

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 1061: Your God Is The Devil

With dimensional flesh, Rowan understood all the intricacies of it and although his height remained at a modest seven feet out of this mortal body was eighty-five feet and he was still slowly growing mountain, but his Ascendancy Aura made him lighter than air. Although he now had access to an infinite amount of Ascendancy consciousness meant he could only draw it out using a straw that had been capable of unleashing previously.

Despite the slower method of filling up his powerbase, and that

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ridiculous foundation-it should take him about six months to become a Deific Ranked Explorer, and then he would summon another portion of his consciousness.

When he was killed by the World Will, his consciousness had been scattered to all four corners of the world. This was not just a figure of speech. If Rowan was to resurrect his full

consciousness he would have to perform this process four times.

The first portion of his consciousness had been collected and in six months, he should perform the ritual a second time. At that time he would reassess his situation, gain more of his lost memories, and hopefully more of his abilities would be unlocked, thereby standing a better chance of survival.

Looking at the sleeping form of Nyla, Rowan's eyes went a bit dull as he reconsidered the plans he had for her and the Shiik for the last time before he nodded and placed his palm over her face.

Her body shuddered before it began to shrink, and there was a piercing scream as if she was in great pain before she vanished.

It was a risky prospect to place something that was largely untested into play since he would not be able to entirely predict the outcome with a hundred percent certainty, but he understood the importance of chaos, and muddying the water.

Rowan opened his palm, and there was a small tattoo of a woman with a hunched back standing beside a large spider, he closed his palms and looked around himself for a while before collapsing into dust.

When he reappeared he was inside a large cathedral located near the tip of the Stone Reach Castle, he was near the center of power in the continent, and beside the Cathedral was the palace of the Divine Ascendant, but Rowan did not seem bothered by the fact that he was so close to danger, although with his rate of growth, it was most likely he was already invincible in this continent.

His form was a shadow as he began heading deeper into the Cathedral. In this realm, there was only war and this shaped the culture of this world into one where weapons and the mighty were worshiped. The Cathedral was a gateway to the tools used in this war, for it contained massive statues of weapons, warships and so many other instruments of battle.

What was notable was that none of these weapons or ships were made from metal, instead, they were built using the flesh and bones of both Explorers and Calamities. These were not just renditions but full-sized copies, and could be used at a moment's notice, although doing such a thing was considered heresy unless the continent was about to fall, only then would the weapons of war, anointed under the endless prayers of the mortals, would be let loose.

Unlike the triangular-shaped metallic warships made with Trithon which was popular with the Silver Alliance, the majority of the warships and weapons outside the alliance were made from the most readily available resource in the realm, which was the flesh of Calamities. The greatest power in the realm, the Council of Nine had taken this concept to a different dimension where even their buildings were made from living flesh. This Cathedral was the outpost of this great power which held the fate of every single Explorer in the realm.

Yet all of these instruments of war in the cathedral paled before the service and worship that was assigned to one individual, considered the first Explorer, Berrion The Undying, a figure wrapped in myths and shadows.

The instrument for his worship was placed in the central portion of the temple, it was not a statue, only a large painting that showed a powerful being with his back facing the audience. His face was upturned, and his hands were clenched tight.

Although humanoid, he possessed many features that were not structured with the bodies of Explorers. There were many tales of how the mighty Berrion had imposed

such great torture on himself, warping his flesh and spirit in order to find a way forward for all Explorers to follow.

The experiments he had imposed on himself were so dangerous that anyone else would have perished a million times over, but time and time again, Berrion survived, and he showed the Explorers the path forward, using his flesh and blood to create them.

He was called The Undying for nothing else could describe his monstrous tenacity. Over time Berrion grew more powerful and he left everyone else behind and pushed forward into the domain of the dark alone, but he created the Council of the Nine to carry his legacy and find worthy Ascendants that could follow him into the darkness.

Except for the few members of the council of the Nine, no one had seen the full image of Berrion, and this enigmatic being remained a faceless source of worship for the majority of the mortals and Explorers and they would never know the true face of their savior.

It was a good thing then that Rowan recognized Berrion, how could he not, the bastard had crushed him to pieces and slaughtered his children. The feeling of the Primordial weapon shattering his skull and digging into his heart was one he would never forget.

"Your god is the devil," Rowan chuckled and went past the image of Berrion. Clad in the flesh of Ascendancy, Rowan was fearless. He returned to the place he would be resting for the next six months, a warship made from the bones of Explorers, specifically, their skulls.

## **Chapter 1062: New And Old Enemies**

The shadows of Rowan enveloped the entire ship made from the skulls of a hundred million Explorers, making the empty eye holes of the skulls flash red for a brief moment before

everything returned to normal.

Deep inside the ship, on a bed made of skull, Rowan reappeared and he closed his eyes and lay on his back, seemingly falling asleep. These next few months would go by quickly, and he already made his plans, he only needed to wait and gather more data, he could never stop gathering information, and a slight thing could be the difference between winning and losing. The devil is in the detail, and he had a devil to hunt, a devil considered by all to be undying.

He was not idle, even as his body continuously grew and adapted to the Ascendant Aura flooding into it, his mind began to read every available piece of literature on Stone Reach, although there were not as many as he would like, there was still an astonishing

number of texts that had been preserved for millions of years, and he suspected that he must go to much higher continents to find anything better.

A rather interesting fact that Rowan had discovered was that although he could gain all the memories from the souls of the dead, most of the knowledge accumulated during a mortal's life was useless to him, repetitive and inane, most mortal lives were simply brief flashes of happiness and a lot of pain and horror.

They never focused on learning about the past or gathering knowledge that would not immediately affect their situation at the moment, and it did not help that they were in a state of perpetual warfare, and scholarship pursuits were not seen as important. If not for immortal Ascendants that preserved the culture and knowledge of the past, the mortals would have long descended into barbarity, and there would be no difference between them and mad beasts.

There were secrets hidden in books that had not seen the eyes of readers for millions of years, kept in long-forgotten vaults. Ancient parchments, squiggles etched on stones and metals, voice recordings and so many other mediums used in storing information... Rowan's gaze, bolstered by his growing Ascendancy Aura found them all and he began to discover the hidden histories and the forgotten myths, answering some of his burning questions about this realm.

Ascendants and Calamities had an old history, but from what he could find, the first Calamity was born seventeen million years ago and before then there was no record of what existed before.

No matter how much he searched, and he was sure he had grasped almost all the knowledge to be gotten from Stone Reach, It seemed history began seventeen million years ago, but that could not be the truth, he knew Doom Star existed during the Primordial Era, and was older than any power in the universe except for Primordial Domain and other equally strange locations in Reality.

With no record of what happened before that time period to be found inside Doom Star, Rowan knew that this situation was most likely caused by the World's Will, as it created and erased different Eras to pursue its unknown agenda.

The Era of Explorers and Calamity was coming to an end, as Rowan had confirmed that throughout history, the balance between the energy of Ascendancy and Calamity had never wavered, but around eight hundred thousand years ago, things began to change.

It should not be a coincidence that this end of an Era was happening right about the time he entered this realm. Although seventeen million years was a long time, it was hardly enough for the balance of power to have shifted so drastically. Logically, the battle between the Ascendants and Calamities should run for at least a billion years.

At that time the structure of power would have reached a terrifying level, and when the world-ending cataclysm began, the impact on the realm would be drastically more noticeable, and whatever fruits that were to be born from that ending would push the strength of the World's Will to a higher level, but that balance had been broken.

Was it possible that Old Man Seed knew the effect of placing Rowan into Doom Star and as Rowan was thinking of using the powers of this higher being to aid his pursuit of power, the old man was also doing something more diabolical?

Perhaps this might be the truth. His understanding of higher dimensional capabilities was still low, and Old Man Seed was a special existence even among their number, did he not say he was a teardrop from a Primordial?

Rowan placed this consideration aside for the moment, he would learn the truth in time, his focus was on what could have caused this changes in the expected flow of event. The first option was obviously the Eye.

The Eye of the Primordial of Time must have seen a better target than inhabiting Rowan's body and its influence must have begun to spread.

There were fearful whispers and panicked memories in the souls of Explorers he had devoured of a new danger zone that had arisen where time itself seemed to be nonexistent. This was something that Rowan was sure that the Eye was capable of, and that was the least of its powers, Rowan had not forgotten the price he had paid to seal the Eye and what that could mean for him if his safety measures had been broken.

It would mean old enemies were back in the board.

Knowledge on the Eye was a priority but the true extent of its influence was yet unknown due to the limited information in the souls of the mortals he had devoured, but he expected that to change when he began to kill Ascendants in six months' time.

With his present battle prowess, Rowan could kill Ascendants, but it would be a struggle and there were chances that he might not be able to stop them if they wanted to escape. At this point in time, Rowan did not want to take unnecessary risks and would rather recover another part of his consciousness, reach the Deific Rank, and cleanly kill Ascendants to harvest their memories.

## **- Chapter 1063: Deific Rank**

### **Chapter 1063: Deific Rank**

The only problem with this plan was that even if he was able to cleanly kill Ascendants he would not be able to crush their soul mountains. Nevertheless, even if he was

incapable of excavating the memories of the soul without his complete consciousness, he would find other ways of gathering information.

Another stream of soul energy congregated around Rowan, and with a mental push, he shoved them away. He was not taking any risk in consuming any of the souls on this continent at this time. Ascendants were closer to their soul form and it was possible that the Divine Ascendant resting in his palace a few thousand meters away would be able to sense the dissipating soul energy.

There was a constant stream of souls always heading towards him and Rowan had to continuously disperse them with his consciousness power that he sent out in a broad arc to dissipate incoming soul energy streaming towards him in the distance, else no matter how much he tried to hide his form, the congregation of souls over his location would be a dead giveaway.

It helped that the souls streaming towards him were in far lower numbers than he had once expected in a world like Doom Star, but with the understanding of how the powers of Explorers worked, that confusion was quickly cleared away.

This continent seemed quiet and peaceful as if the hold of Calamity over it was nonexistent, but that was far from reality. It was just that this continent was under the control of the Divine Ascendant presently living in Stone Reach.

At the Deific Rank, the number of Natal Treasures available to the Explorer increased to six, and to reach Ascendancy, among the many criteria, one of the most important was merging a continent with the Natal Treasure, and so a Deific Explorer would have to merge six continents to their six Natal Treasures to fulfill one of the most important foundations to becoming an Ascendant Ranked Explorer.

A continent merged with an Explorer Natal Treasure enjoyed many benefits, one of the most important of those benefits was that Calamities could not spawn randomly, since the Explorer could create dedicated zones in the continent where Calamity creatures could be spawned.

With the decline in the power of Ascendancy, this feature was no longer available to Explorers at the Deific Rank who had merged their Natal Treasures with continents, for they were not strong enough to resist the increasingly greater influence of Calamity, and except for Ascendants with greater control over Aura, no claimed continent was enjoying their previous levels of safety.

Rowan was following a divergent path as an Ascendant and instead of creating more Natal Treasures, he was strengthening just a single one, and another reason he pursued this path was because of the feature of claiming continents that became available to Explorers when they reached the Deific Rank. He had great expectations for this ability.

The months flew by and although Rowan's shape in the bed did not change much except for his increasingly longer hair, his true size had become monstrous. Soul energy was a ridiculous power, placing Rowan on an untouchable stage that would be nearly difficult to ever replicate.

Presently, his Ascendant body was at 7,700 feet tall, and the Aura it contained had become so dense, that it was beginning to liquefy inside certain organs in his body, and except for his skin and other visible organs, every organ inside his body was now transformed into a house sort of gem, including his bones.

Time ticked by continuously until the moment arrived when he could not make any more growth as a Legend Explorer, his height at 10,990 feet, and his Ascendant Aura becoming so plentiful if he was not shielding his body, he would be felt all around the continent and even further.

Rowan sat up on the bed of skulls and cracked his neck, and as he opened his eyes he pushed towards the Deific Rank.

His robes immediately exploded out behind him, all twenty feet of it, and since Deific Rank mostly focused on gaining more Natal Treasures, his robes began to gain volume and length, and before long, his robes were longer than fifty feet, the space around him shivered as the robes exploded in size once more reaching a hundred feet, and another explosion pushed it to three hundred feet.

His robes alone had occupied the entire inside of the ship, and only around Rowan's body was the robe gold, but the other parts of it were blue, and anyone else who saw this a new would think the ship had become filled with the ghost of an ocean.

The insides of the ship were shaken but not destroyed, part of the reason Rowan chose this ship was its durability, and because it was made from the skulls of Explorers, with his Ascendant energy, Rowan was able to strengthen it further, making sure the eruption of energy that would arise from his Ascension was hidden.

In this manner, Rowan stayed still and waited for the transformation inside his body to become complete. The gaseous Ascendancy Aura inside his body all liquified, but this did not increase the density of his Aura, instead it was further decreased until it was almost weightless. The Aura of Ascendancy inside his body could fill an entire river, yet they were all lighter than a bird feather.

Rowan grinned when he finally felt the final effect he wanted at the Deific Rank, his mind began to expand and his consciousness strengthened. The benefit to this was obvious, Rowan could presently only utilize the consciousness power of this body, and this reduced the amount of soul energy he could mine from his dimension, but with greater consciousness power he could already feel the greater stream of soul power available to him.

With his investigation into the abilities of Explorers he had discovered a minuscule number of Explorers that were able to gain an increase in their consciousness powers, and the only thing that was common among all of them was that they were great genuine with an equally greater Explorer technique.

Rowan knew that he should have what could be considered one of the greatest Explorer techniques if not the greatest technique to be ever created in this realm, perhaps if this battle had lasted for a billion years, the Explorers might have created something better, but after seventeen million years, Rowan was at the pinnacle of the Explorer society when it came to matters of techniques, and the boon he received was stupendous.

His consciousness exploded to ten times its previous limit, rivaling twelve of the consciousness nodes on his spine. Although Rowan had not bothered upgrading those nodes since they were now almost useless to him except for comprehension purposes, it was still amazing how much growth his mind had gone through in a single moment.

Rowan gasped as his mortal body shifted in a subtle manner, his pores all around his body opened and closed, trying to seek a greater source of power outside his body and he laughed when they could find none. Inside him was the greatest source of purified Ascendant Aura outside Ascendancy.

It was time to summon the second portion of his consciousness.

## **Chapter 1064: The Silent Epoch**

The first time Rowan had summoned his consciousness, the attempt had been rushed and crude, and it was inevitable that it had drawn the attention of the World Will, and if not for the fact that his consciousness could be regarded as dead, the consequences it had faced would be more severe than just tribulation lightning.

What Rowan did not know was that during his more than eight hundred thousand years of death, now and then his consciousness would gather together, creating massive golden suns that would be shattered to pieces by the World's Will.

After countless years of being repeatedly shattered by tribulation lightning, Rowan's dead consciousness was now almost immune to its damage, and the act of the World's Will was changed to one of suppression, this aided Rowan in his assimilation of the first part of his consciousness because after it was shattered by the World's Will, it could easily respond to Rowan's call.

Of course, Rowan did not consider the Will of this realm to be weak, only that it appropriated different levels of strength to different tasks. If Berrion the Undying attacked his broken consciousness once more with the aim to destroy them, then it might take billions of years or more for it to take shape again.



The World Will obviously considered Rowan's dead consciousness less of a threat and assigned meager Tribulation Lightning to suppress it, but this would begin to change if, in rapid succession, another instance of Rowan's consciousness rising was detected. The World Will would surely sense something was wrong and increase its vigilance.

For this reason, Rowan would not be summoning the second portion of his consciousness in the same manner that he did the first.

It was not like he did not know a better way to summon his consciousness in a better manner the first time that he attempted to do so, but he was simply too weak at that time to perform this summoning with any degree of finesse, with his greater strength at this time, he would do a better job.

His consciousness had been shattered into an infinite number of pieces and when he gave out the call for it, the consciousness pieces were combined into a whole so he could have an easier time assimilating them all to his Natal Treasure at once, was a risky move, but he had succeeded. But now that he had enough Mental power to hold out for longer and no longer had to digest his entire consciousness at once, instead, he would be summoning the fragments of his consciousness slowly.

Rowan touched his forehead with the tip of his right index finger and his flesh wriggled before parting to reveal an oval-shaped hole through which you could see his blue skull. He repeated the same gesture and touched the skull and it parted to reveal his gem-like brain, and he did not stop his actions, pushing his finger into his head until he touched his brain.

An oval-shaped hole appeared on his brain, and within was what appeared to be nothing at first, but slowly indistinct shapes could be seen, wandering giants of gold with ragged feathers trailing down their back like cloaks, when the oval hole was revealed the giants all stopped moving and looked upwards, their gaze reaching the outside world, and their mouths were opened in a cry that could have shaken all of creation,

Eulxhu Thyak...

The Silent Epoch...

The cry erupted from this dark dimension and when it emerged from the hole in his skull, it transformed from a sound wave to light, but this light was on a spectrum that even immortals could not detect, and although the cry from the giants was titanic, what the world could hear or see was only silence.

The cry spread with supernatural quickness, targeting the corner of reality where the second part of his True Name that was linked to another portion of his consciousness resided, and an almost undetectable tremor shook the entire realm, and like moths to a flame, tiny pieces of golden light like fireflies began to appear out of reality before silently fading away as if they were just a figment of mad god dreams. Overhead there

were faint sounds of rumbling thunder, but that too passed after nothing appeared out of the ordinary.

Inside the ship, Rowan's body was soon surrounded by golden motes of lights that appeared around him in their thousands and they began to stream into the hole in his forehead. His face twisted in concentration as the stretch of blue that was his robe which was yet unmarked by the color of gold began to transform as new golden stars and heavenly bodies slowly started taking shape and filling it up.

Inside his Natal treasure was an ongoing battle of assimilation, various heavenly bodies slammed into Rowan's consciousness and he assimilated them, this process involved deciphering every component of this star or planet nearly instantly, and placing them inside his Natal Treasure.

Rowan's body was no longer as fragile as before, and although loud metallic clanking sounds emerged from his bones, he did not suffer damages like he previously did.

More golden motes of Rowan's consciousness reappeared to fill in the gaps for those that had vanished into his head.

Rowan remained in this position for eighteen days, slowly gathering his consciousness and his five hundred feet robe turned gold, except for the hems that were bright blue. Finally, it was done and he stood up and began investigating the abilities and memories he had gained from this assimilation.

He opened his palm and a great sword appeared and rested on it. The weapon seemed to be made from fading light and cold fire, appearing unreal like a distortion in space.

Rowan ran his fingers down the blade and he sighed. His Destroyer was asleep, and this could be considered its shadow, but the power of Destruction that this blade commanded in this state was terrifying, especially considering it gave no signs of its power.

He flicked his hands and the blade vanished, and it was replaced by a flickering white flame. Like his Destroyer, the Lost Flames was still in a slumber-like state, but he could still access all of its abilities, both Convergence and Divergence.

He flicked his hands and dissipated the white flames, in the short time he had it out, all the skulls around him had vanished for hundreds of feet, as convergence collected all their energy and mass, taking it into itself, and this only happened because the faint glow from the flame illuminated the surrounding space for less than a second.

No longer weaponless, Rowan delved into the new memories he could access and closed his eyes. Several holes in his recollection began to fill up, and he finally had the entire series of events that transpired when he was at the continent of New Hope.

Rowan frowned and peered at the ground, his senses pushing past the ship, the cathedral, and the thousands of floors of the Stone Reach castle until he reached the earth below and he continued pushing his consciousness deeper, for hundreds of miles until he reached a barrier.

## Chapter 1065: Clearing The Floors

Rowan did not push deeper to investigate this barrier because he noticed it was filled with Ascendant Aura, most likely from the Divine Ascendant who had assimilated this continent to become his Natal Treasure.

However, this was not the reason he was investigating the depths of the earth. It was as he had once suspected; that calamity Gods could not be found under every continent, and the fact that his descent had been directly over the mouth of one of these elusive creatures while he was in the helpless form of a stone egg was not a coincidence.

The entire battle as it played out, including the death of the Calamity God, the summoning of Berrion the Undying, and finally a single Deific Explorer who stood above the battle and watched it all in grim amusement, as it mocked Rowan and all of existence.

"So this is the form you have taken, Eye of Time? A mortal shell... risky, but that is the only way you should be able to exert influence without calling attention to your killers. Smart... hahaha... our family line seems to be filled with nothing but daredevils."

Knowing that dwelling on the incoming battle was pointless, he focused on his next agenda, killing the Divine Ascendant and claiming this continent.

He opened his left palm and the tattoo of the hunched-back woman and the Shiik blossomed in scarlet radiance as Rowan converted his increased stream of Soul energy into the Aura of Calamity, and in less than three days, the Shiik whose capacity for Calamity Aura was truly stupendous and rivaling those of Rowan also reached the Deific Rank.

The progress Rowan made upon reaching the Deific Rank had truly shown its value at this moment; it took him six months to reach the Deific Rank using the converted stream of Ascendant Aura, but he did something equally impressive in just three days.

If the stream of Soul energy he could utilize previously came from a thin straw, it was now a large pipeline, a dozen feet in diameter. With the Shiik at the Deific Rank, its size tripled, but this amazing transformation did not end there, due to its merger with the corrupted Explorer Nyla, it took on certain traits of Ascendancy, and its form took a fog-like state, appearing to become a beast made from black smoke and red flames.

Nyla shrieked, the sound from her mouth was distorted, almost sounding like that of a Shiik, the elevation of the Shiik also benefited her, and her powerbase that had been stuck at the lower levels of the Deific Rank reached the peak, and only fulfilling certain prerequisite would be enough to push her to the Ascendant Rank and make her a Temple Matron.

The Shiik did not have any of such restrictions, a Calamity only needed a great amount of Aura and an equally greater amount of mayhem and chaos under their belt to transform into the Nascent state of a Calamity God, their lifespan became almost infinite, and the energy they needed to transform to a higher state became more restrictive, and so they would sleep for millions of years, devouring entire continents to evolve further.

Rowan had also pushed his Ascendant Aura to the peak of the Deific Rank, and only until he assimilated all required number of continents would he push to become an Ascendant, and it was as of yet unknown the number of continents he would require to become an Ascendant, and therefore summon the third and also possibly the fourth portion of his consciousness, but that would all depend on the abilities he would gain as an Ascendant.

Looking towards his left where the palace of the Divine Ascendant lay, Rowan began moving with measured steps towards his target.

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The Divine Ascendant lived at the top of Stone Reach, his palace had ten floors, and the top three floors were restricted to the Ascendant alone, with the Ruler of Stone Reach, a Deific Ranked Explorer with bloodline connection with the Ascendant having his official station on the fourth floor, the six-floor below was a combination of armory, barracks, warship port and administrative center.

The seven floors in total housed tens of thousands of Explorers and was the most secure area in all of Stone Reach, even an insect would be unable to pass through the door, and yet as Rowan walked past hundreds of Explorers heading for the higher floors, no one seemed to notice him.

His ethereal presence passed among them like the wind, stirring the hair of some, and causing others with enhanced senses to feel goosebumps breaking across their flesh. He walked unimpeded across the three lower floors until he reached a barrier at the fourth where passing through it would draw attention unless he used powers outside the sphere of Ascendancy.

Rowan sighed, he had hoped to be able to reach his destination quietly, but that was not an option. He revealed himself before the blocked gate leading to the fourth floor, and he began to run his hand across the metal, made from Trithon, but infused with a

peculiar combination of both runic sorcery and surprisingly herbal components, this door was almost alive.

For a while, nobody caught sight of Rowan, but an Explorer caught a glint of gold at the side of his vision and he looked down and stumbled from his workstation in shock as the ground below had all transformed into a river of gold.

Successive exclamations emerged from the surroundings as the hundreds of Explorers on this floor found that the ground beneath their feet had all turned to gold, and soon few caught sight of Rowan standing by the gate to the higher floor, idly stroking it.

Observant Explorers soon noticed that the river of gold beneath their feet all emerged from the robe of the mysterious stranger in front of them, but before the full realization of what they were witnessing sank into their consciousness, a sense of weightlessness overtook them all as the golden river opened up and swallowed all the Explorers in the floor and the other two floors below.

A few seconds ago, the first three floors were a bustling area with thousands of Explorers, and in the next, nothing but silence. Rowan did not seem to even notice what had happened, his focus was on the door ahead which opened a few seconds later silently, as he convinced the door to unlock itself without alerting anyone else in the building.

Rowan stepped forward, his robe sweeping ahead of him like an endless wave, and wherever it passed, where previously there were hundreds of Explorers going through their daily responsibilities, only silence was left. The fourth floor was cleared in a second, three seconds later, Rowan was at the gate to the fifth floor.

Understanding the mechanism behind the door's operation, a look from Rowan was enough to unlock the gate, and what happened on the fourth floor repeated itself on the fifth, but this time Rowan paused to look at the map of the entire Silver Alliance that was arrayed on a large dais on this floor before moving ahead.

However, on reaching the sixth floor, Rowan stopped, he looked at what was waiting for him ahead and smiled, behind him the door closed with a resounding bang,

"Who are you?"

a whispery voice that sounded like the breeze passing through leaves swept through the hall. It came from a figure that seemed to be made from silvery smoke hovering in the air. The Divine Ascendant was waiting for Rowan on the sixth floor.

"Your death," Rowan replied.

## Chapter 1066: Mortal Shenanigans

Rowan felt the mortal heart of this body quicken, and he had to admit, battling with immortals was something he desired over challenging an infinite number of mortals, this mortal body had never slain an immortal, and Rowan began to feel his battle intent rising,

"What matter of treachery is this? How dare you speak to the Divine Ascendant with such terms. Kneel and beg for your quick execution!"

A loud voice that carried disdain and anger came from a mortal, the Ruler of Stone Reach, dressed in a regal robe of silver and a crown with large jewels, he stood ahead of hundreds of Explorers, all dressed similarly. The elites of Stone Reach are all here and they had thousands of Explorers in armor all holding powerful weapons standing behind them.

Rowan ignored them, his gaze on the Divine Ascendant alone, it would take more than mere words from mortals to shake him,

"Intruder, are you deaf to what the Ruler has ordered you to do? Know your place when you stand before the divine. Kneel immediately and plead for your quick death or your family line up to your ninth generation would be drawn and quartered!"

For a moment Rowan was a bit stunned at the words from the mortal, he knew of mortal politics and shenanigans, their shortsightedness and arrogance among other things were clear to him, and yet he had never once experienced it, he had to admit, it was almost... cute, but he could see how others would find it annoying.

Rowan did not look away from the Ascendant despite all the amusing distractions, he began to agitate the Ascendant Energies inside his body, he pointed towards the Ascendant and a blue glow began to gather over his fingertips, but a roar of outrage erupted from the ruler of Stone Reach, spit flying out of his mouth,

"Heresy! You not only do not kneel, you dare hold up your hands against the heaven, and attempt a strike..."

For the first time since he entered this floor level, Rowan's eyes shifted to the mortals, and the ruler must have seen something inside their endless depths for his mouth snapped shut with so much force that he bit off a sizable portion of his tongue and nearly choked on the blood that erupted from his wound.

"Attacking me inside my domain is foolish," the whispery voice of the Divine Ascendant took center stage once again, he had never looked away from Rowan all this while and Rowan could feel the weight of his gaze trying to force its way through his skin.

The Ascendant took a step forward in that air and pointed at Rowan with a sharp finger that ended at a needlepoint, and although his flesh resembled smoke, the sharpness of his finger left a bleeding trail of power through the air as it easily sliced space apart, whatever Rank an Ascendant was, it was surely not low,

"I will assume from the powerful presence from your body that you must be a Blood Bound, only they have the disgusting smell of flesh surrounding their bodies like that, and you must also be an ancient one of your cursed race, I have always thought that rumor was farfetched, it is a rare thing that I find myself ecstatic when I am wrong, but are you sure that angering an Ascendant would not lead to the eradication of your line, or at best increase the suffering already imposed on all of you?"

"You all talk too much," Rowan said, the blue energy gathering over Rowan's finger reached its peak, except for the Ascendant who appeared calm, the hall went tense and then the bright light unexpectedly fizzled out, and a slight trail of black smoke encircled Rowan's finger as if it was burnt.

It was as if the tension was a bubble that had been burst with a pin, the ruler of Stone Reach chuckled, his amusement echoed by the elites around him, he spat out with clear bitterness in his tone,

"Fool, do you think you can use the energy of Ascendancy in the presence of an Ascendant? The Silver Alliance has always been against the trade and utilization of Blood Bound as slaves, but I promise you, that is all about to change, your people shall regret this day and your name shall be a curse on their lips for all eternity."

Rowan cocked his head to the side, and started at his fingers, making them glow several more times, "Indeed, I think I can use Ascendant energy quite well, although you will forgive me if you have to wait for a moment for its effects to show."

"What effects?" one of the braver elite spoke out, Rowan's apparent powerlessness breaking the shackle he had over their mind, and as if in response to his question, hundreds of Explorers on the floor held their heads and began to scream in pain.

Their cries were gut-wrenching and before anyone here could determine what was wrong, the heads of the screaming Explorers exploded, and their headless bodies staggered and in a weird synchronicity, they all fell on their knees with arms splayed out by their side.

However what was strange was that no blood erupted from their bodies, and their position made it seem as if they were not dead, only waiting.

"That effect," Rowan pointed at the bodies.

The astonished gaze of every Explorer turned towards him, and the shaking finger of the Ruler of Stone Reach rose up as he pointed at Rowan,

"How dare you attack in front of the Divine Ascendant?" he looked around him and his voice broke a little when he noticed that some of his direct descendants had perished, "What did you do?"

"I think it's better if you experience it by yourself," Rowan coldly spoke, "Words sometimes cannot do it justice, don't worry, it would be any moment now." Rowan's body left the ground and began to rise until he was on the same level as the Ascendant.

"Interesting," the Divine Ascendant whispered, as every Explorer below including the ruler of Stone Reach grabbed their head and began to scream, a few seconds later, their heads all exploded, and the ground reverberated as thousands of knees thudded to the floor.

Rowan stroked his chin and regarded the bodies below as he asked in curiosity, "What do you find particularly interesting about this matter, all your subordinates are dead, and you did nothing to defend them, their trust in you it seemed was indeed misplaced."

The Ascendant dismissively waved his hand, "Their deaths do not matter as much to me as how you were able to achieve it... you somehow were able to use my influence that had seeped into the grounds of Stone Reach for thousands of years against them, you killed with a borrowed knife by agitating my Ascendant energy traces... who taught you such a thing and how can a Deific Ascendant hold such a potent Ascendant Aura?"

Rowan smiled, "I think you know how I was able to do it."

The Divine Ascendant brought up his hand and touched the air in front of him, picking at it with his fingers like a string and then he stopped,

"I can see your energy, but it is... impossible, there is no taint in it. Why is it so pure? Did you reach the Deific Rank by consuming only the Aura of Ascendant?"

"Yes,"

The Ascendant hand shook, "You are an abomination!"

"Yes, I do believe that I have been called such a thing before, many times in the past."

## **Chapter 1067: Shaking The World**

The Ascendant paused, he seemed shocked by Rowan's lackadaisical attitude and then he chuckled, shaking his head in disdain,



"Even if you have hatred against Ascendants, surely you cannot believe that the animosity of the Blood Bound can justify this travesty. Challenging an Ascendant is death, mortal, and I promise that not only you would suffer this fate."

Rowan closed his right eye, brought his left hand up, and made a finger gun with it; he knew the Ascendant would understand the significance of this move. He pointed at the chest of the Ascendant with the finger gun,

"I never said I was a Blood Bound, you gave me that tag without any sort of confirmation apart from my hard flesh. Besides, you do not know the things I have challenged as a mortal." he mimed a shot, "Bang."

The Ascendant looked down at his chest and he brushed it as if shaking off invisible dust, and then looked back up, any note of amusement or civility in his voice was gone, a mortal mocking an immortal was a story that had never had a great ending,

"You do not think you would leave this place alive, do you? Allow me to disabuse you of that notion."

Spreading out his hands, the Ascendant manifested a silver blade and shield in a flurry of blue sparks as his body compressed, his wispy shape hardening into something that resembled black metal.

His Natal Treasures appeared simple without any decoration, just a two-sided short sword and a round shield that barely covered his torso, but Rowan immediately sensed the resonance between the shield and the entire continent of Stone Reach; he also felt the resonance with another distant continent from the blade. These were Natal Treasures that were already linked to a continent.

The blade and the shield were suddenly engulfed by blue flames that burned so hot, the space around the Ascendant began to crack, and the wave of heat that erupted turned everything on the floor to ash, including the thousands of kneeling corpses, without any warning, the Ascendant attacked, launching himself towards Rowan so quickly his body was like a mirage, Rowan blasted a beam of Ascendant energy at the incoming foe, who batted it aside with his shield, the beam punching a hole through the castle and heading towards the sky, and he swung his flaming sword in retaliation, releasing a shaft of blue flame that sliced through the air, leaving cracks in space, Rowan hands snaked forward, catching the blade beam with his two hands and snapped them in two before letting go.

The broken blade beams passed by him and sliced through the entire floor level in a circular arc. The palace of the Ascendant groaned before the top half tilted with a loud crash that resounded throughout the Stone Reach castle and sent tremors to the earth below.

Hundreds of thousands of mortals looked to the sky in shock as the palace of the Divine Ascendant was sliced in two, and hundreds of thousands of tonnes of bricks, metals, and all sorts of things collapsed, causing a cascade of debris that built up like an avalanche.

The screams of fear and confusion erupted as the mortals began to flee, but few could escape far as with a titanic rumble the debris impacted the bottom level of the castle crushing the elites of Stone Reach into paste and decimating the entire castle that had stood in place for more than three hundred thousand years.

But even this loud blast from the crash could not equal the successive bangs ongoing at the top of the castle from the battle between Rowan and the Divine Ascendant that was slowly growing to a feverish height.

Blue flashes of light that lit the clouds for miles and sounds like continents splitting apart came about so constantly from above that it merged into a constant stream of chimes reminiscent of a world-ending cataclysm, and if one was to listen carefully, they would hear the sound of laughter.

Rowan in the sky was grinning, red hair floating behind him like a storm and golden robes waving around like wings, he blocked, parried, and dodged the attacks from the Divine Ascendant using his bare hands, retaliating with a quick series of punches that made the shield from the Ascendant and the entire continent below to quake.

For most of the mortals, the continent was their entire world, and today the world was being shaken to its foundations.

The Ascendant growled in frustration at the direction the battle was heading, his heart surprised that he was not killing a mortal with a single move but he had to actively defend against his attacks.

He thrust his blade while rotating it with a peculiar pattern that caused blue flaming flower patterns like roses to bloom in the air, Rowan's eyes lit up in appreciation as he discovered that because of the soul-like nature of Ascendants, their comprehension ability was greatly exaggerated.

Every Ascendant would be a great genius in the outside reality, as their massive soul power gave them a much vaster spirit, hence greater comprehension capabilities.

The move the Ascendant made was so intricate yet held so much power, if he had used it outside in reality, he would have butchered a God Emperor with this single move, even without placing much energy into it.

Cladding his arms for the first time with a thick gauntlet of Ascendant Energy, Rowan punched the flaming flowers multiple times in quick succession along certain patterns

only he could see, and the flaming flower not only shattered to pieces but was launched back at the Ascendant with three times more force.

Blocking with the shield he rapidly brought up, the Divine Ascendant thrust his blade below the shield, expecting the weapon to reach Rowan due to the shield blocking this insidious move. Yet Rowan saw this move coming a mile away and with a powerful spin kick, he blasted the short blade out of the hand of the Ascendant.

The eyes of the Divine Ascendant widened, he might be able to wield the sword freely, but that was because it was his Natal Treasure, for anyone else, this blade weighed more than three thousand million million million tons. Not to talk about moving it a single inch, Rowan had just knocked it spinning into the sky, and what happened next continued shocking the Ascendant so much so that he paused his assault.

Rowan had reached forward and grabbed the falling blade.

He did not grab the sword by its hilt, instead, he held it by its blade and pointed the hilt at the Divine Ascendant while grinning, clearly offering the blade back to his foe,

"Hold more firmly to your weapon Ascendant, after a million years of sleep, I want to enjoy this fight to the limit!"

Wary of a trick the Ascendant wanted to step back but he saw the glow in Rowan's eyes, there was no scheme inside, just happiness... happiness that came during combat where you had to focus and everything was left behind.

In this moment the Ascendant understood Rowan more than most would ever could. This was a being whose heart held a heavy burden, and sometimes the only way he could forget for a while was during battle.

"Why do you fight me empty-handed?" the Ascendant asked, disdain no longer in his tone,

only a sort of shock,

"You will only last a single move if I use a weapon,"

The Divine Ascendant paused and then he took back his blade, Rowan laughed with happiness, "Good, let go!"

## **Chapter 1068: The Color Of Time**

The Divine Ascendant shrugged at Rowan's words and summoned all his Natal Treasures in a conflagration of blue fire that resembled a volcano erupting.

First, his entire body was wrapped in gleaming silver metal, and two large orbs appeared over his shoulders like two small moons, and finally a large silver cape. He transformed from a being of shadow into a metallic golem that gleamed under the sun.

With every Natal Treasure he summoned, the world groaned as the metaphysical weight of all these treasures strained reality to its limits. Ascendants were never meant to fight among these weaker continents, and the Divine Ascendant had reached a higher level of Ascendancy. Phantasmal images appeared around the Divine Ascendants that showed six massive continents, the Ascendant made a mystical gesture that caused whispers to travel all around them, and the phantasmal images of the continent as if responding to a summon began to converge, until they all shrank to a single silver dot that rested on the forehead of the Ascendant, and the dot unfurled to become a silver crown that had blue flames flowing within

it.

The full glory of the Divine Ascendant was revealed and the sky quaked as the earth shuddered and cracked.

"I am Arthurius Rais, Divine Ascendant of the First Dan, Master of the Silver Alliance, and I shall face you with my full strength."

Rowan nodded, he paused as if in thought, before he smiled, "I am the last living part of a broken world, and I will match your strength, and exceed them."

"Then let us take this battle to the heavens!" the Divine Ascendant roared and his body launched into the sky. Rowan's robes unfurled and like a rising golden sun, he chased the Ascendant, as they both traveled hundreds of miles into the sky nearly instantaneously, their passage causing thunderstorms that were visible across the entire continent.

At first, flying higher into the sky was easy, but across a certain point, every inch upwards felt like tearing through metal, and this phenomenon was constantly increasing as the pressure multiplied with every inch crossed.

Rowan's robe shrank and wrapped itself around him, as he did not bother with any subtle movement, he just bulldozed his way through the resistance causing multiple explosions and surrounding him in a corona of plasma and force, while the Divine Ascendant was like a Spirit, his body appearing to merge with space, and therefore he felt no resistance going this high

up.

Higher and higher they flew, until they had traveled thousands of miles upwards, and still there was nothing but pale drifting clouds and a seemingly fathomless expanse around them, until finally they reached a certain point and reality seemed to change in subtle ways, and the Ascendant stopped and pointed his short sword at Rowan,

"Step upon the threshold that bound the mortal and the immortal, and face me here, only in this place, a worthy battle can be fought."

The Ascendant waited for Rowan silently after his proclamation of battle, and Rowan halted and looked around him, he had never been so high up, even when he entered this world, he had manifested thousands of miles below their present level.

Below him, the lands had shrunk to a dot and the world had opened up, from up here he could see hundreds of thousands of continents, Doom Star was so massive that even at this height, he could detect no visible curvature in the lands below, proving this massive area was just a fraction of the surface of this realm, and above him was a barrier that the Ascendant had stepped through... the threshold, he had called it.

Rowan touched the barrier, it felt as flimsy as a bubble, yet no matter how much power he exerted in his arms, he could not push it back a single inch. He closed his eyes and his robes tightened around him, although his dimension was dead, it still had weight. A weight he could summon when he wanted it.

With this weight around his arm, he pushed, and the entire heavens rumbled.

If Rowan had been outside in reality, he would have seen a stunning sight. He would have seen the entire surface layer of Doom Star ripple and the entire star seemed to expand before it returned to its previous shape. Shaking the entirety of Doom Star was a feat that was ridiculous in its extreme.

Rowan brought back his hand from the barrier and then proceeded to cover it using his Ascendant energy, and now when he brought his hand forward, he easily pierced through the barrier and stepped through onto the threshold, and he stumbled as his mortal shell gasped because he had just crossed from the third dimension into the fourth.

It was an experience that destabilized him for a few seconds as he held his head in pain until he took control of his senses and straightened, he nodded at the Ascendant wearily,

"You should not have waited for me to acclimate myself to this higher dimension, I expected you to attack. You might have killed me."

The Divine Ascendant chuckled, "It was not all mercy, I wanted to attack, but if you were right about what you said about holding back against me, then at your moment of peril

you would have no control over your powers and don't think me a fool, I saw you carry the entire heavens with a single palm... what are you?"

"the entire heavens?" Rowan whispered, "You see so much, yet so little."

The Divine Ascendant considered his words for a moment before he pointed his blade to the sky, "Look above you, and see the glory of the Ascendants."

Rowan shook his head to clear it of the last of the fog clogging his mind. As a dimension, Rowan had never experienced higher dimensions like others, and not even considering the fact that he was now a mortal, the experience for him was jarring.

After experiencing the memories of immortals, especially those who had entered a higher realm, he understood that they perceived reality very differently than he did. Yet his innate nature as a dimension shackled in the body of a mortal creature made him more susceptible to higher dimensional forces than others. As a dimension, he had defenses against such heightened senses, but in the body of a mortal, his senses were causing him problems.

Despite all that, he was slowly getting used to the higher dimension, and he looked upwards, and his mortal eyes for the first time saw the color of time.

It flowed like a river, silent and majestic, Rowan thought he could hear it... the sound of time,

it was like the cry from an eagle, or the quiet whisper of the breeze that touched the surface of a river, it was everything and nothing.

On this river were millions of continents, each of them far greater than a thousand continents placed together below.

The three Ascendant suns above were continents! Albeit the largest of all the continents here, Rowan could not see more because his consciousness began to ache, with a groan he looked

away.

The Ascendant whispered, "You think the conflicts below have any meaning? The true nature of reality lies above us. Now that you have seen the heavens, you strange creature, and you know awe, how is it that you can move it?"

Rowan cracked his neck, a bit irritated at the weakness of his consciousness and dismissively replied, "The one thing I have never lacked is strength."

"Ah..." the Ascendant muttered, "A child in the body of a Titan."

"No," Rowan replied, "A Titan, squeezed inside the flesh of a child," and he attacked.

## Chapter 1069: Explosive Action

The threshold shook for hundreds of miles as Rowan stamped his feet and charged at the Divine Ascendant.

Two beams of force speared out from the two hovering orbs of silver on the Divine Ascendant's shoulders, as they traveled towards Rowan, the energy of time wrapped around the beam and it vanished appearing a few moments in the past at the precise moment Rowan made his move.

One moment the twin beams of force were dozens of feet away from Rowan and the next they were two millimeters away from crushing his skull.

Rowan's eyes widened and his perception slowed time to a near stop, and he bent his neck backward, farther than what could ever be natural, and the beam of force barely brushed past him, ruffling his long red hair.

He never stopped moving as his body straightened to receive another dozen bolts of force, and now aware of the nature of time in the threshold, Rowan's reaction speed quickened in anticipation, the beams he could not dodge he punched aside causing them to explode harmlessly hundreds of feet away, and for a while, Rowan was bombarded by thousands of beams of force that he seemed to have grown a hundred hands.

Every move he made was sublime, reaching levels of accuracy and grace that made the heart of the Divine Ascendant shudder, with his enhanced soul, he knew how impossible the moves that his foe was blocking were to pull off. He was using his powerful comprehension ability to direct every single beam of force, but he was being easily countered.

The Divine Ascendant roared, his ethereal heart for the first time in many millennia, began to beat in equal part excitement and fear, the orbs over his shoulders blazed with so much power as they released thousands of beams of force every second making it so that the body of the Ascendant was covered under their glow, and it was like two suns were standing in his place. Underneath this relentless barrage, Rowan suddenly knelt and slapped his palms together generating a shockwave in the shape of a disc that dispersed the beams of force around him and sliced towards the Divine Ascendant.

Bringing his shield to bear, the Ascendant blocked the move, but underestimating the amount of force in that air slice, his body rang like a metal bell and was blown back a dozen feet in the air, and when he landed with his sword swinging expecting another round of attack, Rowan was no longer in front of him, only his instincts saved him as his

body wrapped by the power of time moved before he could even comprehend anything, and he brought his shield behind him just in time to stop a thunderous punch heading for the back of his skull.

"Boom!!!"

The blow smashed his shield into his body, breaking his left arm at the elbow and pulverizing his shoulder as he was crushed to the ground, losing a certain percent of his body's Core Aura to damage, his cape whirled around him, turning him around so he could face Rowan head-on, while the silver orbs in his shoulders were blasting out hundreds of bolts in a fraction of a second to push Rowan back.

The next few moments tested the Divine Ascendant to his limits and beyond, and he could no longer think of anything but the battle in front of him as existence shrank to a dot.

Rowan came like a storm, a cataclysm of violence, with the Ascendant at the back foot, he muscled his way through the blasts of force and swung a mighty kick at the chest of the prone Ascendant, who barely brought up his shield with his healed arm back up, but not quickly enough and due to the angle that it was placed in, a corner of the shield was blasted off by Rowan's kick.

Miles below, a section of the continent of Stone Reach measuring hundreds of miles exploded into nothingness and fire.

Rowan caught the disintegrating piece of the shield in the air and threw it down toward the Ascendant with so much force it almost vanished into space.

The Divine Ascendant roared and channeled the silver orbs to release a constant beam of force against the descending bolt, the two forces clashing and releasing so much light, force, and a weird metallic shriek that it was almost like a star exploding.

The piece of the shield pierced through the bolts of force and embedded itself into the shield the Ascendant barely brought in place, but a kick from Rowan impacted against his ribs and his body shot out for miles, even with the protection of his cape and his crown, his body vibrated with barely suppressed force, thereby generating a tremendous amount of heat that made the body of the Ascendant release a massive silver flame like a supernova as ten percent of his entire Aura Body was lost.

The Divine Ascendant screamed in pain and shock and his crown lit up like a star, sending a pulse of energy that vanished into the heavens, for a brief moment everything was silent, then a massive explosion with the Divine Ascendant being at the center erupted, Rowan crossed his arms before him and was pushed back for dozens of feet, flames hotter than what could be found at the center of a star rushed past him, but his shield of Ascendant energy wrapped around his body kept him safe, although some



heat passed through it, they were only enough to give him light burns that vanished the next moment.

The Divine Ascendant freeing himself from the relentless assault of Rowan pulled his cape from his shoulders and waved it overhead like a whip.

The cape whipped out of his hand and vanished into the sky where it descended like a shroud that covered both Rowan and the Ascendant, and then it began to shrink, the Ascendant held out his hands and the two hovering orbs descended upon it and directed his hands towards Rowan where he released the entirety of the energy within the orbs.

No longer shooting bolts but twin pillars of energy that pulled the tides of time towards it with great force that there was no way Rowan could dodge this move.

Rowan breathed in and out harshly, his breathe burning the air, and he crossed his arms in front of him, receiving the twin beam of force on them, with a grunt he was pushed backward for hundreds of feet and his back slammed against the shrinking shroud that caught him like a fly trapped in amber.

At least that was what was supposed to happen, but with Rowan's situational awareness, there was no way he would allow himself to be captured that easily. His robe flared to the left and he dragged to the side, the beam relentlessly following him, but he was no longer in danger of being pushed into the shroud because his feet were now steady.

Rowan took a step and then another, pushing against the beam of force, and then he slowly began to move faster, from blocking with two hands, he began using only his right, and with his now free left hand, he made a finger gun.

## **Chapter 1070: Late Salvation**

Rowan continued pushing through the force beams and he cocked his head to the side, closed his right eye, and said, "Bang!"

Even before the battle had started, Rowan was already weaving threads of Ascendant Aura all over the body of the Ascendant, and although the Divine Ascendant at the moment had covered himself in armor, he had not done so previously when Rowan made his first finger gun.

At that time the Ascendant had not found Rowan as much of a threat and this gave Rowan the opportunity to plant a seed of Ascendant Aura on the body of the Ascendant, throughout the battle, Rowan had been focused on pushing that seed deeper into the

body of the Ascendant who in his distracted state had not noticed the seed of his destruction pushing towards his heart.

With Rowan's next gesture, the trap was completed and unleashed.

The Divine Ascendant's chest bulged and he looked down in shock right before his torso exploded, and it was as if he transformed into a silver sun for a few seconds. A series of massive shockwaves exploded from his position, and even the extremely durable space of the threshold developed minute cracks for a few moments.

The explosion unexpectedly ceased as the Ascendant used all his willpower to suppress the eruption inside him but that caused his body to be flung hundreds of miles away, he landed with a resounding crash and he groaned in pain.

What was left of him was surprisingly still much unchanged, the silver metallic shell over his entire body kept his limbs intact, and except for the massive hole in his torso that was bleeding black and silver Aura, he still had the means to move on his own.

Yet losing more than forty percent of Core Aura was a terrible injury for an Ascendant, for unlike normal immortals who could create clones of flesh, an Ascendant could not create clones for themselves, but to balance this weakness, they were almost impossible to hurt with any form of conventional methods.

An Ascendant outside reality would be a terrible opponent to any gods, archmages, demons, or angels, for their bodies were ethereal and almost impossible to destroy using most normal methods, and their attacks were infused with soul power, which meant any blow from their Natal Treasure would be directly striking the souls of their opponent.

Soul defense was not something that could be easily learned and most would never have the means to defend their souls against the specialized attacks from an Ascendant's Natal Treasure, but Rowan did not have this problem.

Every blow made by Rowan was infused with an enormous amount of Ascendant Aura that destabilized the Core Aura of the Divine Ascendant, without this method, he would have to use a thousand times more power to achieve lesser effects, and even though Rowan was strong enough to blast an Ascendant apart using only strength as his Primordial Ouroboros Serpents had been able to do such a thing, it was ultimately a less efficient way to fight, and it would be almost impossible to kill the Ascendant in a short time using that method, and although Rowan acted unconcerned, he knew he was on a strict time limit before interferences would inevitably arrive.

Blasting back the Ascendant with his hidden method, Rowan finally had the time to handle the incoming shroud.

He turned around and holding his arms out, he poured a stupid amount of Ascendant energy into his limbs that made his arm transform into a bar of blue light, releasing a loud hum like a thousand lightning bolts were caged inside them, in that single moment, the amount of Ascendant Aura in his arms was almost equal to the entirety of the Aura inside the Divine Ascendant!

The shroud crashed into his upraised arms and the blast of Aura that erupted from his arm paused it in place for a brief moment, enough time for Rowan to seize the shroud, and holding the struggling material in his hand, with a roar he tore the shroud in two. A continent in the distance caved into itself before exploding in a fiery inferno that could be seen for thousands of miles.

Rowan turned around, holding the two halves of the flaming shroud, and he began to slowly walk towards the Divine Ascendant. The flaming shroud turning to ash in his arms left a trail of darkness behind him that contrasted with his red hair and green skin, making Rowan take the form of a berserking Asura treading through a field of flames and destruction.

The Divine Ascendant had been trying to heal, focusing on closing the massive hole in his chest that was spewing out his Core Aura, the wounds began to close, as he shaped his Core Aura like clay to mend, but this made his silver shell dissipate and seeing the incoming danger he attempted to fly backward but Rowan appeared behind him once again, with his right hand stuck through the closing hole, a continuous burst of Ascendant Aura erupted from his arm bounding both of them together like glue.

Gasping in shock, the Ascendant looked at Rowan's arm poking through his chest, and he laughed in pain as he grabbed Rowan's arm and tried to futilely push his body away from Rowan's arm, but it was useless.

"How can you fall for the same trick twice," Rowan whispered in the ears of the Divine Ascendant, and he grabbed his neck with his left hand about to rip the Ascendant in two when the two hovering orbs in the shoulders of the Ascendant revolved and fired a bright beam of concussive force towards Rowan.

Hardly pausing his actions, Rowan lunged forward with his mouth, and bit one of the orbs, chewing through it with his pearly white teeth, and his left hand briefly left the neck of the Ascendant and seized the orb, applying force he crushed it and tossed it aside.

His hand returned to the neck of the Ascendant, but that brief distraction was enough for the crown of the Ascendant to flash once again, unleashing a potent wave of destruction, unfortunately for the Ascendant, Rowan was not blasted away like before. He weathered through the destruction, and for a moment it was possible to see Rowan's bones and grinning skull inside the flames as his flesh was turned to ash, but his eyes never left the Ascendant.

The explosion ended but Rowan's arm was still stuck inside the chest of the Ascendant, and bringing a face that was nothing but a grinning flaming skull to the side of the Ascendant's face he whispered, "That was a good fight, I shall remember your name."

It was inevitable that this fight would draw attention, and from multiple continents above, many bright lights began to rain down like stars, hundreds of them, other Ascendants descending to investigate the battle below.

His hand over the neck of the Divine Ascendant tightened, and he slowly began to pull him

apart.

The Divine Ascendant screamed and struggled, trying to keep his body together, but with every micro tear in his Core Aura, Rowan replaced them with his Ascendant Aura. The eyes of the Ascendant looked to the heavens, where his salvation descended, but they would be coming too late.