

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1179: Time Vault -

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Rowan had been slowly exploring the path from the first to the third dimension, enjoying this new method of advancement, the fourth dimension of time should have been more pleasurable as he unwrapped the mysteries of time, yet in his irritation, he had gained the answers just like that. freewebnovel.com

Rowan did not care if his present attitude would make every genius in existence who had fought, sweated, and died for the opportunity to touch the fourth dimension but never could, cough out blood in anger or the countless more who spent eternity searching for Will, what he wanted was to experience life and existence as he was never able to do in the past, and it vexed him that this opportunity was rudely taken away from him.

Hoping to gain back this enlightenment process when he shot for the fifth dimension, Rowan began to quickly engrave the understanding he had gained inside his soul. That understanding was leading to a new and profound technique that he had already figured out, like knowing the answers to a complicated equation he had not even begun to solve.

That ability for others would be Time Hold.

Rowan was finding out that every other Will Holder had only a single stream of Time inside them which was not strange because they could only control Time because of the Will Chain that bounds it, and that Will Chain was linked to the dimensional Will they had unlocked.

Since everyone else had access to only one Will, they had only one Will Chain which could only bind one stream of Time.

Rowan's control of Time was different, he could not only stop time by pausing one of the Time streams he controlled, but he could use the various time flows of all his 33,000 time streams and affect reality around him.

His ability was not Time Hold, it was called Time Vault. The application of this power was endless, both for offensive, defensive, and everyday uses.

Time Hold could be used to stop time in a limited area for a while, but the way this worked was simply the higher dimensional user would bring out his stream of Time that was bounded by their Will Chain over onto reality and superimpose it on the surrounding area.

Time was not truly stopped, but the surrounding area was now in a domain that was controlled by the Will Holder. Inside that domain Time was their slave for a while, and except for going into the future, the Time stream they controlled could be reversed, slowed, and halted.

Time Vault was the same, although it carried several other quirks that made it more powerful than normal since Rowan also discovered the greatest advantage of this power was its reach. One of the greatest drawbacks of the Time abilities that were shared by all higher dimensional beings was the range of their Time stream was limited, and as they grew more powerful and gained higher control of their Will, this meant their Will Chains became easier to manipulate, granting them higher control of their Time Streams, but it did not stop the range limit that made it impossible for them to exert their Will on a large amount of area.

Rowan had access to 33,000 streams of Time, each of them far more powerful than any fourth-dimensional time stream of an average Will Holder, and if he wanted he could spread out all these Time Stream to cover a massive area or superimpose it on a single location to achieve a state of Time Control that was so powerful, it might be able to affect the real flow of time, but this was something that he would have to experiment with to find out.

The disturbance that made him annoyed occurred once more and Rowan sighed and brought himself out of his meditative state while effortlessly stacking a thousand streams of time around himself. The entire continent of Trion grounded to a stop and he opened his eyes.

A burning claw was a few inches away from his face.

Rowan lazily traced the claw to the hand and up to the face of the Shiik, whose feature was contorted with rage and a weird form of pleasure. He sighed and felt the beginning of a headache and he rubbed his forehead.

No matter how annoying he was beginning to find the Shiik, at least it was able to help him understand that although the entirety of his consciousness had been poured into his soul without reservation, a part of himself would instinctively sense that something was wrong and he would be awakened.

Even if the Shiik had succeeded in touching him, it was impossible for her to harm him in the slightest, so he was never in any danger, still, it was assuring that even negligible changes like this in his environment could wake him up.

“Why do I even need a dumb child like you?” Rowan groaned and he was about to tap the Shiik on the head when he realized that perhaps this might just be his fault.

When he had created the Shiik he was soulless. He has mostly been operating with a sliver of consciousness and the Consciousness Node he had created along his spine. The Aural

signature he gave off that the Shiik had learned to identify as him was different than the current soul because of his bloodline of Time.

This change was not so drastic and if the Shiik had a more discerning personality she would have noticed the similarities between her Creator and the figure of light sitting beside her, also Rowan could have merged their minds as he usually did when he was just a sliver of consciousness, but he feared that with the state of his soul, the Shiik despite her powers could not handle sharing his consciousness with him.

All of these made his irritation lessen a bit, she might be a fully grown queen, but the Shiik was among the youngest of his children, and Rowan sighed again as he began to simulate the Aura of his sliver of consciousness paired with his consciousness nodes that the Shiik was familiar with.

He felt the stream of time he had imposed around the Shiik vibrate a little, and he smiled with pride. If she could still fight under a thousand stack of time stream imposed on the area that meant she was nearing the peak of the fifth dimensional level.

His dominance which had been lost for a short while was beginning to return, and the bridge that separated Rowan from everyone else had begun to lengthen once more. Using only his soul he had mastered just the Will of Time to the fourth dimension he had suppressed a powerful fifth-dimensional entity like the Shiik.

He was using only a thousand stacks of his Time Stream, what would it mean if he unleashed the entirety of the Time Stream in his blood?

This was using a singular Will, and Rowan still had three more powerful Wills that he needed to bring to the fourth dimension before he could begin summoning the final part of his body. A truly awakened Rowan with his dimensional flesh and soul merged as one, and all his Wills at the fourth-dimensional level would be a presence that was so powerful it would not make any sense.

“It is no wonder that Nemesis wanted to kill me before I achieved the fourth level of Will. Even I am beginning to understand how frightening I would become.”

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

Chapter 1180: The Great Crucible

The simulation of his previous state of consciousness completed, Rowan freed the Shiik from the hold of time and broadcasted this Aural Signature out of his body, accompanying it with every single moment they had spent together.

He found out that this was necessary because the transformation of his soul had made it necessary, almost like rebinding himself with her once more. Rowan could have easily

taken over her mind and impressed his new Aural signature upon her, but he did not do this. The Shiik was a symbol of his struggle from the edge of death, and he had a soft spot for her.

The time with her was short, but the memories remained bright in his mind. The time spent inside her stomach, merging with her consciousness and breathing the spark of intelligence inside of it, the battles they had fought together... her passion, her destiny... these were impressions that would stay with him forever.

These two things-Dispelling the effect of Time and placing his previous Aural Signature and memory inside the mind of the Shiik-were done simultaneously and it was almost as if the Shiik was still bound by time because she did not move from her attacking position, but her eyes were jerking rapidly indicating she was processing an immense amount of information. Rowan had trimmed down the information packets and had sent over as much as possible, but it was still a lot to process, even for a fifth-dimensional being. From the moment he gained his bloodline of Time, Rowan had been unceasingly strengthening his soul, and now it seemed to be edging closer to a new state.

His experience with time had revealed to him a hidden danger he might have overlooked when it came to his soul. He was used to his powerful consciousness pillars controlling his dimensional flesh, but if he were to regain his flesh once more and integrate it with his soul, then it would be extinguished under the weight of his dimension.

Of course, he was sure that he would have instinctively sensed the difference between his soul power and his dimension, that would mean he would have needed to wait to integrate with his dimension, or at worst it would cause him to fall into a slumber until his soul was strong enough to hold up a portion of his dimension. Now he was aware of this danger before he merged with his dimension, and he would work to strengthen his soul.

The Shiik groaned as a thread of blood ran down from her nose, the crown of eyes she had on her head began to blink rapidly before they finally oriented on Rowan, and the Shiik's eyes steadied as she breathed out in astonishment and stammered,

"You are... you are..." before she finally sighed and kneeled, "Creator. Forgive my blindness, I have failed you." she stretched her right hand forward in pledge as she stared at the floor, her body shaking with extreme emotions.

"My Queen of Calamities," Rowan sat forward and took her hand, "Be at peace. Your mind is disordered and your thoughts lack focus. I fear I have been a bad father and neglected my duties in teaching you. I will rectify this mistake. You are a being of singular purpose, but you should always have more to keep your existence in balance, else I would be a poor excuse for a creator."

The Shiik shook her head, "No, you did nothing wrong father, you have given me all the tools I needed to succeed, I was just too stupid not to take proper advantage of it. My

desires were always under my control, yet I allowed them to take control over my personality to the extent that I did not recognize your presence beside me.”

Rowan smiled, “Let me be the judge of that. In my eyes you will always be worthy.” he nodded towards her throne, “Sit and command your maidens to return to their position before they all go mad with worry. I suspect I will be having an unexpected visitor soon, do not let me be disturbed over the next few days.”

The Shiik bowed, “On my life, not even the breeze, or the passing light would touch you.”

“See to it,” Rowan said and closed his eyes, falling deep into his soul. His newly gained intuition gave him a subtle warning that things were about to change. A storm was coming, and he needed to begin bringing together all his chips.

He wanted to touch his last three Wills to push them to the fourth level but he was denied.

Expecting this he still frowned a bit, it would seem that he needed his fleshy body to push these other three Wills to a higher level, and his Ascendant body would have to do for now, this meant he would have to change his plan a little. His city of golden giants would be coming to Trion earlier than he had planned.

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By the time Rowan had left his city of giants, it had begun to heal from the damages caused by the sun of Hate unleashed by Shisu. Half of the city had been vaporized, the wave of destruction stopping only a few hundred feet away from the Ascension Spear at the center of the city.

At the moment the destroyed portion of the city was covered in golden fog. This fog had arisen from the Creation Grass, and it formed a perfect covering over the destroyed part of the city.

From within the golden fog, there were vague movements as if some massive creature wandered within, and this drew the attention of a lot of Blood Blessed, who sat and watched in excitement the bizarre movements in the fog that were slowly getting clearer. Soon clear shouts of excitement began to emerge among them as the movements within the fog began to show scenes of a city being grown from nothing. Everyone here knew how incredibly complex even the simplest structure inside this city was and the knowledge that such a profound city could just be grown shook them to the core.

Even a basement hall that may never be seen by the eye of anyone was filled with the most intricate and marvelous runes, etchings, paintings, and small minor details that would take millennia to uncover, it was simply mind-blowing the amount of complexity the city contained and yet it still maintained a rather uncomplicated appearance, and now to watch this work of art spring up from nothing gave the people great inspiration on their knowledge of creation.

None of them were conscious when Rowan had created this city, and to see buildings that were miles high spring up from the earth like grass and shoot towards the golden sky filled their hearts with awe and their mind with the desire to reach this level one day, they all had the potential to achieve it, and this made the desire to grow stronger burn stronger.

The fog slowly grew lesser and when it faded, everything had returned to the way it was, but the attitude and power of the people within had changed, their transformation in such a short while was so drastic it verged on impossible. War was indeed the great crucible.