was sure did not even know about, he created this plan during the times was in slumber, and he had allowed this plan to sink deeply into his consciousness.

He had too many enemies and their reaches were almost boundless, he would only win by not just staying one step ahead, but in his battle with the Reflections, he had to stay a hundred steps ahead if possible.

Such an idea was madness, but Rowan had the tools and he thought it could be done.

Yet it was so outlandish that he needed confirmation from something that was close to All Knowing and he showed his dreams to and it was shared with the Steele as well. Rowan was willing to share his dreams and memories, but it was on the condition that he was the one who made the choice.

It did not take long for the verdict to reach him.

"This cannot be done!" spoke.

"Creation would be fractured!" The Steele agreed, "There is no past inference to draw upon."

Rowan smiled, "Not all creation, only a small part of it. Just here, and in a universe that is dead."

The two Singularities were quiet for a while, it would seem that Rowan's idea was so outlandish that for them it took time to contemplate, his heart was in his mouth as he waited for the verdict, he had run all the numbers, and technically it should work, but he was still willing to listen to the wisdom of the Singularities, after all, what he was planning was sheer madness, but every genius was once thought as mad.

It was that first broke the silence,

"This could... work, but it would be too much to hold, even for one such as you. Yet knowing who you are, I can see you doing nothing less." Rowan could almost see shake its head.

"I will hold, nothing can break me."

There was a longer pause and then spoke, "If you succeed, then I shall believe in your dreams in the future."

Rowan smiled, this was all he needed. He was surprised when the Steele spoke next,

"If you do this, then you would be the first in all of creation..." The Steele mumbled, "Your title shall be unique, and I shall have to deliberate long on it."

Rowan nodded at the Steele and he sighed, "Everything that was happening has been leading to this moment, then let it be so."

Closing his eyes he reached deep inside of him, the preparation had already been made long ago and he was reaching inside himself looking for strength, although he told that he could hold, he wondered if perhaps today would be the day that going beyond his limits would not be enough.

Not bothering about the risk, he drew the power from all his consciousnesses leaving them with less than twenty percent of their overall strength.

This consciousness now bloomed with power and light that tore through the darkness, illuminating the shrunken form of Erohim in the distance who was frozen in awe at the sight of the Steele, and he turned towards Rowan and gasped.

Rowan's consciousness had previously taken the form of a child and now it grew until it was a man, but the light shining from it was so bright, that in the entire lifespan of this universe, there had never been a light that shone brighter, or will there ever be.

Rowan drew upon the BREATH OF ENOCH, a power that he should only use when he wanted to break every rule and he roared, "Time, come to me!"

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His roar held the darkness, the sound filling the void, having the weight of Will behind it and something more.... Something indescribably ancient and sacred, whose roots could not be named.

The Darkness held for as long as it could, but Rowan's cry could not be denied, and it cracked open, this memory of a dead man in an empty universe that should not exist... opened.

Erohim saw all this and he fell to his knees, and then he screamed as he fell through the cracks that shattered the darkness, plunging into a zone of unreality and madness, which even he could not comprehend.

He seemed to fall for an eternity, but Erohim was a monster that had lived for countless eternities and he reoriented himself with difficulty. This place was not suitable for life, and he had to get out or he would be imprisoned in this limbo forever, a fate that was far worse than death.

Something screamed past him, and it was so massive that he could not comprehend it for a moment, and so fast that to his senses it was nothing but a blur. The speed of its movement caused this space of null reality to splinter into shards that nearly tore him to pieces, and Erohim, knowing it was his only chance for freedom and survival, seized the blur that was still hurtling past him and was yanked upwards with bone-crushing force.

His body slammed against a hard surface and pain like he had never known flooded through his body, he nearly let go in shock when he discovered that he was bleeding,

and his immortality had been stripped away, leaving him in a powerful body but still mortal, even in his disbelief he held on as leaving it would mean his death, and that was how he saw he was holding on to a massive chain that seemed to have no beginning or an end.

The chain was flying towards the bright light ahead like an iron filling attracted to a magnet, and even though he had fallen for an infinity, the light was still so bright it illuminated this space, and his mouth fell open in shock and horror when he saw that more chains were piercing through the void and flying towards the light.

The echo of Rowan's voice that was holding so much power filled this entire space and repeatedly swept past him and Erohim in his madness began to weep, he had never seen anything so magnificent and terrible after his main body fell.

The world of Primordials had been hidden from his sight and now he was seeing it being resurrected.

Erohim cried out in adoration as his flesh was minced to the bones and his skeleton grew mouths and sang Rowan's glory, for they were the first to witness it.

In the depth of his fading mind was a thought; what sort of monster had the Shadows created?

Chapter 892: Deadly Dance

Inside Rowan's dimension, the battle to decide its fate had suddenly shifted to an unfavorable one with the inhibitions blocking his enemies from acting with their true power.

Their attacks were sudden and devastating, clearly planned, and effortlessly executed. The Third Prince was aware that Rowan was not an enemy you handled with half measures. He had lost so many times to the tricky bastard because he had not given him his complete attention.

The order he gave had been simple: use your most devastating ability at once and crush him and his forces, anything less would only give Rowan time to adapt, and that was a terrifying prospect. In a short period of time this child had performed miracles after miracles, from a nuisance to one of the greatest threats he had ever faced in his existence, Rowan had proven beyond doubt that he was not to be taken for granted.

The only problem was that...

"Boom!!!!!"

Their combined attacks landed with devastating consequences, hundreds of millions of lives were snuffed out in a blink, and even the massive body of the white dragon crashed to the earth, his head nearly shattered to pieces. It was surprising that a creature without Will had been able to hold back so many God Emperors for as long as he did.

Rowan's great eye was sliced in two and it fell apart in a golden spray that blasted for miles, the rest of the eye began to collapse into a heap of rotten slime as the poison of the blade consumed its remains, and as Golgoth stomped on the head of Eva while howling in glee watching the armies of Rowan melt between the unfathomable bulk of the undead above and the frozen demons below, reality shuddered and their prey collapsed into bubbles.

The body of the Lady of Shadows vanished, same with her armies and the remnants of the great eye of Rowan dissipated, transforming into billions of shiny bubbles.

For a brief moment here, the entire battlefield was transformed into a space that could be considered almost beautiful, as the bubbles shone with all the light of the rainbow, and the undead army and demons stalked through the fields of battle confused, one moment that had been tearing their enemies apart and the next... shiny bubbles.

The Third Prince frowned as he looked around him, the feeling of irritation that was in his heart began to grow, and he cursed in anger when Golgoth in his anger began to scream and lash out.

His cries of rage and his weapons decimated their armies for miles as he tore through their ranks looking for the enemy, he wanted to call him to order as his actions had killed multiple living fodder when Golgoth howl stopped and his armored figure bent down and picked up a bubble, in his rage he had destroyed a majority of it, he brought it close to his face and then squeezed.

Suddenly jerking his head to the left as he watched the distance, a few million miles away where space trembled and the armies of Rowan reappeared intact, the same with Eva and the great eye of Rowan.

Golgoth's gaze turned to the Third Prince, who nodded at him, an assurance that what he saw was not a mirage and their prey was not able to escape their hold,

"How far can you run, before your tiny hearts give out?" Golgoth laughed aloud, before tearing his way through space, hunting.

With Ascension so close at hand, Golgoth would make sure any barrier was laid low, even if he had to do it with his two hands.

"Did you get it all? I'm not sure whether we can repeat that maneuver. This Spell was one of the ultimate moves of our Primogenitor and it has taken the last of his essence to pull it off."

The three Sages, Han Li, Ni Tian, and Sparrow had the surging golden glow surrounding their bodies diminished, as the spell that had conjured from their unique heritage had given Eva the details about the hidden might of their enemies' forces.

The Sages shivered internally, as they watched the Lady of Shadow close her eyes in contemplation. This woman was truly ruthless and her cunning was without equal. She had been willing to bring their entire army to the verge of death just to discover the hidden hands of their enemy.

War for the Sages had involved tactics, but not to this level, they usually settled battle in great frontal affairs, where two armies clashed until the stronger came out on top, but Eva was not treating this battle like that, to her this battle was more like a deadly dance. she wielded the entire army like they were a part of her body.

Vraegar shook his large head, his eyes were filled with such great rage, that red burning light was erupting from them, his anger spread to the spirits and beasts in the army and their bodies shook and began expanding. Although he knew the plan was to draw as much attention as possible, his pride as the Dragon God stung that he had nearly been killed. He wanted blood.

Beside the raging dragon was the tiny body of Lost looking at the Great Eye of Rowan, he was connected to it more closely than any of Rowan's children and he had felt the pain and the sense of loss as the blade from the Third Prince had torn the eye in two.

His eyes went red and he gnashed his teeth together, as his breathing became heavy, for the first time in his life, the little boy was experiencing true rage.

He could not comprehend why someone would enter their home and seek to destroy his creator, this war had been fun all this while, as the boy did not truly take it seriously, his nature was one of a wanderer and everything in creation was an endless source of delight, but his beautiful world was shaken and Lost was angry.

Lost began to slowly finger the beads in his chest and looked towards the army of their enemy that had turned and was speeding towards them with supernatural speed. His eyes burned with white flames, "They are not gonna hurt you again!" he whispered.

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The Lady of Shadows nodded at the three Sages, their exclusive spells borne from their unique heritage as the last Guardians of the Mountain and Sea Realm had served their purpose, "You won't have to perform the spell again, prepare for battle, I have everything I need."

She knew the capabilities of every facet of Rowan's army and she understood the best time to use their expertise. The entire purpose of this battle was to buy time and unearth the abilities of their enemies. The Third Prince had showcased a lot of his powers in his bid to crush them, and she had taken notice of them all.

Eva suddenly felt the consciousness of Rowan becoming dim, any panic she may have felt was assuaged by his words of assurance, his battle was not only being fought here and he had to move his energy to various places at the same time.

'Leave this one to me,' She projected her thoughts towards Rowan and turned towards the section of the army that contained hundreds of millions of Rowan's children, she sent forth her Will and also cried out, "Children of the Ouroboros... Ground Them!"

Chapter 893: Dusk... Dawn

Eva's order rang out like the crack of a whip, and her orders were answered with unrivaled fervor.

"HAAH!!!"

The roars from the throats of hundreds of millions could shatter continents, the Children of the Ouroboros had multiple gifts, but their most dominant trait was strength. They were mainly predisposed to become close combat fighters, but they had certain bloodline powers that made them deadly at range.

What Eva did was find a way to make all of them unleash that talent in sync. It was the only way to create a proper army out of them, their collective ability unleashed as one was far greater than any of them could ever unleash individually.

Clad in heavy armor that weighed hundreds of tons, the children of the Ouroboros dropped their weapons and slammed their palms together, the golden glow of Eruption began to emerge between their palms and brightened dramatically as if they were holding a star between their palms.

This light was so bright it hid their bodies beneath the glare before the light vanished.

Their bodies were covered with steam that rapidly dispersed, displaying their transformed bodies. The hands that were slammed together were still in the same position, but two more pairs of golden energy arms had appeared below those arms.

This was the unique talent of the Ouroboros bloodline—Hands Of Force. To be considered a candidate for this army, one must be able to summon two pairs of Hands of Force, it was the threshold to be able to summon the greatest area technique of their bloodline.

Those golden energy limbs slammed into the earth and overhead like massive stars blinking to life, massive golden palms appeared overhead each of them was well over ten thousand feet in diameter and nearly numbering a billion, they perfectly covered the entire army of Rowan like a massive golden umbrella.

From those palms, golden rain began to fall, each drop of rain was as heavy as a mountain, but their weight was not the issue, it was the special properties of their Eruption ability that had the capability to freeze space that made this technique truly dangerous.

Each drop of golden rain caused space to solidify and as more rain fell space became increasingly compacted until the air was denser than diamonds as the rain kept falling with no hint of stopping, the space grew increasingly compacted, but this ability did not affect any of Rowan's children.

The limits for this Space freezing ability were unknown since the summoner would usually run out of energy after a while, but it was one of the most terrifying abilities of the Ouroboros Bloodline because this golden rain was permanent unless forcibly dispelled.

Golgoth who had been piercing through space was forcefully ejected, and his movement which was supposed to be so fast that it should defy imagination could now be easily traced using eyesight.

He looked down in anger at the warriors who remained in a crouching position as they channeled their ability; if he was not shrouded by his Will, it would be impossible for him to even move past the speed of a snail. Swerving towards them he grunted in pain as multiple purple arrows embedded themselves into his back, looking back in anger he saw the Lady of Shadows dropping her hands as she held a massive bow.

He ignored her and focused on his target, his 4th Dimensional Will of Rending made him the best candidate to dispel this technique, he lifted his blade and Eva made him pay for his negligence.

The glowing arrow shafts that were still embedded in his back unexpectedly began to vibrate and push themselves into his body before exploding, blowing out fist size chunks of his flesh and crushing every bone in his torso, Golgoth shuddered, his undead state made it difficult for him to heal his wounds, and his combat capability for a short while has been reduced.

Screaming in rage, Golgoth channeled his Will into Gaping Undoer and threw his Great Sword at Eva. The sword tore through the golden rain, shattering multiple barriers created by the Spell Weavers, and slammed into Eva, causing a massive explosion in her surroundings as the force carried by Golgoth's blade was so terrifying it could shatter multiple galaxies.

The eruption of force ended, and Golgoth chuckled, expecting to see the pinned corpse of Eva, and the sight that greeted his eyes made him growl, "Impossible."

Eva's hands surrounded by purple light had clasped the blades between her palms, halting its momentum. The tip of the Great sword was only a single inch away from her forehead.

Slamming the sword into the ground, she retrieved her now and in the space of a second fired hundreds of arrows into the hilt of the blade. The shriek from the weapon as pieces of it began to fly off defended everyone around her for hundreds of miles.

Golgoth held his head and screamed in rage, holding out his hand, he summoned his weapon and it reappeared on his palm, and it was nearly broken in half, bleeding and screaming in pain, Golgoth echoed its cries as his helm exploded open revealing dozens of tentacles from his nightmarish mouth as he revealed the true corruption of his being underneath the armor.

"You will pay for that!" his shrill scream did not sound like it came from a man, but a corpse.

The rest of the Will holders slammed against the barrier of golden rain and although it slowed their movements, it could not stop them. They began to move towards the Children of Ouroboros, they needed to break apart this technique or the rest of their army would be incapacitated.

"Defend them!" Vraegar roared and beating his massive wings he headed for the Will Holders, the rest of the army roared and followed him as they unleashed brilliant bursts of power that traveled unhindered through the golden rain, slamming into the Will Holders and pushing them back.

Eva nodded at Diane and the three Sages beside her and they threw themselves towards the Will Holders. The golden rain would ensure that their endless armies would be held back and they could focus on the ten Will Holders. They might not be able to kill them, but they would hold them for as long as necessary.

She frowned and looked around her noticing that Lost was missing, and before she could trace him, her attention was drawn by a voice.

"This is futile Rowan," the voice of the Third Prince echoed through the battlefield, "surely, you know you cannot win this fight, and watching you struggle with your games and tricks, why son... it breaks my heart. Did you not promise that you will kill me on a certain day? I don't know about you, but that day was seven days ago and yet, here I am standing, face it boy, you have lost. The moment you showed me that you were going to be a nuisance, you should have known that this would be the result. Now would you settle down and accept your death with grace?"

"I DID NOT FORGET."

A voice that sounded like Rowan and yet not like him as it sounded as if multiple people were speaking at the same time, and it was so loud it silenced the entire battle.

The dimension suddenly quaked and with a disgusting sound as if flesh was being ripped apart, the entire dimension was sliced in two, revealing the dead universe outside and something else.

Chains... Impossibly long chains and a figure that was glowing brighter than any star in the universe.

The figure pointed his left hand and it seemed to cover the entire universe and the broken dimension, "Dusk."

Half of the chains extended and wrapped the entire universe and the dimension. This sight was so astonishing that in the silence that shrouded the universe, you would be able to hear a pin drop.

These chains were as massive as planets along their width and thousands of chains that seemed to have no end wrapping around the entire universe were mind-

numbing, of course only the Will Holders could see the true extent of this move and it shocked them to their core.

Everyone else only saw massive chains that penetrated deep into eternity with no end in sight and covered the entire horizon.

Rowan pointed his right hand upwards and said, "Dawn!"

Chapter 894: Shrinking Reality

In a battle of this nature with combatants that could move at speeds closer to light and even exceed it, time was a malleable factor and in a single second, many actions could be taken.

Rowan had just cast the first part of his spell and its effects had enthralled everyone on the battlefield, his right hand was rising to cast the second part of his spell, but the shock of his arrival could not hold his enemies in place for long.

Golgoth hastily blasted the waves of abilities that had reached him from the armies of Rowan who at this time could not truly understand what was happening, not just them, except for several powerful demon princes, Archmages, and God King who had

specialized surveillance spells or devices, ninety-nine percent of the combatants inside the dimension did not understand what was happening.

Recall that Rowan's dimension was half a billion light years in diameter and even when it split apart, most of his children could only see a fraction of this amazing phenomenon, due to the size of his dimension and the universe at large, the disturbance of the split and the chains did not truly affect them.

It was the difference between dropping a rock in a pool and an ocean. In a pool, one could easily notice the ripple that came from the stone from the edge of the pool, and in an ocean, one could not even notice a thousand boulders falling into it.

A mortal could barely see beyond his little town, a god could barely see outside his solar system and nearest groups of stars, a God King could barely see beyond the galaxy, and Rowan's dimension could fit millions of galaxies, it was not strange that most would not understand what was occurring, except for the lucky ones who were in a certain position to see the full extent of the dimension, thereby noticing the glint from a massive black chain, the mortals proceeded with their battle.

It was a good thing that the perception of most of his children could not see the full scale of his spell, or it was inevitable that most of them would go mad at the least, but only the slight fraction of his glory that was manifesting was enough to bolster their spine and inflame their hearts.

The true difference between the strong and the weak was revealed here, when the strong displayed their power, the weak would not even have the capability to understand it.

The flood of inconsequential spells washing over Golgoth shook him from his shock and horror at the power of Rowan's spell, and pooling his Will of Rending around his armor, he zoomed towards Third, and he seized his throat, "What is happening?! You told me we had everything under control."

The eyes of the Third Prince were hazy, his mouth opened in shock as he stared at the massive chains encircling the universe, but even while distracted, his body flowed around Golgoth's grasp and he looked at the distraught fake God King in annoyance, "This is not part of my plans, like you I'm also surprised, but let us watch, I don't care how quickly he can grow, there is no way he should be able to pull off something like this without negative consequences."

The two Demon Kings push their way through the golden rain and Minerva questions the Third Prince in dissatisfaction, "You, this is not what we bargained for, we are pulling back from this battle. However, we expect full payment for our services, seeing that a majority of the mortal life in this universe is no more."

"Ease your mind, Minerva, you cannot leave this battle even if you want to," the Third Prince chuckled, "You should know the character of the enemy we are facing, is this the right time for our forces to be divided? I don't need to tell you that he would hunt you to the depths of the Abyss if he is given the chance to grow stronger. Besides, as I told Golgoth, a spell like this would drain even an Eldritch being with control of high-tier dimensions, even feeding on the energy of ten universes would not be enough, we just need to find a slight chink in his armor, and this house of cards he is building, would crumble."

Golgoth gnashed his teeth in anger and frustration, but his mind began to whirl as he considered the ongoing spell from Rowan, "Do you think it's a mirage? Surely the breadth of this spell is impossible, it's almost equal to our..."

The Third Prince arched an eyebrow at the near slip of Golgoth, their plans could not be revealed to a third ear, he looked away in irritation, "Strike a chain and see for yourself."

Golgoth looked up and raised his sword, and then when he felt the sheer power imbued inside each link in the chain, he slowly dropped his hand, and the Third Prince snorted.

"Whatever he is doing, this boy is taking a great risk," The Third Prince grinned, "That means the chance for failure is truly high, any chance we have to shake his mindset would be valuable. Do what you do best, Golgoth, kill his people, starting with the creators of this domain!"

Golgoth sneered, "Beneath this accused domain, my Rend is diminished and my blade is damaged. That woman also possesses an unknown form of Will, they have seen our abilities and the wisest choice is to attack together Third, with the onset of this spell, even you cannot choose to stand behind."

The Third Prince smiled, "You will not be alone, the rest will follow you, and you can have this blade." He gave Golgoth his poisoned blade, "It should serve you well enough without me, I need to stay behind to counter any hidden plans he might put into play. For this task, I'm obviously the one who is most suited for it."

"DAWN!!!"

Rowan's voice shook creation and the Third Prince and the rest were shaken from their deliberation, even though their entire conversation took place in a fraction of a moment, Rowan's casting was still too quick for them to counter.

From below the black sea in Rowan's dimension massive booming sounds that unleashed shockwaves erupted from it as something terrible and extremely powerful began to arise.

The Third Prince went pale as he saw what was arising from the sea and understood the depths of Rowan's preparation, his plans for attacking Rowan's children were placed aside and he screamed at his allies, "Stop him from unleashing them!"

Eva's voice coincided with his cry, "No one reached the creator!" From her bow, she unleashed thousands of gleaming purple arrows towards the Will Holder, as the battle began to heat up to a feverish extent.

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Dawn did not bring any chains, only light... golden light.

The golden light erupted from Rowan's raised hand carrying an inestimable amount of force that pushed against reality, and whatever force that erupted from him was so massive that reality quaked, bent, and then shattered and everything in the direction his hand pointed turned golden.

With a massive groan, the chains binding the universe and Rowan's dimension began to contract, pulling them to what Rowan perceived to be the left, which was dusk, painting the entire universe and his broken dimension with a red glow and giving space for the golden glow in the direction he perceived to be his right, to expand, taking over the vacated space.

Chapter 895: Unleashing His Might

At this moment the chained universe and his dimension occupied more than ninety-eight percent of reality and as the chains contracted and pulled, they shrank to the side, leaving more space for the golden light to fill.

Rowan's consciousness began to shrink, the bright glow eruption from his body fading to a smolder, this spell he was attempting, had strained him to the limit because it was creating a series of impossibilities and making them possible to such a massive extent that even the Taboo Spells of an Archmage would be nothing but a faint breeze beside it.

No man, god, mage, or demon could ever have the energy to sustain this spell, even Rowan could not, but he could cheat.

In the battle with the Reflections inside his dimension, the true benefit he had gained was a bounty of Soul Energy. Tens of millions of immortals had died inside his dimension and hidden at the bottom of the Primordial Sea of Darkness were millions of Soul mountains.

Not wasting time to check the level of the Immortal souls, he began crushing them en masse, channeling all the Soul Energy that should be equal to billions of crystals into his Consciousness Pillars. All of them.

The expansion of Rowan's Consciousness Pillars had not slowed as he grew more powerful, in fact, the opposite had occurred and he gained access to an increasing amount of Consciousness Pillars as time went by.

At this time the number of Consciousness Pillars he controlled was a stunning 702 pillars.

Since the beginning of the battle and his ascension to the Third Dimension, Rowan had barely used the resources from fifty Consciousness Pillars, due to two reasons, the first was they were his ultimate trump card after their baptism in the fires of the Primordial battle and the second was because consciousness like any other power had its meta spiritual weight, especially his own, and if he had unleashed all his Consciousness Power, even if his dimension was still intact, the weight of it would ripple all over the universe.

This was Rowan's greatest hidden hand and the source of his confidence that was akin to madness when it came to the completion of this task.

Not even Eva knew the extent of his consciousness power, and Rowan began to slowly activate and release his entire consciousness power.

From the depths of the Primordial Sea of Darkness, his Consciousness Pillars began to arise, every one that rose over the ocean brought a massive shockwave that rippled through his entire dimension.

When he first received his Consciousness Pillars, they were barely taller than a hundred feet, now each smooth golden pillar that arose from the ocean was hundreds of miles tall and they emitted so much power that even the mortals could feel it.

On the top of the Consciousness Pillars, a golden figure began to coalesce as 702 figures of Rowan stood upon the pillars, and they raised their right hand and channeled their strength into the consciousness unleashing the spell who was at the edge of dissipation, and it suddenly shone brightly as power flooded it.

The movements of the chain surged on strength and the spell of Rowan became supercharged, the universe and Rowan's dimension shrank further, as the area the golden glow occupied increased from one percent of reality to ten percent... fifteen percent... eighteen percent.

The Third Prince and the rest of the Will Holders were going crazy with fear, the amount of consciousness power radiating from Rowan dwarfed them all by an order of magnitude, and in a normal circumstance they would not really care if Rowan was able

to control this enormous amount of consciousness power, he would only be seen as a bigger freak than he already was, but now he was using this power to unleash this unknown spell.

Every indication was pointing to the fact that if he was not stopped in the next few moments he was going to succeed.

The eyes of the Third Prince shook, after all this time, he had not unleashed the entirety of his might, because he did not want to scare off the rest of his allies, especially Golgoth and Second, he would be killing them after the debacle with Rowan was over, but if they knew his true might, they would fear him more than they feared Rowan.

With rage in his heart, the Third Prince exploded his Aura, revealing not one but three Wills! Golgoth looked at him with shock and horror as he detected the Will of Erohim and the Great Worm inside the body of the Third Prince.

"BOOOOM!!!!!"

A red lightning erupted from the body of the Third Prince shattering the entirety of the golden domain like it was made from glass, and the Third Prince made his hand into a claw and he swiped.

Rowan's dimension shrieked in pain as four massive slashes that were sharper than any blade in existence streaked toward the pillars. This blow released a shock wave that blasted Golgoth and the rest of the Will Holders billions of miles away, one of the God Emperors was unlucky and he was crushed into nothingness.

Defenses after defense were brought to bear as Eva unleashed the talents of the entire army to block the streaks of force unleashed by the Third Prince, but it tore through all defenses, and below, millions of Rowan children exploded into ash as the reverberation from the blow shattered their bodies. Vraegar, Diane, and the three Sages were blasted away before they could even near the slash, their injuries nearly killing them.

Eva opened her hands and digging deep into her Spirit, summoned every single drop of her Will and slammed against the slash.

Another massive crack resounded in the dimension as Eva clashed against the move from the Third Prince and she failed to hold it back, her broken body missing her arms, and half of her skull was blasted into the ocean below with so much force that millions of miles of seawater were turned to steam and her body nearly blasted through the dimension, it was unknown if she was alive.

The move from Eva slowed the attack and dissipated one of the slashes, but it was not enough, as the three remaining slashes still bore towards the Consciousness Pillar of Rowan, he did not look at it but focused on channeling his might into the single consciousness that was powering the spell.

His golden glow had filled up thirty-five percent of reality and was still growing, even if some parts of his Consciousness Pillars were destroyed he must complete this spell.

He had been keeping his Angels away from the battle and now he manifested them all to stand against the might of the Third Prince led by the Powers.

With great cries of rage, they unleashed such massive celestial spells that brightened the entire dimension, but the move from the Third Prince was not simple, no being could possess more than a single Will, but the Third Prince had found a way to break that rule, and the combination of his three Wills brought about a power that was extreme in its sheer might.

His Angels, even his Powers failed to hold back this blow, they fell, but they shattered two of the slashes, leaving the last.

Rowan braced himself to receive it, but suddenly a small form appeared before his Pillars of Consciousness and cried out, "You shall not hurt him!"

Lost pulled out the beads around his neck and with determination in his eyes, he tore it apart.

Chapter 896: Might of Lost

When the Lost Flames reached the peak of Tier 5 which was the Transcendental Grade, it could no longer attain the next step of his evolution which was to be the Immortal Grade (Tier 6) where he should be able to call on his Tribulation and become a full Immortal Aspect.

At first, Rowan had found it odd, but he recalled the message had shown him of the Lost Flames when he activated this Omnipotent Aspect.

The Lost Flame: Before Time and Space was born, Asteraoth claimed Light from the First Flame and he left the burning flame to be without light for countless eternities.

Asteraoth became Light.

In the twilight of the Primordial Era, Endirius stole what was hidden deep in the bowels of the Primordial, and claimed the Flames itself.

Endirius became a Ruler of Fire.

Yet Endirius saw something more in the Flames, a hidden spark that was once thought to be lost, ignored even by the Primordial, but Endirius saw promise and great power in this spark.

To hide this great discovery Endirius Separated this spark into six forms. You now control the first of that form.

Take heed, Endirius gaze searches for you.

From this hint given by , Rowan knew that the Lost Flames were not complete, Endirius the Supreme Magus had separated these flames and without the rest of them, Lost would be stuck at Tier 5 forever, remaining a child.

Rowan had no problem with this, not everything around him should be geared towards the pursuit of power. The Lost Flames brought light and laughter and healing wherever he went, and Rowan would not push him beyond his limits.

He was surprised that the Lost Flames had begun to learn how to manage his abilities in new ways while learning from the Sages. His two abilities Divergence and Convergence were extremely versatile abilities and even though Lost was not entirely focused on exploring the depths of his abilities, he had been able to learn some truly powerful applications of his flames.

Shattering the strings of beads around his neck, Lost held the forty heavy beads in front of him, and then he spread his arms apart, dispersing all the beads so they would touch all corners of the incoming slash attack, and when the beads impacted against it, Lost applied Divergence and he exploded the beads.

The slash that resembled a black scar across reality turned white as the Lost Flames surrounded it, and Lost thrust both his hands forward and yelled with all the strength in his small body as he applied Convergence to his flames.

The Lost Flames could feed on every sort of energy using Convergence and then store that energy inside of him but stuck at the Transcendental grade, he had a limit to the amount of energy he could store, and the technique he learned from the Sages was the ability to slice of the energy inside of him when it was full into the large beads he hung around his neck.

The beads were produced by the Sages using a hollow essence, as it was the inky material that could store his flames for an extended period of time when maintained by Lost.

The second part of his ability Divergence, released all the stored power, and depending on its application it could be used to destroy or to heal.

After four thousand years, Lost had created forty of these beads, just enough for him to wrap the Lost flames across the entire slash that stretched for more than a million miles in length.

Convergence pulled energy from anything and imbued it inside the body of Lost, and that was what he did against the Third Prince's attack, Lost pulled and took the energies of the attack inside himself.

It was too much.

Whatever method the Third Prince had used to hold multiple Wills inside his body, it meant he could not easily unleash it, but when he did, the destructive potential was ridiculous, even releasing this attack had killed a God Emperor that was close to him at the point of release, and that was a holder of Will!

The divide between Will and Intent was such a massive gulf that could not be easily described, even Telmus, a man who could be referred to as the master of Intent, could not survive a minor slash from a Will-infused weapon, and the Third Prince had combined multiple Wills in an impossible blend.

Of the four slashes, Eva had been able to destroy one and it was unknown if she had survived the impact, his Angels, of which two Powers, 3,088 Sovereigns, and tens of millions of Archangels, all placed together had been able to destroy two of the slashes, and it came with disastrous consequences, an unknown number of Angels had perished.

Lost chose to accept the last attack on his lonesome, and on this battlefield, technically, this child was the weakest here, but like his creator, he was stubborn.

The energy that Convergence drew from the slash in a fraction of a moment was a thousand times greater than all the energy Lost had stored inside his forty beads.

He screamed as he tried to channel Divergence, to push the energy out of his body, but it was so difficult, almost impossible.

Time had slowed down in his perception and with every fraction of a moment that went by he attempted to push the energy away from his body, but it was too much for him, the pain and the pressure were enough to make him explode to nothingness, and he wanted to give up and cry but he remembered the pain Rowan had felt, and all his friends that he had made for the last four thousand years perishing in the claws of the enemies, and Lost, well lost it.

His eyes had been closed tight and he opened them, they were cracked like shattered glass and oily white flames fell from them as if he was crying blood.

Perhaps it was the impossible amount of energy ravaging his body, but Lost Perception further slowed and also broadened, and for the first time he could see the true scale of the battle.

He saw Rowan tearing reality in two, he saw the entire universe bending to his Will and he saw his enemy streaking toward Rowan with murder in his eyes.

Lost looked at his creator with awe in his eyes, he saw as his father held reality apart with his two hands and the desire to be like him blossomed in his heart and he knew what he had to do.

Lost called on everything he had inside him and closed his left hand, in that single instant all the load of Convergence was borne by his right hand, and his body began to shake to pieces, beginning from his fingertips, but he had enough time.

He shifted his left hand, imitating Rowan but he could not stretch it apart wide enough, but it was angled directly at the incoming Third Prince, and Lost shot a thick pillar of white flame that slammed against the Third Prince, it halted a few inches away from his body unable to touch him, but the pressure from the flames slowed him down.

Lost screamed aloud and opened himself up to Convergence, enveloping the entire slash of the Third Prince and in a single instant drew everything inside of him, not holding it for a single moment but channeling it to his left hand.

Lost entire right hand disappeared, and his chest cracked open, down to his left hand, following the trail of energy that was passing through his body.

The pillar of flames that surrounded the Third Prince multiplied a hundred times over, and the entire dimension was painted white with the glow from the flames of Lost.

The Third Prince pushed through the flames that were slowly burning through his barrier, and as the brightness of the flames increased to an impossible luminosity and heat, a tiny spark of the Lost flames touched the Aura of the Third Prince and Lost grinned.

With his childish voice, he screamed, "Witness the power of the First Flame in Creation."

Lost applied Convergence through the spark the instant it touched the Third Prince and his body slammed to a halt, as the impossible happened.

The Lost Flames began to consume the energy of the Third Prince.

The two Powers who had collapsed turned their gaze to the confrontation above as they fell silent, this silence rippled across the entire dimension, as a Transcendental State being, someone that was barely at the Earth god level, held back an abomination that could shatter a universe.

"What madness is this?" Minerva growled, her massive spider body retreating further into the darkness.

Eva at the bottom of the dimension, feebly opened her single eye and she gasped, "Foolish child, what are you doing?"

In her ears, she heard a soft voice that she strained to listen to, "Protecting all of you from the bad man."

Chapter 897: Nature Of The Serpent

Memories streamed past Eva's mind in a flood, four thousand years might be a blink of an eye to an immortal, but it was enough to make many unforgettable memories.

She remembered losing him for months on end in a far-off world where he became lost, and she found him stuck at the top of a mountain, speaking with birds.

The winter had been hard on that world and the mother of four baby chicks had nearly died protecting her babies from the cold, so Lost placed the birds on his stomach and lay there for weeks, slowly giving the family heat to survive the winter.

That particular bird was fairly aggressive and Lost had suffered from countless pecks and scratches but he was still laughing and conversing with the disgruntled mother.

She remembered teaching him how to channel his powers, but he was too unfocused and lacked discipline to be a competent fighter.

Eva recalled giving him a task to subtly kill off a herd of corrupted leopards over the course of a day, but he instead unleashed his flames and turned them all to ashes at once before trying to run away to another world to play, she had called out in anger,

"Lost, what did you do?"

"Well, I cast fuck everything... in that general direction."

"Language!" and she seized his ears, "Who taught you to speak like that."

"Ow, ow... please, I can't say or I would be betraying my friend."

Although Eva had failed to admit it, in a lifetime of endless war and death, Lost was the only one who could make her smile.

The voice of Lost reached her, broken, "You.... Know what to do when the... time is..."

Eva opened her mouth in a silent cry.

The flames of Convergence held the Third Prince for two seconds, as it consumed even his momentum and cries of anger before another eruption of red lightning tore it apart and the figure of Lost glowed so brightly it almost equaled the consciousness of Rowan who was tearing reality apart.

A purple light covered Lost and he vanished, before appearing by the side of the Third Prince and he exploded.

The explosion was not spread out but was focused, resembling a large palm, pushing the Third Prince back for hundreds of miles as he fought against it while screaming obscenities. With a cry of rage, the Third Prince plunged his hands into the palm and tore it apart.

The flames of Lost vanished.

With an angered shout, the Third Prince screamed, and the power that erupted from his body was a thousand times more powerful, in a brief moment, he wiped out every one of Rowan's children, including Eva, and Rowan's consciousness pillars began to shatter under his unshakable might.

The end had come for Rowan, and his dominion fell under the tyranny of the Third Prince.

Then a bell tolled in the heavens as Rowan's Spell became complete. It was too late, the Third Prince had failed and he looked up in horror and expectation at what was to be unleashed, and at first, he was puzzled.

Above him, reality had been divided equally, one part was the universe along with this dimension which had been squeezed to occupy one area, and the other side was nothing but an expanse of golden light.

He muttered to himself, "dawn... dusk, what could it mean?"

It did not take long for the truth to be revealed and the eyes of the Third Prince glinted.

He may pretend to feel this certain emotion several times during his life, but he knew that he could not understand it, he had only pretended to feel it, and like all good actors, he could pretend to an extent that he could actually convince himself for a short while that he was feeling it, but that was a lie.

Nothing of what he felt now was a lie, and the Third Prince found out that he hated this emotion. He hated the feeling of fear.

"Rowan... What did you do? What diabolical madness is this?"

Rowan had not expected Lost to be able to hold back the attack from the Third Prince as well as he did not expect that the Third Prince might have the capability to hold on to multiple Wills at the same time.

He had always thought he would be the only one who should be able to achieve a feat like that using the help of , but the Third Prince had found a way to succeed.

Anyway, it no longer mattered, Dawn and Dusk was completed.

Rowan flexed his right hand and the golden light began to disperse and it carried with it a heavy wind, he chose to call this wind, the Wind of Time.

This wind blew away the golden light and revealed the result of Rowan's Spell. A new universe, and not just any universe, but this same universe that was already dead.

Rowan had torn reality in two, on his left was the dead universe, and on his right hand was a living universe. This living universe was vibrant and full of life, the same as it was five years ago.

This scene was hard to describe, but Rowan had managed to merge the present and the past and placed them in the same time continuum.

The perfect analogy for this was eating your cake and having it.

Yet this madness was just beginning.

"No no no no... this is not real... this is a fucking mirage." Minerva screamed, "I can sense myself in this other universe! How can there be two of me, existing at the same time continuum?"

Every Immortal on the battlefield immediately sensed their counterpart in this other dimension, and the same thing happened vice versa. Every living immortal present in the past universe could sense their selves across space and time.

Although for most of them could not understand what they were sensing because this split was on a universal scale.

Rowan looked across the two universes and he nodded, he did not forget the reason he made this spell, and it was for a single reason, to collect his True Name.

The process by which he created Dawn and Dusk came from his long contemplations on the mysteries of time, his bloodlines, and his understanding of how the relationship between time and space was linked.

Ascending to a higher Dimension meant a deeper understanding of time and its mysteries, but unlike everyone else in existence, Rowan was not just ascending to a

higher dimension, he was the dimension itself and he had far more tools to investigate the nature of time.

This was also not adding the fact that he was linked to the Primordial of Time, meaning that mysteries of time were easily deciphered by him, and his addition to his experience using a time-attributed treasure like the Tower of Greed and his Ouroboros Bloodline and Rowan had all the tools he needed to create miracles unlike no other.

His eyes pierced across the distance and watched the Third Prince and all his enemies. He would also be collecting some overdue debt.

Inside the dead dimension, in the skull of Erohim, the World Seed exploded as the Ouroboros Serpents were reborn with a roar that echoed all through this unknown dimension.

At the same time, in the living universe, a stream of light was heading towards Trion, carrying the Will of Rowan who was at that time a one-dimensional entity.

His descent into Trion had brought disaster as he dragged the Aether from across the universe into the planet, and as he fell, the unique nature of the Ouroboros Serpents that had been reawakened took hold.

"They would not release anything that they had possessed, not in the past or the future!"

Chapter 898: Correcting Mistakes

Inside the dead universe, in the strange dimension where the dead eye of the Primordial of Time lay, the massive skull of Erohim, now the foundation for the rebirth of the Ouroboros Serpents began to collapse, drawn into the world seed accompanied by frightening roars from the growing serpents.

In the living universe, Rowan broke through the atmosphere of Trion, his one-dimensional body began to crack open as frightful powers earned from the future, that was now in the present poured into his body, but something was different about this process because change that was taking place was two-way.

Rowan aimed to accomplish more with this spell than just to harvest power from the future and bring them into the past, he was aiming for something much more ambitious.

If he wanted to become a being who could ascend to become a Primordial and even exceed that level, then he needed a foundation that was so solid and colossal that no one else in creation could ever imagine replicating.

The Foundation would be his True Name.

In the beginning, Rowan had not understood what it meant to own a True Name, but as he grew stronger, he realized that names and titles had far more importance than was let on. Perhaps if he had teachers, they might have told him of the importance of names, nevertheless, he was a quick learner and nothing went over him twice.

During his ascension to a dimension and his battle with Caine, he had given up the titles and the names given to him by others, and from there he began to gather hints about what it entailed, and the benefits that came with it. This was the moment he had gained his freedom and was given the chance to write his story and chart the course for his future.

It would be a future that was not determined by but something of his making. If he now had the ability to choose what he would become in the future, then with all the talents and abilities at his fingertips, it was either he went big or went home.

The cracks on his one-dimensional body increased and he was on the verge of explosion, such a move would shatter the entire galaxy and Trion along with it without creating a Forge to contain him, and for an inexperienced Rowan this would have most likely been the case, but he had become something much more in five years.

The explosion did not happen, instead, the silver line began to weave itself, as Rowan used a different method to become a second-dimensional being. Like a thread under an invisible loom, Rowan weaved himself into a second-dimensional entity.

His previous ascension was flawed, his essence should not have dispersed as it did. This dispersion even though contained by the Forge was what enabled tiny imperfections to be created all over his dimension, giving space for the Third Prince and other entities to teleport into it.

The true path of ascension was not crushing his one-dimensional body, but instead using it as a foundation to create his two-dimensional body.

Rowan descended past Trion's upper atmosphere and reached the clouds, but this time he was not a line but a shiny silver page. His foundation for the future could not be firmer and with a single move, he has cleared the mistakes he made in the past.

His multiple consciousnesses were powerful, but not infallible, he had made the best decision with the knowledge he previously had, but Rowan would loathe to repeat a mistake twice.

He slowed his descent a bit, allowing the Aether that followed him to shoot down before him, but unlike before, he channeled it all in a tiny region, making sure the concentration of Aether in that tiny spot expanded to a ridiculous degree and sparing the majority of the continent from needless deaths.

Rowan began weaving his Third-dimensional body. Now that he knew what a third-dimensional body should look like, he could do it using his second dimension, and he also had help, from six very eager volunteers.

On the surface of the silver page, six tiny snakes, barely larger than threads, began to encircle the page and with supernatural strength, they began to fold the page into a large ball, and from there, a shape began to emerge from the ball... it was a heart.

As this process continued, Rowan began to meditate on the lessons he knew about names.

He understood that names were power, and this was confirmed by when it told Rowan that every Title he had received on its page was supposed to give him certain perks and attributes, but Rowan's identity had not been fixed, and so he could not enjoy those benefits.

Rowan was a bit annoyed at missing all the benefits his various Titles should have given him, but he knew he was also missing other functions of that should have given him much more power since had agreed to fully support Rowan if his plans worked, then he should be expecting the full benefits of owning a Singularity... that is if he succeeded.

His journey all these while had been one of self-discovery, and over time he began to find moments where something was triggered inside him, certain events that resonated with who he was, and certain actions he took that aligned with the person he wanted to make of himself.

All this new knowledge began to come to light when he freed himself from the Wills holding him bound, like a newborn baby, Rowan was now free to become whomever he wanted, no longer bound by the Wills of others in his life.

He had confirmed this speculation when the Steele had chosen to rifle through his memories when it wanted to give Rowan a name, but Rowan did not want to display his secrets to an unknown power, and he already had a name... She unknowingly gave it to him, Circe.

Now he was here to make sure she was guided to complete the process. Circe at this moment was extremely weak, but she was no longer alone.

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The heavens fell, and Circe tried to protect those around her, but she failed. Her eyes rang with the howls of winds strong enough to carry mountains and her eyes watered with the flashes of bright lights, disoriented, she tried to marshal more of her powers, but a massive Crystallized Aether meteorite buried her and Archimedes deep inside the

earth, and for a moment everything was covered by the cold hands of darkness as she sank into unconsciousness.

'Surely this was punishment from the gods when she had harmed so many innocents with her rash actions, if only she could go back and redo the things...'

"COME TO ME..."

She groaned in pain as her eyes were forced open without her volition, her body responding to a voice, even before her mind had come to terms with what she was hearing.

Her body sprang upwards, pushing against the earth that held her bound, unerringly focusing on the direction of the voice, she began to claw her way upwards. The journey seemed to take forever and a moment, her mind still in a state of fugue, and her heart confused, because she felt everything was so familiar as if this was a path she had taken before.

"Come to me, daughter of Lightning, Frost, and the Wind... Let your Soul speak to me once more."

Chapter 899: Whole Again

Circe labored through the earth, pushing her way through large pieces of crystallized Aether and rocks with a singular intention—Answer the call.

Breaking out of the earth like a chick escaping her shell for the first time, Circe's gaze was inexorably drawn to a pyramid made of Aether crystals. It glinted with every color she could imagine and more that she never could.

A fleeting thought came to her, 'I have been here before, have I not? I stood before a throne and I said my oblation to the...'

Pain consumed her and she fell to her knees, dimly realizing that her left knee had been shattered in the previous crash and she did not want to even guess how many bones were fractured or broken inside her body.

A cool wind blew across her body, but it did not bring relief, instead, she nearly collapsed on her face.

"I have forgotten what it is like to have a mortal body, and I apologize for your pain, but for the moment I cannot touch you Circe, your soul must be pure..."

That voice... she staggered to her feet and began to climb the pyramid, leaving pieces of her flesh on its cold, sharp edges.

Drawn like a moth to a flame, she climbed higher, even though every move she made caused pain like a thousand hot needles poking through flesh, she still pushed to climb higher. Her motion had gone beyond drive, it was her purpose, her entire reason for existence was to be at this place, at this time.

"When the world was young, at the time a babe is born, they are anointed with the oil from the hair of the mother, the father would touch their brow with his finger as he instills his blessings and the elders of the tribe would give them a name... I have no father, my mother has fled to places unknown, and my elders, well... They are dead. It would have to be you... my kin."

The words she was hearing had a meaning which she could not discern, but her soul could understand every word, and she could not understand why this brought great joy in her heart, so much so that Circe forgot the pain, and her back straightened as she ascended faster, no longer crawling, but standing on her two feet.

At this time she painted a frightful image, Circe barely had any skin left, except for bleeding muscles and tissue, held by a tattered blue dress that was now red with her blood.

Her skull barely had any hair left, but her blue balls that peered from within the bloody sockets were filled with the light of madness and something indescribable.

The blood that streamed from her body began to rise and follow her, as she climbed closer to the top of the pyramid and then when it seemed as if the journey was still longer, she reached her destination and beheld the creature seated on a throne of Aether.

Like her, he had no skin, barely any muscle or bone, he had no eyes, and he did not bleed, by all indications, she was looking at a corpse that had been left in the sun for months, but that was not what she felt standing here.

All she felt was life, a sort of aggressive vitality that seemed almost impossible to be snuffed out.

The reason for her ascent was here, at the back of her tongue, but for some reason, she could not speak, the words were a burden to her, residing inside her breast, but her lungs were too weak to push them out,

"The Mortal Body and Soul you possess is pure enough to see the real me, but it is too weak to give voice to my name. You have been baptized by death and crossed the threshold of life many times, and I have seen all the depths of your Soul, and you have seen mine. Fear not Circe, I shall give you your voice."

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Inside Rowan's broken dimension in the dead universe, Circe dwelled in the depths of the Primordial Sea of Darkness, held in safety by two Sovereigns who watched over her.

Her breath suddenly quickened as memories she did not have entered her mind, and then she learned the truth that Rowan had kept from her for so long because she was to become the one who was to make him complete.

She saw herself in another time that happened and yet did not happen, she had been a mortal who stood before the throne of a being who was meant to rule over all that was, is, and to be. Circe saw all that glory and she acknowledged it, the hands of fate or greater powers that she could not understand placed an unknown language at the tip of her tongue.

A purple light covered her body and she vanished, crossing space and time she appeared by the side of her broken mortal body, who was struggling to speak.

It was a simple thing to merge with herself, like a river entering the ocean, the purity of her mortal soul and the strength of her godly body gave her the power to say his name.

Going to her knees she took one of the shrunken hands of Rowan, nothing but bones and red pieces of stringy muscles and she kissed it, the words that came from her mouth should not be uttered by either mortal or immortal, she did not understand them, but her soul understood...

Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr... Desolator of Universes...

Eulxhu Thyak...

The Silent Epoch...

Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehhirk...

The Infinite Soul

Wvryyrl Eerkhar

Maker of Truth

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The hand she held suddenly moved in her grasp and she felt the flesh begin to squirm and grow. Where she felt coldness before, a pleasant warmth emerged, and then she

heard a deep but pleasant voice, it was the sweetest baritone she had ever heard, carrying an authority that made her soul shiver,

"I accept the truths of my nature that you have seen," the voice said, and then it took a playful tone, "But it's a bit too long, how can I introduce myself to anyone who asks?"

Circe looked up and she saw the most beautiful being she had ever seen. Lips as red as sin, eyes that glowed with every color in creation, and long hair that resembled woven diamonds.

On his head was a shifting crown, that seemed to be peeking at her with curiosity and she could not help it, she began to laugh.

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Truly at this moment, Rowan was speechless. He knew of long names, but he had never imagined his True name would be such a mouthful.

Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr Eulxhu Thyak

Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehhirk Wvryyrl Eerkhar.

He rolled the words in his tongue, tasting each word and sensing the enormous powers inside them, he knew he could not speak them lightly, for these names came from the Enochian tongue.

A cool air entered Rowan's lungs and he smiled, he could feel this sensation, more deeply than his consciousness could translate it to him, and he touched his chest where he could feel his heart beating... his mortal heart.

This body he was inhabiting was his new Ouroboros bloodline that was created from devouring a Supreme World, and even at the mortal level, it was powerful enough to contain his Sheol bloodline that at broken through the fifth Supreme Circe and was now an Immortal level bloodline.

He could detect the presence of the Gods of Trion stirring as they raced to reach his side, cupping his jaw on a single hand, he opened his left palm, and the air over it fuzzed as reality reasserted itself and the last page of appeared before him.

Chapter 900: One More Memory To Make

This page of was covered with black blood as if it had been placed inside the body of someone, and Rowan knew that this speculation was most likely the truth. Minerva must have placed this page deep inside her body, and even though she would not be able to

access the power of the Singularity, she must have received several unexpected benefits.

Rowan briefly considered Telmus and his inconceivable talents, was it possible that Minerva was able to give birth to this great champion because of the page of she had kept inside herself?

During the million years of torture under the Third Prince, Rowan was not aware of the precise moment the pages of had been stripped from him, and Minerva might have had the page providing her with unknown benefits over all these years.

Rowan's head soft hisses of pleasure from his crown, his Ouroboros Serpents were quite pleased that he had finally been able to complete his birthright treasure and Rowan agreed with their emotions, truly it had been too long, and yet obtaining the last page of from the clutches of Minerva was quite simple.

His spell was powerful, and bringing the past into the present, while maintaining their unique position in the time stream had gone beyond what most could comprehend and displayed a level of power that would shake creation, but still, there were some things he could not change across Reality.

One of these was . As a Singularity, it could not exist in two places at the same time. It could either stay in the dead universe or the living universe, and so the Singularity was with him here, but there was still a piece of it that was missing and that was the last page with Minerva.

The Demon King Minerva was holding the last page of , both in the past and the future. Using the same concept that guided a Singularity, there was no way the page of the Primordial could exist in two separate time continuums, and Minerva had no way to choose where the page of the Singularity should manifest itself, effectively robbing her of the control over the page.

With Rowan's increased control of , he simply summoned the unshackled page of to his side.

Before the red page settled on his hand, his Aura burnt the black blood of Minerva to nothingness and Rowan finally held the last page, there was no distinguishing mark on this page, except for some faint rune markings that he could not decipher.

buzzed inside his consciousness, wishing to merge with the last page, but Rowan chuckled, "Why would you want to do that? I have not lost my second-dimensional body after all."

In the creation of his new body that perfectly merged all his bloodlines, and his dimension as one, he had learned the lessons from the past or in this case the future, and Rowan had not just made sure he did not repeat them, he had improved on them.

He knew the way he ascended his dimension was fraught with hidden dangers, and he was not using his dimension to its fullest extent.

Why should he destroy his previous dimensions in order to ascend to a higher one? If he used this method to ascend his dimension then it was inevitable that when he became a fourth-dimensional being, it would require him to break apart his third dimension in order to fit in the concept of infinity.

Yet if he made this action, then he would fall into the trap of every other great power and would have to depend on The Great Darkness, which contained all the Third-Dimensional universes of Chaos to nurture his mortals and gain resources that could not be found in higher dimensions.

Why should he need to follow this path? Unlike everyone else who controls dimensions, he was the dimension itself, and the rules he followed should be different. Why should he not be able to contain the previous smaller dimensions inside himself and build on them?

He would not need to shatter his Third Dimensional body to ascend to a higher level, the moment his Will ascended to the Fourth Dimension, the rest of his body would evolve alongside it. Rowan would effectively become a unique dimension whose powers could not be shared or corrupted by outside influence.

There was also another reason why Rowan strived to follow this path. He did not forget the vision showed him when his two-dimensional body merged with .

In that instant, he had seen a power that was greater than the Primordials, and although the result of that merger was harsh, Rowan always strived to have a backup.

Rowan believes that the reason the merger between him and was so drastic was because his state of being was too low, but what would it be like if he allowed himself to ascent to say, the seventh or eighth-

dimensional level while still keeping all the previous dimensional states in his body and then, he merged with the second dimension inside himself?

Such a grand plan would surely come with many hidden implications, but Rowan was positive that if he could reach the right dimensional level, he should have been able to gather enough power and knowledge that he should be able to flawlessly merge with without ending all the dimensions in reality and creating a hellish landscape like Limbo, and drawing the ire of every Primordial in existence.

went silent before its excitement made it vibrate so rapidly that the sky went dark. 'Oh, that was not 's doing,' Rowan realized, 'the Gods of Trion had finally arrived.'

They were not alone, with them was the God King and Minerva, and a surprising new addition, Telmus.

Rowan felt heat rush through his spine, but he suppressed his impulses, the time for killing was upon him, and he was going to make sure it would be complete.

The God King drew his blade, "What are you?"

Arching an eyebrow, Rowan sighed in irritation, he blinked, and this entire Reality grounded to a halt. Everything in the universe except him went still. He could do this because this reality was in part a creation of his Spell, giving him greater control over this new time stream than would have been otherwise possible.

Despite this, Minerva and Golgoth were still moving, although their gestures were extremely slow, and if they wanted to blink their eyes it would take a million years. He could also detect all the Will Holders present in this universe reacting slowly to this change because unlike the powers present in the dead universe, the ones in the living universe were not aware of these great changes.

In fact, only the living beings present in the dead universe were able to sense their counterpart in the living universe, and those in the living universe could not sense their counterpart.

Rowan felt the touch of the Steele in his consciousness, its intention to announce his title, but once again Rowan stopped the Singularity, "My story has not ended, and I have one more memory to make."

He could feel something that was not anger but close to it emerging from the Steele, but his next words silenced its growing consternation, "In this body, I'm still a mortal, tell me Steele, has there ever been a mortal since the beginning of creation who could kill a Will Holder?"