

The Primordial Record

Chapter 951: Spirit Emanations

This crazed thought did not remain long in his head, Rowan could not make choices that could lead to unknown ramifications without taking his time to analyze every single factor in the process, he was no longer a giant living in a world of ants where any mistakes he made could be bulldozed through with force and more force if he was not careful, he would not even know how he died.

Now willing to face the task ahead without distracting himself with random thoughts of madness he began to retrieve his consciousnesses from the vise of the battlefield.

It was a difficult process pulling back his perception and consciousness from the chaos, and during the process, he inevitably lost a portion of his Spirit, but those were minimal damages that he could easily weather without much difficulty, and he effortlessly regenerated those broken portions of his consciousness even as he was losing them.

He soon discovered that his previous plans of severing his entire consciousness would have not succeeded because it did not take long for the parts he left behind to be destroyed. Perhaps if he poured enough consciousness power into the past there would be something that would inevitably survive this process, but Rowan quashed that thought in its infancy again.

Rowan harshly berated himself, 'Stop making crazy decisions at least until you understand the entire stage of power in all of reality. You cannot afford to be making mistakes you cannot solve.'

Old Man Seed was quiet as he watched Rowan, whatever thought he had was hidden in his white eyes that revealed nothing. If he found it amazing that Rowan was able to retrieve nearly all his consciousness intact, he made no sign, he just stared at the battle ahead, what he was looking at was a mystery.

When Rowan was done, there was a sheen of sweat covering his brows, it might have appeared that what he did was simple, but it was not, pulling his perception that had been dragged into every dimension here was like having his mind splintered into trillions of pieces, each inevitably weakened and each piece of his broken mind had to drag the weight of a galaxy to reach him.

This act came with a level of pain and discomfort that was very difficult to describe.

His experience with his multiple consciousnesses was what pulled him through this crisis, else it would stump anyone on how to maneuver a mind that had been taken apart to such a level.

With the full weight of his perception on his side once more he began another round of refocusing his Spirit, and after a while, he had regained the full portion of his strength.

"Good, this is your first lesson, and one of the most important things I shall ever teach you" Old Man Seed looked away from the battle and focused on him, "In the lower dimension, you might get away with opening yourself and exposing your perception to everything, to you it's the best and indeed the only way to understand your reality, but up here you are expected to be doing the opposite. You are no longer the top dog, and everything up here would be able to take a bite out of you."

"To tell you the truth, I doubt any meal in the known creation would be as pleasant as consuming you Romion, shamefully, there is a part of me that wants to consume you, but I know that if I do that, I would be ingesting poison. Most powers you shall find in the higher plane would not have this instinct, and even if they do, they would ignore it."

He turned and suddenly tapped Rowan on the forehead, "With all the interactions we have made, have you not wondered how I can easily pierce through some of your secrets? No doubt you have simply chalked it to the fact that I am far stronger than you, but that is quite a narrow view of understanding this problem. The truth is that you have been broadcasting a large part of your secrets to the world, and for those that are proficient in reading it, why, it is like looking at an open book!"

He laughed when he saw the dismayed look on his face of Rowan, "Do not fret though, reading a Spirit from its emanation is a delicate act that would take many Eras to master, but no one would take the time to learn how to read a Spirit Emanations if they can easily seize it."

Rowan closed his eyes in exasperation and tried to analyze his past behaviors, of course, he had always viewed reality with his perception. His eyes may be powerful but nothing beats the senses from his spirit, and because he had spent a lot of time without his fleshy body, he had become used to disregarding his corporeal perception and focusing on his spiritual one.

It had never occurred to Rowan that his perception that emanated from his spirit also carried portions of his secrets that a discerning eye could read. If the eyes were the windows of the soul, then Rowan in his ignorance had been using his 'soul' as his eyes for so long, he had left himself open for anyone to read.

With trepidations in his heart, he asked Old Man Seed, "This ability to read Spirit Emanations, how difficult is it to master and how much information can you gain from it."

Old Man Seed frowned, "It is not particularly difficult per se to master it, the true test to make this ability have any use is your knowledge base. For instance, from your Spirit I can sense a billion trillion strands of light, each having its unique color and flavor, and every strand of light would combine randomly in every single moment, each of those

combinations would create something new combinations that would expand to greater numbers and those would still combine and expand nearly infinitesimally."

"The trick to this combination is to understand the flavor. I have seen the flavor of ten thousand World Bearers, and I have killed my fair share, I have plundered their secrets and stripped their core until everything of them is known to me, and so, when I see the flavor of a World Bearer in your Spirit, I can recognize it, but there are portions of your Spirit I cannot recognize because I don't know the flavor."

Rowan's eyes narrowed, "So it's all about knowledge. What you don't deeply recognize you cannot comprehend via Spirit Emanations."

"Precisely! Who knows what Elura may have comprehended from your Spirit, some of your secrets may not be secrets. So Rowan, if you have met higher dimensional individuals in the past, then it is possible that there may be a part of you that they understand, even more than you."

Rowan took a step back, his consciousness picking through all the higher-level beings in the past that he would have come across, and his mind immediately centered on a single individual— Caine.

Out of everyone he knew who had the knowledge and capability of knowing this technique was the firstborn of Chaos. Rowan may have thought he had won the fight against this being, but perhaps this was something he had been led to believe.

A chill penetrated his consciousness and it took all he had not to scream in anger and fright. The Soul fragment of Caine that had been inside his consciousness for so long... it was gone!

Chapter 952: New Understanding

Rowan had not forgotten that the consciousness he had used when he met Caine had been carefully doctored to reveal only what he wanted the Great Betrayer to see, but this was before he knew of Spirit Emanations and the possibility that Caine was not truly searching through only his memories but his Spirit also.

Caine had said a puzzling passage, pulled from Rowan's previous life on earth and he had taken it as nonsense, a method to throw him off his game due to the reveal that he was aware that Rowan was a Transmigrator.

"It goes like this: ... a stone was cut from a mountain—but not by human hands. The stone struck the feet, completely shattering the iron and clay. Then the iron, the clay, the bronze, the silver, and the gold were crushed and blown away without a trace, like

husks of wheat at threshing time. But the stone became a tremendous mountain that covered the entire earth."

For a brief moment, Rowan almost went crazy with panic, but with a force of will that had been borne from handling various terrifying situations and triumphing over every single one of them, he placed his mind at ease, something that was not easy but he had to simply force himself to adapt. Whatever changes that had already occurred inside his dimension would not be solved by sheer panic, and he would rather learn more about Spirit Emanations from Old Man Seed.

Caine was a profound deceiver and he could make anyone believe in the lies he weaves, but there was nothing that could hide his surprise at the end when Rowan had won. He was missing a crucial piece of the puzzle here and only a cool analytical mind would solve it.

"Focus Romion!" the harsh voice of the old man added a bit more light to Rowan's eyes and threw the last of the haze that burdened his consciousness, "Don't allow your mind to be burdened by mistakes of the past, there is an opportunity for you to make great progress in the future, focus on that and don't make the oversight of dwelling on past errors that you have no way of understanding and focus on the test before you. Do not waste my teachings by dwelling on a past that could easily be corrected by the actions of the present."

Rowan nodded in acknowledgment, all of his lesser consciousness pillars were channeled into unraveling the mysteries of Caine's disappearance inside his dimension, while he focused on this battle in the past which signified the end of an Era, and the beginning of a new one.

The goal was to learn as much as he could and use this new knowledge to leverage the abilities he had, pushing them all to greater heights and correcting the flaws inside his body. Learning from the mistakes of the past, Rowan did not focus on everything as he had become used to, he chose to disregard the sight that made use of his consciousness, and channeled his mind into his fleshy body, using the vision of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents.

Rowan had become used to using his consciousness to perceive the world and had unconsciously disregarded the eyes of his body, in many ways, he was still adapting to the process of creating a prime consciousness pillar, and singling out his perception to one stream of focus.

As a hive mind, having a singular vision was not in its nature, and using his consciousness sight he could focus on many events at once but if he used his fleshy sight it was the opposite.

The creation of a single powerful consciousness pillar was to combat this event and create a balance inside his consciousness, but at the time he did this while in the frozen waste, he had not even considered the issue of balance.

This time he disregarded his consciousness and after more than a thousand years since he recreated his fleshy body, he began using the eyes of the Primordial Ouroboros.

The first thing he did was to shut off his entire perception, not focusing on his dimension and the myriad of stimulations inside of it but shutting it off entirely, pulling out his eyes from the entirety of his dimension and leaving him in complete darkness and silence, like a mortal who had placed themselves in a sensory deprivation tank. His sense of self, almost vanishing.

Rowan nearly gasped, for so long he had lived in a world filled with information, from the smallest changes in an atom to the transitions in weather across millions of worlds, to the voices of billions of his children, and the quiet voices of nature as a seed pushed itself into the earth and an ant gather food for its colony.

Every single moment had been filled with sounds, sensations and so much more...endlessly.

The darkness and the silence were humbling, for they drove everything away from his mind, and allowed him to focus on only himself. Even his thousand years of isolation could not equal a single second that his perception floated in emptiness and silence.

'Why have I never done this before? Why did such a thought never occur to me to pull myself away from everything and remain in silence.'

Knowing this thought was slightly flawed as the time he spent in the frozen waste was a minor transition that showed that slowly he was beginning to understand a new concept, he decided to silence this portion of his mind and understand everything that he was feeling.

Rowan was a bit surprised and amused that he did not want to leave this peace that he had discovered, but he understood that it was the same as sinking into apathy. This glorious silence was healing his mind but it was selfish. Somewhere along the way he had become the father of a universe that existed inside him. What sort of a father would he be if he shut himself away from his children?

It was a humbling realization for Rowan when he acknowledged that his children were a responsibility he could not push aside.

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In that darkness, he was able to observe his consciousness in a way that he had never done before, and he found himself anew.

Rowan sighed inside, 'How wonderful is this? Finding yourself over and over again, seeing a universe inside a grain of sand, finding a thousand mysteries in a single word.'

From the darkness, light was born.

Rowan opened his eyes.

Recreating his body had given him new eyes, one that was as colorful and beautiful as the brightest gems in reality. Rowan's prismatic eyes did not contain one color, but hundreds. His iris resembled hundreds of shards of broken light that converged together creating something incredibly unique.

After he entered the Frozen Road, Rowan had decided to hide the light of his eyes, dimming it so the color was a mundane green, the same with his long flowing hair that resembled diamonds, he simply made it blond, and with several minor adjustments to his face, he was able to reduce his otherworldly beauty to something that was easily comprehended by others.

Chapter 953: End Of The Primordial Era

Rowan's beauty in his base state was so overwhelming it had transcended all common sense and had become quite frightening, his appearance was a weapon, and with it, he could charm all creation, and every Supreme Circle he transcended, his beauty only rose, and so he kept this portion of himself hidden from reality, but to pass this test, he would need to awaken his eyes.

Blinking once, he opened his eyes and within those pearly orbs, a light began to emerge as if stars were coming to life. Shards after shards of light began to awaken in his iris with indescribable colors, and as they awoke, they brought a sort of divine melody as if creation itself was singing of their light.

The space in front of Rowan vibrated before it began to twist as reality was stained with the colors of his eyes. Ever since he transcended his mortal state, Rowan had never checked the progress of his fleshy body in an in-depth manner, solving the issue of the Primordial Eye took priority, and this change in his sight was shocking even to him.

Old Man Seed had told himself that he would not be shocked at any of the displays that his grandson would create, he doubted that there could be anything that could top the constant stream of shock and surprise at the capabilities of this child, but he saw that he could still be surprised.

'Perhaps he was only scratching the surface of what his grandson was capable of. Elura, in your quest for power, what did you create?'

A small part of Old Man Seed felt a burst of disquietness in his soul, and he had a moment where he wanted to nearly flee or kill Rowan because he was afraid. As amazing as it sounds, a being who controlled a seventh-dimensional domain had a moment where he was afraid of a mortal.

The light emerging from Rowan's eyes was incredibly weak in comparison to the power that Seed was capable of unleashing, yet there was a hint of an unknown sort of power that appeared simple yet had profound depths and he was reminded of the few times when he met those being of ridiculous power who existed on a plane that was beyond his comprehension—Primes.

However, this feeling of fear did not last for long before it was drowned by excitement as he eagerly waited for what Rowan would be able to accomplish.

Old Man Seed always had a hint of madness in his soul, and that ember was rekindling as he observed this ridiculous mortal creature called Romion.

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Activating his eyes after more than a thousand years of neglect was jarring, and for a moment it was almost as if his eyes were filled with sand and he could feel a dull ache spread across them as if he was a newborn opening its eyes to see reality for the first time.

At first, all he could see was gray, and slowly color resolved itself and he noticed the translucent dome of energy covering them before his sight punched through it into the battle ahead, and it was not hard for Rowan to differentiate between his eyes and those of his consciousness.

For one it was singularly focused, his eyes gathered all the external environment in its entirety, light, heat, sound, vibrations... everything, and fed them to him all at once.

It was not like his consciousness vision that separated his perception into strands and fed it to him at the same time. No, his Primordial Ouroboros's vision was different. It was like a pulse that spread out from his eyes, traveled to its limit, and returned to him, bringing back all the information it had collected. It was like sonar or echolocation that had been tweaked up to a million points.

The pulse that spread from his eyes was erupting millions of times per second, and all that information was being fed to him, yet it was compressed in such a manner that it was not distracting. Rowan was simply aware of everything around him, and he was not distracted by it.

His gaze was like that of a predator. Focused on what was ahead while understanding everything around him at the same time.

It was the reason he was not distracted by this fascinating new vision and was buried in the scene that he saw ahead.

Rowan did not know which dimension this battle was being fought on but he did not recognize any of the party who was engaged in combat.

What he saw was dozens of universes in flames. On one side were beings of metal and stone, each of them was larger than stars and they wielded the elements in the shapes of massive hammers.

Their enemies were equally as massive, but they were reptilian, not resembling dragons or any reptiles he had seen, they took the shape of large balls of flesh covered by gleaming scales, and their bodies were covered with eyes and claws.

What struck Rowan was not their sizes or their power, but their numbers. From what he could observe at a glance on a small portion of the battlefield, the combatants numbered in the trillions, and when he looked at the entire scale of this battlefield that covered multiple infinities and contained dozens of universes, then the sheer number of combatants here was so horrifying that it could not be described.

Even if each of the combatants had the strength of mortals then it would represent such a significant force that Rowan shuddered to think what they could be capable of, but the fact was that the weakest combatant here had the power of a God King!

How was such a thing possible?! How much resources would it take to create such a powerful army whose numbers put all the stars in multiple universes to shame? What kind of a war is this?

Yet, this entire battle that was stretching what he knew of reality to the limit was just a small part of a war that was infinitesimally larger than what he could wrap his mind around.

A thought came to Rowan that frightened him; when he merged with in the vision that led to the end of all existence and led to his extermination by the Primordials, he had not really understood the scale of the devastation that such an event would bring.

Of course, he knew that ending all of reality was a terrible thing, but he did not truly understand what it meant to destroy that number of lives.

If this small corner of the universe had contained this amount of lives, how much would the entirety of reality contain?

When Rowan opened his eyes, he was shivering. Old Man Seed looked at him and laughed, "Such a battle of such epic proportion has surely blown your mind, didn't it? Don't worry it is not a shame to admit that there are some things that could break your mind the first time you see it."

"Sure," Rowan nodded, too tired to argue. He was once again reminded that he was dealing with forces he did not understand, and had given him access to a range of powers that was utterly ridiculous considering the fact that he was a mortal.

Rowan sighed, "Why was such a devastating war fought?"

Old Man Seed smiled, "That is the question that you should have asked from the start."

Chapter 954: The Blade Of Primordials

Old Man Seed was correct, there were some things that can only be learned by witnessing them, and Rowan deliberated on the things he had witnessed knowing that before long the true reason the old man brought him here would be revealed. He did not have to wait for long before the heavy voice of the Old Man which carried immense dignity began speaking to him, and it was as if he had been transported into the past by the voice alone, which was ironic because he was now in the past,

"There is much about the end of the Primordial Era that is a mystery, but one thing is known to those at my level and above, that without this battle and the devastation it wrought, there would have been no peace in all of reality, it alone shaped all the minor Eras that is to come and above all, it was this battle was the birth of the Paths of Power as we know it."

The voice of Old Man Seed commanded attention, and Rowan listened in rapt attention. He knew of the Primordial War from the memories of Eva, the Lady of Shadows. This was a war that she partook in as a Creator for the Celestials, and it was in this war that she ultimately perished.

Over time he had come across bits and pieces of this war across secrets tomes and memories of the fallen, but it was the first time he knew a tangible purpose for such a battle that had shaped reality, something struck him, the word—Minor Era, but he did not want to interrupt the old man, so he kept the question in his heart and he waited to ask his questions after everything was over, but he could already guess its meaning.

Old Man Seed had told him previously that after the end of the Primordial Era, what came next was the Supreme Era that in his own words they were enjoying till this moment. Rowan knew that the average lifespan of an Era was a billion trillion years, or the life cycle of an average universe. Obviously, this war had not taken place a billion trillion years ago but from a far more distant time, and if he was correct, that means that every life cycle of the universe was a Minor Era, and a Major Era must indicate a grand shift in reality as a whole.

Perhaps to the Primordials an Era must mean something far greater than a minor change in the life cycle of a universe. Rowan thought that there was nothing wrong with this inference of his, but he would make sure that he confirmed it later.

His thoughts took a fraction of a moment, and he listened as Old Man Seed continued speaking,

"I was born at the end of the war, so I was among those he acted to end it, that was the primary purpose for my creation, I think. Sometimes it is hard to know these things, the Primes chose to keep a lot of their wisdom and the reasons for their actions close to their chest. A trait that I'm not fond of, but I can understand their reasons sometimes. How could an ant know the thoughts of a man? Anytime I rebel in my heart that I'm not an ant, I come to this place and it reminds me, that I am even lesser... hahaha"

The old man laughed self-deprecatingly, but his foul humor did not last long before he focused back on the story he was telling,

"It is difficult to know my true roots and I have searched, believe me, a hundred Minor Eras devoted to nothing but searching. The reason for my search? I see that question in your eyes... maybe, it is because it lessens the weight of the years, and it does weigh on you after a while—Time."

"According to the rumors from my kin, I was a teardrop that fell from the eyes of our Prime when he saw the endless devastation that was being wrought on reality. I never cultivated to reach this present state of power, I only had to perfect it, and the end of this war was my opportunity, it was everyone's. For the strong-willed, it was the prospect of gaining power that was beholden only to themselves. True freedom was given to all, but depending on the power of the Primes was always an easier option to grow stronger and for people like us, well, we had no choice in this matter, our paths were already chosen from our births."

Old Man Seed smiled, "Maybe this is the reason that you excite me so Romion, you have such potential, and yet you are free. Someone in my line, a teardrop from the Prime, is walking the lone road all on his own, and it would be remiss for me if I cannot share a light to assist you on this path. Hah, I digress, let's return to the reason I brought you here."

Old Man Seed gestured and reality ahead parted and shrank, and in Rowan's perception, a majority of the reality ahead expanded and shrank until it was smaller than a mustard seed and it floated above the hand of Old Man Seed.

The old man had grabbed countless dimensions and squeezed them into a single spot, so Rowan's eyes could see all of reality that he would otherwise not have been able to comprehend.

"Look into it, and see the fruit of the war," Old Man Seed commanded, and Rowan looked at the reality that had been shrinking for him to perceive, and he saw....

Five tremendous entities that defied meaning, their size, shapes, and composition were impossible for him to grasp because they existed on a sphere of reality that Rowan could as yet not touch, and without to filter what entered his mind, he was left with only a sensation of witnessing the grandest spectacle he had ever come across.

Such an unfiltered view of reality triggered a strange yearning in his bloodline, as something truly ancient inside himself stirred. His bloodline of the Primordial Ouroboros hated what he was witnessing, it was as if it was seeing an old enemy dance on its corpse while desecrating it in every way possible. It was a hatred that had gone beyond common sense.

Rowan's prismatic eyes that were glowing with every color in the known reality turned red as blood, and Rowan closed his eyes and forced this eruption of fury to remain in his breast, any resistance on his part was like a little child beating his hands against a mountain, futile.

He had reached a level of understanding over his bloodlines and he would never allow them to dictate his actions. He was the ruler of his powers, not the opposite. It did not matter if their fury could shatter all of existence, his Will was unbreakable, and his blood served his purpose. Yet he consoled his bloodline because if he knew any truth about reality, it was that greater powers like the Primordials would never allow anyone else to dethrone them from their position. It was inevitable that a war would be fought between him and the Primordials, and his bloodline may yet get its wish.

It was better at this time that he watched and learned and so he did that.

Swallowing this unknown rage, he watched as the five gathered all the endless devastation and chaos that had erupted from the battle, and they made it into a blade.

A blade with the length of a million infinities!

Chapter 955: The Grand Working Of The Primordials

Such an unfiltered display of raw power left Rowan on edge. With , he had sometimes forgotten the sense of awe.

During the first moments when Rowan was transmigrated to this reality, what had filled his heart and soul was fear, but it was undeniable that inside him was a grand sense of awe.

It was like a Primitive man who sat at night around their campfires and looked at the stars, and in their mind, they had wondered who had the power to light other campfires in the heavens above, surely it would be gods, monsters, creatures with power without understanding.

Rowan had seen events of great beauty and horror and along the way his mind had gone numb, his senses had been repeatedly scoured by it all, but now he was starting anew, with eyes that had never seen reality in all its glory, and the powers who stood above it all.

Awe had returned to Rowan's heart, and viewing this blade that transcended a million dimensions, his heartbeat was like thunder.

Perhaps it was the method his brain chose to shape the image of the Primordials using his past experiences and vision but the five unknowable entities began to take the shape of humans, naked and genderless, the five primordial resembled five pieces of super realities in a humanoid shape that was spread across endless infinities and pushing his sight to understand more of their shapes created such great pain in his consciousness he had no choice but to stop.

Rowan had to remind himself that in time, he would be strong enough to understand it all, but for now, he should be content with what he could grasp.

He suspected that Old Man Seed like was trying to filter the vision for him to easily grasp, but he was not as deft in handling such higher-level realities as easily as the Singularity, so Rowan could sometimes spot the changes in the vision, for example, the way the vision sort of skipped through the gathering and the creation of this stupendous blade form the chaos and devastation of that war that stretched across all known realities.

For anyone else, this vision would be complete, but Rowan had seen grander sights with the aid of , and he understood these sorts of visions perhaps more than anyone else who had ever been born.

There were words spoken among the Primordials, but either he was too weak to understand them or Old Man Seed could not interpret them, and they seemed to come to an accord, and as one the five primordial held the blade that defied meaning, and sliced across reality.

Instinctively Rowan knew what had just happened even before it occurred, they had ended the Primordial Era. The blade cut across every dimension and it sifted through it. Everything that was, became something new. In the Primordial Eras, they were worlds the sizes of universes, but after the blade passed over, such worlds no longer existed. The various powers that existed became something new, and Rowan noticed that although a greater portion of that power was cut off, making this Era inherently weaker, what was left behind was more stable.

Rowan now understood a bit about how the combatants he had witnessed fighting in one small corner of the war could be so numerous. It was because, in the Primordial Era, power was untamed and unchecked, there was so much essence floating around that would stagger the mind of those in the present, and this made it possible for the birth of so many beings of power.

The Primordial Era must have been one of unchecked chaos and endless wars where geniuses were more numerous than every star in the sky for even a grain of sand could achieve power that could shatter a universe.

Where did all this power go after the Era had ended, it did not vanish, but it was transformed.

The vision did not end here, for out of the remnant of the Primordial Era, from the endless essence that had been spread across reality, a Path of Power was forged.

Chaos it seems had been caged and order restored. These paths of power were separated into trillions of pieces and those pieces also divided until they spread across this new Era, each Primordial took a part of this Path of Power that was greater than all the others, and Rowan instantly understood once more, that these Paths were for their descendants, but among all those shattered paths was one that stood supreme, but you could only see it from a distance.

Perhaps it was due to his new Primordial Vision, or how he was used to watching everything from a distance using his consciousness sight as a living dimension, or the fact that he was just unique, Rowan noticed that the paths created from the chaos were like tiny notes in an endless sea of notes, but that was if you were looking at it all as different pieces.

The paths had indeed been shattered into infinitesimally small parts, but there was a grand tapestry that connected them all, and you only had to look at it as a whole, and what was revealed was a grand circle, that contained all the Paths, including the ones that were taken by the Primordial, it connected them all.

This vision was so extravagant that Rowan felt he barely comprehended the minutest portion of its entire might. The awe in his heart multiplied until it reached a feverish height. He began to comprehend this massive symphony, his consciousness aflamed with the sheer elegance and power of it all. This was the grand work of five primordial to usher in a new Era— The Supreme Era!

Rowan's vision of this grand working was invaded by the voice of Old Man Seed, "So, you do see it. Not many ever do, I remember I had to watch this scene a million times before I saw it, but you did in a single instance, incredible Romion. I was not wrong, this path is worthy of you."

"What is that?" Rowan whispered in awe,

"That is the true face of the Supreme Circle. When it was created the Primordials used it as a standard. It was a spot that was left for the one that could stand beside them."

Rowan turned to Old Man Seed in shock and before he could speak the old man nodded,

"Yes, the Primordial may be harsh but they are fair. During the Primordial Era, it was indeed easy to gain power, but the chaos that resulted from that power only led to destruction, and for endless years, no one was able to climb the throne to meet the Primordials, and then with their combined strength and wisdom, the Primordials created what is considered their greatest works, the Supreme Circle, and left a path for the worthy to ascend to become a Primordial."

Rowan could not help but ask, "After so many Minor Eras, why has there not been a new Primordial if a path has already been laid out?"

"Well that answer is simple isn't it," Old Man Seed scoffed, "No one since the beginning of the Supreme Era has been worthy enough. Great geniuses from the beginning of the Supreme Era had thrown their entire existence against mastering the powers of the Supreme Circle, taking control of the entire tapestry of power and weaving it to their own design. They all failed."

"Tell me Romion, of all the geniuses that have ever existed, can you be the one to finally master the Supreme Circle?"

Chapter 956: The Weight Of Power

Rowan stared at the grand work of the Supreme Circle and ignored the words of Old Man Seed for the moment, he allowed the burning flames in his heart to cool and reasserted the cold rationality of his consciousness.

Whether by accident or design, the events of the last few moments had shaken him and even someone like Rowan had to take a moment to gather his thoughts. The unexpected changes in his mother, the truths about Spirit Emanations, the disappearance of the fragment of Caine's Soul, the truths about the end of the Primordial Era...

Blows after blows against his consciousness and Rowan had reeled back, but now he had reasserted himself and his mind was finally clear.

Rowan's heart grew cold. No matter how benign the intentions of Old Man Seed, this was an ancient being who was used to getting his way and manipulations were a part of his spirit just as easily as breathing. Anything that had lived to become this old had

terrifying mental capabilities and other was no way he did not know that the revelations he was revealing to Rowan would not shock him to the core.

From the start he had carefully revealed his hand, pushing Rowan towards the conclusion he wanted and if he was not wrong, then Old Man Seed would deliver the Coup De grace—the final piece of the puzzle that was supposed to cement Rowan to his side. Rowan did not despise the old man for this tricky move, in fact, he expected it and would have never trusted his fate and his education to someone who was not capable of affecting his emotions and thought processes. The true test here was on his part, if he had failed to recognize the subtle manipulations of the old man, then it was his fault for falling under his spell, he would simply not be worthy of playing the games of the strong.

There was no denying it. Among the powerful, everything was a game, but the stakes could never be higher, and sometimes the best result for failure was death, for in this reality, there was a far worse fate than perishing.

After his experience in the universe under the Reflections, Rowan had learned to mask the monster inside his soulless self, and he had revealed a bit of it to the Reflections in their last battle, but no one had truly made him reveal his entire might and his true core, and the truth was that even Rowan had never seen his true limits.

Erohim had seen a portion of it, at the end of his life, Third had seen a small part, unknown to Rowan, Andar had also seen something of him, and Old Man Seed had made a mistake and taught Rowan how to mask his Spirit early enough, or in time he might have seen it too.

It was this cold, utterly alien part of Rowan's consciousness that analyzed the events of the last few moments and came to a conclusion on it.

The Supreme Circle was a marvelous entity, and no matter how awe-inspiring it was, and it was truly awe-inspiring, he had seen greater. Rowan might not understand the entire ramifications of his powers and the things he had witnessed but only a small part of it would make even a being like Old Man Seed go mad in horror.

Just the merger between his second-dimensional body and had created a being with the power that could equal a Primordial, and that was not the end of his potential.

He had seen all of reality perish, and not just a war to end an Era.

He had seen a Primordial perish in his hands as a forbidden child of the merger between man and Singularity.

No one could say they had heard the death cry of a Primordial, but he had, severally.

He had seen the birth of Limbo and the birth of a new reality that was so repugnant, that just the memory of it could corrupt all of reality.

He saw the body of the Primordial of Time, and at this moment he was holding his eye.

In his veins was the blood of the Primordial Ouroboros, a creature with the power to rival Primordials... Rowan was beyond anything Old Man Seed could understand.

Rowan had seen madness... he was madness.

It had been easy to allow awe into his heart because he was experiencing the world with new eyes and after this was over, Rowan brought back his armor over his heart. The Supreme Circle must be a power chased after by every genius in creation, but for him, it was just one of the possible weapons he could wield.

'For my armies are endless and my weapons without numbers. I hold both the light of heaven and the flames of hell, and in time, who in creation would be worthy to stand before my gaze?'

He did not care about the power of this Supreme Circle, what he cared about was the knowledge that could be gained while walking on this path. The Reflections of the Primordial of Time had gone out of their way to deprive Rowan of wisdom, a monumental achievement, they played the game and they had lost.

It was now up to Rowan to bridge that gap of knowledge that had been denied him. After his mind was made up, he slowly locked up this part of his consciousness away, a new game had just begun, and in chess, it was the pawn that went first.

After a while, Rowan looked away from the vision of the Supreme Circle and slowly spoke with firm conviction, "What do I need to do to walk on this path?"

Old Man Seed smiled, "I have all the resources you will need to walk this path to the fifth Supreme Circle, and after this, it would be in your power to hunt for what you require to complete it, I am willing to grant you this great boon, but I only ask you for a single thing in return, and if you are not willing to follow it, I shall erase the memory of this place from your mind, and show you the path of our Prime."

Rowan's prismatic eyes dulled to green embers and seemed deep in thought before he replied, "What is this thing that you would ask of me?"

Old Man Seed suddenly seized him by the shoulders and peered down at him, his face was so close to Rowan's that their nose nearly touched, at their present height difference, Rowan resembled a child before Old Man Seed's nearly eleven-foot height, "I ask only this of you. You don't stop moving forward, there is a weight to power that few in creation can bear, and nothing is heavier than the powers of the Prime.... Nothing! You shall be tested beyond what you think possible, your mind and body taken

to the limits and beyond that limit, only for you to discover that beyond your limits was just the starting point of this road."

"You shall break, again and again, painfully and in ways you cannot comprehend Romion, no number of words can show you just how much you shall hurt, and I expect you to pick up the pieces of yourself and rebuild it stronger than before while knowing that the torture would never end..."

Old Man Seed went silent and what came next was almost spoken in a whisper as if he was afraid of someone else hearing what he was about to say next, "...and when the pain gets too much when the weight becomes something that your mighty back cannot endure for a single moment more, I shall ask you to add more load to it. I have asked you this before and I will ask you once more. Can you do that Romion, can you take the load that no one else in creation can carry?"

Chapter 957: Tenebris

'What a lovely speech,' Rowan thought, 'if it is meant to rouse the pride in my heart to challenge a horizon above my comprehension then it is a great pep talk, the only issue here is that I don't care about the Supreme Circle as he thinks, what others crave with all their soul, is for me, just one more weapon in my arsenal. How can I crave a weapon that can topple all of realities when I have others that can do that job ten times faster?'

When showed Rowan a breakdown of his bloodline and abilities, it was done in the simplest and most efficient manner possible, and if it had chosen to reveal the might of any of his powers in the same way that Old Man Seed had presented the Supreme Circles, it would be a thousand times more memorable.

The presentation of information can sometimes hold more weight than the information itself. It was all a matter of context, and this old man was a master in the act of context. Rowan felt his Will of Truth react to this realization and he almost smiled.

Rowan cleared his throat, "I am a mortal, and yet I carry a third-dimensional Will and the Title of a World Bearer. You have seen my strength and my ambition, and you should know that I will never settle for anything lesser with the potential I have,"

Rowan smiled as a thought entered his heart and he said, "There is something I always say inside my heart when I am before a great challenge, for it is in those moments that I am truly alive, nothing else can ever top those moments. I say to myself: Let the storm rage ever higher, I cannot be shaken, my Will is stone. Old Man Seed, let the weight of power come for me, let it rage, let it slam itself against the barrier of my Will, it would only return spent, for I cannot tremble. My Will is Stone."

Inside his dimension, Rowan felt a ripple and his consciousness witnessed a grand change in his thought process, and his jaws nearly dropped when his Will of Truth transformed before his eyes, hiding its core and bringing forth a new fruit.

This event was potent enough that after a thousand years, stirred and it spoke, and Rowan thought it could detect a sense of tired amusement from the Singularity.

Will of Truth (First Masking) — Will of Stone.

'Huh,' Rowan scoffed internally, 'Apparently if I say something with enough conviction, it becomes the truth. Interesting. The pieces I have to play with have gotten larger.'

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Above the frozen waste, in what appeared to be a few miles away from the heads of the Sirens, space shivered and two figures emerged, Rowan and Old Man Seed. The old man had his eyes closed and his palms cupped together as tiny bursts of light occasionally escaped from his hands. He appeared to be creating something.

Whatever it is that he was making must truly be incredible for the tiny pulse of power that escaped from his closed palms made Rowan's heart beat in trepidation.

At his present level, a small strand of light from those closed palms would turn him to ash. This process continued for hours and showed no sign that it would be ending soon, Rowan tried to piece together the process behind the energy surges he could detect, but he was puzzled when he continually felt the emanations of spatial energy inside the palms of the old man.

He shrugged at this mystery and simply concentrated to see what more he could learn.

Being this close to the Sirens, he could not help but turn to observe them but was a bit surprised when he noticed that they were already observing him.

Six pairs of eyes the size of universes observed him in silence. The sizes of the Sirens Rowan had come to discover were due to the fact that these beings must have controlled the power of higher dimensions, and their heads still carried their power, and in the eyes of those that were at a lower level, each of their heads was larger than a universe.

Perhaps to Old Man Seed, the head was the size of grapefruits because his senses could wrap around and understand them in their totality.

As the Sirens of Thenos observed him, he also observed them in return, he knew he held their message and if he filled the last pages, their torture would end, but he was not ready to make that move at this time.

He did not understand these creatures, not really, they only showed him a part of their history, and their message even though it had been recorded was still cryptic. Who was their enemy? Who cut off their heads and kept them fixed to the skies so they could scream in pain for all eternity? What crimes did they commit to be deserving of such a fate?

You see, when Rowan said there were fates worse than death, the Sirens were an example.

By his side, Old Man Seed grunted in frustration at whatever was happening between his palms, it was clearly more difficult than he had anticipated, before looking at Rowan, then at the sky,

"Ignore those wailing cretins overhead, even as heads, they are still greedy bitches who smell opportunities when they see it. Damn it, why is this so hard to collect... Hah! I got it... Do you think you can hide it from me Hephy? Hahaha..."

Opening his palms, Rowan noticed a small lump of black iron, but it did not stay that way for long before Old Man Seed began to tap it with his fingers as if he was playing a tune, and before long the small lump of black iron expanded to a full body armor.

The armor was featureless, with no adornment whatsoever, it had no openings and resembled a black mannequin. Immediately Rowan was reminded of the shell he had as a mortal when he unlocked his Ouroboros bloodline.

Old Man Seed looked at the armor in fascination and blew on it, this gesture blew away a thick layer of brown dust that had settled on the armor, but Rowan's eyes constricted when he noticed that these brown dusts were remnants of dead universes.

Perhaps this was not something that someone could easily recognize, but Rowan knew what a dead universe looked like, he had just left one not long ago, but gathered thickly on this inconspicuous armor was the remnant of tens of thousands of dead universes!

"Until you complete your Fifth Supreme Circle, you shall forever remain inside this armor. Forged from the heart of Tenebris, the last-born son of the Prime of the Great Abyss. This armor has inherited his name and his Will, and it would break whoever wears it. This would be your greatest test on your way towards the greatest heights of the Circle Romion, would you allow Temebris to break you?"

"You ask too many questions old man," Rowan growled.

"Oh, the pride of youth, do not lose it, Rowan, for it might help for the pain ahead."

Rowan's vision was suddenly covered in darkness, but his perception was acute enough to notice that the black armor had assumed a life of its own and leaped onto his

body, covering Rowan from head to toe, and plunging him into a great darkness with no end in sight.

The voice of Old Man Seed reached him as if coming from the other end of the universe, "..... Hold on to your convictions..."

Then the first crack occurred, it sounded as if a galaxy had been split apart, and the pain began, as Rowan's body was crushed to a state a trillion times smaller than an atom.

Chapter 958: Sinner

Rowan's existence transformed into a state he could not understand, as his dimensional flesh was compressed to a limit he never thought could be possible.

A Will Holder with a higher dimensional domain may appear to be as large as a universe if they wanted to, but they were not truly that size, and their massive bodies were mostly comprised of higher dimensional energies, Rowan was different, his dimensional flesh was the size of a thousand galaxies and only his Primordial Ouroboros bloodline was strong enough to carry it, so that he could easily compress his body to its present appearance.

To the Tenebris armor, Rowan could as well be made of air as it compressed him to a point many times smaller than an atom.

It was not the pain that destabilized Rowan, he was used to an inconceivable amount of pain, and for him, pain had become almost like another state of being, like walking or breathing, it was already a part of his life.

If he had not been able to withstand great pain and torture during the moments he had transmigrated, all the way to this point, then no matter the powers he had available to him, he would have fallen.

Power had a price, and it was the case that in so many instances, pain became the currency of trade, but he had become used to paying this price, and if the degree of pain he had suffered was to be turned into a form of money, then Rowan would be among the richest in any universe.

As a mortal when he was transmigrated, he activated two omnipotent bloodlines, and the pain he had endured to transform his body would have driven most to madness, this sheer tenacity he had inside him had grown over the years until he could boldly say he had mastered pain in all its shades and flavors. So, he was used to pain, what he was not used to was this darkness, and this damned sound!

"BOOM!"

'What was that noise? It is almost as if it was coming from a spot just beside his perception, like a maddening itch you could not scratch stabbing its presence into his consciousness repeatedly, and it filled his mind to the point where he could hardly think, and everything was just this noise and the darkness, his mind pressed into oblivion.

"BOOM!"

This darkness was not like the serene one he found himself in not too long ago, this one was different... it was aware, and it yearned for with a desire that was so intensely foul to consume him without leaving anything behind. Such great hunger, how could a hunger like this exist?

In this total darkness, his senses were shattered to nothing, ravaged in so many directions that drove every piece of it to numbness. He was supposed to feel nothing, yet he could still sense this darkness worming its way into his mind, like maggots. Digging.... Digging... Digging...

"BOOM!"

"What was that sound?!"

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"At the beginning of the Supreme Era, to herald this momentous change, the five Primordials created the Paths of Power, and called it the Supreme Circle, and there were nine of these circles, a clear road that led all the way to their side, to stand beside the Primes, eternally powerful, everlastingly radiant..."

On the verge of a strange sort of madness that defied any sort of classification, Rowan heard the sound of Old Man's Seed voice, and he grabbed onto it like a life raft in a storm, finally, he had a path through the darkness and he would not let go of it, with utterly alien willpower, he disregarded the madness growing in his mind as the darkness kept devouring his consciousness and listened to the words.

Rowan had come for knowledge, and he would be damned if the moment came for that knowledge to be dispensed and he allowed something as trivial as madness to distract him.

"The power of the Supreme Circle was shattered to all of creation, and into every dimension.

All these pieces of the circle became embedded in reality, carried across the ages by time, and would exist until the end of the Supreme Era. Yet all these pieces did not exist in a vacuum, they were a small part of a greater whole."

"BOOM, BOOM, BOOM,..... BOOM! How dare..."

As if annoyed that Rowan had pushed its influence aside, the sound that was flooding his consciousness in addition to the darkness multiplied in intensity, until it almost drowned out the voice of Old Man Seed.

Rowan could feel his perception begin to crack, not just feel it, soon he began to hear it like glass being crushed under the heels of a giant, but he still ignored it,

"Not enough..." he growled and pushed everything to the side, focusing on the words of Old Man Seed that were coming faster and faster. His command of the Higher-Order Language had reached such a point that perhaps he had said only a single word, but it came to Rowan as an entire story,

"Every creature that sought to escape the mortal coil and climb to the peak of existence took the shattered pieces of the Supreme Circle, and they began to cultivate it, bringing forth an Era of peace and stability, and the endless chaos of the Primordial Era was laid to rest."

"Perhaps it was ignorance or hubris, but it is well known that it was the Emphyreans, rogue children of the Prime Chaos who named their shards of the path: the Supreme Circle. They believed that their shard was the most powerful and complete Path of Power in existence, and after the endless Minor Eras that had gone past, most have forgotten that what they cultivate are simply shards and the real supreme Circle remains unconquered."

"BOOM....BOOM....BOOM... You will listen to me... Sinner!"

"Was that a voice?" Even in his state of sheer focus, the sounds and the darkness were invasive enough to push through it, and the voice that he imagined if disease or stagnation had ever had a voice, this would be what they would sound like.

Rowan ignored them.

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"Only among the bloodlines of the Prime and other greater powers outside reality that understands the true significance of the Supreme Circle performs the sacred tradition of observing the true Circle, but even among their number, most have ignored this path...Minor Eras without counting had gone by... this load is too heavy, the task is too difficult, and now Romion, I am sure you can begin to feel it, the reason why most will never succeed, even if they are given countless lifetimes. However, we have not even truly begun."

"BOOM!.... You have made a mistake, Sinner.... BOOM! I can see you, I can see all of you."

"Listen well Romion, for the secrets of the first Supreme Circle are in everything around you. Engraved in every single piece of reality, but to see you would have to be deprived of every part of reality that you know and face the darkness of Tenebris, where everything comes to a halt, but it is up to you to find it."

"BOOM...Such hubris... BOOM... Enter my Realm with no compensation Sinner... But you are not alone, and the others with you are also hungry, like me..."

This grating voice pulling his mind away from his task was getting annoying. The darkness worming its way into his consciousness had reached a point where no matter how hard they pushed, they could no longer gain any ground in Rowan's mind.

Chapter 959: Do Not Let My Gaze Touch You

At the start of this ordeal, the darkness of Tenebris was strange enough and powerful enough to tear through Rowan's defenses like paper, but it had taken too long to crush him, and even though Rowan was not focused on it, his passive defenses, titles, and his other consciousness pillars had begun to understand and fight against its encroachment.

Rowan's mental strength and defenses were ridiculous and if Tenebris could not destroy him in one blow, then it was a useless attack. The attack from the armor was growing increasingly more powerful, but so were his defenses. It was only a matter of time to determine who would emerge as the winner from their clash, and Rowan would always bet on himself.

It was only a matter of time before he tore through the mechanism of this Tenebris armor, but this voice was truly becoming annoying.

As a form of attack, Rowan had experienced worse, and of all the attacks he had received over the years, the ones he truly hated were attacks using words, which was ironic when in time one of his potent weapons would be the Will of Truth, a Will that he needed to speak.

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Old Man Seed's voice kept droning on, his words in a weird cadence, almost like music, and if he was aware of the events happening inside the Tenebris armor, he did not address it, maybe he knew that if Rowan could not fight against the influence of the armor, he was not worthy to walk the path of the Supreme Circle.

"For other geniuses, to attain the first Supreme Circle, they would have to meditate for untold Eras, slowly piecing together the various shards embedded in reality. This process requires unmatched focus and determination, and yet this is the first and the

easiest part. Your path however would be very different from their own. Your achievement makes every genius I have ever known to be nothing. They could as well be unthinking rocks."

"BOOM!!!!... GIVE IN TO ME!!!! LET ME FEAST!!!!"

"You are a World Bearer, and so you have the right to exist inside of nothingness, and so I bring you before a cornerstone of Nothingness—Tenebris. Inside this foul place devoid of every light in creation, you can hear the call of the Supreme Circle, that is, if you can resist the madness of Tenebris,"

" I should warn you, even fifth-dimensional Will Holders had fallen before the madness of this armor and were devoured with nothing of them left... you know something, looking back, perhaps I should have led with this. Bah, I'm sure you will be fine, you don't need the distractions."

Rowan was no longer focused on Old Man Seed, he finally got what he came for, the oath towards the First Supreme Circle.

"YOUR SOUL SHALL NOT BE SENT TO THE RIVER, I SHALL FEAST ON IT FOR COUNTLESS ERAS, YOU SHALL WEEP BEFORE MY ENDLESS FURY AS YOU FALL TO PERDITION, I SHALL..."

"So you have a soul and also feast on souls. Interesting."

"What... You can hear me?"

"If I can hear you? You stupid piece of scrap metal, your voice has been the thing I could hear in this darkness!"

"How is that possible? I speak directly to your soul, your consciousness should not even be aware of my touch... Who... What are you?!"

"If you remain silent Tenebris, then I will forget you, I am focused on other things at the moment. Do not test me."

"Wait...Wait..."

Dismissing the voice of the armor from his thoughts, Rowan focused on what was outside of the darkness, and he found nothing. He frowned and attempted to sweep his perception through the darkness as he was accustomed to doing, but his splintered consciousness that had been driven numb by the darkness could as well be as useful as wings on an elephant.

With one of his greatest tools not available to him, Rowan had to settle on taking it slowly, a step at a time.

"If you can hear me then I should introduce myself, I am Demon Lord Tenebr..."

"Hush..." Rowan said gently, "Else I tear out your tongue through your throat, do not let me turn my gaze on you Tenebris."

Rowan's frown kept increasing, the darkness was an annoyance, but he did not try to fight against it. He saw this state of his consciousness as an opportunity. If he was supposed to find the true face of the Supreme Circle, then the purpose for his splintered consciousness should be...

Like a brick to the head, the realization of what he needed to do occurred to him and he nearly laughed at its simplicity.

Tenebris at its core was meant for crushing the souls and the perception of anyone to pieces. Such a thing would kill most immortals, and only with unreasonable willpower would someone hold the fragments of their souls in one piece and try to solve the mystery of the Supreme Circle.

Truly, Old Man Seed was not pulling any of his punches when it came to directing Rowan. To see the entire shards of the Supreme Circle, well, one's soul would need to be shattered into shards.

Tenebris would act as the hammer and the container. The armor would shatter the soul into tiny pieces, so tiny it was almost nonexistent, but this act would spread the soul in an infinite direction.

At this point, the soul inside Tenebris should be too weak and scattered to even understand basic knowledge, but being close to the Nothingness would make sensing the face of the Supreme Circle to be easier.

This was the trade-off. If the soul could withstand the torture of being shattered into infinite pieces while enduring the hunger of Tenebris, then it should be able to easily sense the Supreme Circles.

'So why can't I sense it? Unless...'

"I warned you Tenebris, you should not have allowed my gaze to reach you."

To avoid the pitfall of apathy, Rowan had chosen to pull the majority of his consciousness powers into a singular pillar, and left the rest to serve as his unconscious, performing minor roles that were too repetitive or mundane.

At this moment, the consciousness being crushed by Tenebris was his main consciousness but Rowan still had hundreds of consciousness pillars to call on.

He did not attack the armor, it was still important to him and he needed to keep the full breadth of his power away from the eyes of others.

He began to subtly release the other pieces of his consciousness to scour the darkness and bypass the blockade that Tenebris had created, and it did not take long for the first shards of the First level of the Supreme Circle to fall into his hands, and like dominoes, the others began to fall into place.

"How can this be... No, it's impossible! The paths, the shards are hidden, your soul is shattered, you are not supposed.. Aahh, what are you?! Narethi, Sola, Pierhz... Which of you bastards come to mock me in my torture?"

Inside the darkness of the armor, there emerged faint hisses.

"I warned you Tenebris. Do not let my gaze fall upon you."

The hissing grew louder, like volcanoes that were about to erupt, and inside that darkness, in a place where nothing should exist, six pairs of golden eyes lit up.

Chapter 960: A Thousand Years Secrets (1)

"At what scale does something begin to lose meaning?"

For mortals, it is an easy thing to find out. The death of one might make them sad, a hundred deaths would drive them to a state of weakness, a thousand would terrify them, and a million would almost drive most to madness, but you see when it comes to a billion, then something truly special begins to happen. Don't you think so, Romion? But mortals are meaningless, we are here to discuss the immortal."

ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

Rowan stood on the last remnants of the Twilight Bridge for six months after the death of Third, he did not move, not even to breathe, like a statue made from meat and bones.

There were barely ten miles of the Twilight Bridge left, and it bled golden and red clouds of dust that glowed like stars. Pieces of it were slowly crumbling and when the last of the Bridge shattered, his spell would end.

For the first time in six months, his head moved a bit to the left as his eyeless gaze pierced through the entire living universe that he had kept frozen by his spell. A surge of weakness inundated his consciousnesses, and Rowan staggered backward before smoothly sitting down cross-legged in mid-air, carried by the six Primordial Ouroboros Serpents.

The six serpents appeared to be in a daze, their eyes were closed, and like Rowan, they were still injured, but the meals of Will Holder they had devoured were digesting in their stomach, shining like a glowing forge through their stomach, as small changes were slowly rippling through their bodies.

Even after five years, several strands of Aetherium were still being purged from his body, black, blue, green, and the more prevalent red lightning, escaped his flesh, halting his healing process as a higher dimensional type of energy was forcefully purged from his mortal body.

All of these purged Aetherium were being diverted into the bodies of the serpents, at first, this energy inflicted terrible injuries to their bodies, but now the serpents had begun to devour these higher dimensional energies, and from their nostrils, various trails of smoke emerge which Rowan recognize were Wills.

These Wills did not only belong to the devoured combatants but something else... Rowan did not try to discern whoever owned these strange Wills. He had become perceptive enough about higher dimensional Will, and these ones were far higher than the fourth dimension.

It was amazing that his Ouroboros Serpents were powerful enough to eject the Wills from the devoured Aetherium, but the energy expenditure used in performing such an act left them with barely any gains from devouring the Aetherium.

However Rowan did not stop them from consuming the Aetherium he was slowly purging from his flesh, it was good practice, and in time, his serpents would end up becoming immune to this variant of Aetherium as their understanding of this power deepened.

Yet as they were all an extension of him, their act also weakened him further as his resources were strained to the limit, after all, he was still mortal.

There was also the fact that he was powering an unreasonable powerful spell like this one that involved time to such a deep level, across an entire universe, and therefore the energy expenditure was alarming.

All of these placed him in a uniquely vulnerable position where his entire Primordial Seas had dried up, and as they were regenerated, they were quickly used up. His understanding of Aetherium was still limited and so he had to expend a vast amount of energy to rid himself of small portions of it.

He had always wondered if his Aether Capacity could be taken to the limits, well, today he had seen that limit. It felt strange to Rowan. He was supposed to be a being whose power was infinite or as close to it as possible, and so it was a strange thing to see himself being brought to such a state.

Granted, the enemies he had fought and killed while still remaining a mortal were powerful enough to easily crush universes, and he had done that with only a small amount of his abilities. He had performed the impossible.

Rowan was now vulnerable, and he kept himself in this position, for he was still hunting.

It was the reason he had stood here for five years and waited for his body to heal naturally with no interference from his side.

With access to Soul Energy, he could easily crush a dozen Immortal Soul Mountains and regain his entire Primordial Seas of energy, healing his injuries and accelerating the dispersal of the Aetherium inside of him, but Rowan had speculated that although this conflict appeared hidden, there may be other hidden hands who had watched the battle in the background, and they were waiting for the right time to strike.

At this moment there were a host of powers from other dimensions and universes heading towards this universe to devour its remnants, although the appearance would have suddenly changed, this would only serve to ignite their curiosity, for how was it possible for a dead universe to suddenly regain life?

Time around his spell was a reflection of his inner dimension taken to the limits, and although he had spent five years on this bridge, barely five minutes had gone by outside the universe, it was only a matter of time before the full weight of the many universes and dimensions in the Great Darkness to descend on it.

Nevertheless, Rowan had a plan for what was coming, what he was concerned with should be the enemy that was already here and lingering.

As he waited his gaze peered through the universe as he began to scour the traces of the reflection from the entire universe. His many consciousnesses meant he could do many things at the same time.

There were countless mysteries behind the actions of the Reflections for the last six billion years, and this spell gave him the advantage of going over all the hidden portions of the universe that he had missed for the first time. In so many ways the time for this battle had been dictated by his enemies, and he had the opportunity to sift through the haze and understand everything he had first missed.

Like how the God Emperors were created and maintained? What other preparations had Third made in order for him to deprive Rowan of wisdom? This and so many other questions could be solved by careful investigation, he had the time to do so presently, and he did not know if this spell would be able to be maintained when another round of battle began.

He started with the populace inside the universe, tracing their fate and their souls. Reading their memories like a book and understanding their experiences.

Every single living being in the entire universe had their secrets unveiled before him, starting from Trion. From this world, he unearths a startling amount of secrets but as he was finding out, it was only the tip of the iceberg.

The work was slow, but in a weird manner, it was also instantaneous.

Chapter 961: A Thousand Years Secrets (2).

Rowan's perception that he had released inside the living universe spent tens of thousands of years understanding the mind of every living being in the macrocosm, but due to the fact that the spell had frozen time inside the universe, his consciousness inside the universe felt that it was experiencing time go by.

The consciousness could still roam inside the frozen universe, going from soul to soul, scouring every consciousness inside of this space, while time had not really passed.

It was a rather interesting phenomenon that allowed Rowan to experience the mysterious nature of time and how its actions were sometimes dictated by the perception of the individual experiencing it. To everyone in the frozen universe, they did not know that time had been stopped, even if Rowan maintained this spell for another billion years, to them, not a single second would pass. The moment he lifted the spell, they would all continue with their lives not knowing that so much had changed.

Rowan was aware that his spell would not be so powerful without his instinctive understanding of time that had exceeded any sort of common sense.

One of the reasons must be due to his Primordial Ouroboros Bloodline who also shared an aspect with Time, but he was also born from the essence of Erohim, who was the last living remnant of the Primordial of Time.

However, saying nothing had changed in the frozen universe was a lie. The Reflections and every single immortal who partook in the battle and still existed inside the living universe at this time were slowly vanishing.

Time had been separated in two, but Rowan had linked them together once more. The present and the past, Cause and Effect. Making it so that the present bore the Cause and the past, the Effect, an outcome that was similar to the greedy nature of his Ouroboros bloodline. If not for the effects of Time Freeze, then this event would have been instantaneous, but now he could slowly observe this process as their vanishing bodies began to break down in layers. A vanishing act that should have taken place in a mere moment, stretched to many millennia.

First, it was the various domains or energy fields around their bodies that vanished, and then their skin slowly peeled away, collapsing into dust, and the dust collapsed to nothingness.

It gave him the opportunity to idly learn all about their varied energy capabilities and abilities they had mastered all through their lives, because in death all of their secrets were revealed, and Rowan learned much in the millennia that passed. All of this contributed to his overall knowledge, but most of it was useless to him overall.

Rowan's perception inside the universe was graced with the sight of tens of millions of immortals frozen without their skin, as the muscles underneath began to slowly corrode.

It gave him the opportunity to idly learn all about their varied energy capabilities and abilities they had mastered all through their lives, because in death all of their secrets were revealed, and Rowan learned much in the millennia that passed. All of this contributed to his overall knowledge, but most of it was useless to him overall.

He was reminded once more of the vast gap that existed between him and everyone else. Each of these immortals was an outstanding genius in their own right, with control of energy and spells that would leave anyone else to shame, but to Rowan, everything they wielded and possessed was so crude and weak.

What they spent millions of years perfecting were easily seen through by him, and their memories... oh, their memories were wondrous in their way. Years of struggles, betrayals, battles, tears, blood, and sweat shed on their road to greatness.

He watched countless scenes of immortals battling for resources and precious resources to boost the attributes of their Spirit or physiques by measly hundreds of points and saw how their hearts had gladdened at such a minor degree of progress.

Rowan had swallowed a Supreme World and gained millions of points of attributes, and that was only the beginning, he could gain far more attributes as time went on, seemingly without any limits. The gap between him and them was so vast it was almost ridiculous. It was during this moment as he searched through the universe that he discovered the last of Third backup plans. A woman called Ameera. There were many other plans the Reflections had placed on the ground to safeguard their lives, but all of them turned out to be useless, Rowan had claimed their souls, and whatever plans they made were rendered moot as Rowan reversed Cause and Effect.

Their souls turned out to be their greatest gifts and weaknesses.

Yet he was not surprised that Third still managed to fight through this problem. Rowan grinned internally, 'What an enemy!'

The Third Prince had not been idle the many Eras he had lived, and his knowledge of the soul had been growing. Perhaps it was by learning from the massive Soul Engine

inside the Eye of the Primordial that was harvesting Soul Energy from the Soul Origin Orbs, the Third Prince had begun searching for his own Soul Origin!

Whether by luck or design, he had come close to succeeding, although close might mean billions of years in the future, for immortals like him, that was a blink of an eye.

Ameera's soul had been hollowed out by horrifying experiences inflicted by the Third Prince, and where there should have been colorful lights of all colors to represent the vibrancy of a mortal's soul, there was only gray.

The color of her soul was what attracted Rowan's attention at first, and when he delved deeper, he saw that the Third Prince had been moving the soul of Ameera from one body to another for centuries, and over time, like a parasite he had begun leeching onto her soul, pouring his Will and Intent inside of it. This acted as a vehicle to hold small portions of his soul.

He had been able to do this with Ameera because this woman was special, her bloodline was unique, holding a small trace of a Souls-Type bloodline. Not those of the Primordial Keepers, but another bloodline with a relationship with the soul.

Rowan knew the Primordial Keepers were not the only ones with power over the Soul in reality, they were perhaps the most powerful of the Souls-Type bloodline, but they were not the only ones. This discovery of a Souls bloodline excited Rowan. In the entire universe, she was the only one possessing such a bloodline, proving how rare it was.

The Third Prince was aware of the shape of the soul, including his own, he could not manipulate it, but he knew how to influence it, and understood certain actions would transmit part of your soul energy to others.

For mortals, transmitting their soul energy was simple, because of how porous their physique was, but for immortals, it was very difficult. The Third Prince had found out that intense emotions could draw out the power of the soul, with Ameera's special bloodline and her hatred towards him, some portions of his soul were slowly drained by the woman.

The Third Prince had made sure she could never cultivate to grow stronger, so she could never find a way to hurt him. Ameera, unaware of her potential, was being used as a container to ferry the soul of the Third Prince, and in time, maybe the mad genius might have found a way to generate enough of his soul energy that he could create another Third Prince.

If he were ever to fall into death, he would have a backup soul, and this was just the first step in finding his soul's origin.

Chapter 962: A Thousand Years Secrets (3)

It was a fascinating thing to delve into the mind of a monster like the Third Prince by reading the traces he left behind. His works were vast, and he was not scared to make bold choices and tread on paths unknown. He had caused a lot of suffering during his life, but his results were undeniable.

This plan by the Third Prince only needed time before it matured to the extent that he would effectively become nearly unkillable.

He started the experiment with Ameera barely three thousand years ago, and over time, if he grew more confident about her abilities, he should be able to increase its effectiveness, and in a billion years or less, he would be able to create a separate soul, independent yet still the same as the original.

After that, there would be nothing stopping him from repeating this process a couple more times until his Soul Potency reached its limits, by that time the Third prince may have hundreds of souls.

The possibility that he was on the road to success was utterly terrifying, it would be virtually impossible for Rowan to destroy such a foe, even if he vowed to hunt the Third Prince across all of reality, this wily Reflection would make his existence a living hell by revealing all of Rowan's known secrets to his enemies.

That was not even taking into consideration the compounding benefits of owning hundreds of souls when it came to comprehension and so many other facets of life. The growth and destructive potential of the Third Prince would reach such a level that it would be difficult for Rowan to analyze his potential again.

The reason everything that was considered precious by some of the greatest geniuses in the many universes became scraps in Rowan's sight was because of the numerous consciousness pillars that granted him the ability to have many streams of thought like a hive mind. He could instantly see through their techniques and create better ones because he had what should be considered multiple extremely powerful souls in one body.

There was a particular technique that was called Dance of The Void. It was a strange and powerful technique that would grant the user a nearly indestructible body, but it required an extremely high amount of comprehension prowess to be able to advance through its eighteen levels.

Of all the memories he had read, the most successful who had mastered thirteen levels of this technique had used fifteen million years to do so, earning multiple acclaim all over the many universes and making this immortal one of the most dangerous and

powerful God King to ever exist. Rowan had deciphered the technique up to the fifteenth level in three minutes, before discarding it as useless. It granted the user 700,000 points in Constitution at the highest level, which was a lot by the standard of the many universes, but it would lock the potential of the body forever at that height.

The sheer difference in comprehension that resulted from having multiple souls did not compound linearly but exponentially.

The Third Prince had no time to begin enjoying the benefit of this arrangement he made because of Rowan although he had partially succeeded. Every trace of his presence in the living universe was being wiped out but the ones inside of Ameera were safe and untouched.

Rowan had been amazed at the arrangement of Ohrox, the Demon King of Destruction, and the Third Prince's arrangement was crazier than even those of Ohrox.

Rowan always lamented the lack of time for him to grow stronger, but was that not the case too for his enemies, especially the terrifying ones like the Third Prince? They had lived longer than him but this did not stop them from trying to grow powerful.

His potential was still largely untapped and Rowan would keep growing stronger in the future, but he was not alone in this regard.

Among the sea of geniuses were exceptionally special ones whose only obstacle to their eventual domination of reality was their misfortune in crossing Rowan's path.

Their destiny, no matter how great it could have been was cut short by the fact they stood against him. He did not lament their fall, for he would have taken their place if he was weaker.

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Rowan was not hasty in dealing with Ameera when he found her, instead, he proceeded to seal her away but made sure every bit of the Third Prince's nascent soul was destroyed.

There were no memories inside of it, only fragments of his Will and emotion, and as expected, they were all dark and filled with nothing but the lust for power and surprisingly, also fear. Great fear. Rowan had an inkling of what the Third Prince feared, and he knew it was not him, because at the time he placed this bit of Will inside Ameera, he was not yet a threat, and was a helpless prey that was being endlessly tortured.

Rowan's fingers twitched. Something had just changed.

He was concentrating on what was ongoing inside the universe, but it did not stop him from feeling that something had been altered on the Twilight Bridge.

There was a subtle sensation that was difficult to put into words. It was almost as if the space around the Twilight Bridge had gotten filled up as if a massive presence had squeezed itself to occupy a tiny space, it also helped that the Primordial Ouroboros' senses were unexpectedly filled with the smell of rot and decay.

'Finally, the hidden hand shows itself.' If it was who Rowan expected, then he feared that there was a chance that the figure might choose not to reveal themselves, but if Rowan was a betting man, he would take a chance that they would, because if he was in their shoes, he would also make this attempt.

The chance to hunt a weakened Rowan was something that only a madman or an extremely sane one would refuse.

Even if they knew that this might be a trap, it was constructed too well, Rowan had placed himself in a sphere of vulnerability that could not be faked, and if they struck hard and fast enough, then no matter the trap he had set down, there was still a great chance that he would fall. The real question here was whether they would take this bet, and it appeared that they did.

He had a crunch behind him, which was soon followed by a chewing sound. He did not need to turn around to know that it was emerging from the crushed body of Minerva. His Ouroboros Serpent had torn the Demon King to pieces, but they had disdained in feeding on her flesh. To the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents, it was an honor to their prey if they devoured them. These eldritch creatures believed that devouring their prey meant keeping a portion of their Spirit alive inside them, and this would be the greatest of graces they could afford their prey.

Minerva had drawn their ire and her Spirit was not worthy to be preserved. Somehow Rowan thought that this tradition from the Primordial ouroboros Serpents was not a facade, these serpents were truly preserving the Spirit of whatever they consumed, and although he did not know what purposes those Spirit might serve, he was willing to allow this mystery to rest.

Discovering the mysteries about this bloodline would take a while, and he had other matters on his mind.

Chapter 963: A Thousand Years Secrets (4)

Minerva's broken body was nearly unrecognizable, crushed and shattered, her body was scattered around for hundreds of feet, but her Demon King's frame was massive, so the pieces of her flesh that were scattered around were large, but these pieces were

beginning to vanish, something was crawling among her shattered flesh, consuming every single morsel in their path, and before long, the culprit was revealed, it was a massive centipede.

Well, massive by a mortal's standard. Nearly fifty feet long and possessing armor that reeked of the Abyss, the centipede's body resembled a living adamantium train. Its steps which had been silent all these while became loud as it was a walking mountain range, it appeared that the centipede was no longer hiding its presence.

The attraction Rowan felt when he saw the centipede was immediate.

Inside this centipede, he could detect an echo of his bloodline. This should be the arm he had lost while he was a mortal inside the Nexus and afflicted by the Flesh of Madness while fleeing from Lamia.

With the benefit of hindsight, he could see how everything had changed for him after that day had passed.

This curse had emerged from Minerva herself and was what led to the mutation in Rowan's Soul Reaver bloodline, which pushed him into a variant evolutionary path that eventually led to the creation of his Sheol bloodline. Without infecting his pure soul's bloodline with the Abyss, which in a convoluted manner led him to the lineage of the Celestials, he wondered what form his Soul bloodline would appear in.

These were questions that were almost impossible to answer, the number of bloodlines in was unfathomable, and the direction he could have taken was unknown, nevertheless, he did not regret what came off of it.

He had detected the presence of this centipede before the battle had started all the way back in Trion as a one-dimensional entity inside the Vault of Boreas, and Rowan understood then that his lost left arm did not only contain the corruption of Minerva's Abyssal roots but unknowingly to even this Demon King, his bloodline had terrifying roots that were linked to a Primordial. How could the Demon King ever suspect such a thing? It was unknown if she was even aware of the presence of Primordials, talkless of detecting their Wills. This was not a particularly strange thing to happen, despite how old Minerva was, the Primordials were even older and they hardly left shining traces of themselves behind.

Rowan was privileged due to to figure out who were the beings at the height of creation, as far as he could tell, the Primordials were silent spectators, maybe not even that, perhaps all of reality was like a game to them, he had made peace to never understanding the mindset of a Primordial until he reached that level.

During the battle, Rowan had whispered, and of all the combatants only Minerva heard him, and this was deliberately orchestrated by Rowan to confirm if the presence of the centipede was nearby. It was not Minerva who heard his whispers, it was the centipede.

Rowan had used the language of the Chaos Blood that he had learned from Labaletai, the Chaos Door. Since this language was only understood by the bloodline of Chaos, the only reason Minerva could understand him was due to the bloodline of Chaos she had wrapped around her waist.

Rowan suspected that Chaos himself had taken a strange interest in his bloodline and bestowed his favor on him by granting him an overpowered ability like the Chaos World Engine, a perverse ability that contributed a lot of Rowan's present greatness because his dimensional flesh and so many of his abilities were built from the foundation of this single ability.

He did not know the reason for this favor, either the Primordial had detected the traces of or any of the unique properties in Rowan's body. Whatever it might be, he was still safe only because Chaos was extremely limited in the actions he could perform in reality.

However, the favor of a Primordial was not cheap, and even with his limited influence over reality, Rowan had almost fallen into the traps of Chaos, but due to his imprisonment, he was able to slip out of the chains of subservience to this primordial.

He was not the only one who had taken advantage of Chaos's imprisonment, someone else had even gone further than trying to slip out of the leash of Chaos but was instead looking for a way to supplant him and overthrow his position.

This creature had once been the strongest advocate for Chaos, fighting for the chance for the release of his Primogenitor, before he apparently fell into temptation and madness. At least this was what he had learned so far. Up till this moment he had not been able to devour the fragment of his soul left behind.

Only one creature was mad enough in all of reality to attempt to overthrow a Primordial and devour their Will, that was the firstborn of Chaos himself, the Great Betrayer....

"At what scale does something begin to lose meaning?" A soft voice reached Rowan's ears.

"For mortals, it is an easy thing to find out. The death of one might make them sad, a hundred deaths would drive them to a state of weakness, a thousand would terrify them, and a million would almost drive most to madness, but you see when it comes to a billion, then something truly special begins to happen. Don't you think so, Romion? But mortals are meaningless, we are here to discuss the immortal."

.... Caine. Rowan had expected his presence, but he still hated the fact that he was right. At this time he was filled with a faint sense of tiredness and loss, and he did not want to fight.

Rowan smiled. 'The slimy bastard, if he was not aware of his character, he would have easily fallen for the tricks of Caine. If the fight against the Reflections was the side dish, this was the main course.'

Inside his dimension, Rowan was a hair's breadth away from crushing a million Soul Mountains and unleashing such an amount of devastation that in theory, he should be able to shatter at least a dozen universes at once.

The voice that emerged from the centipede did not come from its head that appeared to be asleep and unaware that its body was being piloted, instead, it emerged from its back, where a bulge like a tumor began to emerge.

The bulge cracked apart the shell of the centipede as easily as a hot knife through snow, and two arms covered in a noxious fluid of birth—blood and pus and other unmentionable but rank liquids emerged from it.

The arms were humanoid but were as long as spider limbs. They sought purchase on the bridge, before they began to heave, pushing the rest of the body out of the tumor with a disgusting squelching sound.

What arose first was the head of Caine, but it was twisted around so his face was looking at his back before the rest of his twisted torso escaped the shell of the centipede.

His legs which were also as extended as a spider were folded in the wrong position, and his joints were clearly not meant to be in that position for they were swollen and inflamed, the bones nearly tearing out from his skin.

The head of Caine pressed down so it could find Rowan and his closed eyes opened, revealing two yellow diseased orbs.

He looked at his warped body in amusement and sighed, "You are what you eat I guess."

Chapter 964: A Thousand Years Secrets (5)

Rowan did not acknowledge the presence of Caine, his body which was nothing but bones and little strips of flesh continually looked towards the universe, but the six Primordial Ouroboros Serpents had turned their gaze towards Caine, watching him and although their eyes were still closed, nothing eluded their sight.

Caine walked with an insect-like fluidity, his misshapen joints holding a surprising amount of elasticity and strength, but the flesh was the plaything of beings like these and they could choose whatever form they desired at a glance. He only stopped when

he was beside Rowan, making sure that he was a hundred feet away from him, this was merely a form of basic courtesy, for creatures of their power, they could as well be standing side by side.

The hundred feet separating them began to vibrate, as space shattered and was compressed continuously, creating a death zone that appeared normal but would shred gods and entire galaxies to pieces if they passed through it. Caine and Rowan were extremely powerful and proud beings, and if the other could not exert enough pressure to stand firmly, then they would be ruthlessly consumed. Both of them stood silently, but the battle being silently waged between them was terrible.

"Caine," Rowan growled, "Your appearances as always, are truly foul."

The First Born of Chaos seemed surprised at that statement and then he laughed, "I cannot help my nature, I am a carrion Romion, but I do not only feed on the dead, but the dying as well. Ahhh...the things we do to survive. Yet, from where I stand, we are both cut from the same cloth, you only need to adjust your perspective a little."

Caine bent his crooked head to the side and smiled, "See, you don't look so good as well, nothing remains within your bones but ash, and your blood has turned to nothing, but you still live, your mortal flesh held bound by your Will. I have no reason to take up such a weak flesh, but seeing you in this state, well, it broke my heart, so I had to do the same—Make myself as weak as you. I am well aware that you are a skittish monster Romion, and anything else would be a sign for battle, or am I wrong?"

Rowan smiled internally and increased the number of Soul Mountains he was about to crush, he gave no outward indication of his actions but Caine retreated another hundred feet, and chuckled nervously,

"I am not here to battle you, Romion, at this junction there is no point, you have rid yourself of the influence of Chaos, and you are no longer a threat to me. Besides I do not fancy losing other fragments of my soul, it is hard to slice off bits of your soul you know, and every loss is devastating. Although I suspect someone like you does not enjoy that particular frailty of mine, how lucky."

Something that appeared like a grimace passed across Rowan's ghastly face, and a single drop of blood rolled down his eyeless face, "Is that so?" Rowan whispered.

"Of course Romion. Your name, Rowan Kuranos was branded with Chaos Will, like a prized cattle, because that is what we are to my father, cattle... and before the eye of all creation, here you stand, no longer one of us."

Caine licked his lips with a disgusting long tongue, "I call your name across the Chaotic expanse to the farthest reaches of my father's domain, and only silence is my reply. Outlandish bastard! You rid yourself of Chaos Will while still a mortal, which I am to admit caught me by surprise and is the primary reason why I am here, to find you

Romion, and ask you once and for all before I go crazy. How in the hallowed names of the Primes did you know that such a thing would work? You, a sniveling child of barely a million years old!! Do you know how long... how..."

Caine's voice had been moderate at the start, but as he kept talking it began to increase in intensity, the glow in his yellow eyes shining out like flames and cracks emerging from his face that glowed a dull yellow as if he contained nothing but light inside of him, the madness hidden behind the veneer of civility breaking through the thin facade, revealing the monster within.

The space separating them turned black, before combusting with a purple flame that congealed into a gray plasma. The clash of their consciousness had created a space of pure Destruction.

For Rowan, this was due to the Destroyer contained in his body, his titles, and the crazy number of attributes and Consciousness Pillars he held, but Caine had matched him using only a fragment of his soul, although this one was larger than what he used against Rowan previously.

Their silent clash had begun to exceed the limits of the mere Fourth Dimension, and touch the realm of Destruction, a power that was mostly controlled by seventh-dimensional entities. In the battle against the Reflections, Rowan had not used his most potent weapon which was his consciousness, but against Caine, he did not hold back. Rowan remained silent not replying to the rant of Caine, his focus was on harnessing every bit of power he had. He understood that breaking the Wills of the Primordial in his bloodline was amazing, but Caine was acting as if it was far more impossible than he had given credit to. Whatever the case might be, it did not matter to him, but was more important to Caine, which automatically placed Rowan in a more favorable position, but he could not help but wonder why Caine would give up such a valuable secret.

Caine suddenly looked at him with suspicion and the pressure against Rowan reduced, the field of Destruction retreated into a purple flame that burned between them, and from afar it appeared as if a purple sun stood in between them, "You had no idea, didn't you Romion? You casually broke something that was considered so fundamentally impossible to break that it became a part of reality, and yet you had no clue!"

Rowan's head whipped supernaturally quick to the side as he looked at Caine, from the two empty holes in his head, more and more drops of blood began to emerge, and as they poured down his face, the blood began to rebuild his body, he could no longer stand against this beast with a weakened flesh,

"Speak clearly Caine, if you know me at all, you should realize how much I hate unclear ramblings. Your desires won't be easily gained even if you choose the best words in creation. I am a man of reason."

Caine paused and then sneered, and due to the fact that his head was upside down, his features were warped into something bestial, "If it was anyone else that had addressed me this way, god or Titans, I would have strung them up by their tongue and flay them for eternity, but I suppose you have earned some of the right to speak your mind, and yes, I am a man of reason like you too, let us... reason together."

Chapter 965: A Thousand Years Secrets (final)

Rowan was silent, his reply was only the ever-present grin his skull showed to the world, but his healing had begun to accelerate, strip after strip of muscle appearing on his gaunt frame as he began to fill up, his bones creaking as the marrows inside were refilled, and his damaged heart shivered before starting to beat. The concentration of Aetherium in his body had fallen and now he had begun to heal without any impediment, but his dimensional flesh was massive, and Rowan did not rush his healing, leaving that slight gap as a trap. Even the smallest of advantages could create unexpected changes in a battle like this.

Caine did not appear concerned about these changes in Rowan's flesh and he grinned as well, "You know when I first met you, I was amused because I knew at the end I would be the one to win. Looking back now, I realized how foolish I was. You had surprised me with the Forge crafted from the remnants of a seventh-dimensional world, but you see, I thought I knew a secret that everyone else should know and I was astonished at first that you could be so dense, somehow you were ignorant of it. How laughable is that?"

"This is what is known, Romion, from the beginning of time itself. It is impossible to rid yourself of the Will of a Primordial, that Shadow Third was correct about you; the ignorant would easily exceed their limits if they are unaware of the limitations. You are a man who flew unaware that you would need wings and hollow bones. I wonder at the end, did that Shadow despair for not teaching you what is considered common sense to all?"

Rowan brought up his healing hand that was now being slowly covered by skin, "I beg to differ, ridding myself of the Will of Chaos was easier than killing you."

Caine gritted his teeth, "I can see that, and it is impossible! The touch of a Primordial reaches depths of your being that you cannot even imagine, and the only explanation I can surmise for such a result was that you were still mortal when you rid yourself of the influence of Chaos. Your luck is truly unimaginable. To find the single thing that could change everything."

Shaking his head with a clear look of astonishment on his face Caine groaned, "Who would have thought that the only thing that could rid the soul of the touch of a Primordial

should be performed while they were mortal, but hahaha, things are not still so simple. What sort of a mortal would have the strength to fight against the Will of a Primordial?"

Caine spat, what emerged from his mouth was a diseased mass that crawled on the ground like a spider, dozens of yellow eyes sprouting from the body of the creature, and the emanations of power from it were equal to those of a God Emperor! The gaze of Caine followed the tiny creature with a weird glow in his eyes, as it shrieked and tried to escape from the two titans before it.

"Do you know what I've been trying to accomplish since the last time we met? I think you can guess it from what I have told you so far, but what I was trying to do was to find a mortal that was strong enough to fight off the Will of a Primordial."

The long hand from Caine began to box the creature. Anytime it tried to escape, Caine found a way to push it back, "I started with the most talented of mortals, the strongest amongst them with a nearly hundred percent chance that they would become immortals in the future. I bought them from a thousand universes, they numbered in the tens of millions, and I placed them in a space where they could freely observe the Wills inside their bodies, and there were certain... incentives to make them pursue the path of ridding their bodies of those Wills, they all failed."

A long tongue suddenly surged out of Caine's mouth and snapped up the crawling creature who had despaired from surviving the games of Caine, returning the shrieking creature to his mouth, he began to chew in relish, faint cries of pain emerged from his mouth as he slowly consumed the unknown creature, "I thought that perhaps I was wrong in my approach, I should not pick out the strongest but the wisest, those still failed to succeed, even with all my incentives, the Will ate them to pieces, and then I went for the weakest of mortals, the cruel, the meek, the brave, the coward, all failed my test. I made the mortals as strong as Titans, but they crumbled like sand, made them formless like air but they shattered to ashes, I gave..."

Caine fell to silence, and then he began speaking without any indication, "Before long I began to empty universes of all mortal creatures inside them, and perhaps it was when I had emptied nearly a hundred universes and caused a war that is currently ravaging the great darkness that I realized that there cannot be a second mortal like you, and with what I have witnessed here today, I firmly believe in this theory."

Rowan had finished healing, his eight-foot body had filled up with muscles and his skin had covered his exposed flesh. His long diamond-like hair that touched his waist flowed around with an invisible wind and his prismatic eyes, glowing with every color in creation fixed on Caine.

Even the eyes of this being that were older than even what most gods could conceptually light up when he saw the beauty of Rowan.

"Truly, you are the most beautiful mortal that has ever lived. A beauty like yours deserves to be worshiped."

"I do not need worship." Rowan stood up, his feet resting on the coils of the hovering Primordial Ouroboros Serpents, and his hands that were previously empty held an invisible force that was slowly growing in might. Rowan was on the edge of summoning his Destroyer.

Caine retreated once more with an annoyed grunt, "I told you before, your threat to me is no more. I always seek to prune out the grass that grows too tall in my father's vineyard, and you are no longer among them. I do not wish to fight you Romion, I am only here to bargain. A secret for a secret. A weapon for a weapon. An alliance if you will, and trust me, where you are about to step foot into, is a place where you will need every advantage you can hold."

Rowan frowned, "Why should I ever trust a being like you."

Caine scratched his head, "Well to be quite blunt, you will have no choice but to do so. Wait... wait, I know that look in your eyes, Romion, you are about to attack, let me tell you about the secrets of the many universes and the Primes who hold everything in their palms, and then you will know the necessity of an alliance."

For the next three days, Caine did not stop talking and the frown on Rowan's face went deeper, and when he finally finished his exposition, Rowan remained silent for hours, and Caine seemed content to let him think.

Finally, he spoke, "Let us make a bargain Caine."

The Great Betrayer grinned, "You shall not regret this... brother."

Chapter 966: False Supreme Circle

Inside the armor of Tenebris, Rowan observed his consciousness merging, like tiny drops of water returning to a growing sea.

Every shard of the First Supreme Circle that he touched acted as a magnet that pieced together his fragmented consciousness. This process was not automatic since recognizing the shards was just the first step, to merge them required understanding.

What this meant was simple in theory but nearly impossible for anyone to succeed at, without a ridiculous amount of time spent in learning, because every shard was a technique that should take the user to the 9th Supreme Circle.

He decided to call these shards of the Supreme Circle, False Supreme Circles.

Rowan had to not only recognize these shards, but he had to completely understand the technique to such a profound level that it should take him to the 9th Supreme Circle.

Luckily for him, understanding the technique was what was required of him, he did not need to practice them, or it would be impossible for Rowan to make any progress in a short while, and so every single shard of Rowan's consciousness began to analyze the accompanying technique they had seized.

This task was challenging but was not particularly difficult. Each cultivation technique was unique, but since they were all a part of a singular whole, it was possible to see the connection that existed between all of them.

For example, every technique reached the Immortal level at the fifth circle, and although the techniques could be further broken down into multiple parts in the same manner that the Reflections did with the cultivation techniques of Trion, it was still following the same rough standard.

Every technique also focused on various aspects, like the flesh, spirit, or the rare few that focused on the soul, but in the end, they all led to a singular destination which was the path of Will and ascending the Dimensions.

With every shard that Rowan comprehended, his knowledge about the Circles deepened, and he realized that although it was true that every shard was connected, they were still unique, every single one of them gave him a new comprehension of the Circle that was irreplaceable.

He needed every single shard to understand the Supreme Circle in its entirety, and before long, Rowan was lost in the joys of comprehension.

This process was happening quite quickly, as millions of shards were being absorbed into a singular whole with every moment that passed. Still, with the knowledge that each Supreme Circle was nearly infinite, it would take some time for it to be completed, at least a few decades.

Unknown to the excited Rowan, what he was accomplishing was unprecedented. To the elite few who had managed to reach this level, there was no thought in their mind to comprehend the entire cultivation technique, because what was required of them to complete the first Supreme Circle was to learn just the first circle of the shard.

This task was considered nearly impossible and would take billions if not trillions of years to be completed, and at the moment in some corner of the many universes there were geniuses who had retreated from the light of civilization for many Eras as they strived to comprehend the first Supreme Circle.

Rowan's action meant he was not just comprehending the Circles one at a time, but all nine at once!

Such an action was nearly incomprehensible, and even Old Man Seed was not aware that his grandson would ever try such a thing. Rowan was expected to fight against the darkness of the Tenebris armor of centuries if not millennia before he could even begin to comprehend the first level of the Circle.

Presently not more than three weeks had gone by.

Not knowing the waves his actions were about to cause, Rowan was cursing his level of progress as comprehending millions of techniques every second was considered incredibly slow to him, and the thought of spending two to three decades in this endeavor was maddening.

Besides, he also had to take care of an annoying guest with him inside the Tenebris armor.

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In the nearly unfathomable depths of the Tenebris armor, his six Primordial Ouroboros Serpents were curled amongst themselves, at first it would seem as if nothing was happening, but a closer observation would reveal that the mouths of the serpents were open and they were drawing in the darkness.

Since they had not directly manifested from his body that had been crushed to a size that was many times smaller than an atom but was using his consciousness power as a vehicle to manifest themselves, the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents were not in their true bodies, and these here was just a manifestation of their Essence, but to solve this issue, this would have to do.

The six Ouroboros Serpents here were still intrinsically connected to the true Serpents that had been squeezed alongside Rowan, and this made the irritation in their hearts grow to a feverish pitch.

The voice inside the armor had no idea how angry these serpents had become, and its voice was still ringing out in the darkness, the previous fear supplanted by a growing confidence in the strength of the armor.

The fool. Rowan himself would not trigger these serpents, but this voice had gone far beyond their baseline.

The Primordial Ouroboros as Rowan had come to learn could feed on anything, even concepts as ethereal as darkness, they just had to get used to the energy or in this case, concept. The rate of acclimation for the Serpents was incredibly quick, as they not only drew on the knowledge of the energy that was consumed but also the vast fields of power inside of Rowan which were the nascent forms of Bloodline Sources.

Using these two methods, the rate they could adapt and evolve to anything had reached a truly prodigious level.

For the first few hours the rate at which the Ouroboros Serpents were devouring the darkness was slow, a mere trickle, and comparing the amount of darkness inside of the armor and the fact that it could be replenished, then they were hardly making a dent in the overall volume.

A fact that the Spirit inside the armor had announced with glee so many times, as it tried to disguise its disquietness with smugness. Rowan might have chosen to disregard the words of the Spirit, but his Serpents could still be considered newborns, and they took the words to heart.

A silent agreement went through the Six Serpents and as one they unleashed one of their profound techniques—Spirit Burning.

Rowan was surprised at the methods the Serpents exerted themselves to consume the darkness and he finally learned the purpose of why the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents consumed the Spirits of their Prey; it was to use them as fuel.

The Primordial Ouroboros Serpents had varied powerful abilities, and more would be unlocked when they became Immortal, among one of their abilities was a trait that devoured the Spirit of their prey.

Like Rowan, every Primordial Ouroboros had an almost unlimited amount of Essence. They had to, in order to maintain their powerful bodies, but they were relatively deficient in Spirit.

Relatively was an interesting watchword in this situation, because the serpents, even as mortal Creatures of the false Fourth Supreme Circle had more Spirit than even a Rank 7 Archmage, but even creatures as powerful as these could not sustain the technique used in consuming not just a concept as ethereal as darkness, but to wrench that darkness out of the grasp of Tenebris.

- Chapter 967: Devour

Chapter 967: Devour

Of all the abilities that the Primordial Ouroboros Serpent contained, this one was one of the strangest for it depended on harvesting outside sources of strength to fuel their own.

That was where the Spirits they collected came into effect, and the Ouroboros Serpents could burn these Spirits, boosting their already formidable Spirit Capacity to a higher degree, with the nature of the serpent, the burning Spirit would not be destroyed, instead it would be sustained by the impossible amount of essence contained by the

Primordial Ouroboros Serpents, creating a vicious circle, where the Serpents could burn more Spirits to fuel their abilities, but ensure the Spirits did not dissipate easily.

Converting Essence to heal the Spirit they were consuming was incredibly wasteful, a vast amount of Essence was needed just to heal a fraction of the damages that was incurred by burning the Spirit of their prey, but if there was one thing that the Serpents did not lack, it was Essence.

This ability would only grow more powerful with the more prey consumed by the Ouroboros Serpents, and in time one of their few weaknesses would be eliminated in its entirety.

Of course, only Rowan would believe that mortal creatures having the Spirit capacity of a Rank 7 Archmage, individuals who were famous in the many universes as having some of the most potent Spirit Capacity in existence, are weak.

Yet considering the type of crisis he found himself challenging, he required an impossible amount of power in every single facet of his life, and nothing short of absurd would be satisfactory to him.

Over time the pull of the Serpents had begun to increase, from a steady trickle, into a raging flood, and the furnace in their stomach was an endless pit, consuming every bit of darkness inside the Tenebris armor.

Every single iota of energy they consumed was processed and transformed into an odd Essence type that could feed the growth of the Serpents. Their scales which were like bronze slowly began to darken, as the darkness was infused into them, and seeping deeper into their flesh, increasing every aspect of their abilities.

It had been nearly a thousand years since they had last feasted, and with the growing irritation in their hearts, they consumed the darkness with relish.

The serpents had not shed their scales even after four evolutions, Rowan expected there would be a change when they became Immortals, and the Tenebris armor seemed to be a great source of nutrition for them, it contained a Primordial darkness that was pure and untouched, and was rooted in the Primordial Era, making it a potent source of power that could rarely be matched in the Supreme Era where Essence had been mostly sealed. Even as he watched the darkness that was infusing into the scales and bodies of the Serpents vanished as it was thoroughly digested and their bronze scale shone brighter, seemingly transforming towards gold.

The consumption of the darkness surged once more, becoming three times more potent, and the bodies of the Serpents began to darken once more. It was only a matter of time before this round of darkness Essence was thoroughly digested and the powers of the Serpents would increase again.

This was the unique aspect of the Ouroboros Serpents, even as 'mortal' creatures, given enough time, they could consume all of existence, one bite at a time.

The smug words from the demonic soup inside the Tenebris armor had begun to transform as time went on, and now it was in a full-blown panic.

Rowan had come to realize that this armor was similar to him, it contained a dimension, but it was one that was filled with darkness from the primordial Era, which was what allowed Nothingness to be able to be contained inside of it, for the darkness was a fertile ground for nothingness to bloom.

In the absence of light or shadows, Nothingness will take root.

Others might not notice that the Tenebris armor was separate from the voice of the demon that inhabited it, and it was the Primordial Darkness inside this armor that sustained the soul, but Rowan was in a prime position to separate these disparate powers and notice the connection holding it all together.

With this understanding, he quickly realized that the Tenebris armor did not need this demonic soul in order to function, whether the soul was imprisoned inside this armor or escaped within its depths to preserve itself was unimportant, the demon had tried to consume Rowan's soul, and although he did not hold any hate against such a primal need as the one to feed, it was not as if Rowan had not warned this creature previously to cease its activity.

Its greed and pride would become its undoing. This soul had destroyed countless others in the past, and now its road would be ending here as Rowan realized he did not need the soul for the armor to perform its function as a container for nothingness and provide the crushing force to splinter his consciousness while keeping them safe inside the darkness.

At this point, the more of the darkness that was being consumed by the Serpents created gaps inside the darkness where the gathering mass of Rowan's consciousness could exert more of their power, and Rowan tried something that he had never tried doing before due to the previous gaps in the powers of his bloodline.

The golden eyes of the six Primordial Ouroboros Serpents brightened, as their eyes transformed, no longer holding the slitted pupils of a serpent, but Rowan's prismatic eyes, giving them an eerie appearance. Such eyes did not belong in the face of serpents.

From those eyes, multicolored lights shone forth, that pierced through the darkness, and vanished, and it was long before an unearthly shriek of pain resounded from the darkness.

Rowan had just released the Light of Sheol into the darkness of Tenebris, it was not meant to fight against the darkness, but it was a potent weapon against souls. For several long minutes, the soul of the demon wailed in pain, unlike any creature of flesh that should have a passive defense over their soul, be it via energy or Essence, this demon was unique, having no covering over his soul but the darkness of Tenebris armor.

It could not be more vulnerable, even if it tried. With the power Rowan had with his Sheol bloodline, a soul without any defenses like this one was like delivering a meal straight to his mouth.

Rowan had not released a short burst of light just to torture this demon, he was only examining the size of its soul and what he discovered was interesting, to say the least.

The size of the soul turned out to be relatively small, almost equal to that of an Earth god, but its density was unmatched. Apart from the missing soul of Caine, Rowan had not seen any soul that could match this one. Whoever owned this soul must have been on a level that was at least equal to Caine, and if that was the case, then the size of the soul here must indicate that they had suffered a fatal injury in the past. If over the years they had been devouring souls to heal their wounds and yet they had only managed to heal to such a level after all this time must indicate that they were lucky to be alive.

The prismatic eyes of Rowan in the faces of the Ouroboros Serpents began to rotate, creating another force that did not devour darkness but souls.

The screams of pain ringing from the Tenebris armor paused and then it transformed into something animalistic as the realization of what was about to happen dawned on the soul.

Chapter 968: I Will Smile

Rowan wondered what this said about him, that in his short life, he had heard the plea for mercy more times than he could count. Well, that was a lie, he could count every single one, but he just did not bother to do so, what would be the point?

Yet these were the lucky ones who could live long enough to withstand his might for a period of time. The rest of those he had killed were in feats of power that were so calamitous, that he wiped them out without most knowing they had died.

He did not try to justify his actions with the flimsy excuse that those he butchered didn't feel any pain so it was a bit okay. Rowan's goal was to search for the truth behind it all, even though he was aware that the true core of life lay in the Soul Origin, and he could butcher all the life inside a universe and what he would gain was simply Soul Energy,

this was no longer the truth for him, because as the power of Sheol increased so also the chance that he would harvest the Soul Origin of those he killed.

If he was not killed before the end of his journey, if he found what lies behind everything in reality, then he would give judgment to himself.

In all of reality, Rowan thought there was no one who should decide his fate. Of course, this all depended on whether he was strong enough to control his fate in the end. If he fell to a stronger party, the only thing he would hate was his weakness.

It was why he was always surprised and a bit annoyed when powerful beings like this who were supposed to understand such a basic concept could still be pleading for their life when the end came for them.

He wondered if they would stop begging if they knew that once he had made up his mind, it was supremely difficult for him to change it. In a reality where power was something that was not just a concept, but could be attained by the strong, those with conviction were the ones that ruled.

Rowan had killed so many living beings, even those that were not his enemies and had no part to play in his personal war, he had robbed them of the chance to attain a purpose in life, and although he understood that their Soul Origin remained safe, he had still stolen from them, and so it was a privilege to anyone to be warned off by him.

This ancient soul had been warned and it still pursued its futile effort to consume Rowan, it was enough to make him shake his head in amusement, someone like this should know the consequences of failure. Why then did it beg for life when it refused this same gift to so many who had fallen prey to its touch before?

In a mad reality where the strong dictated the rules, the fallen should know their place. Sentimentality and pity were dead in this Era, only a fool would think differently.

"I will do anything... Don't kill me Honorable One, I have waited too long for the opportunity to see the light once more, and I will do anything to survive. My home, my family, they await me, and I have promised that no matter how long it takes, I shall return to them, spare me and I shall serve you until time ceases... Not for my sake, but for those waiting for me. Inside me is the knowledge of ages, I was there when the Primordial War began, I saw the Primes lay their plot, and I know where their hidden bounties are stored, do not kill me and I shall make you powerful and rich beyond measure."

Rowan was silent, he only increased the suction from the eyes of the Ouroboros Serpents until with a weird sound, the soul was harshly torn into six parts accompanied by the despairing cries of the demon,

"Spare me!! I beg of you. I made a vow to my family, to my people, that I shall never die and I shall find them, my promises are the only thing keeping them safe from the Abyss."

Rowan's deep voice resounded in the dimension,

"Your dreams hold no interest to me, demon. Die with grace."

The demon did not go quiet into the night. He raged and raged until the last of him vanished.

With a last sickening crunch, the shattered souls were sucked into the eyes of the serpents.

Rowan grimaced, this was a lesson, this was how he would die if he failed. A demon like this should be far greater than a Demon King in his prime, he must have commanded endless forces and held sway over countless dominions, but in the end, his death was almost an unknown affair.

All nobility was forgotten, at the edge of Nothingness, the true nature in the hearts of everyone would be revealed.

'At the end of my life with the blade of my enemy against my neck, would I cry? Would I beg? Would I break? Do I truly know myself until I have lost everything and know I have no more options left?'

There was a time when Rowan felt he had all these answers, but in the end, who could ever understand?

When he had a soul, he had chosen to forsake his own well-being and help those in need, and now that he had lost his soul, his only soft spot was for his children. It would seem that he had never truly changed, at the core of his being, Rowan would always sacrifice for those outside himself. He was okay with death, Rowan thought, 'I will not beg. I will smile, for my journey is at an end, and I can drop the weight of it all to the side.'

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Old Man Seed had left the Frozen Waste a while ago to bring the Tenebris Armor with him after he detected that Rowan had mastered the crushing and was beginning to comprehend the mysteries of the shard, although he was surprised at how quickly the child had begun to adapt to the changes inside the armor, he labeled it to one of his unknown Prime bloodlines, comprehension on the other hand was expected to take a while.

The child was undoubtedly strong, but becoming a Prime required far more than strength.

For the last few days, he had been traveling to the furthest depths of reality. One did not forge what he was suspected to be one of the greatest individuals in all creation in a dump! In his long life, he had come across great opportunities and exotic locations that made his teeth itch, but most would be useless to him, and others would kill him, but their powers were never far from his mind.

'What can I forge using all that power?'

Old Man Seed had long realized that in the matter of Romion, he should be asking himself whether he should do it, not if he could do it. Yet the fragments of the potential he had seen inside this child had seduced him, he wanted, no he needed, to know what sort of being could be created if all those potentials came to stunning fruition.

Chapter 969: Time Of Unrest

Old Man Seed had strolled past countless universes and dimensions, weaving around troubling dominions like the Celestials and Abyssal powers who had once more begun light skirmishes along their borders.

Light skirmishes that at the moment were drowning a hundred universes in blood. The Chaos Bloods and the Titans had also begun to battle, with rumors of a crazed fiend preying on young universes unbound. A Sacred Calamity had awakened and even from his position, countless dimensions and universes away, he could still hear its shriek.

The edge of the Dimensional barriers every seventh-dimensional powerhouse was expected to maintain had begun to shrink. If this was happening to them, what did it say about what those older monsters were experiencing and shielding reality from?

His awakening by his daughter Elura was also sure to draw attention, as the other Primordial Domains would begin awakening their ancient monsters in order to counter him should he make a move.

Unrest within and outside. Banners of war were being raised, and the death toll had swelled the banks of the River of Souls.

An interesting time was coming to all of reality, and Old Man Seed could not help but imagine, that he now held a pivotal piece.

It was the reason he must travel the way he did, not using a higher dimensional road but cutting through space-time in the fifth dimension. This was the quickest way he could travel while avoiding any form of detection.

He was pursuing a secret he had heard many Eras ago, about a battlefield where no one has ever returned alive, a place where it was claimed that a Primordial had fallen.

Old Man Seed did not know if the latter part of that tale was true, but he had gathered enough shreds of evidence about the first, and the benefits it brought for those that defeated it. He grinned internally, where he was pushing Rowan into was almost impossible for anything to survive, but that was what was required to forge a Supreme.

The journey continued for another seven months until he arrived at a destination, a massive star the size of a galaxy that was burning with a green and black flame. This star was hidden inside a Time Warped zone. A special and rare region where every rule of reality was upended.

This star might appear massive, but it was far bigger than what even its size suggested, as even throwing in a thousand universes would not fill up a quarter of its volume.

Dwelling within this star were manifestations of wonders and horrors.

Old Man Seed retrieved the Tenebris armor and held it up, he would wait until Romion actualized the first Supreme Circle, something he believed that he was capable of, and then he would give him enough resources to complete the Circle, before thrusting him into the star.

This should be more than enough to temper Romion for the journey ahead. Besides the resources he needed to consolidate further Circles that could be found inside this star, some of them were hidden by Old Man Seed, and he would require them, something told him that perhaps Romion would need far more resources than normal.

He should have listened to this intuition more closely.

Aware that he might have to wait for millions of years for Rowan to complete actualizing the first Circle, Old Man Seed created a domain around him, which took the form of a world filled with large trees and long rivers, where massive creatures made from rocks and trees roamed with impunity, finding a large Bodhi Tree, Old Man Seed sat on its prominent roots, whipped out some of the wines given to him by Rowan and threw it into his mouth with a contented sigh.

He hid this world inside a Temporal zone in the past and weaved time to make sure that its entrance could only be found in a broken future, effectively making this domain impregnable.

After a few hours, he was down to the last bottle, but with a snap of his fingers, all the bottles of wine he had consumed in the past returned, and he continued his endless drinking binge. His eyes slowly closed as if he was about to fall asleep and then he frowned and looked to the heavens where the lone figure of a woman stood aside from his domain and knocked.

"Elura, this kid does not give up."

It had been a short two years, and Elura had found her way through his weaves. Her comprehension capacity and power had grown in his absence and Old Man Seed could not help but feel a twinge of pride and pain inside his heart, he had failed her too many times in the past.

With a shift in his Will, a passage opened for Elura, she could already see him, and even if he did not open the passage, in a thousand years or less, she would be able to make her way to him.

Greenish golden lightning coalesced beside Old Man Seed as Elura appeared beside him and looked around, her face set in a frown, she had many thoughts in her mind, but the first thing she said was,

"Where is my son?"

Her gaze suddenly fixed on the invisible spot in space where the Tenebris armor was hovering and her eyes shone with an emerald glow as she investigated it, "Is that what I think it is, Father?"

"Oh, that little old thing, perhaps, it is not what you think it is," Old Man Seed smiled and threw a bottle of wine into his mouth, "You should try this liquor from Romion, it has a unique flavor that I can't seem to get my head wrapped around. There is something strange about it." "You...you..." Elura sputtered in shock, her eyes fixed on the spot in space, "You stole the Tenebris armor from the Labyrinth?! Did the many Minor Eras of Sleep drive you insane?"

"Shh... Not so loud girl, that bastard has ears in all corners of reality. I did not steal what was always my own. Technically I only called and the armor answered, it is not my fault the doors to the Labyrinth were left wide open for anything to just walk right out."

Elura massaged her forehead, as a phantom headache appeared out of nowhere,

"You lost the armor in a bet, to a Prime! I gave you permission to train my son, not to... Wait, what did you do? Don't tell me Romion is inside the armor?"

Old Man Seed grinned, "Got it all in one. But I did not lose my bet to a Prime, I lost it to his Shadow, those are two very different concepts, and yes Romion is inside Tenebris... before you lose your head, he has already withstood the trials, and in such a short time that you would think the Tenebris Armor has begun to weaken, besides I gave him special techniques to manage the trials of the armor"

"It does not matter," Elura growled, "There is a field of Nothingness inside Tenebris, you are leaving him no path but madness and ruin, only a... World Bearer."

Elura's eyes narrowed as she stared intensely at Old Man Seed, "Father, is there something about my son that you are not telling me?"

Old Man Seed chuckled, "I know your son is one of the greatest geniuses ever, but don't you think you are giving him too much credit? How could he be a World Bearer daughter? You could as well say he is a Shadow of a Primordial!"

Elura looked away, and this time it was the turn of Old Man Seed's gaze to narrow, "Elura, is there something about my grandson that you are not telling me?"

Elura sniffed, "Get your head out of the cloud old man."

Chapter 970: Seven Centuries (1)

Rowan forgot about the passage of time, which turned out to not be that difficult, and one of the reasons was that his dimension had been frozen in place.

When he was squeezed by the Tenebris Armor, his entire dimensional flesh entered a sort of stasis, and he was no longer distracted by the affair of his domain, he could be focused on deciphering every shard of the Supreme Circle.

Everything inside of him had become frozen in place, waiting for their lord to conquer the Supreme Circle, or they would never wake up. Although Rowan was confident in his abilities, he would not have taken this risk lightly if he had the choice, but Old Man Seed had taken that option away from him with his unexpected actions.

He could not fight against a seventh-dimensional being, but Rowan was determined to find a way to punish this old man for treating him like a toy.

Even the soul of the demon he had swallowed was not yet processed. The moment it entered into him, it also fell into a weird stasis state, and Rowan pushed that matter from his thoughts as millions of shards flooded his consciousness.

He had expected that the process of deciphering the shards of the Supreme Circle would become easier as his consciousness power was pooled because of the merger caused by every Shards of the Circle that he collected merging his consciousness, but that turned out to not be the case.

Every shard as he later discovered was paired with a single portion of his split consciousness and he could not aid those parts in deciphering the shards with his already pooled consciousness.

This meant the difficulty of completing the Circle did not decrease or increase, it would all depend on the comprehension power of each of his slivers of consciousness, and so

he could mostly figure out to an accurate degree how long he would be spending to complete the Supreme Circles.

By his estimation, it would take seven centuries for it to be completed. This number was stunning, but his time in the frozen waste had made Rowan accustomed to the extended period of time an Immortal could spend on a single project. Seven hundred years was not a long time.

His previous estimation of a few decades was grounded on the fact that he expected to be able to use more of his consciousness power as time went by, since that turned out not to be the case, he would just have to settle for the next centuries inside the armor.

Overall Rowan thought that this was nothing but a slight setback, and he should become used to situations like this where centuries and millennia were now equal to days in his eyes. It was not as if he was not enjoying the process of deciphering the Supreme Circle.

There were so many things he could be doing at this moment, but if he was stuck with this project for now, it was not too much of a loss.

Rowan had also come to the realization that the span of time he would begin to work with going forward would become far more extended as he traveled to higher dimensional states, and spending millions if not billions of years on a single task would become the norm.

No matter how powerful the Supreme Circle turned out to become, it was still beneath the power of Will. Theoretically, the complete Supreme Circle should be the greatest technique under Will, and he was already spending seven centuries just to grasp it.

Using the same thought process, simply meant he would need to spend more time when it came to tackling tasks or techniques that required Will.

He was also aware that if the shards could only be deciphered by a sliver of consciousness power then for any normal Immortal, this task would be impossible or at best hellishly difficult.

His consciousness was already heads and shoulders more powerful than anyone he had ever come across due to his Sheol bloodline, but it was also refined to a more powerful state with his experiences inside the probable future where he had revealed the result of their merger, and when he took into account the boosts from his various titles, then his consciousness power could not be easily defined anymore, as it had exceeded the concepts of levels.

Consciousness power depended on the soul, and with his Consciousness Pillars, Rowan seemingly had access to hundreds of powerful souls. The time in the frozen

waste was not in vain, and he was inching closer to a thousand Consciousness Pillars, although acquiring more pillars got increasingly more difficult as their number increased.

In a million years or a billion years, how many more consciousness pillars would he have access to, and his frightening would be his overall comprehension?

It never occurred to Rowan that what everyone else would do when faced with the dilemma of comprehending the Supreme Circle was to take it a single Circle at a time, spending many Eras in isolation, slowly piecing it all together.

He was like a Primordial Giant who could walk across worlds with a single step and was unaware that for others, such a journey would take millennia. It was not his fault, he had been born too strong.

Knowing he could not rush this task, Rowan settled into the familiar haze of comprehension, and let time wash over him. The Nine Shades of Dusk, Path of Empyrean Blight, Seven Rings of Power, Malefic Transformation of Ethos, Twelve Shivering Wraiths Transformation,...

Countless shards, countless techniques, all leading to the crowning achievement of the Supreme Era, and Rowan silently comprehends them all.

He was learning and growing, and even if this task was not leading to a direct influx of power, he was getting something better in exchange, which was knowledge.

The moment he understood the Circles in its entirety, he could then decide if he wanted to actualize them.

His Ouroboros Serpents on the other hand, were focused on other things.

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His Primordial Ouroboros Serpents never stopped feeding on the Primordial darkness, and as they did their bodies kept expanding, this direct growth was transferred to his dimensional flesh which became more powerful as a result, and Rowan felt the restraint of the armor began to loosen a bit as his body had grown more powerful than it was when he entered into it.

Unlike his other bloodlines who developed by ascending towards higher Circles, his Ouroboros bloodline had always been unique in the sense that they would never stop growing. It was almost as if their method of increasing their might was different from any other thing in reality.

This should not be far from the truth because Rowan now understood that creatures like the Ouroboros came from a separate power system outside the Primordial's own, but

this power had already been crushed in the distant past in a time when the only creatures that existed in reality were almost equal to Primordials.

The Ouroboros Serpents did not need to become 'Immortal' following the conventional Supreme Circle that the Promordials had instituted over reality, they could just keep feeding and their lifespan and power would keep rising.

Chapter 971: Seven Centuries (2)

For the normal Ouroboros Serpents, this endless growth of their bodies had a limit, and after Rowan evolved the bloodline to the six-headed Ouroboros Serpent, this limit was pushed back further, and now that he was a Primordial Ouroboros, he could not even see any boundary on this ability. Even as mortal creatures, his Primordial Ouroboros Serpents could eat till they had the power levels of Primordias. The only drawback was to find meals that could nourish them to such an extent. Unlike normal Ouroboros Serpents, these Primordial Serpents were very selective about what they ate.

Except for beings at the God-Emperor level and above, anything less was treated as thrash. So Rowan could not feed them with any sort of mundane energy or Essence inside the universe.

However, the Primordial darkness inside the Tenebris armor was promising in that regard, and it seemed it was limitless in some regard, and Rowan now had the chance to grow both in knowledge and power.

His dimensional flesh creaked and pushed against the pressure from the armor, and he almost felt his large pool of Consciousness quiver, but his excitement had no time to build before a wave of power emerged from the armor, and the force suppressing his body multiplied once more.

The Primordial Serpents hissed in irritation as their bodies that had grown to hundreds of feet were compressed to a few inches, but this did nothing but trigger the madness in their heart. Their essence stores had increased in volume and although they had not gained more Spirits, they could burn those they had more effectively. The least Spirit in their bodies belonged to God Emperors, and with a dull thumping sound that shook the armor, the bodies of the Serpents ignited and the devouring force increased. Slowly but surely, their explosive growth resumed.

Before he entered the Tenebris armor, each Primordial Serpent measured nearly 450,000 miles, and could easily swallow entire solar systems, leaving the previous bodies of the Ouroboros Serpents to shame, and under this meal of Primordial Darkness, it was unknown how large his serpents would become once he left the armor.

In two years, the Serpents had eaten enough to push his dimensional flesh to another level of strength, expanding their bodies until it reached nearly a thousand feet, and once more the Tenebris armor suppressed him with unflinching power, over the next seven hundred years, this suppression was performed 2,782 times.

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The discussion of Old Man Seed and Elura under the Bodhi tree did not come to a satisfying conclusion, each of them knowing they were keeping secrets in their hearts, but sure they would be the first to discover it before the other did.

Elura decided to wait by the side of her father and watch out for her son, although she had high expectations of the direction her father was trying to push Romion's personal growth, she was also concerned with other facets of power that Old Man Seed did not care for, and that was influence among the other Primordial Domain.

Her plans for Romion did not involve him becoming like her father, an all-powerful hermit who would spend eternity isolated in various places of power, chasing the Paths to Power for all eternity. She had learned that to truly take hold of Supreme Power, allies and alliances were needed. To rule, one needed an empire or at the least, a powerful organization that could carry one's Will to the ends of reality. The Primordials in all their power still created domains, there was a lesson here.

Romion would not become a diamond that was hidden in the sand, instead he was to be an Emperor. He had one of the most pure bloodlines of a Primordial, and if her plans went well, there was an opening for her son to take advantage of.

He would stand out among the most powerful in reality and would chase the limits of power in all its shades.

The harsh lessons of the past had taught her that personal power was not everything, sometimes a powerful influence and background were all that was needed to push Fate to your Will.

Elura had suffered many tragedies in the past, and she would not be able to live with herself if Romion followed the mistakes of her past, and lived without the ambition that could fulfill his potential.

"Stupid armor, how can you be consuming so many resources?"

The muttering from Old Man Seed drew her out of the haze she had found herself. She had been here with him for less than six months and she frowned as she felt the trembling of the space around the armor, turning to the old man in annoyance she whispered incredulously,

"Surely you did not fail to refill the Essence Stores inside of Tenebris before you placed Romion inside did you?"

Old Man Seed scratched his head in confusion, "I did not refill it, but that should not be a problem, the armor had been left unused for more than a hundred Minor Eras, technically, it should be overflowing with Essence, and would be able to last for another Era even under constant concurrent usage by trillions of other users, and I have checked, I am the only one with total access to this treasure."

A treasure like the Tenebris armor was not simple. Due to its higher dimensional state of existence, this armor could exist in more than one location and time period at the same time, and so, it could be used by multiple people at once, across space and time.

It took a seventh-dimensional being like Old Man Seed to erase all aspects of the treasure among space and time to ensure that his grandson had unfettered access to it. In that case not just lasting one Minor Era, the armor should run with no issues for a hundred Minor Eras.

Elura rubbed her brows in irritation, "Were you aware of who had access to this armor during the period you were away? Do you not think that perhaps, Labyrinth may have sold access to it, after all, you gave him a passcode to access its Spirit."

Old Man Seed frowned, "That is unlikely, but also possible, but do not fear daughter, refiling the Tenebris armor would not take much from me. This armor is expensive to refill, nevertheless, it is not a picky eater. Do not look down on your old man, the treasures I have gathered have long been the envy of Labyrinth himself. Refilling Tenebris is a minor issue."

Old Man Seed conjured an orb of rippling silver metal. This was Aechon Stone, a potent treasure that could only be harvested from the depths of the Abyss. Old man Seed had gone on an expedition to the lower levels of the Great Abyss many Eras ago and gathered a lot of valuable loot, this was one of them.

A single Aechon Stone was worth the price of a universe, and Old Man Seed had gathered tens of thousands of these stones. He was not bluffing when he said his riches could make a Primordial envious.

Without any fanfare he pushed the Aechon Stone into Tenebris and the vanished, he closed his eyes and sensed the power levels in the armor,

"Strange, it is still dropping." he muttered to himself.

Summoning ten more Aechon Stones he pushed it into Tenebris and after a while smiled in satisfaction. This should last for at least a hundred thousand years, even with the unknown expenditure from this cursed armor, he thought.

Two years later, his eyes snapped open as the armor began crying out for sustenance. With an annoyed grunt he pushed another ten Aechon Stone into it.

One year later....

Chapter 972: Seven Centuries (3)

Old Man Seed had gathered thousands of Aechon Stones in his time in the Great Abyss and for the last few Eras, he had spent just twenty of these stones on various transactions.

At his level, he could not use Origin Shards, which was the primary method of transaction in most of reality.

To him, this currency could be considered useless, he could effortlessly create trillions of Origin Shards using his Essence, their complexity which was a form of protection against counterfeit was simple for him to forge and reproduce, and when trading with equal powers or greater, they would not accept anything but rare treasures.

Generally, Will Holders of the sixth dimensional level and higher could effortlessly create Origin Shards and therefore they were discouraged from using this currency to trade among their peers. Of course, this did not stop them from using their shards to purchase lower-tier goods in bulk and enrich their various domains.

Origin Shard was still useful for those beneath Will, able to bolster the Essence of those in the Supreme Circle with non-attributeless energy. Rowan was unique in the sense that he had an entire sea of Primordial energy in his body and could regenerate these energy stores, faster than he could even spend them. Everyone else had a much smaller Mental Space and had to refill their energy stores constantly with energy that did not clash with their attributes, and this was where Origin Shards became important.

The greatest dividing point for wealth was when a being reached the Sixth-dimensional level and gained the capability to create Origin Shards, except for the rarest and most precious of resources, these beings automatically became infinitely wealthy by conventional standards.

No single treasure in the lower dimensions was out of their reach, and they could flood an entire world with Origin Shard to acquire whatever they wanted, yet, for truly high-level treasures that could impact them, except using Labyrinth Coins, the only form of exchange was via trade by barter.

An Aechon Stone could not be procured using Origin Shards but by exchange, among them a high-level resource.

In less than thirty years, Old Man Seed watched in both fascination and shock as the consumption of the Aechon Stones reached two thousand pieces and was still climbing. He had long realized that it was not the fault of the Tenebris armor that such a large amount of resources was being drawn, but it was because of the occupant of the armor.

"Your son," Old Man Seed growled in surprise and exasperation, "Is a freak!"

Elura rolled her eyes, "I don't believe you can not take care of the upkeep for a single mortal, no matter how special he is, or is your talk of being as rich as a Prime nothing but the ramblings of a being who knows he is over his head. It's been barely three decades and you are already complaining, don't forget your training program was planned for a few million years."

The old man looked away from the judging eyes of his daughter, "I never said I was as rich as a prime, I only said that I am as rich as the shade of a Prime. You are putting words in my mouth child, I also never said I could not support him, but you have to admit, in three short decades I have used enough wealth that most in reality would never fathom, and I suspect this is just the beginning, admit it daughter, this boy is a freak."

If Old Man Seed expected anything from his words, it was not the excitement that was brimming in Elura's eyes,

"Will whatever is transpiring inside the armor hamper the operation of Tenebris in delivering an enabling environment for my son to decipher the Supreme Circles? If that is the case I am ready to support you with resources of my own. Nothing would stop his ascension... not even your apparent poverty."

Old Man Seed sniffed, "Don't try to goad me daughter, you were never as good at it as you thought. No matter how exceptional he is, there is no feasible way he could affect a single percent of my wealth. I am just calling out how absurd it is that in less than three decades I have used enough resources to power up dozens of universes! Tenebris was created to be efficient, this sort of consumption is ridiculous."

He shook his head in thought, "I could detect a faint touch of True Darkness inside of Romion, it was what made me select the Tenebris armor as a source of enlightenment, but from what I can perceive, he has a method to consume the Darkness, and the greedy freak is consuming it. Why would anyone want to consume darkness? He did not appear to be that hungry when we spoke, perhaps I should have given him proper food before I locked him inside the armor."

Elura's excitement was tempered by concern, "Consuming darkness? Such a thing... is it not dangerous to his development?"

Old Man Seed thought about it for a while before he replied, "Hmm, as far as I can tell, there has been no obvious side effect to the little freak, and I doubt if eating this darkness was harming him, he would continue doing it. The boy is a freak, not a fool."

Elura still did not appear convinced, "Are you sure, there is nothing more corrupting than the heinousness of darkness, this armor is filled with a potent source of it. What you are telling me now is that he is not just withstanding that darkness, but consuming it? Should that even be possible for a mortal?"

Old Man Seed grinned, "Makes you wonder doesn't it, what other things this freak is capable of? If he wants to consume the Primordial Darkness, let him, although I wonder how he is able to focus on consuming the darkness when he should be comprehending the Supreme Circle while under that unreasonable pressure. Nevertheless, I am sure that he would be filled up in time, and then he would focus on the circle."

There were many things that Old Man Seed regretted saying out loud in his life, these words he just spoke would come to haunt him in the coming decades.

A hundred years later, his entire stores of Aechon stones were exhausted, he held on to the last stone, his eyes wide open in disbelief. In a century he had fed 23,450 Aechon Stones to Tenebris, and it was still craving more energy. This amount of wealth was difficult for even a God Emperor to wrap their heads around, each Aechon Stone was considered priceless, yet for the past few years, they had been disappearing into the armor like dust.

Old Man Seed shook his head in pain,

"When I entered the Great Abyss I was accompanied by nothing but my wits and glorious power, I pushed through seventy-five levels of the Abyssal maze created by the Abyssal Prime himself. I created a story of such unparalleled valor and sheer devastation across the multiple dimensions of the Abyss that is still narrated with whispers of dread in the infernal halls of the..."

Elura smiled and interrupted him, "If you want more resources, you can just ask me. In the time you have been away, my Dominion has spread over multiple dimensions, my coffers are yours for this task, you need to just ask. Anything for my child."

Chapter 973: Seven Centuries (final)

There was silence for a while before it was broken by Old Man Seed who laughed in bitterness,

"You have no idea how this works, nothing mundane would fill up Tenebris, only true treasures, and all of my treasures are collected not for their value alone, but for their

sentimental significance. I do not just pick treasure, they have to be unique. The Aechon Stones were born from the depths of the underworld, their foul radiance birthed by..."

Elura pushed her hands into space and she appeared to be digging into reality, and before long she drew out her palm, and hovering above it was a massive Aechon Stone that if it were crushed would create tens of thousands of smaller pieces

s, that were far more plentiful than what Old Man Seed had just used during the last hundred years,

"Will this be enough? I still have more," Elura asked innocently, as she dropped the massive Aechon stone to the ground, making the entire domain tremble due to its weight, and she appeared to be fishing for more.

Old Man Seed choked and coughed, "How could you acquire so many Aechon Stones? They can only be found on the seventy-fifth level of the Abyss."

Elura paused, then continued fishing in the tear in space, "Oh well, as you know there is this lovely invention called commerce and alliance, ...trade? Turns out that Ashkerion, Demon Lord and Ruler of the seventy-fifth level of the Great Abyss has a fondness for Trellis Bane, he eats those things like candy, and you know Trellis Bane could only be found in the domain of the Celestials, and only in the domain of the Light Council, under the watchful eyes of the Seraphim of Scourge, Samael, so any transaction is impossible, but Samael has a need for Shellix Orbs which can only be found in the domain of Chaos under Ruhghim Blight's control, and Rihghim has a pressing need for..."

She continued listing dozens of names of powerful individuals and Primordial Domains that made the face of Old Man Seed turn white with shock.

Elura had created a web across most of the major domains and with it, she was able to gather information and resources in a manner that could almost rival those of Labyrinth.

"... In this manner, I was able to convince every party to release the treasures they have for what they need and none of them knew the origin of the exchange. I take ten percent off of every transaction and keep the..."

Old Man Seed did not let her finish speaking before he gritted his teeth in irritation, "It doesn't matter what you have gathered over the years, I will have you know that Aechon Stones are the least among my treasures and even if I have a hundred of this freak I can handle them all with no issue. Put away your lousy stone and let me handle my grandson in peace."

This was the second time looking back that Old Man Seed wished he had kept his mouth shut and accepted the treasures from Elura.

With a wave of his hand, Old Man Seed tore his domain in two, and in the midst of the massive crater, treasures overflowing without number were revealed to the light, folding his hands in satisfaction he grinned, "Let me see how much that freak believes he can eat. No matter how much he wants I shall feed him until he chokes!"

A peculiar sight emerged in this domain as Old Man Seed began pouring resources into Tenebris, far more than the armor required and he chuckled when he saw the armor struggling to contain all the energy he was pouring into it.

Countless exotic treasures that would cause wars across dimensions were thrown into the Tenebris armor and although it struggled to swallow them all, none of the energy went to waste.

Rowan was blissfully unaware of what was ongoing in the outside world, for the first time in a long time he was able to pursue the path of knowledge without any tribulations hanging over his head.

Submerging himself in knowledge he was dimly aware of his dimensional flesh increasing in might, but he was not observant of those changes, the gleaming roads of the paths to power that were carried by every shard of the Supreme Circle filled him with a sense of wonder and accomplishment.

Since his consciousness was shattered to pieces and he was unable to add any of those parts, it made the journey to decipher every shard difficult but not impossible, and it a sort of difficulty where every time he conquered a shard it brought about a burst of fulfillment to him.

With millions of shards being conquered every second, he was getting closer and closer to the completion of the Supreme Circle, and he was already feeling a sort of tightness around his consciousness and dimensional flesh as every shard he mastered added an invisible layer of power over his body.

Centuries after centuries went by, and Rowan could feel this tightness increasing and the shards of the Supreme Circle growing smaller in the distance.

A grand tapestry was being uncovered in his consciousness and Rowan felt he could almost reach his hand across and seize it all.

With every shard he compiled, he became aware that he might have looked down a bit on the Supreme Circle. This was not just going to be one of the many weapons he had, but a foundational power that would stand hand in hand with any of his bloodlines.

It was almost with regret that he saw that the end was approaching. The Shards in the distance were no longer innumerable, and the feeling of completion was growing stronger and stronger, and Rowan basked in that feeling.

If conquering shards was likened to an orgasm, well he had been conquering millions of shards every second, do the math.

The end came and Rowan's consciousness became complete. The Tenebris armor spat him out so quickly he almost thought he heard a cry of relief from the armor.

A quick check of his consciousness showed that seven centuries had passed and his Serpents had truly been busy. was vibrating harshly in his consciousness and Rowan's eyes opened to see the startled and furious gaze of Old Man Seed.

"You gave up before even millennia?! Do you know how much..." the Old Man growled, his eyes were red and his long white hair was beginning to rise in the air as if carried by invisible winds.

Rowan was not focused on the old man but was concentrated inside his mental space, but he still distractedly answered him,

"It is done, I completed the Supreme Circle."

"Hehehehe, Elura, the freak has gone mad. I believed I must have overfed him these past few centuries and this is the result." Old Man Seed yelled. Elura's gaze was also troubled and she was silent and observed Rowan, whose closed eyes could be seen moving under his eyelids as if he was reading something. Elura turned to her father, "How do you know he has not succeeded?" "Succeeded?!" Old Man Seed scoffed, "Except you have something you have not told me about the freak that would break my mind then it is absolutely impossible that he has completed even a single percent of the first Supreme Circle. The best time I gave him was ten million years, and that is if everything goes according to plan which it never does. How can you even consider that he could succeed in seven centuries?!"

Chapter 974: Seed Of Fear

The minor argument between Old Man Seed and Elura faded into the background as Rowan yearned to open up his Primordial Record but he held himself back, he was in the presence of higher dimensional beings with unknown abilities and he could not risk the chance they could detect the Singularity.

He was aware that it was almost impossible to deprive him of , but the Third Prince had proven that he could be manipulated into going against his interest. However, what he did not understand was the fact that Elura seemed almost unaware of .

In the fragmented visions of his past that were slowly revealed to him as he grew stronger, he came across a vision of his birth. In that vision he saw him newly born in

the arms of Elura, and behind her was a shadowy figure made from darkness with dagger-sharp fangs for teeth—The Third Prince.

In that vision, Elura had cradled him to her breast and called him, her precious child, the answer to her dreams, the Third Prince on the other hand had called him his prize and it was in the presence of the three of them that the heavens had opened up, and carried down wrath by massive lightning bolts was that descended with the birth of Rowan.

Rowan could not be one hundred percent certain, but he believed that his mother was similar to the Third Prince, they were both Reflections, but their similarities ended here.

The Third Prince was a self-serving bastard who would destroy everything in order to claim it. He lusted for power and authority, and even his body was shaped after Rowan's appearance just so that he could stand one more step closer to claiming what he considered to be the most precious treasure in all of reality.

Elura was different, she had secrets that Rowan was too young and weak to understand, and although her directives were to serve a higher power, at the moment she met Rowan, the love she felt for him was selfless, and he believed that his true mother the Shade of Elura must have found a way to deceive or hide information from the gaze of the real Elura who dwelled outside the universe.

One of the Primary reasons Rowan stopped attacking Elura when he discovered the woman before him was not his mother was an acknowledgment of the sacrifice of his mother, whatever she wanted to show him and had labored over would be wasted if he allowed Elura to overpower him.

He was not just going to be careful because of his interest alone, he would honor the sacrifice of Elura, which she was sure would remain unknown to Rowan, but with few clues, he was able to piece out a portion of what transpired.

She had given him the answers, but he needed to confirm a few of his speculations before he could open it up.

With his dimensional flesh free from the Tenebris armor, Rowan closed his eyes and arched his back, his long diamond-like hair waving in the wind, and his perfect physique that was only covered by a simple leather knee breeches, kept his modesty.

With his sudden expulsion from the armor, his true appearance was revealed to the world, and the arguments between Elura and Old Man Seed ceased.

Drawing deep breaths into his lungs and savoring the feeling of escaping seven centuries of being brutally crushed, Rowan could not help but smile. He had never felt stronger.

At the corner of his mind was a brimming awareness that represented the Supreme Circle, it felt almost like a dream, a thought at the back of his tongue that was waiting for his acknowledgment to come into reality. He just needed to speak it into life.

He wanted to be lost inside this feeling, but with the understanding of the Supreme Circles, he knew the moment he manifested them in reality then he would have to activate them in their entirety, and he could almost estimate the number of resources that he would need and it was stupendous.

It was almost as if the Primordials that created this technique had never intended it to be activated. No normal person who had suffered countless years of struggle to master the Circle would be able to find the amount of resources needed to actualize it.

It was a good thing that he had access to Soul Energy, but that was not going to be his first option at the moment, he needed to understand the true situation around the Supreme Circle because he discovered that many things were not adding up.

At this moment, the Supreme Circle was in a dormant state, he had the framework, but it was still non-existent, and when he chose to activate it, he would not be able to stop until it was complete.

The previous argument between Old Man Seed and Elura made him frown internally, for anyone else, spending Eras trying to decipher the Supreme Circle was normal, but for him, it was just a bit challenging, but he had made a mistake and showed too much of his brilliance at once.

There had been two choices before him, delay his comprehension of the Supreme Circle and appear a bit more normal, or push forward with his true abilities and deal with what would be coming next as a result.

Rowan was still in danger, too weak to decide his future, he could not afford to waste time inside an armor of darkness while cut off from reality. He needed power and knowledge in a speedy manner, so he selected the second option and used his true talents, and now it was time to deal with the repercussions of that decision.

He knew that his talent was so bizarre and powerful that it was possible that in all of creation, he was matchless.

Although he had learned that he was not the first holder of , nevertheless, he was the first that had reached a level that exceeded all previous users of this Singularity due to various factors in the past. One of which was the manipulations of the Third Prince that deprived him of the full power of and forced Rowan to evolve himself to a level that placed every previous user to shame.

He had to adjust himself to fit the power of instead of the other way around, and in so doing, he had made himself into a being that was unique in all of creation.

The challenge he had before him was how much of his talent he needed to reveal to Old Man Seed and Elura going forward, knowing that he had overplayed his hand already.

This was not a matter of just holding back power, but revealing just enough so that he did not scare them off or cause both of them to lust after his powers with no consideration for his future.

Rowan's weird intuition had sensed the moment when Old Man Seed had felt fear when he saw a bit of his talents and accomplishments, and even though it should be ridiculous for a seventh-dimensional being like Old Man Seed to be afraid of a mortal, Rowan was special in every manner.

With the enemies Old Man Seed had faced, and the type of supreme entities he had come across, this fear was not something that could be easily shrugged off. Rowan knew a seed of doubt had been planted in the heart of the man, and his actions going forward could water it, or choke it.

Chapter 975: Manifesting The Supreme Circle

Rowan's uniqueness could not be denied, his power and potential were absolute, and even with the barest given to him, he would be able to make miracles out of it.

had previously called him a Nascent Primordial, and that was before he evolved into a dimensional entity, a being that even the Singularity did not fully understand. The further evolution of his dimensional flesh was a testament to his comprehension ability.

Despite the pressure he was undergoing as he planned for the battle against the Reflections and any unexpected enemies that might come up, he was also working on his power base and creating something better than what he previously had.

He was fully cognizant of the fact that his mental state and potential would destabilize anyone who viewed it.

So Rowan was wary of scaring these powerful beings with a display of his entire potential, and he did not want to reveal too much for them to wish for nothing but to possess his powers, he just needed to find that sweet spot in between fear and desire.

This turned out to be much harder than he thought, he had pretty much broken every concept of normalcy repeatedly when it came to revealing his capabilities to these two, and even till this moment he had not begun to accurately judge what was considered a supreme genius in all of reality and how he could lessen his talents to be considered a supreme genius and not a monster, a freak... Old Man Seed knows how to name things, does he not? Rowan's thoughts wryly.

What is the difference between a lovable freak that is cherished for their uniqueness and a monstrous freak that scares you for the impossibilities of their actions?

Andar was a lovable freak, the mage was a perfect genius, the sort that was hailed by the masses as a champion of determination, tenacity, and grit... he would face challenges, and he would suffer, and from his suffering, he would claw out a victory by the skin of his teeth.

He would have fellow geniuses who would compete with him on his journey, they would inspire him, he would fall in love, conquer the great threat facing existence, and all would love him... Andar was perfect... the perfect freak.

Rowan had no equal. Every step he took crossed countless gulfs. He would not struggle for many Eras to comprehend a reality-destroying technique, in his battle against one of his greatest foes, he had weakened himself just to gain a title. He was a monstrous freak, one that would scare those who knew him.

'So, I have to make myself better than Andar, and less than myself in their eyes.' Sigh... 'This is so very irritating, but it is all for a good cause I suppose.'

It would have been better if he had told the old man that he had not succeeded yet, and found a way to do other things and then as a few thousand years go by, revealed that he had mastered the Supreme circle, but that would leave him stuck inside the Tenebris armor for longer than he was comfortable with.

The truth was that he was always going to shock them. Old Man Seed believed he needed tens of millions of years at the least in order to succeed. Rowan could not bear to twiddle his thumbs for such an extended period of time just to appear harmless, to be a lovable freak.

The cat was already out of the bag and he could not swallow back his words. A part of him understood this position and knew he could only push forward, he guessed he had to find out their threshold for miracles, after all, did they not all emerge from such a land?

This meant no matter what he chose to reveal, he would already be regarded as a freak, the only thing was to find that sweet spot, and let them be wary of his talent, but not enough for them to be afraid to the extent that they might choose to kill him.

Rowan had not forgotten his vision or potential, he was not just going to become a Primordial, he would be exceeding that level. He was a threat to every Primordial in existence, and he had the potential to be that threat. Elura and Old Man Seed were children of Primordials, their Wills seeped deep into their bodies. Even if they did not want to, if they knew that a growing threat against their Primogenitor was in their midst, they would suffocate Rowan in his crib.

Rowan sighed and plunged into his consciousness, and although there were massive changes inside his dimension, he did not investigate them at this time, instead, his mind traveled to the edges of his mental space, where nine streams of nebulous gray fog could be found.

Like massive rivulets, these nine lines of fog were massive, each stretching for millions of light years, and when he pulled back his consciousness, he saw that they encircled his entire dimension.

From afar it was as if there were nine gray rings encircling his dimension; they reminded him of the rings of Saturn, a small world in his previous universe, but instead of one ring, there were nine of them.

These nine rings vibrated with potential, each of them was still unawakened, and they sang to him with an unmatched level of power that was simply awe-inspiring, this was the sign that heralded the beginning of a new Era, inside his Mental Space was the sublimation of the Supreme Era and it was...glorious.

Once again the feeling that he was about to create great changes in reality that was far ahead of his apparent power level came over him.

The feats he was capable of were beyond nearly all mortals and immortals, and he was about to create great changes in all of reality simply for making a minor bit of effort.

His consciousness touched the first ring of fog and outside his body, a massive change occurred.

A nebulous ring of fog appeared around his body with a total circumference of about seven meters, and with a dull thump everything was pushed away from within the ring, leaving Rowan's surroundings free of even air.

An invisible pillar of energy erupted from his position that blasted into space and the earth beneath, leaving Rowan hovering in the air above a thirty-foot-deep crater and the clouds churning as if a meteor had just torn its way through them.

Old Man Seed's domain began to tremble as dark clouds covered with a purple glow began to surge from the East, seemingly appearing out of nowhere and shaking his domain to its foundation, a loud sound erupted from Rowan's position carrying a powerful shockwave, and intense heat that transformed the picturesque landscape of this dimension to one of ash and darkness.

Rowan's eyes were closed so he had not fully observed what was happening around him, he was only feeling an intense sense of relief as if a burden he was carrying was suddenly being shared by the world. His consciousness surged forward and touched the second circle of fog.

Outside his body, a calamity descended, but the immediate surroundings around Rowan were tranquil, an observer would almost call it sacred.

Nothing could touch him, not even particles that were smaller than atoms, and although his surroundings had been deprived of every single particle, even light, and should have been dark, it was the opposite and it was filled with light.

The ring of fog stretched for another seven meters as a second ring joined it, hovering a few inches above the first ring.

Chapter 976: Complete Mortal Level Supreme Circle

The two rings of fog around Rowan were now fourteen meters in circumference and vibrating with unfathomable power, yet they did not remain in place for long before another ring of fog appeared above it. The space around seemed to explode as a subtle sound that had been quiet before began to increase in pitch.

The sounds were like singing, maybe crying or babbling from a crowd... it was impossible to understand the meaning of the sound, yet there was an incredibly strong urge for one to focus with an obsessive intensity on understanding the meaning of the sound.

A god would run mad trying to understand the sounds the Supreme Circle was making as it became complete.

The three rings increased their diameter to twenty-one meters and the power emerging from Rowan exploded, the entire domain creaked and Rowan was dimly aware that Old Man Seed must be doing something to control the level of destruction because he could feel space tightening around him.

However despite his interventions, the earth below Rowan was shattered for miles and a crater deeper than he could see was created that led into darkness, the sky above shattered to pieces, and the world outside the domain was revealed for a brief moment before it was closed off, and as if the level of destruction was not enough, a fourth ring appeared.

At this moment it was possible to understand a fragment of the sounds emerging from the rings around Rowan, and if Rowan's awareness was focused on what was happening around him, he would have discovered that the sound was a recognizable language.

With four rings with an area of twenty-eight meters surrounding his body, Rowan's presence multiplied, seemingly carrying a weight of its own. His Aura pressed everything to the ground, even the sky above was dragged down to the earth, leaving

only a circular purple cloud that revolved around his body and stretched for miles, with mystical purple lightning flashing through the cloud.

His perception still remained inside his body, and he was still unaware of what was happening around him, the song of the Supreme Circle taking over his senses.

Four of the nine rings had disappeared from his mental space, and he knew that with just a thought he could link himself with them, but first, he needed to savor the feeling of a heavyweight leaving his consciousness.

It was not really a physical weight, it was more of an awareness that carried its own gravity, this was the best method Rowan could explain the feeling of holding the unactivated Supreme Circles.

This power was a trap, it was never meant to be wielded by a mortal or an immortal. The sheer weight alone of holding one Supreme Circle would crush any mental space.

A mental space was linked to the soul, and Rowan knew of no one who could equal the strength of his mental space, with his dimensional flesh that had forcefully merged all his powers, it made Rowan's mental space reach a level of stability and power that was unprecedented.

His flesh could be seen as his mental space, and his flesh was a dimension. The formless power of a mental space had been given the tenacity and depths of a physical form via his dimension. Rowan's body was a miracle.

Despite all this, he still felt the weight. Perhaps this power could be carried by higher dimensional beings, but by then they had already exceeded the Supreme Circles, and therefore, this technique was useless to them, as they would not be able to activate it.

A technique as special as this one was not created for everyone, but for someone special, so special that Rowan thought they should not even exist.

This heavy feeling was not unexpected, in fact, Rowan had expected something worse. Each ring of the Supreme Circle carried enough potential that it could be regarded as infinite. It was the culmination of an almost infinite number of techniques presented in its most primal form.

An entire Era was ended in order to craft the Supreme Circle from the ashes. The significance of these rings was far-reaching, and he was only scratching the surface.

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Rowan had decided that the fourth Supreme Circle was going to become the sweet spot between a monstrous freak and a lovable one.

His most powerful bloodline, the Primordial Ouroboros at the moment was at the fourth circle, and its aura eclipsed his other two Immortal bloodlines to such a level that if Rowan did not know that his two other bloodlines were at the Immortal level, which was the fifth circle, then from all outward indications, he would think both of them were still at the fourth circle.

There was no going back in the revelation that he had mastered the Supreme Circle in less than seven centuries, which made him a freak, so Rowan revealed that he mastered not just one circle but four, like ripping off a band-aid, he decided if he could reveal one, he could as well reveal four, but at the least, he kept his unreasonable comprehension under the mortal level.

The thoughts that ran through Rowan's head were simple,

'See... I know I am a freak, but even I have limits, I can only decipher four of the nine Supreme Circles, and even though you should be wary of me, your excitement would balance out that wariness, and you should be thinking that perhaps my limit at the fourth circle is only because I am still mortal, and so the focus will shift from my unreasonable comprehension of the Circle to finding out what are my true limits and exploring what I can become when I am an Immortal. I am still a project you can work on and partially understand, everyone goes home happy. I can buy myself time with this.'

Satisfied with this line of reasoning, Rowan did not spread his perception outside like he used to before, after learning about Spirit Emanations, he would be foolish to ever view the world outside using his Spirit when there were two higher dimensional beings here with him, and so he used the new tools now available to him—The four Supreme Circle that he had just manifested.

His perception viewed through the Supreme Circle was similar to his Spirit Sight, but the difference was that his perception had been split into four parts, with an overall vision superimposing all the four streams of vision entering his mind. So he could view five separate streams of vision at the same time.

Each of the visions he could see was clear and he could see everything around him and understand what he could see for millions of miles around. The Supreme Circle did not only show him the world, they interpreted it for him. Like a gamer who had his identification ability permanently switched on.

Every blade of grass and every gust of wind were analyzed and understood. He could identify the meaning behind everything he was witnessing and saw the complex interplay of energy beneath the shallow veneer of reality.

Knowing that he was peering into the depths of Old Man Seed techniques, the thought was a bit concerning.

Yet there were subtle differences in all the individual visions, and it did not take long for him to identify those differences, and when he did, Rowan sucked in his breath.

He had rated the Supreme Circle to be just one of his most powerful abilities, and even before activating it, this power was creeping into his top three.

Chapter 977: Streams Of Fate

Deciphering his vision from the Supreme Circle was difficult, taking more of his consciousness power than he had expected, but he was able to decipher what he was seeing. He expected that this vision would make anyone with a lesser mental capacity either run mad, or their heads would explode.

The perception of the world through his Supreme Circle was very different from his normal sight, and he discovered that he was not looking at reality only as it is, but as what it could be. The overall vision superimposing on the other four streams of vision was showing him the present form of the reality around him, and the others showed him something different.

Each vision was showing him reality but every one of them was slightly distinct. It was easy to miss at first, because sometimes the variation was so slight it was almost impossible to pick it out, but with his consciousness power, he could pierce through the fog.

He did this by isolating the patterns that were noticeable in each stream of vision and deepened his understanding of the purpose of this sight. He traced one of the patterns and followed it across all his streams of vision—it was a falling leaf.

In the first vision, a falling leaf that was being consumed by flames fell on its side, before burning to ash.

In the second vision, the leaf never fell from its branches, it was the entire tree that was uprooted, in the third vision the leaf fell from the tree but it was not touched by flames, and in the last vision the leaf and the tree did not exist at all, the earth had unexpectedly collapsed in that region.

In the fifth vision that was superimposed over all of them, the tree was present, but it was now entirely consumed by flames.

Why was the vision of the Supreme Circle showing him different probable paths of reality? If he manifested all the nine Circles, would he have nine possible paths of Fate?... Being shown to him? If he could see the path of Fate, could he manipulate it or was he just restricted to being an observer alone?

There were more mysteries to be unearthed from this vision, but he knew he would need to activate the Supreme Circle before anything could be done about it. No matter what happened in the future, Rowan did not regret comprehending the Supreme Circle, such a power had countless possibilities and he was barely even scratching the surface.

Yet when he looked at his surroundings...

'Ahh... this is not good, perhaps, I may have overdone it. Who could have thought that manifesting the Supreme Circle would lead to... this!'

Cut off from the world, Rowan had not anticipated how the ring made from fog would affect reality. He knew that bringing them into being would lead to unexpected changes, but he did not forget that at this time, he had not even begun activating the Supreme circle, and this was just a shell that needed to be filled up, and he was inside a domain created by a higher dimensional being, therefore this area should be able to easily weather through any commotion that might result from unveiling the Supreme Circle.

That thought vanished when he saw the devastation around him.

He was surrounded by four large gray rings that seemed to have created a barrier of force around him. Inside this barrier, there was Nothingness, true Nothingness, as in the formless force where every dimension was rooted. However, the Nothingness inside the ring was different, because Rowan had an intrinsic connection with it, and it was almost as if he could manipulate it, but without activating the Supreme Circle, it was just an instinct at the back of his mind, he needed the Circle completed before he could begin exploring any of the abilities.

Rowan had never imagined that his creation of the Supreme Circle would create a zone of Nothingness around him. With the ring holding all these in a steady configuration and his connection with it, the result was straightforward if somewhat alarming and unexpected.

Rowan had just made his Reality that was outside the bounds of the known Reality!

This was different from his dimensional flesh, this was a true reality that was unbounded and uncontrolled by anyone, not even a Primordial! At least that was what he inferred, but Rowan hardly understood what Nothingness signified and until then the complete ramifications of this ability were impossible to explore.

Outside the ring was a field of devastation, the earth and the sky were torn to pieces and were constantly being destroyed, but a potent force kept renewing every devastation that occurred. If not for this, his Supreme Circle would have clashed against the fragile space of reality and an unprecedented commotion would have ensued.

It was as if the rings of the Supreme Circle were Anti-matter, and the rest of reality was Matter, and as such, they actively repelled each other causing wholesale devastation,

and this was all just a manifestation, what sort of changes would happen if he had an activated and completed Supreme Circle? What if he had all nine?!

Although the rings might appear as though they had similar powers that was only because they were only manifestations. Every higher ring was multiple times more powerful than those that were beneath them. Would a completed Supreme Circle be powerful enough to repel all of reality? If that was the case, was that not as if he was creating a new Era and ending the current Supreme Era?

Rowan forcefully suppressed the errant thoughts in his head for the moment, this would lead him down a path he did not want to contemplate at this time.

At this moment the rings could be seen as a picture of a flame, yet these flames were so mystical that only the picture of it was enough to bring about great heat. Rowan did not bother with the mysteries behind this manifestation as he looked around for the two higher-dimensional beings, he needed answers, and he hoped he had not scared them to madness.

He could not help but think that he was lucky that he decided to manifest the Supreme Circle inside a dimension created by Old Man Seed, although the surroundings appeared normal, Rowan knew that this place was far more sturdy than any regular world.

He had entered the depths of stars and the gravitational forces he could feel were even lesser than what was available in this place, signifying that it was a space where everything was incredibly dense, and yet, looking around him he could see that the earth had been reduced to rubble as far as his eyes could see.

The mystical heat the ring was spewing out was melting the surrounding space to nothingness, this was not even factoring the massive purple clouds that were circling above him, imposing such a case suppression on everything above, making it so that the heavens did not exist, and everything was pushed below his feet.

"So, this is what happens when you bring together the Supreme circle?"

The voice of Old Man Seed appeared behind Rowan, and what was interesting was that in the four visions in his mind through the Supreme Circle, Old Man Seed had said the same things, but in the last vision, what he said was this;

"Perhaps I have made a mistake, Elura, he was never supposed to succeed. This exercise was made to break him. I cannot allow him to live."

Chapter 978: Nascent Consciousness

Rowan forcefully calmed the storm in his heart when he saw the effects of the vision from the Supreme Circle, but he still dwelled on the alternate realities and their meaning, even wondering if they could be trusted when it came to understanding beings on the higher dimensional level.

This thought did not last for long before he discarded it, anything from a Primordial was always going to break the rules. He was a testament to this truth. His abilities and power were more considerable than most could ever imagine given his present level.

'Well, that was interesting,' Rowan thought, 'it would seem that a part of Old Man Seed's mind wants to destroy me, but if the visions of Fate are correct, there is a higher probability that I have succeeded and he considers me a good freak.'

This was good news Rowan surmised, if Old Man Seed had displayed more urges to kill him in most of the visions than his curiosity, then Rowan would have to take drastic steps to preserve his life, or at least make sure that they would not make any profit from his corpse.

Rowan turned and saw the figure of Elura and Old Man Seed, they stood just outside the ring of fog, and through all the devastation ravaging this space, they remained pristine.

They stood on empty air like Rowan because as the earth was renewed it was also destroyed, however this did not continue for long. It appeared as though Old Man Seed and Elura had been observing him, not interfering with the process of him awakening the manifestations of the Supreme Circle he had comprehended, and now that he was awake, the world that was shattering from the might of the revealed Circle began to heal faster than it was being destroyed.

It was a weird thing to see as grass emerged from ashes and the ground filled up out of thin air, and with a loud shriek the heavens that had been torn down from the sky were sent upwards once more.

Outside the fog ring, space continued to ripple in a weird manner, but this was the only indication that the domain was being healed faster than it was destroyed. Rowan knew that even this process of healing was slowed down in order to make sure it did not hamper Rowan's Supreme Circle.

Normally a powerful technique like this was deeply linked with the user's soul, and Old Man Seed would be able to effortlessly break it, but such an action would have a debilitating effect on the soul of the user unleashing the technique, Rowan would not have this same issue, but they did not know it, and so what Old Man Seed had done was to suppress the effects the rings were having on his domain and not the rings themselves.

Rowan understood this and he was grateful for the gesture. It would have been easy to suppress his Supreme Circle, but Old Man Seed was just countering the devastation it made, like pairing a shadow with every beam of light, thereby rendering everything to nothingness.

There was a mystical aspect to this move that the old man had just displayed effortlessly, it was like a dance of a sort, where every destructive event conjured by Rowan was nullified and suppressed. He was not just healing this space, he was opposing his destruction.

'Is this the path of battle that the bloodline of Miracle uses, or is it just unique to Old Man Seed alone?'

Rowan had no way of answering that question at this time before the old man brought his hand forward and touched the invisible barrier created by the ring, the light of fascination in his eyes bright, with a slight push, he broke through the barrier created by the ring and entered into Rowan's nascent domain, his body twisting in a weird manner that avoided the four hovering rings of fog.

Elura simply turned to a green fog that slipped through the barrier, but before she entered the fog swirled around Rowan's ring as if appreciating and observing every inch of it before it slipped into Rowan's domain. The first thing that she did when she entered and observed the environment inside the ring was to draw in a breath of wonder as she caressed the Nothingness inside of this space.

A sudden surge of outrage that erupted within the Supreme Circle when Old Man Seed and Elura entered into his domain was disturbing, Rowan knew that any technique or ability that reached this level would have a high chance of developing its own consciousness, but as of yet, the Supreme Circle was not even activated but the blast of emotions that had surged from it would have drowned a lesser mind.

This mind was not yet born, but there was a profound dignity and arrogance inside of it. The Supreme Circle knew that it was unique in all of creation, destined to stand at the greatest heights of creation, and the fact that Elura and Old Man Seed were higher dimensional entities did not bother this consciousness. Everything before its gaze should bow. Even the heavens above and the hells below, what then were the feeble creatures that inhabited it?

Effortlessly suppressing this emotion, Rowan bowed towards Old Man Seed, "I am sorry to have disappointed your expectations, I was able to master this much of the Supreme Circle, the remaining higher Circles elude my grasp, perhaps, in ten thousand, maybe twenty thousand more years, I should be able to succeed. There are many mysteries within the higher shards that I do not yet understand, it's like I cannot even recognize them."

The emotions that quickly played across Old Man Seed's face were a delight to sturdy before a mask of nonchalance took its place, "of course, you did not succeed in completing the Supreme Circles, although you are of my blood, and I expect something like this but you need to gain an Immortal soul to peer past the boundary of the finite and the infinite, although I wonder how you are able to withstand the infinities within the lower Circles, that should be due to your supreme talents, and you also have me to thank for your success, for the last seven centuries I have fed you enough treasure to bit off a healthy corner of reality itself. When I think about the price I had to pay to feed your endless appetites these last centuries..."

A look of pain flashed across his face, but Elura who had been by the side all these while and peering closely at Rowan coughed into her palms, and Old Man Seed seemed to have caught himself before he looked away, "of course the price was nothing to me, but I did not expect to spend such amounts of resources at this time. Yet it was not all in vain... look at you Romion, do you have any idea of what you have just accomplished?"

"Enough of this distraction father," Elura had finally finished her observation of the space inside the rings of fog, "Romion, retrieve your Supreme Circle, even in its nascent state it is not something that should be easily displayed, in fact, I believe this should be the last time you summon it until you become at the least, a fifth dimensional being. I don't think even my father would be able to save you from the repercussions that would arise if the news of your accomplishments reaches creation."

Chapter 979: Behind The Curtains

The advice from Elura was not wrong, Rowan knew he had done one of those things that many considered impossible once again, and to remain safe he needed to lie low. Rowan retrieved the rings of fog but before he did that, he idly noted that in another reality, Old Man Seed had muttered to himself,

"Damn it all Elura, why would you want him to retrieve the Circle so early? Powering four Supreme Circle is almost impossible for any beings below Will, and I was waiting to find out how long he could sustain it before his Essence Stores were exhausted, granted with the amount of treasures this kid had devoured from me, he could be an Endless Pit of Essence! Is it possible that each of his three bloodlines has a separate mental space? Does he have multiple souls? Strange, but it might explain some of the things he is able to do."

Once again, this vision came from the fourth ring, and Rowan was beginning to detect a pattern. It would seem that the higher the ring that he manifested, the deeper the paths of Fate that it revealed.

The admission from Old Man Seed the first time and now these words spoken by him were clearly not something the wily old geezer would ever admit out loud.

Somehow the fourth ring was picking the most unlikely of reality and revealing it to Rowan. He could not wait to experiment with what the ninth ring would show him, but it would have to be done in a very controlled environment. He would not be lucky to have a powerful higher dimensional being beside him to contain the eruption of power that revealing the Supreme Circle would create.

Also if they were already so powerful that they were simply manifestations, what sort of visions would he be able to see if they were complete? Just using this sight for a few moments had revealed some of the deepest thoughts of Old Man Seed, and showed him that although he did not understand the nature of Rowan's soul, some of his guesses were hitting closer to home. For instance his idea about multiple souls.

However, what Rowan found particularly disturbing was Elura. In all his visions of reality, she was the same. Old Man Seed's movement across all the separate visions was mostly the same with slight variations. In one he would cough before talking, in another he did not, or he would blink in one, while he did not blink in another. Although Rowan acknowledged that such pitiful mortal actions were useless against beings like these, after all this time, all these actions had become something like instincts, done without much conscious thought.

Elura on the other hand maintained a perfect behavior across all realities. Her smile was exact, her words the same.

This was only changes on the surface and Rowan could easily dismiss this as Elura doing away with every affectation of mortality, but if he looked deeper something more strange occurred.

The motion of her hair as the wind blew past it was the same. Nothing around her was random, it was as if a field of order was placed around her body at all times, rejecting every form of control from the outside world.

At first, Rowan had no idea why he found that she was capable of such a thing to be deeply concerning, but then he quickly realized the truth and the fear of Elura deepened.

If she had this much control over the reality around herself then there was no way he had caught her by surprise when he saw her in the Frozen Waste.

Their whole interaction had been premeditated, she must have shown him a different version of the Elura that he had known and watched to see his reaction to the revelation. Every word she spoke, every smile, every gesture was perfectly controlled, and reality itself bent to her whims.

She controlled Fate, not the other way around. Elura... was a frightening being. Perhaps Old Man Seed may be stronger, but Rowan would prefer fighting the old man over Elura. She was the type of enemy he would not wish upon his enemies.

He thought he was playing Elura, but the truth was that perhaps he had always been dancing on the palm of her hand.

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Without opening , Rowan could already feel the differences in his dimension, and they were so vast it was mind-boggling, almost as if he had ascended multiple circles in his sleep. How many resources had his Serpents devoured?

Ascending a single Circle for him was a momentous occasion. He gained so many attributes and abilities that every upgrade felt like an evolution. For the fact that he was feeling as if he had jumped past multiple circles could only mean in the last seven centuries the number of treasures he would have devoured would be astronomical.

He felt a tinge of shame in his heart, he had not intended to consume so many resources from Old Man Seed, he had been devoted to the Supreme Circle and had neglected monitoring the serpents as they fed, he had even enjoyed the sensation of pushing against the pressure of the Tenebris armor anytime the darkness devoured by the serpents were digested.

Out of anyone here, Rowan understood his constitution the most, and he knew that the resources that would have to be spent to create such a vast change in his dimension was nothing short of incalculable.

Rowan knew this because he had explored the Great Darkness for a while before embarking on the Frozen Waste, and he had come across a lot of third-dimensional universes on his way to the road.

Except for the urges to devour the Universal Will and the ethereal connection that existed between every universe and two mysterious locations, The Great Desert and The Isle Of Rest, there was nothing of value that attracted the attention of the Serpents in the entire universe.

Except of course for God Emperors who were Will Holders, but as Rowan had discovered during his time outside the universe, Will Holders were rarer than a Quillin Tear, and of the many God Emperors he had seen in his travels, only two had carried Will, and they were the Will of Force, a basic form of Will that Rowan had seen multiple times, and he discovered that his Serpents detested eating these Emperors with this basic Will.

If agitated they might choose to consume them, otherwise they would rather not touch them. Knowing all this and understanding the specialness of the Primordial Darkness

inside of Tenebris, Rowan understood that refilling this armor must not have been cheap.

'Anyway, I wanted to punish Old Man Seed for thrusting me into Tenebris with no warning, although I never imagined that my punishment would come in the form of hurting his wallet.'

Rowan had always thought he was wealthy but after leaving the universe he discovered that most of his wealth would not be considered anything of value when it came to the true rulers of reality—The Will Holders.

He had never had any urge to gather great wealth or felt the need to hunt for treasures due to the fact that he had the Stuff of Creation flowing in his dimension—Soul Energy. Why would he need treasures or wealth when he had the most precious treasure in creation? Yet there was something to be said for gathering wealth outside his management that felt different.

Chapter 980: Infinite Energy

With a weird noise like a haunted scream being played in reverse the four Supreme Circles around Rowan's body returned to his consciousness and a weight that had settled over this space vanished.

Like a long-forgotten dream, all the devastation that had just been occurring had been wiped out as if it had never happened. It was almost surreal, as the sun shone overhead and birds cried out as they flew past these powerful beings, even the wind that was blowing past them felt charged with excitement.

Rowan gasped and nearly fell on his knees, now that he had dismissed the Circle, something strange had occurred, all his accumulated Aether and Essence had been wiped out. His massive Primordial Seas of darkness and Ambrosia that could flood a galaxy simply vanished into thin air, even the vast Essence hidden in his bones which came from his Primordial Ouroboros Bloodline disappeared.

This was unexpected as Rowan did not have any technique that functioned in this manner, and such a massive loss of power at once would drive someone insane, but with his unreasonable regeneration capability, the moment his energies vanished, they were being rapidly replaced.

The area that contained his Primordial Seas was empty one moment and in the next a massive deluge of Primordial Aether in the form of a black sea and a rainbowed-colored sea appeared out of thin air, with more appearing with every passing moment.

Hidden throughout his dimension were massive invisible veins, Rowan called them Leylines. These veins were filled with his bloodline essence, and they resembled massive rivers made of liquid diamonds. They were wrapped many times around his dimensions, connecting them from the lowest to the highest.

Before entering Tenebris, each of these veins had measured around three hundred feet in circumference, but now that size had doubled and the walls of the veins had been thickened. The Essence running through them which was usually slow like a crawling tortoise, now appeared to move a bit faster.

Like his reappearing Aether, his Essence returned albeit a bit more slowly. The reason was that his Essence was far more condensed than his Primordial Seas.

With the time differential inside his dimension, his recovery in reality took a few seconds, but days had gone by as his vast stores slot returned and in that time Rowan pondered how activating the manifestation of the Supreme Circle for such a short time had robbed him of his entire energy.

Throughout the time that he had activated the manifestations of the Supreme Circle there had not been any single drop of power lost from his dimension. Although a bit strange, he had assumed that the manifestation did not draw on any energy from his body to take shape, and that was why he was a bit puzzled about the statements from Old Man Seed wishing to understand how deep his Essence Stores were.

It was at this moment that he realized that the way the Supreme Circle worked was truly strange. Either powering it for a second or a thousand years, it would not draw on any resources from the user, but when it was deactivated, every single energy in the body of the user would be wiped out.

It would seem that the near Infinite power that the Circle could grant the user when activated also came with a price.

What he would need to figure out was if the duration of manifesting the Supreme Circle mattered to the amount of Essence and Aether that he lost. His energy stores were far more potent than normal, and he refused to believe that he could be wiped out of energy as easily as anyone else.

However, if activating it for one second, two minutes, or ten years still leads to him losing all his Essence then he would need to make sure that he did not use this ability without proper timing.

It was curious though, Rowan thought, that this was such a weird way of managing resources. It would ensure that the user of the Supreme Circle would be nearly invincible when the Circles were active, they would never be bothered with holding back or caring for the amount of energy wasted, essentially giving them an infinite source of energy, but the moment they deactivated this power, all their Essence would be lost.

Even Rowan with his vast stores of energy had run out when he manifested the massive spell he used to destroy the Reflections. If he could have powered that Spell via his Supreme Circle he would never run out of Essence, he could continuously spam techniques of equal magnitude without fear.

Such a thing was ridiculous, but the fact was that he now had access to such an ability. This instantly shot up his offensive potential to a near-limitless degree.

Rowan's massive consciousness could manifest spells and techniques that would place the famous Taboo Spells of the Mages to shame, and what if he paired all these potential powers with a near-limitless source of energy?!

If that was the case then Rowan imagined that anyone who could master the Supreme Circle would most likely keep them activated permanently, but maybe this was not the case. To carry this technique for long was not an easy thing on the soul, and even if he could disregard the strain, it may not be the case for others.

It was no wonder this technique was the turning point of an Era, and why the difficulty had stumped everyone else until he had arrived. This realization made Rowan understand that no matter how would try to underplay his potential, it was impossible to hide it from Elura and Old Man Seed any longer.

'This Supreme Circle had finally rounded up my base of power! No matter what happens going forward I must try to survive and push ahead. The last missing chink in my armor has been closed up, and now I need to build it to the 9th Circle and begin climbing the dimension.'

Rowan closed his eyes and took long deep breaths as he felt his body nearly finalized the replacement of all that was lost.

The sensation of a warm hand touching his cheeks drew him from his thoughts and he opened his eyes to see Elura, and although Rowan knew that this woman could control every facet of her being, she could not hide the astonishment in her gaze, or perhaps she did not wish to hide it when she looked into his prismatic eyes.

Rowan's perfect features that had been revealed after he was expelled from the Tenebris armor were further enhanced by his eyes,

"My son..." Whatever Elura wanted to say was lost in the boundless glow in Rowan's eyes. He was a Primordial Ouroboros Serpent, and the charms in his eyes were not for the weak of soul to gaze into.

'Of all the mortals I have seen since the dawn of creation, you are the most radiant.'

These words came from a memory he could not recall and it disturbed him. The only missing piece of his memory came from Caine. There must surely be a connection there.

His minor consciousness pillars were working on this puzzle and they had several reports for him to go through, but he must first handle the matter on the ground.

Chapter 981: The Divide Between Heart and Mind

Old Man Seed muttered with fascination in his tone,

"So it is true, when the Supreme Circle is activated it provides one with infinite energy. Meat trick, kind of useless to most people, but with your Soul's power, hehene... you would be a monster. Perhaps you might be the few to kill Will Holders while still under the 9th Supreme Circle, and I am not just talking about those in the fourth dimension. Another mystery solved and the day had just begun."

Old Man Seed's voice was like a whip and Elura gasped as she let go of his face and stepped backward, she did not hide the shock in her eyes or demeanor, Elura pulled herself together and seemed to have come to a conclusion and gestured towards her father,

"Leave us for a while Father, there are things that I must discuss with my son. It is for our ears alone. Mother and son."

Old Man Seed looked at Elura for a while, countless unspoken words passing between both of them before nodding, as he was about to leave he paused and turned his head towards Rowan while addressing Elura,

"Do not take long, he is still going to be tested. Harshly. Now that he has activated four Supreme Circles, there is no more time for delays. I will be placing him in a gauntlet that is fit for someone of his stature. I thought I had already pushed the difficulty to an impossible level, but your son has proven again and again how much we have underestimated him, I will no longer be making that mistake."

"I understand Father, this would not take long and I will be leaving him in your care until he becomes Immortal and he would be given his crown as a Sanctified Scion and shown to all of creation. He would hold your Prime key, and he shall be the true heir of Miracle."

The old man paused and then grinned, "Oh, Elura, the heights of your ambitions. Here I was thinking you were insane, but now... I am getting old."

He walked off into the horizon, a few steps taking him across thousands of miles before he vanished before the glow of the setting sun.

"Sit," Elura smiled, she had somehow created a spot that had been filled with delicate flowers with splendid color and scent, and with the light of the setting sun, this area transformed into a fantastical haven of beauty and tranquility.

She gracefully hovered above them with her legs folded beneath her, her long green robes that were accented with gold and scarlet enhancing her goddess-like beauty and figure that would put most in creation to shame. A great portion of Rowan's beauty came from Elura and with his true appearance revealed, it was easy to spot the similarities between them.

Rowan sighed and sat cross-legged and closed his eyes. His Essence and Aether had nearly been refilled in these few seconds, but Rowan kept his eyes closed for another three hours. Time at their level was both meaningless and also incredibly meaningful, for a billion years could be passed in slumber, yet a battle of epic proportions could be fought in a second.

Rowan sighed and sat cross-legged and closed his eyes. His Essence and Aether had nearly been refilled in these few seconds, but Rowan kept his eyes closed for another three hours. Time at their level was both meaningless and also incredibly meaningful, for a billion years could be passed in slumber, yet a battle of epic proportions could be fought in a second.

Elura did not disturb him, and Rowan did not look at the world using his Spirit Senses but his eyes were powerful enough that whether it was closed or opened, he could still perceive his surroundings with alacrity using his fleshy vision.

His senses which could be likened to sonars burst out of his closed lids, far more vigorously than before, tens of millions of pulses emitting from his closed eyes that scanned and collected every information around him for tens of thousands of miles until it met the barriers of this space.

This entire world was within his gaze and he missed nothing. However, his primary focus was on the woman before him.

The smile had never left Elura's face all this time, and Rowan almost had the urge to scream at this enigmatic woman. He felt an odd twinge of pain in his heart when a part of him that wanted the peace of solace in the arms of his mother was gone, instead what took her place was a being who was perhaps the most dangerous he had ever come across. The woman who had given him the motivation and fortitude to fight against the tyranny of the Third Prince was no longer here, and it hurt in a way he had not yet had the time to truly investigate.

When Rowan was 'done' with replacing his lost energy, he opened his eyes and met Elura's own, he licked his lips, about to speak, but Elura interrupted him, almost as if she was anxious,

"You know I never do anything without a plan. Or perhaps you don't know, but I'm sure you must have suspected. Many things that happened in the universe of your birth were within my control in a sense. I cannot manipulate the domain of Chaos like I want, and that leads to... complications that even I don't understand or control."

This admission of her fallibility seemed to annoy her but she pushed through the brief flash of anger that surfaced in her eyes. Rowan wondered how much of what she was showing was true. Most likely none, he reckoned.

"Certain situations that transpired in my youth have forced me to never leave a door opened for anyone to find a way to harm me or my interest, there could be no chink in my armor in any manner, and that fear and desire for control over my destiny affected my decision when it came time for me to give birth to my heir. Nothing could ever be good enough."

Elura looked uncomfortable and she shifted around, Rowan's face showed no emotion and his alien eyes that were exuding such fantastical lights never left her face, like a snake looking at a mouse, Rowan allowed the alien nature of himself to come through.

He could not help himself, because a part of him wanted to believe Elura's story, that part of him that was in pain, and so he allowed himself to feel everything, opening himself in a manner that he would never do, it was both a plea and a warning.

Elura was on thin ice, whatever was said here would be remembered, and if Elura wished to play games with the few things that could touch his bottom line, he would not be holding back.

After fidgeting for a while Elura met his gaze without flinching,

"I'm sorry my son, sometimes good intentions may result in a cruel outcome. To protect you from the eyes of my enemies and leave you without flaws I took steps that were born from good intentions, and never bothered if the outcome would be cruel, not just to me, but more importantly to you. There is much you don't know about your power and bloodline,"

She chuckled in an almost nervous manner when she mentioned the word, bloodline,

"You should have learned all these and more in the Eld Seed I had arranged for you, but you did not follow my predetermined path. At first, I was angered, you are but a child, with no idea of the vastness of the horizon or the true depths of the deep, you were an arrogant youngling with wings of wax outspread to the skies, showing off your glory, yet not understanding... comprehending, how hot and uncaring the flames of the

sun. It will burn you, leaving nothing behind, you did not understand dominion and I gave you no chance to learn the reason for this, and for this failure I am sorry."

She sighed and summoned a long needle and held the sharp point to the middle of her forehead and she began pushing it down,

"It is time I showed you everything."

Chapter 982: Revelations

Rowan had seen many macabre sights in his lifetime, and he had been the author of countless many, reality was grim and terrifying, and for those that had the power to look into its dark depths, nothing lay within but madness.

It was this madness that one would have to conquer in order to become stronger, and for someone like Rowan whose strength was beyond abnormal, he would have to face the sort of madness that was unimaginable to most.

He had seen so much, maybe even too much, but he understood that in a way his journey into madness had just begun, and everything he had witnessed was just to prepare him for what was to come.

Yet there was something unsettling about Elura plunging a long needle into her head. What made it particularly disturbing was that the needle seemed to continuously extend no matter how much she pushed into her head there was always more length of needle remaining in her hands.

These actions seemed simple, yet when placed against the settings they found themselves—The glade of amazing flowers, the setting sun painting the world in a vivid color... then the beautiful woman plunging a needle into her forehead while looking him in the eyes seemed so bizarre.

Her face showed no expression of pain, and she kept plunging the needle into her head, but before long an inflection point seemed to have been reached and her face became twisted with pain, but she did not stop pushing the needle into her head,

"Romion, your bloodline is the Tree of Desire, which is unexpected, but welcomed, this bloodline had not been seen in the Land of Miracles for many Eras. It stands as one of the five Pillars of the Primordial of Miracle's bloodline, your mother's bloodline holds another Pillar, and so does your grandfather's. For the first time since the beginning of creation, a single family holds three of the five Pillars in the Land of Miracles. This alone would cause a great commotion in the Land of Miracles when you are revealed to all, and yet this is just the tip of the iceberg for who you are my son."

Elura grimaced as if the pain she was feeling had multiplied, and Rowan noticed something peculiar while she was speaking, it was that the tone of her voice was subtly changing, and his senses were sharp enough to catch it and this hint gave him a possible direction of what Elura intended, but he could not be sure until she revealed more of her intentions.

It was impossible to hide the inherent majesty inside Elura and her voice was one of the representations of that majesty. Due to Rowan's unique nature, he was able to shrug off the many effects that came from standing beside the presence of extremely powerful beings like Old Man Seed and Elura, but that did not mean he was not aware of them, he just mostly ignored them.

The inherent majesty inside the tone and voice of Elura was beginning to shift, descending lower into something less graceful and compelling, like a goddess transforming into a mortal woman, and before Rowan's gaze, the flesh of Elura peeled away like the layer of an onion, revealing another Elura underneath.

The sense of bizarreness that Rowan was feeling increased, but his gaze never left the figure before him.

The features of this new Elura that was revealed were equal to the flesh that had just peeled away but there were subtle differences that he noted. This difference was mostly from the Aura, which was now fractionally weaker, and his suspicion increased.

Elura did not stop her actions, pushing more of the endless needle into her forehead, and her body continued to peel away, layer after layer falling to the side before transforming into flowers. However with every layer that fell off, Elura's size did not diminish, as if what she was shedding had no mass, but Rowan could feel the sheer weight behind every layer of flesh that was peeled away from Elura's body.

Whatever ritual she was performing was not something that could be done easily. Just the grimace of pain from her was revealing enough.

The small glade of flowers that they hovered above soon turned to a sea of flowers that continued stretching into the horizon, if this trend continued it would not take long before this entire world contained nothing but flowers, as more of her layers were peeled away.

When she spoke again, her voice was still deeply magnetic, but it was missing many of her grand attributes and her face was subtly different, as if he was not looking at her but a Reflection of her—something was missing.

"Have you begun to infer what my bloodline is, Romion? I will not blame you if you fail to guess it, there have been... moments in my life when I even forget the power I wield. Power has its price, and we are the pillars of miracle, our power is costly."

Another strange transformation began to appear around Elura, her clothes which were mostly green began to change in color, slowly fading to orange and then brightening to red until their shade reached a bright red with a hint of black and gold around the edges and at that moment Elura paused, her hand holding the last few inches of the needle that seemed to have reached its end.

"What I am about to do is something that I have never imagined I would be doing for anyone else, but you are my son Romion and you deserve the truth."

In her eyes were confusion, and then resolve, "I can bind others to my service using various tricks and contrivances, bind them with power or deception, and I could do the same for you, with your character it would not be easy, but it can be done, I have done the same for those with far more experience, but my instinct after all this time is rarely wrong and I fear if I follow this path I would be making a mistake that I would never be able to correct."

She paused, her eyes were no longer fixed on Rowan but were vibrating rapidly from side to side as if she was fighting an incredibly powerful urge. Elura must be going against the very essence of who she was, but her voice did not waver and she continued speaking even as her body seemed to be going through waves of small contractions and convulsions. Her flesh itself, fighting against her Will,

"We have so much time together and so little. It is difficult to put many things into words sometimes, and only with action can it be shown. I apologize for my ungainly appearance Romion, habits can be chains stronger than we give them credence. I know what you want Rowan, but I cannot give them to you... not in the way you would like, but there is something left inside me, and it will be yours, for a time, and after it is all over.... I shall be waiting for you when you become immortal. This is the best I can do. This is my sacrifice to you, my son. Look upon it, and call me your mother once more, the road ahead is long and perilous, and I would rather walk on it with my son, than with an enemy in the guise of my flesh."

Chapter 983: A Broken Thing

Saying these cryptic words, Elura finally drove the needle into her forehead that seemed to have reached its end and when she dropped her hand, Elura was gone and his mother sat before him, her eyes closed as if deep in sleep.

There was no need for words, Rowan instantly knew that the woman before him was the one that gave birth to him, her face and Elura's were exact, but her Aura... was blazing.

Where Elura's Aura was cold and calculating, his mother was nothing but fire, her robes were an indication of her Spirit, boundless. She did not walk in the shadows, and her

emotions were worn on her sleeves. She loved without judging and her smile... her laughter... gods her laughter. Rowan could still remember the dance he had with her when Time was frozen and the universe was for them alone.

Before Rowan could have the chance to fully comprehend what was happening the endless field of flowers below rippled and gathered together in a terrifying storm that soon dissolved into the body of a different Elura.

Rowan looked between the still form of his mother before him and Elura standing by the side and a hint of confusion passed through his eyes he wanted to speak, but once again Elura interrupted him, "I cannot give you what you want, I can only give you a moment and you have to make a small sacrifice to take this opportunity I have given you. This sacrifice..." Elura smiled, "... somehow I don't think it would be a problem for you making it." She sighed and pointed toward the horizon, "This is only possible because this space is special, but it also has its limits. My father's domain is strong, but the pillars of our bloodline are jealous. The sun will set in a while, and when it is done, she will be gone forever, I love you, my son." With those last words, Elura vanished leaving him alone with his mother who was cloaked in a robe of scarlet, with her eyes closed.

Rowan's body seemed to move on its own volition and drifted towards her. The faint memories he had of his childhood, the chubby young child running through an endless forest of green, happy and content knowing he had a mother who loved and cherished him, the tears in her eyes as she....

Too many memories, they overwhelmed him. Tiny in the larger scheme of things, Rowan held far more memories than these faint recollections, but each one carried the weight of tenderness. His hand rose up and he almost touched her face, but he hesitated, once upon a time his mother had seemed so powerful to him, and now she appeared incredibly frail, her existence held by a single thread that was slowly fraying.

He understood the sacrifice that Elura spoke of, and she was correct, Rowan did not hesitate and he manifested the Eld Seed in his hand and gently fed it to his mother.

The Eld Seed contained all the memories of the Land of Miracles that Elura had planted for him in wait, also it was considered one of the rare methods to gain Aetherium, a rare resource in all of reality that was deeply desired.

Old Man Seed had told him that this Eld Seed was not just a normal Seed, but one that was free of any taint, which means that no Primordial Will was buried inside of it, making this Seed incredibly precious. It could as well be unique.

Despite all these positives to the Eld Seed, none of them was as important as the final aspect it contained, his memories.

A million years of his life were missing, taken by his mother to safeguard until the time was ready for Rowan to receive them. To suppress the Eye of the Primordial of Time, Rowan could not harvest the souls of any of the Reflections and kept them as a barrier over the Eye, so he could not read their memories.

Before now he had planned to utilize the Eld Seed after he had fully investigated its components or at the least tried to decipher its process of creation in order to figure out how to develop the ability to manifest Aetherium. To find a second Seed of Aetherium without the Will of a Primordial embedded in it would be nearly impossible but Rowan sacrificed the seed without hesitation.

If Elura could find one, he would be able to find another, the chance to reconcile with his mother after a million years of separation may not come again, even if it appears that their time together would be short.

Rowan watched his mother closely, from the moment he fed her the Eld Seed, it had only been a few seconds and there did not seem to be any changes in her body, but his eyes soon saw the beginning of one.

Her Aura began to rise, and her body which seemed to be lifeless began to grow warm, and then ridiculously hot, until the temperature exuding from her body was approaching the heat from the core of a star. The world around them did not change, such an amount of heat was nothing to a world created by a higher dimensional being, and Rowan did not even acknowledge it, his eyes were for his mother alone.

Her pale cheeks grew red and her chest rose. Her eyelids shook as a slight frown crossed her face, Rowan held his breath, before without any indication, her eyes flew open.

The world changed color. The light from the setting sun grew richer, as the grass and trees across the entire world turned a shade of scarlet, from afar it was as if the world had transformed into a red star.

Her eyes at first were disoriented. This was from a woman who had expected to never wake up again, with the part she was expected to play done, she was to sleep the long sleep of oblivion, but unexpectedly...

Memories inundated her consciousness and powers flowed in her veins, and she felt the wrongness of it all,

'No, this is not meant for me... this is a mistake, it was supposed to be given to my son. Where is he? Where is my boy?'

Her consciousness returned fully and her confused eyes focused and she looked across and saw him. There was silence for a while as their eyes met, the communication between them was wordless, but it did not make it any less profound.

Elura gasped as bloody tears began rolling from her eyes that went alit, burning like flaming pearls. Rowan wanted to raise his hands to do something, anything, but it was so difficult, it was as if he had forgotten what it meant to give comfort... his hands knew nothing but death, how could they give out tenderness?

The eyes of his mother went wide as realization crossed her features, and she broke the invisible barrier between them and drew Rowan to her in a hug that would crush mountains to dust.

Rowan's hands were raised, and they slowly descended until he was holding her, and he heard his mother whisper in his ears, and the sadness in her voice touched a part of his consciousness he had thought long lost,

"Oh, my dear boy, your heart is a broken thing."

Chapter 984: Beyond His Power And Beauty

"This is good, this moment here with her is everything, I will not allow it to end, she will not leave me again, I now have power, I have broken a universe, why can I not have everything I want?"

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Rowan held his mother for a while, he allowed himself to forget for the moment of the person he had become and turned to the young boy of five who ran in a forest of endless green. It was the few memories he had of that time, and he held them close to his heart.

He closed his eyes and his senses slowed down, as the world in his perception slowed to a crawl, even the light from the setting sun was still. The pulse emerging from his eyes that ran into tens of millions every second began to wind down until it was left with only a single pulse.

This single pulse seemed to be everlasting, it wrapped around Rowan and his mother in a protective cocoon, it was as if he was not willing to let a single moment pass him by and so he wrapped them in a single pulse that would stand forever if that was what he wished for.

After learning of Spirit Emanations, he began taking steps to protect his secrets better, and one of the methods he had derived was this process. He had used the incredible perceptive power of the Primordial Ouroboros to isolate his surroundings. With a single pulse from his eyes causing the sensitivity of his vision to reach an impossible degree, it would be supremely difficult for anything to get past him without his notice. As far as he

could tell the Primordial Ouroboros was unique, and so too was its perceptive abilities, and it would be difficult for an outside party to fool it without his knowledge.

Although he knew that he had been left alone with his mother, Rowan was taking no chances. It was Elura who placed her hands on his chest and pushed him back a little, and she looked at Rowan's face, for a while even she was amazed at his appearance, but it did not take long for her to peer beyond his beauty and bright eyes to see the pain and tiredness inside him.

He was capable of bearing the heaviest weight in the universe, but it did not mean that they did not leave scars and the pressure did not build up, it was only the fact that Rowan was growing too fast for the pressure to catch up to him.

All the horrors he had faced, all his battles, and the places and events he had witnessed were a heavy burden, and he added more to the pile every day, but he was always getting stronger, suppressing them all inside his consciousness that never stopped growing.

No one else could see the scars and the traces of the battle he had fought, even Rowan was only dimly aware of them, his power placed him on a constant high, and he would either reach the top in a single stretch or he would crash and burn.

His mother was the only one who could look beyond his power and beauty because she was not searching for all those when she looked at him. She was looking for his heart, and she saw that it was tired and broken.

Rowan was an abomination of endless potential, battered and broken, his body leaps forward, building on his scars. He had never stopped.

Elura swallowed, not allowing the tears that wanted to fall to escape her eyes, "When was the last time you slept Romion?"

Rowan appeared surprised by the question and then he smiled, "I don't need to sleep mother, why should I perform an activity that is useless? I have slept, twice, and I have dreamed my last dream, his name is Andar, you would have loved him, Mother. I have reached the point where such a grace is no longer my burden."

Elura rolled her eyes, "You are the only one who would call sleep a burden. Nonsense, I bet even the Primordials themselves need sleep, you need to sleep, but the problem..."

Biting her lips she whispered as she touched his cheeks, "...is that you could never find the right place for you to lay your head. Of all my children, you feel too much and love too deeply, and so your weariness runs too deep."

Rowan looked away, how could he tell her that he was now soulless? The things she thought she saw in him no longer existed, and if he ever slept, nothing waited for him but dreams filled with madness and monsters, his reflection in the mirror,

"I think I would know what I need better than you in this particular matter, Mother."

"Hahaha, did you know you said the same thing to me when you were a child? Don't believe me? Here let me show you."

With a wave of her hand, the space around them rippled as reality shifted and they appeared in a forest, Elura had twisted reality to show him her memories, weaving it with a profound application of Aetherium that would place whatever he faced on the Twilight Bridge to shame and would make what the Third Prince and the rest did to be nothing but child's play.

Looking back, the most his enemies had been able to do was empower their attacks and shoot out Aetherium bolts. What Elura just did went beyond anything he had witnessed. If he had been fighting his mother on that bridge as a mortal, without bringing out his big guns, he would not last a second.

This thought did not distract him for long as the new reality drew his attention because for all intent and purposes, Elura had just brought him back in time to a dead universe that was an impossible distance away.

The air had changed and overhead there were thirteen moons that covered the sky, all of them emitting different hues of light that made this area shimmer with splendor. Massive winged beasts flew overhead making loud calls as they migrated to distant regions. It was night, but the lights from the thirteen moons left the surroundings to be as bright as daylight.

This world was Trion, and although its roots were corrupted, at this time, it was beautiful and lush due to the presence of Elura who made the entire world a place where miracles flow. Her Aura filled the entire planet with light and life, and in this world, it was almost as if anything was possible.

Something zoomed past, and Rowan turned his head to follow it and discovered that it was a five-year-old chubby boy with green eyes and curly green hair and clothes made from fur, his laughter pursuing his running figure that was pushing through the forest with a speed that was faster than sound.

"Romion, get back here, your mother has been calling for you for an entire year!"

The young child clearly had power but lacked control because he stumbled at the unexpected sound and at the speed he was moving, his body created a long furrow through the earth as he blasted through dozens of gigantic trees shattering them into

splinters before his body bounced against the ground and he was slammed into a small hill, shattering it to pieces.

Chapter 985: You Have Never Changed

The earth shook, and a wave of force traveled through the forest at the crash, causing numerous animals to shriek in fright, creating a small stampede that only subsided after a while.

The boy pushed his way out of the shattered mountain, he was unharmed but his body was covered with dust, especially his mouth which was filled with sand and pieces of wood and rocks that got in because the naughty child had been laughing through his crash.

A small figure with butterfly wings appeared before the flustered boy, hovering before his face and placing two tiny hands on her hips,

"This has gone on for long enough, Romion, I can no longer hide your presence from your mother, you will return this instant, your games are over. A whole year I have put up with your stupid schemes and I will not be a party to them any longer." The tiny sprite stamped her foot in the air with annoyance and went to the boy's right ear and began to drag it, her small frame holding astonishing power because she lifted the boy from the rubble, bringing him dozens of feet into the air.

She had decided to take matters into her own hands and would be bringing the naughty child home by force.

"Isshsamm yhot ghoingg!" the boy struggled, his little hands and feet waving in the air,

The tiny sprite cocked her head in confusion as she peered down at him, and then grimaced in disgust as the boy did not spit out the dirt in his mouth, instead, he chewed and swallowed, before yelling at her, "I said I am not going home, I am not sleepy and mother says I can play until I am tired. So let me go... this instant!"

The little sprite brought her nose up in the air in disdain, "When your mother told you to play until you got tired, she did not mean for you to gallivant around the forest, terrorizing the entire good folk who make this place their home for an entire year. When are you going to stop?"

The boy no longer waved his hands around, instead, he folded them on his chest, blushing a bit from shame and annoyance,

"I am a child, and you should not deprive a child of the chance to play. It is my right."

Although he knew that perhaps he might have overdone it with his acts these last few months that had magically turned into a year, Romion could not stop pursuing the horizon. There were so many new things to discover, every corner he crept past he found something amazing, the world was an endless mystery and he did not want to stop exploring.

"Who needs sleep," he muttered to himself as he was brought back home. His body was wrapped by a green glow and he was teleported to the side of Elura.

The sprite let go of his ears from hundreds of feet in the air and Rowan dropped to the ground like a stone he landed with his head, leaving his stomach and legs waving in the air as his shoulders and head were buried in the ground.

The laughter of the sprite as she flew away did not hide his angered sputtering as he spat out the dirt in his mouth and chewed and swallowed the rest.

Romion had explored the world for a year and saw so many wonders, but most of those wonders had to go through the taste test. He ate everything.

From rocks, woods, metals, leaves, grasses, insects...even the wind did not escape his mouth. If he perceived something fragrant in the air, he would suck in the entire air in the surroundings for miles.

Coming across a pack of wolves, it was not strange for Rowan to bite off a tail here or an ear there. A cave filled with sentient mushrooms... half of them were eaten. A mighty bear... missing his left paw.

Romion had a goal, the round moons up in the sky looked so tasty, and he wanted to eat one, maybe two, ok, in truth, he was planning to eat five, but it was alright, who needed thirteen moons anyway? Plus they must be so tasty!

A year reign of terror had just ended and the perpetrator looked at his mother with his hands folded behind his back and his large green eyes that sparkled like a clear lake while grinning sheepishly,

"Hello Mother, you called for me, but I have not finished playing. Can I go? I promise I will return when I get tired."

Elura smiled and turned to the boy, "Come and hug your mother child, I have missed you so."

The boy blinked and ran to her, burying his face into her robes and squeezing her so tight that the air around her body trembled. Elura laughed in delight and tousled his curly hair that had grown nearly to his waist after leaving the house for a year,

"We will need to trim your hair unless you want to be tripping on them soon enough."

The child nodded, before turning to the side and whispered to his mother, "I don't know who that is but he looks scary."

Elura turned to Rowan, "Him? Oh, he is harmless, he is like you actually, he does not know when to stop for rest but keeps running until he drops."

Rowan had noticed that the reality around them that Elura created was not simple, and he confirmed it when that sprite dropped the boy in front of them and he ran and hugged Elura who was beside him.

His mother had brought him to a past where he was a child, and the Rowan of today was looking at the clear eyes of Romion in the past, who was looking at him with clear curiosity and wonder, and a tiny bit of fear. Rowan nodded, the child's instincts were accurate, he should be feared.

"Is this the way I thought you to greet a guest?" Elura chided Romion and the child shook his head from side to side and left his mother's side.

Rowan was a few feet away but Romion walked slowly toward him, and he paused halfway as if an invisible wall was blocking him, before he frowned and fished inside his fur robes, bringing out a half-eaten golden fruit.

The fruit emitted a tantalizing smell and the child looked at it with regret before firming his stance and presenting it to Rowan,

"Good day mister, and may the good tidings and fortune that brought you to our home follow you to whatever road you take after leaving. Please take this token of our welcome."

Rowan looked at the half-eaten fruit and he nearly grinned. The little brat had sliced off a piece of the fruit with his fingers before he brought it out from his robes.

As if he was taking the fruit from his outstretched hand, Rowan instead reached into the robes of the surprised boy and took the small pieces that he had sliced off.

Elura rolled her eyes in astonishment, "Why did I not notice how devious you were as a child? You have never truly changed, have you?"

Chapter 986: Tears Of The Sun

The boy was ashamed by the fact that his act of subterfuge had been detected and he did not listen deeply to what his mother had said, he bowed his head wishing that the ground would open up and swallow him whole, but he was distracted by the actions of the man before him, it also helps that Romion was very shameless, and a tiny tyrant.

Rowan took the small piece of golden fruit, and with a tap of his fingers, he understood its composition. His three chambers—Knowledge Well, Astrolabe, and Hollow Forge had integrated with his entire body during the evolution of his Primordial Ouroboros bloodline, and with a simple touch, he could utilize it in the manner that he required.

He discovered that this fruit was not that special, at least to the present Rowan who had access to much better resources, it just contained a dense amount of disorderly Essence drawn from different sources with no order or harmony.

This fruit must have been a treasure born from a potent source that had gathered various energies over the years, but its creator did not have a firm understanding of Essence management, it had simply gathered all the available energies around and placed it in a potent shell that could contain all of them, but it was still a concentrated source of power that could boost one's bloodline.

It was so powerful that the boy with his extremely powerful physique had been gnawing on this fruit for months and had barely eaten half of it. This fruit was meant for powerful immortals, and Romion's act of consuming this much of it in so little time was astonishing.

A mage would refine this energy with Alchemy, purifying the chaotic energy and extracting only what was useful. Romion here could simply consume the fruit whole and his body would use every bit of the energy with little to no waste, although he would have to slowly consume it because he could not handle the potent Essence contained in the golden fruit, he was using all this Essence to grow stronger.

The child looked at Rowan's fingers in puzzlement as he tapped the piece of the fruit with his fingers, looking up and seeing his curious stares, Rowan smiled at him, before saying,

"Hey kid, do you want to see something amazing?"

The look of curiosity on the face of the boy instantly transformed into one of suspicion, and Rowan suddenly had a weird feeling in his heart, 'Surely, this little boy does not think I am some kind of pervert. What sort of look is that?'

Still maintaining his smile not to push away the child, the boy slowly nodded with caution after glancing at his mother and noticing she was smiling, before looking back at Rowan.

Even if Romion was suspicious and afraid of this stranger, Rowan still had a potent weapon that was able to break down all of his defenses and that was his beauty.

If Rowan's beauty was already potent enough to affect the minds of gods, and to an extent higher dimensional beings like Elura and Old Man Seed when he revealed his true appearance, then a five-year-old child, no matter how talented would not be able to

resist him for long, it was already amazing that Romion could put up this level of defenses against his charms and still questioned his intentions.

Rowan placed the piece of the golden fruits between his two palms, and a light began to glow in between the gaps in his hands, drawing an astonished gasp from Romion. The child had seen more potent feats of power, but the light emerging from Rowan's palm was strange because it carried a color the boy had never seen before.

It was the light from Hollow Forge that had continuously evolved as Rowan grew stronger.

Noticing his attention, Rowan decided to add more flair to his creation, producing mystical sounds, errant breeze, and shifting lighting that had the child cheering and forgetting his fear of the strange man. Reaching the end of his demonstration, Rowan opened his palms, and hovering above them were seven golden fruits.

These were clearly more powerful than the half-eaten golden fruit in the boy's hands, containing more energy, and surrounding the skin of the fruits were mystical patterns that entranced the senses, coupled with a mouth-watering scent.

The sensation coming from the fruit was also vastly different, if the half-eaten fruit in Romion's hand contained massive and uncontrolled power, the seven fruits here were nothing but power, but controlled power! The boy knew that no matter how much of this fruit he consumed he would receive an endless gentle wave of nourishing Essence that would not overwhelm him.

With a gesture, Rowan pushed the fruits towards the boy who already opened his hands to receive them as if he was hypnotized, before coming to his senses and widening his eyes in astonishment,

Rowan nodded, "They are for you."

The boy's eyes were wild with desire, for a terrifying foodie like him, this was like delivering heaven to his lap, and he wanted to turn towards his mother before he paused, his little body shaking with a severe internal conflict, and then he sighed with regret, he looked longingly at each of the fruits and his eyes went a bit wet,

"Thank you mister, but I cannot accept it, I have done nothing to deserve such a gift."

Rowan cocked his head to the side, "The very nature of gifts means that one does not have to do something to be deserving of it. I wished to give you these fruits as a gift, and you should consider it as such."

The child seemed to think for a while, but he still shook his head, and before he could speak, Rowan interrupted him,

"When you greeted me, you said something, can you repeat it back to me?"

"Sure... I guess. I said; Good day mister, and may the good tidings and fortune that brought you to our home follow you to whatever road you take after leaving. Please take this token of our welcome. This is a standard traditional greeting of our forest. I learned it by heart after I was two weeks old." the boy struck out his chest proudly.

Rowan nodded, "What is the name of the fruit you gave me?"

"Tears of the sun."

"Oh, that is an interesting name for a fruit, do you know the reason it is called that?"

Romion scratched his head, his eyes squeezed in thought, presenting a very adorable image,

"I don't know, but if I am to guess, maybe it is because the light from the fruit shines as bright as the sun, then it must mean it came from the sun, perhaps one of its tears, which I still do not understand how that is possible, because I plucked this fruit from a gigantic tree that was been guarded by a dragon and if it is truly a tear from the sun, then I should have found it at the top of a mountain or falling from the sky, does the sun even cry, maybe because it is so lonesome up there without any companions, he should be jealous of the moons, but who needs all that moon..."

The boy wanted to continue rambling before he stopped himself with a force of will and the suspicion that had been slowly erased as he watched Rowan's performance began to return, "Why are you asking me this question mister?"

Chapter 987: The Same Root

The face of the boy was covered with suspicion, and a glint in his eyes made Rowan know that his small mind was working among many possibilities to decipher the truth within the words he would be hearing.

In many matters, this child might be naive, but it was also hard to deceive the little brat.

"Is it not obvious?" Rowan smiled, "The tears of the sun as you call it, how rare is it?"

Biting His lips, Romion thought about it for a short while, "Pretty rare, I only found this fruit two years ago and I have ranged around for thousands of miles to find a second to no avail, maybe if I have more chance to comb through the entire forest I will find another, but that would take many years. You can see why I cannot accept such precious... gifts."

"To you it is precious," Rowan replied, "and yet you did not hesitate to present it to me as a greeting gift."

"That is expected of me," Romion replied before looking down in shame and whispering, "Besides, I had already taken a sizable chunk from it and it was no longer complete."

"As I said before, to you it might be precious," Rowan waved his hand and the air rippled as a hundred Tears of the Sun appeared, the space around them exploded with light as if a hundred bright lanterns were lit around them.

Romion's mouth fell open, but the demonstration was not over, as with another wave of his hand, the number of fruit hovering in the air tripled.

The little boy staggered, and he slapped his cheeks to check if he was dreaming and frowning in concentration he suddenly leaped and touched the fruits hanging in the air randomly, to confirm if they were real or a mirage.

"How...how is this possible?"

Rowan smiled, "Look to the skies."

With his heart beating erratically, Romion slowly turned his head and looked upwards, and his mouth fell open and the strength left his legs. Collapsing into a puddle, he wanted to crawl towards his mother in fright but held himself back with a stubbornness that was deep in his bones.

Above him a golden rain was falling, each drop in this rain that covered the entire horizon from pole to pole was a Tear of the sun, their numbers were in the billions, creating a golden sea that roared towards the earth.

"Is my gift of seven Tears of the Sun acceptable?" Rowan asked the frightened child.

"Yes...yes, very, very acceptable," the child nodded furiously, his face that was white as a sheet rapidly glancing from Rowan to the sky, unable to decide which image was more earth-shattering.

Snapping his fingers, the entire horizon filled with Tears of the Sun vanished, leaving the seven that the boy had clutched tightly to his chest.

For a while the area was silent, only broken by the rapid breathing of Romion, after a while he slowly looked at Rowan, "Will I ever be able to do something like that one day?"

Rowan smiles cheekily, "Something like what?"

Romion bit his lips, "Summon an unlimited amount of food."

Rolling his eyes Rowan replied, "Of course, you can create a whole universe made of nothing but food if you want."

"Um, what is a universe?"

Sigh, "I can see that your education is lacking direction, perhaps you are focused too much on food."

Romion sniffed, regaining his color and coming back to his feet, "Food is the best thing in the world, of course, I need to know all about it. You never answered my questions, mister,"

Elura reached Romion and ruffled his hair, "He has not answered you child because you have not asked the most important question."

Romion was confused for a short moment before the light of enlightenment entered his eyes, "Forgive me, mister, I forgot my manners. I am Romion, known as the Child of the Green, Scion of Life, um, local terror, ... hungry ghost..." his voice grew weaker as he mumbled some other things under his breath before parking up once more,

"I am the Son of Elura, the Emyrean of Life, and you are welcome to my home. How may I address you?"

Rowan froze, he heard everything that Romion had been mumbling, and he did not know if he should laugh or cry. Whatever this child may be, he was never idle, and his adventures in five years must be enough to fill up an entire library if his titles were any indicator. He sighed and went down on one knee so that he could be at an equal eye level with the child, "Romion, that is a beautiful name, you can call me Rowan, although that is not my true name. I am afraid I cannot tell you my true name, it's long and unsuited to the ears."

The child mumbled, "Rowan, odd," he turned to Elura, "Mother is Rowan not what the folk in the river call my name in their tongue?"

Elura's eyes brightened, "Of course Child, your name in different cultures can be pronounced and spelled in different manners, but it is still essentially the same name and bears similar roots."

"So, does this make us... um," the child struggles to find the word,

"Namesake," Rowan completed it and the boy grinned,

"Yes, namesake, we share the same roots!" Romion cheered. With his developing mind he loved to learn and was always happy to quickly figure out solutions to the problems that ailed him, even if it was as minor as finding the right words to use.

"So there you have it," Rowan said, "Your answer to your question."

Looking up in confusion, Rowan cried out, "But you never answered my question."

"Did I not Romion... Rowan?"

"I don't underst... Oh, I think I get what you mean. Our names share similar roots, so you're telling me that because we are children from the same pod, then our path is similar. Whatever you can do now, then someday I will be able to do the same."

He looked towards Rowan for confirmation and beamed when he saw the nod of acknowledgment. Seeing Elura smiling down at him with pride, Romion thrust out his small chest.

This motion reminded him that he was holding seven Tears of the Suns in his arms, and without waiting for anything, the inner foodie in his soul came to life, and a few seconds later, he was lying on the ground, his stomach swollen like he was pregnant.

With a look of bliss on his face Romion rubbed his round stomach and before long he shifted to his mother snuggled on her thighs, and was asleep.

After a year of endless adventures, the boy fell asleep. But before he did, Rowan saw his eyes shift in suspicion as he mumbled to himself the words Elura spoke, "Why did I not notice how devious you were as a child? You have never truly changed, have you?... The same name... Are you my..."

Elura stroked the hair of Romion, the look of pride in her eyes was evident, "You were always more discerning than I could ever understand. There were moments when you made mistakes and committed dumb actions, but you only needed to close your eyes and rest and somehow, you could see the full picture. I knew that your fathers would never be able to tie you down for long, for they did not understand how special you were. They were not the dangerous ones. I understood how special you were, and so does my Maker, that is what makes her dangerous."

Elura patted the air next to her, "Place your head on my thighs, and rest your eyes. You can sleep, child, Mother will be here when you wake up."

Chapter 988: Battle His Memories

Trust was a hard thing to come for Rowan, and it was for good reasons. In his life, he had few reasons to trust others, because he lived in a reality where power could be seized by those who aspired for it. Real power and not just some fanciful concept dreamt in the mind of the mad, and in such an environment, trust took a backseat to benefit.

Power above all, love, trust, friendship, dignity, ... they were worthless. His strength was proof enough that it was those with power that controlled everything.

But sometimes, that was not enough. Rowan knew of this, but he also understood that the only reason he could open himself to love or trust, was because he had power.

He did not need to sleep, but... he looked at the curled form of Romion who had been playing for a year, and would most likely have continued to play for another thousand years given the chance, here he was sleeping peacefully, and it was not just because he had consumed all the fruits Rowan gave him, but because he was at peace, only in this place would this boy lay down his guard and sleep.

There was a slight smile on his adorable face, and he rubbed his stomach which had turned flat in a few moments, smacking his lips in his sleep as if he was dreaming of feasting.

And it was so that Rowan, who believed that it was impossible for him to ever fall asleep again until his death or the end of everything in existence, laid his head beside his five-year-old self and fell into the warm hands of sleep.

There was a formless pressure on the world that Rowan was not even aware that he gave off. At his level of power, a mortal could not look at his face or sense his Aura, the best outcome for such a thing would be madness, and for the first time in many years that invisible pressure around him vanished, and the world had the time to catch its breath.

Like a gigantic infrastructure with an impossible number of systems, Rowan could feel various parts of himself slowly shutting down. His dimensional flesh was massive, and for someone like him, falling asleep was like an entire universe succumbing to heat death, yet it did not happen instantaneously, he was too massive for that to ever happen.

Every living being in his dimension was asleep except for Eva, this had been the situation for a while now. With his sojourn outside the universe, Rowan knew there was no way he could stably maintain his dimension.

If his flesh was suddenly destroyed, that meant he had lost millions of worlds, and even if they could be easily replaced, Rowan could not be assured he could protect the souls of those who perished. The energy that could destroy his Dimensional Flesh would be surely potent, and he was not aware of the new types of powers that he might face, outside the Great Darkness.

Eva, the Lady of Shadows became the only one who witnessed the astonishing sight of billions of stars going dim, and as everything inside of Rowan slowly ground to a halt. Planets stopped their rotation and revolution, comets paused in their flight, black holes froze, and the dimension went dim as it entered twilight.

The colors were muted, and silence prevailed, it was a stunning sight as peace descended on a space that should inherently be chaotic.

At first, she was panicking and when she realized what was happening Eva smiled and closed her eyes. From her body a vast purple light emerged that covered the entire dimension, for as the master of the castle rested, she was the one who would watch the castle in his stead.

Rowan's Consciousness Pillars, which were now massive structures that touched the depths of his dimensions and stretched towards the endless space above, began to vibrate, as black sticky clouds that resembled tar flowed out of it.

This darkness flowed out of his consciousness pillars in an endless tide that threatened to snuff out the light of his dimension, but Eva was there to block them.

Sighing in exasperation, Eva awakened the Two powers and a thousand Sovereigns, and together, they battled the darkness that emerged from the mind of the sleeping Creator.

Rowan had experienced enough harrowing tribulations to fill up the lifetimes of a thousand immortals, and the scars they left behind were potent. The battles Eva and the Angels fought were apocalyptic in scale, but they were lucky for the darkness had no place to lay their roots, and although powerful, they could not replace their number or pull energy from the dimension, and they fell.

Corrupted abominations, mad gods, and titans, these were the least of the creatures born from the darkness, but the flames of the Angels cleansed the darkness, and slowly peace came to the dimension as the greatest portion of the darkness was vanquished and they slowly mopped up the slow trickle of corruption emerging from the Consciousness Pillars.

Despite everything that had transpired, Rowan had slept for only ten minutes.

The weight of power was heavy, and although he wanted to sleep for many ages, his senses never truly shut off, his consciousness was now too powerful to ever reach a state where he could allow himself to lose sight of what happened all around him.

Perhaps if he had a soul then he would have been able to forget for ten minutes the weight of power that he carried, but he did not, and he felt every second, yet he was thankful, for he had never been as rested like this for a long time.

Ten minutes for him was a long and pleasant sleep, and the many aches and scars he carried in his consciousness had faded. They were not gone, but the weight of it had reduced, and he could go on for longer knowing some of the weights on his shoulders had fallen off.

He never knew that the scars in his memories could ever take shape. His understanding of his powers was deep yet surprisingly shallow. Rowan was going fast, but he needed to digest his powers in his entirety to understand what he was capable of.

The title of a Creator was not simple, and his nightmares could take shape as easily as he could make his dreams come true with a thought.

Now that he was awake, it felt more amazing to him that he could have ever slept. His dimension came back to life, and order and chaos resumed their eternal dance.

He opened his eyes and saw Elura looking at the sunset, she glanced down at him and smiled, but the sadness in her eyes could not be hidden,

"As adventurous as you were as a child, you were also a deep sleeper. Your younger self slept for three years after this year-long play, and I wished I made him sleep for longer, for the nightmare began after he woke up. In the same manner, I had hoped you would have slept for longer. Now that you are awake, the nightmare begins again."

Rowan blinked and smoothly sat up, "As much as I would love to sleep for years, such things are no longer possible for me, and I had resigned myself to be forever without sleep, the ten minutes of rest you gave me Mother, is priceless."

Elura looked away from him in sadness, "Yet, did you truly rest? Your burdens are heavy, and after watching you close your eyes in a warped version of rest, it made me realize something; you no longer need me, child."

Chapter 989: Do Not Weep For Me

Elura's tone broker no space for arguments, and Rowan opened his mouth to protest but she placed a hand on his shoulders to stop him, and she unexpectedly drew him to herself, hugging him tight, she spoke in his ears, softly,

"Let me finish with what I have to say. Rowan, I am dead, and some part of you can understand that this is the truth, and so no matter how much you wish to lay your head in my care to rest, you can never do so."

Rowan wanted to push himself away from her, but she held him more firmly and continued speaking, "It was always so hard to blind your eyes to the truth, I should know, it is my everlasting shame that I tried to do the same, I followed the instructions of my Maker, and found a way to hold a portion of you so that I could create a bargaining chip, something to tie you to her side. As if that would ever work, you have always been wild and untamed like the breeze. For a time I believed that you could never be caught, but your enemies were too powerful, the game was rigged against you from the start.

You don't know how amazing it is that you are here, now, before my gaze, shining and splendor despite all the odds."

Rowan could feel tears from his mother's eyes flowing down his back, "Oh, my dear son, I am so proud of you. You went through and survived what no one should ever hope to survive and you prevailed. Yet, your heart is broken, but I should not be surprised, you got it from her, but you are more, where she is helplessly consumed by her past, you still have the power to reshape your future. You will have to let me go, so you can continue on your path, I just need to remind you that you can find another... you can find a new place to lay your head."

Rowan shook his head, like a child who could not talk, and held his mother closer.

Elura sighed,

"You know that I speak the truth, Elura is your ally, but her plans for you should not be what you should follow, she is not deserving, no one in creation is deserving of controlling your path. Who in all of creation is worthy to stand before my son?! Let them step forth and be shamed before the least of your feats. Your Path remains yours alone, and no matter if her intentions for letting me see you again may seem rooted in good, ultimately it serves her agenda,"

His mother suddenly laughed, surprising Rowan, "She thinks that in the end, she would be the one in control, and yet she does not understand who you are. My Maker is surprised at how much I was able to hold back from her, how shortsighted, your freedom and power bamboozle their mind. Haa!"

A note of anger entered her voice,

"No matter how much I tried to fight against her wishes, I am still her creature, how could I have ever succeeded against her power? So she scrubbed through what was left of my memories, hoping to find, to recreate the miracle of your existence. They all discounted you Rowan, all of them. The Reflections, Elura, ... you were small, weak, ignorant, and they had never imagined that my little green-haired boy with his heart filled with dreams would be able to fight back against them all and win. Elura desperately searches for the flaws in my design, and she forgot that everything I was able to do was with your help."

Elura looked at the setting sun again, the shadows of darkness were already stretching across the earth, and the sun above had only a small part of itself shining above the hills,

"I do not have much time left," Elura gasped, "When we last met I had thought that it would be the last time I set my eye on you child, but..."

Rowan growled, "No!" He held out his left hand, and for the first time since he recreated his flesh, he activated his innate Telekinetic ability, purple lightning sparks ran down his arms as a faint gigantic shadow of his palm appeared over the setting sun and he... held it.

The sun overhead was not real, it was nothing but a concept, and the spell Elura created to bring back her long-dead shade to life was tied to this concept, so it should be impossible for anything to manipulate the workings of this spell, for there was nothing to touch.

Rowan had not fully explored the limits of his Telekinetic powers and what he did was instinctual, he did not want his mother to leave him, spell be damned.

Smoke poured out of his blackening flesh as Rowan was holding back a weight that could not even be measured, his bones made loud creaking sounds, and if not for the extreme power up he got inside the Tenebris armor, his flesh would have collapsed to dust. He groaned,

'This is good, this moment here with her is everything, I will not allow it to end, she will not leave me again, I now have power, I have broken a universe, why can I not have everything I want?'

Gritting his teeth he pulled, and the faint purple hand that was wreathed with lightning in a stunning move of madness, dragged the setting sun upwards, but this was too much and Rowan collapsed to the ground, every single bone in his body broken.

He was healing extremely quickly but holding on to this spell was incurring damages so massive it overwhelmed his healing powers. He coughed blood and grinned at the astonished look on his mother's face,

"See, I can hold, I do not need another place to rest when I have you."

Elura looked at the collapsed body of Rowan and wanted to weep, but she did not want the last memory her son had of her to be one of sorrow, so she smiled and clapped her hands.

Rowan's heart swelled, for such a simple gesture, the happiness it brought him was unmatched, but the hand that he held outstretched began to collapse,

"Old Man!" he yelled, "Help me. Halt your dimension, and leave this place in twilight. I shall pledge my..."

"Don't," Elura placed her hands over his mouth, "I do not want to return like this. You of all should know my son, that whatever will be... will be. You have made me proud beyond measure, and every time I look at you, it amazes me that I am your mother."

She touched Rowan's chest and a stream of Aetherium began to enter his body, and weaved into it were memories.

"Mother stop, doing this would disperse the spell, there is a price for your return," Rowan cried out but Elura did not stop, she smiled and continued, leaving Rowan grasping two fading threads leaving his hands—The setting sun and the memories entering his mind.

The body of his mother began to fade and unexpectedly a drop of tear fell down his eyes,

"Do not weep for me child, for this is what I want."

Her body brightened until she shone brighter than any star in any universe, and then there was darkness and the lonely sound of weeping.

Chapter 990: Nemesis

Rowan did not know if there was Karma or a cosmic sense of balance in reality. Before he would have argued that such a thing was ridiculous, where was cosmic justice when the strong slaughtered the weak in great numbers, where was karma when the blood of the innocent in the hands of an average god or Archmage ran into the billions, where was the divine retribution when for many minor eras, slavery, and other unmentionable atrocities had prevailed over much of reality.

There was none, only one universal rule and that was the strong dictated the flow of reality. From the beginning of time, the strong ruled and suppressed others without consequences. Rowan had also enjoyed this benefit, but now he had begun to wonder... was anyone ever free of consequences? Were there certain unknown invisible rules bounding all of existence that strive for a balance amongst all things?

If something like that existed, how would they bound a rule breaker like him?

His Berserker Technique was largely useless to Rowan at his present level, yet his Berserker Cloning ability that was born from this technique had managed to create beings that had souls, even weak mortal creatures without thoughts or power had souls, why did his Mother fail to develop one?

His mother was not young, she had lived for many Eras, there was time for her to develop a soul, but she had not. This could not be a weakness of Elura's power, for even a mortal could effortlessly gain a soul, how much a weaver of Aetherium like his mother?

There was nothing in the bloodline of Miracles that had the power over souls and Elura could not control which of her creations could gain a soul. Not all sapient creatures had souls, but a majority of them did, and for the majority of those in reality it was impossible to know what created souls inside of a sapient being, Rowan sturdy of the soul was among one of the greatest in Reality already and even he was sometimes stumped.

Was there something with such an overall grasp of reality that in order to cause him pain had held back his mother the ability to gain a soul?

Anyone who could do such a thing must have had power that was at least at the levels of a Primordial. The power levels of those at the Primordial Level were mostly shrouded in fog, even till this moment, Rowan could not tell how many Primordials were in existence, were they five, seven, or more? Were there other beings like the Primordial Ouroboros with power equal to Primordials that were hidden from reality?

There had to be, if there was a second Singularity, anything was possible.

Rowan sighed, all of these speculations could turn out to be useless, perhaps he was just decrying one bad day after a thousand years of good ones, yet he could not deny that there were certain patterns that he had begun to detect after living for a while.

Despite all his powers, his growth had not been smooth, there were certain... setbacks that despite his influence over luck had still blocked his path. His thousand-year wish could not give his mother a soul, perhaps his impossible wish could do so, but a minor era would have to pass before that happened, that was still too distant in the future.

One of his consciousness pillars brought out a line of thought that he had placed to the side. Nemesis Stones, and its lesser variant Nemesis Slates.

Rowan first came across the Nemesis Slates when in Jarkarr, a Transcendental treasure that records the number of beings an individual has killed. It was an interesting treasure, but it was not that compelling, its powers were nothing but a gimmick, at least that was what he had thought before he learned of the Nemesis Stones.

For a higher dimensional power to gain access to a lower dimension like a universe, they needed to gain access to a Nemesis Stone linked to the universe. Without a Nemesis Stone, they could not propagate their bloodlines in the lower universe.

This restricted the higher dimensional powers to flood a universe with their bloodlines and influences, but perhaps there were other silent purposes to these Nemesis Stones that were not advertised.

Was there a higher variant of the Nemesis Stone, and if that was the case, what did it govern, all of reality?

Nemesis in itself was an interesting word, it meant many things, none of them good. The inescapable agent of someone's or something's downfall. An Archenemy...

Could Nemesis exist? If it did then why was there not much mention of it? I need more information on this subject, Rowan ultimately decided.

He knew that every mortal he had killed, every life he had cut short was not truly gone, others may see him as a monster, but he was just harvesting soul energy from the dead, their Soul Origin was safe, free to reincarnate a new soul in the present or later in the future, in a weird manner, Soul Origin equaled the playing board, giving all the chance to be immortal.

He did not know if there was a limit to how much Soul Energy could be created by an individual's Soul Origin, but it was most likely nearly infinite, so given enough reincarnation, an individual would be able to become Immortal, but it was a shame that none of them were usually aware of their past lives.

Knowing that he was distracting himself with these thoughts Rowan straightened himself, sorrow would not help him, his mother was gone, and without a soul, there was nothing he could do to save her. Or was that the truth? He had many methods he could use now and in the future.

A weird flame went alight in his heart and he suppressed the urge to look into those lines of thought, it was almost heretical, and even if he wanted to pursue it, he would need more power than he had at this time, which should not take long the way things were going, he had completed his foundations and nothing was holding him back from pushing for higher dimensions and finally challenging the true rulers of reality, even Nemesis itself if it existed, which it most likely did.

He had already completed the Nine Supreme Circle's manifestation, which meant he was technically at the 9th Supreme Circle, just as he had wished to do when he began his journey into the Land of Miracles, the only thing he needed to do was to activate and complete it.

At that time, his three Primordial Bloodlines would technically reach their limits, and his only path forward would be to climb the dimensions. The power that he would control when his nine circles were completed would put his present body to shame, plus all the techniques and abilities he would unlock.

It would almost be hard to define how much stronger he could become by then, and he had everything he needed to complete his entire Supreme Circle in a moment. Placing him in the same ranks as God Emperors, Demon Kings, and Tower Masters.

Rowan did not care how others would have gone about activating and completing each of their Supreme Circles, for him it was easy, he had and Soul Energy.

Chapter 991: Doom Star

Rowan had intentionally left his Soul Mountains untouched for all this while so he could push forward at once. Knowing that his bloodlines would require greater amounts of soul energy with each upgrade, and now with the Supreme Circles, that number would reach an unreasonable amount.

The Soul Crystals he had accumulated after the war and the time in the Frozen Waste had reached an egregious number, and it would have to be enough for what he was going to do in the near future. At least he hoped it would, each Supreme Circle was technically a condensation of every technique in existence, distilling all their strengths into a single form, such a technique would require a stupendous amount of resources to complete. Yet if there was anyone who would ever complete the Supreme Circle, it was Rowan.

There was a roar like a fierce storm and the world was consumed in darkness, the red flowers that had bloomed over the entire world vanished. The last traces that his mother had ever existed in the outside world were no more.

Her absence left a void.

Rowan rose in the air, every trace that he had been sad or angered was gone, and there was only focus left, that was the state Old Man Seed and Elura saw when they returned to him. He had reversed his appearance to become more mundane, his diamond-like hair replaced with blond, and his prismatic eyes now green, his features were sharpened in some areas and softened in others, making his impossible beauty become something tolerable.

"Thank you for your gift Elura, and your sacrifice, I will not forget it." Rowan bowed towards her, and she nodded stiffly, before turning away and vanishing after she whispered certain words to Old Man Seed.

The old man nodded and regarded Rowan for a while, he closed his eyes as if he were deliberating on a decision, and he finally nodded,

"Now you did it," Old Man Seed grinned, "The vaults of her endless wealth have been opened to you, and paired with mine, then there should be no reason that you cannot complete your Circles in record time. Your soul is powerful, what you require is resources. However, the first thing you will need to do is to activate the four Circles you have manifested, and they cannot be done in this place, the commotion would be too much and you would lead all of reality to your doorstep, it will have to be done over there!"

Rowan followed Old Man Seed's pointed hand to the sky, a moment before the world around them ceased to exist leaving them in a void devoid of stars and any other heavenly bodies, above them was a massive entity that resembled a supermassive star but one that was burning with green and black flames, but it was not exuding any heat, in fact, the opposite, it was draining all forms of energy around it, leaving a null zone around its entire form.

This was only the visual representation of this star, what Rowan's senses picked up when it brushed against it was different, malignancy, rage, pain, despair, anger, hate, regret... such intense feelings of wrongness assaulted his senses that he nearly gagged, and this was Rowan, he dreaded to think what someone weaker would feel if they saw this star.

It almost reminded him of Limbo, that dreaded place he had seen after all of reality had been crushed, but this one was different, it seemed to be...growing. There were things that it lacked and others that Rowan did not recognize. Was this place alive?

Old Man Seed nodded when he saw that Romion had seen this star and easily shrugged off its effects, even if Romion had been unable to withstand the gaze of this star, he would have found a way to provide immunity for him because this was one of the only places in reality where he should be able to fully activate his Supreme Circles without unnecessary interventions from outside parties.

"What is this place?" Rowan gagged as he felt the urge to throw up filled his senses, this reaction surprised him, and he wondered if he allowed his body to follow up with the sensations, what sort of things would he be spewing from his mouth?

Nevertheless, he would not be following that train of thought, because if he permitted it, then that meant he would be giving some of the control of his body over to the green star, and that was not something he was interested in. The thought though, intrigued him.

Old Man Seed focused on the star before speaking slowly,

"There were certain places that were created during the Primordial Era, and perhaps before that Era, who knows, many events are buried in the dust of time. These places remain to this day. There are also certain special structures that defy the change of an Era and would most likely remain until the end of existence. You see, it is not only the domains of the Primordial that stand eternal, there are several unique places in reality that define meaning. There are four of these that I know, perhaps there are more, but that number would not be greater than six or at most ten. The one before you is called Doom Star."

That name seemed to trigger a reaction as Rowan watched in avid fascination as a massive storm began to brew on the surface of the star, with the size of the star, the storm must stretch for tens of thousands of light years.

The storm coalesced, and it took the form of a massive green and yellow eye that peered into reality, looking around, it focused in the direction, but it could not penetrate the barrier that Old Man Seed had spread over both of them.

"It is alive?" Rowan asked,

"In a manner," Old Man Seed frowned, "But the devastation that heralded its birth fractured the Will it contained, and so it could never take a singular Will. It is a good thing that happened, or else this entity would be at least at the eighth-dimensional level... a truly frightening thought."

As Rowan watched, multiple storms arose from the star creating more eyes on the surface, and the frown lines on Old Man Seed's face deepened,

"I cannot hide from its gaze for long. I mentioned its name to call attention to me, and in a short while, it would break through my barrier, but by then I expect you to find your way into it while I hold its gaze. You will not have long."

Now it was the turn for Rowan to frown, at this point in time, he did not want to be near any creature or entity with such a power level, especially one that was as terrifying as this. But there must be good reasons why Old Man Seed would want him to take such a place,

"Why should I enter such a terrifying place?"

"Great question Romion, even if it is the only possible question you can ask. Its simply because only inside this place can you find your equals."

Rowan looked at Old Man Seed with a weird glow in his eyes, "I have no equal."

Old Man Seed simply smiled, "Then this would burst your bubble."

Chapter 992: Preparation For Tribulation

Leaving him with those disturbing words, the old man coolly shifted to a new topic,

"Listen closely Romion," Old Man Seed said seriously, "do not forget my words for inside the Doom Star memories are twisted and although I know your soul is powerful, always remember that there is something outside bigger than this star, this thought might protect your mind when the heavens of the Doom Star suppresses you. It will get harder to tell the difference between what is real and what is not when you are inside. Protect your memories."

The seriousness in the tone of the old man made Rowan to be focused, the dangers inherent in reality were boundless and if a seventh-dimensional being like Seed was wary of this place, then he should be.

The Doom Star was a place that had existed during the Primordial Era, with its true origins unknown, it could have become at least an eighth-dimensional being if its Will was not shattered. That meant this place in a way could have the potential of a partial ninth dimension, should he call such a level Quasi-Primordial level?

Apparently, at this stage, any being or location could share the benefits of being eternal as the Primordials and exist across every Era. There was no way this place was not as dangerous as any Primordial Domain.

This was good news for him, although the dangers inside Doom Star might be unfathomable, its dimensional status was high enough that he might be able to push for his Class once he was inside.

Perhaps he might lose a bit of potential by not gaining his Class while inside a Primordial Domain, the trade-off was that he would be much safer in the end. His powers and potential had increased in the short while that he had been outside the universe and it was unknown if it had reached the extent where gaining his Class could draw the attention of higher dimensional entities and maybe even the potential of a Primordial.

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"You know about Tribulations, yes?"

Rowan nodded, "A bit. I know that they arrive when a technique, specific abilities, an ascension, or evolution reaches an Immortal level, and in my experience, they are usually sent by the universal Will or something... else. Thinking about it now, I believe a higher-dimensional entity should be able to create tribulations and direct them toward lower realms. Yet I am not aware of the reasons for such a thing."

Old Man Seed chuckled and drew his arm down his long white beard, "All your assumptions are correct, and except for the Nothingness outside all dimensions, Tribulations are instituted among all the realms. Among the many reasons for this, it is primarily due to the fact that they are necessary for higher dimensional entities to progress in their ascension because the act of unleashing tribulation inside a domain would create an opportunity for change and refinement. All these are topics you will be tackling in the future when you begin assailing the higher dimensions, but for now, I am bringing it up because of your Supreme Circle."

Fixing his gaze towards Rowan the old man pointed at his chest where the manifestation of the Circle had previously emerged,

"You do understand that your Supreme Circle was created by the Primordials, and so every ascension to a higher Circle would draw tribulation from the five known Primordial Domains. I have only seen it happen once at a distance when someone else completed the first Supreme Circle, she did not survive it. There could have been others, but from that moment, no one else was foolish enough to ascend their tribulation under the influence of the Primordial Domains."

The old man seemed to become distracted by memories of the past before he shrugged,

"Perhaps you might be able to survive it, you have shown countless times that you are nothing if not tenacious, but the attention you are going to draw not just from attaining a single circle but four of them would be monumental, and so you would need to go somewhere outside the domain of the Primordials. To a place like this, the Doom Star."

The invisible shield covering Old Man Seed and Rowan suddenly let out a loud cracking sound and the old man grunted, and began speaking faster, pushing a bracelet into Rowan's left forearm,

"This bangle contains a portal to a shared pool of resources from Elura and me for you to actualize your Supreme Circle. Because the tribulation you are expected to be receiving for every Circle you activate increases in intensity, then it means that technically no one should survive past the third tribulation... technically, you have broken all concepts of the common sensibilities that I know, so I will no longer judge you with it."

Rowan frowned, he had a complicated relationship with Tribulations, on the one hand, it was a source of danger and a barrier that was meant to block anyone from attaining greater heights in the pursuit of power, yet he had been using it as a source of nourishment.

Rowan had used his ability to manipulate time paired with the unique nature of the Ouroboros Serpents to claim their advantages even across time and space. He had drained every tribulation dry, earning far too many attributes from them and despite the fact that he knew that what he could be facing with the Supreme Circle may be beyond what he might imagine, he could not help but contemplate if he could do the same for its tribulation.

He did not want to go through a single tribulation with each circle, he wanted dozens, he wanted the heavens of the Primordial domains to be the ones to flee before his hunger, yet he was reasonable enough to understand that to fight against the tribulation from five Primordial domains was out of the question, but if he was entering a closed environment like the Doom Star, then certain plans could be created, and measures could be assumed to ensure that he reaped the most benefits from not going through just one tribulation but nine at the same time.

Yes, Rowan would be pushing for the nine Supreme Circles at once, but on the surface, he would only be showing the power of the fourth Supreme Circle to the world. The one reason he would be able to do this was with the power of .

These thoughts from Rowan went by in a flash as Old Man Seed continued,

"You should be warned, the challenges you would face inside Doom Star are not any bit lesser than what you would face against the five Primordial Domains, perhaps it might even be a bit worse, but whatever changes that happened within would be contained."

Old Man Seed waved his hand and a formless force encircled Rowan, bringing him up in the air,

"My shield would soon be broken, exposing me to Doom Star, there would be a brief moment between when my shield is broken and I am exposed, and I will be sending you towards the malignant star. There are potent forces inside that place that would seek to twist your mind, do not let them, and don't waste much time in starting up the activation of your Circles, but ensure you rest and properly recover after each tribulation, for the difficulty increases with every circle you conquer."

Chapter 993: Descent, Once Again

The many roving eyes of Doom Star were slowly congregating in their area as the shielding around their bodies was slowly being taken apart by its malevolent Will, although broken, there was nothing weak about this entity.

Rowan nodded at the warning of Old Man Seed, the cracking sound from the shield increasing, and he closed his eyes, purging the sound and the surroundings from his perception, the only thing he could hear was his breathing which sounded like thunder.

He had gone through several harrowing experiences in his life without flinching, and yet his instincts were screaming at him at this time, that what was to come would be vastly different from anything he had faced before.

There was a chance that he might perish.

This thought did not draw much concern from Rowan, he only shifted his gaze inward and made preparations to guarantee that his journey to Doom Star was stable. He did not know which resources he would be able to call upon inside this strange and malevolent place, but one thing was certain, no matter how terrible this place would be, they had never met anything like him before.

The gaze of all creation was blocked from entering this place. Good, this meant he could go all out. He felt it, a fraction of a moment before he was launched toward Doom

Star, a premonition that it was about the begin, the great change and his Ascension to the peak of the Supreme Circle.

The shields covering them collapsed with a loud crash and Rowan braced himself as the force covering his body compacted him into a thin stream of light, he thought he heard Old Man Seed grunt in surprise. In the moments before he was lifted by the old man, Rowan had drawn into his core a greater portion of his dimension, converting all the mass he had to energy. He had learned how to do this a long time ago due to understanding how his Eruption technique worked, but he hardly used this method due to how heavy he had become after he became a dimension.

His mass was nearly incalculable and transforming all of those into energy took a toll on his consciousness that he could not hold for long. He could barely maintain it for an hour if he used his entire consciousness power.

It should have been enough to deceive Old Man Seed but when he was unexpectedly squeezed into a beam of light, a few fractions of his weight escaped his leash of energy, and to Old Man Seed it would seem as if his weight had suddenly increased from a few thousand kilograms to tens of millions of tonnes! It would seem as if a small rock had transformed into a continent.

Whatever effect this would have on the old man was no longer Rowan's concern as he felt his body being subjected to unreasonable forces that had somehow heightened dramatically to reflect his increased weight.

The old man had instantly judged with the shift in his mass that Rowan should be able to take a greater amount of punishment and without any hesitation, he had instantly increased the power he placed into launching him towards the star.

Rowan felt time and space shift, was compressed and shattered as the speeds he was undergoing placed whatever he had previously experienced to shame.

At the edge of his perception, he could hear the laughter of Old Man Seed and countless roars as if emerging from the deepest pits of perdition. A loud crack resounded as if reality was ending, and his senses perceived no more.

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Flashing lights! Feeling of disorientation... Rowan could feel himself being squeezed through a tight membrane, and for a moment he felt almost like a child being birthed from a diseased womb, then mercifully there was light, and he perceived his surroundings with his gaze and noticed that he no longer had the shape of a man or a beam of light.

Instead, he was a piece of rock that was shaped like an egg falling from an incredible height.

Rowan tried to push his perception inward as he did not care about what he was about to face before he checked his status but he was denied, a formless pressure restricted his perception, and after trying to break through it for a while, he left it alone and brought his perception outwards, he already had a clue about what was happening.

In the time that he was busy trying to access his Mental Space, the falling rocky egg had far exceeded terminal velocity, and was still increasing. He could not control his flight or understand how durable his body was, the only thing he noticed was he would soon be reaching the clouds below, and instead of his body heating up from tearing through the atmosphere, it was going the opposite direction and he was bringing an endless wave of frost alongside him.

The stone had turned blue and shockwaves were erupting around him as he descended through the clouds, and although he could tell how devastating his entry was due to his limited perception, he could see that the cloud was shattered for miles.

This made him pause, how was it possible? Was he not... 'Oh, that's how it is.'

When the cloud parted, he could finally see what was below him, and if he had eyes, Rowan would be rolling it in exasperation.

The cloudy layer over this place must be very extensive because below him was a vast swatch of land, thousands of miles in circumference, surrounded by water, and the closest definition for this land would be a continent.

But the problem was that the supposedly 'small' rocky egg form that his body had taken was not as small as it turned out to be. From what he could estimate a few seconds before he crashed into the continent below, his size was at least a third of the continent, and his descent alone had brought such an intense chill that the entire continent had been frozen, the ice extending towards the ocean for hundreds of miles, freezing vast stretches of water into blue ice.

The impact of his crash broke the continent to pieces, shattering it with so much force that the surface layer of the continent and a large part of its bedrock was flung into the air for hundreds of miles and they did not fall back to the ground before they were frozen in place, creating large crystalline structures that were mysteriously streamlined, growing increasingly sharper at the tip.

From space, the entire continent seemed to take the shape of an opened maw of a terrifying beast with billions of sharp teeth, and at the center was nothing but darkness that was broken by blue flashes of light, as frost bolts that were in the shape of lightning, numbering in their billions flashed around.

Rowan's body kept descending deeper into the earth, shattering the ground and freezing everything he touched until he reached a barrier.

His perception probed at what halted his descent and he discovered that it was warm, and with the presence of life, he could feel what was below him was flesh!

Before he could begin to come to terms with what had happened, a flood of soul energy swamped him, and a golden lightning bolt carrying a message flashed across his vision.

Tiran Calamity Destroyed.

Congratulations to the Continent of New Hope, your million-year struggle has ended.

To the Citizens of New Hope, a new dawn... Error...

Congratulations to Tiran Calamity, your million year domination has ended.

To the Horde of Tiran, a Fell Dawn.... Error...

Chapter 994: Suffering From Success

The golden lightning paused as if confused, whatever had happened was not in any of its operational parameters and its luminosity began to fade as if it was about to disappear.

However, before it vanished Rowan felt his immediate surrounding space seem to shift as two streams of unknown energy, one colored blue and the other red began to gather around his body, drawn from the shattered and frozen continent, with his diminished consciousness power, Rowan could not trace the origin of the energy but he suspected it was from every dead living being on this continent.

'Fuck, I cannot catch a break.'

With his acknowledgment that there might be a hidden power watching over the grand tapestry of reality, most likely Nemesis itself, Rowan now wanted to make sure that his actions were not being weighed on an invisible scale somewhere, and with the advancement in his powers he did not need to slaughter a vast number of living creatures to harvest soul energy when he could passively collect them from his environment.

Except for enemies that required his personal attention, he had made up his mind not to create acts of massive destruction, and yet just his descent into this place had led to the extinction of an entire continent and everything living on it. Not a great start to his new arc of self-control.

'Damn, why does everything have to be so fragile. This is supposed to be a domain of an eighth-dimensional entity. At least I hope that Nemesis does not work here, but if it

does, it is only a matter of time before its presence is detected and understood, and by then, I will have a new prey to hunt.'

Meanwhile, the two streams of energy that resembled an ocean made of lava and ice congregated around his current shell, Rowan was unable to stop their advances. This shell had restricted all his abilities, and he could as well be nothing but a lump of rock. He had not detected any damages done to him by the fall, but if he judged by his present size, the fall from space would not be as devastating, for it appeared that his density even in this rocky form was still extremely high. Yet the fact that he still had access to his consciousness albeit in a much-reduced manner proved that his state of being had been transformed but there was a clear limitation to that transformation. Rowan suspected that his present state was a direct result of this place affecting the nature of everyone who entered into it. Using the old man's words as a clue when he told Rowan he would be seeing his equal inside this place, he had then suspected that everything and everyone that entered this place would be placed under restrictions of some kind, perhaps to create a suitable common ground for all who entered this place.

Nevertheless, the old man had underestimated the sort of monster he had just unleashed into this world, Rowan was meant to take the shape of an egg made from rock and descend on this shattered continent. Over time he may find his way out of his shell and slowly gather power by fighting for either the side of the so-called calamity or with its people.

His dimensional flesh turned out to be a problem, however, for even though he had been reduced to nothing but rocks, his size was something else, and in one single swoop, his descent that was supposed to be nothing but a blip on the radar, well, no one would be needing radars here anymore.

Somehow it seemed that even his present awareness should not be possible, after all, he was nothing but rock, but it was due to the unreasonable nature of his soul and the sheer power that his many consciousness pillars held that he was able to have this limited amount of understanding over his environment.

When Old Man Seed told him this place was dangerous, he was not overexaggerating it, perhaps he might have even underestimated it a bit.

With everything he had noticed, what Rowan presumed would have happened to him without the nature of his body would be that he would fall into this world as a rocky egg, and he would have no awareness entirely.

His powers were so great that in order for his descent to be fair to any of the 'competition' here would be that he would be helpless in that form, unable to understand or interact with his surroundings, and he would have to wait for his luck to create a situation for him that would lead to his awakening. If he was not wrong it was possible that he might have remained a tiny rock for centuries if not millennia, until someone would pick him up and as these things go, use him as a rock to bash someone's head

in. The infusion of soul energy might be able to awaken him or not, and he would most likely have to be used as a tool for who knows how many millennia, maybe even millions of years more before he might be awakened. This event might be frighteningly accurate and along the path that Doom Star had intended for his destiny. A shame that it met Rowan really. The twin streams of energy gingerly touched his rocky shell and Rowan felt two distinct sensations flicker against his consciousness, one was hot, and the other cold. With that sensation was information.

Yet the information was incomplete and broken, Rowan could feel many attempts for the data stream to become complete, but it was shattered again and again, creating a field of disjointed and chaotic runes that glimmered like sparks from a flame.

It did not take long for Rowan to realize that he was a victim of his success.

The message the golden lightning revealed was clear. The shattered continent was not at peace, there were two battling sides, and they were both wiped out by his arrival.

If his intuition was correct, he was supposed to pick a side and develop himself using a single stream of power, simply put, he could be hot or cold. But his descents had crushed both sides of the equation without catering to their distinctions. It was apparent that these two energy streams were not meant to enter a single individual but he had broken that balance. The chaotic streams of information that were struggling to access his consciousness were like a mixture of fire and ice, they could not be placed together.

Rowan sighed, if he had access to his full suite of abilities, managing this energy would be simple. It felt quite complex and powerful, similar to Aetherium but still different, but it was nothing he could not handle if he just wanted to separate the energy to stop them from clashing. Since there was nothing he could do, Rowan became focused on deciphering the broken pieces of information touching his consciousness, but after a few hours of trying to piece them together, he found his efforts to be useless.

First, the information was not in any language that he knew, they defied his ability of language comprehension, and he suspected that the chaotic clash between these two streams of energy was not helping him to make any progress in this area.

The closest he could glean from the broken data he could collect was that this language resembled runes, and a single rune could hold a vast amount of information, but there were thousands of runes here and all of them were broken and disjointed.

Chapter 995: Examining The Evidences

Rowan had come across nearly an infinite amount of languages, most of the shards of the Supreme Circle had taken various forms, all dictated by different languages. After a while with such a vast sample size to draw from, he was able to glean the similarities

between various languages quite easily, but these runes were different, alien, almost as if they existed outside the sphere of all known reality.

This should be because any place or creature with powers that approached those of a Primordial was beginning to form its own reality, something similar to the power that the Supreme Circle was granting him far in advance.

Yet no matter how alien these runes were, there were surely patterns within that he could use to decipher their secrets, and with that understanding, he could easily unlock the powers they contained and finally access these twin streams of energy, and maybe find a way to break out of this shell of rock using it.

His arrival had created a massive commotion and calamity, it was impossible that his presence had not been detected, and if he did not find a way to access this energy and leave this place, he would be well... a sitting rock.

His massive stony body which was hundreds of miles wide and equally as tall was now surrounded by these two streams of energy making his figure appear to be a large burning star with blue and red flames. The energy clashed against his shell and was repelled, unable to penetrate his body. Rowan understood that the information stream trying to merge with his consciousness must be the key for him to be able to accept this energy, but the problem was that the key was now broken.

'This could take a while,' Rowan decided and focused on the broken runes. He began to take apart the runes, seeking to find a singular piece among them that he could use as the first step to begin the deciphering process and then he paused, he felt that he had forgotten something crucial.

Like a feeling of *deja vu*, only less apparent. Even as he was thinking about it, that stream of thought had begun to slowly vanish, as if the idea that something was wrong was being taken away from his senses.

"Do not trust your memories. They would deceive you."

Was that not the greatest warning from Old Man Seed? He had repeated this statement twice, and even if it was just a minor feeling of wrongness, he was determined not to leave anything to chance in a place that had the capability to warp his dimensional flesh to such a great extent.

With the lesson, he gained from the disappearance of Caine's soul, he did not disregard this feeling and he paused in his quest to understand this rune, it did not seem as if this stream of energy was going away anytime soon, and he needed to know what it was that caught his attention at first that he had just forgotten, because he discovered alarmingly that the urge to investigate the wrongness was *neem* stripped away from his consciousness bit by bit, and only his awareness that such a thing was happening was delaying the process but it was no *It* stopping it.

He realized in his horror that he had little time to understand what he had forgotten and discover the missing link because if he forgot, with the state of his consciousness power at this juncture it would be possible that he might not be able to sense this wrongness again. At that time his perception would have been taken over and he would have lost.

If he lost his perception of this place and was deceived then it meant that he had failed the task to upgrade his Supreme Circle, and he would dance to the tune of whomever was in control of this place. Although he knew that ultimately his powerful bloodlines might be able to fight against the influence of this place given time, it might already be too late, and his unique weakness at this time would lead to his destruction.

There were no massive battles ongoing at this moment but Rowan was truly in grave danger. A single slip and everything he had worked for would be lost. 'What the hell did I forget?'

Rowan cleared his head and began reviewing the process of his descent into Doom Star from the time Old Man Seed launched him into it and this present moment. Even with his reduced consciousness power his memories were perfect, and he detected nothing that drew his attention, but that in itself was a red flag.

There must be something there, a missing detail that stood out. A slight pattern that escaped the overall symmetry of reality, a minor glitch. It was there and his perfect memories had all the clues to piece it together. He stubbornly began reviewing his memories again and again, hundreds of times, and then thousands of times, tens of thousands...

Time had no meaning to him, his perception delved into every single piece of memory that it was able to interpret. From the shattered clouds that extended for miles to a single grain of sand that bounced against its neighbors as the vibration of his reentry touched the earth. So much data that it would make an Archmage nearly go mad in despair was brutally taken apart by him. Although a majority of his strength might have been stripped away from him, they had not managed to take away the core of his character. Rowan was a relentless hunter and he sensed weakness in the design to purge his memories and he pursued it with a determination that was frankly insane.

He critically reviewed the information in his mind, hundreds of millions of times, and he was not stopping...slowly, the flaws began to reveal themselves to him, and no matter how deeply it was hidden Rowan had begun to pull them out.

He had created a World Core using nothing but his consciousness, and no matter how intricate and difficult it was to go through so much information using only a limited consciousness power, Rowan would not stop. The reality of Doom Star was the first to break.

Now, each time he went through his memories, he saw a gap, an inconsistency that he logged and continued digging into, and slowly those inconsistencies that he was accumulating piled up into a distinct portrayal.

A feeling of warmth... undulations... life!

The barrier over his memories broke open and Rowan's consciousness nearly froze as the truth that had been stripped from his mind was revealed once more.

When he landed on this continent, the force of his entry did not dissipate even after he had penetrated deep into the earth, what had blocked him was a barrier, a barrier made from flesh.

Sleeping below this continent was a creature and his descent had broken the minor shell it was using to cover its body.

He slowly looked below him and discovered something quite disturbing. While his memories had been blurred, it appeared that he was currently being consumed. A brown and pulsating mass that resembled the hide of a flayed dragon was slowly swallowing him, due to his massive size, it had barely consumed less than a hundredths of his body, about one and half miles worth, and if he had not dug into his memories for the truth, he would have been unaware that he had been inside the mouth of a massive predator all these while.

Chapter 996: Runic Arrangement

Rowan accessed his situation quickly, muting any eruption of panic in his heart. The portion of his rocky body that had been swallowed was still intact, although he found it particularly difficult for his perception to scan through it.

He appeared to be made from rock, but this was most likely not the case due to how dense he was and how he did not suffer a single scratch even after falling from orbit while also under the propulsion from the force Old Man Seed had used to launch him into this star.

His defensive properties in this form were most likely extreme given the drawbacks, and whatever would be eating him would have to spend a while chewing through this tough nut that was his present form, Rowan did not envy his devourer this task.

After analyzing the crisis, even though he was now aware of the truth, nothing about his situation had immediately changed. The only thing it did was give him the timeline on which his survival hinged. Without this knowledge, he would have perished without even understanding how he died.

Rowan was not afraid of dying, but he wanted a chance to fight for his life when the time came for him to go. He did not want to die without the knowledge of who or what was able to perform this feat.

The consumption of his body remained constant even after he had detected the mental intrusion, with the three most likely reasons being that the owner of the flesh could not detect that he had broken the perception lock over his memories or they knew and simply did not care, and the last reason being that he was a rather hefty meal to swallow, and they were hurrying up to devour him, but his constitution even in this form was not normal and they would have to struggle to finish the meal.

No matter how much Doom Star had sought to warp his flesh, there was a limit to it, his powers were simply unfathomable. Inside his body was a confluence of impossible powers, with the latest addition of the Nine Supreme Circle taking him to a brand new level of potential.

No matter how much Doom Star had suppressed him, all that potential could not simply be erased, and if Nemesis was also present in this world, it would be smiling for it had brought Rowan into quite a bind.

'So you have powers so ridiculously far above your level, then my dear rule-breaker. Here is an impossible situation that even you will not be able to survive.'

"Fuck you Nemesis," Rowan muttered with his consciousness, the sound carrying through the crater and sounding like a thunderstorm.

Not caring if this entity existed or even heard him, he had begun to see the hand of this creature in so many things, and it was just a matter of time before his hands were over its damned neck.

So Rowan had no choice but to return to his previous venture and attempt to complete his understanding of the shattered Runes, it was the only path he could see that would lead to a change in his situation.

The chaotic runes had been crashing against each other for a while now and they had been crushed into small pieces, but it appeared that the runes could not be further broken down, giving him a chance to build them back together. If he was unlucky and the runes kept being crushed, then he would have to give up and find another option, with the awareness that he had just lost the best chance of survival.

Cursing his weak consciousness power Rowan began the rigorous task of picking apart an entire alien language without a single frame of reference that could give him a starting point. It should have been an impossible task, but he had something that could help him with it—the golden lightning.

Repeating his memories countless times had given him the opportunity to understand this glaring golden clue in front of him, and he would be remiss not to use it. It was the only advantage he had in this massive disaster.

The message of the golden lightning that came to him was not just presented in a written format, it was also auditory.

Like all higher-level languages, it was able to express many things at the same time. It had flashed by quickly, but Rowan now had his Rosetta Stone that he could use in deciphering the language; what he needed however was to arrange the broken runes in a manner that would make sense.

It was as if he had access to only a single alphabet, and the crushed fragment of the remaining alphabet, and using the form of that single alphabet as a basis, he was going to rebuild the remaining alphabet. As if this task was not impossible enough, the alphabet was utterly alien to him, and it was not just made from a comfortable twenty-six letters, a higher-order language could hold millions of 'letters.' this one appeared to be even more complex.

This task was difficult but with the lightning runes he had memorized, it was no longer impossible... barely.

He had the snapshot of what a completed rune would appear as, and even if each rune were formed in an incredibly complex configuration, he could slowly piece it together. The only issue was that he was under a time constraint.

"Fuck you Nemesis," Rowan growled again and set his mind to the task. A part of himself could not help but think if Nemesis truly existed, cursing him would likely make his situation worse.

Rowan separated his limited consciousness into many smaller parts, the largest of which became a sort of blank drawing board where he placed copies of all the pieces of the runes swirling around his consciousness, and like a gigantic puzzle made up of many billions of moving parts, he began to fit them together.

His consciousness dances between the completed runes and the shattered ones, noting outlines, dimensions, depths, color, sensations, and millions of other micro components that make up a higher-order language.

Rowan's innate talent in language comprehension made this task marginally easier because he had an uncanny ability to spot patterns and tease out fragments of meaning from the chaos.

He sank into this task and time slowly lost meaning, and when he came up for air, he discovered that nearly thirty percent of his body had been consumed and he had barely gone through two percent of the entire runic arrangement.

These two percent he was able to complete was the hardest part of the entire puzzle. With his diminished consciousness power, without his many quirks and sheer grit, it would have been impossible for him to succeed. Yet it was only the beginning and he was falling far behind.

Perhaps he was too deep underground and his perception was too weak but he could not detect the changes of the seasons in this place, but his internal clock following the rigid flow of time of reality outside this place informed him that he had spent a quarter of a century inside this crater since the moment of his descent.

Chapter 997: Threshold of Consciousness

Time lacked meaning for him but it was still everything in situations like this where every single second counted.

Rowan could feel the pressure mounting against him, being this helpless was not a pleasant feeling, and although he was falling behind, the most difficult part of the puzzle had already been solved, what was left for him to do was to accelerate.

Ignoring his impending demise, Rowan began stretching his consciousness powers to the limit, actively creating new and inventive methods to utilize the little he had to work with while solving the ginormous puzzle before him.

He did not want to just react to any new problems that came up, he also wanted to predict them whilst actively seeking new and inventive methods to finish the runic arrangement.

He created thousands of techniques he would never have bothered with before due to his consciousness power just to give him even a fractional edge in this deadly race, and slowly his speed of breaking the runes began to compound. Deciphering the Supreme Circle had given Rowan an edge when it came to situations like these, but he had never been so... diminished even while inside the Tenebris armor. He was working with barely five percent of the power of a single consciousness pillar.

This amount of consciousness power would make him equal to a god or an Archmage, but the puzzle he was actively solving would take countless millennia for a god to solve, and with the speed he was being devoured, he barely had a century.

He pushed ahead, disregarding the grueling work ahead, no single part of him was focused on doubts or fear, everything was being channeled into solving this puzzle and there was a small part of him that sensed his mounting doom and felt... thrilled.

At the precipice of death, everything became simpler. There were no dying mothers, no scheming kin, and no pursuit for power, there was only the work in front of you, and knowing that failure was the end.

Rowan squashed this part of himself who was enjoying this trial. Death was a release that he was not going to fall for. There was too much riding on his success. He had come too far to be taken out by a faceless blob at the bottom of the earth.

In another ten years, he had reached fifteen percent completion, yet the flesh swallowing him had devoured him by half, and Rowan began to sense a new side-effect when half his body had already been swallowed, his thought processes began to slow down.

Such an outcome was not truly unexpected, Rowan had anticipated that there could be a second, third, or fourth stage to this devouring process and he did not panic, he simply adjusted his mental calculation speed, using techniques he had been creating in advance for such an outcome, and so instead of slowing his speed of thought by nearly eighty percent he only lost thirty percent of his mental acuity still keeping him in the fight.

He continued with the process of deciphering the runes, pushing his progress up to forty percent in another ten more years, but nearly sixty percent of his body had been swallowed. This was both good and bad news, Rowan was catching up, but the problem was that he did not know even if he succeeded in breaking the runic language, if it would be enough to rescue him from this devouring. Whatever he had encountered was clearly not meant for anyone who had just arrived on this star.

He doubted if anyone was even supposed to have breached the earth to such an extent to be able to reach this existence hidden below the ground.

However, these were concerns for later because he had far more pressing needs, his thought process was becoming more sluggish the more of him was consumed, and he had nearly reached his limits on how he could block this attack. There were limited strategies he could use to fight against this invasion using the resources he had on hand.

His mental acuity had been reduced to nearly fifty percent, and before long, he would not be able to push ahead with deciphering the runes at an acceptable speed. Yet he had reached a point where he was almost depending on not just his consciousness power but instincts too.

Rowan had reached such a low point that he was fighting far past where his mental acuity could carry him. His instincts had begun to play a role in this.

At first, he had suppressed this unexpected part of him that arose due to the increasing suppression of his consciousness, but as time went by, he noticed that his instincts

were most likely on the right path, and he allowed it to take more and more of the responsibility of deciphering the runes.

This grim and relatively silent race to survive on his path and to consume on the path of the flesh below continued inside the crater that once housed a continent where an unknown amount of living beings once lived.

The only thing that broke the monotony was the twin streams of energy that revolved furiously around the stone egg that was slowly disappearing into the pulsating flesh below.

Rowan barely had three percent of his consciousness power holding him at this point when he was finally swallowed by the pulsating flesh after fifty years. He had nearly deciphered ninety percent of the higher-order language but he was already too late.

His instincts were not enough, they could make leaps in arguments that were correct, but not a hundred percent of the time, and the mental attack on his consciousness had grown to such an extent it was all he could do to keep three percent of his consciousness active.

Deciding that reaching ninety percent of the higher-order language would have to do, he wanted to begin piecing together what the messages could mean so he could connect to the twin stream of energy above, calamity struck.

As it turned out, devouring him was the first move that granted him a chance to fight back, now inside the belly of the beast, he was helpless, and the power that bore on him was beyond what his shell and pitiful consciousness power could fight against.

Rowan heard a loud crack, or was it several? He could not tell, just placing a coherent thought together was almost more than he could bear.

Then the pain arrived, not a normal pain that was felt by a mortal or an immortal, it was a total wrenching pain that signified that everything of yourself was being broken down and consumed.

If Rowan had the means he would be screaming, but it was in silence that his body was slowly being crushed and assimilated for months.

A tiny part of him that held the faintest sense of awareness had never stopped interpreting the message from the nearly completed runes, and when the blinking notification reached his consciousness he was too far gone to understand. What remained of his instincts were screaming at him, to make a decision but he was incapable, just the thought of making a decision had fled from his present mental capabilities.

Then a loud crash that echoed so powerfully throughout what was left of him cleared the haze in his consciousness and he understood that he could finally make a choice, but then it had already become too late.

Rowan realized that this was the last flash before death, and the reaching hand for his salvation never touched the runes blinking before him.

He died.

Chapter 998: Eternal And Endless

Death came in various forms, some spectacular like having a meteorite crash directly onto your forehead, or pretty mundane like dying of old age surrounded by old enemies and memories of dead friends but Rowan's death was pretty anticlimactic.

His seemingly impervious rocky shell was crushed to pieces in seconds, denied any of the powers of his dimensional flesh or his myriad of impossible abilities, he was nothing but an extra dense piece of dirt with a passable consciousness power that could not even manipulate a single grain of sand inside this place, except fight for the chance to understand an alien higher-order language.

Rowan could imagine the forms it would take when he died, he could count hundreds of perpetrators at the top of his head that were gunning for his head and even had a short list of the top ten individuals that could most likely be the cause of his eventual demise.

What just happened went a long way to show how nothing in life could ever be predicted, especially in this new reality he found himself.

Of all the dangers that he had faced after his transmigration, from the Primordial Keepers, Lamia, the gods of Trion, Demons, Archmages, Tyrants from lost Epochs, even the Reflections of a damned Primordial, Rowan had never once believed that his death would come at the mouth of a faceless lump of flesh.

It could be regarded as a straightforward death, devoid of all the machinations that were usually involved when it came to murdering a sapient creature, simply devouring and eating, but the effects it had on Rowan were anything but simple.

After surviving impossible odds for so long, Rowan had forged a nearly unshakable belief in his near omnipotence. How could he not?

Time after time, reality had proven to him that he played on a stage that was so above everyone else in scope that the differences between him and the greatest geniuses he had ever seen could be compared to the difference between a god and an ant.

He might have started life as a base mortal after his transmigration, but had given him the chance to continually evolve and reach higher levels of power that he had leapfrogged distances that were considered impossible to contemplate.

Consider that one of the greatest geniuses to ever exist in creation could use maybe a thousand years to complete a single shard of the Supreme Circle, but with Rowan's present height, he had completed the entire Supreme Circle that held what could be considered an infinite amount of shards in less than seven hundred years.

In other words, the greatest genuine to ever live would have to use an infinite amount of time to achieve the same thing, and that was simply saying it was impossible for them to ever do it. Rowan had taken seven centuries to achieve the impossible.

There was no reason to believe that any challenges he would ever face, would ever stump him for long. What would most likely be impossible for anyone else, for him, it would just be difficult. He had earned this right after achieving the impossible, again and again, and again.

Every move he had made as he ascended the path of power was to forge himself into a being that was infallible, he had no choice in this matter because Rowan needed to be infallible if he was to fight against the sort of enemies that he was facing and the challenges before him.

Heavy is the head who wears the crown.

His bloodline of Sheol and the lack of a Soul had given him a carte blanche attitude towards the concept of death, and for a long while, he had forgotten what it felt like to have the crippling fear of your impending demise and the knowledge that one day your soul and everything you have strived to develop would be gone.

His death made something that Rowan thought he had understood but had not entirely come into full agreement with come to light and he could no longer deny the reality of his situation. Yes, he was indestructible, truly indestructible, but it was only up to a certain level. Under the ninth Supreme Circle, no matter how much he suppressed himself or the caliber of opponents against him, he was untouchable, nothing could rock his consciousness.

If Rowan was to fight alone against the entire might of every third-dimensional universe in reality, he would win. There was no contest, no timeline or altered reality where he would ever lose such a battle. In his power level, no one could ever achieve the same thing.

This situation changes when he began encountering the powers of higher dimensions and their mysterious capabilities that challenged all his ingrained belief of his omnipotence.

Old Man Seed had warned him about meeting his equals and Rowan had acknowledged that warning, but a part of him had also disregarded it, after all, he had no equal.

The powers that a higher dimension controlled begged to differ.

Rowan after much deduction and placing all the abilities he controlled in line, he inferred that he could challenge the Will Holders of the Fourth Dimension, easily kill the weak ones and fight to a draw with the strong for a while before his endless might overwhelms them.

He could battle against the Will Holders of the Fifth dimension without winning, but they could never kill him, and possibly survive the attacks of the Sixth dimensional Will Holders, but it might be a close thing to avoid destruction, but the Doom Star was stranger than all of that.

It was a power at the eight-dimensional level that was approaching the domain of ninth. What sort of capabilities would it hold and how could it influence him?

The answer was now clear, all his vaunted invincibility was useless, with all his potential he was judged to be nothing but dirt, perhaps a bigger dirt, big enough to crush an entire continent, but in the grand scheme of things... nothing but dirt.

"Is that what you are trying to teach me about Nemesis?"

Rowan muttered groggily as he began to lose lifespan as the resurrection process began. It was the first time since he had been transmigrated into Trion that he had to use this ability, and he had hoped to complete his journey to the top without experimenting with it. But as it appears, some understanding requires harsh lessons.

OUROBOROS: Eternal and Endless, Death is a footnote you have conquered eons ago, rapidly healing from all physical damage. If death still finds you, consume lifespan to be reborn.

The experience of losing lifespan was both strange and horrifying. Like his death, it was something he had never experienced before, and it touched him in a manner that defied meaning. It was not the pain, although it hurt a lot, it was the loss of something that he felt he could never replace.

There was no counter to indicate how much lifespan he had lost, but he could feel it. He knew when he lost a million years of life, and the counter did not stop draining him, the number running ever upwards as his lifespan drained into an abyss that seemed never to be full.

- Chapter 999: Awakening Of Madness (1)

Chapter 999: Awakening Of Madness (1)

This was a feeling that Rowan never wanted to experience again.

Thirty million years was taken from him and yet this ability...it did not stop collecting more.

If he was a god or an Archmage, this number of lifespan would have been more than enough, perhaps sufficient to resurrect a thousand gods from the cold hands of death, but Rowan was not a god.

A hundred million years of life was taken, and the end of nowhere was in sight. There was an unfathomable beast inside of him and its appetite was both cruel and unquenchable, and he wondered when would it ever be enough even as he lost five hundred million years of lifespan.

It should be noted that nothing about Rowan was normal, even his lifespan was fueled by his near-infinite vitality making every single second of it countless times more precious than what it normally would be.

A second of his lifespan was worth nearly a billion years for a mortal. This means his vitality was so powerful, that what fueled his body for a second could keep a mortal alive for a billion years.

Of this previous lifespan, five hundred million years worth of it had been taken in the blink of an eye. "I have not lived for a fraction of this lifespan that I have lost, but in death, I have to pay for so much? To think I have not truly begun upgrading my body to the peak, if this is how much lifespan was lost when I am still in a sense of the word, mortal, how much would I have to pay when I reach the peak of Immortality?"

Rowan's speculations would continue to bite in the back for the drain on his lifespan did not cease, and faintly seemed to be accelerating.

'Would it not be funny,' he thought, 'If, in the pursuit of his resurrection, the lifespan he would end up losing would kill him when he ran out of this precious fuel'

What happened next, was not considered funny for him.

A billion years... two billion years... five billion, and finally a change was beginning to be felt.

The drain eased and something that was similar to time reversal but was not, its operation was frighteningly complex but Rowan was not able to learn much given the state of his diminished consciousness, but it helped that he was in a higher dimension,

and so he was able to understand that this portion of his ability surprisingly accessed higher dimensional forces.

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The crater where Rowan had once been was filled with nothing but the twin stream of energy that appeared to be fading away with the death of their intended host, yet overhead something appeared, a tear in space-time.

It looked like an eye that was entirely black, like a gateway into an abyss, stretching for several meters.

The black eye grew larger as the fuel for his resurrection was poured into it, and when a threshold was reached, a golden-slitted iris like those of the Ouroboros Serpents arose in the center of the black oval eye.

A cold and utterly ruthless Aura emerged from the eye as it peered into the reality of this strange dimension. The eye released an unearthly shriek that exploded from it like a shockwave that spread out from the crater and reached an unfathomable distance.

Rowan was unaware of this change but this shriek crossed the entire Doom Star and the entire dimension grounded to a halt as everyone froze as they heard this cry that seemed to emerge from the depths of time, beyond even the Primordial Era.

There was such rage and madness inside this uncanny cry that froze the souls of countless beings across an expanse that could contain a thousand universes.

Rowan had just announced himself unknowingly to the entire Doom Star. If he knew, he would not care, for Rowan was feeling something else as the resurrection buried his conscious thought under nothing but rage that would pale the faces of all living beings. His massive stony shell that had nearly been digested by the creature suddenly gained a life of its own, and they began to converge in a central location around the hovering eye, drawn out of the flesh consuming it with so much force that it tore large bleeding wounds in it.

The massive stone egg reconfigured itself around the eye, and in a short moment it was flawless, yet something was different about the egg, on its previously blank shell were now lifelike renditions of the six Primordial Ouroboros Serpents and they circled a green and black star, their gigantic maws opened as if they were about to devour it.

This frightening image was covered by the twin streams of red and blue that covered the resurrected egg. The twin streams of energy circled the stone egg and they were vibrating in excitement.

From the egg came a low rumble, like the growl from a great beast. Rowan's consciousness which had been severely reduced by Doom Star was not nearly strong

enough to handle his resurrection, and for a moment his conscious actions were shut down, and what was left was the beast.

The beast was in control. Madness had been awakened.

The beast was aware of two things alone, it was in danger and the tools to change this annoying state were surrounding it, and the beast brushed through the information hovering over his consciousness, there were two choices before it, pick the red stream of energy or the blue, but to the beast, both of them were nothing but weapons it could add to its fangs.

It should be impossible, perhaps if Rowan was awake, he would look at the advantages and drawbacks of each stream of energy and pick one, but the beast understood nothing but power and it selected both of the energy.

They rebelled. The energy clashed, about to dissipate, for interestingly enough, these twin streams of power were alive.

This knowledge only brought about rage from the beast. The realization that while Rowan toiled to understand the runes to access these energies, they had the capability to force a connection made the rage it felt to exceed the unreasonable limit that was already burning through its consciousness.

The eyes of the images of the six Primordial Ouroboros Serpents shone and the shell of the egg bulged outward as six holes opened in the shell and the Ouroboros Serpents drew in the energy forcefully, disregarding the choices to select any option.

Rowan could not manipulate his body of stone because of his weak consciousness power, but the Primordial Ouroboros serpents were as much creatures of instincts as intellect.

They did not bother with understanding, only rage and an unreasonable desire to dominate and consume.

The seas of energy around the egg shook in desperation, calamitous rumbling emerging from their struggling mass, but the suction from the serpents could not be denied, even when they attempted to fade away, the serpent's call simply reached into reality and pulled them out. Deep inside Rowan's shell, the twin energy being drawn inside clashed and separated, but as more and more of them were drawn together, they were forced to merge.

A pained cry that resounded for miles erupted from Rowan's shell as the energy mixed and combined under an unreasonable force inside his body. They attempted to explode to nothingness many times, but a Will that could not be denied held them bound, and in the depths of the commotion a new energy was born... and it was purple.

Chapter 1000: Awakening Of Madness (2)

This purple energy was like tinder, and the blue and red sea was fuel. As more of the seas of energy were drawn into the depths of the rocky egg, the more the purple light swelled until it began to push against the small spaces available inside the rocky egg.

It shone like a glinting star until it reached a critical mass, as it could no longer compress the energy that had been accumulated inside of it, and then the purple light exploded.

The explosion was brief, spreading out for a few meters and pushing the twin energy back for a moment.

The exploding purple light contracted as an implosion occurred in the area where the fusion had occurred, which drew the scattered purple light into a dense core of purple plasma that acted as another attractive force to the twin energies, sucking them back into the core of the rocky egg.

The new purple energy in the form of plasma acted like a gigantic magnet that inhaled the red and blue energy seas and began to expand once more, but unlike before, the purple energy was denser and its expansion was not very rapid.

This expansion did not reduce the might of the suction force it emitted, instead, it increased in intensity, creating a large roaring sound as the twin seas were visibly reduced.

Yet again this energy reached its limits, and another explosion occurred that was so powerful it shattered the force of the implosion in the core of the plasma, and there was silence for a brief moment before an unexpectedly intense implosion occurred at the center of the clash that nearly shattered space inside the rocky egg.

The purple plasma that had shattered returned with great force and what emerged was a purple cube, smaller than three inches, but the suction force was a thousand times greater than the purple plasma.

The cube began to slowly expand as it drew a greater amount of red and blue energy that began to rival the suction of the six Ouroboros Serpents, and as it grew the suction force increased.

Even in an unconscious state, Rowan's instinct was evolving the unexpected energy he had created, bringing it to a higher ranking.

The stony shell of the egg was now stained with a purple hue that was slowly expanding to cover the entire shell, as the six holes that represented the opened maws of the Ouroboros Serpents expanded, dragging more of the seas of energy inside.

The seas roared in desperation, but nothing budged, the suction only increased, and its resolve was broken, and with a whimper, it allowed itself to be consumed.

Something peculiar was happening inside Rowan's body. The twin streams of energy were never meant to be merged, since they were conductors to the Wills of this world, and merging them created a new pathway that led to nothing.

There was no purple energy inside Doom Star, it was utterly alien to this space and never should have existed.

If Rowan had chosen the blue energy, he would have connected to a portion of the higher dimensional energies of this world and slowly developed along the paths of power that was only applicable inside Doom Star, same with the red energy, but the greed and the rage inside the beast had created a new energy that although powerful was without a source.

This purple energy was chaotic, it lacked focus and purpose, and only a being like Rowan whose control over energy was ridiculous could harness it, and even continuously evolve its state to a higher variant.

The purple energy was growing, like a wildfire, but there was no root to it, after it finished consuming the energy from the red and blue seas, it would soon vanish. It was like lighting a flame at the bottom of the ocean, it could only exist if there was a constant stream of fuel feeding it, without more fuel it would go out. This energy was never meant to exist here, and before long this situation came to pass.

The massive seas of energy were consumed in their entirety and the beast was not satiated, it was filled with energy that lacked any sort of direction, and when it felt the slow dissipation of that energy without any new source of fuel to feed it, its madness increased.

The Ouroboros Serpents were fierce hoarders and vengeful creatures. Even the newly born Primordial Ouroboros had not forgotten their hatred of the Primordials, and in their diminished state, the thought of losing the warm energy inside their shell only served to increase their madness, even in the depths of their rage, they understood that a sourceless fire like this purple energy, needed fuel to burn, even if there was no root to it.

They also knew that the source of kindling to these new flames was life, and after killing every living being on the continent above, there was only a single source of life that could serve as both kindling and their vengeance.

They could not draw on this energy, but it did not matter, their madness had been unleashed and the only thing they understood was to feed this purple flame until it was bright enough to change the state of the entire rocky egg.

The purple glow from the cube and the constant explosion from the core as the energy evolved had made the rocky egg develop cracks, and with a force of madness, the Ouroboros Serpents began to push outward, increasing the cracks in the rocky egg, a close observer would notice something odd, there was something extra with the serpents and it was growing.

All this while the flesh below had begun to bulge upwards like a gigantic boil, the method Rowan had used in escaping its grasp was abnormal and unexpected, leading to large areas of damage as its flesh was torn to pieces as the body that it had assimilated was wrenched away from its grasp, causing it great pain.

There was a Will inside this flesh, but it was mostly dormant. Content to sleep for Eons in the depths of the earth as nourishment from the surface and the seas around slowly drift towards its ever-hungry embrace.

It was implacable in its dominance, and it did not matter the path of those above, everything that happened would lead all life to it below. It nurtured continents and seas, all for the prey to be fattened, and its call would lead them to its stomach, and its hunger was unceasing.

Rowan's escape was unexpected, but it was not enough to trigger any great changes inside the dormant Will who would only be awakened at the end of days when the time came to battle for the ruler of this Plane.

Its malleable flesh surged upwards to consume the prey that eluded its grasp, it knew that nothing could escape from it, and after indulging in the surprising amount of nourishment gained from consuming its prey for the first time, nothing would stop it in the quest to claim it once again.

The flesh, although malleable, was composed of dense matter and an inestimable amount of energy and essence, and reaching for the stone egg above, its movement was slow, but its momentum was unshakable, a few meters away from touching the massive egg above, something changed.