

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 901: Twilight

The Steele replied to Rowan, "There had been precedents in the past, but none had succeeded. Your Title is already unique, are you sure you want to push for more?"

Rowan nodded, "I am not at my limit, and my dreams are grander than anyone else in existence. I shall always push for more."

He thought he detected a hint of amusement in what the Steele said next, "Like a snake, you want to devour existence in a single mouthful. I will watch your trial."

"I will be honored," Rowan replied and his gaze went cold. The time of reckoning had begun.

Rowan stood up, rising to his full height, eight feet tall, he gasped in surprise as purple light rippled across his body, and he was encased in powerful armor that could equal the defenses of his Powers, likely crafted by Eva as a safeguard the moment he took flesh, Rowan smiled and he shrugged, discarding the armor.

Allowing the glorious armor to fall to the ground, he was left with leather knee breeches and a simple belt, leaving him naked from the waist up. He had simply retrieved this clothing from a mortal city, it had no defenses or spells attached to it.

This clothing was made by an elderly woman, who patiently stitched every single thread and worked on the leather for decades. Her only child went off to war, and she was going to give it as a present to him when he returned. He never did, but she did not stop maintaining it and making sure that on the day he returned, it would be waiting for him in perfect condition.

In accepting this clothing, Rowan also accepted the Soul of the child who lingered beside his frail mother, and he showed her the peace her child would enjoy in his care. In death, she smiled, and her soul and its origin entered his grasp.

The powerful armor made by Eva may interfere with the Title he was hoping to gain, it was the same reason he was not going to summon his Destroyer, but his first mortal weapon Envy.

Although a powerful weapon, its roots were still shrouded in mysteries and its potential was not all the way unlocked, for this battle, it would do. His Destroyer was too efficient in what it did, Rowan wanted something more... primal.

He began walking down the Aether pyramid, as a loud crack like thunder echoed on the horizon and his Great Axe flew in from the depths of the universe and hovered beside him, exuding a red and green light that shrouded his body.

Glancing at the weapon, he saw that Envy was no longer the same weapon as before, her large Axe head was red like blood and it was broader, and her shaft was no longer a single piece of metal, but resembled the handle of a guitar, with seven green strings that ran from the base of the Axe, all the way to the head.

Rowan's nose twitched as he detected a new smell from the weapon, and when he heard the new voices in his head, he grinned,

"I am here to serve..."

"I offer my strength to you... I am Pride."

The first voice was recognizable, it was like two metals rubbing together, and Rowan easily recognized it as Envy's. The other was different, like the sound of a tambourine, a high-pitched rattling sound that sounded sweet to the ears but still held a note of wickedness underneath.

This should be Tenma's weapon and it would appear that Envy and Pride shared the same roots leading to this unexpected merger, Rowan was eager to find out their abilities, but before that, he truly needed to complete his spell and finish his plans.

Grasping the handle of the weapon, the Great Axe shivered, and Rowan rested it against his shoulder and continued his descent.

He looked directly across Reality to the dead universe where the Third Prince watched him like a hawk, his gaze measured, most likely attempting to decipher his spell. Perhaps given enough time he might succeed, Rowan knew not to look down on this tricky foe, but he would not give him the time.

"Twilight!"

Rowan gestured with his right hand, and his shattered Consciousness Pillars in the dead dimension rose up and began to fly toward him, when they reached the dividing point between the present and the past, they slammed down with a resounding boom, creating a golden bridge that spans from the present to the past.

The Twilight Bridge straddled the present and the past, providing a road to move across time.

This completed his spell and opened it to the gaze of everyone in his shattered dimension, and even the weakest among them were granted the ability to see the full

scope of his spell. Rowan waited for a few minutes in silence as the full weight of what they were witnessing sank into their consciousness.

The growing uproar among their number was silenced as with a single step, Rowan crossed the gulf of space and arrived at the middle of the bridge, he pointed to his shattered dimension, his finger encompassing all his enemies, "I give you the greatest boon you shall ever receive in your life if you are strong enough to take it."

His voice was powerful enough to spread throughout the shattered dimension, enrapturing everyone in his sight and pulling their gaze to him. There was a supernatural charm to Rowan's voice that could even bend the dead mind of a stone.

Rowan pointed at the living universe behind him, "That is a fully contained past reality of this dead universe, Any changes you make within it would not be reflected in the present because what has happened cannot be changed, but it presents you with the opportunity to take from the past everything you do not have in the present. This includes seizing the powers from your past and adding them to your future. Even from yourselves."

Rowan waited for what he had just said to sink in, "This is a fully contained universe that holds all the resources you need and they can be plundered without consequences. If you have a powerful weapon without equal, then congratulations, a second pair of that exact weapon now exists in the universe behind me, free for you to take. You shall face no opposition as everyone behind me cannot retaliate, even if you collect their lives. There is only a small catch you see."

His Great Axe was more than seven feet tall, and he slammed the hilt on the Twilight Bridge below him, "To gain all this benefit, you would have to cross this bridge you see, for it is impossible to reach across the past and take from it without consequences. Therefore a price must be paid that is steep to ensure that such a miracle is possible."

He looked at the eyes of his enraptured audience, not only the Will Holders but there were still countless sentient creatures from gods, demons, and archmages who had survived up till this moment and Rowan smiled, "To achieve whatever you desire, you will need to cross this bridge and battle me, if you slay me, a universe and all its riches are yours, but if you die, then nothing of you shall remain, even the memories of you shall be no more."

## **Chapter 902: Mortal Blood**

Rowan stopped speaking and for a while there was silence, his words remained in the space around them, tempting them and revealing the tantalizing possibilities of a future where power like no other could be harvested.

Everyone here had that unique spell, weapon, resources, and myriad of other exotic materials that were invaluable, for the Archmages here, what would it be like if they could have an extra Tower? Or the material they had been saving for advancement suddenly doubling?

This was the least of the possibilities, the greatest treasure would be merging with themselves, since their powers and essence were practically one and the same, then merging with their bodies in that universe would not double their power but multiply it exponentially, they could reach heights that they would have never dreamt of touching.

Among the Will Holders, they were all aware of the ultimate strength revealed by the Third Prince and they all feared for their safety, they were also greedy in their heart as they contemplated the possibility that merging with their Will once more could lead to an elevation in power. There had never been a situation like this where they could have unhindered access to the past with no repercussions, and the desire to seize this prospect filled their hearts.

It was only natural that the commotion that erupted shook Rowan's broken dimension. If what Rowan spoke of was true, then this was a chance for them to gain power and resources beyond their wildest dreams.

There was no doubt that what Rowan spoke of was the truth, somehow it seemed impossible for any lie to emerge from his lips, and it was strange that no one here thought of this peculiarity, it all seemed natural that everything he said was the fact.

Rowan's Will of Truth was slowly revealing its insidiousness as he grew stronger, at the Third Dimensional level, across space, anything he spoke was automatically taken to be the fact. If Rowan were to say the sea was made of fire, then the sea would become flames.

As the Will of Truth developed in the future then it would be possible for Rowan to rewrite Reality as he saw fit. Another aspect of this Will was that his words were easier to be believed by any sentient being. The irony of the Will of Truth was that it made Rowan the best liar.

Yet he truly did not need to lie, because Rowan understood that doing so was going against his Will, but he also knew that Truth was malleable, he would not lie, but he could also select the words he spoke, and would leave it to the interpretation of his audience.

Unlike everyone here charmed by the promise of power, the Third Prince felt the opposite. He could feel the words of Rowan warping the reality around him, and the fear he had been feeling had not died down, it was the opposite. There was something extremely diabolical about Rowan, he appeared like a being of light, but inside him was nothing but darkness, and it would seem that he was the only one here who could tell that something was wrong.

The eyes of the Third Prince narrowed and his voice broke through the hubbub, even some weak immortals and Archmages were already gearing up to cross the bridge, they wanted to reap as many benefits from the universe before the bigger players entered the game,

"Your words are extremely sweet Rowan. Tell me, boy, if this is the case, why should we follow your rules, we still hold all the cards." the Third Prince's voice silenced the crowd, he gestured behind him, "In case you are forgetting something we are fighting a war, and in wars, there are no rules or bargains, we are here to take! You make mandates but where are your armies? You have no privilege here but to be plundered, and we shall not follow your rules to do so."

Rowan nodded, "Plundering the spoils of the fallen is your right, for this is war, but as you should have inferred, your war has already been won and lost. Look around you Third, there is nothing but death and ruin. The power you seek to plunder from my dimension is gone, and it can only be found on this other side of the bridge. I know what you seek Third, and you shall not find it inside that ruin." Rowan noticed that the eyes of the Third Prince twitched when he referred to him as Third, he smiled internally and continued,

"I don't need to remind you that this spell of mine has a limited lifespan, you should understand that a spell of this magnitude would require an unbelievable amount of resources to maintain it, and I will not be able to hold it for long, if you don't take this opportunity before you, then you will regret it, all your life."

His words drew a fresh gasp of anxiety as many here including the Demon Kings and the Will Holders began to consider his words in Ernest, only the Third Prince smiled and interjected,

"No matter how many benefits we stand to gain, the price is too much, we here have not forgotten the hefty toll we paid just to break through your dimension Rowan, tens of millions of Immortal have died true deaths, why should we risk it all again, we shall wait for your spell to end, and we shall make do with what we have, believe me Rowan, killing you would be the greatest reward, remember, I still know you have something extremely precious inside your body."

He turned to the rest of the gathering, "Do not forget that we paid such a hefty price to get to this point, and many friends and families you have known for an eternity had perished in this place, never to see the light of the day anymore, and we were only fighting the servants of the castle! How much more terrible do you think the master of the castle would be? How much sacrifice would we need to make to cross this bridge that leads to riches we would never grasp? Banish the light of greed from your heart, and know that the Chalice of Salvation that he offers contains nothing but poison."

Those words from the Third Prince, a powerful Will Holder and the strongest in the army advising caution were enough to break many of their greedy thoughts, and away from attempting to fight for the benefits present in the other dimension.

They all watched as millions of their brethren were shattered before the might of his armies, why would they think they could ever benefit from crossing the master himself? They should be grateful for what they have and lick their wounds, looking to the future for any other opportunities.

"Oh, but that is where you are wrong Third," Rowan replied and brought the head of his Great Axe to his left palm and squeezed, opening his palms he presented it to the crowd and cries of shock and amazement rippled through them.

Rowan's palm was bleeding, and this blood was not the blood of an Immortal that meant nothing but a loss of energy and could be rapidly recovered, no, this was the blood of a mortal, precious because of its incredible fragility.

## **- Chapter 903: A Closer Bond**

### **Chapter 903: A Closer Bond**

Rowan did not let the shock settle in the mind of the audience as he proclaimed,

"Hear my words and know this to be the Truth. I am not a God, nor a Demon, I am not an Archmage not the Scion of a Divine, I am not an Empyrean nor a Titan, the blood you see is the red blood of a mortal, and I have a limited amount of them that I can lose before I perish. Third you are wrong, you have beaten the greatest of my creation, and this spell is the only method I can use to win this battle. So my question to you is simple, would you watch as the greatest opportunity you would ever come across pass you by because you were scared of fighting a mortal? This bridge would merely equalize the field of battle, and the bounty behind me would be the reward for the winner."

Rowan knew in his heart that he would never win a contest of words with a duplicitous entity like Third, he could only make his case impossible to be denied. The Third Prince would always find a way to wiggle out of anything, but an absolute justification. Rowan was mortal and vulnerable, if he could not fight a mortal with all his advantages, then he would lose his armies.

Even with all his advantages, Rowan knew that it would be almost impossible to perfectly destroy all the Reflections, one instance would be Erohim, even after he was killed and his Will stripped away, he was still able to survive inside a memory he had hidden, Rowan could not ignore the possibility that even if he succeeded in killing all the Reflections, that some part of them would remain, and so he created Twilight Spell to resolve this issue once and for all.



Using the impossible concept of placing two separate Time Continuum in one space, he created a power that would shatter all forms of life across time. He had drawn concepts from the Lost Flames, and Sheol, among other powers to create the inspiration for this spell. It was hard to say if he would be able to duplicate this spell ever again, he was lucky that all the right conditions were in place to make it possible.

To truly win this battle against his ancient enemies, he would have to funnel the Reflections into this bridge. The only way he would ensure that they would cooperate was to make sure that he bore an equal amount of risk. At least on the surface.

Rowan knew that his other two bloodlines were immortal, but no one here was aware of that fact, he had made sure that he did not finalize the final form of his Sheol bloodline, and anyone who had seen his other bloodline inside his dimension would not even understand what they were looking at. After all, he had never seen anyone whose bloodline was a city.

The Third Prince laughed bitterly, "Well played Rowan, well played, the entire universe is our witness, you shall stand before the might of the entire forces that we have arrayed before you as a mortal, and just as we shattered your Dominion, your mortal blood shall paint the skies red. On this bridge will your fate be decided and it would be a grim one for the ages. Believe me boy, I have had a million years of practice when it comes to torturing you."

Not waiting for a reply, the Third Prince gave a chin nod, and the vast army of the undead raced towards the Twilight Bridge, from afar they were like a dust storm, trillions of beasts of all sizes surged towards the golden bridge.

The eyes of everyone here turned red with greed and anger at the despicable move by the Third Prince, many of them on learning that Rowan was a mortal wanted nothing more than to be the first one to test the bridge. Who knows they might be lucky and be the one to collect his head.

If the Third Prince succeeded in pushing through the bridge, then he would be the one who would gain all the benefits, but no one here could challenge him, the power he had shown was enough to destroy them all, and in their hearts, some of them had begun to plan the best method to plunder the universe after the Third Prince has had his fill, it seemed inevitable that he would win, after all, their mad opponent was just a mortal.

Although he did not mention it, they all believed that Rowan's mortality should have come about due to him creating such a Taboo Spell, and his last stance was just the final flickerings of a spent flame.

Everyone was tense as the army of the undead shot across the dead universe, moving faster than they should due to the interference of the Third Prince, he was pushing the infinite amount of beasts he controlled towards Rowan if there was ever any fight left in him, he intended to bleed it all away using an army he could effortlessly resummon.

If Rowan thought that this battle would go according to his plans, then he was sadly mistaken, because the Third Prince had no intention of stepping foot on that bridge, at least not before Rowan had only a single breath of life left in his chest, and even then, he might still choose to kill him from a distance.

This child had shown him enough reasons not to ever take him lightly.

Rowan watched the entire visible space around him, both the heavens and the earth filled with undead beasts, their red eyes focused on him with such an avid lust for his flesh and blood that their Intent was written in reality.

He grinned and closed his eyes and he rested, his consciousness began to descend into his dimension to access his Primordial Record, not taking to mind the near-infinite amount of descending on his bridge.

Their roars that could be heard from all corners of the Universe carried by Intent could not reach him here, and spoke to him,

"You bring me to the best places Rowan, such an adventure I have had with you."

Rowan smiled, had begun to reveal more of itself to him as he grew stronger and picked his own path, its words were no longer cryptic, and Rowan found that he actually liked this new side of the Singularity, "You have seen nothing yet, stick with me and I shall bring you to the end of creation."

"I will hold you to that," , chuckled? "Without merging with my final page I will not be able to give you the entire benefits that you should enjoy, are you okay with this development? Why do I even ask, your mind is firm, uey don't you want to deal with the army that is a single second away from burying you?"

Rowan shrugged, "They are already handled, show me what I have to work with."

The endless undead had slammed into the bridge, burying it in its entirety under an impossible mound of flesh.

Silence prevailed in the universe as everyone was on the verge of breathing out a sigh of relief in expectation of the death of their enemy and then the Third Prince shuddered and stepped back, before hacking and coughing out blood and pieces of his internal organs.

The endless armies of undead silent turned to ash, starting from those touching the bridge and traveling to every last one of the undead. The Ash was so thick it shrouded the entire dimension and began to fall like the universe's worst rain.



Rowan's voice touched the entire dimension, "Third, I thought you were smart. Did you not remember the nature of this bridge? It is the final resting place of all life. Nothing of the dead can cross it."

## Chapter 904: Unlocking Titles

Rowan knew his Twilight Bridge would handle any sort of undead that entered its bounds, so he was not worried about Third using it against him, on creating the bridge he knew that it should have the power to deal with the undead or Third would be able to grind him to death.

More than anything he was focused on the changes that had happened inside him after he had changed the direction of his evolution and recreated his Ouroboros Bloodline without the influence of Chaos Blood.

At this time his Ouroboros Bloodline was undoubtedly the strongest among his three bloodlines and although he had expected something amazing, it took a while before he reconciled what he was seeing with reality.

Rowan knew that he had become powerful, but he did not expect that he would grow so much, and he was glad that took the time to develop his abilities in the direction he wanted them to grow. Sheol who was once a Nascent Primordial Bloodline and his strongest had been dethroned.

### PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos(Visible- Edit?)

True Name: Trshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr Eulxhu Thyak

Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehhirk Wvryyr Eerkhar. (Suggested Will Bound Name - Eulxhu)

Age: 38/1,999,000,000

Strength: 11,110,110

Agility: 11,110,110

Constitution: 11,110,110

Class: (Compiling— Ascend All Bloodline to the Immortal Level to gain a Class)

Title: [Activated]

Plane Walker: (Unrestricted access to any dimension at your present Will Level— Can access all 3rd-dimensional universes without a Nemesis Stone.)

Note: Talent can be upgraded by increasing your Dimensional Will.

The title has been upgraded once by your actions.

Chaos Breaker: (Deal Increased damage to all members of the Chaos Bloodline, with a great level of resistance against all Chaos forces.)

Note: Talent can be upgraded by destroying and consuming the Wills of Chaos.

The title has been upgraded three times by your actions.

Reality Butcher: Grants enhanced dominion over Space and all Space-related abilities. Intentions can be mastered extremely quickly.

Note: Talent can be upgraded by destroying and consuming all forms of creation.

The title has been upgraded twice by your actions.

Creator: Grant the ability of the Creator Class Holders, (Note: All creators must be at the 7th-dimensional level at the least.)

Note: Talent can be upgraded by consuming and creating the Akashic Imprints of Dominion level creatures.)

The Creator Title has been upgraded six times due to your various creations.

Primordial:Increases insight into all forms of creation. Enhancing your control of all esoteric forces beyond the ken of Immortals. Present Insight Limit (5th Dimension.)

Note: Talent Can be upgraded by acquiring Primordial Bloodlines.

Living Dimension: Meld your being with a Dimension granting increased control over all Dimensional-related abilities.

Note: Talent can be upgraded by increasing your Dimensional level.

Destroyer: Enhances All forms of attack, granting an Aura of destruction to even your mildest of actions. Enhances the might of your subjects.

Note: Talent can be upgraded by causing destructive events.

First Born: primogenitor. Your presence is unique in all creation. Grant enhanced defenses against all forms of mental manipulation and enhances all your Titles.

Aspect:

Berserker (Tier 7— Completed)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 5— Completed)

Light Devourer (Tier 0)

Skills:

BERSERKER BLOOD (Origin — Level Completed)

Bloodline Skill: Eruption (Stripped/ Evolving) → Ascension.

Absolute Body → Dimensional Flesh

Aspect Skill: The Lost Flame (Tier 5— Innate Convergence and Divergence)

Passive:

Decipher language (complete)

Berserker Intent (Silver)

Records:

PRIMORDIAL **OUROBOROS** Level 0 - Mortal [100,000]

SHEOL - Level 7 completed[500,000]

TREE OF DESIRE - Level 7 Completed

Territory: Primordial Sea of Darkness

Primordial Ambrosia

Dimensional Fabric [First Dimension Completed - Seed?]

[Second Dimension Completed - Seed?]

[Third Dimension Completed - Seed?]

Bloodline Ability: Purgatory Gate Unlocked

Dimensional Skill: Dimension Engine [Minor— Completed] Unallocated Stat Point - 9,990,009

[Major— No Seeded World] Unallocated Stat Point - 0

[Supreme — Completed]

Dimensional Absolute Skill: Breathe of Enoch X2

Dimensional Fabric Skills:

Astrolabe

Knowledge Well

Hollow Forge

Dimensional Flesh

[Dimensional Fabric expanded — Minor Worlds — 24,780

Awakening Primordial Bloodline [Sheol]

Bloodline Upgraded:

Six Headed Ouroboros → Primordial Ouroboros

After the Age of Nothingness, at the Dawn of Time, The Primordial rose to power and made their dominion from nothingness thereby creating gaps in this new reality where miracles can flourish.

The Primordials claimed to be the first being in all Creation, existing in the nothingness for countless Eras, but that was a lie, there were others who drew breath from nothingness. Powers who existed outside the bounds of the Primordials.

Amongst the first of that miracle is the Primordial Ouroboros, a being that was born from the end of Nothingness and the beginning of Time.

It straddles the line between reality and non-reality. Like all creatures born at the birth of miracles, the Primordial Ouroboros could not be tamed by the Primordials, and would not acknowledge their dominion over creation.

The war that raged between the Primordials and their counterparts the Primordial Beasts shattered creation for many Eras until the last of them fell. Yet it is said that their downfall came as a result of betrayal, accurate lore from that Era is lost for it transpired before even the esteemed Era of Primordials, except for the Primordials, no one in creation knows of the Primordial Beasts.

The Primordials shattered the bloodlines of the Primordial Beasts, ensuring that there would be nothing in creation that could challenge their rule, but Chaos seized a small portion of the bloodline of the Primordial Ouroboros and added it to his bloodline and filled it with his Will.

You have resurrected the long-dormant bloodline of the Primordial Ouroboros, and your Will would be unbound for all eternity.

WILL GAINED: Will of Truth [3rd Level Completed]

WILL GAINED: Will of Elder [Level 0 - Activate(0/7)]

The Primordial Beasts were not feared because of their power, but their potential. Their bodies were powerful enough to shatter all of creation, but their true strength lay in a collective Will titled the Will of Elder, that grows stronger with every living Primordial Beast in existence. You are the last living Primordial Beast and this Will is dormant.

Combining the power of a Primordial Beast and an evolving dimension has resurrected this ancient Will, but there is something different about it. Something heretical.

WILL GAINED: Will of Soul Origin [1st Level Completed.]

You have delved into the mysteries of the Soul and reached its Origin, yet your ways would be barred from Ascension. Ancient powers have carved the powers of the soul into various camps for fear of such a powerful force remaining in the hands of a single individual. Growing your Will of Soul Origin would be a quest of both deep introspection and conquest. Tread wisely.

Bloodline Skill Evolved: Absolute Body → Dimensional Flesh

You have merged the Absolute Body of the Ouroboros Bloodline with an evolving Dimension unleashing a flesh that can hold an Epoch and rend Dimensions. Your Dimensional Body is linked to every world you have contained inside your Dimension and you receive a constant stream of Attributes that can be dispensed as you see fit.

Your body is immune against all forms of damage up to the 7th Tier.

Unallocated Stat points: 9,990,009

Bloodline Skill Evolved: Eruption = Ascension.

Your Dimensional Flesh and the purification of Eruption by the bloodline of Ouroboros have evolved this heretical ability to new heights. Burn your endless vitality to increase your attributes. A small chance of making a portion of the Increased temporary attributes become permanent.

SOUL ORIGIN GAINED: Undetermined

SOUL CRYSTAL GAINED: Undetermined

Title Gained. Territory Gained, Minor Worlds Gained, Will Gained.

Remark: First Born

Warning: Current Path not accepted by . Evolutionary direction cannot be simulated and corrected. Dimensional Fabric is an unknown mutation.

The merger of Primordial Bloodline, Celestial Destroyer, and evolving Will inside an unknown Dimensional Fabric is unprecedented.

Chances of Self Annihilation: 25%

## **Chapter 905: All Roads Leads To Death**

There was too much new information for Rowan to process at this time. His mortal flesh forced him to a singular consciousness, but he had a way to get around this limitation by rapidly swapping consciousnesses. He knew the moment he began upgrading his bloodline this limitation would be rapidly left behind, but for now, he was left with one consciousness.

At this time what he needed to figure out was his present body capabilities, and he was glad with the result, it floored his previous body's power by such a large margin it was ridiculous.

At his strongest, right before he became a dimension, his body had barely two million points in each attribute and that was after he was baptized by the essence of Chaos outside the universe, and now a single attribute of his dwarfed his entire previous combined attributes.

He knew that this massive gain in attributes was born from the merger of the World Seed with the Supreme World, although he had not lost his previous attributes, they were still available for him to allocate to whatever trait he desired. With nearly ten million extra attributes he could choose to push towards any stat he desired at a moment's notice.

What made Rowan's eyes light up was the fact that at this juncture he had not activated his new Primordial bloodline, it was at the mortal level and he was already this powerful. He had no idea how many attributes he would gain by upgrading this bloodline by a single Circle, but it must surely be stupendous.

His mind could not help but recall his previous starting point when he awoke on Trion, thirty-eight years ago. He barely had a total of twenty points across all attributes, with a lifespan that was measured in days, and now, he could live long enough to see a universe perish.

After all the trials and tribulations he had gone through, using all his experiences and resources, Rowan had forged a new body, and now he was making his path forward using his Will. It was a new beginning, but before his journey would begin, he would need to bury the past.

There were so many revelations on the page of his Primordial Record hinting at matters on a grander scale, but for now, he just wanted to slaughter. His Sheol bloodline made him disdain battle, he fought through proxies and soldiers, but as a Primordial Ouroboros, his fist was his greatest weapon.

There was no concept of fear in his heart, he would not leave here until one here was dead.

His prismatic eyes opened and he looked down at the Third Prince and he grinned. It was the final straw. The Third Prince saw the future that was promised in those eyes and he did not like it. Not one bit.

The words that emerged from the mouth of the Third Prince were like a growl from a beast, "Kill him!" as he declared open season on the thorn inside his heart.

The first to race toward the Twilight Bridge were the demons, who had edged toward the bridge as they were following the Undead beast behind. At the forefront was a lucky Demon Knight riding a panther-like beast whose fur was like smoke and eyes yellow like pus, racing across space to be the first to claim Rowan's head.

As the pair reached the bridge, flying tens of thousands of feet above it and scoping the lone form of Rowan below standing at the middle of the Twilight bridge which was precisely twelve thousand miles long, hardly a large number considering the scale they were working with, suddenly an intense gravitational force drew them down to the bridge and they slammed on its surface with bone-breaking force. The panther-like beast howled in pain, and the Demon Knight urged it to move forward but it was maimed, unable to recover from its injuries.

Normally, an injury like this was not worth mentioning when it came to the healing power of Abyssal Flesh, and a Demon Knight to boot had a more enhanced healing factor, but this bridge made healing a million times harder, not because of any specific feature put in place, it was simply the absolute nature of death surrounding the bridge that made healing abilities to be nearly useless.

The Demon Knight howled in rage, and he smashed the head of his mount with a large hammer, peeling himself away from the dead beast with a grunt. It was unknown how



long he had been sitting on this beast but his body had become fused with it, and tearing himself away from the beast caused him to lose a sizable portion of his flesh.

Not caring about his grievous injuries, he strode towards Rowan, hefting his hammer, and spat out in the harsh abyssal tongue, "I shall eat your heart before you die, mortal. Urukjal shall claim your throne and all its riches. Hear me and despair."

A few feet before he reached Rowan, he collapsed to his knees, his eyes widened in surprise, before face-planting on the bridge, dead. Behind him was a long trail of black blood that led to his dead mount.

Not used to the absolute nature of the bridge, the Demon Knight had seriously injured himself and bled to death.

After fighting for unknown millions of years, the concept of bleeding to death was understood but a powerful Demon Knight would have to suffer an injury that was a thousand times worse than what he had endured and for a prolonged period of time, likely millennia before a Demon Knight should bleed to death.

It was no wonder that the Demon Knight only realized it was dead the moment he was at its precipice. The Twilight bridge flashed and the body of the Demon Knight and his mount was consumed, leaving behind two drops of blood that were trapped inside the bridge. He was the first.

Rowan's eyes were fixed on the Third Prince as above him, hundreds of thousands of demons were slammed into the bridge drawn from the air by an inexorable force, they were crushed into pulp and their bodies vanished soon after, leaving behind drops of blood.

It took a short while for those approaching the bridge to realize that it was impossible to fly over it, but by then nearly a million demons had perished and Rowan had not made a single move. The lust for his power had blinded them, and demons were creatures of desire, it took a while before the massive toll of death registered and order was restored.

Of all the deaths from the fall, it was a particularly robust Demon General that survived the drop from the sky as he was cushioned by a mountain of bodies below him, his left leg was broken by the fall but he was not bleeding, his tough skin and muscle holding his broken bones in place. His large body which was more than fifty feet tall was suppressed by the bridge, shrinking down to less than twenty feet, but he still towered over Rowan.

His goat eyes were fixed on his prey with unshakable focus and he dragged his broken feet toward his target, not minding the pain. A dozen feet away from Rowan he swung his large Axe whose head was nearly as large as Rowan's entire body.

Rowan swayed to the side like a leaf, dodging the blow, and he watched the Axe pass by as if it was in slow motion and then he punched the head of the Axe as it swiped past him.

The force of the blow ripped the Axe from the hand of the Demon General, crushing his limbs as the Axe reversed its course and sliced the Demon in two. He screamed in pain and clawed the ground for a brief moment before catastrophic blood loss and his insides pouring out like a river led to his death.

However the force of the blow was so great the Axe did not stop after slicing the Demon General, it continued down the length of the bridge cutting through hundreds of thousands of demons before blasting off the bridge and flying towards his broken dimension.

Ten seconds later the Axe impacted against the dimension and it detonated like a nuclear bomb as it slammed against the earth. At the location of its descent was a gathering of hundreds of thousands of mages and demons.

They all perished.

It was at this moment that the full realization of their situation entered their mind. Although Rowan's dimension had been broken, it still maintained its property that made any immortal that died inside it perish permanently.

Either on the bridge or on the ground, the only road out of here was death.

## **Chapter 906: Make Me Bleed**

The bodies of the dead painted a grim sight, the explosion had ripped their bodies apart in a gruesome display, and they bled and died like mortals. There was nothing noble about their passing and if not for the strength of mind born from living an extremely long time, many of the mages and gods here would be sickened to their stomachs.

This battle was supposed to be the same as the many they had fought countless times before, and now the threat of death was before them in all its glory and horror. More than a few of them began to go mad.

Before in the rush of battle and the frenzy that came with it, the thought of true death had not settled into their Spirit, but now it had, and few liked it.

Oddly this realization did not deter them, in fact, it was the opposite. When placed against a wall with no chances of fleeing or salvation, anyone would fight back. Most of them realized that if they stayed back on the dimension, they would be kited to death, and only embarking on the bridge would grant them the possibility of slaying their foe.

Of course, there were a few cowards whose fear of death took over their common sense. They did not last long.

Any Will Holder here was an accurate judge of emotion, and they could easily see the minds of their lesser swaying towards undesirable paths. A swift cleansing was undertaken, killing hundreds of thousands, the message was clear, fight for a chance of survival, or die.

Any rebellion ended before it could begin. It was a solemn army with thoughts filled with darkness and fear that flew towards the Twilight Bridge.

With the dissipation of the endless army of the undead and the frightening toll the previous battle had taken on the group, their numbers were no longer endless. The most populous were the demons, holding more than ninety-nine percent of the entire number, then the gods, and finally, Archmages, who barely numbered a few thousand.

In total, they barely amounted to a hundred million troops left. It was shocking that the might of the entire universe had been reduced to this extent.

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"It was never supposed to be like this, we fielded an Immortal army that should be able to resurrect from their ashes a thousand times if needed. How could all this go wrong?" the armored figure of Golgoth squeezed his hands right, his thoughts in disarray, he turned to his left and snapped at Minerva, "Organize your ranks better, every moment that abomination lives is another chance for something to go wrong. So much of our troops wasted on unchecked barbarity."

The Demon King snorted, "Barbarity? You are one to talk Golgoth, you whose entire path is nothing but barbarous." the milky white eyes of Minerva were filled with anger before a sort of calm entered them and she spoke softly to the disgruntled figure,

"They are demons, they would battle the way they were born to battle. Besides, among all of us here, we are actually the party with an army to field, your so-called undead horde is nothing but ashes, so I would mind my words Golgoth. Your bargaining chips get increasingly light and your allies... hahaha, do you even have allies at this point?"

"You..."

"Silence," the Third Prince snapped, "They can battle the way they want Golgoth. It is clear that by the end killing him would be the task for the Will Holders here. I have analyzed the strength of his blows, and they are stupendous. Let the rabble drain him to nothingness, if we are lucky... no, he would inevitably get injured or grow tired, and then we would have our chance."

Minerva glowered at the Third Prince, "You would use my demons as fodder."

He replied, "Yes," without blinking an eye, "In a battle like this they should be grateful they were able to be of use. Still don't let their lives go away for cheap, you have permission to take any resources left on the battlefield and increase their odds of survival."

Turning to Golgoth he whispered directly into his consciousness, making the armored figure cringe, the words of Third in his mind were an unwelcome invasion "Summon Second, he should be done with the rituals, we would need his powers here."

The armored figure shivered in disgust, "Is that necessary?" he fingered his broken blade which was slowly healing as it spat out the streams of purple light infecting it, "Second would be needed to ensure the direction of the transfer goes smoothly. Whatever happens here, at least our primary aim has been satisfied."

The Third Prince turned to Golgoth and then smiled, "As you would have noticed..." he allowed the lights of three Wills to stream around his fingers, "We have no need of a controller with the powers in my grasp, I rather we have the presence of one more Will Holder than a Controller we don't need. Also don't for a second think we can succeed without killing that bastard, with your negligence he has seen the vault, and even if he does not understand everything, he knows enough to be dangerous. His death is not one for consideration, it is a necessity."

Golgoth cursed internally, he was hoping that with the assistance of Second, he might be able to claw his way towards salvation. The feeling of being between two unstoppable forces filled his dead heart and he nearly choked.

"I will summon him this instant."

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Rowan looked at his fist, it was unmarked, and he had barely felt any sort of sensation when he punched the weapon of the demon general. That was him barely using ten percent of his strength. The blow might seem simple on the surface but Rowan had wrapped the weapon in an Aura of Ascension so the Axe did not shatter into nothingness when he punched it.

He had only released the Aura of Ascension when the Axe had nearly reached the surface of his broken dimension, or the weapon would have just continued pushing into the earth, before breaching his dimension.

He had noticed that wielding Ascension instead of Eruption was a thousand times easier, whether it was a result of his Titles or the evolved ability itself, the power was not fighting him for control, it was yearning to be used.

Without even activating it, Ascension had wrapped around his body, enhancing his innate forcefield that had grown to incredible heights, still, his forcefield was dormant,

and before he could activate his Telekinesis ability, he would need to become more than a mortal.

'Not yet,' Rowan thought, 'the big fishes have to smell blood in the water before they move,' looking at the enemies arrayed at the edge of his bridge, Rowan's beautiful face suddenly looked crestfallen, 'With such weak fodder, how am I expected to bleed?'

At this time, the Archmages and the gods had reached the edge of the Twilight Bridge, and a form of arrangement was swiftly being implemented. The mad rush that announced the onset of the battle had been discarded for a new approach.

These were immortals and Rowan did not have to wait for long before the first series of heavy steps fell on his bridge. His eyes widened in interest as what was being brought forward to challenge him.

"Perhaps, this battle might hold unexpected surprises for him."

This was all warm up before his fight with the Will Holders below, but there was no reason he could not enjoy the fight itself.

"Come for me... Try as much as possible to make me bleed!"

The madness of the Primordial Ouroboros was beginning to manifest in his heart and Rowan's smile transformed to a grin.

## **Chapter 907: Fire In The Hole**

The first individual to step on his bridge was a Demon Prince, this one resembled a man but his feet were those of a bird, his skin was blue, and an Aura of intense chill surrounded him.

Wearing heavy demonic armor and carrying a large Tower Shield he carefully stalked forward across the bridge, behind him were hundreds of thousands of soldiers, both demons and gods, decked in the same heavy armor and shield, and they moved concertedly towards Rowan, their synchronized steps rumbling through the bridge.

All the Demon Princes he knew were loud and arrogant, almost cartoonish in their escapades to inflict horror and shock in the hearts of their prey, but like every immortal here, even the Demons had to bow to the might of Rowan's spell. Games this war no longer was, and dying would be permanent.

Perhaps for the first time in a lower dimension, a Demon Prince could no longer cut loose. It made them quite a terrifying opponent.

Halfway toward him, an intense Aura of frost radiated off the Demon Prince and encircled the army behind him and their armor thickened with blue ice, the sound of their tread grew deeper as if each of them were walking mountains. The collective might radiating from the army had transformed into something massive, even space seemed to stretch around their advancing forms as their power was announced to all of existence.

This was not the end, from various locations in the army, spells began to fly out, beefing up their defenses until their bodies gleamed like stars. This spell comes from the mages and the gods, arcane secrets that had been left in ancient vaults were unearthed and displayed without any inhibitions.

As expected it did not take long for them to adapt, with the display of Rowan's strength, they knew quantity was useless, what was needed was quality. An elite army that could face and defeat him, a single mortal.

Although a Demon Prince led their rank he was not the only one here, hidden in the army were three other Demon Princes, and if Rowan's calculations were correct, this was all of them in the Demon Horde. Hidden among them were several God Kings, and they did not display themselves in a flashy manner, choosing to walk in formation alongside the army and silently contributing their strength.

An endless number of domains covered the army as the power of countless Divine Kingdoms covered them. Everyone was giving their all, it was stupid to hold back your power or secrets when death eternal faced you.

Every Archmage embedded in the army was among the most powerful Archmages present, and before the battle began they had been casting countless buffs across the army. Steel skin, Goliath Constitution, Arcane Reflection, Damage Null, Armor Increase, Power Up.....

The total size of the approaching army was 333,000. This number was not random and was the basis for one of the most powerful formations in existence, Enders Lament. Forged at the end of a great war that consumed countless universes, this formation was made to slaughter Outer dimensional entities who controlled higher dimensional powers.

The approaching army was wearing some of the best armor available to them, and the spells imbuing their bodies would have made any of them walk through an exploding star with no damage incurred to them, not counting the countless buffs shielding them from harm.

Behind the army were long streams of light connected to every single living individual below, and Rowan could likely guess the purpose of the light, as his eyes easily deciphered the spells that were being slung around.

To confirm his hypothesis, his finger lightly brushed across the strings of Pride and in the approaching army a hundred heads exploded, yet the stride of the dead warriors did not falter and in a single breath, their heads returned.

Rowan did not fear that the absolute nature of his Twilight Bridge had been dispelled, although they tried to hide it from him, he saw the light strings connecting the army to the ones below flicker a hundred times in a fraction of a moment.

What it meant was that although his spell had not been broken, his enemies had found a way around it. They could not dispel the absolute nature of his bridge, but they could transfer the damages. A hundred souls had perished below, but this army remained strong, their formation unbroken.

Rowan began to laugh, they had found a way to compress the might of their entire forces into these elite and this had led to their effectiveness in battle to be multiplied. That tune he played on Pride should have destroyed millions of them but barely a hundred died, their defenses had multiplied exponentially.

He even noticed that his sound attack was already being analyzed, and no doubt an effective counter was being made against it.

"Thank you for making this battle worth it."

Rowan had seen everything he needed, he did not wait for the army to reach him, he attacked.

His body blurred along the bridge, leaving ghost-like figures behind and as he neared the army traveling at intense speeds, his eyes revealed millions of invisible floating lines ahead like spider silks. The Archmages had laid traps before them.

Wards! His new intuition screamed at him, he could do many things to break them but Rowan chose to bulldoze through it. On the surface of his skin, he rapidly created millions of countering scripts that analyzed each line of Wards and took control of it. He did all this with a single consciousness.

His body impacted against the Wards and of the countless terrifying attributes they could release, none of them operated, instead, the Wards wrapped around his body like clouds.

With the first layer of defense not making any impact, the one thousand Archmages released a combined Taboo Spell fueled by the essence of a hundred million immortals. The night turned to day across the entire universe as the brightest fireball in creation that resembled a screaming skull roared across the bridge toward Rowan.

This fireball was nameless, containing nothing but the pure power of endless heat, even a God Emperor would flinch before this flame.



Rowan grinned and gathered all the Wards on his skin into a small ball in his left hand and he thrust it forward to impact against the Fireball. There was a silent hum as the two opposing forces clashed and then a loud thump as they exploded, flinging horrifying flames hotter than anything in the material universe toward both sides of the bridge.

Rowan gave a loud cry and his voice tore the flames racing towards him in two and he proceeded through the middle. The army on the other side raised enormous ramparts of light to shield against the flames that flowed through their ranks, burning through their defenses like a hot knife through butter, and in an instant even with all their defenses, half of them turned to ash, but they returned a moment later as their deaths were exchanged.

This did not stop the Archmages from pulling essence and releasing another Taboo Spell, Light of Destruction. A single target spell that resembled a thin beam of darkness. This beam was traveling faster than the speed of light and approached Rowan so quickly that it was almost like teleportation. A few inches away from his chest, Rowan bent backward, his motion still carrying him forward.

His long air flowed behind him like a cloud and he reached across and seized the beam of destruction in his left hand.

Approaching him were hundreds of similar beams, and he ducked, rotated, swerved, leaning his way through the destruction bolts, and faster than the army had anticipated he reached them and swung his Great Axe, on his left hand were hundreds of beams of destruction.

His Axe tore a slight gap in the formation and he lobbed in the beams of destruction he was holding in his left hand.

Rowan laughed aloud, "Fire in the hole!"

## **Chapter 908: A Story Written In A Song**

Rowan had not just dodged all the beams of destruction he had gathered and squeezed them in his left hand, his ability to understand and process energy heightened to a ridiculous degree with his Primordial Title and others working in sync. He had created a volatile gray mass that exploded inside the formation before it could be nullified.

The mass of Destruction did not explode, it was more like it snatches, it scattered everywhere, creating large pale blots that resembled portals that sprang throughout the length of the bridge like eyes, and anyone unlucky enough to fall into it was grounded into pieces, destroyed in both body and soul. A single drop of blood entered the Twilight bridge for any one of them that fell, and before long, the pale golden color of the bridge began to turn reddish gold like a beautiful sunset.

"Push him back!" The Demon Prince who was the herald of the army slammed his tower shield on the bridge, releasing a massive surge of kinetic energy fueled by the collective power of the entire army pushing Rowan back for thousands of feet, even though the destruction blots was ravaging their ranks, they were still stable and their mentality was not affected.

The Demon Prince had reacted quickly enough for Rowan was about to bring Envy to bear on the opening he had created and if he had faltered for the barest of an instant, then Rowan would have been wreaking havoc inside their formation at this time.

The distance they created was almost useless, thousands of feet was even less than an inch with the speeds Rowan was capable of moving, but the Immortal army could also react quickly.

Noticing that Rowan was a bit vulnerable to the kinetic push, they unleashed hundreds of them in a second, pushing him back further and further. Rowan's feet that were dug into the bridge released bright sparks and flames as his leather boots although imbued with Ascension still possessed enough mortal materials, making it susceptible to friction.

Rowan shielded his body with the broad Axe head of Envy which had expanded to nearly cover his entire body, hidden in the kinetic waves were tiny sneaky spells that would chew through galaxies, he did not want to test them on his skin unless they earned the right to injure him.

He suddenly vaulted to the right leaving a fading shadow of himself behind, as a beam of purple lightning that took the shape of a serpentine dragon swept past his previous position.

The dragon was a combination of divine, demonic, and magical energies compared to the might of a hundred million immortals with powers that eclipsed even a God-King, its roar of rage was silenced as it turned to attack Rowan from the rear but its massive head fell to the bridge, cleanly sliced through, Rowan's blow disrupting the carefully balanced energies inside of it.

He had not just dodged the attack, his speed meant he had killed the dragon as he was dodging the attack.

Another wave of Kinetic push surged toward Rowan, but a second had already passed, he already understood the energy of this force and they washed over him like a harmless breeze as the strings of Pride played a countering note dispelling the kinetic force a millimeter away from his skin.

Moving forward, he suddenly felt tingles surging through his spine and his intuition gave him an overwhelming feeling of his dying, his heart beat faster in anticipation of his incoming demise and Rowan laughed. He contorted his body into an impossible shape, his bones curving and even flattening in some sections, narrowly dodging an impossible

move as seven black spears appeared around him—The power of the Formation Enders Lament was finally unleashed.

As a single target formation, it could release attacks that were supposed to be unexpected. Each spear could easily kill a hundred God Kings, and the attack was so fast and traveled across space without leaving any discernible mark making this formation a terrible weapon against any foe.

It led to the death of countless Outer dimensional creatures who could not anticipate or dodge a weapon that targeted their vitals without any indication. Yet its greatest strength turned to its weakness, if they could be anticipated, then even a mortal can dodge their attacks. Although they would have to have the speed and reflexes ghag would make even Light ashamed.

Even during the attack of the formation, Rowan was already moving, he rotated his upper body, cutting the spears around him in two, and the broken weapons shrieked in pain, instantly tens of thousands exploded in the formation, and this damage was persistent, and for the next few moments, hundreds of thousands died from the backlash, but as quickly as they perished, their deaths was transferred.

Deciding not to push forward towards the army, Rowan slammed the bottom of the Axe on the bridge and the weapon began to expand, the shaft spreading out and in a few instants, the Great Axe now taking the shape of a demonic-looking Harp.

Wiggling his fingers to warm them, Rowan settled the head of the Harp just below the nook of his neck and he closed his eyes, beginning to play.

Rowan had not taken the time to study music, but his Angels were a creation of harmony, this meant their talents were his to command, and with the nature of his Titles and his inherent nobility and near perfection, his music... was haunting.

Existence faded to silence and the first string was touched. It brought out a range of melodies that was impossible for any mortal instrument to create, and the universe seemed to hold its breath.

Spells rained down on his position, enough power to scour all the life from the universe a hundred times over, and Rowan did nothing but play. His music sliced across all the dangers as easily as it sliced through the minds of the immortals.

Since he stopped moving it gave the army an opportunity to focus all their energy on a single section of the bridge and for a moment the amount of destructive forces ravaging his position was so intense that reality disappeared leaving a lone figure standing on a bridge of sunset.

Rowan gritted his teeth, his concentration nearly shaken as the endless waves of powers inched closer and closer to his body, his hair seemed to catch fire and his body

hummed with energy, the heat and pressure around him had gone beyond what this third-dimensional universe could hold.

In the midst of the chaos, Rowan caught that thread of enlightenment, and his song bloomed. His harmony resisted the power shrouding his body and he pushed.

At first, he wanted a simple offensive move to tear apart the waves of spells bearing down on him, but as he started his music, it resonated with a deep part of him that he had not touched for so long and he lost himself to it.

The complex interplay of harmony, rhythm, tempo, melody, and emotional resonance in the music created a song of battle like no other. Yet it was not just a song of battle, it was more.

It was a story, of a million years of pain and lies, of standing against insurmountable odds and with the might of a single spirit crushed the plans of the wicked that had grown and festered for many eternities.

## **Chapter 909: Defiance Of The Fall**

It was Rowan's story told through a weapon of battle, and Pride did not disappoint, the sentient weapon from an unknown age served as the instrument of Rowan's heart, and she gave it her all. Pride became an instrument of his Will.

The song continued, rising higher and higher, and then ebbing until there seemed to be nothing but silence and then growing again.

It was Rowan's tale that was told in a manner that resounded in the bones of his enemies and crushed them all from within.

The screams from the dying and the dead increased in pitch, but they were added to the song, becoming part of its unique flavor. A song that has never been heard since the dawn of creation was born here.

Only a being like Rowan would make a song like this. It was a shame that only his enemies could hear it.

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The Demon Prince at the forefront of the army had died dozens of times, and every time he was resurrected, thousands of lesser Immortals died to take his place. His Tower Shield which could bear the weight of a million galaxies had cracked and was at the edge of destruction, held only by the stubborn Will of his lord, the Winter King.

He roared as he took a step forward, that single step was as if he was pushing against an entire universe. He felt his Spirit break and shatter before the might of the mortal in front of them, and for a moment he was drowned in darkness before he felt the shift in his soul and he was reborn.

Dying was never easy. Dying like a mortal on this bridge was a thousand times worse, and the strength of mind and spirit that had grown with him over the endless Era was tested like never before.

His bright blue eyes looked past the myriad of flashing lights, calamitous explosions, and screams, it gravitated to a single figure wrapped in a golden and black corona of destruction and creation.

His hair which seemed to hold every color in creation flew in a tempest of energy, his eyes were closed and he seemed to be at peace. In the midst of the hell of his making and theirs, this mortal was at peace.

The Demon Prince roared his fury, but it did not last, even his fury broke before the might of this song and only his conviction made him take the next step. He was the Herald of the army, and every step he took carried the rest of the army behind. Without him, they would be ground to pieces.

He channeled the power of frost, boosted by the essence of the most powerful immortals in the universe and his steps steadied and he pushed forward. Through all the chaos, he could hear it, the melody that broke his heart a thousand times in every moment.

It was a hollow-sounding tone, with harmony that shifted unexpectedly, sometimes rising to the heavens and then descending into hell, underneath all that, there was a soft, almost wistful melody that seemed to have wrapped around his consciousness and it was all he could do to not scream.

His rage had failed him, his hatred had fled, and his only savior was his realization that he was hearing a song that he was not deserving to hear. This was a song that a King would ransom his kingdom so he could be part of the audience. How lucky was he and everyone here that they were going to battle a being that could perform such a miracle?

They never stood a chance, but it did not matter, he was a mortal, and no matter the strength of his Spirit or the miracles it could conjure, he would fall.

He released all his frustration, anger, and fear as he screamed, "Push Forward!" their only hope lay in reaching that enigmatic figure and going into close combat, this mortal had shown that with his music alone, he could silence all of creation. In close combat, perhaps they could turn the tables.

The next thousand steps were the longest in his life, he stopped counting how many times he died. His blue eyes only on the visage of Rowan, and it was then that he noticed something else. Rowan's eyes were closed but something still watched him... with amusement.

His eyes, which felt as heavy as mountains, struggled a bit upwards and he saw the crown of shifting gold on the head of the mortal and the six pairs of cold eyes that watched him.

The next few moments passed as if it was a fever dream, lights, sounds, sensations, they all flowed past the Demon Prince, and then as if he had fought for an eternity, he stood before his enemy and raised his blade, and he pushed it forward until the tip rested against the heart of Rowan.

The song came to an end and the Demon Prince saw the eyes of this being slowly open. His prismatic eyes peered at him, and it was filled with a strange emotion that vanished a moment later.

Those strange eyes looked at the Demon Prince and he nodded. With a cry of determination, the Demon Prince pushed his blade with all the power he could muster and then he fell to his knees. He was spent, but he has succeeded.

"Is this what it feels to be mortal?" The Demon Prince was born in a line of royalty. From the moment of his birth, he had never known weakness like this. "How odd that I am at peace. I thought I would rage... I was supposed to be everlasting."

Pushing his tired eyes to look at the body of his fallen enemy he nearly laughed when he saw that Rowan still remained on his feet, his body still as powerful as ever, on his chest was a slight tear, nearly invisible, and on it was 03:08

a single drop of blood.

his chest was a slight tear, nearly invisible, and on it was a single drop of blood.

The Demon Prince heard the voice of this mortal and he shuddered, it was filled with power, charm, and horror.

"Of all the Immortals, only you stand before me, I shall have your name, demon, for you deserve to draw my blood."

The Demon Prince shook, and then he struggled to look behind him, the mighty army that he expected to stand behind him was all gone. The last of them vanished in a pile of ash as he watched.

As he had struggled forward through the maelstrom of death, it would seem that the toll of pushing towards the mortal had drained the life of the hundred million immortals left in the dead universe. Every god, demon, and mage had perished... except him.

He could see his steps that had scorched themselves in the ground fading away on the bridge. He had burned through his entire immortal lifespan to reach their enemy. He was their herald and he had upheld the might of his brothers in battle.

He turned to Rowan and bared his teeth in defiance. In death, he would remain nameless, and his victory would be complete.

The eyes of Rowan widened in surprise and he nodded. "I will keep this scar in remembrance of the valor of this army."

The Demon King sighed and his head dropped to his chest, and blue flames covered him as he turned to ash.

Rowan was quiet as he watched the death of the noble demon. The Twilight bridge rumbled and fully turned blood red.

He looked up at the figures that had reached the edge of his bridge. Their individual Auras eclipsed the immortal army that had just perished by an inestimable amount.

Shaking himself from his melancholic mood, Rowan returned Envy as the primary component of the weapon and he seized the Great Axe and stepped forward.

"Let's end this."

## **Chapter 910: Final Confrontations**

Lightning flashed overhead in the void, the last remnants of his song rippling across creation.

Rowan began walking towards his enemies, his footstep eating the miles, the Twilight Bridge underneath pulsing, as if it was a beating heart. Although he was aware of the position of all of them, his focus was on Third, the demented Reflection that had posed as his father for so long, and twisted Rowan into the direction he found himself in today.

Although his present state was a result of his decisions, it did not take away from the fact that the road towards this moment was paved by the hands of Third. His only consolation was the understanding that no matter the plans Third had made, there was no way he would have anticipated the ending would be like this. Rowan was eager to reveal more surprises to this creature.



The eleven Will Holders stayed at the edge of the bridge, none of them stepping onto it, the emotions on their faces were difficult to read, but there was confusion on their faces, and no matter how they tried to hide it... awe. Rowan might not understand the significance of the song that he had created, but he had an inkling.

After all the time that has gone by since the beginning of creation, it was rare for something of such monumental power and beauty to be created, and by a mortal for that matter. However, anyone who treated Rowan as a mere mortal was a fool.

There were two new additions to the ranks of the Will Holders, and Rowan grinned inside his heart as he recognized Silas and Aeris, the Tower Masters of the Magus Supreme World, and the last two pieces of the puzzle, the Final Reflection, Second.

He stopped a thousand feet away from them, a distance so close, that every single detail of their bodies could be seen.

Golgoth encased in his dead armor, the confused eyes of Minerva who seemed to be searching for something inside her body, the furious look of the Winter King, whose mantle of frost was rotating around him like a buzz saw, and finally the Third Prince, who out of everyone here bore a startling resemblance to Rowan, except his hair was black and he wore a red robe.

It was as if he was assisting his body in tiny parts to resemble Rowan. This was most likely the case, for Third was covetous of power, and the power that Rowan had displayed made his greedy hearts filled with unrest, he had begun devouring Rowan inside his head, so his body could not help but mimic the form of his desire.

Rowan's prismatic eyes analyzed each of them in detail, noting their bodily structures and weapons, this battle would require careful planning and focus, he could not just depend on his attributes to allow him to win any challenges, especially with the presence of the Third Prince who controlled multiple Wills.

The sound of the Third Prince clapping his hands resounded in the void between the dead and the living universe, "Here he stands. The Emperor of mortals. Such a Title, I believe you deserve, for have there ever been a mortal like you since the dawn of creation? Curse me all you like in your hearts Rowan, but your existence is very much a work of my hands. I have to congratulate you, child, truly in all my years, I have never seen anything quite like that... your music would put those of the Celestial Court to shame."

"Then you will enjoy this even more," Rowan smiled and he stretched forth his right hand, he seized something behind the Will holders and pulled.

A deep groaning sound reverberated through the cosmos as the heavy chains binding the dead universe suddenly contracted, destroying that portion of reality in its entirety.

The Will Holders looked behind them with shock and Silas muttered to himself in fascination, "How many parts of that spell did he split to make this single massive spell? How can anyone control such massive energy so intricately? Could he be a reincarnation of our maker?"

His inward deliberation was cut short as the vanishing universe left a space where nothingness took its place.

The wave of nothingness spread to the Will Holders and Rowan smiled when he saw the intense look of rage on the face of the Third Prince as they were all forced to step on the bridge or fall into nothingness.

This was the same sort of nothingness that Rowan summoned the Chains of Time from, and anyone who fell into it would spend countless eternities plunging into that darkness as their essence was slowly stripped away and they became a part of the nothingness. It was a fate that was worse than death. The last fragment of Erohim had fallen into this nothingness, his last fading cries of despair did not last.

The living universe, the red bridge, and the nothingness behind the Will Holders were all that remained in this space, and for a moment silence prevailed, as Rowan upped the stakes once again.

"You have us on your bridge Rowan," the Third Prince smirked, "but do not think this fight would go as..."

"You talk too much," Rowan interrupted as he seemed to vanish and reappear within their midst.

He appeared in a crouch, and when he rose, his upper body rotated, Envy trailing behind his motion as the Axe head slammed against them, flinging their bodies for hundreds of miles, and drawing cries of pain from Minerva as Envy had sheared through one of her spider legs at the joint, and a howl from Silas as Envy went through his stomach and burst out from his back, flinging him away for nearly a thousand miles.

In this bridge where any injury was nearly permanent, it was a devastating first blow. Rowan had learned from the battle in his dimension and knew that he should never give the Third Prince a chance to be settled or he would find a way to twist victory into his grasp.

At the peak of his rotation, the Axe head was caught by a pair of glowing blue fists and forced to the ground. In less than a moment, it was frozen to the bridge as the Winter King drew his face closer to Rowan and roared, "You killed my son!"

Rowan's reply was a punch to the side of the Demon King's head that sounded as if a planet exploded as a massive shock wave rippled along the length of the entire bridge,

"I gave him the honor of making me bleed. Do not look down on his achievement foolish king."

The Winter King took a heavy step back, nearly dazed from the blow. Rowan pushed essence into Envy which made the Axe scream in pain and pleasure as power like it had never known filled it to the brim, her vibration shattered the ice holding her to the bridge and Rowan brought the Axe up and slammed it against the chest of the dazed Winter King.

A frozen fist slammed against the side of the Axe Head diverting its momentum and instead of caving in the chest of the Demon King, it sliced off his left arm. The Axe head of Envy was frozen in space as the blood of the Demon King which was so cold it defied meaning held it bound to space.

## **Chapter 911: Make It A Challenge**

The Demon King gasped in pain, and a blue halo surrounded his body as he began calling upon the power of his Will, he was going to freeze the entire bridge and break this mortal into tiny bits of icy shavings.

However, Rowan did not stop moving, his left foot flicked up the sharp spider limb of Minerva that he had sliced off into the air, and as it was rising, Rowan's fists were busy.

He feinted high but he went low, moving so fast his afterimage that remained in the air was still lifelike, the Winter King swinging in the direction he expected Rowan to be in with a massive blast of Will roared in frustration as he missed the blow and froze Rowan's afterimage and a large portion of the Twilight bridge for hundreds of miles.

Rowan punished him for that wrong move with a hundred-punch combo to his torso.

His attacks were heavy and accurate, pushing all the might of his unreasonable strength, agility, and Constitution into his blows, thereby creating dozens of cracks in the nearly invulnerable skin of the Demon King that spread throughout his body like spider webs and bled rays of frozen light.

The Winter King roared in pain and from his mouth a heavy blast of his Will of frost erupted that would have frozen Rowan in place like it still did Envy, but Rowan had already retreated and as he was moving backward, he caught the falling spider leg, and he threw it.

The barest instance between when the spider's limb of Minerva touched his fingers and when he threw it, Rowan engraved millions of spell formations from his Angelic roots—Flames of Penalty, the Celestial flames created to kill demons, and against a foe like the Winter King, he was extremely vulnerable towards it. It was a good thing that the

Demon King had chosen to attack first, giving him the opportunity to have a few moments alone with him.

The black limb turned a heavy shade of red that glowed like lava and moved so fast it seemed to vanish before impaling the Winter King through the heart, the Winter King roared in shock and pain and was about to drag out the limb from his chest, and then it unexpectedly flashed and exploded as a pillar of red flames that rose to the heavens erupted from inside his body as the flames of Penalty was unleashed inside the heart of the Winter King and spread through every single part of his body.

Part of the formation engraved on the limb of Minerva was a formation of seeking. Rowan had analyzed the internal makeup of the Winter King from the limb that he had sliced off the demon and knew how its internals were ordered, so he made sure that the flames of penalty were channeled to every important organ in the body of the demon.

In a normal situation, such a tactic was useless as no matter how grievous the wounds he inflicted on a Demon King, they could shrug it off and heal in a moment, but on this bridge, everyone was mortal, and attacking weak points... hurts, a lot.

The cries of anguish from the Winter King shook the entire bridge and caused the pillar of red flames to waver, but it still burned strong. The pillar of flames outside that stretched to the heavens was only a small part of the flames tearing the Demon King apart, a greater portion was inside his body.

Envy had finished breaking out from her frozen status after cooperating with Pride to shatter the frozen space holding them bound and quickly zoomed into Rowan's hand, who had already arrived a few feet before the screaming Demon King for the finishing blow.

He leaped into the air, positioning his Axe to cut the Demon King in two, and then he suddenly threw the Axe towards the pillar of flames and brought both of his palms together to catch a sword, stopping it an inch from his forehead, his legs slamming onto the bridge as he braced his entire body to hold back the sword that carried the Will of Rending.

With his bare palms, Rowan held this sword and it slowly pushed towards his forehead, millimeter by millimeter as harsh smoke and sparks erupted between his palm and the sword. A fraction of a moment passed and something seemed to change and Rowan grinned and began pushing the sword back.

The sword holder who was Golgoth growled in annoyance and he wrenched his blade away from Rowan's grip and slammed him with a word of power that erupted from his tentaced face that he had suddenly revealed which threw Rowan back for thousands of feet.

Webs of power from the word surrounded him and Rowan tore them off from his body in distaste, the sensation of the webs felt almost the same as when Golgoth was devouring his consciousness.

When he was free, the situation had returned to the way it was before the fight started, but there was a change. The Winter King was down on his knees, his mouth opened in a silent scream as steam and blue light spewed from his mouth.

He resembled a half-melted man made from blue ice, his body had nearly been torn into two places as Envy that Rowan had thrown before he was attacked by Golgoth had sliced from his shoulders down to his waist. The Demon King who was being tortured by the Flames of Penalty was too distracted to notice the Axe until it was too late and he had paid the price.

The insides of his body were filled with bubbling lava that dripped from every orifice in his body. The Demon King gave a final shudder before he perished, even his Will could not fight against this level of injury that came so fast he could not react properly against it. It was worthy to note that this entire battle took place within less than a hundredths of a second.

Rowan opened his palms and Envy zoomed towards him, on the head of the blade of the sluggishly beating heart of the Demon King.

Rowan pulled it off the blade, the heart making a weird sucking sound as it was pulled off Envy and he held it to his head as six serpentine heads rushed forward from their still position and began biting and devouring the heart, in a moment it was all gone and they purred in pleasure before returning to their previous configuration.

Rowan pointed his weapon to the Will Holders, "Let's do that one more time. This time, make it more of a challenge."

"You..." Golgoth growled and sped towards Rowan as he released dozens of Words of Power that slowed him down and wrapped him in a weird web of flesh, but they did not hold Rowan for long, dripping down his body as he was already immune to it.

The God King was already close and he swung his greatsword, Gaping Undoer, Rowan retreated just enough that it missed his throat by a hair breath, and he threw a punch with his left hand that rocked Golgoth to the right where the blade of Envy was waiting and it took off Golgoth's right leg just above the knees.

The God King fell forward with a cry and Rowan's knee was waiting for his face. His helmet was shattered to pieces and his body arched backward, giving Rowan prime real estate to assault his chest and torso, raising Envy he swung down.

"Third!" Golgoth screamed in despair.

## Chapter 912: Elura's Gambit

Golgoth eyes widened in fear, and Rowan could see the disbelief inside them, the Reflection had seen his power but he could not understand how deep it went. Rowan's strength did not just come from the powers of his flesh, which was quite substantial, but also from the fact that he was a dimension.

As a mortal, he could not yet access all the powers from his dimension, but the thing he could briefly access was his weight.

Although the passive field of energy around his body made Rowan virtually weightless, if he wanted he could access his true weight, he had stopped measuring when only his arm weighed a quintillion tonnes. How can you measure the weight of a dimension? And not just one dimension but three dimensions in one, because Rowan had preserved his first and second-dimensional body.

Even with his unreasonable strength and constitution, if Rowan wielded his full weight with his present power, he would tear himself to pieces, but he could apply that weight in the right places making his attacks truly devastating. The nearly indestructible nature of Envy and Pride made them the only weapon that he could use without holding back.

Golgoth armor was also supposed to be nearly indestructible, likely made from materials sourced from outside the universe. Rowan's strength and Envy's edge made sure that he could tear through this armor while they were on this bridge.

An inch from cutting into his chest, a pale red glow surrounded Golgoth's body and blocked the blow, it shattered a moment later but it gave the false God King the chance to thrust himself backward, but his screams of fear and for aid had also alerted Rowan to the possibility that he could be saved and he shoved his left hand forward, grabbing the fleeing Reflection by its only leg, halting him in midair, and slamming him into the bridge with so much force, Golgoth's armor nearly exploded and black blood shot out from every opening, the screams from the Reflection grew more shrill.

Rowan brough Envy upwards to split Golgoth in two, but in a stunning move of desperation, tentacles erupted from the mouth of Golgoth and severed the limb in Rowan's grasp, and like an undead insect cut in half, he scuttled away to safety, pulled away by the tentacles in his face.

Looking at the limb he was holding in slight disgust as it was still struggling, filled with a perverse life force despite the absolute nature of the Twilight bridge, "Oh well," Rowan muttered, "Waste not, want not," he tossed the limb to his crown and it was devoured in two quick bites.



He dismissively slapped away a bolt of Necromantic energy that surged from Silas who was still moaning in pain as his left hand went through the hole where half of his stomach was missing as if in disbelief. He stood over the broken body of Golgoth, seeking to protect against further aggression from Rowan as the false God King strived to heal himself and failed.

In the eyes of the Reflection he could see fear, however such an emotion in the heart of his enemy did not trigger any sort of fulfillment, he just wanted them dead, so Rowan stepped forward. The plan was to kill them one at a time, but he was not against killing more at the same time if the opportunity presented itself.

Once again a premonition of death overwhelmed his senses, a thousand times stronger than what he had felt from the formation and Rowan gasped as the expected weapon the Will Holder would be using against him presented itself.

Rowan knew that the Will Holders, especially the Third Prince must be looking for a method to beat the Twilight Bridge and kill him, and he had shown them enough of his capabilities for them to guess the fact that he was able to adapt to nearly any forces brought against him, and so they needed something he had never seen before, something truly powerful.

A wave of red lightning that covered every avenue of advancement blasted towards him, at first he was disappointed, he knew the familiar form of the Third Prince's power but then he focused on the energy, his eyes read all it contained and for the most part he could understand most of what it contained, it was a stupidly complex spell backed by the power of Will, and then mixed inside this energy, he saw something he could not understand, and instead of attacking he defended himself with Envy and retreated, and that turned out to be the only thing that saved him.

Like a hungry void, the right red lightning burned and consumed reality, branding a path of destruction through the bridge. In a moment Rowan had retreated thousands of miles but he still caught the tail end of the blast and his body stiffened as pain and destruction ravaged it from the inside out.

Rowan gritted his teeth in pain, feeling several of them cracking and healing before he fell on his back, his legs no longer able to support him.

Growling in anger he tried to stand but a surge of red lightning would burst out from his body incapacitating him with endless waves of pain and stiffening in his muscles. As far as he could tell, the damage he was receiving from the bolts was easily healed but its ability to incapacitate him was the problem.

The pain was not the problem, Rowan had reached a point where he could no longer even estimate how high his pain threshold had become, but the red lightning was a chain around every single strand of his muscles, holding him down.



He still attempted to move, although the energy of the red lightning seemed to be infinite, holding a creature like Rowan bound for long would require more.

Even as a mortal, Rowan found it ridiculous that anything could hold him bound, after all, although he had the shape of a man, he was a freaking dimension. A quick look into his dimension revealed it was covered by red lightning.

The red lightning contained potent energy, but it was not enough to incapacitate him, what made it truly powerful was the form it took. It was strange, reminding him of the energy inside the Eld Seed Elura charged Maeve to give him that he had refused to open.

He frowned, knowing that the mysteries behind his Third bloodline gained from Elura were vast and most likely linked to a Primordial, he wanted nothing to do with this power for the moment.

The reason he could fight against the Wills of the Primordials holding his blood and his fate bound to their Will was because one of them was dead and the other was incapacitated, he doubted that this mysterious third Primordial that was linked to his Third Bloodline was in the same condition.

At this time, his last bloodline was free of any Will, but something told him that the moment he ingested the Seed, his bloodline would no longer be free from manipulation.

It seemed he was in an impasse, and somehow Elura must have known that he would come in contact with a form of energy that he could not understand, and in order to save himself, he would have to make a choice.

Even faced with this unknown form of energy that was ravaging his body, Rowan felt no regret for not opening the Seed, at that moment it would have led to unintended consequences, and although this decision was coming to bite him in the face at a crucial moment, all Rowan could truly feel was excitement.

## **Chapter 913: Do Me A Favor**

Death no longer scared Rowan, just the possibility of failure. For so long he had lived a life devoid of choices, where he would have to bend to the whims of others just so that he could survive.

The Eld Seed pulled his attention, promising him a solution to all his problems, and he knew if he allowed himself to assimilate the Seed, an understanding of this new and alien form of energy would become available to him, and with his adaptability, the greatest weapon that the Third Prince had against him would be nullified.

His path to victory was right there before him, he only had to accept.

Elura might have given him the Eld Seed due to goodwill, having an intuition about the troubles he would face in the future, and seeking to aid her child, but Rowan did not trust it. He could trust his mother, but not her powers.

This settled the decision he was about to make in his mind, although this power was unknown, Rowan had not given his all, he had not even scratched the surface of what he was capable of, and he was willing to find out if there was anything in existence he was not able to crush.

He groaned and opened his eyes, this minor action causing a vast release of red lightning from his body that traveled deep into the cosmos, twisting reality to shambles, and he discovered that in the period he was indisposed, he had become surrounded.

On his right were five God Emperors arrayed in heavy mystical armor that left their features a mystery, these silent powers each held a sword that was burning with a scarlet light that was pointed to his vitals, which were his head, heart, liver, skeleton, and blood, if they attacked, they would be focusing on these parts of his body, dividing to conquer.

By his left were Minerva, Silas, Aeris, and Golgoth, whose two shattered legs had been replaced by two massive pale tentacles, he could not heal, only replace, finally standing in the air above him, carried by red lightning and breaking the gravitational hold of the bridge was Third, he was struggling to remain in the air but his vicious expression showed nothing but glee.

All of them held bolts of power that held powerful spells and techniques, and woven into the spell was red lightning that contained that mysterious form of energy that no matter how hard he tried, he could not break, he could only wait for his body to slowly consume it, somehow he knew his enemies would not give him the time to do such a thing.

"Awake Rowan?" The Third Prince smirked, his white teeth flashing from the lights of the red lightning bolt he held in his right hand that was wiggling like a snake, "Now die!"

Reality burned to ashes as ten bolts of power slammed towards Rowan the greatest of them emerging from the Third Prince.

Rowan grinned, intense premonition of death filled his heart, but it did nothing but heighten his focus, he had proven his point as a mortal and had already killed a Will Holder, and technically he could begin upgrading his Primordial Ouroboros bloodline, but why stop at one, he had not reached his limits as a mortal.

Perhaps in the future, someone might be able to kill a Will Holder as a mortal, but he doubted they would ever be able to kill ten! He did not know how rare a Will Holder was

in all of creation, but he did not doubt that their numbers must be extremely small, he would never get this chance again.

At that moment his mind analyzed all the powers streaming towards him, of the ten bolts of power, he could easily decipher those from the five God Emperors first and he seized this opportunity, his new perception pierced into the hail of death pouring towards him and entered the energies of the God Emperors.

He discovered that what rushed to devour his body was potent divinity wrapped in a ridiculous amount of Spatial Essence Will, the technique was crude in comparison to what he might be able to unleash if he put his mind towards it, but such a blast would shatter a hundred galaxies, not including the power of Third mixed within it.

This was the most he could analyze and counteract, he managed to bring his left hand up to brace against the spells, drawing a host of defenses on his skin before forces that could shatter a greater portion of a universe slammed into him.

Rowan's hand buckled as it was pressed against his chest, he pushed back manipulating the energy of the God Emperors to shield him for a while and give him the barest moment to activate Ascension.

Third began to laugh, "Do not let up, I want nothing but ashes behind!"

The powers slamming into Rowan's prone body increased in magnitude, so much power that the Twilight Bridge began to crack as the area around Rowan's body slowly turned molten red. The tide of energy built and built, emitting a loud shriek until the Will Holders had to move back and brace themselves as the energy reached a critical limit and exploded.

The energy rippled through the entire Twilight Bridge, shaking it to its foundations and causing portions of it to shatter.

The wave of energy dissipated and Rowan's body was revealed, he seemed to have been driven unconscious, but his eyes opened with a snap, he looked down at his left hand, and the eyes of the Will Holder followed his gaze.

He had lost all his skin and a greater part of his muscle had turned to ash, but he could still move the limb and he tested it experimentally. Envy lay by his side, the weapon glowing red hot as if it was about to melt.

"That is it?" Minerva groaned in disbelief.

Silence covered the entire bridge for a moment before the Third Prince bellowed, "Release all your powers inside you and attack, I will kill anyone who holds back!"

The red lightning that erupted from his body was tinged with three different subtle flavors, as he no longer held back, the rest of the Will Holders began to pull everything they had and the Twilight Bridge began to collapse with the power that was gathering here.

Rowan grunted and began to struggle to his feet, even though red lightning poured from his body in ever-increasing waves, he was still standing. The Third Prince's eyes widened in disbelief and with a cry, he slammed down the gathering power on the body of Rowan, and the rest of the Will holders followed.

Rowan was slammed back to his knees, and the left hand he raised to defend himself began to slowly disintegrate.

The Third Prince roared, "Do you know how hard I strived to make sure that only a certain amount of information entered this universe? Blocking every source of higher knowledge because I feared that for any reason something like this might occur?"

Increasing the power that he was blasting into Rowan, "I made sure this universe had only the races that were acceptable in my plans, if that Black Book was going to empower you with power, then I would take away your wisdom. It is a good thing that my preparations were not in vain!"

Rowan's left hand suddenly exploded and the blast of power slammed into his chest, pushing him deep into the collapsing bridge.

"Now, do me a favor and die... just fucking die!!!"

## **Chapter 914: Becoming Mortal (Bonus )**

About thirty percent of the Twilight Bridge had collapsed and even the Will Holders were shuddering from the effects of their techniques. The shockwaves and the blowback of energy erupting from the spot they bombarded Rowan from was so strong it was stripping away their defenses, but they did not dare let up, for Rowan was not dead.

Minerva's mind was breaking down with what she was witnessing, if not for their Wills and the blasted Aetherium energy from the Third Prince, they would not be able to scratch him, and he was still a damn mortal!

What unearthly abomination were they fighting? In her head, Minerva had begun to unearth frightening ancient tales about abominations and Eldritch beings who rove the depths of reality, whose powers were so abominable that their presence shattered everything and caused unchecked destruction, creatures that even Demon Kings feared--Old Ones, often thought of as myths than living creatures.

Many things began to make sense, she knew that the creatures she dealt with; the Third Prince and his cohorts were related to this entity, and she could not wait for it to end. Minerva wanted to retreat into the Great Abyss and slumber for the next hundred Eras until this day became nothing but a lost memory.

'Please die... I will never deal with matters of the Old Ones again. Nothing is worth it.'

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The Ascension technique was at the edge of Rowan's perception, a single thought from him and he would activate it. At the mortal level, this was the only technique he could wield with a degree of safety, and it should be strong enough for him to be able to fight back, but he found himself hesitating even as his body was torn apart... something was missing.

The unrelenting waves of energy slammed into his body, and he felt his spine begin to creak under the stress as his left hand exploded into ash, giving the energy the freedom to ravage the rest of his body.

At this time he had begun to acclimate to the Wills powering the techniques and if that was the only issue he would be able to fight, but the red lightning was like an annoying and persistent blockade to his senses. He should be able to move, he already understood the energy ravaging his body, but he could not counter it when his consciousness was trapped in a mire.

Ascension was the key to freeing him. In an instant, his Stats would balloon to unreasonable heights, giving him enough of a buffer to push past this barrier.

His body was beginning to take catastrophic damage, but for some reason, he refused to unleash Ascension. The cold hands of death grew tighter around his throat and Rowan's mind went still as he chased for the reason he did not want to fight back.

Rowan trusted his instincts even when it felt as if they were bringing him to his death, there was an opportunity here that he was missing and for some reason, he felt he would regret it if he just powered through this crisis and missed the chance to learn.

He delved deeper into his consciousness, disregarding the pain and the terrifying powers ravaging him as his profound mind searched for the clue that stymied his resolve.

He disregarded the cries of adulation from his enemies as his body broke down further and when his heart began to beat faster as death drew near, he saw a hint of what he sought and he pursued it.

The answer that came to him was so simple, but because of who he was, it would have been incredibly difficult, if not impossible for him to realize it if he had not placed himself in this situation.

Fear... he needed to feel fear.

'My strength has made me weak. I am a Mortal yet I have forgotten everything a mortal is. How we rage against the endless dark. Sometimes weakness can be strength if channeled properly.'

The Third Prince had underestimated Rowan in his fury, his misplaced statement about depriving Rowan of wisdom and leaving him with just power struck a chord within him.

Just like the pitiful gods of Trion with the potential to become Outer dimensional beings but were stuck with being nothing but disposable gods due to deliberate gaps placed in their knowledge base, Rowan had also suffered the same fate.

Every knowledge he had was those he had painfully derived from observations and experimentation, and even though his talents were ridiculously high and he could make almost a hundred percent accurate inference when he solved the riddles of reality, the fact of the matter was that he was still too young.

The universe alone was vast and contained countless numbers of mysteries, and the dimensions above it would contain countless more. It was no wonder that he could be taken down with information he had no access to, anyone else would fail if they were placed in his position and had to figure out everything from nothing, but Rowan was far from normal and the reason he could make such massive leaps in power and knowledge was his outrageous temperament.

Rowan had learned many methods to tackle problems, but there was one method he had disregarded; it was the tenacity of a mortal. They performed great deeds and felt deep fear and turmoil in their hearts, but it did not stop them from pushing ahead when a challenge emerged.

There was a magic here that he had not discovered, and this opportunity came to him again as a mortal.

His mind reached the period of time he had watched mortals in millions of worlds, and he mixed it with the memory of his previous mortal body as Rowan Carter. In his previous life, he was a fighter, and he knew how hard it was to reach a point where his fist was as hard as rocks and he could run for miles, despite the pain of a broken body.

The resolve to know you were going to experience deep pain but still push past it, knowing you had a purpose and needed to get the job done.

Along the way, many others who started the journey of progress to become strong with him were left behind, they abandoned this path, for the journey of self-improvement for a mortal was difficult. Their bodies were too fragile, never made to reach for more, and yet they still fought.

To grow stronger, their bodies would have to break, they could not Will energy to life and imbue them in massive spells to shape reality, or slowly gather experience over millennia, they had to accept pain and suffering to grow, knowing that their time was short, and it was easy to give up and enjoy the few period they had on the earth.

Only a mortal would understand this struggle.

This realization hit him like a brick, he had all the tools he needed, he just needed to know he day them. 'This new energy, I can only understand it if I accept it. Allow it to break me, and rise from it. It will hurt me in a way that I don't know if I will be able to recover from, but this is my fate. I am a mortal.'

Something broke apart inside of Rowan and he allowed himself to finally stop looking at this power from a distance like a Primordial and accepted it. This was his fate.

Rowan began to scream. It was a raw and unfiltered cry of pain, as the barriers in his mind that he had painfully created over the years were placed down and he took in everything. The pain, fear, power, everything... he allowed it to run unchecked inside his dimension.

Slowly breaking all he had rebuilt to pieces.

Death had never been so close, but so also was enlightenment. Rowan's screams began to transform, and he suddenly pushed himself to his feet.

"Fuck!" Minerva jumped back, nothing should survive this level of destructive powers, and this was with blasted Aetherium imbued with it, the next words from Rowan made her doubt her senses, but she did not mishear him, he was crying out for more.

"More, more, more, more... Give me more! Do your best my nemesis, try all you can to turn my mortal flesh to ash."

## **Chapter 915: Reality Is Nothing But Emptiness**

Rowan was being broken, but the damage was not enough, he was a mortal, yet his foundations were ridiculously vast. If he was a mortal then the attacks were like needles poking holes through his body. It was devastating for sure but it would take too long for him to bleed out.



The Third Prince shook his head with pity, "You think you can survive this?"

Rowan's deranged cry echoed from the devastation, "What are you waiting for my nemesis! Is this the best you have got?"

The Third Prince sneered, he did not reply but the power behind his attacks increased until once more it reached a limit and exploded. This time it took a while for the reverberation to settle as the Will Holders tried to marshall their energy and brace for what was coming next, although most of them would like to believe that Rowan was dead.

The smoke and lingering powers cleared out revealing the devastation, a massive crater was revealed, and within that crater was Rowan who was standing on his feet. He looked more dead than alive.

His left hand was gone as well as most of his skin, and his two eyes had exploded leaving a gaping darkness in his skull, through the holes in his chest, you could see his heart beating and blood pooling around his feet. Red lightning shot out from his body and struck the earth around him, leaving small craters in the bridge.

Somehow his present state did not make the Will Holders feel any sort of reassurance. Of course, it looked as if he was about to die, but why was he on his feet and muttering to himself?

Golgoth nudged one of the God Emperors forward and the armored figure nodded before stepping towards Rowan with his sword raised.

"What is he muttering?" Aeris who was beside Silas and had been silent all this while said.

Silas cursed in anger and irritation, "What does it matter the mad nonsense that comes from a mind on the edge of death?"

Minerva was the one that answered, the frown lines on her face deepening, "He is saying; Pain is a fine instructor. I needed it, you see, to learn. To grow."

They all started at Minerva, even the Third Prince, surprised that out of them here, it was this Demon King who had been able to hear what Rowan was saying.

The sudden sound of tearing metal resounded and they all turned towards Rowan, at first it seemed they could not understand what they were seeing but the grim gaze of the Third Prince was evidence enough.

The God Emperor had fulfilled his duty, he had reached Rowan and had swung his blade to decapitate him, but Rowan had moved and had caught the blade with his teeth, and using his only hand, he ripped off the head of the God Emperor.

Pushing the body to the side, he tossed the head to Will Holders and before the body of the God Emperor could fall, his hand pushed through the armor around his chest and dug out the heart.

Crooning to the shrieking Ouroboros Serpents in his crown whose scales had been burnt off and were in pain. Rowan fed them the heart and they settled.

Rowan gestured and they crawled towards his missing left hand and they extended their tails inside his wound before they began to weave themselves together, until they formed a new limb, each of his now six fingers ending in hissing snake heads.

The right hand opened and Envy which resembled a half-melted piece of metal rested gingerly on his palm, his eyeless face peered at the Will Holders and he clenched his jaws, shattering the blade in his mouth to pieces, and he gestured with his shattered weapon, a challenge.

"How is he moving?" Minerva muttered.

"He shouldn't," the Third Prince growled, "Look at his body, the only thing holding him together is just stubbornness and stupidity," Rubbing his eyes he sighed, "he does not know when to die. This fool thinks he can master Aetherium by opening himself to it, and even though he failed, he can still perform. I should have known. A child who knows not his limit would exceed them with ease!"

"What should we do?" Silas hissed in shock.

"We finish him, he is on the brink of death and although he may have other hidden cards, I have mine too. Are you listening, Rowan? Don't think you can exceed your limits and I will not tip the scale once more?"

Opening his hands he revealed four glowing seeds. They looked similar to the Eld Seed that was in Rowan's possession, but these were different, they were smaller and the energy they contained was chaotic, but they still stank of Aetherium.

"Take it!" The Third Prince tossed the Seeds to Minerva, Golgoth, Silas, and Aeris.

Minerva went still in shock, "Are you sure about this, a Seed of Aetherium is..."

"Priceless, I know." the Third Prince smiled, "But I know my foe well, and if I ever hope back, I will lose so resoundingly, until death I would be left wondering how it all happened. He has exceeded my expectations time and time again, and I assure you, I will not be played as a fool for the third time!"

Golgoth did not hesitate, he swallowed the Seed of Aetherium and gasped in shock before standing straighter and allowing his essence and Aether flood out of him like a

tide of darkness, and as the rest of the Will Holders watched in fascination, his essence and Aether began to fuse.

Once like smoke, the power that now flooded out of his body was now a liquid, black and rotten and stinking of old chaotic power.

The false God King roared and he did not wait for the rest, he attacked Rowan. Charging Gaping Undoer with his Aetherium, his abominable blade shrieked in pleasure and pain as the power it controlled exploded in all parameters.

Rowan brought up Envy to block the blow and he was pushed back, the reverberation from their weapon clashing was so devastating, Envy which was supposed to be near indestructible had pieces of it chipped off.

Golgoth laughed, the two massive tentacles that were in the place of his legs pushing him at greater speeds as his blade blurred, slamming against Rowan who resolutely defended against the crazed attacks as pieces of Envy flew off in ever-

increasing chunks.

The Third Prince chuckled, "Rowan you have chosen the wrong method to learn how to access power and you will understand that Reality is nothing but emptiness and pain for the weak."

The rest of the Will Holders, glimpsing the new strengths of Golgoth, did not wait and swallowed their Seeds. Such an opportunity to access Aetherium was priceless, only a few Primordial powers in all of existence had access to Aetherium and even the Great Abyss did not have this resource.

"I don't want him to live past the next moments," The Third Prince growled, "Kill him, make it hurt, but make it fast."

As the rest of the Will Holders attacked, he began to gather power, he would not let Rowan have a moment to catch himself.

He saw Rowan's mouth moving as he whispered something, he wanted to call Minerva back and ask her what he said, but he squashed that desire. He had the winning hand here and he would not give Rowan the chance to change that with any unknown tricks.

## **Chapter 916: Moving Forward Despite Pain**

Rowan's mind was in a daze, yet his perception had never felt clearer. It was as if he was looking at the world through a new set of eyes. This should not be far from the truth, as he had gained access to a new way of approaching reality, one that he had

forgotten, and he had also learned the name of this new form of energy that was killing him.

"Aetherium... So that's the name of this unknown form of power. A merger of Essence and Aether, seems simple on the surface, but how do you merge two opposite concepts? Like merging life and death, and there is something... else hidden inside this merge, something even more unnatural. Haaa, this is so fun and challenging, but I better get serious now, I think I'm about to die. It would be a shame to mar my Title with failure. I am already so close."

If not for the hatred he had for the Third Prince he would applaud the foresight of this wily creature.

Rowan had always wondered why in the entire universe the majority of the population was humanoid, he had not come across dragons or Emypreans, Titans or Wereneasts, and the nearly infinite amount of races that should reside in a vast universe. Why were there only two Supreme Powers inside of it, the Demons and the Mage? When in the immensity of creation there should be at least hundreds if not more Supreme existences that should have laid root inside this universe.

Even the gods themselves in the outside universe were nothing but puppets, their Emperors' slaves, and every piece of knowledge they owned was most likely corrupted.

There was also a deeper layer to this mystery because Rowan would bet that Aetherium was a power that was not easily acquired or not even available to Demons and Mages making them a prime choice to be seeded in this universe. Perhaps there were hundreds of other powers and abilities and common knowledge that he lacked, because like the Nexus he escaped from outside Trion, the entire universe was also a minor Nexus.

It was no wonder the Third Prince was so arrogant once, with all the advantages he had stacked against Rowan, he did not fear any sort of rebellion, and this had given Rowan that chance to surprise him again and again.

All of this extensive preparation was done in order to blind Rowan to the fact of certain techniques or truths, and it had worked. Even till this moment, there were certain terms that he had come across inside that he did not know their meaning.

Although without the advantages of , even if he was given a billion more years of life, he would never have escaped or even understood the intricate web of deception that the Reflections had wrapped around the universe. The last six billion years have ensured that they could twist reality the way they saw fit.

If Rowan had not fused his Soul Origin with another being from outside this universe that granted him a bloodline outside the control of the Third Prince then even if he had a thousand times more luck he would never have escaped the machinations of the

Reflections. Indeed the Third Prince's preparations were so airtight that when he noticed the changes in Rowan, it made him curious instead of afraid, a mistake Rowan was sure that Third regretted with all his being.

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Rowan was being attacked by Golgoth alone and his Will of Rending that could have left nothing but scars on his skin was now tearing through Envy and gradually eating through the exposed muscles of his right arm with the power of Aetherium behind his blows.

Envy and Pride could have been crying out in pain all this while but Rowan soothed the weapon, this was a chance for it to ascend and if they could survive this clash, they would be worthy to be imbued with his true might. Fighting a Will Holder was never going to be easy and with the power of Aetherium added to the mix, the Infernal weapons were struggling.

Rowan understood that the other Will Holders bearing down on him would crush him in an instant if he did not change the dynamics of this battle, but he had several short moments to prepare, he had deliberately given ground as Golgoth attacked him in his crazed excitement and bloodlust. The false God King felt invincible, his strength had multiplied and he could almost taste the dying cries of Rowan on his tongue.

Inside his helm, his dead eyes were shining with an awful light that had not been seen for nearly a million years as the Aetherim in his system was finally reversing his undead nature and he slowly came to life. If not for the absolute nature of this bridge, he would have shattered this undead curse over him and would finally reach the peak of his abilities and beyond.

Golgoth could see himself as he once was, golden and powerful, his blade strong and his strokes, immutable. He would be that again, and even Third would not be able to stand against him. First, he just needed to rid reality of this abomination. A deep laugh rumbled in his chest and he pushed his assault.

A wicked combination by Golgoth where he flicked his blade across all sections of Rowan's body caused his foe to lose a portion of the shaft of his annoying weapon as Gaping Undoer sliced off a portion of Pride. Every time he struck this weapon it released a vast amount of vibrations that was only offset by his Will, but it blunted his assault by nearly a third.

Rowan's weapon looked more like a staff than an Axe, but he judged that it bought him enough time.

Rowan had failed to master Aetherium, not because he could not do so, since with the amount of data he had retrieved from experiencing Aetherium tear through his dimension and watching the Will Holders convert their power into this new form of

energy, he could simulate maybe thirty percent of it, and with his attributes, he should be able to overpower anyone here, but a part of him rebelled against following this path.

He had escaped one trap from a Primordial, he was not going to fall into another. Previously he had evolved his dimension using the configuration of Chaos, he had exploded his previous dimension to level up to the next one, and if he had followed that path, when it became time for him to ascend to the fourth dimension he would have to shatter his third dimension.

Not only that but following the path of Chaos revealed holes in his dimensions that he might not be able to ever close up again. It was for this reason that when he had remade his new dimension, he did not use the Universe's Will in doing so, this was possible because he had the experience of building a Supreme World and accessing all the information hidden inside the Universe's Will.

He would no longer need to shatter his dimension to gain access to a higher one when it came time for him to evolve.

If he did that he would be forbidden from existing inside a Third Dimension as he would become a true outer dimensional entity without any hold on the Third Dimension and in order to access a material universe he would have to link his dimension to the Great Darkness, thereby tying his fate to that of Chaos forever.

## **Chapter 917: Golgoth's Fall**

Rowan would never be beholden to any powers again.

This was what everyone else did when they advanced to a higher dimension, but Rowan knew the dangers of that path. It might be safer for anyone, but not for him, his abilities made him a threat to the Primordials.

Although he doubted anyone else besides him had the choice to choose whether or not they had to connect their dimension to the Great Darkness, to grow their Will and still have access to the Third Dimension, they had to fuse a portion of their power to the Great Darkness, after all, mortals and other scarce resources could only be born inside a Third Dimension.

Rowan had not confirmed this but he was about ninety-eight percent sure that it was the case and this was the feeling he got when he thought of learning about Aetherium.

This power seemed to be the logical next step in the evolution of power. Enhancing his might with Aetherium would grant him intense powers, but it would create a link to an unknown entity. If Aetherium was this important to get stronger, it was no wonder that a Primordial would decide to control it.

This seemed to be the modus operandi for Primordials, they gave great powers and convenient abilities to lesser beings, but their gifts always had a hook attached to them.

Aetherium was no different from the trap that was the material universe, he wondered how many people knew of this and even if they did, would they really care? He doubted anyone else had the ambition of becoming a Primordial or even had the thought of exceeding them.

Rowan sighed, the Third Prince was right he had failed, but Rowan knew the truth was that he had also succeeded because he was chasing another goal. The entire purpose of learning like a mortal was for him to have the capability of pushing through obstacles, despite knowing they would break him. It was a mental shift that allowed him to do this...

Rowan had been blocking with his right hand ever since, he was experimenting with his movement whilst suffering under the hold of Aetherium, and he felt he had gathered enough data. Aetherium was still killing him, but it could no longer hold him. Like a mortal, suffering was only a part of the growing process, it would not stop him from moving forward, he had accepted this truth and this changed everything.

Rowan's empty gaze glanced across to the incoming Will Holders who would be close to them in the next few moments and he acted.

The next swing from Golgoth he did not block, instead he swerved around it, earning him a nasty cut alongside his shoulders that nearly shaved off a portion of his neck, but it meant he was suddenly behind Golgoth and their backs were against each other, nearly touching.

Golgoth gasped, the sudden change made an intense feeling of doom pervade his heart.

Rowan's right hand, which was made from his Serpents bent backward and snapped across his head to clamp around Golgoth's neck, the six serpents' heads chewed through the heavy armor nearly instantaneously, digging into Golgoth's neck and nearly chewing it off.

Golgoth choked and screamed in pain, he pushed power into his weapon and attacked, attempting to swing his blade behind him to bisect Rowan in two, but Rowan applied force to his sinuous right arm, picked up the panicking Reflection, and lobbed him at the incoming Will Holders with all his strength.

What happened was a grisly sight, Rowan threw the Reflection but the heads of his serpents were already chewing through Golgoth's neck and holding onto his head, and with the force of his throw, his head was torn away from his body, held aloft by the greedy serpents, while his body flew towards the Will Holders.



Golgoth's last panicked attack was still ongoing when Rowan threw him, and when he landed amongst the charging Will Holders, his blade carved a line of destruction among their ranks.

Minerva who was among the most cautious among them had easily leaped past the rotating torso of Golgoth, but the gravity from the bridge slammed her back down not long after and she narrowly missed her abdomen being sliced open.

Two of the God Emperors were not so lucky. Golgoth's blades were imbued with Aetherium and it carved them into pieces that exploded into shrieking fragments, their body and soul were thoroughly destroyed. For the next few moments, the body swung its blade around like a crazed marionette, unleashing a wide area of destruction and shattering the spells being conjured by the Third Prince.

A massive river of rotten darkness flowed out from the headless body and the Aetherium wreaked havoc, creating a storm of darkness that swept throughout the bridge and into the Nothingness at the other end of the bridge, making that darkness rumble as it was fed with great power.

Everyone except Rowan hunkered down to weather the tide of chaos and destruction, and Gaping Undoer in the hands of Golgoth began to scream in pain and misery as power without limits poured into it, without Golgoth to hold back his might, the living weapon that never got the chance to evolve to a higher state could not hold it back.

The shrieks of pain from the blade reached a feverish peak and then it exploded into fragments, slicing the body of Golgoth into tiny pieces and carving lengths of destruction through the bridge, newly forty percent of the bridge was almost shattered.

Silence soon prevailed after a while and the choking voice of Golgoth could be heard, "Rowan... please, don't kill me. You and I... are kin."

The only sound that was heard after this plea was the voice of Golgoth could be heard, "Rowan... please, don't kill me. You and I... are kin."

snake heads chewing through the helm of Golgoth to finally reveal his face.

Rowan brought his eyesless face closer to the head, the holes in his skull seemed to be a passage to nothingness, and something inside them made the eyes of Golgoth widen in realization. There was no pity in that merciless darkness, no anger, for all his powers, Golgoth could as well be an ant. In his heart the false God King understood that he was only a minor hindrance in Rowan's path, the person he wanted to kill was Third.

"I wonder," Rowan said in his deep baritone voice, "When Erohim stood at this place you are standing, what went through your head? Did he not beg you for his life?"

Golgoth gaped, "No... How can you know what happened on that day, inside that long-dead universe? Are you him? Are you our..."

A snake head plunged into his mouth silencing him and digging into his skull after chewing past his tongue and the softer portion of his throat. The eyes of the false God King widened in pain, fear, and desperation as tentacles burst out from his jaw as he attempted to pull out the serpent chewing him from inside.

The tentacles squeezed the snake, and struggling with the strength born from desperation, he partially succeeded as they slowly pulled the chewing serpent out of his mouth, but another serpent head joined the fray and plunged into Golgoth's mouth, his screams were muffled but it was impossible to hide the degree of torture he was suffering.

Two other serpents came to his ears and he only heard their dull hisses before they plunged into the side of his skull digging their way into his brain. His eyes bulged out.

Suffering this pain was terrible enough, but doing it when you have been reduced to a mortal and feeling this amount of pain, knowing you were irrevocably marching towards your death was a torture that most immortals could not comprehend.

His crazed eyes saw two more snakes hover above the delicate orbs, and they slowly opened their jaws which seemed to lead to a place filled with coldness and silence. At the precipice of madness and fear, Golgoth discovered that the eyes of the serpents were closed, it reminded him of an unborn infant whose eyes were still not mature enough to see the skies.

He did not know why this realization that the entity he fought was barely a newborn almost broke his soul to pieces and the slowly descending snakes were the last thing Golgoth would ever see as his existence was plunged into darkness and pain that seemed to extend for countless eternities.

"Who are you.... Who are you... Who are... Who..."

The last fragments of his skull exploded in Rowan's hand and his serpents hissed in satisfaction.

## **Chapter 918: A New Birth**

The Will Holders were still digesting what just happened, especially the Third Prince whose eyes were opened in shock and horror, not for the death of Golgoth, but because of what Rowan had said before he killed him.

"Who are you?" He screamed, "You cannot be him, you are not Erohim!"

Rowan remained silent, if he said a word it might clue the Third Prince that he was indeed not Erohim, but the battle was as much psychological and physical. He had been able to discover a hidden haven where the last of Erohim Will had hidden away from the Reflections, and with it, he was able to strike a blow against the mental state of the Third Prince, and when his head was filled with doubts and questioning the decisions Rowan had been making all this while, Rowan attacked.

From eleven Will Holders, Rowan had shrunk their numbers down to six, and while the Third Prince, Silas, and Aeris were still reeling from the apparent revelation from Rowan, with Minerva sliding backward, the two God Emperors left behaved like the machine they were and did not stop attacking Rowan.

Sadly they had access to only a basic form of Will, which should just be a Will of Force Amplification, an extremely powerful Will to be sure, but against a power factory like Rowan, it was a bit too basic.

Rowan did not move quickly, like the mortal he was, he sought to conserve his energy, as the two God Emperors were rapidly closing the gap. Both of them leaped towards him, shooting across the distance and Rowan met them head-on.

He angled his weapon sideways and caught the descent of both of their blades. Powered by the Aetherium from the Third Prince, their weapon bit deep into Envy, nearly cutting the weapon in three places, but it trapped their blades inside Envy and Pride.

Rowan twisted his weapon, pulling the sword away from one of the God Emperors and making the other one stumble as he stubbornly held his weapon. Not giving them the chance to recover, Rowan's right hand spread out like six massive tentacles and slammed into the bodies of the two God Emperors, and lifted them in the air.

His serpents wasted no time in tearing through the armor and in the next moment, blood began to pour out from the gaps in the metal as the sound of chewing increased and Rowan walked past the Emperors hanging in the air held aloft by his serpents.

It was the Third Prince who shook himself from his shock and regarded Rowan with hatred, "Well played... Rowa..." he choked, not knowing how to complete his words. He had promised Erohim on that day to wipe his presence from all of reality and there should be no way that Rowan should have learned of that day when the plan to create the living being that stood before them began in earnest.

The Third Prince vowed, "It matters not what you know, or how you are able to push past the barrier of my Aetherium curse, you are still dying on this bridge you created."

Rowan remained silent, the only thing he did was to slowly cock his head to the side and then he vanished. The Third Prince's eyes widened and he opened his mouth to scream, but it was too late.

Rowan appeared before Silas and Aeris like a phantom, his body was vibrating rapidly as if he was not truly present and was a figment of a mad god's dream. For the first time since the battle began, Rowan called upon the power of Ascension.

He swung Envy at the Tower Masters with such speeds that even in this slow reality where this battle was fought, where a single second could be stretched for hours due to the speed of the combatants, Envy still appeared like a blur.

A pale blue shield like a dome appeared around the two Reflections that shimmered and flared brightly as a star as it blocked the blow from Rowan. It had managed to block a blow that would tear a thousand galaxies in two, but it could not block the next hundred that hammered into it in a fraction of a fraction of a moment.

The battered form of Envy and Pride could not handle this force and as the shield shattered into pieces, so did they, but their pieces were like guided missiles that shredded the bodies of the two Tower masters into paste, leaving a small handle in Rowan's hand, the only evidence that these glorious weapons existed.

The shredded Tower Masters had not perished, they screamed in pain from a hundred mouths, as in their quest to survive, they burned their Aetherium, releasing vast amounts of green lightning that shrouded their battered bodies, rapidly fusing their scattered flesh together with no rhyme or reason, the goal was only survival.

They slowly began to rise, an abomination made from a thousand mouths and a hundred eyes. Silas and Aeris had eaten a lot of people in their time, only selecting the best and the most powerful to consume, and they called forth the multitude sleeping within them, dragging them to the surface, not caring if their actions were destroying their bodies, they only needed to survive.

The true creators of Abomination, the Second Reflection, arose, a gigantic mass of flesh that soon sprouted a hundred arms that began making arcane gestures, its thousands of mouths opened and screamed words of forbidden spells.

Rowan seemed not to be aware of the changing state of the Reflection, his empty eyes were only focused on the handle of the Pride left in his hand. He had reached for the shattered weapons and picked a fragment of Envy and he held them both.

"You have done well, Envy, Pride, you have drank the blood of true Immortals and have fought by my side as a mortal. Don't fear, for although you stand at the edge of the darkness, I shall not let you fall. You are granted this grace, come fight by my side once more, for the battle is not over."

The Third Prince roared, "Minerva, don't you dare stand back. We go all in!"

For the first time since the battle began the Third Prince began to step forward, no longer willing to stand behind, he clasped his hands together and when he opened

them, he was holding a greatsword. This blade was more than nine feet long, and it resembled glass and had hundreds of cracks running down its length.

This weapon that once belonged to Erohim was a true fragment of a Primordial weapon, "I don't care about the secrets you are hiding, your existence ends now!"

The forbidden spell from Second hundred towards Rowan, in addition to Minerva thrusting forth a demonic enchantment that was powered by nearly ninety percent of the Aethruim in her body, Third was a few feet away from Rowan as he swung his blade to tear him in two...

Rowan smiled as he channeled his Destroyer into the fragments of his weapon. The fragments shuddered and a new life erupted from them.

Everything went white.

## **Chapter 919: Take My Light**

As a mortal Rowan could not wield his Destroyer with the degree of competency that he might crave, but that changed when he channeled the power into a vessel, he should be able to direct at least a single percent of its power.

This was all the power he could afford to unleash. With the nature of a Destroyer, if he unleashed more, it would simply shatter his entire spell, and such an uncontrolled wave of destruction may hurt him alongside his enemies, it simply meant that anything over seven percent release of this power would kill him.

His Destroyer was born from Angelic roots, which meant it had a close relationship with Light. This was what manifested when Rowan linked the fragments of Envy and Pride to his Destroyer, a bright white light of a manner that had never been seen inside this universe.

He did not push power into the fragments because with only a single consciousness it would be too difficult, what he did was allow the weapons themselves to take the power they could hold.

It was a shame that even Envy and Pride together could only hold a single percent of the power of his Destroyer. Then, it would have to suffice.

The light that erupted from his hand that held the fragment did not dissipate, it was seemingly permanent, and the entire Twilight Bridge and the surroundings were blocked from sight, it appeared as if they had all been transported to a white room, although what was especially notable about this place was the fact that the light had weight.

Unleashing the power of his Destroyer, even a single percent automatically created a Domain where he was the king.

It slowed the movements of everyone to a crawl and aided his actions. Rowan had the time to look at his enemies bearing down on him in excruciating details, he saw Minerva with her heavy spider's body leaping towards him, the tips of her seven feet were covered with glowing demonic enchantment that stank of a fatal sort of poison that could turn his entire body to a puddle of stinking liquid if he allowed it to touch him.

The Abomination that was Second had unleashed a thousand green lightning that in this white space was slowly crawling towards him, and a few inches from his neck was the blade of the Third Prince that was bearing down on him faster than anyone here.

Around the bodies of the three enemies that were left was a sort of distortion. This distortion was the Domain of his Destroyer melting through the Wills of the trio. If not for the Aetherium supporting their powers, they would be left helpless, nevertheless, it dramatically reduced their abilities.

Rowan roared, "Take from my Light and be reborn anew."

The fragments of Envy and Pride shattered, as the Weapon Spirit they contained began to build a new shell, one that was not made from metal but from light, and in a moment, the weapon in Rowan's right hand coalesced. It was made from the light of a thousand stars, and it seemed as if he was holding a bright galaxy the shape of a massive Axe.

The cries of Envy and Pride were silent, they showed their frenzy by exploding their stars, and the lights emanating from them reached a feverish intensity, "Use us!" they cried.

The blade from the Third Prince was an inch away from his neck when Rowan nodded at his weapon of light, and he moved.

He let the starry shaft of Envy run down his hand until its glowing Axe Head reached the ground and he took a step back allowing the blade of the Third Prince to graze his neck, before pushing all the powers of Ascension into his body and reversing that step, with that single smooth motion he slammed Envy into the forehead of the Third Prince.

The sound was not loud, and the power of a Destroyer was efficient, every single energy, including heat and any kinetic energy, was channeled into the cut. Yet the weapons Rowan wielded were petty and Pride released a sound wave attack to accompany their blows.

"Boom!"

In this place where light held his enemy bound, Rowan had enough time to slam the Axe multiple times onto the head of the Third Prince.

"Boom!"

On the tenth blow, he tore through the tough skin that was blocked by a barrier of Aetherium and Will, on the thirtieth blow he had cut through the thin muscles on the forehead, on the fiftieth he had begun to crack bone, chips of it flying into the air like tiny meteors.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

All this while the furious gaze of the Third Prince was stuck to Rowan's face, his body unable to move, stuck on the ground as Rowan hacked his way into his skull.

On the hundredth blow, the top half of the Third Prince's head was sheared off revealing a strange pulsing red brain.

Unlike a normal brain, his brain was visibly sectioned in three parts as if three different brains had been forced together into his skull, on the surface of the brain were hundreds of tiny tentacles that wiggled like tiny worms, and from the tips of the tentacles a membrane of energy were emitted that blocked the next blows from Rowan.

Since the moment the Third Prince came into existence, he had never suffered a near death wound like this.

A roar had been building inside the chest of the Third Prince for a while now, and when the membrane blocking Rowan's weapon from reaching his brain became alarmingly dim after suffering dozens of hacks, the roar exploded out in the shape of a massive bolt of red lightning that blasted towards Rowan, shattering this domain of Light holding him bound.

Even though it was one percent of his Destroyer's power, it was still amazing that the Third Prince had been able to shatter its hold over him.

Rowan suddenly reversed the edge of his weapon, turning it into a massive shield of stars, and even as he was pushed backward his right hand thrust forward. The six Ouroboros Serpents merged as one, for a moment multiplying their powers to unknown heights and plunged into the head of the Third Prince, digging into his exposed brain that was shielded by a dim red glow.

A shrill scream emerged from the mouth of the Third Prince as the Ouroboros Serpent bit through the barrier and reached his exposed brain and they scattered into six individual serpents and struck at his brain.



In his fear and anger, the power pulsing from his body made a strange sound akin to the explosion of a supernova, and what emerged from the body of the Third Prince defied understanding. It was power unleashed in its purest form.

The Shockwave alone shattered ten percent of the Twilight bridge and when it reached Rowan it tossed him tens of thousands of miles away tearing away the serpents feasting on his brain. It crushed Minerva, shattering her shell and throwing her towards the same direction as Rowan, Second was flattened into a paste.

Then the red lightning that shot from his body was so devastating it eclipsed the glow of the entire universe, the only entity closest to him, Second, could only give a small cry of despair before he was shredded to nothingness, and the red lightning reached and swept past Rowan and Minerva pressing them down for what seemed like an eternity before it subsided.

## **Chapter 920: I Will Live With It**

The Twilight Bridge groaned, having lost more than fifty percent of its total mass, this Spell was ruggedly built but it was reaching its limits, although it had forcefully reduced the power of the combatants, the beings fighting on it remained extremely powerful, it was a testament to Rowan ingenuity that his spell had withstood all the power unleashed on it.

Rowan arose, he had lost more of his body mass, because he landed on his front from the blast he had suffered extensive damages in the back, his latissimus dorsi, trapezius, rhomboids, posterior deltoids, and erector spinae were almost nonexistent.

He stood a creature of bone and Will, and the few smattering of flesh on his body quivered with an unnatural vitality. Any mortal would be dead, talkless standing, but Rowan abused the so-called tenacity of a mortal, pushing it to unnatural limits.

Ahead of him, the Third Prince also stood up, releasing himself from the enormous blast that had emerged from his body.

It became quickly apparent that he had also suffered terribly from this eruption of power. His torso had been blown open, and his three beating hearts could be easily seen, although the most terrible of his injuries was around his head, or what was left of it.

The Ouroboros Serpents were greedy creatures, and when they sunk their fangs into the skull of the Third Prince, it had taken a considerable amount of power to pull them off, but they had taken a great chunk of him before they were blasted away.

Rowan brought his right hand forward, and held by the six Ouroboros Serpent was a quivering brain, before they were blasted off, they had taken a portion of the Third

Prince's brain, and under the eyeless gaze of Rowan, they feasted, tearing into the quivering red brain whose tentacles tried to push them away with little effect.

"Basstarrds... I will kill you!" the horrifying visage of the Third Prince was revealed, the top part of his head had vanished entirely, revealing his pulsing brain that was missing a third of its volume. His left hand rose and touched his brain and he moaned in horror, "You fucking abomination, how dare you!" parts of the Third prince's face had been chewed off, his left eye was gone, a greater portion of his cheeks and the ones beneath and his upper lips.

He took a step forward and then he unexpectedly giggled, "You have taken a portion of my power, but it's a good thing another one was right beside me." a brain appeared in his left hand that was pulsing with green lightning, he jammed it into his skull and the thrashing tentacles inside it drew the brain and began to slowly fuse it into the overall mass.

"Where were we?" The Third Prince crooned, "Oh, I remember now, we were on our path to killing each other. Let's go."

Rowan pointed his weapon of stars at the Third Prince, and then he charged at him. Laughing like a maniac, the Third Prince unleashed red lightning in his left hand and straightened his Glass Sword on the right and he also charged forward. Both of them covered the distance in less than a moment and they clashed in the middle of the bridge, generating massive shockwaves that began to shake the bridge to pieces.

The Third Prince usually attacked from a distance, but it did not mean that his close combat abilities were lackluster. With his greed for power, he had long devoured owners of some of the most potent close combat abilities that he could come across, and at this moment, he unleashed everything without holding back.

His blade was like a piece of shivering light, assaulting every single inch of Rowan's body and his left hand threw vast bolts of red Aetherium bolts that tore existence to nothingness.

Rowan did not take a single step backward, held upwards by Ascension and wielding a weapon of stars, he clashed against his nemesis, disregarding small wounds to strike at any opening he could see, but the defenses of the Third Prince were airtight.

Their clash generated so much energy that it released several pulses of power that continually shattered the bridge. Minerva who managed to survive the eruption of power from the Third Prince found herself at the edge of death as the waves of power erupting from the two minutes ahead was crushing the last bit of life left inside her.

And monsters they were, in her buffed state as a result of the extensive damages she had taken, Rowan and the Third Prince revealed their madness, they resembled creatures from the depths of time who fought beyond what anything should be able to.

Minerva moaned in horror and struggled to crawl away from the battle, but it was unknown if she would be able to survive as tides of shockwaves struck her, crushing and scraping away at her body.

"You have caused me enough problems to last me until the end of time." The Third Prince screamed, "I have visited death and suffering on uncountable trillions, why must your case be different? Why would you choose to defy me!"

He slammed against Rowan with a surprising move that combined his Aetherim with his Glass Blade, pushing him back for hundreds of feet. Not letting up the pressure, he slammed into Rowan again a few moments later and hastily retreated screaming as an Ouroboros Serpent, quick beyond reasoning surged forward and dug into his stomach, pulling out his liver.

"You seemed to be forgetting something," Rowsn spoke for the first time in a while, "this is not a battle."

He had allowed his weapons to collect the power of the Destroyer they could handle, and he had judged that they were now durable enough to handle more of his Destroyer and he pushed the entire seven percent he could presently withstand into them.

The weapon in his hand did not explode in light, but it was instead the opposite, it went blacker than night as it was no longer stars that filled it up, but blackholes!

The eyes of the Third Prince widened and retreated further as Rowan increased Ascension to his limits and he vanished from his position. The first blow against the Third Prince cracked his Glass Blade, pushing him down to his knees, where six Ouroboros Serpents were waiting for him.

The Third Prince screamed and retreated again, but he left more of his body parts behind, the serpents were striking so fast and digging into his body pulling out organs before he could bring up a solid defense.

Taking a step back, he fell to his knees, for some time a moment back, the Ouroboros Serpents had devoured his kneecaps.

"No... no, Impossible, I can not die like this. This damned bridge. I cannot be beaten!"

Rowan surged forward, driving his weapon into the right arm of the Third Prince, cutting off the limb that still clutched the Glass Sword, "You can die even worse."

His right hand whipped him, his Ouroboros Serpents moving lightning quick and chewing through the body of the Third Prince and driving him to fall on his back.

Stepping on the struggling body of the Third Prince, Rowan lifted Envy and Pride, "Wait... wait," The Third Prince screamed, "You are making a mistake."

"I will live with it." Rowan swings down his weapon.

## Chapter 921: Realization And Fear

The Third Prince did not die easily. The struggle that resulted as he fought for his life was not pretty or noble, it was not a glorified thing when dealing with death, and when you added Rowan's bitterness against the Third Prince and his wish to end the great weight hanging over his neck since the time of his birth, it did not create a bearable sight for the weak of mind.

Rowan did not find back, millennia of anger and suffering were returned, all of which was channeled under a cold rage that meant every single move he made was perfect.

Reduced to a mortal by the bridge, and overwhelmed by Rowan's power and weapons, the Third Prince was slowly worn down. With a single arm and lying flat on his back, he fought with a skill that defied meaning, his arsenal of weapons was seemingly endless, but Rowan at this moment had gone insane.

It was a cold sort of insanity where he no longer cared what weapons the Third Prince could pull out from his endless vault, or the might of his Aetherium bolts, he simply batted the weapons aside, powered through the Aetherium blasts, and kept hammering down.

Ascension ensured that he would remain at his peak and slowly but surely, even with his devastated body, Rowan began to slowly gain the advantage as Ascension began to compound his powers with every moment that passed. Previously, Rowan had to use a couple of moments to tear off the weapons and divert the spells and techniques unleashed by the Third Prince, but shortly the duration he used to break the power of the Third Prince continually reduced, and soon his weapons began to tear into the flesh of the Third Prince.

Despite all this, it was a close thing keeping the Third Prince down, as he erupted with varied abilities and there was a particular trying moment where Rowan had seemingly been overwhelmed by the number of abilities the Third Prince had unleashed, pushing him back a couple of steps and it seemed that his foe was about to escape his grasp but then Rowan snapped his fingers and a bright white flame consumed the Third Prince slamming him back to the ground and allowing Rowan to press him again.

This white flame was the Lost Flames. When Lost had seemingly sacrificed himself to hold back the Third Prince, his flames had been able to touch the Third Prince, albeit briefly, although his power was shattered moments later, a dying fragment of Lost still hung around the body of the Third Prince.

Rowan had detected the Lost Flames a while back but he chose to leave it as a trump card, and he began to repeatedly play this card against the Third Prince, detonating the flames of Lost and consuming his techniques leaving him open to his attacks.

Try as he might, it was almost impossible for the Third Prince to destroy the Lost Flames that had corrupted his Aura when it was being actively fueled by Rowan's Ascension technique. This turned out to be the final stroke that broke the Third Prince. The Lost Flame had quietly dug itself into the depths of the Third Prince Aura, making it quite impossible for him to predict when there would be a flare-up.

It was a miracle that the Third Prince had resisted for so long, but he was stubborn, fighting to the last. Nearly all the bones in his body had been shattered, his essential organs including two of his hearts were gone, and the last had barely half of itself remaining. His madness and disbelief that his life could ever be threatened held him steady and he seemed to be pulling from the same source of motivation that Rowan was drawing from.

This motivation did not help him, it only extended his suffering far beyond what any mortal creature should endure. Rowan could have ended it earlier with his Ouroboros Serpents, but he was wary of any last desperate move from the Third Prince and he made do with his weapon. After a while his arsenal of tricks ran dry and his weapons were broken, to fully empower his techniques and spell, he needed his Immortal body to be functioning at a hundred percent capacity. It was difficult enough to keep himself alive, he could barely unleash a single percent of the power he was able to.

Realization and fear continued building in his eyes, as the form of Rowan shrouded his vision and took the place of the heavens. Rowan in his mind had transformed into an Avatar of destruction and death, raining down fury unending on him, the world reduced to fighting for every second, hoping, even praying that a single space would open for him to take advantage of.

He screamed inside his head, 'I have lived for too long. I have fought for many eternities, it cannot end like this. I was destined to be the head that wears the crown. It cannot end... it fucking cannot end here... all my glory and light, to be snuffed out in the hands of a... pup.'

It seemed to take hours, with the Third Prince defending himself with everything in his arsenal, but soon, he was left with only his head and a small part of his chest. He was spent, in the end, fighting back with only small strings of muscles, he had defended his life with everything. Rowan nodded his head in acknowledgment to his Spirit, he would have been disappointed if, at the end of everything, the Third Prince had not fought with a rage that defied meaning.

Knowing that he was finished, the Third Prince chuckled, "Aahh... I should have seen it earlier... in your eyes. You never had a doubt about your eventual victory, every moment you have lived was in preparation for this day, this moment where you stand

before your maker, and strike him down. I wanted to create something special, but it turned out that I underestimated my creation, I think I might have created a monster that defies any sort of meaning in the grand scheme of things."

Rowan's eyeless face regarded the Third Prince and he brought forth his hand and collected the fragment of the Lost Flame which had taken the shape of a small tongue of white flame with two inquisitive eyes peering from it.

As Rowan drew the Lost Flames to his side, the joyful flame looked upon the horrifying visage of Rowan and cringed in fear, and he closed his eyes tight but the gentle touch of his creator made the Lost Flames open his eyes and he purred in contentment when Rowan placed him on his left shoulders.

Turning to the Third Prince, Rowan remained silent; instead, he poured another percent of his Destroyer's power into Envy and Pride, deepening the darkness of the weapon.

The head of the Third Prince panicked, "Wait... wait. You should stop doing this Romion, surely you should know that your birth came by my hand, you are killing your father."

Rowan stopped and the Third Prince's eyes opened in disbelief, he gasped, the only eye remaining in his ravaged skull looking around in panic, a million thoughts running through his mind at every moment,

## **Chapter 922: His Call Grows Stronger. (End of Vol.)**

The desperation in the eyes of the Third Prince was visceral but also was that little hint of cunning, where might had failed, perhaps the power of words would prevail. To survive the Third Prince would have to reveal their greatest secrets and shame, but he was willing to do so.

"You are truly wise Rowan in holding back your wrath, surely you must have known the consequences of killing the last of us, Shadows. With every one of us that falls you must have felt his gaze solidifying on your skin like cancer, his undead Will crawling in your head and digging into your mind. His voice of madness is always calling... screaming. Let me live.... Let me live... How can anyone live with such torture all these endless years and not seek release?"

"I have wronged you. This I know well, yet I beg of you, no matter your hatred for me, it is not worth it Rowan, you will surely go mad just like the rest of us, allow me to leave this field alive and I shall swear an oath to your name, that I shall bear this madness for the rest of my days. I swear to be your shield against his influence until the end of time. I will not falter, I have kept his madness for a thousand Eras and I can do the same for a



thousand more, of all my brothers only I have the strongest of Wills, and I give you my strength for the rest of time."

Rowan cocked his head to the side, and finally, he spoke, "I have other curses laid on me, and my path ahead will not be one of peace, why do you think one more curse would break me?"

Bending down, Rowan pushed his fingers into the brain of the Third Prince and dragged the screaming head up,

"Don't kill me Rowan, you cannot understand the burden you will be laying on your shoulders. Trust me, I am smart enough to understand that the only thing that can save me would be giving you indispensable and correct information. I wager someone like you must know how to separate truth from falsehood, and you know that I am not lying. I am not just begging for my life here Rowan, I'm making a case for yours. Killing me would only make you become me, don't do this... don't become a Shadow like me."

The endless abyss of Rowan's gaze regarded the Third Prince for a while before he answered, "There would have been a time when your pleas would have fallen on listening ears. The man of that time had a beautiful heart, untainted by pride or ambition, he would have listened to you and feared for the future... That man is dead, all I am now is a blade. Perhaps there would have been a time when I would have craved peace and quiet, but the flames of ambition have arisen in my heart. You have tasted my edge, and you shall not be the last, before my endless hunger, even Primordials would fall. Unlike you and your fellow Shadows, I do not fear the cries of the dead Third, it is only a beacon that would lead me to him, if he is wise, he would keep silent or I shall come for him."

The endless heavens above rumbled at these words and declarations. The Third Prince sputtered, the last of his arguments dying in his lips but he wanted to say more,

"You should be quiet," Rowan said, almost in a gentle manner, "You need to appreciate what is to come, of all my enemies, as hateful as you are, you are worthy of seeing my glory. Besides in this universe at least, they are all dead."

Rowan began walking to the end of the bridge, he extinguished Ascension and allowed Envy and Pride to form around his body like a cloak as an intense sense of tiredness covered his senses, Lost peered around in fascination, wanting to open his mouth to speak but after thinking about it, choose to stay silent.

"A mortal life is not an easy one," Rowan grumbled and he slowly walked, "Their pains... linger."

It was unknown if he was speaking to the Lost Flames, the Ouroboros Serpents, or the dying Third Prince. The battle had been tough and inside his battered body, he had less than eleven drops of blood left. Rowan considered this a solid victory, he had expected



that he would have not a single drop of blood left after this battle, but he had underestimated the strength of his physique, in this universe when placed on equal ground, his body was matchless, even as a mortal.

He reached the spot on the bridge where Minerva had fallen. Her body had been dragged and pressed against the bridge for thousands of miles, even with the tough constitution of a Demon King, as she had been reduced to a mortal, Minerva was on her last breath if Rowan had not come across her at this point then it was most likely that in the few moments, she would be dead.

Rowan looked at her in disinterest and he walked past. This demon was among those that tortured him for a million years and she was paid substantially for her efforts in desecrating his flesh and spirit. The page of that she held all these years had granted her enough benefits, but the truth was that even if she did not die in the hands of Rowan she would have been killed by the Reflections.

He should hate her, but Rowan was simply tired, his eternal anger and drive required a body that was beyond a mortal, and for all their tenacity, a mortal would inevitably reach their limit.

"Hail... the conqueror..." her broken voice whispered from what was left of her body, "I have a bargain..."

Three Ouroboros Serpents suddenly turned around in irritation and they descended on her body. She did not scream for long. If she had been quiet, she might have lived for a few moments more, Rowan saw no need for killing someone already on a path towards death, but his Serpents were more irritable, there was no bargain that Minerva could give him that was worth it unless it was on the level of a Singularity and Rowan doubted that even Primordials would be able to easily grant such a wish.

The Third Prince had gone through all five stages of grief and had finally reached a state of acceptance, Minerva was more slow, still choosing to negotiate. Pity.

With Rowan's speed of movement, it took a while for him to cross the creaking bridge that was at the edge of destruction and he reached the other side and looked at the universe below.

His Ouroboros Serpents pulled away from his body and hovered around him, their quiet hissing was a poor indicator of the hunger inside of them,

"It is so beautiful... the universe, when you can see the entirety of her. The subtle lines of order and chaos woven around her entire body can only be appreciated by a Creator who knows what it takes to nurture the breath of life. Somewhere inside me, I know that I should appreciate such a sight more. Yet at this time, all I see is food. It is time to leave my mortality behind. Look at the universe for one last time, Third, see its beauty and understand for the last time what is forever denied to us."

The Third Prince was quiet, he watched the universe for what seemed like forever, Rowan stayed by his side and when the six Ouroboros Serpents encircled his head and began to feast, the last thing he said was, "With every Era that passes, his call grows stronger."

Rowan had kept the promise he made to the Third Prince, he had stood on this bridge for five years until the moment he had promised he would kill him, and then he let the Ouroboros Serpent devour the meal they had waited so long for.

"Anything for you, my beloved Nemesis."

## **Chapter 923: The Sirens Of Thenos**

On an endless field of frozen bones, seven travelers trod through it, their bodies were fully covered with a cloak woven out of the hair of the only indigenous species of this area— The Frost Giant, for it was only their fur that could protect against the chill of this place that attacked you not from the outside, but from inside. Although this land appeared to be frozen, this was not really the case for if you wanted to, you could choose to walk bare-chested and the frozen air would not affect a single hair on your body, that is, unless you heard the songs.

Only a fool would walk through this land without the skin of a Frost Giant, but this creature could only be found inside the frozen waste and if its skin was carried outside of this place, it would rapidly decay, so there was no means to store this skin for new travelers that would be walking this road.

At the beginning of the journey that was when most of the people attempting this journey perished. It was a horrifying sight to see millions, perhaps billions of diverse creatures of all shapes and sizes, rush into this land of frost and fall to pieces, frozen from inside out as they hunt for the elusive Frost Giants in order to wear their skin.

In the strange heavens above was the cause of these deaths, six heads the size of multiple universes. All of the heads were of beautiful women whose faces were twisted in a rictus of pain, and now and then, in a manner that was impossible to predict, one of the women would scream.

It was a piercing and haunting cry that would bring death to those who heard it. Although what was peculiar about the cries was that hearing it was no assurance of death, there were multiple accounts of people surviving the cries for years and unexpectedly falling to its cold embrace, others did not survive the first wails.

Stories about the origin of these six heads had prevailed for years beyond counting, and their origins were unknown, although every traveler had come to call the heads, The Cold Sisters, or the Sirens of Thenos. Thenos was the name of a Supreme Titan, who

was said to have fallen in love with the sisters, and endured their cries for many Eras; he had hoped that if he showed his devotion to them, they would give him their hand in union.

Yet even a Supreme Titan fell, and it was said that the land beneath the feet of every traveler was the bones of Thenos, for even in death, he still waited for their hand.

For the untold number of creatures that ventured past this land every year, it was not a matter of choice but of necessity. Unless one was connected to a Supreme power, this land was the only road that led out of the Great Darkness. This road was connected to every Supreme Power in existence, and anyone who could brave and survive its dangers was given an automatic admission to the Supreme World of their choosing. There were greater places and dimensions beyond the Great Darkness, but to reach it, one must cross this land. It was the reason why an endless number of creatures threw their lives into crossing this path. "Is it just me, or are the blasted sirens singing more frequently?"

A gravelly voice from one of the figures trudging their way through this frozen waste resounded in the silence, it was a man's, the voice was strong and carried for miles, yet it was still possible to detect the undertone of tiredness in it, after all, these people have been walking on this road for a hundred thousand years, and whether by luck, coincidence or the fact that most of them believed they were nearing the end of their journey, these travelers had met each other sixty years ago, but at that time there were not seven of them, but a hundred and fifteen.

Another figure manifested a map made from the hide of a Frost Giant, the only material that could last under the cries of the Sirens of Thenos, and traced their fingers through it,

"I believe we are near the end of this particular section of the wilderness, at least the map says so, although it was the most expensive map I could buy at the mouth of the frozen waste that leads to the Land of Miracle, the damn thing is still a billion years out of date and in this place... well, we are lucky we can have something that can give us hope. Those damned Walker Guilds have made a fortune out of travelers, you would expect they would try to update their maps more frequently."

"Why should they bother, they make more than enough from our sorry asses." Another grumbled, but they moved a bit faster as the hope of reaching their destination neared.

A mousy voice whispered, their voice was heard by the only two other travelers who stayed beside them, "I don't need hope, I just want this trial to end,"

These three had been journeying together from the start and met the group a while ago and stuck with them, although they still held themselves distinct from the rest "It will my dear, you know that I would never let anything bad happen to you, to either of you. We are nearly at the end."

The former was a feminine voice, she was smaller and holding the hands of a much larger figure, it was the latter that replied and her voice was also female, of the seven of them here, she was the most powerful, she had to be in order to protect her two young charges, but even a God Emperor had limits and she feared that she would soon reach hers.

Nudging the other silent figure that also held her hand, the God Emperor whispered, "After this long stretch that is almost at an end, you both would be free from the hands of Fate and pursue your destiny outside the bounds of the kingdom. When you return, it will be as heroes and kings. This I promise you, my beloved."

The silent one nodded, "Empress."

"Do not call me by that title any longer, until we return, you shall simply call me mother."

The seven travelers remained silent for a while as they focused their gaze on the ground below, the sight of the frozen bodies and bones had become something they had become used to after all this while, bones had simply become dirt. It was better than looking at the heavens at the heads of the Siren whose cries could end your existence at a moment's notice.

"Is it true what they say about it," the silence was broken by one of the cloaked figures, "that in that Land of Miracle, any dream and goals you seek can be given."

"That and more," it was the Empress who replied, "your luck can even be transformed and like a fish turning to a dragon, your path shall be one that would rise to the heavens, every struggle you face shall simply be a stepping stone for you to reach your goals."

"I still think it's bollocks, I'm just here for the chance to be able to reach a higher level without the Tribulation from my universe tearing out my soul."

The Empress sighed, "There is nothing fake about the Eldar, and in your heart, you know that to be true. The boon they give is indeed mighty, but the price to be paid is not for the faint of heart. I should know this to be true because I've seen it."

## **Chapter 924: Man And Grass**

### Chapter 924 Man And Grass

The words of the Empress froze the rest in their strides. As the strongest among the group and the one most responsible for their collective survival, she had easily hunted enough Frost Giants for their continual survival, for the skin of these Frost Giants was like ice and it did not last for long before melting, without a powerful presence among

the travelers to locate and dispatch these giants, they would all be dead, her words naturally carried weight among everyone here.

"Mother, you have never told us that story about the secrets of the Eldar."

"I have never done so, because you also know a part of that story, and perhaps it is time for me to complete the gaps in your knowledge. Do you know of the disaster that has led us to flee our kingdom child?"

"Of course mother, it was Nethis the Butcher. He... butchered a million worlds before breaking into the Home World and placed it to the sword."

The Empress slowly nodded, "What you don't know is that he was a slave. A damned slave, born without the hope of ever advancing in his path to immortality, before he came across a long-lost Artifact of an Eldar, and from that moment he became a dragon that grew wings, he was careless in the early days of his advancement and let slip the reason he was able to gain power so quickly,"

Her increasingly quick breathing could be heard over the sound of her words, "So much power that he broke our empire in just a short million years, and the only price he had to pay for such powers was an unquenchable appetite. A relatively minor price to pay for such a boon. Imagine if a lost Artifact of the Eldar can cause such a change, how much more would we gain if..."

"What is that?!" one of the travelers gasped and pointed at a mountain a thousand miles away. It was unknown the true power levels of everyone here since most of them kept their true abilities under wraps but everyone here could easily see an ant crawling in the grass ten thousand miles away. They were all Immortals, only this level of power could take you across the frozen waste.

"Is that... a man? How could he survive without any sort of protection?"

"Surely it must be a mirage, a phantasm born from the Siren's cries."

"That is no phantasm, we should run, whoever can survive this place without protection must at least be an Outerdimensional entity with power over higher dimensions," the Empress whispered in shock, "with my Will, I don't think I can survive without any sort of protection for a few seconds, how long has he been standing there?"

"The Creator watches over the frozen waste for a thousand years, I know not what he seeks. He no longer listens to his council. He watches only." A deep voice sounded within their midst making the seven figures turn around in shock and fear, but they could not see anyone around them, their fear heightened when they looked across to the mountain and the man standing there was gone as if he had been nothing but a shared dream.

"We should hurry, this place is not one we should linger for long." one of the frozen figures panicked and began to run. There was a power in this place that could break the minds of Immortal, this traveler had been broken.

"He is right, let us move ahead, but don't run like the fool ahead, he would lose his strength before long and be consumed by the Siren."

Keeping a watchful eye on the surroundings they began to move ahead with as much speed as they could manage, and according to the Empress's prediction, they soon found the frozen body of their companion ahead. He was frozen in mid-run, his position meant that death had arrived quickly.

The most likely reason for this was that in his panic a gap must have appeared in the skin covering his body, and the voice of the Siren had then reached him.

"Strip him, and let us hurry, this spot should be a hot zone for Sirens. They call louder towards the end."

Like a pack of hyenas descending on helpless prey, the seven travelers all descended on the frozen corpse of the dead and began stripping him of the skin of the Frost Giant, before long he was naked, but for his Spatial Ring and Amulets, but none of them tried to touch those treasures.

There was something in the chill of this place that sought to keep any treasure that was in possession of the dead, if a treasure was removed from the body of the dead, the chill would pass on to the person who collected the treasure, many among their numbers had perished due to greed after retrieving the treasures from the dead.

This road was among the greatest treasure zones in all of existence, yet no one knew how to harvest its bounty.

The face of the frozen man was not warped in fear, only a weird look of expectation, it would seem he had no idea he died. His death had been that swift.

As the six travelers began to stitch the skin of the Frost Giants to their cloaks, they watched as the skin and muscles of the dead man shattered into frozen dust leaving bones behind that collapsed on the road, becoming one of many.

A decade later the travelers reached the edge of the frozen waste, and their journey ended, but there were only two of them left, the Empress and the quiet child, whose twin sister had perished alongside the other three travelers with them over the years.

Ahead was a massive tree the size of a star, they had reached the portal to the land of the Eldar.

"Hold your head steady child, beyond all odds we have arrived, remember the suffering we went through to reach this place, and let it be the fuel to your ambitions. We shall return conquerors."

The boy nodded, following his Empress Mother out of the frozen waste, this journey had been one of an intense physical, mental, and spiritual ordeal, and he would rather die than subject himself to the strain of such a trial again in his life, he would keep this pain close to his heart and when the time came, he would return it a thousand fold to the slave who destroyed his world.

His heart lightened as he took the next steps to the future, yet in the back of his mind, in a place that he feared to touch was the image of that man on the top of the mountain and the voice that called him Creator.

Among the endless mysteries of creation, this was one he was not willing to touch.

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The seven travelers who passed him a decade ago were one of many that he had seen over this thousand years of watch. Rowan did not care for them, like most of everything in reality, they were fleeting. Most of them did not make the crossing, this land of death bore a great toll, although it was a fantastic location to farm Soul Energy.

Over the last thousand years, Rowan's coffers of Soul had swelled to ridiculous heights, and yet he still gathered more.

His companion for the last thousand years was a small silver grass. The only vegetation in this place of frozen death that spans the length of a thousand universes.

This plant was doomed. It should have died long ago, but it was a miracle, a confluence of so many impossibilities that would never occur again.

After it appeared this small grass should have lived for the barest of moments before vanishing. No one in creation would have known it had ever existed, for its life would be shorter than a flicker of a star's light.

Rowan by chance was there when it was born, and he sat and took care of it. He watered the ground, cleaned the frost from its blue leaves and when the cold seemed to want to overtake the last fragile life it contained, he hummed gently to the leaves.

Although there was no magic in his voice, he had forbidden himself from using his powers over this fragile miracle, the grass drew something for it and stubbornly fought for its life. Both of them had been here for a thousand years, man and grass.



## Chapter 925: Super Consciousness

### Chapter 925 Super Consciousness

After a thousand years of relative solitude, Rowan felt that his time in this land was coming to an end. This would be the single most time he had spent in a single location, and he came to find out that he ended up appreciating his time alone.

Of course, with the nature of his powers Rowan could never truly be alone, his plentiful consciousness pillars meant he could be focused on a million other tasks at the same time, but he had discovered a method over the long years of silence to create a master consciousness.

Every being had a single soul, and after collecting the souls of so many mortals and immortals, he discovered that their greatest challenge when climbing up the paths of power was their ability to multitask.

Greater spells, abilities, and techniques required a powerful soul that could hold multiple components at the same time and manipulate them effectively in order to work, and the techniques or abilities that could boost the power of the consciousness were one of the most sought-after techniques in creation, as wars were fought over a single technique that could boost consciousness power.

His problems were different, he had more than enough consciousness power, far greater than anyone he had come across, although this was advantageous to him, enabling Rowan to perform impossible feats and wield abilities like Ascension among others that would stagger the mind of anyone who found out, Rowan had begun to find out that he was losing himself.

This was not a dissolution of his Id, ego, or superego, rather it was an increasing sense of apathy to all of existence. If Rowan wanted, he could choose to sleep for a trillion years or watch the dance of the stars for as many eternities as he craved, he would never feel any sense of boredom, he would simply exist.

His powers would never stop increasing, but it would be relatively slow, and perhaps after countless Eras, he would naturally find himself ascending to a higher dimension as his present state would reach complete sublimation.

He would naturally ascend from the Third Dimensional State to the Fourth Dimensional State. Rinse and repeat five more times and he would basically become a Primordial, of course, such a path would take so much time, it was almost inconceivable to think about it.

Rowan estimated that perhaps to become a Primordial, using his current status as a Dimension would take at least ten trillion Eras!

He did not know how old creation was, but he knew that ten trillion Eras was not a small length of time in any capacity and should possibly match or even exceed the amount of time that reality had been in place, Rowan also wondered if chose this path if reality would even be present after such a long span of time after all an Era was a billion trillion years.

There was something incredibly attractive about this idea, to sleep the sleep of a Primordial and wake up in a future where he was now omnipotent. Rowan could currently understand the reasons why creatures like Primordials would seemingly forsake all of reality as they sleep away the Eras. Existence was simply... mundane.

Why should they care about the affairs of ants, whether mortal or immortal?

The Primordial would be ever powerful, it was their nature and birthright, with nothing to challenge their rule.

They could also not grow any stronger, and so the desire to manipulate the small affairs was meaningless.

It took a merger of Rowan and that led to the end of all reality before the Primordials could be roused, and now Rowan understood that concept and a part of him feared that state.

Unlike a normal immortal, Rowan had more traits of a Primordial, just a single Title of his would elevate any Immortals to the heavens, and he had several of those, and he could acquire more in the future.

So it was naturally easy for him to become exactly like a Primordial and lose himself to time, but unlike a Primordial, he was far too weak to be this laid-back.

He might hide himself for a while, but he would be found out in time, it would take too long for him to be omnipotent and he had enemies. Rowan might have defeated the present threat but along the way, he had come into the sights of others, and after the ending of the universe, he was now free game.

To solve this problem of his increasing apathy for existence, Rowan chooses to create a Super consciousness. This consciousness was an amalgamation of fifty percent of each of his consciousness pillars, and it finally granted him a singular consciousness that could oversee his entire smaller consciousness pillars.

This reduced the power of his consciousness pillars, making them extremely efficient administrators, but it stopped his descent into apathy, and if he wanted, he could easily reverse the process and gain control of his entire consciousness power. Although

Rowan expected that as he grew stronger, he would go back to the state of unlocking his entire consciousness power to handle greater tasks.

This became the reason Rowan could seemingly enjoy a thousand years of isolation and introspection. In his subconscious, he could feel the activities of his children, but it was no longer foremost in his thoughts. He was no longer in a billion places at the same time, and he could focus more on the present because the challenges he was going to be facing in the future would be a thousand times more severe than the affairs with the Reflections.

This frozen waste was the perfect place for him to spend this time, for it protected him from his enemies at least until he left it. If Rowan remained inside the Great Darkness, he could hide for a while, but its connection with every single supreme power in existence meant he would sooner be located.

No one would choose to stay for long in the frozen waste, it was devoid of Aether or any form of essence, and the cries from the Siren would soon erode the defenses of most Immortals. This was the perfect place for Rowan to gather himself, but it was also not the safest, he could only remain here for so long before his presence would be found.

Rowan sighed and rested on his back as he gazed at the heavens. He had not sat here with the blue grass for a thousand years without a good reason, although he would like to think that it reminded him of Eva whose roots were also that of a Bluegrass before she gained Sapience, the real reason was the fact that the birth of this grass was linked to his third bloodline. His thousand-year boon.

Tree of Desire: Controls the flow of luck. Once every year collect lost treasures and dreams, once every Century collect lost wishes and Destinies once every Millenia grants a wish. Once every Era grants an Impossible wish.

When Rowan came across this blue grass a few moments after he entered this frozen waste, he saw that with all his powers he would be unable to stop this grass from fading away in the blink of an eye, and that was in his perception which would make a single second seem as long as a month or even a decade if he applied more of his consciousness power.

A mortal and even a god might not have seen this event occurring, it would have gone by so quickly, for all intent and purposes, it would seem as if it had never occurred.

## **Chapter 926: The Thousand Year Wish**

Chapter 926 The Thousand Year Wish

Rowan's great luck had brought him to the side of this grass and it would seem that he would have to watch the grass fade.

At that time Rowan had almost walked past it, this grass was nothing among the billion other tasks he was pursuing at the same time, but something about the fragility of this grass and how lucky he was to be here at just the right time to find it was the trigger that shook him from his apathy.

It was at this moment that Rowan decided that he would have to change. When he was inside the universe, a mind that could cover a billion places at once was needed, but outside the universe, he would have to focus, no longer at the top of the food chain, he would have to be careful, his Hive Mind gave him a sense of power that was just not the case when he came out of the universe.

He needed to save this grass.

His consciousness went through a million options that might have had the chance of saving it, but all would require more time than the fragile lifespan of the grass was willing to give him. He had barely lived past forty years at that time and his Thousand Year Wish was still centuries in the future and was not even among his considerations, but then he felt a brand new connection with the bluegrass.

Something about its nature was synchronized with his bloodline and for the first time since he came into contact with this mysterious bloodline, it reached across to his consciousness and he heard its voice like the whisper of the breeze through the leaves of a tree. It spoke of desire and the wish to save a life that should have never existed. This was extremely important to the Tree of Desire because events like this were the only way to evolve this bloodline, even with all of Rowan's power, he could not manufacture moments like this, and anyone he came across was special.

The desire for this miracle pushed his bloodline to alter a portion of its ability to suit this event.

Rowan's thousand wishes could now be used in advance, but as a price, the power of the wish would be cut in half, and he would never be able to leave the spot he made the wish from until the duration of the thousand years had passed. This change alone transformed the utility of this ability, as he could now technically use this ability anytime he wanted, and the only price was a reduction in power and loss of mobility.

It took a moment for him to think about his choices. A thousand years for him was no longer such an extended period of time, barely a blink in his total lifespan.

He had lived a rather hectic life since the moment he had Transmigrated into Trion, battle after battle he had fought with no space to find himself, no time to look inside his being and examine all the consequences of his actions.

Sitting here for a thousand years beside a grass he was not sure would survive for that long after he had saved it with a precious wish seemed foolish, but somehow Rowan found himself drawn to this choice.

Beyond the fact that his bloodline needed this plant to evolve, for him this was a choice that was not steeped in deception or one where he sought to make a profit, he was just keeping alive a miracle that would most likely never be repeated until perhaps the end of time inside this place of death.

There was a possibility he would find other such miracles in the future, and if he wanted he could ignore this plant and move on, but Rowan decided to stay put.

Rowan had made his choice and the sight of his Thousand Year Wish being realized was one he would not quickly forget. The first time he used an active ability of this bloodline amazed him.

Behind him, a massive tree that seemed to scrape the heavens and whose roots bridged a sea of darkness and light appeared, and a glorious ray of light that was more like an expression of an unknown dream or a figment of a god's imagination that had been forgotten swept past him emerging from its uncountable leaves, and Rowan had shuddered. He had never felt anything like this before. Luckily he had covered the entire region for millions of miles with a Ward to block out sight or sound, or the Tree of Desire would have been seen throughout the frozen waste.

This light... This expression of a forgotten memory had entered the wilting bluegrass and it gave it new life. Making an impossibility to become possible.

The memory of that day played through his memory and Rowan smiled, it had been a while since he was able to reflect like this on a memory, his previous Hive Mind made such a thing impossible.

Looking at the heavens, Rowan saw the mouths of the sisters moving, he called them sisters because they looked alike but did not have exact features, this was always the case for family. Where were their bodies, he idly wondered.

Although others may hear screams from the sisters, what Rowan heard was a message. It was jumbled of course at best and indecipherable at worst.

His gifts of tongues helped him to understand the language spoken by the sisters and with his many consciousnesses he had taken the time to piece together the cries of the sisters during the last thousand years. It was a dull and thankless work because he suspected that maybe the sisters were once sane before, but after such a long time, they had truly gone mad, and judging the intent of madness was a difficult undertaking. He had listened and deciphered their words, and he did not know if what he learned was important, but it was knowledge of a time ancient, and Rowan's Will made him understand that the sisters spoke truth.

After the first century, he thought that he had understood all that the message was going to deliver, but then he noticed that after a while, the words changed and a new message was sent forward, and this new message was replayed again and again in their cries, and Rowan now used to their madness deciphered it more quickly, then it did not take long for the pattern to change and a new message was given, this time it took eighty years.

As time went by, the frequency by which this message changed increased and after a few more centuries, Rowan was receiving a new message almost every decade. Thirty years ago, the messages were complete, and the sisters began their story from the beginning.

Rowan would like to believe that the sisters having found a listening ear that could understand their cries after all these endless years took the opportunity to converse with him, although as a result of this change, the past thousand years had become one of the most dangerous years in the entire frozen wastes as the cries of the sisters having increased caused the dangers of this road to be multiplied a dozen times over.

He was sure he was not the first to hear the message inside the cries of the sisters, but he doubted anyone would be able to decipher the meaning within due to certain unique properties that he controlled.

Rowan had chosen to create a book from the processed skin of the Frost Giant, as he found it a stimulating challenge to make something that would survive both in the frozen waste and outside of it, he partially succeeded.

He ended up making something that should exist for millions of years outside the frozen waste, and when he began to record the message of the sisters on its page, a change happened in the book. Its essence transformed. Every word he wrote of the sisters transformed the blue hide of the page into metal, and when he was done, he had a massive metal book with a thousand pages. Beside the body of Rowan was the book, and only its last page was still made from flesh. He had an intuition that if he recorded those last words, the cries of the sisters would end and they would finally be free to enter into the silence of death.

Many a night Rowan agonized about writing these final words, doing so would change the frozen waste forever. It would no longer be a land of death, but a place that would connect the many universes and all the higher dimensions. For the first time for who knew how long, the road to eternity would be open for all.

Such a decision would have far-reaching consequences for all involved.

## **Chapter 927: A Place To Call Home**



## Chapter 927 A Place To Call Home

Rowan acknowledges that his presence was a destabilizing factor in any environment, where others struggle all their lives to make a tiny splash in a pond, he had to be careful not to cause a tsunami just by dipping his toes in the ocean.

With the amount of change his actions can create it was almost funny how weak he was, relatively, but that was what came when he was comparing himself with Primordials and creatures that were incredibly ancient.

With no barrier between him and his Ascension except for the matter of ascension towards higher dimensions, Rowan was determined to complete his entire Supreme Circles in his three bloodlines.

There were nine Supreme Circles of ascension, and when an Immortal reached the peak of the Supreme Circles, the only path upwards was the path of Will i.e higher Dimensions.

Usually, an Immortal would have to reach the limits of their 9th Circle before they would begin to search for the path towards Will, a majority of immortals would never find this path, and if they were not affiliated with a Supreme World ensuring their immortal souls could be preserved for eternity, they would perish with the death of their universe.

Rowan did not follow the accepted pattern, when he was barely in the fourth Supreme Circle, he already had access to Will and was battling those who had completed their Circles and attained Will.

The quickest way for him to get powerful now was to push all his bloodlines to the peak, if he did so it would aid him in upgrading his Will, after all, an Immortal was supposed to attain Will after the 9th Circle because of special abilities they obtained after they reached that level. He had paused the ascension of his Ouroboros bloodline to the Immortal level with the advice of , because the moment he made his last bloodline Immortal, he would be granted a Class, and according to , he needed to be in an Established Space with a greater dominion over space-time, that meant he needed to be on a fourth-dimensional space or higher to be granted a suitable class. The higher the dimension he chooses to gain his class, the better it is for him.

This plan coincided with his wish to locate a higher dimension so that he could begin his path toward power with as little obstruction as possible. That left him with an enormous decision to make. Outside the Great Darkness, which was the Primordial Chaos Fourth Dimension that contained all the third-dimensional universe in existence, there were numerous Supreme Worlds, all connected with it, most of them were limited to the Fourth Dimensional level and would never ascend higher, and few Dimensions could reach a truly high level.



Yet if Rowan wanted a Class, he would prefer if he gained it at the best possible location, that means he would have to locate a dimension of a Primordial which went as far as the 9th level.

At this point he knew of only four Dimensions with this capability, the first was Chaos, although he was imprisoned, his higher dimensions still existed, ruled by the children of Chaos, but with the presence of Caine, Rowan could not enter that Dimension.

The second was the Great Abyss, and for a while, this location seemed the best option for him, he only needed to enter any level of the Abyss and ascend his Ouroboros Bloodline to the immortal level to trigger his Class, but at this point the Great Abyss should be in turmoil, three Demon Kings had perished alongside numerous Demon Princes.

The entire Abyss was in a state of war and any disturbance, no matter how minor was to be investigated, and if Rowan was following the rumors correctly, the death of three Demon Kings had reached other ears, and one of those parties was the Celestials, and there were rumors that the armies of heaven were about to move against The Pit.

This led him to his Third Option, the Celestial Dimension. Rowan was a Creator, and according to the information he had gained from his Principality, he was not the only Celestial Creator in existence as the Primordial of Light gave this power to his most able agents, although there was no one could create such powerful Angels such as Rowan in so little time.

If he wanted to begin his journey to the top, then The Heavens should be his best option, a Creator like him would be welcomed and cherished, except there was a small snag, the origins of his Angels were problematic.

If Rowan was correct in his assumptions, his Angels were technically dead, killed in a distant battle between the Great Abyss and the Shining City, their souls imprisoned in darkness for all eternity. One of the Creators of Light that died in that great battle was a being called Eve, which Rowan resurrected as his bloodline evolved from a Soul Seizer to a Soul Seizer, to Avatar of Eve, and then Sheol.

The root of his Sheol bloodline shared a foundation with the demonic when Rowan had harvested the Anima of a goddess when he was inside the Nexus which went on to influence his bloodline as he evolved it higher. It was later that he discovered that this 'goddess' Minerva was not a God of Trion but a Demon King.

If Rowan entered the Shining City, they would later realize that the roots of his Angels no matter how noble they were, were steeped in the demonic. He doubted that he would be able to convince them otherwise.

The last option was one he came across recently, The Eldar. The Primordial power who gave him the power of his Third Bloodline, the Land of Miracles.

Out of all the options above, this one strikes him as the best option, due to several factors, and the most important was that of all the other Primordial powers he knew, the Land of Miracles was famous for bringing in a diverse group of people into their fold and they did not particularly care about their previous history. It was a land that dealt mostly with the power of exchange. If you have the right resources to exchange, then you could live like an emperor among gods. Also, Elura his mother should be present there, at least according to Maeve.

Rowan did not fully trust his mother, so many mysteries still surrounded her, but he knew that he could work with her given the right conditions.

All this while as he was thinking, a frown had been slowly building up on his face, something he wished not to happen was about to and he could only sigh and accept the consequences.

"I told you I saw he was not a mirage, he is really surviving here without a skin suit. The wind may obscure his presence sometimes, but my Eye of Gold can piece every obstacle in existence and he could not hide himself from it."

Twelve figures materialized around Rowan, they had cloaked themselves and crawled towards him, Rowan had noticed them a while back, and although he had placed Wards of deterrence around this mountain, it did not stop some stubborn individual from trying to reach him. Over the years, several individuals had broken through his Wards, but what happened next was always extremely disturbing.

## **Chapter 928: Curse Of The Eye**

### Chapter 928 Curse Of The Eye

Rowan groaned and closed his eyes, he could use a stronger Ward, but those left signs behind and it would do nothing but draw more attention in the long run. He decided that anyone stubborn enough to investigate a Ward placed in a dangerous location like the Frozen Waste partially deserved what was coming to them.

Trying to settle back into his thought process, he knew there should be other Primordial factions, like the power in charge of the Exchange Space where Labyrinth coins were used, and...

"Greetings, my name is Jeren, and I am the leader of these bands of gods who are here to seek fortunes in greater lands beyond..."

"If you treasure your souls, don't speak one more word. Leave this place, and do not look back," Rowan interrupted his introduction as he cracked an eye open and looked at this Jeren, he was a mighty God Emperor covered in a heavy robe of Frost Giant skin

and he was leading eleven God Kings, most likely the strongest in their universe, they were on a path towards a higher dimension.

He could easily notice the confidence in their demeanor, this was a group that chose to tread through this icy hell instead of easily submitting themselves to a higher power. Their confidence in other circumstances would be accommodated, but not here, the only result would be disaster.

"Why would you say such words, stranger," one of the God Kings spoke loudly, his irritation evident in his tone, "If you know a method to survive the frozen waste without fear you should share it. Crossing such a land of peril, any help to your fellow traveler is something that is beyond noble."

"What Eliza means..." the God Emperor cut off the annoyed God King with a cough, "Is that we are willing to pay heavily for the method you are employing to resist the cries of the Siren. We know such a thing must be precious, but don't fear, we are willing to pay twice the price for it."

Rowan sighed, he noticed that the gaze of these gods was lingering on the large metallic book by his side. The Aura emerging from this book was extremely special and carried a unique resonance with this Frozen Waste, it was easy to see that they were connected, and these gods must have made the conclusion that this treasure was the reason he could stay inside this land with no problem.

If he refused to give them this book, Rowan could already see the intent of violence that was slowly brewing in their hearts. No one who reached such a level of power was innocent. Unlike Rowan who could substitute for almost any resources with his Soul Energy, everyone else would have to fight for limited resources, stealing and killing was an accepted method of getting what was desired. Greed was a curse to both mortals and immortals it would seem, and yet Rowan tried to warn them, perhaps if they left quickly enough, their lives might be spared,

"If something like this truly existed I would be shocked. After all this time, you would think that a technique like this would be well known, or perhaps, if it had existed for a long time and few know of it then the logical conclusion you should be making is that any idea of this particular technique is snuffed out before it can spread."

The twelve gods looked at each other, a silent message passing in between their ranks, and then the God Emperor chuckled, "I am sorry stranger, perhaps you mistake our intentions, we are willing to trade, yet you are implying that you will kill us to keep your secrets?"

"Not me," Rowan closed his eyes, "Your minds will. You should say your final words and think thoughts of happiness, perhaps it might make your passing easier... although I doubt it."

"Why are we wasting time with him? He is bluffing. Let us grab the treasure and leave. He cannot be that powerful, I cannot sense any danger from him, and if he tries anything, we can kill him."

More similar words followed but it did not take long for the screaming to start. Hellish screams that should not emerge from the mouths of any living being. Rowan ignored the cries for help, at this point they were beyond saving, even their souls had become corrupted and were unable to reach Rowan. What was killing them was truly vicious.

After a while the screaming stopped, and Rowan did not bother opening his eyes. The only thing he could hear was the harsh cries of the wind blowing across the frozen waste, but it did nothing to calm the fury inside his heart, "This should be enough sample, I can attempt to seal it again," he muttered to himself.

Beside him, he heard breathing, and the left side of his body went cold. This was a strange chill that was hard to describe because it did not affect the body or spirit, he only felt it in his consciousness, that is, no one except him could feel it. It was the last reason why he had decided to live alone for the last thousand years.

He was being haunted.

Rowan sat up and opened his left hand and a black cube appeared on it. The cube resembled a box that had been soaked inside a jar of black oil, for it dripped with a black substance that evaporated before hitting the ground.

With a gesture from him, he dispersed the black coating over the cube, and the contents of the cube were revealed.

It was the Eye of the Primordial of Time and Evil that had been shrunk. This land contained the entirety of the Reflection's endeavor and had been kept by Rowan. It was surrounded by the six souls and complete Divine Kingdoms of the Trion gods and further bounded by the three souls and four Wills of the Reflections before being encased by a nearly indestructible glass cube made from the light of his Destroyer, yet even with all his precautions, the influence of the Eye still leaked into reality.

Rowan cursed the Third Prince in his mind, if he had not killed Fourth, the Great Worm, perhaps with his soul, he might have constructed a suitable prison that would erase every influence of the eye over reality and properly seal the eye, as it was he would have to look for alternatives.

He had been working on containing the Aura of the eye that drove anyone beside him to madness, if he wanted to leave this place then he needed it to be properly sealed, or else the chaos it would bring was nearly inestimable.

Its effects on Rowan were mild in comparison to what it did against anyone else.

Apart from the sudden temperature spikes, and the occasional errant whispers that sounded like fingernails scratching on a board, Rowan felt no other effects from holding the Eye.

What it did to anyone else was simple, first, they would go mad as their mind would be subjected to a space where time becomes meaningless, and their consciousness would be shown the sight of the eye of the Primordial, without fail, all of them killed themselves, their bodies soon shattering into black smoke and absorbed by the eye.

But first, they would scream and scream, such deep animalistic screams as if the sights they saw in that eye were so incredibly horrifying that their sanity fled and only horror remained.

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But first, they would scream and scream, such deep animalistic screams as if the sights they saw in that eye were so incredibly horrifying that their sanity fled and only horror remained.

Rowan knew what was happening to the victims of the eye but he did not understand the process, and he had carefully observed the Eye kill hundreds of immortals before he could begin to find the methods it used to bypass his Seals, it was with Time itself.

## **Chapter 929: Benefits of the Bloodline Of Time**

### Chapter 929 Benefits of the Bloodline Of Time

Rowan understood that although in the greater schemes of things, the Reflections were weak. Like him, they had grand roots, but the circumstances they found themselves in were incredibly poor, it would have to be, because they were the survivors of a Primordial onslaught, it was a miracle that they existed at all.

Despite all this, killing the Reflections came with consequences that he was willing to accept, the alternatives could not be considered. One of the consequences was his haunting by the Eye, and to suppress this unwanted affliction, he had to seal the Eye, at least until he became strong enough to decipher all its secrets.

Sealing the Eye of the Primordial had prevented Rowan from accessing the souls and memories of the Reflections, depriving him of the pieces to the puzzle that was his past. It was an annoying setback, but one he knew would not last for long, with the deaths of the Reflection, time was on his side, and he would unravel the mysteries that were buried in history.

There was a vast amount of information and resources hidden in their memories, but at this moment accessing them was nearly impossible without exposing the Eye of the Primordial.

Questions about the origins of the Reflections, their true purpose, the knowledge they knew of reality and the past. So much knowledge was right at his fingertips but he could not access them because he had to Seal the Eye.

For a moment he had debated his actions in sealing the Eye with such powerful souls that would aid his understanding of the past, but then he compared both treasures and realized that he would have to forego discovering the secrets of the Reflections for now in exchange for keeping such a magnificent power like the Eye of a Primordial with him, and he would prefer if the only side-effect he was experiencing was just a mild chill, an unsealed Eye may affect him in ways he could not understand even though the Eye was not truly present here with him.

The things he could learn from the Eye were incalculable and in time it may prove to be one of his most valued assets if he could control and understand it, and so, he would rather suffer the inconvenience of losing the advantage of accessing the memories of



the Reflection and keep the Eye, no matter how dangerous it was to have it around him. He doubted he could easily pick up an Eye of a Primordial, dead or otherwise.

Rowan sighed and pressed his fingers against his eyes, he could feel the beginning of a phantom headache building inside his head at the thought of the heights he would have to exceed in order to contain a Primordial's eye, but something exceeded that headache, it was excitement.

Rowan did not know what other people might be thinking if they were in his shoes, and he did not care about it that much, all he knew was that the thought of dominating a power that was considered to be supreme, even if it was only a small piece of it, was a challenge that made his blood boil.

Although he had faced harsh trials throughout his journey, there was always one constant thought at the back of his mind, and that was he was privileged to be in this position.

No matter the trials in the past or the future, he would rather be here facing it, standing against the might of a Primordial, than sitting inside a home in peace. He did not know when this transformation had occurred, but Rowan had begun to love these moments.

His life may be nothing but endless battles, but even in the darkness, there could be moments of extreme beauty, at least according to Rowan.

Perking himself up for the challenges ahead, he reviewed the knowledge he had gathered about Time, Will, and how it could be used in the sealing of this eye.

Rowan did not fully understand the true powers of the first and second dimensions, so he did not know how to use them effectively, but he knew that the Third Dimension was basically the power of Space, and the Fourth Dimension was Time, those who had the power to control fourth-dimensional abilities were known as Will Holders, as the power of time was available to them to control to a limited degree.

They could not perform crazy feats of impossibility with this power, but it ensured that even if they existed outside the influence of a Supreme World, they were eternal. The effect of time on their consciousness was virtually non-existent and to a limited extent they could reverse and freeze time in an area, but that change was not permanent.

Will Holders with the power over the Fourth Dimension could only control time in a small area and reverse or freeze time for a limited duration that depended on how deep their control over the Fourth Dimension was. This time frame can be as limited as freezing time for a few seconds to a few years, for even within the ranks of fourth-dimensional Will Holders, there were clear gaps in their abilities.

Against other Will Holders of the Fourth Dimension, the time freeze or reversal power had no effect on them as their Will could personally counter any such intrusion against



them, but that was different against a fifth dimensional Will Holder who could control Space-Time.

Rowan had a peculiar relationship with the power of Time, his heritage meant he had a unique perspective on time that others could not match. A relationship that was so powerful that he had previously performed miracles and he has no idea the entire ramifications behind his actions.

It could be said that perhaps one of the reasons he could easily attain the power of Will was his relationship with time, and his other actions, like the creation of his massive Dawn, Dusk, and Twilight Spell was a result of this factor.

The first time Rowan wielded the power of Will inside the Underverse against Archmages, he did something quite unexpected with that power using his instincts alone, and although it was because of the peculiar situation that he found itself that made such a thing possible, nevertheless it was quite special.

He had possessed the body of one of his Berserker Clones and with it, he had been able to assess both the possible past and the future of that clone and wielded the abilities that were linked to that clone in all its possible past and future with no issues.

Rowan was not able to employ this power again because the Berserker Clone was born from his fleshy body, and without a body of flesh, his consciousness could not power this ability, making Rowan's unique ability to reach far beyond time no longer available to him.

It was when the newly awakened Principality informed Rowan that the power he had wielded at that period was impossible for those who wielded a Fourth Dimensional Will, or even the fifth, and only a sixth dimensional Will Holder was capable of wielding the power of the past and the possible futures with such ease.

## **Chapter 930: Live**

If Rowan's ability to access powers of higher dimensions was also due to his status as a dimension was unknown, but it must surely play a great part in it.

According to the Principality, the fourth dimension gave one the capability to control Time, the fifth dimension was Space-Time, and the Sixth dimension was Space-Time and Mind-Memory.

This was the highest knowledge known to the Principality, for the Wills of higher dimension was a secret known to extremely few individuals in all of creation. Rowan considered how lucky he was to come across the fragment of the Mountain and Sea

Realm, and wondered what sort of war was responsible for shattering a world that was controlled by a seventh-dimensional Will Holder.

All the Reflections that Rowan fought a thousand years ago had Wills at the fourth dimension, this was expected because, the Reflections for an extremely long time were entities without Souls, and the development of a Soul made them automatically rise to the heights of Will Holders, which was a testament to the strength of their foundation.

Their new souls were also responsible for the dissolution among their ranks and the rise of ambition in the heart of the Third Prince, but everything that had an advantage also had disadvantages. The Reflections had gained great power and the potential to ascend to higher dimensions, but they had also been given the poison in the heart of all sapient beings—The quest for power.

Rowan was lucky he fought the Reflections at a point in time where there was division in their ranks and they had not begun striving to attain higher dimensions.

The greater portion of their lives were one where they did not have a soul and therefore they did not have the time to develop themselves to a higher level. Rowan suspected that even if they wanted to, they were not able to do so, because of the presence of this Eye and the influence it had on them, but to know the entire story, he truly needed to scour their souls.

Rowan had only been with the Eye for a thousand years and as a side effect, he already isolated himself from all his children.

As much as he would like to think that the decision to create a Super consciousness was because he wanted to avoid the pitfall of apathy that was slowly creeping into him, he also knew that this Eye might have been a subtle contributor to his decision as he wanted to have a powerful mind to fight against any yet unknown influence of this Eye.

However, what he did not like to think about was the fact that he did not even have a choice when it came to keeping the Eye with him.

After the war ended and all the Reflections were killed, the Eye had become attached to him, not in the sense that it followed him everywhere physically but something more uncanny, because up till this moment Rowan had not yet discovered the location of this eye.

It was not on Trion, or anywhere inside the universe, with the death of the Third Prince, a sort of gateway had attached itself to Rowan, this gateway led to the Eye, and technically what Rowan was attempting to seal was this gateway, not the Eye itself.

With all this in mind, the last part of what he needed to complete the seal was inferred and Rowan immediately went to work. Creating a Berserker Clone was a simple process, and because what he intended to do would be considered quite cruel, he

deliberately stunted the mind of the Clone, leaving nothing behind but a powerful killing machine with no intellect of its own. Driving his Will into the Clone to reach its destiny, Rowan frowned when he discovered that the past and future of this clone were empty. Without a mind of its own, it could not form any decisions and was left a blank slate. It would simply remain this way until the energy of its constitution ran out.

Rowan sighed, he feared something like this could happen but he just had to make sure, nevertheless, he needed to seal this gate to the Eye, and so the next Berserker clone he created he made them complete. With his control over Intent reaching a staggering level, he simply breathed out, and the air from his lungs that was filled with his Aura created a Berserker Clone. He did not create any clone from his blood, that would be overkill, his present bloodline was quite terrifying.

He watched the Berserker Clone sit in a daze for a moment before his eyes came alight with life. It was a fascinating sight.

At his birth, the Berserker Clone appeared to be a perfect copy of Rowan, and when he came to, he bowed towards his creator, his forehead touching the ground. The body of the clone shook, and Rowan's eyes held a complex look when he discovered that the clone was crying.

He did not need to ask the reason for this change, it was not every day that one would see their creator.

Rowan's eyes that held a bit of regret formed and he ordered the Clone to his feet, and standing the Clone created an armor of blood to cover his nakedness, a burst of Will delivered Rowan's instruction in the mind of this Clone, 'Live.'

He gestured and the body of the clone began to shrink as it was drawn towards Rowan, a few feet away, the Berserker clone was already smaller than a grain of sand and he continued to shrink until he was almost impossible to be detected by any visible means.

In the perception of the Berserker Clone, Rowan's body had begun to dramatically expand until it became bigger than a planet, bigger than a star, greater than a galaxy, his size seeming unending until he could hold a hundred galaxies on one of his fingernails.

The Berserker Clone fell into this vastness, and he felt the reality around him shift countless times and then a new universe was opened to him, one that was vast with no limits, he looked around at the countless worlds and stars and detected a world that seemed to be filled with battle, the Berserker Clone launched himself towards it, moving at speeds many times faster than light.

He was free to find any purpose in life, but his roots were of a Berserker, and the call of battle drew him as surely as a firefly to flames.

Rowan did not watch this Berserker Clone find its purpose, instead, he continued creating more, he had plans to create more Berserker Clones in the future when he had learned of the unique possibility he could accomplish with them, but since they might be a solution to this seal, he had to accelerate the timeline for their production.

A few hours later, he had created ten thousand Berserker Clones, aware that he would be subjecting most of them to a hellish fate in the future, he did not rush in their creation, making them as perfect as he could manage, perhaps it was this action or the increased amount of his Sheol bloodline at the immortal level, but all the ten thousand Berserker Clones were born with a soul.

All of them were subtly different, and although a majority of them chose a life of battle, few went on different paths, some chose to become farmers, bakers, adventurers, soldiers, and various random professions, one even became a healer.

Ten years went by but a hundred years had already passed inside his dimension. Rowan looked inside himself and began drawing out the Clone, he selected randomly, but the Clone that emerged was the healer.

Rowan sighed.

## **Chapter 931: Laughter and Resolve**

The time dilation inside his Dimension had changed after he used a new method in creating his body, instead of shattering his previous Dimensions for a higher one, he decided to weave it.

From the materials of his single dimension, he created a two-dimensional universe, his dimension was the material and his Will was the loom, and he also built on that foundation, folding his two-dimensional universe into a three-dimensional one.

Like a pyramid, he had managed to rebuild himself from the bottom up, at the base was the one dimension, in the middle was the second dimension, and on top of it was the third dimension.

Among the many changes that occurred due to this change even after a thousand years that Rowan was still researching and discovering, one of the more mysterious changes was that on each dimension, the time dilation was different.

The first dimension had a time dilation of 1:30, that is for every single year that passed outside reality, thirty years went by inside this dimension, the second was 1:20, and the third was 1:10. He might have sat here for a thousand years, but in his third-dimensional space, ten thousand years had gone by, and in his first-dimensional space, thirty thousand years.

Rowan suspected that the ratio of time differential was related to the number of dimensions he had, so it was possible that when he achieved a fourth dimension, then the time differential in his first dimension would increase to a ratio of 1:40, his second dimension 1:30, his third dimension 1:20, and the fourth dimension now being 1:10.

If this trend continued then in time, a single year outside reality would yield nearly ninety years inside his first dimension, giving him an unmatched advantage over everyone else, as he could develop his abilities and forces countless times faster than anyone else.

With the Primordial of Time dead, he was unaware of how time dilation worked for other powers, but he would bet that no one had this insane capability that he had. One of Rowan's main focuses was trying to figure out how time was being accelerated in his dimension because accelerating time was not something even a 6th-dimensional Will Holder was capable of. He wondered if this was a power that those on higher dimensions were capable of, or if it was unique to him due to his roots.

However, it was a shame that his second and third dimensions were difficult to access for his children due to the increased pressure inside the dimensions.

A diamond would be crushed to dust inside his second dimension, and this pressure only increased in the first dimension, except for the elite among his children, most of them could manage to live in the second dimension for an extremely short amount of time.

The benefits of the time spent inside his lower dimensions were unmatched as the richness of Aether and essence in his lower dimension was ridiculous and for those that managed to stay a bit in his lower dimension, they swore that their comprehension rate multiplied.

Those who managed to stay inside longer found out that difficult techniques or spells that were hard to comprehend became easier, and although except for Eva who now mostly lived in the first-dimensional space, none of his children was able to last more than a few months in the second dimension.

Rowan felt no different while inside his lower dimension, even the first, his comprehension talent was unmatched and it would take something much greater than this to affect him, but he was expectant of the changes that would occur in his lower dimensions when he increased the number of dimensions he controlled.

The Berserker Clone he summoned appeared drastically different after living a century inside his third-dimensional space, not wearing armor or resembling Rowan any longer, now he took the shape of a bald middle-aged man, with fine wrinkles at the side of his eyes and prominent laugh lines around his nose and mouth, and it appeared that he had a rather high affectation for the sweets and the fine things in life because his waist size had doubled.

Holding a spoon that he had just brought down from his mouth with a bit of grease staining his lips, it would seem that the Berserker Clone had been interrupted from his dinner.

The Berserker Clone paused, looked at Rowan, and slowly continued chewing what was inside his mouth.

Rowan was a bit stunned when he saw the Clone, he made sure his presence did not check up on these clones because he did not want to interfere with their developmental process when his mere attention was capable of twisting reality inside his dimension.

Indeed over the years, of the ten thousand clones he created, 2,347 clones had already perished due to various factors, but chief among them was the propensity for the clones to throw themselves into danger and their unreasonable fearlessness in the face of peril. Rowan was fascinated, 'What could have caused such a vast change to occur in the mindset of this clone? Unlike his fellows, he was different.'

"Creator, um... sir, can you bring my food with me... you see, I spent a lot of time preparing the perfect seven-decade dry-aged steak and I have almost perfected my formula for the most delectable Roasted Garlic Parmesan Baby Potatoes. ..."

'Oh, here is the fearlessness, he is not so different after all, he just chooses to battle in another manner.' Rowan had a small smile on his lips as he brought the dinner of the Clone to him and was silent as he watched the Berserker Clone eat.

The Clone was passionate about cooking, and the next several hours were spent with him telling Rowan about his various recipes and the highlights of his life. Beneath the brash exterior and loud voices was a child that wanted to be acknowledged by his father, and Rowan listened to him talk, for many more hours.

At his request, Rowan created all the ingredients exactly the way he wanted, even those that did not exist, but had been fantasized over by the clone. With his power over the basic structures of life, Rowan easily made everything the clone wanted.

As the Berserker was busy preparing the meals of his dreams, Rowan watched him with his hand cupped around his chin, "What is your name child?"

The Berserker Clone paused and for the first time a blush broke out underneath his cheeks, he had been so excited meeting his creator, he forgot to introduce himself properly.

Rowan's prismatic eyes twinkled as he watched the clone stumble over his words, and he could not help himself he laughed.

The clone paused in awe, watching his creator laugh, and he coughed and looked away, trying to hide the tears that wanted to escape his eyes.

What the Berserker Clone could not see was that there were seven thousand similar mountains that were arrayed side by side, and on those mountains was Rowan with different Berserker Clones as he listened to the life tales of all of them. At first, Rowan had smiled and nodded at their words, and soon he began asking questions, sharing personal jokes, and asking for a demonstration of their favored abilities, and before long, the seven thousand mountains were filled with an Aura of life and happiness, that soon began to die down as all the Berserker Clones slowly fell asleep.

Rowan was silent for a long while, and then he projected his Will into their bodies.

## **Chapter 932: Web Of Destiny**

His Will gingerly touched the Berserker Clone as Rowan searched for that ephemeral connection that he had once felt. He descended past their flesh, spirit, and soul, searching for something more mysterious, something so deep inside them that most would never be aware of its existence.

At first, there was only darkness, and then his perception lit up as he saw the glowing tendrils of the past and the future of the Berserker Clone. It was like a glowing road in the darkness and his Will proceeded below until he merged with it, and then he understood.

For every Berserker clone here, multiple possible variations of their futures were revealed to him, some of the Clones had few branching paths in the future, and a couple of them had only a single branching path. This meant that throughout their lives, they stuck to a single path and they never changed, a warrior remained the same until he died, a baker never left his bakery, while some of them had dozens of branching future paths leading to a myriad of futures.

A warrior in a potential future became an artiste whose works were seen as the pinnacle of Abstract art. Another became a dreaded cultist that raped and pillaged across a thousand worlds before he was executed by Angels, and so many other divergent paths in the future.

He could only see snapshots of their lives, but when combined, it was a vast number of experiences that were fascinating to sturdy.

It was amazing to Rowan that when he first used this technique he had not realized how utterly broken this ability was.

To be fair, at that time he was barely awake, all his actions were mostly due to instincts and if he had his full faculties, he would have never used such a power because he would be unaware that such a thing was even possible.



This present batch of Berserker Clones had more potential than the previous ones he had created and the weakest of them in their greatest possible futures were no weaker than God-Kings, and one of them amazingly reached the state of becoming a Will Holder, but the situation that led to that future was so drastic that Rowan almost blanched in shock.

This Berserker Clone had been able to reach the level of a Will Holder because, in that future timeline, Rowan had perished. This dragged his attention from what he wanted to create for a moment as he thought to investigate this future timeline closely, in his heart there was a rising expectation that perhaps he might have found an unexpected method to search the future.

However he discovered that this technique did not work in the manner he was expecting, outside knowing the future selves of the clones, it was impossible to see their surroundings or even question them, the decisions that were made to reach that point could be inferred, but the state of their environment at that possible future was unknown.

It was like he was a blind man touching only a part of an elephant, his senses were unable to pierce through the fog outside the known state of the Clones.

The only thing he could comprehend was a rather vague sense of the Aura surrounding the clones, and that was how he was able to detect that in this future he had truly died.

Perhaps knowing more of the future surrounding the clones was a power he might unlock as he grew stronger, and that thought made him wonder, if there were ways to see the future then surely the Primordial of Time itself must have had this power, if that was the case, how was it possible that he could have ever being blindsided and fell to the hands of death?

This was only small speculation in his mind before Rowan recalled that all Primordial also had a firm grasp over time, and with their varied abilities, even if the Primordial of Time was aware of the future, he would not be able to change it when every Primordial in existence was gunning for his head, it was like a mortal with the power of foresight who was living on an airplane that was about to crash, no matter if he knew the future, there was no way he would be able to change it.

It was similar to the first vision that had shown him of their merger when he was attacked by the Primordials, even though he knew the future there was no way to change it because the Primordials were truly invincible, the only way to change that future was to not embark on that path and something told Rowan that a being like a Primordial would never change their mind when they placed it on something, it was like telling a mortal man to grow wings and fly.

Dismissing the thought of his potential death in that timeline, Rowan began harvesting the entire future of his Berserker Clones, stripping them of their varied potential. In

essence, he just rid them of their destinies. No matter who they could have become in the future, that potential was no more because such a future could no longer exist. Rowan had taken it. It did not take long for the first of the Berserker Clones to begin falling into death.

The loss of their future meant they were now without purpose, it was as if Rowan had scrapped their soul raw, ridding it of its lights and potential, leaving only husks behind.

Doing something like this did not please him at all, for he was deeply connected with these Berserker Clones, and with every hurt he inflicted upon them, he could feel it a million times more deeply because his senses were broader in scope than the clones and therefore he could feel things that they could not even conceptualize.

If pain was a song, they heard only a single note, while Rowan experienced an entire symphony, and for every Berserker Clone, that symphony was different.

Rowan... hurt.

More deeply than he had ever thought he was capable of hurting, but he did not stop his actions, and when he was done, all the Berserker Clones were dead, and on his hand was a swirling ball of destinies—Countless potentials held on the palm of his hand. Looking at the bodies of all the Berserker Clones, he sighed and waved his hand, dispersing all of them into the wind.

Over his short life in this universe, he had killed countless people, and Rowan found it poignant that by his own hand, he made himself feel a level of hurt that everyone he had ever killed could not even imagine, even if they were all combined.

If there was ever a hell that could punish someone for his wrongdoings for eternity, Rowan had just experienced it, and not just once, but thousands of times. This experience left a scar on his mind.

Shaking himself away from this melancholic mood, Rowan brought out the Cube that held the gate to the Eye of the Primordial and he began to weave a cage of destiny over it. He could not be sure, but Rowan suspected that the higher dimensions controlled the power of Destiny and other ephemeral concepts like this.

It did not take long before the web of destiny he had spread all over the cube began to steam as portions of it dissipated, Rowan nodded as he felt an unknown weight that had been pressing over his body subsided. His back straightened and for the first time since the war ended a thousand years ago, he could breathe a bit easier.

Investigating the cube more closely, he inferred that from the rate of dissipation, it would take at least a few decades before the web of destiny was destroyed, and that should give him enough time to pursue his goals without the thought of madness hanging over his head.

It was time for him to leave the Frozen Waste.

## Chapter 933: Unexpected Family

Rowan stayed on the top of the mountain for the next few weeks, his eyes closed in deep meditation as he attempted to handle the damage in his psyche. Instead of attempting to suppress the pain, he was doing the opposite and taking it apart.

Suppressing the pain would be like looking away from a raging fire in one's own home and expecting it to vanish. No, if Rowan let this pain linger, it would fester and in time, he would become corrupted, his very Aura and Essence warped by this inestimable torture.

Shattering the destinies of his clones might seem incredibly harsh, but Rowan was not someone who would hold himself back from taking drastic actions if it was needed, even if it would hurt him.

He analyzed the damage in his psyche like a large painting, as he slowly observed every single shade and color that made it such a terrible malady, he engrossed himself in understanding how this hurt had manifested and engraved itself in his consciousness, and as he slowly understood it, the pain began to fade. Rowan sat there for another week before he opened his eyes.

His actions had reduced the impact of the psychic wounds by about ten percent, and if he sat there for a year or less, he might be able to eliminate the full effect of this wound, but Rowan saw no need to do such a thing, he wanted to live with this wound for a while longer.

It was inconvenient, sure, but he could learn a lot from this Painting of Pain. It was not every day he came across something that could hurt him this badly, and if it could do this to him, then he imagined it would be as effective against other higher-level opponents. If he could figure out the entire framework behind this pain, he would have another powerful weapon in his arsenal.

When he understood the pain completely, he would eliminate it, before then, he would just have to live with the pain.

Rowan stood up and was about to step off the mountain when he heard a tiny scratching sound, and he turned to look at the Bluegrass in surprise.

This bluegrass had manifested a consciousness hence gaining a soul when it was less than three years old, and so Rowan knew it had awareness, but for the last thousand years the plant had never tried to communicate with him, and Rowan was grateful for the silence.

However, it would seem the prospect of Rowan's departure had shaken this bluegrass and for the first time in a thousand years, it moved.

The tiny plant that was not more than seven inches was waving at him, bending its stalk in a manner that should be impossible for a normal plant, Rowan's gaze detected the grass releasing a faint blue mist, and it was not hard for him to decipher its meaning.

The bluegrass was attempting to communicate with him using chemicals and pheromones, the tiny burst of mist that it sprayed out contained nearly all the information about its structure, evidently, this grass trusted him and was revealing all its essence to his eyes, and also an urgent message that it blasted over and over to Rowan; it wanted to follow him out of the Frozen Waste.

Bending down and touching the bluegrass, he inspected it more closely. Rowan had not bothered to thoroughly investigate this grass for he had only been willing to preserve its existence and did not care what special attributes it might carry, now his curiosity was piqued and his eyes lit up when he saw the full structure of this grass.

What was revealed above the ground was just a small portion of this entire grass, over the last thousand years, the bluegrass might have grown only a few inches, but underneath the ground it had grown roots that spread out for tens of miles, penetrating through the mountain and into the frozen plain below, and even as Rowan observed the plant he could see its extensive roots still visibly growing a few feet at a time.

After a while Rowan stood up and spoke to the bluegrass, "I know you intend to leave this frozen waste by my side, but you are a unique lifeform that is born from this land, uprooting yourself and departing at this time would stunt your growth, and so, there is no way I would allow you to leave at this time."

The mountain began to shake, and the valley below as well, the bluegrass cried out in grief releasing a frantic burst of chemicals.

Rowan frowned when he noticed that the grass was about to tear itself away from its roots, its message was simple, since the moment of its birth Rowan had always been beside it, protecting, nurturing, and in the cold evenings when an unknown chill would assault its green heart, Rowan would hum to it, his voice and song was a miracle that was almost impossible to describe.

Enhancing the wisdom of the plant and granting it solace, also Rowan found it amusing that the bluegrass believed that it was a sort of relaxing totem for Rowan, and if it remained by his side Rowan would not feel sad.

The bluegrass does not care about its potential, as far as it could tell, Rowan was its only family, and it would rather live a life of an invalid while remaining at his side than live another year alone in this waste.

He almost rolled his eyes in astonishment, 'Why would the bluegrass believe that he was sad?'

Nevertheless, Rowan paused in contemplation of one statement this bluegrass had said, it was about the unknown chill that it occasionally felt. During his thousand years on this mountain, no one beside him had been able to detect the influence of the Primordial Eye, and although he had observed the bluegrass shivering sometimes, it was always seemingly random, and Rowan did not ascribe this action from the bluegrass to be related to the Eye.

If this bluegrass had the talent to detect an ephemeral force like the Primordial Eye then its importance had rapidly shot up, and it also meant that Rowan could not allow it to destroy its future just so it could follow him. He could pull off this entire grass, roots included, and take it with him, but without the unique environment of the frozen waste, there was no way it would ever be able to develop itself effectively.

And so, over the next few minutes, he began negotiating with the bluegrass, and finally, a bargain was struck. Rowan would come to visit it every century, and he would leave a guardian behind to stay by his side, someone the bluegrass could interact with.

With this satisfactory deal cemented between them, Rowan left an esteemed Sovereign behind, to watch and protect this bluegrass, and because the bluegrass was quite intelligent, the Sovereign was to be its teacher. Inside the frozen waste, nothing was powerful enough to suppress a Sovereign, so the bluegrass was safe.

With the direction he was heading towards decided, Rowan began to walk towards the Land of Miracle, the birthplace of Elura, where he expected to develop himself to a higher level, obtain his Class, and finally hear the side of his mother's story.

Learning about his third bloodline would also be easier, and he could finally begin to integrate himself with reality.

## **Chapter 934: Titans**

Rowan was determined to rid himself of his ignorance of the true nature of reality, if he did that then half the battle was won already and he would not be easily deceived by others.

He understood that there was information, some common and others more necessary that he was missing due to actions of the Reflections, and although over the last thousand years, he had learned a lot from the travelers' souls he had acquired inside the Frozen Waste, they could not satisfy him, for most of them were even more ignorant than him, having lived in a third-dimensional universe all their lives.

Rowan did not rush his journey towards the Lands of Miracles, walking relatively slowly, yet he was traveling at speeds even gods would consider blistering, by his estimation he would be in the Lands of Miracles in two months, which was enough time for him to plan for any eventualities that may arise, after all, he was entering an unknown land with unknown dangers.

Avoiding any travelers he met on the road, Rowan arrived at the end of the Frozen Waste two months later and beheld the massive tree ahead of him that was as large as a star. On the branches of the tree were countless green, swirling portals where a constant stream of lifeforms was entering and exiting. Rowan surmised that this place was not the Land of Miracles, but a waypoint, from here it was possible to be transported to the land of the Eldar.

He did not move forward, instead, he stopped and observed this place for a while.

On the base of the tree was a palace made from wood, its shape was distinct, yet it was almost familiar, the wooden palace of Golgoth should have drawn inspiration from this one.

However what drew most of his attention were on both sides of the palace, two massive wooden titans, they were beings that could be considered humanoid trees, each standing hundreds of miles tall, and their large green eyes peering at everything that was transpiring below. Both the titans were wearing robes of vines and flowers, but this did not detract from the sheer power and sense of viciousness that emerged from their bodies, no one would ever mistake these creatures as beings of peace.

The fact that it was possible to see their mouths were filled with sharpened fangs only lent to this image of cruelty. Rowan suppressed a shudder in his heart when he noticed that these creatures were Will Holders and they were not even fourth-dimensional Will Holders but higher. Not familiar with individuals with higher levels of Wills, Rowan was unable to determine their level only that it was greater than the fourth.

Inside his heart he could feel the Ouroboros Serpents stirring, they had been asleep for centuries, recovering from the shock of every birth and attendance, and sensing the presence of these titans, they were beginning to wake up.

If he used his entire resources and abilities, he could hold his own against one of them, but fighting two would be risking death. Rowan removed his gaze from the two titans and looked at the palace where a constant stream of people were trooping in, all travelers who had managed to reach the Land of Miracles. What Rowan considered noteworthy was the diverse array of personal adornment and garbs worn by the individuals trooping into the palace, from flowy robes, tight robes, cloth tunics, artsy smocks, hard-boiled jerkins, suits of armor, and that was not even mentioning the various species he could see.



From lizardmen to Beastfolks, walking stones and metal spirits, and several species that stretched his idea of what life was supposed to be, he saw a sapient mirror, living painting, and other stranger sights, all of whom brimmed with power yet held their heads down in subservience. Only the barest hint of power emerging from the two titans beside the palace had cowed them all, these were beings who could effortlessly crush a universe, and they were here, standing guard. Rowan could easily imagine the thoughts running through their minds as they stepped towards the pinnacle of power—A Primordial's domain.

Peering at his feet Rowan noticed that the edge of the Frozen Waste ended abruptly as if there was a straight line or barrier demarcating the Land of Miracle from the frozen waste. He was stepping on snowy ground, but if he moved his feet a few inches forward, he would be on lush green grass.

Rowan raised his foot up, hesitated for a single moment, and then crossed over before he froze as the gaze of the two titans by the side of the palace became fixed on him. In a move that drove the entire waypoint to silence, the two titans began to stride forward.

It was unknown how long they had stood there but it was long enough that they had developed roots, and when they moved, they tore out their roots from the ground, causing the entire area to shake as if a magnitude ten earthquake was occurring. Cries of astonishment and shock came from the travelers heading into the wooden palace as they all cowered in fear, beings with the power of God Emperors trying desperately to push themselves into the ground and become part of the background.

This fear was instinctive, like a mortal seeing a mountain walking toward them, they all knew that they could be easily crushed to nothingness, and the Titans would not even be aware of their passing, for they were less than bugs in their sight.

The two titans reached Rowan, and they suddenly knelt, their heavy bodies shaking the ground. Their heads dropped until they were only a few inches away from the ground and their large eyes were focused on Rowan like lanterns.

Rowan frowned, this close he could begin to detect something unexpected from the bodies of these titans, and his suspicions proved to be correct when the foreheads of the titans squirmed and bulged forward before vanishing exposing a large gaping hole.

From the hole in the heads of both titans, two figures wearing green armor emerged, and Rowan sighed when he realized that this titan was not alive, it was simply a puppet.

## **- Chapter 935: Sanctified Scion**

### **Chapter 935: Sanctified Scion**



Rowan observed these two figures that emerged from the head of the titan, clad in green armor that appeared to be made from stacks of metallic leaves, they were tall, around eleven feet, and their body even under the armor appeared to be quite lean, and their movements was like a panther, all grace and speed. In a synchronized motion both of them removed their helm revealing their features to him.

He was surprised by how closely their features resembled the Dominators from the Bacchus Family, under the Pathway of the Wanderer. Which spoke of the clear relation between his siblings and the Eldar, and he wondered if every single bloodline of Trion was somehow reflected here.

They had long blond hair that was almost white, and their features were elfin, with large eyes blazing with the green of life, a prominent nose, and thin lips. Although they were handsome, almost beautiful, there was something that suggested great age in their demeanor.

Rowan was used to seeing old things, yet these two before him carried the aura of ancientness easily around their bodies like a cloak, making him wonder how old they were. The number he was sure, would boggle the mind.

These two were also Will Holders, but they were at a level he could understand which was at the Fourth Dimensional level, and he was astonished that their power could be boosted to such a ridiculous height with the aid of these titan puppets.

He would have to be careful, acquiring a Will seemed to be easier for members of powerful Supreme Worlds but it also required enormous talents, and no one who could acquire a Will was a simple character, their background also gave them frightening authority and power.

They were both males, but it would be easy to mistake them for members of the fairer sex, and due to their close resemblance, it was not difficult to infer that they were related, likely brothers, or perhaps father and son, maybe something even more stranger, like an ancestor with his descendant. At such high levels of power, time and age become almost meaningless and power was the only currency worth noting, so a talented youth could climb as high as his ancestors who may have lived for many Eras.

This event was more likely to occur than even two siblings reaching such a high level, and when you consider that most Will Holders would never surpass the Fourth dimension the possibility increases that such an event would occur.

As Rowan observed them, they did the same to him, in their eyes a complex look of astonishment and suspicion, and it would seem as if their staring competition would not come to an end before Rowan cleared his throat, and as if a spell that held them bound had been removed, the two Will Holders shook themselves, and they inclined their head a little, a clear sign of respect that left Rowan baffled.

He had interrupted their staring contest because he feared for beings with such an air of ancientness around them, that they could stare at him for decades, what he had never expected was they would acknowledge him with deference.

At this moment, his Primordial Ouroboros bloodline was at the Fourth Supreme Circle, which should equate to an Earth god, he was not even an Immortal by all outside appearance, and although his two other bloodlines were at the Immortal Level, his Ouroboros Bloodline was now so domineering that it suppressed their combined Auras, and it was impossible to detect the power of his other two bloodlines.

He had to force the Aura of his Tree of Desire bloodline to the forefront, yet the Ouroboros bloodline still suppressed the power emanation from the third bloodline, reducing it to the level of an Earth god.

He had decided to showcase his third bloodline because he wanted to easily integrate into the Eldar society, but if he had known that it would draw such attention, then maybe he should have not used it.

These two were Will Holders, and with the power of their Titans, they could easily crush him a thousand times over. Why would they acknowledge his presence with any form of respect? Was there something about his bloodline that was unique? Was Elura more special than he had given credit to?

What they said next only served to increase the questions in his heart.

"Greetings Sanctified Scion, is there a reason you tread the frozen road unaccompanied?" One of the Will Holders called out. His voice was deep yet strangely resonant, and the language he spoke was unknown but filled with an archaic charm that strangely warmed his heart.

Rowan had noted that the vast majority of the universe inside the Great Darkness spoke Medan, a language that was twisted by the Reflections of the Primordial of Time as they took out certain phrases and intonations, most likely a plan from Third to deny Rowan the possibility of gaining wisdom, it ultimately turned out to be useless against him because he could easily understand any language spoken, his skill seemed not to be listening to the words but the intent they portrayed.

Without this essential skill, Rowan might have never won the battle between him and the Reflections, for the truth would have been whatever they had told him. He later learned a more comprehensive version of Medan after he left the universe and he knew that this language was born from Chaos, and due to the fact that every dimension seemed to be connected to the Great Darkness, Medan was a language that was spoken by all, but this did not mean that every faction did not have a unique language of their own.

As he had come to learn, language was powerful, more so the language of higher dimensions that seemed to come with unique properties, Medan made spell casting and the transmission of information seamless and encompassing, as unlike a mortal language, Medan could not just transfer words but also Intent, so a story told in the complete language would transfer over images, sounds, tastes, and even emotion.

Speaking a high-level language was also a skill on its own, as it would take an extremely long time and talent to master such a language. The extent of Medan he had learned was only a reflection of the level of the language spoken by others around him, and his understanding of this language would increase once he was exposed to a more complete version of the Medan language.

He wondered if every high-level language had a limit, and if so, what sort of power would they command at their most complete state.

The words spoken by the Guardian were from a different high-level language, and although he did not understand the purpose of this language, only knowing it gave him a weird sense of contentment, he could effortlessly speak it, understanding would have to come later.

The question they asked him might appear simple on the surface, but Rowan detected an undertone of concern and wariness that they might not even know they were giving off, his weird intuition deciphering the truths behind their shielded disposition.

His response must be important to these two, and Rowan did not have to think about it much, he would figure it out as time went by, and so he had to be careful with his words. The title they gave him—Sanctified Scion, clued him to the fact that his bloodline might be more unique than he had given it credit for, making it a bit easier to formulate a suitable response.

His reply was simple and open to many interpretations, but he ensured that he spoke the same language that they did.

"I have seen the world outside, and I return home."

A certain tension in the bodies of the two disappeared and their eyes brightened, Rowan suspected that it was because he easily spoke their language and not necessarily his response that triggered this emotion from them. Whatever the significance of this language he just spoke, it made him appear more trustworthy to them and he wondered if perhaps only the Eldar race could speak this language.

Rowan felt a wave of Will wash over him from the two figures and then their eyes widened in surprise and a new wave of suspicion. The one who first asked Rowan who he was, wanted to speak out but hesitated and looked at his second who nodded at him before he turned towards Rowan,

"Forgive my audaciousness, Sanctified Scion. You are... yet mortal. How could you survive through the waste? unless...Are you going through your Mortal Trials?"

Cocking his head to the side, Rowan spoke, "Will my answer in any way affect your responsibilities as guardian of this place?"

"No, Divine Scion, we are just concerned you see, someone of your status should have never been allowed to roam the waste without supervision."

"Oh, why would you think I don't have any supervision?"

A myriad of emotions played past the eyes of these two before they bowed, "Apologies if we overstepped our position, it is rare that a mortal Sanctified Scion leaves their enclaves, especially in times like these. Will you need any assistance from us, we would be honored to be at your service?"

Rowan smiled, "Any assistance?"

They hesitated, "Well as much as we can accommodate Divine Scion."

Rowan looked around at the crowd gaping at him and he frowned, "We are holding up these folks, find us somewhere quiet for us to talk."

## **Chapter 936: Ancient Traditions**

Rowan felt a pulsing surge around him as space began to shift, his senses immediately identifying it as a teleportation effect, and he enhanced his perception, slowing down the rate of time to a crawl in his mind as he began to investigate where the teleportation would be taking him to.

He was a bit annoyed that the Will Holder here had just begun teleporting them the moment Rowan had asked for their position to be changed and he wondered if it was due to the fact that he was a Sanctified Scion and his orders must be abruptly attended to, or the Will Holder was way too enthusiastic about his job but Rowan did not trust anyone outside his children, and any action, no matter how benign must be thoroughly investigated.

The board was now different but the stakes were still as crucial. Danger and death were on every corner and Rowan still wanted to see the end of everything. Dying, especially for stupid reasons, was not anywhere near his agenda at this time.

With the unlocking of his Titles and the unique abilities that came with it, especially one like Reality Butcher, he could trace the path of the teleportation as his understanding of

space was enhanced even past how his Primordial Title and bloodline power already did.

The direction of the incoming teleportation was revealed to his sight like a glowing road which showed that the Will Holder wanted to take him to the peak of the gigantic tree, hundreds of millions of miles from here. He tried not to distract himself with the unique pattern the Will Holder used to bend space, it was different from anything he had previously seen and he quickly stored the processes in his memories for later dissection as he focused on the destination of the teleportation. Rowan's perception quickly spread through the peak of the tree where he saw a rather simple cottage, and with the personal effects he could see around the place, this area was the personal dwelling of the Will Holders. There were certain unique Wards and barriers around the cottage that blocked his sight, but with his unique Title, he could feel his way through the barriers.

Reality Butcher: Grants enhanced dominion over Space and all Space-related abilities. Intents can be mastered extremely quickly.

Note: Talent can be upgraded by destroying and consuming all forms of creation.

This Title was powerful, and with the enhanced dominion over space that it granted him, it not only made exploring the secrets of space extremely easy for someone like him, but it also essentially made Rowan almost impossible to be displaced within any space he contained except if he permitted it.

In the Metaphysical realm, it made Rowan to become extremely dense. If a god was a feather inside this realm, then Rowan would be a mountain range. The difference was that stark.

If he resisted then the Will Holders would be very surprised when his body would reject all forms of spatial movements, but as for now, Rowan saw no reason to think he was heading towards a trap and he allowed the spatial energy to wrap his body, suppressing hundreds of innate barriers around his body so the spatial energy could reach him.

The second thing he had to do to make teleportation possible was he adjust his weight to a substantial degree in order for the spatial movement to work on him at all, due to his incredible weight which was increasing with every moment as his dimension grew. New planets and stars were added to his dimensional flesh as time passed, and this added to his weight.

It would appear that he was walking on the ground but that was not the case, a constant stream of Telekinesis was holding his immense weight, and constantly dispersing the incredible gravitational force around him, or else he would be a walking Superblackhole.

The Will Holder was attempting to teleport a single individual not knowing that Rowan was a dimension, even if he did everything right and did not fight against the

teleportation, his weight would make moving his mass across space nearly an exercise in futility.

In this brief moment, Rowan had to suppress nearly 99.9999999999999999%..... of his weight, and he was surprised at the burst of irritation in his heart when he did this action from the Ouroboros Serpents.

One of the reasons they were lethargic was that his Serpents were carrying his entire dimension in a manner of speaking. This was an unexpected benefit of merging his bloodline with his Dimensional flesh.

An Ouroboros Serpent was a force of destruction whose savagery and barbarity knew almost no limits. The Primordial Ouroboros was different but its nature was still primal and untamed. If Rowan had no dimensional flesh, then it would be nearly impossible for him to sit down for a thousand years on the frozen road because his powerful bloodline would rebel, their urge to devour and fight against their ancient enemy, the Primordial.

They would push him to pursue power without ceasing, and at this moment he would most likely be in the midst of battle, consuming universe after universe, but the extreme weight of Rowan's dimension acted as a leash on his bloodline, and the Serpents spent most of their time in a daze, adapting to the strain of carrying a dimension.

If Rowan did not progress his strength forward, increasing his dimensional size and tier, then in time, the serpents would be strong enough to easily carry his weight, then the urges would arise and he would become a Berserker that devoured universes.

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The three of them reappeared in front of the cottage on top of the massive tree and Rowan could see creation unfold before him, he did not distract himself with this sight but focused on the actions of the Will Holders.

A wave of a hand brought out comfortable chairs, tables with steaming wine, and a large green orb that hovered a few inches above the table, precisely at its center, Rowan looked at this floating orb in surprise before looking around him.

A single lead from this tree was as large as a mile and was so thick it could support a mountain even without adding any of its more special properties.

The moment he stepped foot on the leaves, a vast glowing pattern appeared around his feet, it was incredibly complex and was more than a thousand feet across. Rowan also noticed this pattern appear around the feet of the Will Holders, but theirs were more basic and far smaller.

With the appearance of this pattern around him serving as a sort of final confirmation, the Will Holders bowed deeply,



"Welcome Sanctified Scion to our humble dwelling, I hope you will be open to the small offerings we offer. On the borders of the kingdom, we are pledged to a humble and simple life, as our duty gives existence meaning."

Detecting the undertone of pride in those words Rowan nodded, "A minimalist living, that is something I can appreciate, when one can have all the excesses of life and yet choose to focus on the necessities only, it is a path I fear not many immortals take. The great heights you have reached are a testament to your perseverance."

They both seemed to be pleased with his words, and Rowan smiled as he sat down, taking a large drink from the offered wine, it would seem that some tradition was multiversal, perhaps for good reason, as Rowan recalled the vision he saw on his Spirit Matrix Gate on the death of the Primordial of Time and Evil.

## **Chapter 937: Everyday, An Adventure**

Traditions were a weird concept that Rowan was exploring at the side as a sort of hobby. It was fascinating to see the things that last over the ages, those that were discarded, and the erratic reasons for the preservation of some ideas where others were forgotten.

He had seen that on the table the body of the Primordial of Time lay in death were cups of wine. That means in that distant time, the Primordials had sat at a table and discussed the future over wine, and if such a tradition had been present in that period of time that was beyond living memory, then it was a bit believable that its influence had been able to spread, especially if this was a tradition from the Primordials themselves.

However, he wondered if for beings like Primordials, the concept of the future and the past existed at all. At the sixth dimensional level, one could begin traveling through the strands of destiny, what more would a Primordial be capable of at the 9th dimension?

These thoughts flew through his head faster than the speed of light, and not even a single moment had passed. The wine hit his tongue and a flavor as dense as the earth spread through his senses, tantalizing his spirit and making the Ouroboros Serpents roar in pleasure. What a wine!

He doubted that such fine drinks could be found in a lesser dimension, it was almost as if he just drank a flavorful brand of Ambrosia. This wine seemed to massage his consciousness, and if he had a soul, then it would have most likely enriched it, allowing his soul to advance to great heights in a single bound.

Dropping the wine jug with a sigh of pleasure Rowan introduced himself, "I am Romion, and I am pleased to be in your company."



The value of the wine they had given him was not to be underestimated, he did not know its source, but anything that could affect the soul in such a positive manner must be truly expensive, and Rowan would always repay good gestures with great ones. Inside his dimension Knowledge Well was already deciphering the content of the wine.

The two smiled at his introduction and compliment, and for the first time, the second Will Holder who was silent all these while became the one who replied to him,

"You honor us Sanctified Scion. I am Mirthal Elnorin Fourth Rank Elder of the Grehn Pathway and watcher of the Cyan Titan, and this is Kymil Elnorin, my descendant, he is also a Fourth Rank Elder of the Grehn Pathway and an esteemed Watcher of the Cyan Titan, we have served on this post for twelve Eras, and we would continue for another twelve before our watch is done. What is it that you need from us, we pledge to do all that is within our reach to satisfy."

"Ah, of course, I shall not take too much of your time, I know your duty watching over this post is important," Rowan was a bit distracted by the familiar terminologies from Mirthal Elnorin, especially when he said the words Pathways and Ghren.

"Before I tell you of my purpose, it would be remiss of me not to present a small gift of wine as a meeting gift. Mirthal, Kymil, please join me,"

Saying this he waved his hand and a large bowl of clear wine appeared on the table. He manifested three large cups and poured the wine for all of them. The gesture seemed to shake the minds of the Will Holders and they bowed in appreciation.

Without any effort, Rowan's demeanor was like that of a Divine Emperor, his grace and power were impossible for him to hide as the smallest move he made contained the nobility of his bloodlines, and his act of serving these men caused their hearts to shake, and when they caught the attractive scent of the wine that made even their large and tough souls to quiver in excitement, their eyes lit up with a cyan glow.

The first sip of the wine surprised Rowan as the taste was a hundred times smoother and richer than the wine he had just drank and the sensation of it touching his consciousness was both a euphoric and a sublime experience. Rowan's eyes had unconsciously closed after taking a sip from the wine and he opened it to find the two Will Holders seemingly in a state of enlightenment. Their eyes were closed and a green glow surrounded their bodies, Rowan could feel their large souls pulse and surge as the glow from it began to increase in intensity, this change was slightly... unexpected.

His Knowledge Well having taken apart the components of the wine, he found that he could source for about eighty percent of the materials used in making it inside his dimension, but an essential part of it, which was the part that was responsible for enhancing the soul was missing, but Rowan knew he had a better source—Ambrosia.

Taking a single drop of his Aether sourced from the City of Sheol, Rowan diluted it to its basic level and used it in the creation process of this wine. The first iteration of this wine came out as sparkling as rainbows and its scent had spread for millions of miles.

He knew he could not serve such a wine here and he began to dilute it, creating dozens of lesser variants until he created this clear wine that was the least potent of all the wine variants he had created. He was surprised at the taste and sensation even this lesser version had shown him and he wondered what his first creation would taste like.

Rowan did not rush the Will Holders, and he calmly took another sip and closed his eyes, his thoughts for the moment were silent, content to sit here and feel the pulse of the souls from the men across him.

He felt the motion of their soul before the men moved, and he was a bit surprised at this change, he had never felt this before, was it because he had fed them a bit of his Ambrosia? He had almost sensed the intent to move in the souls of these men even before their spirit captured the signals from their souls... How interesting. Kymil muttered, "I have... no words to describe what I have just experienced. Sanctified Scion, I am grateful for this mighty gift you have given me and my ancestor."

Rowan smiled and waved his hand, presenting the two Will Holders with two small jugs, "It is my pleasure, please accept these small gifts from me, and we still have more wine at the table, surely you will not let me drink alone."

The Will Holders look at each other and Mirthal bursts into laughter, he quickly retrieves the two jugs, giving one of them to his descendant Kymil and taking the other, "Let me have the honor and serve this round, esteemed Scion."

He stood up and took the large bowl and poured the clear wine into the three cups, and a peaceful atmosphere emerged inside the clearing and Rowan watched the Will Holders with a twinkle in his eyes. Indeed since the day he left the universe, every day seemed to be a new adventure.

"I have been away from the Land for many centuries and I don't know its present state, tell me as much of it as you can."

Mirthal nodded, and he paused for a while in contemplation before he spoke, "Forgive me Sanctified Scion, I'm willing to tell you everything I know about the present state of the Land of Miracle, although we here at the border of the frozen Road do not have the most robust information about the Land, we still gather enough through the vines, but you are yet mortal, and I wonder if you can comprehend some of the information I carry without risking corruption to your essence."

## **Chapter 938: Everything I've Promised**

'Corrupting me? That is a funny thing to be worried about,' Rowan sighed internally, 'Here I am struggling to keep my power hidden to not corrupt you all, and you are worried about my welfare, I really need to gain my class and push my levels to the peak, I have a feeling that this appearance of outward weakness can become an irritating source of misinformation in the coming days, and I would rather not have weak fools plotting my downfall when there are larger troubles that should be holding my attention.'

Rowan paused as if in contemplation and then beamed, he made this a habit to habitually pause because the power of his perception was so powerful, that he could process information and arrive at a decision nearly instantaneously in real-time, but since he was still in the form of a mortal, he needed to follow certain annoying rules,

"Your concern is admirable, and I would be foolish not to heed them. I would rather propose an extra step to this, if it is possible, then split this information into two parts, one would contain all the mortal-level affairs you are aware of—I want everything, even if you feel it is not important and is a general information that is known to all, it doesn't matter, and the other part of the information would be focused on the immortal, I'm sure my guardian would be grateful for that information. I hope this request will not be problematic."

The body of the two Will Holders froze for a fraction of a moment at the mention of a guardian, while he was not aware of what a Sanctified Scion was, he had been able to gather clues from their short conversation and he suspected that these group of people were at least royalty, and in their eyes that should make him at least a prince, it was common sense that whoever was to guard a prince while he was still mortal would be extremely powerful.

"No Scion, this request would not trouble us at all, and we would share all that we are permitted by the law."

Rowan nodded his thanks and settled and sipped his wine. All of his actions these past few moments were carefully orchestrated to show a degree of competency in the affairs of this world that he otherwise did not have, and it was not that difficult when he had to basically just maintain his silence and make open-ended statements to appear more competent than he appeared. It also helped that the wine he gave them had increased the power of their soul by more than five percent.

The Soul of a Will Holder was incredibly powerful, and anything that could increase the power of their soul to such an extent without any visible drawbacks was a ridiculously powerful treasure. Only Rowan knew that imbibing Ambrosia could leave you open to his manipulations but that was something he would be investigating later, but for all intent and purposes, he had just given them a priceless treasure.

Ambrosia had little visible effect on him, and he had been imbibing the pure stuff for centuries, but using the methods from the wine he had just imbibed, the efficacy of his

unique Aether had just multiplied, and he knew that he could increase the potency of this wine when he became familiar with enhanced brewing and distilling processes.

Mirthal did not take long to consider Rowan's words before he began the process of sharing his information. He gestured towards the floating green orb at the center of the table, which was called an Ori, a unique Eldar device with multiple uses, he parted his fingers, and the orb separated into two smaller orbs, and from his eyes twin streams of cyan light emerged and sank into the obs.

Rowan sat in silence as he watched the lights from the orbs get brighter and gradually expand in size, he could detect faint visions, and if he concentrated he could read all the information entering the orb, but Rowan decided to not take any action that could destabilize the process, whatever technique Mirthal was using appeared to be something that should be a circumspect method of transferring information, and it would be suspicious if Rowan could easily break it just by looking at it.

The green orb began to transform itself into something that resembled a planet, and his interest arose when he realized that this was an application of the unique language of Eldar, it was creating a unique form of life right before his eyes. What Rowan was getting was not just information, but living information. Mirthal was not taking his gifts for granted, he was giving Rowan far more than he expected.

Rowan felt an itch at the back of his spine, he would have dismissed it but he had been feeling that itch since the moment he crossed the Frozen Road and entered this Eldar outpost, after sweeping his perception throughout his body hundreds of times and detecting nothing, he settled into his chair as he sipped his wine and waited, now and then, his perception continued sweeping through the entirety of the outpost.

Not one to leave anything to chance, he was already calling forth various methods to tackle it, and some of the extreme ones involved destroying these outposts and killing these two Will Holders.

Rowan's eyes were smiling, but a blade was already held to the throat of everyone here. It was a good thing that his Primordial Record and his lack of a soul made detecting Rowan's intention extremely difficult if not nearly impossible.

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Across a distance that could span multiple universes, two figures watched Rowan. The power that shrouded the body of one of the figures was so great it was difficult to comprehend, dwarfing even the power of the two gigantic guardians outside the Eldar outpost, and it was the gaze of this figure that Rowan had been sensing like an itch since the moment he left the frozen road, but his perception range had been too limited to understand what his senses had been indicating for him.

It was not his fault, for all of Rowan's strength, he had not truly understood the scope of power when it came to individuals of this level.

His perception which was extremely powerful could cover the scope of a single universe, which was considerable considering the size of a universe could be seen as infinite, yet the eyes that watched him now were covering multiple universes.

Rowan could perceive multiple infinities the same way a mortal could look at the sky and see multiple stars, but his perception could not wrap around all those infinities. The eyes of this figure could not only perceive multiple infinities, it could understand them all, and no matter Rowan's previous experiences, he could only perceive a small portion of the power touching him and so he did not understand that what he was feeling were eyes.

The second figure that stood a bit behind the one with apparently supreme power cleared its throat and a lovely voice filled with fondness spoke,

"So what do you think of him, father, is he not everything I've promised... and more? See, he even likes to drink just like you."

## **Chapter 939: Mantle Of Prime**

If Rowan was here he would be shaken, the first person who had just spoken was someone he recognized and was one of the reasons he had headed towards the land of miracles in the first place. His mother, Elura. Since learning of the famed power behind her and the many subtle manipulations she had made behind the scenes to ensure his survival, he craved answers. Surely if there was to ever be a place that could be considered sacred, it must be beside his mother. But he knew that reality could impose harsh lessons on the ignorant and the meek, one thing Rowan vowed not to be.

Elura's present appearance was similar to her previous self when Rowan met her, and he would recognize her with a single glance, but she had changed in certain subtle and dramatic ways. If the aura from her was previously like a fading smoke, now it was a bright moon. Her long green hair that reached her feet was filled with vitality, and hundreds of green stars rotated around her head like a crown.

Inside those green stars floating around her head were tiny sitting figures, and if one's perception were to scrutinize those figures closely, they would discover that all of them were clones of Elura.

Some of the clones appeared faded, some were asleep, some were awake with watchful eyes, and some were dead. It was only when you came this close that you could feel the true scale of Elura's power, amazingly, she was a Will Holder with powers

that were far greater than the Fourth Dimension, but she had wrapped that power so closely around herself it would be difficult to detect it at all.

"Drinking? Yes, but when I was his age, I appreciated treasures more and was more shrewd with my resources. Do you realize how wasteful your son has turned out to be? How much of your resources did you pour into his emergence."

The man she called father was a lesson in contradiction, standing almost ten feet tall with white hair and a beard that reached his waist, his face was lined with the signs of great age, and his eyes that were entirely white seemed like those of an old man that had gone blind, but his body would even put those of Rowan to shame, it was incredibly muscular, his muscles brimming with vitality, and even under his threadbare robes, it was still noticeable.

The Eldar were a race that had a close resemblance to the Elves in Rowan's memories, but there was nothing Elfin about this man, he was more of a Demon than an Eldar.

"You have my report father, I took a gamble with one of my shades and it paid off spectacularly."

"Your carefully edited report... You still hide yourself, even from your own father, and your secretive nature has been impacted onto the boy. Look at him! He dithers and makes concessions like a Devil."

"He makes the best decision with the resources he has. I see nothing wrong with his actions, or do you want him to brashly reveal himself to all, and be cut down by our enemies as they know our Sanctified bloodline has finally gained an heir?"

"I would rather he be cut down, perhaps dying would build up his spine, I can easily fish his soul from the sisters, no matter how weird the Aura emerging from his soul is appearing to me."

"You know he can be rescued from death, but your grandson does not know this, and you look down on your enemies too much father, I doubt they would leave a remnant for you to resurrect."

The old man sniffed in anger and looked away, focusing his gaze on Rowan, he did not dog into his body, only casually sweeping his perception around him, with his level of power, a direct gaze from him should tear Rowan's mind and soul to pieces and shatter his mortal body to nothingness, even bringing him back from the dead would leave a permanent scar.

He might be saying harsh words, but in the depths of his heart, there was a bit of happiness, but he would never allow Elura to know this.



"So, this is my grandson, hmph, I thought he would be taller, and why is he moving through the world so softly? Elura, I will blame you for this debacle, he has the might of a Titan, yet he walks like a damn mouse. Why does he slowly negotiate his footpath when he can seize it?"

Elura frowned, her impatience beginning to grow, this was not the reaction she had expected when she sensed Rowan touch the shores of the land of the Eldar, her father could be stubborn, a side-effect of his bloodline and the fact that he was a direct descent of the Prime, but still, he could be truly annoying to talk to,

"Have you gone blind old man, can you sense his bloodlines?! He has not one, but three 9th-rank bloodlines, and he is still a mortal, even the lost Bloodline of Desire has been resurrected in his veins. Any single one of these is enough reason for him to be crowned a Scion, can you imagine the changes he could bring when he is finally among his peers, he would be unstoppable."

The old man roared, "It is precisely because of this reason that I'm so angry. What fucked up situation did you place him, that a child of such promise, whose arrogance should reach the heavens has begun skulking like a mouse? How am I sure he would pursue the limits of power and not languish in eternal contentment after he becomes immortal? You promised to create a warrior beyond compare, I see potential, but his attitude is lackluster, he should have long reached the 7th or 8th Supreme circle at this time. He is a fucking million years old mortal with the potential of multiple 9th-rank bloodlines! You have created a failure Elura"

He slowly turned towards her, "I will be investigating his spirit towards the paths of power in the future, but what I see gives me nothing to celebrate over Elura. He is too gentle, even as a mortal, with such powerful bloodlines he would have faced little challenges reaching here, I fear he has grown too soft and fearful of higher realms, but no more, I shall break his spirit and show him that power is everything."

Elura seemed to be stunned for a long period of time and she unexpectedly burst into laughter, "I wanted to show you the situation surrounding his conception, but this is good. I believe actions would speak louder than words. You have looked down on my son and doubted his Light and for that, you will have to pay. If he breaks your silly test then I want you to give him the Mantle of Prime."

The old man paused and then it was his turn to laugh, "hahaha... silly girl, hahaha, the Mantle of Prime?! Even I am not capable of wielding such power and responsibility, and you would grant it unto this child? Hahaha, what do you think he is? A primordial in disguise."

Elura was silent, her eyes were serious, "I will reveal the secrets of my shades to you Father if you accept this bargain... All my shades."



The old man slowly went quiet and he frowned, he glanced again at Rowan and saw how he sat with an easy grace, a smile decorating his beautiful face, and the Aura of peacefulness and serenity surrounding him and he gritted his teeth in anger.

"Fine... I have always wanted to know your secrets daughter, you have a deal. If you want to break the soul of your son, who am I to stop you."

## **Chapter 940: Potent Poison**

The transfer of information was successfully completed and Rowan took a while to discuss with the duo about random matters about their lives and their duties as guardians of this outpost, perhaps it was the wine but the two spoke easily with Rowan, telling him tales that had occurred countless trillions of years ago.

With the lives these two had lived, they could speak for a million years and their tales would not end, but it was a good thing that a higher-order language was a great tool to manage tasks like this, as Rowan heard millions of years of history in the span of a few hours.

The higher-order language of the Eldar was called the Orighin Language. With a history that Predated the Primordial Era. The Orighin Language had various levels, and although the guardian had reached a high level of understanding of the language, they admitted that they were still a long way from mastering the language.

They believed that Rowan had mastered Orighin to a more profound degree than both of them combined, because Rowan's words were delivering far more information than they should, and they marveled for a mortal of less than a thousand years of life to be able to master such an intricate language to this extent.

Rowan felt a bit of shame from their praises, his language comprehension was something that he was born with, and this accomplishment was not his own.

They soon both stood up to leave, but not before showing him a 'Master Portal,' inside their cabin that should be able to bring him to anywhere of his choice that this outpost was connected to, a game changer for Rowan because if he had followed the traditional method of portal travel, he would be sent to specific temples where his background and powers would be intensely scrutinized.

He waited for a while before bringing the two orbs to his eyes and closely observed them for a bit, he kept the orb brimming with immortal information to the side for layer viewing outside the gaze of the duo.

The immortal info orb was quite easy to differentiate because it resembled a ball of burning hot plasma. The mortal orb took the shape of a planet with a swirling view as if the time flow on the planet was a thousand times faster.

Rowan clutched the mortal orb in his hand and squeezed, a moment later the orb vanished and he remained in that position for nearly three days, seemingly absorbing the vast amount of data inside the mortal orb.

Of course, this was all for show, he had been able to absorb all the dense information inside the orb in about three seconds, but he was mindful of what a scene like that could appear to anyone else so he made sure to meditate for a few days before standing up and setting out. Idly scratching the itch in his neck in annoyance, knowing it was not a physical symptom but a mental one, perhaps if he left the outpost this irritating sensation would vanish.

With the information about the Land of Miracle in his head, Rowan now had a vast map that could cover several universes in his mind, this map included the location, culture, and millions of other affairs concerning the region. The guardians had not shortchanged him and the true picture of the Land of Miracle was beginning to unfold itself before his gaze and what he saw stunned him.

It would take a while for him to wrap his perception around all he had learned so he decided to head for the first location he had selected. It was one of the most isolated spots in the Land of Miracles and that would be the place he would ascend his Ouroboros bloodline and claim his class, after that Rowan intended to leave the Land of Miracles.

The persistent itch he was feeling was a warning sign that something was not right, and for him to feel assured, he would gain his class, leave, and upgrade his three bloodlines to the peak of the Supreme Circles, at that time his powers would be countless times more potent than before and then he could return.

Heading to the Master Portal which was a spot that was nothing but an oval gap in reality, Rowan paused and dropped two more jugs of his modified wine before bringing his hands up and speaking aloud, "The Kaelid Forest," he waited for another second as the void in reality swirled before it regained its previous calm, before he stepped through and he vanished.

A moment later, a large pair of hands appeared and seized the two jugs, faint muttering could be heard from space, "... wasteful descendant,"

Suddenly the entire outpost froze, even the guardians inside their Titans could not feel this change, because the authority over this Time-stop was greater than theirs, and although the Titans they rode could detect this time freeze, the authority of the wielder was greater than the guardians and so they were not alerted to this change.

"Why do you seek to violate the gift my son gives to a helper? I don't care about your sentiments Father, but you shall not dishonor him."

"I do not seek to dishonor him, dear daughter, I will be replacing this treasure with an equal one, ok, a better one, but first I would like to know what sort of a treasure this wine is. Boosting the power of the soul is a unique power that is difficult to achieve, but he easily uses resources that should be used to gain kingdoms and better it for mere information about paltry issues."

Elura snorted, "I am sure you know the reason he did such a thing, he did not just obtain information, he gained loyal allies, and if the time comes for the pitching of tents, I see no reason why the guardians of this outpost would not flock to his banner. Say the truth father, you just seek to taste it for yourself."

"Oh, Elura, your wisdom is sharp but brittle, be silent while I investigate this wine, a treasure like this should not be found in a mortal universe, I wish to find out the waters my grandson has touched."

Bringing the jug to his lips, he was about to let a single drop of the wine touch his tongue and then he suddenly recoiled as if it was poison. He looked at the bottle in surprise and fascination and tried to bring it to his lips once more and his hands jerked by themselves, preventing it from touching his lips.

Even Elura looked at her father's action in surprise and scrutinized the wine, "I can detect nothing harmful in it."

The old man grinned, "yes, and yet, my bloodline is screaming at me that this is a potent poison that can even affect me. Elura, are you sure you don't want to tell me about the true origins of this child, how could he acquire so much beyond the scope of our bloodline."

Elura smiled, "Are you thinking of backing out of our agreement father?"

The old man's eyes twitched in annoyance, and he did not reply, he looked towards the area where Rowan was headed and then his eyes widened in astonishment and he dragged Elura and vanished, a moment later Rowan returned.

## **Chapter 941: Freak**

Rowan observed that the teleportation, if that was what just transpired, was quick, it felt more like stepping from one room to another and that was what struck Rowan as odd, he knew he had crossed an incredibly great distance that should measure hundreds of universes in width, but it was almost as if to this portal, all the space in the Land of Miracle were one.

This should be a unique trait of a higher dimension where space, no matter how vast in length could be reached at any moment. It was similar to how a two-dimensional being would have to move across from point A to B but a three-dimensional being could see both points at the same time and reach across both points with no issues whatsoever. This portal must be using the same trait.

What this meant for Rowan was that in the Land of Miracles, except he placed certain powerful restrictions around his location, then distance was not a factor, if anyone knew his location, with these portals they would be able to reach him instantaneously, perhaps they might not even need the portals if they were Will Holders at the fifth-dimensional level.

Rowan had no more chance to deliberate on this oddness when he found himself a few thousand feet in the air and then his body was slammed into the ground by a force that was beyond imagination.

His eyes widened in shock and he slowed his perception to a crawl, it was as if time had stood still, he felt the earth begin to release loud groans that could be heard for millions of miles and in that instant he came to an awful realization, catching the last hint of the portal energy that was about to disappear overhead, Rowan seized it and was teleported back to the Outpost.

Rowan appeared on the floor, his appearance was in disarray, and he chuckled to himself for a moment before standing to his feet and slowly making his way out of the outpost, he left a message behind for the guardians that he would be back, and then he returned to the Frozen Waste.

He made no sign but he detected that the jugs of wine he had left behind were gone. Odd, when he left the guardians they had returned to their titans, perhaps they had a self-cleaning puppet inside this cottage, but this observation was not crucial to him at this moment, so he left it to be handled by one of his smaller consciousness pillars as he proceeded to leave the Eldar outpost.

The two guardians hailed him and bid him a safe departure, although they tried to hide the laughter in their hearts. When they had not detected his protector leaving with him, they had guessed something like this might happen.

There were reasons why it was impossible for a mortal to roam around in the Land of Miracle without staying in an enclave or with the constant protection of a higher power.

The weight of a higher dimension would crush them to nothingness, just as it tore their souls to shreds, a mortal soul could not comprehend existing in a fourth dimension, only an Immortal soul that had been touched by higher forces like Intent or Will could exist here.

A Sanctified Scion's bloodline was so powerful that they might live in a higher dimension without the fear of death, but they would certainly not be comfortable. This Scion seemed not to like the prospect of his soul straining at the edges of dissolution.

Both of them thought that the protector of this Scion might have wanted to teach him a lesson, so he was not protected when he entered the Land of Miracles. Nevertheless, they knew the power of Sanctified Scions, and they understood that it would not be difficult for them to reverse the problem, this was a matter beyond their level, and they settled to their duties as guards, but their minds were not far from the divine wine inside their storage treasure, and the nearly unbearable itch to drink from it.

Mitral vowed to take only a drop and leave the rest to his descendants who might have the slimmest of chances of ascending to a higher dimensional state and a powerful soul was needed for such a thing to be possible.

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Rowan returned to the Frozen Waste, and if he knew of the thoughts in the minds of the guardian duo, he would be shaking his head in frustration. Contrary to their thinking, he was not about to be crushed under the weight of the higher dimension, in fact, it was nearly the opposite. His body was about to pierce its way through the dimension!

The moment Rowan entered into the land of miracles, he could immediately feel an attraction between his dimension and this higher dimension that acted as a sort of magnet to his body, filling him with uncontrollable bursts of higher dimensional energies, and in an instant, his weight multiplied by a factor of thousands, and even with all his strength, he could not support such a weight.

In a moment he was about to be driven deep into the earth where his perception had quickly penetrated and he learned that if he entered into the ground, he would not be leaving it.

The attractive force on his body would be multiplied every million miles he penetrated the earth as the deeper into the ground he traveled the more higher dimensional energy would be poured into his body, and that means in less than a few minutes, Rowan's dimension would become so heavy it would be millions of times heavier than he could carry and this weight would not be decreasing.

As a last-ditch effort, he had spread his telekinesis for millions of miles to absorb and spread out his weight, that action was what had led to the earth groaning and he had discovered that his weight would have to be spread out for trillions of miles to make any meaningful differences, so he quickly gave up before his efforts could lead to a stupendous amount of destruction as his weight would crush everything for millions of miles.

This would lead to a situation where instead of him leaving a small body-shaped hole in the earth, he would have left a hole millions of miles in diameter that would lead to the unknown depths of this dimension, and Rowan took the rational path and teleported away.

He never knew his dimensional flesh would react to a higher dimension in this manner. There must be a vast amount of power fleeing inside a higher dimension, especially a dimension that was linked to a Primordial, and he had been connected to that power the moment he stepped foot on the Land of Miracles.

The problem was that he could not isolate this power away from his body, because it was connecting to him in a manner he could not yet control, which was across time.

Rowan grunted in frustration and closed his eyes in thought, brainstorming the methods he could use to pierce through this barrier.

The itch he was feeling increased and Rowan's eyes snapped open, a few feet away from him was a giant, an old man with long fleeing white hair and a beard with the body of a Greek god. "You will need to plant a seed in the Nothingness to survive up there."

Rowan blinked, "Excuse me?"

The old man rolled his eyes, "You are a freak are you not? Possessing a Third-dimensional level Will, I am giving you the answer to the problem that ails you. To exist in a higher dimension, you will need to plant yourself in the Nothingness.... Freak."

A sharp voice called out, "Father!"

"What! Only Old Ones freak me out, I'm complimenting the boy."

## **Chapter 942: Disappointment and Sorrow**

Rowan froze, his breathing emerging faster, that voice he heard was so familiar, but yet it was different, inside the warmth in that voice was a regal tone that was quite impossible to disguise, this was a voice that would bring a dimension to its knees, soft and feminine, yet filled with an implacable power.

His memories were perfect, and his feelings had not changed, but why was he no longer detecting that... warmth?

"Look at him Elura," the old man snickered, his large beard shaking with his mirth, "look how well the freak plays at being mortal, it is so perfect it's almost sickening. Just the right amount of movement here, a slight darkening in the eyes and a flare on the nose, his heart beating at just the right tempo. It's almost art. I can now truly see a part of your

nature in him, yes, but there is something more... oh, my spine tingles and it all comes from a mortal being, how ridiculous."

Rowan's gaze returned to the old man who was looking at him with solemn consideration and a weird sense of annoyance as if he was displeased.

His actions had become quite instinctive, of course, he did not need to freeze up or allow his breath to quicken, these were all mortal considerations that he had perfected along the way, he needed it to function in the outside world as he evolved far past what was commonly known.

By all outward appearance, Rowan was humanoid, his charisma and beauty unmatched, he would be able to join any group of people with no outward problems, but his flesh and bloodlines would suggest otherwise. Rowan was a creature that could no longer be understood, even , a Singularity, still found it quite difficult to analyze his physique, and at the end of his life, the Third Prince had understood the Abyss that had taken his life.

A dragon or even a stone would have a closer relationship with life than Rowan at this point in time due to the fact that his extreme bloodlines and physique had made him something unique. It was easy to forget that of everything living being in reality, Rowan was the only living creature that lacked a soul.

Disregarding physique or any other factor, his soulless nature meant Rowan would forever be different, and he sometimes considered it odd, for someone who may ultimately have the highest authority over the soul, to be soulless.

It was rare that someone was able to pick up this trait from him, although Rowan had no idea that Andar had once glimpsed a fragment of his true nature by the memories he left behind.

What this trait meant for Rowan was that it was quite difficult for him to feel a sense of connection to those around him, this effect was multiplied by the increasing number of Consciousness Pillars that arose in his dimension, but this signified that whoever Rowan came to love and created a unique connection with, would form a bond in his memories that was hard to dispel.

To put it simply, it was hard for Rowan to love, but once he did, it was eternal. In his life, he loved his children, and they felt the weight of that love, and it was what humbled the spirit of those around him, and gave them a sense of fulfillment beyond common sense.

It was impossible to feel the love Rowan had for them and not fall in awe at the purity of it. It was no wonder that the mental anguish that came from shattering the souls of the clones nearly rendered his mental space to madness.



For everyone else, Rowan was a perfect pretender to an emotion that they would have to earn before he could feel it, and his smile and laughter were only skin deep. Unlike everyone else outside his children, Rowan loved his mother.

The voice of the woman now took flesh and Rowan saw Elura again, he did not imagine that their reunion would be this quick, but if he considered their powers and the nature of a higher dimension that made traversing a large swatch of space almost negligible, he would have realized that except Elura did not wish to see him, it would be difficult for her not to find him when he reached the Land of Miracles.

There were so many things he wanted to say to her because, in the depths of his heart that had become as cold as the void, this figure still held a warm spot inside of it, and although his experiences and tribulations he had faced had made it almost impossible for him to let down his guard, he still loved his mother, but there was something... different about her.

And now, this act was not feigned for Rowan began to feel pain in his heart, and what happened next, confirmed his greatest fear.

"You are right father, he is nearly perfect, but the lack of experience means he is far too brittle, he could easily deceive most immortals, but not those who matter. Well, it is nothing that experience cannot fix, he is just the perfect diamond in the rough. Father, are you regretting your bet against me?"

Her words were a confirmation of his fears, this woman might look like his mother, sound like her, and have everything of his mother, from her soul to her Aura, yet she did not feel like her. Elura was a bastion of warmth in the storm, this woman here felt like an insult to her memory.

In the depths of his heart, a rage he had not felt since the day he felt the machinations of the Third Prince over his life erupted, but this rage could not hold a candle to the sorrow he felt in his heart. A promise he had kept that was lost to him.

'I guess, this is another of the punishments I shall have to face in my lifetime, due to my appetites.'

With all these thoughts in his head, Rowan's features did not change, these two claimed he was not a particularly great liar, and their observation carried merit, everything he had learned was just inside a single universe, and there was still more for him to understand and explore, and like the Reflections who looked down on his ignorance, they had no idea how quickly Rowan could learn, and how cruel his rage could make him.

Elura looked at her father in smugness before turning to Rowan, "My dear son..." something in his eyes made her freeze, inside those eyes she saw nothing, and then

she looked with surprise at her chest where a sharp blade made from ice had settled just below her collarbone,

Rowan growled, "I will only ask you this one time, where is my mother?!"

"Hahaha... this is getting good!" the old man laughed, the anger in his brows disappearing and a sense of acknowledgment emerged in his heart for his grandson, he had thought that he had inherited only the slinking nature of his mother, but there was fire in the heart of the body, oh, there was fire, "how I wished I brought some snacks, this is prime entertainment."

The eyes of Elura widened in shock, then pain, and suddenly it warped to fury, "How dare you child. How can you raise your blade against your mother?!"

Her weird greenish gold eyes flashed and the blade held by Rowan crumbled to dust, the wave of force that erupted from Elura left no traces behind, but it slammed against Rowan's body with the force of a hundred universe, he was driven to his knees, and the Rowan that fell to ground crumbled into ashes before Elura's dumbstruck gaze, "What..."

"Above you," the old man chuckled, his gaze alight with excitement, he was enjoying every single moment of this day.

Elura looked up and her vision was covered by a giant palm, as Rowan appeared above her and seized her face, his large hand nearly covering her entire head before she could wrap her mind around what was happening, he slammed her head to the ground, once, twice, shattering the earth for miles before tossing her into the air.

The roar of disbelief and rage that erupted from the body of Elura as she was thrown into the air resounded throughout the Frozen Waste as the heads of the Sirens above opened their eyes.

## **Chapter 943: I Am Sorry**

The moment Rowan threw her to the heavens, a frightening wave of power erupted from her body, but this was all under the calculations of Rowan, who in his cold rage had a deep connection with the tempo of battle. He sliced his way through space, something that was considered to be impossible inside the Frozen Waste, but after spending a thousand years here he was intricately familiar with this region, avoiding the greater brunt of the shockwave, but he did not wait before it ended and revealed himself.

Anyone else would have waited for the wave of force to end, but if he did that he would be falling into the rhythm of the enemy, he grunted as a majority of his bones and flesh

were crushed to a pulp for a brief moment, and in a blink of an eye the injury vanished as his unnatural vitality healed him from the blows of a Will Holder whose cries of rage had attacked him across time.

The only problem was that Rowan had been truly reborn a thousand years ago, and even the rage of Elura could not find much to damage but flesh that had been baptized under the unnatural powers of the Primordial Ouroboros.

Her rage, although unfocused, was enough to crush every bone in his body, and Rowan's body was not the weak mortal body on the Twilight Bridge, but his full-dimensional flesh, held together by a Primordial Ouroboros bloodline at the fourth Supreme Circle.

Crushing him meant shattering an unknown number of worlds and stars, but Rowan had already moved the majority of the inhabitants of his dimension into the depths of his dimension, placing them beside the city of Sheol for safety.

The quick healing of his wounds might seem simple on the surface but in his dimension, countless worlds had returned to life and stars blazed anew in a stunning process that was almost as if time was reversing, and due to the fact that time ran faster inside his dimension, this also quickened his healing, and unless one watched closely, it would seem as if he was never hurt in the first place.

The old man observed this healing process, and he saw how Rowan's body repaired itself so quickly it was almost as if his body had already finished healing before it was hurt in the first place. His eyes shone with a glow that would drive fear into the heart of anyone who knew him, and the plans he had for his grandson were reevaluated, for he realized he had looked down on his talents.

Rowan's movement had brought him within a few feet of Elura, where he attempted to stab her with a short blade of ice, she caught his hand with a dismissive flourish, her nose raised in the air with annoyance, just perfectly in line for Rowan's headbutt fuelled by the power of Ascension to connect.

The old man winced when he heard a crack, and the howl of Elura as she was crushed into the earth. His daughter was many things, but a warrior she was not, after all, some of her shades could become great warriors and so she did not bother, finding the art of battle to be beneath her. This attitude had inevitably caused a rift between father and daughter Rowan dived downwards, his eyes focused on the woman buried hundreds of feet in the icy ground, on his hand was a massive hammer made from ice.

Quicker than Elura could anticipate he slammed the hammer to her skull. She was rising to her feet and this blow pushed her on her face. The sound and the shockwave that erupted from this single blow spread out for millions of miles and generated so much heat between the point of contact of the hammerhead and Elura's skull, that it was almost as if a supernova had gone off.

The hammer shattered to pieces smaller than atoms, and considering that this hammer was forged from one of the hardest substances in all the known third-dimensional universe would attest to the sheer might in Rowan's blows.

His stats after all these years had reached a terrifying level, that anyone who thought he could be challenged without consequences was in for a nasty surprise. Rowan seized her by the neck, a part of him knowing his actions were a bit foolish, but the sorrow in his heart needed to be quelled, and combat was the only way to soothe the ache in his heart.

Elura's eyes were filled with fury, and a single strand of hair from her head was dislodged from her skull, it seemed this was the final straw. She no longer thought about holding back her rage, and for a moment here, it had reached a point where the next move she was about to make would erase Rowan from reality.

Feeling the impossible wave of power building in her body that threatened a level of destruction that was shocking to his senses, Rowan simply inhaled and reached across his entire dimension, he gathered the power of frost from the void and his Primordial Sea of Darkness and channeled it through his mouth, he blew.

A black flash that would fry the eyes of anyone who saw it for millions of miles appeared between them and Rowan stepped back, leaving Elura a block of ice. The old man folded his arms nonchalantly but internally he was screaming, 'What in the.... What in the highest heavens is this ridiculousness, that breath could freeze an entire universe. He is a mortal universe killer! Not even a hundred 9th-level bloodlines would give you such a power as a mortal. Elura, you foolish girl, what in your arrogance have you unleashed? This is not a genius, this is an abomination.'

If his instinct was right, the Elura that he met was a skill similar to a Reflection, but unlike the Reflections she was unlucky and her maker was not dead, so it was possible that she was assimilated back when her task was completed.

Rowan turned around, the short combat had torn all the robes in his body, leaving him nearly naked, he cupped his hand, gathering the fabrics, and they transformed into a large Axe.

In his heart Rowan knew that the Elura he called mother was gone, seeing this woman before him, he was reminded of the Primordial of Evil and his Reflections.

If his instinct was right, the Elura that he met was a skill similar to a Reflection, but unlike the Reflections she was unlucky and her maker was not dead, so it was possible that she was assimilated back when her task was completed.

Knowing this fact, Rowan's anger was meaningless, he perfectly understood that the Elura he knew was simply playing a role that she was created to serve, and the woman he was pouring his rage towards did not truly deserve it.

At least that was what his common sense was telling him. His heart was saying something else. He didn't care about logic, she killed his mother. What sort of a son would he be, if he could not make her pay?

It did not matter if Elura was royalty from a Primordial Bloodline, she needed to pay for stuffing out someone he loved.

Ridiculous, sheer madness, but Rowan's love was not bound by rules.

He could hear a dull cracking sound emerging from the ice, he had a fraction of a second when the ice shattered before he could retaliate, and Rowan began filling his Axe with the power of Ascension.

"I would not do that if I were you," the voice of the old man made him pause, "whatever love or plans for you that she has if you take another step then she would burn you from reality."

Rowan frowned and took a step back, retreating for dozens of feet, and the old man smiled in appreciation, "So you can be taught."

Then everything turned a sickening shade of green as the cries of rage from Elura erupted. Her hair blew up in the breeze and dozens of black holes began to surround her body, her rage had reached such a profound point that the entire Frozen Waste began to melt.

Suddenly Rowan dissipated his weapon and raised his hands up in a placating gesture and he smiled, "Mother, I'm sorry, I was struck by a spell of madness. Can you find it in your heart to forgive your dear son?"

Elura, who was gathering potent forces of destruction, paused and she screamed, "What!"

Rowan grinned sheepishly and looked down, "I'm sorry mother. The air of the higher dimension affected my feeble mortal mind."

## **Chapter 944: Unreasonable Affection.**

It was not an easy thing to drive a being like Elura to speechlessness, but the extreme shift in Rowan's actions nearly gave her whiplash. A moment before, there had not been true killing intents in his blows, but they were close as if he was almost punishing her.

For a while, there was nothing but silence, but the boisterous laughter of the old man broke it, "How long has it been since I have seen you, surprised daughter? You know when you woke me up from my Era long sleep, I thought that reality had nothing to

reveal to my gaze, and... hahaha, your hair, your perfect hair, you look like a hamster, hahaha..."

Elura turned to him in anger, but the old man raised his hand in a harsh swipe, his mirth vanishing instantly and his tone carrying a tone of majesty, it was as if his emotions were nothing but a tool, he allowed himself to truly feel them, but he could easily place them aside, this observation made Rowan's eyes to light up, there was something here for him to learn,

"You have forgotten something essential in your anger daughter," the old man's smooth voice did not only caught Rowan's attention but also Elura's, who frowned and waited for him to continue, "and your son has revealed it to you, he is still a mortal, and we were both wrong!"

'Wrong?!' this word drew Elura's full attention, it was rare that this old man would ever admit any failings, whatever he had seen in Rowan was so precious enough, that he was willing to brush his ego aside and speak candidly to her. This change was surprising, to say the least.

Noticing that he had her full attention, he continued, "Previously I thought he was just the normal heartless monster that we have flooding around reality, with every thought in his heart only for the pursuit of power, a side effect of acquiring tremendous power as a youth, but we were wrong, he was just protecting his fragile core with an armor of cold and thorns."

Rowan blinked, 'Oh, but I think I'm just the normal heartless monster who knows nothing but the greedy pursuit of personal power, why would you ever think anything else?! It would seem attacking Elura brought about an additional benefit,' A small part of Rowan's Consciousness gave an over-exaggerated fist pump. He had been willing to shed his disguise of a soulful being before the eyes of these people who could read the depthless emotions he carried when he noticed that they could see the traits that came from not having a soul.

Nevertheless, the fact that he was Soulless was not something that was known to them and was easily the last thing that anyone would guess, and this might have led to a surprising misunderstanding, Rowan had forgotten that unwieldy emotions as he had displayed could be perceived in a different manner when it was looked at from a different point of view.

It could signify that one was a master manipulator who played everyone around them, his emotion as fickle and changeable as the wind, or it could be the sign of an overwhelmed mind trying to find a way to stay above the waves.

If he was still a mortal in the eyes of all and possessed a mortal soul, then no matter how powerful he was, certain events would overwhelm his soul. This was a perfect description of the Rowan who transmigrated into the universe a thousand years ago.



The man at that time was confused, thrust into the body of a child with a sapient book inside his body, filled with frightening bloodlines and a messed up situation happening all around him, the only option for Rowan at that moment was to lie, and pretend his way through life, adopting various disguises to aid him as he maneuvered through a world that had gone mad.

No matter how strong his strength of mind turned out to be, Rowan had been broken, the madness of a world filled with real gods and monsters, warping him into a monster that he would never have comprehended he could become. It would seem that in a twist of fate, the old man thought that Rowan here was experiencing such a mind break.

When he lashed out against Elura, a being many times more powerful than him, it was a sign to them that his carefully constructed visage of an omnipotent being was cracking.

Rowan sighed internally, 'In the end, it would seem that allowing the weakness of my heart to dictate my actions was the right move, who am I deceiving, even if Elura turned out to be a Primordial, I would have attacked. I am a soulless monster, but when it comes to the things I love, I am unreasonable. I don't care if this is Elura, she is not my Elura, and for that reason, I'm sorry Mother, but you would have to change for me. No one else should wear that body.'

In that moment before he conjured the ice sword and placed it on her chest, there had been a brief period where his mind was empty, free of nothing but rage and sorrow, he had nearly conjured his Destroyer, but his cold intellect had fiercely intervened. If he had drawn his Destroyer, then someone would have perished today, and it might not be Elura.

Rowan was amazed at the lengths he would reach for those who have touched his frozen heart, and he did not care, if not for the cold rationality in his mind that would make him torture himself and wait for the right moment, he would be fighting at this time. Elura paused in thought, seemingly taking deep heeds of the old man's words, "If you don't believe me, why don't you ask him, he is right there beside you. Or... you know I could just be wrong and your child is a lost cause, but this time, weirdly I don't think so." the old man smiled.

Turning towards Rowan who stood awkwardly, she looked into his eyes and although his long lashes shaded those windows to the soul, she could clearly read the pain and sorrow inside of it, which was odd, her Shade was tasked with making a weapon, yet she wondered why it became so successful in creating such a bond, which was something that could not be easily faked, how could the mortal ties binding them become this strong?

This needed to be investigated, as soon as she returned she would be thoroughly investigating this Shade, but for now, she would rather hear the answer from him, her rage was still hot, and depending on his answers he would be made to pay a price.



Elura was a being that was worshiped by countless universes and in the Land of Miracles, her mere presence held great weight, it was almost impossible to reach her normally, and after the many Eras, her influence and prestige had only grown, and all the seeds she had planted over the Eras, Rowan was looking to be the most promising, but things could change anytime, she had lived long enough to know this.

"Why would you attack me, Romion?"

Rowan did not hesitate in his reply, "Because it is what she would have wanted,"

## Chapter 945: Pay The Price

Rowan thought there was no reason to lie at this time. He was affected by many things, but he was not ruled by fear, he was sure that Elura and the old man had seen through his actions when he had attacked and knew that he lacked fear even when facing a being as powerful as Elura turned out to be, although he did not go all out and call forth the full breadth of his powers, was it not the same for Elura?

It was a delicate balancing act, to show his true self while keeping the rest of his nature under wraps. It was a good thing that Rowan had truly once been mortal, and he knew that one trait of mortality was imperfection. He did not have to be perfect, only passionate.

Elura frowned, pondering on his words before asking, "What do you mean by saying; what she would want? Am I not your mother Romion?" gesturing to herself, "Is your memory of me so corrupted that you cannot recognize my Aura?"

Rowan considered his words for a brief moment and he chuckled, "The fact that you asked me that question should tell you everything. The Elura I knew understood that true connection did not lie in the surface, but here," he pointed towards his heart, and for a moment Rowan thought he felt a terrible storm brewing inside the eyes of Elura

"Easy with him Elura," the old man called out, "Remember his roots and his age, there are many things he would need to learn about beings of our level, and how difficult attachment is to form and maintain after the weight of time had scrubbed our memories raw, he does not know this aspect of you, so, be patient, give him the time to learn and appreciate this facet of your nobility. He has only known a loving mother, he has not met the Empress, and something tells me that you don't know his entire story either."

Elura snorted in irritation, "You seem awfully eager to defend him, and I did not forget your enjoyment at my humiliation."

"How could I not, it is not every day you see your face slammed into the ground by a mortal, and one that turned out to be your son. You have always lived a life of supreme

control and it was not your humiliation that made me laugh, it was the fact that for the first time in a long time, you reminded me of the time you were a whelp, a memory that I feared had been lost in the deep bowels of time. Oh, daughter, the look of sheer surprise on your face! I would burn a thousand universes to dust just to see it again."

"Lovely," she muttered, before addressing Rowan, "Your actions against me were uncalled for, raising a blade against me without any prior justification is a deeply unfilial act, and you have stepped out of your bounds attacking an Eminence of my station, an act that would lead to an eternity of mortal punishment, for such a violation, the price you shall pay will be dire,"

Rowan shrank back before he squared his shoulders, and he nodded in acceptance, if there was a punishment to be dealt out, he was willing to take it, there should always be a price for thoughtless actions, even though he did not regret a single thing he did. The only regret was weakness.

Elura paused for a while, seemingly judging the manner Rowan handled her words before she continued,

"I have heard your words and those of your grandfather, and I am not thoughtless, at the end of everything you should know that I still remain your mother and I know that you did not act out of malice or the desire to truly do me harm, your actions, no matter how unwise, were borne from love, and although this love should have been directed towards me, I can understand the reason why it has been skewed. By the saints, I have seen greater acts of madness because of love."

This word she spoke seemed to surprise her, and her eyes finally firmed, Rowan knew that she had come to a decision,

"Romion look into my eyes as I tell you a great truth going forward, this is something that I suspect you know yourself deep in your heart, but sometimes, a truth is not acknowledged until said out loud. Just as a mere mortal possesses many facets to their character. A man can be a lovely father on one hand, and then becomes a fearsome warrior on the battlefield, slaughtering his foes without blinking an eye. How much so me, the first daughter of Miracle."

Her voice went soft like a breeze and it touched Rowan's ears, as if what she spoke was only for him alone, " I possess such an aspect, in ways you may find it difficult to accept. I am a queen yet a mother, I am a killer and a healer, I am light and I am darkness, I am Elura, and you my son shall know all of me and love all of me. I don't care if you love only one part of me, I shall make you love the rest. This is the price for drawing your blade against me."

Rowan went speechless, 'Something is wrong here. This is not how it should work. Damn it Elura, I am supposed to be the unreasonable one.'

The old man sighed, "And you wonder where his madness comes from daughter."

Elura turned her nose up and sniffed, "I have spoken, and so my will will be done."

Turning to her father, "So you have seen his display of power, the reach of his potential, and have acknowledged what I told you. Of all my seed, he stands above them all, peerless. Tell me he does not deserve to be Prime."

The old man paused before frowning in deep thought, "You have truly placed a challenge in my path Elura, such powers he wields are nearly unfathomable, for the first time in my years, I am left wondering if it is possible to find the limit of a being."

Elura frowned, "Are you going to be backing down?"

"Backing down? That is a foolish thought" The old man waved his hands in annoyance, "No, this child is a masterpiece, and he will be treated as one."

Looking up at Rowan his eyes brightened, "Disregard my advice on planting your dimension in the Nothingness. That is a path for Kings and Emperors, but you have exceeded those limits, and doing so would be an insult to your potential. No, we forge your Circles!"

Elura's eyes widened and she went pale, she wanted to open her mouth to protest and then she fell deep into thought, but whatever was going on inside her head was so tumultuous, that she was biting her lips unknowingly. "Forge my Circles?" Rowan muttered in confusion.

"Your Supreme Circle child, what did you think the term came from? Since the beginning of creation, it is something that has been postulated, but considered impossible, because how could there ever be a mortal with a foundation solid enough to make their Circle come to fruition?"

"I don't understand."

"Of course you don't," the old man laughed and tore reality with a gesture, "Follow me, I shall take you to the end of the Primordial Era, and the birth of the Supreme Circle. Your training has just begun."

"Training?"

Sigh, "Did my daughter Aura shatter your mind? If you are not aware, you have no right to refuse, that is also my price."

"Price of what?!" Rowan cried out as he was dragged back in time to the end of the Primordial Era.

"For being my grandson."

## Chapter 946: Cravings From The Blood

In his short thousand-plus years of life, Rowan had seen numerous visions of the past and some of the possible futures, but he had never physically been taken to the past, making him wonder which dimension this unknown old man controlled.

At first, with the Tower of Greed, he was able to bring his consciousness back to the past, and after summoning the Twilight Bridge, Rowan did not truly move from the present to the past, his consciousness pillars of the present were sacrificed to create a bridge that linked the past, while the nature of the Ouroboros Serpent made it possible for him to steal the gains he had made from the present and bring it to the past.

So you see, his 'first' true sojourn to the past was leaving him with a lot of questions, since he was not traveling to the past using his consciousness but his entire body. How can a feat like this even be possible? Would he be truly returning to the past, and if that was the case, could he change the present by the fact that he saw the past?

The questions in his mind were legion, but Rowan did not need to ask anything at this time, he would rather observe, and when the opportunity came for him to ask his questions, he must ensure that at least they were important.

Rowan did not need to actively observe his surroundings because, with the effects of his numerous titles and his unreasonable perception, everything he saw was being analyzed and recorded, but yet it was a bit too... little.

The path they traveled on was both familiar and strange at the same time. Although they moved at blistering speeds even for Rowan, he could recognize bits and pieces of the road they traversed.

A flash of chains, he identified as the Chains of Time by their strange dark coloration, apocalyptic scenes of past tragedies that boggle the mind but flashed by so fast it almost felt like a mirage, massive colossi that made a galaxy feel like a grain of sand, fantastical wars of such epic proportions, kept flashing by so fast that reconstructing the scene in his consciousness was a feat of Supreme computational capability, and somehow Rowan understood that he was seeing only a fragment of the true glory of this road, the old man in all his so-called wisdom was shielding his sight from this path.

Rowan wanted to curse out aloud, there was so much he could be learning, so many mysteries just right beneath his fingertips that could propel his spell proficiency to ridiculous heights, and it was being shielded by this damned old man.

This action from him was most likely commendable, this old man may appear to be rash, but he was not stupid, even a god or a weaker dimensional Will Holder might have gone mad when traversing this path, and he was thinking he was protecting Rowan from harm.

'What an amazing saint!' Rowan wanted to roll his eyes, the problem was he wanted to see, he was not like everyone else, and the mysteries to time were buried in his blood, 'Show me the madness old man, show me the mysteries, I don't care if it burns my eyes or scorch my soul, I have no soul, only an endless abyss that craves to be filled.'

However, he could not protest too much, or the old man may come to understand the true depths of his soul or lack thereof. He almost revealed his true nature so the veil over this road of time could be unveiled to his sight, and he had to constantly suppress his urges. There was something about this road, a tantalizing mystery that scratched at the doors of his mind. **HERE IS POWER, TAKE IT!!!**

Rowan knew that this urge was not normal, no matter how much he craved for power, it had not reached such an extent where he was about to lose control of his senses. This road... being this close to the power of Time, was affecting him far more than he expected, and now he was grateful for the veil this old man was using to cover the road, if that was not the case, he would be lost.

No longer focusing on the path, Rowan turned his perception within, seeking the origin of these cravings in his consciousness, but it was like trying to find a grain of sand on a beach. He felt that he lacked some necessary tools that he would need to decipher the nature of time.

The answer was evident, he would need to ascend to a higher dimension and unlock the power of Time, and perhaps some truths that elude him would be revealed. However, this did not make Rowan stop trying to locate the source of that craving in his blood that was threatening to drive him mad.

As it was getting abundantly clear with every day that he lived, although he might not have a complete bloodline of Time, the effect of time on his consciousness was proving to become a nuisance. Was this one of the side effects of being the only living bloodline relative of the Primordial of Time?

"This is a place for a being of my station to reside, but I rarely walk down this road, too many memories, and most of them bad, and so much more of it is... worse" the solemn voice of the old man dragged Rowan away from his introspection, something in his voice dragging him from his dark thoughts, "Hey do you have any more wine that is not poison?" the old man flashed the two jugs of wine he had left for the guardians and kept it away just as quickly.

'So that is where the wines disappeared to,' Roman eyes flashed, solving a minor riddle that caught his attention and finally confirming that the old man and Elura had been

monitoring him from the start, although he was a bit annoyed that they would interrupt his experiment at a moment's notice, he was even more surprised that they could detect there was something wrong with the wine he brewed, even though it was supposed to give nothing but endless benefit.

Technically this wine was not poison and if not for him, no one else would be able to do anything harmful with it, why was it considered poison?

Rowan had no hatred against the two guardians, and when he created the wine he was only going to reward them, and noticing the effect his curiosity was aroused and he was only going to understand how much of their souls he could sense and what later changes would happen when they imbibed enough of the wine.

At this time, except sensing their intention from their soul, giving him a faint sense of precognition against any actions they were going to be taking, there were no other effects and he knew that most people knowing this hidden effect of his wine would still choose to imbibe it, after all the effects of strengthening the soul was too powerful.

If the two guardians choose to never take up arms against him, then until the end of time, Rowan would not use the power he had gained over their souls to ever backstab them.

## **Chapter 947: Discussion On The Nature of Poisons**

Rowan had plans to spread his wine to a lot of individuals for him to properly understand its full purpose but if it could be easily detected then he would have to change the method he used in disseminating this wine, but still he wanted to know how this hidden trait was discovered.

His curiosity burning, Rowan asked, "If that wine is poison, it was never my intention, it was only to provide a benefit for those who brought me valuable information about this higher dimension."

This was the truth, Rowan had never intended to unlock a hidden ability of Ambrosia, the Aether generated by the city of Sheol, and he knew that this old man would be easily able to detect the truth in his words.

The old man sighed, "I know that you don't need to, but you have to understand that for someone like you and I, sometimes our intentions are meaningless, only the act itself speaks for us. There is something of the Old ones inside you, which should not be expected even though your body is brimming with their bloodline, a reflection of the moon is not the moon itself,"



"but somehow you still manage to shine as bright as the original in a manner. Ridiculous, and yet there is no Will bounding you to their position, so strange... If Elura wanted to create a weapon, she created one that was far too perfect, it is unlike her not to leave a flaw, and yet I still wonder, would she even be able to leave a flaw in someone like you?"

"I do not ask for your secrets, we are all entitled to keep them, and it is a challenge to unearth them by myself, a challenge that I know I will succeed at in the end, nevertheless it does not stop me from wondering after putting my mind to it, what is the end goal for your existence? I believe I have only seen a small part of what you hold and this astonishes me. How can something like you with so much potential be allowed to have a life? How did Elura not bind you tighter to her cause before you left the ignorance of the lower realm?"

Rowan looked at this old man, away from Elura his demeanor had changed, in front of his daughter he was a brash and obnoxious old man, quick to judgment and ever willing to dispense with harsh words at a moment's notice, but here, he almost felt... fragile.

This man had seen much of his nature than Elura, and he had taken them away from his mother's sight, perhaps to the only place in all of creation where they could not be spied on, and Rowan decided to take a leap of faith and trust this old man to an extent. To find real answers, he might need to open up about some parts of him.

He paused before he brought out a shiny green orb, it was the Eld Seed that contained Aetherium energy, "She did. Inside this orb is a million years of my memories that had been taken from me. A greater part of my existence, and I know not what it contains, although I believe most of it would be unpleasant, but it is mine, not discounting the opportunity to acquire Aetherium, which I am told is very precious, and in a previous battle I fought, this energy would have served me well."

Rowan sighed, "This should give me nothing but benefits, right? But just the same way you did not drink that wine, I am sure you know that it is poison. This orb should fulfill my most pressing need, but it is still poisonous. Even though on the surface there should be no reason to refuse such a great gift."

The old man looked at Rowan in a new light, and he smiled, "Aetherium is indeed precious, and your mother went above her power and gave you an unbounded Aetherium, something that is beyond precious. I know what you fear Romion, I see your bloodlines are untainted by the Wills of the Primes, but you should know that the Eld Seed you hold is unbounded and that makes it an incredibly precious asset, and yet, you are also right, it is poisonous."

The old man shook his head in apparent fascination, "It is no wonder Elura underestimated you. In the creation of this Seed of Aetherium, she had to have used a lot of untapped memories of her Shade, creating various blind spots in her knowledge of you. It should not have been a problem if you had ingested the Aetherium, but you did



not. So you did get your instincts from me... hahaha, this is good. I knew there must be something good from selecting that bloodline power above all else."

Rowan was quiet in contemplation as he also perused through his dimension, and he waved his hand, manifesting dozens of various types of wines. Inside his dimension, a healthy society had bloomed, with vast and diverse cultures, food and so many new things being created every day.

It was a simple thing to reach into it and sample all the best wines created and bring the ones he judged were the most promising to the old man. Rowan was positive that in all of creation, these wines may not stand up to the top 1000s, but they were unique.

The old man's eyes lit up as he took one jug and in a stunning move, opened his mouth wide and threw it in, then he started to chew, jug and all..

Rowan's left eye twitched, even though some of the wines had been bottled for thousands of years and the container contained quite potent flavors, it still felt excessive,

"Hey, old man, you have not introduced yourself to me. I don't think I should keep referring to you as just an old man in my head."

Throwing another bottle of wine in his mouth and chewing, the old man raised an eyebrow, "why not? It is not as if I am not a male, and am I not old? You should have other greater things to worry about, but I understand the need for a name... let's see, one of my first and favorite was Seed, you can call me Old Man Seed, yes, I like that name."

Rowan rolled his eyes and remained silent watching as the space they were traveling zoomed faster and faster, it was a shame that his first excursion into the past was so lackluster, but he knew he had to lay low for the moment, to distract himself from the seemingly endless monotony he asked,

"Why was there such a harsh response the moment I stepped into the Land of Miracles?"

"How could there not be?" the old man sniffed, "You brought the power of a lower dimension to a higher one, and although you kept your Will hidden, it still operates using the same fundamental power source every dimension shares."

Rowan coughed and he asked a question that he was not aware he needed to ask in the first place, "Old man Seed, what powers a Dimension?"

The old man grinned and spread his hands wide in a flourish, "Nothing!"

Rowan sighed and rubbed his brows.

## Chapter 948: Power Of a World Bearer

'Nothing! What did he mean by nothing and how could nothing power something as vast and powerful as a dimension?'

Rowan wanted to protest at the unnecessary theatrics from Old Man Seed, and then he paused, his mind whirling through the possibilities of what he had just heard. Previously the concept of Nothingness to him meant the absence of something. Still, as he delved deeper into the mysteries of creation, he knew that Nothingness was a conceptual force as real as Time and Space, and he had glimpsed a portion of its awful power when he had summoned the Chains of Time from their hidden depths.

His eyes lit up and he looked at Old Man Seed who was watching him with a sort of fascinated look like a mortal watching a rat performing hand-stands.

"Why am I not surprised that you are able to glimpse a part of the truth from what I said. Nothingness should be a concept you should not even begin to touch until you possess a fifth-dimensional power, and yet here you are, a mortal with the touch of Nothingness in your Aura. Somehow that does not even scratch the fact that you are a World Bearer! A mortal World Bearer boy. It is amazing to me you can achieve so much while being so ignorant about the true nature of reality."

In Rowan's head, he could still hear the cries of the Third Prince, "I knew you would be able to acquire power, so I stripped the universe of knowledge."

Rowan bowed, and brought out another dozen bottles of wine, "I barely understand the concept of Nothingness and how it is related to dimensions. Teach me."

The old man smiled and threw a bottle into his mouth and chewed, "A World Bearer is a title that is one of the most sought after in all of creation. The reason is simple, it gives the user the ability to place their dimensional powers in reality, placing their roots in the nothingness and giving the essence of their power a corporeal form."

Rowan shook in realization and the old man gave forms to the realization in his mind, "Yes, every great dimension you can see outside the Great Darkness, is only possible if you become a World Bearer. This is the dream of every higher dimensional Will Holder, to become a World Bearer and finally give form to the powers because every Will Holder would find ascending up the dimensional ladder a thousand times easier than a normal Will Holder, so you can imagine with such an advantage, why the title of a World Bearer is so precious."

This information stunned him, the Steele had granted him the title of a World Bearer after Rowan had made a World Core using his knowledge, but he did not realize the full implications of his actions, and how far-reaching they could become outside in reality.

Rowan did not know how others gained access to the power of a World Bearer, but the method he used was quite special since he began creating his World Core using Soul Origin. With this in mind was it possible that he could... No, that should not be permitted.

The old man did not realize the thoughts going through Rowan's mind as he continued, "That is also the reason why no World Bearer would enter a higher dimensional world without properly shielding their World Bearer status, or that dimension would assimilate you. You are lucky that you entered the dimension of a Prime as gentle as the Eldar with a Prime bloodline to boot, or else you would be consumed faster than you even realized."

Due to his status as a Dimension, he knew that consuming him would not be as simple as Old Man Seed seemed to think, but it was a relevant warning about how ignorant he was about reality. The fact that he had never met another World Bearer led to this frightening gap in his knowledge, a gap he would need to quickly fix.

Due to his status as a Dimension, he knew that consuming him would not be as simple as Old Man Seed seemed to think, but it was a relevant warning about how ignorant he was about reality. The fact that he had never met another World Bearer led to this frightening gap in his knowledge, a gap he would need to quickly fix.

He bowed again towards Old Man Seed and watched as his eyes brimmed with satisfaction and he drew his hands down his long white beards.

"I hid the fact that you are a World Bearer from Elura, and hid it with something equally as shocking; that is you have a third-dimensional Will, because of everyone who should know you possess this trait, your mother should be the last.\*

Rowan's eyes sharpened at those words, he remembered that when Old Man Seed first introduced himself, he told Rowan the solution to his problems would be placing his foundations in the Nothingness, and he had not understood what he meant, but after Elura arrived he had changed the solution to his 'problem,' taking Rowan to a place that should be outside the sphere of Elura in order to give him a 'better' path.

He had not imagined at first that the reason the old man chose to take that decision was to hide his title of a World Bearer.

Rowan spoke slowly, seemingly choosing his words carefully, "Why would that information about me not be shown to her?"

The old man was silent for a long while, and when he replied it was with a troubled frown, "I come from an older Era, and I have reached the peak of my state, there are no more castles for me to conquer, and no more towers to climb, I have seen what lies ahead of me, and I am satisfied to remain in my position, some burdens are too heavy to bear... but there are younger generations with the light of ambition still strong in their

hearts, I know of few that can match your mother. This is all I will say on this matter, a word is enough for the wise."

Rowan silently withdrew more exotic wines and passed them over, and the bright light in the old man's eyes shone brighter as he laughed, seemingly forgetting the somber mood of a moment back.

"What I am about to show you is something that you would need if you intend to survive the coming days. Your potential is unmatched and therefore the things you should be capable of should also be unmatched. This is the real price of me teaching you. I might not be able to go any higher, but I want to see the work of my hand reach those heights I can only dream about."

Clapping his hands suddenly together Old Man Seed exclaimed, "Now enough about those topics, it is time you learn about the Supreme Circles and why I selected this road for you, but it will ultimately depend on your strength of will if you are able to walk it, I can promise you miracles, but it would depend on you if you can carry them."

Rowan bowed his head in thought and although many things would have gone through his mind, none of them showed when he looked back up to Old Man Seed, "Show me," he said.

Nodding slowly, Old Man Seed growled, "I can easily instruct you about the concept of the Circles, but it would be better if I showed you. Before then, we are about to arrive at our destination, and now it is time to give you a warning about where you are and the location I am taking you to. I am about to reveal one of the fundamental secrets of existence to you, but you are more of an Old One than a mortal, and you should be able to take it... I hope."

## **Chapter 949: Passage Of Time**

With those alarming words Old Man Seed focused on consuming the bottles of wine, muttering about their taste, and something about how he was enjoying the alcoholic beverage made Rowan to accompany him.

Bringing a bottle to his lips, Rowan felt a chill down his spine and he stopped, the old man was looking at him with a strange glare, Rowan paused and after considering for a while he threw the entire bottle in his mouth and like Old Man Seed, he began to chew, the resulting smile from his grandfather indicated that he had made the right choice.

Rowan shrugged and joined him in 'eating' the wine. If he wanted he could chew stars, so eating bottles made from wood and glass was nothing. For a while, there was silence as in a few moments both of them consumed hundreds of bottles.

With Old Man Seed satisfied he spread his hands wide and gestured to the tunnel they were traveling through, "I told you I was bringing you back through time, and that is correct, but also not. It's a tricky thing dumbing down the abilities of higher dimensions to you while still retaining enough truths about their workings. You see, even though I am not strong enough to push through time while delivering our weight across that eldritch expanse, what I can do is access a Passage of Time, which is where we are situated."

"A passage..." Rowan muttered to himself, his mind in a frenzy as a hint of why his blood that was linked to Time was almost going crazy occurred to him, 'This passage, is it not like a vein in the body of the Primordial of Time? I don't know the form a living Primordial may take, but what about a dead one?'

Rowan could not say such a thing aloud, but he could inquire about the nature of this passage, and so he did not hesitate to ask, "Old Man Seed, what is this Passage of Time, and how is it able to effortlessly bring you back to the past?"

"Effortlessly? Bah... more like clawing your way through an exploding universe with your nose hairs because your hands have been tied behind your back! No, there is nothing easy about fighting your way through a Passage of Time, and I don't know its Origins, only a Prime would know it, but it is a passage available for you to access once you have the power of a seventh dimensional domain under your belt."

Rowan's breath caught in his throat and he tried to maintain a fairly normal appearance, but he could see by the shameless grin on the face of the old man that he was not as successful as he would like. A seventh-dimensional entity was just two level below the ninth dimension, the realm of Primordials! He was standing beside one of the most powerful entities in all of creation. The closest power he had associated with was the dead remnant of the Mountain and Sea Realm, and that minor realm was the one responsible for Rowan being able to create a World Core due to the information he harvested from it.

With a more smug tone Old Man Seed laughed, "Now that you have an inkling about how awesome I am, it is time to tell you more about this passage, staying inside this place is draining, and I am in no mood for training."

He paused and swallowed and Rowan did not have to be told, he retrieved more bottles of wine and gave it to the endless pit and the old man continued speaking, "You should know that this opportunity I am about to give you is priceless, important details need to be repeated. I am doing this because I think out of every mortal and even Immortal I have laid my eyes on, you are the one that is most deserving of such an opportunity, but as you should understand by now, there are always risks associated with great leaps like this, and I do not need to ask your permission, because no matter the risk ahead, you will be a fool to reject it, and no grandson of mine is a fool."

Rowan went silent as he waited for Old Man Seed to finish speaking, from the words of Elura and Old Man Seed, he knew that these two were incredibly domineering and simply bent reality to their wish anytime they wanted, in their eyes, it did not matter what Rowan wanted, they saw a treasure inside him, and even if he kicked and scream, they would still drag every single utility out of him, until he fulfilled the dreams they had of him.

This prospect was incredibly annoying, but Rowan had expected it. Leaving the comforts of the universe would place him in the eyes of the truly powerful, and at first he had thought he might be able to develop himself in relative obscurity but that was not possible in the short term.

He had picked the Land of Miracles with the faint hopes that of all the places he could choose to develop, this might be the one that could be a bit tolerable, and even till this moment he had not regretted his decisions.

There were worse places to be and worse fates he could be enduring. If the price of growth was the loss of his freedom for a bit of time, then that was a price he was willing to pay.

In the end, Rowan knew his advantages better than anyone else, and he would not remain on the back foot for long, he just needed to get his foot into the doors of power, and before long, there would be nothing that could stand against him.

His goals and their alignment for the moment, and he knew that Old Man Seed also had his own hidden agenda behind this training. Rowan knew he was too valuable a resource to not be exploited by those who had power over him, what he needed to ensure was that even though he suffered losses, it should only be balanced by the growth of power and knowledge.

He was immortal, and he was willing to bend the knee for a time if it meant he gained all he needed for his goals. No matter how much this old man may think he knew, no one could comprehend the heights Rowan was pursuing. "As you would have noticed," the old man pointed to the space around them, "I am shielding your perception from touching the walls of this passage. No matter how talented you are, it is quite impossible to comprehend the higher dimensional energy here, because you simply do not have the ability to do so, you will need to reach my level first before understanding will come to you, else what you will gain is madness and death."

"With this passage, we can reach as far back in Time to the end of the Primordial Era, and that is where this passage ends, although there are rumors that higher tier passages exist for those who control higher dimensional energies, but as for now, that is unknown to me, although it is possible."



"Taking you to the end of this passage is the first step, at our destination, I shall cut a small hole through it for you to see the end of the war, and the beginning of the Supreme Era that we are currently enjoying now."

Rubbing his hands together, Old Man Seed exclaimed, "So for the warnings, first, I am going to be showing you a small part of that reality, I do this because there are certain aspects of existence that you have to fully indulge yourself before they can be comprehended."

Old Man Seed had said all these with a single breath, and Rowan digested it all without interrupting him, although still curious about how it all works, he was willing to learn by observation.

"Ahh...we have arrived!"

## **Chapter 950: Failure Is A Great Teacher**

"We are here!"

The sound of Old Man Seed's voice was like a thunderclap and Rowan shivered, he could not help it. Those simple three words carried a sort of power that reached Rowan's bones and revealed a portion of the might of this old man, this was a being that was ancient beyond reckoning, and yet it would seem that the time period he was bringing Rowan to was one that was even older than Old Man Seed.

The true weight of this moment settled in his bones and Rowan purged all distracting thoughts from his head, he freed his spirit and opened himself, something told him that what he would discover here would play a large role in shaping his path forward, even with such a thought in his mind, he was not ready for what he met.

Looking back at this moment, how could he ever be?

Old Man Seed tore a hole in the walls of the Passage of Time and brought them out, their bodies were covered by a translucent dome of force that rippled in patterns that made perception of Rowan freeze when he tried analyzing it, he was becoming more familiar with the traits of higher dimensional energies.

One of the primary traits was that in whatever form it took, he could not understand any of it. This dilemma did not frustrate Rowan, it only excited him.

Rowan peered outside and for a moment he could not understand what he was witnessing... it was as if his entire perception had been dropped into a vat of boiling acid that was somehow filled with pyrotechnics, everything he could sense was just pain and chaos. Sounds that stretched farther than they should with unknown notes that



made no logical sense, exotic lights and colors that even he was not familiar with, and trillions of other sensations that were too alien to figure out, and wrapped around all this was the constant sharp pain like his mind was slowly shredded.

There was too much information at once, and everything was jumbled, he was witnessing infinity but at the same time he was witnessing nothing, and no matter how much he reached for a common thread among the chaos so he could begin unraveling the chaotic information, he was left with nothing.

Rowan was confused but he did not allow his frustration to grow, he kept seeking for what felt like an eternity until Old Man Seed's voice entered his hearing,

"I can see that your Spirit and perception are extraordinarily powerful, but it would not help you here, in fact, it is nothing but a hindrance, there is something I failed to tell you; this war is being waged on every single dimension at the same time, and in this position we are standing, we can see all of it. If you try to understand everything like you have been doing for so long, you will do naught but fail."

"Do not broaden your perception like you are used to, instead focus it on a single spot in front of you, grab a single moment in time in this battle, find the dimension that you can comprehend, and from the chaos filter the sight that only you can see, for in this battlefield, every comprehension you can collect is unique to you alone. This would be a test and a reward for you if you can succeed in this."

Rowan nodded and focused, although he was used to seeing visions of grand events in the past, this time it was different. He was playing on a different stage and his lack of adaptability was proving to be a detriment to him.

Every time he had viewed scenes of great power in the past or a possible future, it was always a vision that had been filtered by in such a way that he could understand it. This alone made an unparalleled treasure, but there was a limit it could reach before its aid became a crutch to him.

Rowan had seen some of the greatest powers in reality, but he had never truly seen them, all he had glimpsed was what had been able to filter and transform into a coherent series of memories that he could understand, and even then he could barely say he could comprehend all the visions with a hundred percent certainty.

With the training wheels off, it was evident that Rowan was struggling, everything came with ease to him and it was the reason he had not considered that he could have ever failed to comprehend the scene before him, but to be fair, Old Man Seed held back an important detail and did not tell him that what he would be witnessing was multiple dimensions at the same time, but Rowan could not really fault him for this, as he felt that he should have realized this fact from the little clues he had been given before now.

For the first part of his test, Rowan considered that he had failed it, what was left was not to make a mess of the rest.

Now he was going to be pushed to the limit, his Primordial Record would no longer be the one filtering this event for him, and everything that he could hold would have to depend on his strength. Rowan found that a part of him was incredibly excited by this prospect, up till this moment, there were few things that could truly push him to his limits, he was a giant living in a world of ants, and now he was the ant in a world of giants.

Failure was turning out to be a great teacher and motivator to him, who could have known?

Focusing his Perception turned out to be harder than he thought, not because it was inherently difficult for him to do such a thing, but because whatever was happening here had attracted his Spirit like iron filings to a magnet, his Spirit had been submerged into the vision of battle, and although he could not understand what his perception was witnessing, it had already held him bound.

Rowan nearly cursed aloud, Old Man Seed had not warned him of such a devious side to this process, and he was in danger of madness.

If he had delayed this process in focusing his energies, then whatever he was witnessing would stretch his mind to the limits and shatter it, leaving bits and pieces of his perception shattered into a trillion pieces in every dimension in existence.

Such a blow would not kill him, unlike those with a soul, his Consciousness pillars would simply regrow new consciousnesses, but that part of his secret he was not ready to reveal, even to his grandfather. It was unlikely that he would ever reveal this secret to anyone else, ever. As one of the foundations of his existence, there was no way Rowan would ever reveal this secret that could be used against him.

He was sure there must be certain disadvantages of having a Consciousness Pillar instead of a soul, and he would rather he would not find out what those were from his enemies.

For a crazed moment, Rowan wanted to simply sever all his consciousnesses that had been assimilated into the various dimensions. If this was the past what would happen if he left portions of himself inside of it?