

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1181: Light and Darkness

For most mortals living inside this realm, they would hardly come into contact with powers that could shake continents, talkless ones that could end the realm, which Shisu with enough time and no resistance from others could technically wipe out all life from the realm.

Coming into close contact with such a being and with powers like their Primogenitor opened their eyes to the possibility of greatness beyond their wildest imagination.

The understanding of the depths of power within their bloodline and the knowledge that their Primogenitor, the first of their race, could easily dispatch an Ascendant who was so powerful that they could wipe out all existence in the realm in an instant created a sort of mania within them that was almost impossible to describe.

“Cultivate.... Cultivate.... Cultivate.... Every one of us, with the power to crush a realm. Potential unmatched inside our blood.”

They were just beginning to settle back into their day-to-day life, only now there was a new focus on unearthing the power of the golden flames in their blood when the entire city rumbled as if an earthquake was ongoing.

A bright golden light appeared over it that resembled a palm. It covered the entire city and it reached down to pick it up, it shone brightly before it vanished, taking the city alongside it, leaving a void that was soon filled with the water from the endless ocean.

It was not long after that the space over the vanished city shook once more and the Chaos Door emerged. His eyes tightened as he scanned through the area noticing that the presence of Rowan had been sensing had vanished, and now it was somewhere else

Labaletai cursed aloud. With the unique nature of Doom Star, far-distance teleportation was nearly impossible unless there was already preparation in place.

With the distance that now separated him and Rowan, this would mean nearly three weeks of intense space crawl that was tiring to this avatar of his, he was not too concerned with the avatar, it was dispensable, but he hated this realm with all his heart, there was something incredibly wrong with it that he could not bring his fingers on.

He just wanted to be done with this job, collect his due, and leave, everything surrounding Rowan was filled with mysteries and danger, and he did not come this far from poking his nose in affairs such as these.

“Well, the job not gonna end if I stand here fingering my ass.” the Chaos Door cursed and turned towards the new position he was sensing Rowan.

Labaletai pierced through space and as he traveled his mind began to wander, and it felt that it was moments like these that made him wonder why he did this work. Did he not have enough riches to settle into a life of depravity for countless Minor Eras? Why was he sticking his head into places clearly forbidden?

The eyes he saw that fateful day in that dead universe jolted his consciousness. ‘Rowan’ he wondered, ‘What sort of a monster are you? How can a being like you be unknown for so long? Why is it that every time I stand beside you, it feels like a dream? Why the fuck am I here working for a monster?!’

He snorted. “Did I have a choice, do any of us? If it is not Chaos, it would be his Firstborns, if it is not them it would be Rowan, if it is not Rowan, it is whatever fuckedup power roaming around in reality. What choice do we have but to become their slaves for all eternity? Wealth? Bahh... all easily taken from me if they wanted to, like trying to hold the wind... I am tired. We are born, we live... we die... slaves.”

The Chaos Door was not aware of the tiny blue snake resting on his frame and looking at him with a puzzled eye.

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When his golden city arrived, Rowan paused time, and except for the Shiik that he exempted, everything was still on the Continent of Trion.

“Come with me, my Queen of Calamities, I have need of your flames.”

The Shiik followed Rowan into the air and when she saw the massive city, she could not help but gasp,

“I have always hated the light, but my Creator, you have weaved light into a city of wonders. I believe I could live here with no complications... I never knew the light could be so beautiful, I fear that my flames shall taint such beauty.”

Rowan chuckled at her words and replied, “You of all people should understand that nothing singular can ever be perfect. Where you see the light, I see all the contrasts in between that make the light shine. What is light without darkness? They work hand in hand to enhance their innate qualities. The beauty of this city can never truly shine without your darkness, and I shall show you how.”

Although Rowan spoke almost dismissively, the Shiik understood that what she was hearing was incredibly profound, and like a little chick, she nodded.

They arrived over the city, and the Shiik seeing the massive frozen body of Rowan in the shape of a golden spear was not surprised, for her the Creator was a being that had transcended the

concept of shapes, and he could take the form of anything.

Rowan pointed to his Ascendant body with glowing fingers,

“When I enter into that frame, I will be summoning a Tribulation to cross the false immortal level to become a true immortal, unbounded by Time. In any other place I will welcome a Tribulation, but not now, my Ascendant body must be kept secret, and for this matter, you shall become my Tribulation.”

The Shiik shook her head, “Creator, I am not worthy.”

“I choose you Child, and I named you a Queen, all Calamities and Tribulation are under your domain, and if I say you are worthy, no one in creation would challenge me for it. If they step forth, then I shall cut them down.”

The eyes of the Shiik brightened, and her body which seemed to be carved out of ebony transformed into a flame that was blacker than night,

“If this is your Will Creator, I shall be your Calamity.”

Chapter 1182: Extending Space

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Rowan nodded at the Shiik and he reached his Ascendant body and merged with it. He held back from completing the merger, observing the state of his Ascendant body.

Outwardly it might resemble a simple lump of metal, but within was something special. It was as if one had been transferred to an alien city. Vast connections made with metallic cables that extended into the distance crisscrossed the internals of his Ascendant body, making it appear as if it was filled with countless metallic spider webs.

It was only a structure like this that could hold Rowan’s soul that was now more powerful than an Ascendant Sun.

Rowan had been able to briefly roam around the realm with his soul because the transformation caused by his bloodline of Time gave his soul a sort of fleshy outer body covering that could imperfectly hide his soul power for a while, but it was not perfect. This was why none of his children could see his face or come near him.

If he did not return to his Ascendant body, the presence of his soul would begin transforming the world around him until he would begin shining as brightly as the Ascendant Suns overhead, and that was the least amount of changes he was expecting.

He found the center of his body, where the metal webs were thickest and his soul pushed itself into the webs of metal, making him look like a mannequin that had been pierced with a million spikes, as he laid out spredeagled.

The picture his figure painted was grim-he was like a soul that was crucified, but one who walked in knowing his fate. With the level of his soul, it was almost as if it was rejecting the Ascendant body, angered that it was being used to contain it, but it was only satisfied knowing it was just for a short while before it was merged back to its rightful place.

Rowan gasped, the feeling of entering the center of his Ascendant body was strange, perhaps it was the addition of the bloodline of Time, but the sensation was almost... visceral, reaching places in his mind he rarely touched, but mostly, it just felt cold, and he knew what it required was his warmth to give it life, it was created to house the soul of Rowan, a living dimension.

He turned both of his fists around and grabbed dozens of spikes and with a roar, he released his soul essence to flood into the metal. There was a clear ringing sound that was ear piercing and accompanied by Rowan's roar, a golden light that emerged from his soul like an ocean erupted.

The golden light filled the spikes and began traveling to all corners of the Ascendant body. Rowan's roar seemed to have no ending so too was the golden wave erupting from his body until the entire internals of the Ascendant body shone as bright as a star.

From outside the Ascendant Spike rumbled and it began to grow, releasing clear golden lights that would have illuminated millions of miles, but under the frozen time Rowan had imposed on the entirety of the continent of Trion, it did not exceed more than a few thousand feet away from the golden spike.

The spikes began to extend dramatically, its previous length of 144,000 feet, ballooned in length, it grew thousands of miles in a few seconds with no indication it was about to stop growing. The City Rowan built could hold a much greater amount of space in a limited area, but even this fantastical place could not maintain the unreasonable growth of his body.

With a faint pop that was muted by the frozen time in this place, the Ascendant body pierced through the shield of this city and began to head towards the heavens.

The eyes of the Shiik widened in shock, she had no idea how Rowan could freeze such a large area under Time, but she knew if his Ascendant body kept growing it would not be long before it pierced the threshold and entered the higher continents.

He would not be able to hide a commotion like that, even under this frozen time.

She reached forward with both of her hands grabbed the space around her and began to stretch it like dough, and making a throwing motion, the Shiik began wrapping space around the rising Ascendant body.

In the fifth dimension, the control over space became instinctive, and although the space of Doom Star was hard to manipulate, the last thing that the Shiik was lacking was strength, what she could not manipulate, she simply ripped apart. It was a good thing that the durable nature of space here meant she would have to cause a more significant amount of damage to cause a chain reaction that would collapse space in this area.

The hardness of this realm's space was also displayed when Shisu unleashed his Hate technique. Despite the vast area of damage the Hate Sun had caused, it had not managed to even shatter the space that it was crossing.

With this method, the Shiik succeeded in creating a spatial field around Rowan's growing body, that could contain his growth but still limit it to the air space of Trion. The Shiik had to manifest a dozen pairs of arms to keep up with the spatial folding, and she breathed a sigh of relief when the growth of the Ascendant body ceased.

Her eyes roved down the length of the spike and marveled when she discovered it was more than ten million miles long. How great was the power of the soul, that it would require a body that was this massive to contain it, she wondered. If she only knew that Rowan was still not manifesting the entire power of his soul, just enough for him to reach the Ascendant Level, and then using it as a base, summon the final part of his self, hence triggering the war.

Rowan's calm yet extremely powerful voice emerged from the spike, "You have done well my Queen of Calamities. You have seven days to prepare yourself for my Ascension. Pull out all stops and burn as darkly as I have created you to be."

The Shiik bowed and brought her arms together so that both of her palms were touching, and soon another pair of hands appeared underneath that one, her size doubled with the second pair of arms, reaching eighteen feet, and when another pair of arms appeared below the second, her size increased once more, and this trend continued until she was miles tall and possessed thousands of hands.

She began to make arcane gestures using all her fingers, the motion causing the winds to roar, and her red hair that fell like the greatest fall of red flames came alight.

Her multiple hands began to breed darkness and her hair began to release red fire. The flames traveled to her many fingers and scattered into little runes that encircled them. With every movement she was making the red runes poured into the darkness, but more flames were always coming from her hair to create more runes.

Before long, an ocean of reddish-black flames gathered below her feet but this was just the beginning. The creator had given her seven days to prove the reason she was called the Queen of Calamities, and she was not about to disappoint him.

Chapter 1183: Tribulation

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For six days the Shiik continued crafting her ocean of flames, and on the seventh, her eyes opened and the eyes on her crown closed.

The calm voice of Rowan resounded in her head, “You shall begin my Tribulation.”

From her spine rose a separate limb, one that was shaped like her previous spider-like legs whose end was as sharp as a blade that could cut through space.

That limb rose and the Shiik began to chant, her voice going low as a whisper and rising high like a storm. Anytime her voice went high, the sharp spider limb would come down and slice down, severing one of the pairs of limbs the Shiik was using for her ritual.

The mighty limbs which continued their arcane gestures despite being severed from her body fell into the ocean of fire with a loud splash and soon sank deep beneath. Unexpectedly there came screams from the limbs after a while as if they were suffering from great pains before they fell silent.

More limbs began to fall into the ocean of flames as the Shiik never stopped her chanting, and with a scream that threatened to shatter the space around them for miles, the ritual was finalized, her last pair of limbs was cut off, which was the primary hands she had, leaving her without hands and this state of being would remain until she completed the Tribulation.

As that limb fell, it did not act like the others, instead it gave a roar that agitated the ocean of flames below and when it slammed into the surface of the ocean of flames, the entire ocean disappeared and an army took its place.

The army was unlike any that was ever seen before in this realm. Taking the shape of humanoid Calamity Gods, instead of arms they had tentacles and their feet were attached to massive dragon-like creatures who did not have scales but chitin, and from the cracks within their armor, red flames like lava ran through their bodies.

Their numbers were in the millions.

The Shiik who was without hands, yet had all the glory of a Fell Queen bent her waist until it felt as if she was bowing, her massive body covering the heavens and her large

head that was at least a mile across stopped a few hundred feet away from the army below.

Inside her head she prayed, ‘Creator forgive me for what I am about to do, I am not worthy, but in your service, I shall break my bones and strip myself of flesh... it is the least I can do for defacing your supreme body.’

“Ahead of you stands a power that wishes to challenge the greatest heights of the heavens and deepest depths of hell. He is...” the Shiik hesitated for a while before gritting her teeth until they bled, “... Not worthy!”

“Oh my Creator, forgive me for my dereliction, as you bleed, so do I. For every drop that is shed from your body, I shall bleed a million more...”

“Go forth, and strike him down without mercy or hesitation, let him know the folly he has reaped by challenging thrones and powers that he cannot comprehend.”

“I am a sinner... Forgive me.”

Her gaze turned to the Ascendant body of Rowan and tears of blood came from her eyes and all the mine eyes on her crown,

“Punish the usurper!”

“Punish me, Creator!”

R

The armies of Calamity Gods were silent even as they charged, they had all the appearance of life, but they were dead and the power each of them held was dreadful all equal to Ascendant of the first Dan, their mounts broke space, the drools from their maw burning the space around it to ash.

They surrounded the golden spike in a weird formation that created threads of darkness linking them all.

This thread of darkness began to vibrate and to glow, and every calamity god nudged their mount, and the Calamity dragons they rode opened their maws and red lightning emerged forth.

Space shuddered and then screamed as millions of Calamity lightning bolts with the power to raze universes poured out from the dragons and slammed into the golden spike, the eyes of the Shiik nearly bugging out of her head in panic.

Despite the frozen time, the sound that emerged from this was disastrous, and for a moment the red lights that emerged from this move were so bright nothing could be seen but red for a while.

When the light subsided, the Ascendant body of Rowan was revealed and it was spotless, not even a scratch mar its surface.

The Calamity dragons roared in rage, and they opened their mouths wide open, and instead of releasing the lightning bolts at once, they charged it up until their bodies began to glow and smoke rose from their bodies, as pieces of it began to break off under the intense strain they were putting their bodies through.

Space shook once more as the Calamity Gods they carried began to draw out weapons from within their bodies, spears, blades, bows, and arrows... all made from bones and containing

terrifying powers,

“Strike him down!!!”

The roar from the Queen of Calamity was overshadowed by the lightning bolts that the Calamity Dragons unleashed and this time it was not a flash in the sky, but a constant barrage that created a roar that kept rising until it reached a level that Sound was never supposed to reach, and this ungodly roar surpassed that level and kept rising.

Rowan’s domain of frozen time was shaken to the core and when the Shiik feared it was about to collapse, the effect of the frozen time was strengthened multiple times over and she turned to the Ascendant body of the creator with shock.

Nothing should survive that barrage, most especially the Ascendant body of the creator which had not even reached the first Dan, but she still did not understand how his powers worked or if it would ever make sense to her or anybody for that matter.

The glow from her bleeding eyes brightened and the Calamity Gods riding on their dragons who were still constantly releasing bolts of lightning brought up their weapons and they began their attacks.

Their weapons called upon the powers of the thread that bound them all, and when they swung it, the thread manifested a gigantic version of their weapons and sent it towards the

Ascendant body of Rowan.

“BOOOOOM!!!”

Intense shockwaves that traveled slowly from the point of impact were revealed and as the Calamity Gods released another wave of attacks, the power of their blows slammed against the erupting shockwaves and drove them back towards Rowan's body, creating a more terrifying impact, and this impact created a greater shockwave, but the new wave of attacks from the Calamity Gods suppressed this shockwave as well, using it as a weapon against freewe6nøve].com

Rowan.

Like a metal placed under a forge, and being hammered by a burly blacksmith, the entire Ascendant body of Rowan fell under Tribulation that would raze a universe to ashes, many times over.

This Tribulation continued in this manner for hours, and it was unknown when it would end.

Despite how sturdy his Ascendant body was, it was never created to stand against abuse of this nature, and the first crack appeared.

Noticing the cracks that had began to emerge under their bombardment, the Calamity Gods began to chant, their voices were loud yet it was still silent, an auditory dissonance that could drive one mad the longer they listened to it.

Their voices triggered changes in the thread that bound them all, as it expanded and wrapped around the Calamity Dragons, tearing through their armor and causing their fiery blood to

paint the skies.

The blood did not fall and coat the threads surrounding the Calamity Gods, and this caused these gods to be engulfed by flames, bringing the Tribulation of Rowan to a terrifying new

stage.

With a mournful roar as they released the last of the lightning in their bodies and their fiery blood sacrificed to the gods they carried, the dragons collapsed into ashes that fell towards the Ascendant body of Rowan and as they fell they transformed into tiny insects the size of locusts and rushed into the tiny cracks that was now covering the golden spike.

The first of the insects to reach the crack collapsed into nothingness as there was an invisible power emerging from the body of Rowan that contained power that could not be understood, for it transcended the scope of these calamities.

Yet the one thing these locusts had was numbers, and under the laws of heaven of this realm, their numbers were infinite.

They swarmed the cracks, a vast number of them vanishing before they could near it, but an

astute observer would notice that with every passing moment, they were getting closer to the cracks. Despite all of Rowan's potential, the laws of Tribulation were wearing him down.

All these while, the gods that were aflame had never stopped attacking with their weapons, and their attacks had become charged with the flames of calamity as the massive phantasms of the weapons they wielded also caught aflame, their descent slamming against the arising shockwaves causing it to also come alight.

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Chapter 1184: Push and Pull

The sounds of the enhanced Tribulation raining down on Rowan were like a hellish drum being beaten by a legion of demons, a trillion strong. If not for the impossibly enhanced hold of Time over this region, then this Tribulation would have been heard and seen throughout the entire realm.

Loud cracking sounds emerged from the bodies of the Calamity gods as they began to slowly break down. The flames covering them were a double-edged sword. Enhancing their powers, while burning away at their un-life.

The bloodshot eyes of the Shiik followed every exchange like a hawk, she was agitated, and her gaze fueled these Calamity gods, the thoughts of failing the task set out by their Queen, the idea that the reason they existed in the first place would not be coming to fruition made them roar in rage and push more powers into their bodies, exceeding the limits imposed on them during their creation.

Their weapons came down faster and harder. It was unknown if Rowan knew that the mental state of anguish he placed on the Shiik might have caused this unexpected growth in the difficulty of his Tribulation, but this was most likely the case, most things Rowan did were never by accident.

It did not take long for this enhanced state the Calamity gods entered to begin to show results. Rowan felt his Ascendant body breaking down faster than he would have wanted, reaching some of his worst estimations, but it was also within his margin of failure and he adjusted himself accordingly. freewebnovel.com

The force of the Tribulation raining down on him was not the problem, it would take a thousand times more power to shatter his Ascendant body if it was by force alone, however, it was the intense Calamity Aura that every single move brought with them that troubled him.

His Ascendant body was pure unlike every other Ascendant in this realm whose essence and Aura had become inextricably linked with Calamity, which made them two sides of the same coin, yet this knowledge was hidden from them all. They never knew that the Calamity they fought was simply another side of themselves.

Rowan feared that even the Ascendant Suns might not know they might be nothing but puppets against an invisible controller, who Rowan could only recognize because of the unknown green energy, and the fact that he came from outside this realm.

Dealing with the Aura of Calamity was extremely difficult with the other things he had to be actively juggling at the same time, which included pushing his Ascendant Aura towards the first Dan, freezing time over this vast area, and handling the effects of the Tribulation so it does not spread out of the continent.

All of these things could not be simply left to chance but had to be actively monitored, billions of permutations and unknown combinations were taking place with every moment that passed, and Rowan like a madman was choosing not to use his mind to analyze all of these changes analytically, instead, he was instinctively working through them using his soul. He was like a captain sailing through a hurricane with his eyes blindfolded and both arms tied behind his back, yet trusting his ship and crew to follow his orders to the letter, even while he was gagged, and despite all of these things, he was still making it all work.

However, the truly difficult part in all of these, and what he feared could shatter his Tribulation was the fact that his pure Ascendant Aura wanted to merge with the Calamity Aura.

It was well known that Ascendant Aura and Calamity Aura were supposed to repel each other, but no one in this realm ever had pure Ascendant power in their bodies. From the time they learned to draw Aura into themselves, which was most likely harvested from the bodies of Calamities, their Aura became tainted, no one could be like Rowan who sought to keep their Aura extremely pure.

This tainted Aura could only stay together because of the unique Aura Signature of every Ascendant, thereby it repelled any Aura that was extreme from its own, and only accepted the ones that were closer to its nature.

If there was any Explorer in the past or present who was bold and powerful enough to restrict themselves to only collecting Ascendant energy from the body of other humans it would still be useless, because they would never be able to gather enough to push them towards Ascendancy, and it would still be tainted by Calamity.

All Aura was gained via the Will of the World which collects the Aura from the fallen, processes it, and passes it on to the receiver, normally the amount of Aura gained from this process is less than one percent of the entire Aura in the body of those that were slain. Rowan did not have to go through the World's Will to process the Ascendant Aura, so there was no waste in his harvest, and the pure Aura he gained from this process lacked any taint of Calamity that was present in the Aura given by the World's Will, despite the claims that it was cleansed.

Even if the World's Will was capable enough to make every Aura it gave the Ascendants truly pure, Rowan was sure that such a thing would go against its will. It seemed that for some reason the World's Will wanted Calamity to win this war.

All of these thoughts ran through his mind like lightning, as he tried to hold back his Ascendant Aura from rushing out of his body and embracing the Calamity outside his rapidly crumbling shell.

The problem was that his Ascendant body was simply a powerful container for his soul, it possessed no enhanced characteristics that could aid Rowan in controlling his Aura, although it possessed all of these features of Aura manipulation in a limited manner, it could not aid Rowan when he was facing such a strenuous situation such as this one.

He did not hesitate and ruthlessly sacrificed ten percent of his total Ascendant Aura to lessen the load that had become imposed on him. Ten percent of Rowan's entire Aura capacity was almost equal to all the Aura that could be found in the body of a billion Ascendant.

The eruption of this power was like nothing this realm had ever seen. No single Ascendant since the beginning of their existence could ever hold this amount of Aura in their bodies.

His Ascendant body rumbled and flared a bright blue that nearly escaped the bounds of the continent. The light destroyed billions of the tiny calamities struggling to enter the cracks in his body and destroyed tens of thousands of the Calamity gods.

This eruption not only pushed back his Tribulation, but it also healed a lot of the cracks surrounding his Ascendant body, relieving a lot of the pressure he was under as the progress towards upgrading his Ascendant body finally reached the halfway mark. It would seem that he had made the right move.

Rowan felt his soul rumbling, as the premonition of danger he was becoming familiar with began to echo all through his soul.

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Chapter 1185: Tribulation Evolution

The pure Ascendant energy that Rowan had blasted out of his body served the function of relieving the strain of holding back his Ascendant energy from fleeing his body, but it had also injected a ridiculous amount of Ascendant Aura into the atmosphere.

Inside this zone of halted time, it was impossible for any Aura to flow into it, and although Rowan had made the Shiik harvest only Calamity Aura that he had purified, this restriction did not fall on the minor Calamity gods that she had created.

The Ascendant Aura he unleashed was not only extremely plentiful and potent, because it was extremely pure, the Calamity gods who survived its explosive release and were pushed back, were suddenly inundated with a flood of Aura more potent than anything they could receive on the surface.

Unlike a normal Calamity who needed time to evolve, a Calamity god already had the path they were following, and for them, this Ascendant Aura was fuel, an extremely potent one. Their bodies did not balloon in size, instead, they drastically shrunk, their size reducing to a tenth of their previous self.

It would have been a comical sight if not for the vast wave of power that erupted from their bodies as a result of this change, and this transformation did not end there. The shrinking of their bodies seemed to trigger an attractive force among the various Calamity gods, and in groups of tens of thousands, they began to merge together.

In the end, a hundred massive creatures arose from the merger, they had thousands of heads and millions of limbs, all clutching various weapons, and unlike their silence from before, now this mountain of flesh was screaming, for it would seem that although this merger gave them great powers, it also caused them great pain.

With a howl straight from the foulest depths of history, these mountains of calamity gods began to rotate as dense black smoke covered them, and in a blink of an eye, a hundred massive tornadoes appeared, with massive red lightning bolts emerging from within it that lit up the dark tornadoes, briefly revealing the monstrous howling figures they contained. The space that the Shiik had gathered began to shatter, and if not for the fact that Rowan's Ascendant body had shrunk after he got rid of a portion of his Ascendant Aura, he might have been revealed, such was the power contained inside the tornadoes.

The source of the danger that Rowan felt had revealed itself and as they pressed towards him, his mind began to rapidly churn.

The powers of these Calamity gods had been multiplied, and as always, it was not the force behind their attacks that was the problem for him, what he found that was still concerning was that the tornadoes caused a much greater pull on his Ascendant Aura, and they did not need to touch him, but inky come within a few hundred feet of his Ascendant body and his Aura would be ripped away from him.

Despite not affecting his growth to the fourth dimension, he needed all the Ascendant Aura he could manage to build a stable framework for the body he would be creating that could hold the Dan. Without Ascendant Aura his body would simply collapse under its impossible weight. If he could wield a portion of his soul to hold back the descending tornadoes, escaping this Tribulation would become extremely easy, but he could not do this, and his only weapon against the Tribulation would serve as nothing but fuel for it.

The process of reaching a higher dimension with his Ascendant body was relatively simple because he had already done most of the heavy lifting with his soul before merging with his body, but this process was not complete, and he could not truly merge with this world if he did not complete the elevation using his Ascendant body.

What Rowan was doing was transforming the core of his Ascendant body into its new form, which mostly meant the transformation of the mental space of this Ascendant body.

This mental space had been personally crafted by Rowan without the Will of this realm having any hand in the process, and because Rowan had created his mental space inside Doom Star, he had essentially robbed it of a part of its domain, and reaching the first level of Dan without the Will of the realm inside his Core was just the process of slowly stabbing a proverbial knife in the back of his enemy.

Outwardly he would be an Ascendant, but there was nothing linking him to the realm, so he would be able to reach the core of Doom Star, and before it noticed his presence, Rowan would strike, and as the transformation of his core neared completion, Rowan knew that he had to make drastic decisions to survive the falling Tribulation.

The core that existed in the body of every native was discovered by Rowan when he was inside the body of the Shiik, that one resembled a withered hand, and it was through manipulating this core that he had been able to reshape the Shiik to his will, he was doing the same thing to his Ascendant core, although on a much larger scale.

The descending tornadoes were nearly upon him when Rowan decided to make his move. It was not as if he had been frozen in indecision all this while, but he had simply been biding his time, every moment he could squeeze out during this Tribulation counted.

After all this time, Rowan had become a being of singular focus, and it would be difficult for him to be truly shaken. He calculated what he needed to succeed, and was aware that it would be close, yet still possible, and without any indication, he tore off nearly thirty percent of his Ascendant Aura, leaving him with sixty percent, and doing his utmost to channel it into thirty massive streams, he unleashed them at the tornadoes.

Unlike when he previously exploded his Aura without any form of control, what he did now was different, he was not trying to push the tornadoes back, their weight and momentum were extremely great, and he intended to feed them.

He had noticed that the transformation of the Calamity gods had caused them to pause as they processed his Aura, and he was to do the same now, although in a more controlled setting as he shot for the completion of his ascension.

Thirty beams of blue light so thick and dense it resembles metal, slammed into the tornadoes with a force that made reality quake. It drowned out the howls of the Calamity gods for a moment, but it did not shake them a bit as Rowan expected, instead, the howls that emerged from the tornadoes began to grow, the sounds reaching incomprehensible proportions. The third transformation of his tribulation began, as the tornadoes grew smaller yet their rotation increased, as well as the core of it, the Calamity gods becoming smaller and the merger becoming more complete as they swallowed each other. The wave of power emerging from these hundred tornadoes had long exceeded their previous levels.

No Calamity gods had fed with such abundance for a long time. Rowan's pure Aura was an incredible tonic that would require them to kill tens of billions of Ascendants, and it was unknown if there was even this amount of living Ascendants in the entire realm.

Chapter 1186: Plan B

Chapter 1186: Plan B

The tornadoes greedily drank Rowan's Ascendant Aura and their terrifying evolution continued, but they were not the only ones making progress, Rowan's Ascendant Core had reached the precipice of completion when he became stumped-There was no path forward. His Ascendant body could not reach the first Dan using the Will of Time.

Rowan's soul shook in anger and a cry of rage erupted from his soul that silenced the howls of the evolving Tribulation, and the eyes of his soul shot open, he looked around him in anger and seized the metals that protruded throughout his body,

"Pathetic piece of lifeless metal!"

With a roar of anger, he dragged his arms downwards, each hand holding half of the entire metallic strands inside his Ascendant body and as he pulled the entire structure gave a loud metallic shriek like a dragon made from metal being tortured to death.

His Ascendant body could withstand a lot of force exerted from the outside and within, but Rowan's rage knew no bounds and under his power, his body began to crumple inward.

Among all his expectations, this one was one of them, but since he had few methods to tackle it, he had been hoping that it would not come to fruition.

There was a reason Rowan had never gained the bloodline of Time for a long time despite his Primordial Record being able to harvest bloodlines that coincided with all his life

experiences, and as he had learned after gaining a soul, the bloodline of Time required a soul, and a rather powerful one for that matter before it could be manifested.

This was a direct bloodline of a Primordial, untainted by the cruel hands of time, it was as if he was the first generation of a Primordial descendant.

Gaining this bloodline with his soul meant that Time was essentially not meant to be wielded by any beings of flesh. In theory, an Ascendant body was close enough to a souls-like body to accept the Will of Time, but Rowan had been let down by his metallic body that had no hint of the souls-like body of an average Ascendant.

At first, he had thought that perhaps with his link to Ascendancy, his metallic body would be able to bridge the gap between the soul and his Will, but it still fell short.

Rowan's nature had worked against him again, his soul was far too powerful, and his Ascendant body had to sacrifice a part of itself to contain his soul power. Cursing his body was not fair to it, his Ascendant body had simply chosen the lesser evil, and if the Will of Time was not so restrictive, it would have been able to grow to the first Dan.

His anger had stemmed from his soul, and with Rowan no longer wishing to hold back his emotions and live like a machine, he expressed his anger. If his plans had fallen through, then he would have had a pleasant foundation to use in summoning the final portion of his consciousness, but if that was not to be the case... then he would have to go with plan B... Rowan did not like plan B, even for him, it was too reckless.

However he was not one to dither around after making a decision, his gaze fell on the evolving Calamity gods and he grinned, he had found an outlet for his frustration.

R

The streams of Ascendant Aura being fed to the Calamity gods had stopped but they had all received enough to complete their evolutions. The roaring tornadoes surrounding them had ceased and one hundred new Calamity gods were revealed, and their shapes were unexpected. They had been formed from millions of Calamity gods melded under the pure Ascendant Aura of Rowan and the shape they took at first looked like angels. A close look, however, would reveal that the wings behind these Calamity gods were made from bones, and their faces contained nothing but eyes, gathered so closely together it was like staring at a wall of dots. They all held large scythes made from bones and standing hundreds of feet tall while heavily muscled, they cut a terrifying sight, but what was even more disturbing was happening to Rowan's body below.

His massive body of metal was beginning to shrink, accompanied by loud groaning sounds, which was expected as a structure that was impossibly tall, millions of miles in fact had rapidly shrank down to hundreds of miles, all of these were under the unearthly anger of Rowan.

From afar it was almost as if the Tribulation was entering a weird new phase where both parties were evolving to reach a new level, but only Rowan knew that for him this tribulation was over, he was just here to pick up the pieces.

Under the eyes of the frozen heaven, a voice filled with rage resounded from the shrinking mound of metal,

“What are you waiting for my Tribulation, your purpose awaits you. Do not let me linger...” It was unknown if the Calamity gods understood all the subtle messages that Rowan had placed in that statement, but they could hear the tone of his voice, and it caused the anger inside them to burn, they attacked him with intense rage in their hearts as their weapons burned with a red flame. *freewebnovel.com*

At their present power, each of the Calamity gods was as powerful as the entirety of their numbers combined at the beginning of this tribulation. Their weapons fell like lightning and the Ascendant body of Rowan began to melt under their barrage.

From its great height, his Ascendant body continued to shrink under the relentless assaults from the Calamity gods. The Shiik had nearly gone insane from this development, she had heard the roar of rage from the creator and the sound had paralyzed her in place, and she could not move even if she wanted to and stop the gods she had created from their assaults. Even if a part of her knew that everything still fell under the plans of the Creator, it was the most difficult sight she had ever witnessed to see his glorious body being broken down to such a state.

Rowan's Ascendant body from its glorious state had been broken down to a mound of molten metal, and then from a slight gap in the steaming red pile was a golden eye that looked at the Calamity gods with such fury it was difficult for a mortal mind to comprehend and suddenly the mound of metal vanished, no not vanished... there was a trail of golden metal hanging in the sky as if the mound of metal had fled.

The multitudes of eyes on the faces of the Calamity gods looked around in confusion, but then one of them gave a weird scream that sounded like laughter mixed with pain.

In unison, all the Calamity gods turned to look at their fellow who had made the sound and they discovered that it was now still, and weirdly silent, and then before their gaze its body began to fall apart into little pieces, none smaller than an atom, it was as if he had been placed on a chopping block and sliced through a billion trillion times, a sentiment which should not be far from the truth.

Chapter 1187: Did You See It

The mound of molten metal had reappeared behind one of the Calamity gods and it had been thoroughly destroyed in a split moment. Every slice through its body had been accompanied by an extremely sharp Ascendant essence that had been weaved together

with Rowan's tyrannical soul energy whose effect had banished every strand of un-life inside the body of this Calamity god.

With Rowan's quick movement, the molten Ascendant body of his had become molded over his fiery soul like a suit of armor, except it was not very pleasant to look at, not because it was not aesthetically pleasing but because it was filled with an Aura of incomparable menace, born out of his rage.

With the power of his soul that had reached the level where it could affect reality around him, these changes to the armor were borne out of anger. A wave of anger from a being of Rowan's stature was no longer a simple affair, for his power of creation had now been bent to a single purpose, which was slaughter. There could no longer be any more hidden machinations, he had run out of time, this was the message that his new instincts were screaming at him.

The Ascendant body was no longer shaped like a spike or a molten mound, it was now roughly humanoid, a golden giant of about three hundred feet with long and deep streaks running throughout its frame as if the previous movements of Rowan had created them. Whatever flames the Calamity gods had used on him did not dissipate, as if held bound by his rage, the metal was red hot, glowing like lava and it was being constantly corroded, causing the armor to release dull hissing sounds.

Glowing golden flakes drifted out of it like a heavy cloud of smoke, and this partially restricted the view of the armor, when Rowan moved, he left a trail of golden smoke behind that left permanent trails in reality, never to dissipate. Standing still this trail of golden smoke ascended behind him like a large cape with every motion he made affecting its movements, and even though he was standing here for only a moment the smoke had already traveled thousands of feet into the air, as it slowly billowed under the winds of time.

Like a fallen deity from before the Primordial Era, his presence smothered everything around, and even the Calamity gods seemed to be struck by awe, the Shiik had collapsed on her knees.

Rowan brought one massive smoking hand upwards and observed it, "This should hold for a few months, barely enough time, but now I have my mobility."

This was Rowan's choice, he was willing to sacrifice the potential of his Ascendant body to become mobile once again. He might not be able to pierce through the Realm using the backdoor as he had wanted, but with the power of his soul, he was no longer helpless.

He had gotten used to working behind in the shadows, and it was necessary in order for him to survive, but there would always come a time when his back would be placed against a wall, and his attempts to remain low-key would have no more meaning. At that time it was not he who should be afraid, it was his enemies.

Rowan had great power, and he was fastidious in his attempts to always hold himself back. It was rare for him to ever push himself to the limits of destruction he was capable of, and sometimes it was easy to forget how terrifying he could be.

His gaze turned towards the Calamity gods-his Tribulation, now useless to him, and Rowan pointed the golden hand he had just been observing at them and spread out his fingers, each of his hands holding twelve fingers.

On the tips of each finger the air began to twist and fragment and twelve glowing orbs that were as small as a mustard seed appeared in front of each, they combined in a mystical fashion and what was left was ninety-nine glowing orbs with colors that were close to purple yet its hue was indescribable for it did not exist in any spectrum of light, glancing at the Calamity gods who had wasted to time after they had shaken the awe that had gripped them and was charging at him, he whispered,

“Mongrels, do you know the color of Time? Let me show you...”

The swirling orbs were launched from his fingers and they buried themselves inside the bodies of the Calamity gods, this was despite the fact that the charging gods saw them coming and struck at them with their weapons, but the orbs had easily passed through the weapons as if they did not exist, which in a manner that was truly the case.

To a normal observer what happened next would be described as instantaneous, but in the perception of Rowan and those at this level of power, it could as well have taken place over hours.

Rowan dropped his hand and watched the Calamity gods, at first their speed was terrifying but it began to decrease in an incremental manner. The Calamity gods were slowing down, but as they did their bodies began to erupt with a glowing red color as their Aura was being burnt a million times faster than normal.

As they got slower, their bodies began to burn brighter until it was as if ninety-nine red suns had been born inside this space, and faster than was normal, this light began to dim, and when it did the Calamity gods were revealed.

Their pace had slowed to a crawl, and their heavily muscled bodies that were previously filled with power and vitality were now parched, their multiple glowing eyes now resembled a field of dry leather, and they all took one more step before they stopped moving.

That last step shook away the flesh from their bodies, all of which collapsed into ashes, and except for their black bones which stood in the air, a monument of the burning golden deity in front of them, Rowan's tribulation had ended.

“Did you see it...”

R

After ridding himself of the Shadows of the Primordial of Time, Rowan had now become the first person to control the Will of Time, and if this power was placed in the hands of a normal person, it would be extremely notable, but in the hands of Rowan, it became something heretical.

Inside his body were 33,000 streams of time, and every time he upgraded his power of Will, his knowledge and control over these streams of time broadened and deepened.
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While everyone else had to make do with one single stream of time, they could only use its powers not manipulate it as easily as Rowan who had the Will for it.

What he had done to the Calamity gods was simple, he had taken out ninety-nine of the fastest streams of time from his coffers-now understanding why the ability was called Time Vault, and he sent it into the body of the gods, the first pure attack involving Time, naturally these gods were not able to block it, given enough time they might figure out ways to do so, they were creatures of Will after all, but that time would never come.

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Chapter 1188: Rippling Presence

Rowan was experimenting with the ability of his Time Vault, and the target he had set when he had launched that attack was not the un-life inside the bodies of these gods, that would have been a rather useless move because these creatures were truly immortal and even if he accelerated the time in their bodies a million times over, it lacked any meaning, their flesh would remain potent, fueled by their Calamity Aura, and for beings at their level, they could survive for countless eternities on a slight bit of power, and so it was their Aura that became his target for it was their greatest weakness.

Ascendant and Calamity Aura were two sides of the same coin, and just because he restricted himself to one type of Aura did not mean he could not manipulate the other, and when he pushed his pure Ascendant Aura towards the descending Calamity gods to hold them back during his push for the fourth dimension, with Rowan's character, there was no way he would not be leaving a surprise inside of it, he was not that good-natured, after all he was a serpent. It was in the same way, he had slaughtered the first Calamity god.

The Aura that he had sent out was laced with his soul, and anything that could touch his soul was touching his power of time, hence his Will.

This turned out to be the greatest benefit that Rowan had gained despite his failed tribulation, he had learned how to integrate his powerful soul into his Ascendant Aura, and while he had failed to reach the fourth dimension using his Ascendant body, as long

as the armor of his remained, he could wield his power of Will over time with little drawbacks.

It was this Will that smoothly connected with the time streams he had sent into their bodies that finally merged into the Calamity Aura in the bodies of these gods, and Rowan accelerated the operation of their Aura a million times faster.

In the brief moments before they could reach him, the Calamity Aura inside these gods was combusted to nothingness and this act was so violent, it turned their immortal bodies to ash.

Rowan did not seem to be that pleased with the result of his attack, instead, he turned to his left and spoke to the heavens,

“How long would you watch me?”

There was silence, as if he was speaking to nothingness, and Rowan frowned, he slowly brought his arms forward as a swirling maelstrom of time began to gather over hand, and then a weird voice speaking a language that Rowan had only heard from Primordials,

“□□□□ □□□ □□□□□□ □□ □□□□ □□□□ □□□ □□□□□ □□ □□□□, ww www.wwww

The voice was deep and possessed power that nearly made Rowan fall to his knees, his soul was shaken and for a moment he thought it was about to shatter, what saved him was his Ascendant body he hardened against the pressure being exerted on his soul, and he could stand his ground, nonetheless, the words he heard rang out in his soul and he could not help but replay it in his head as his heart went grim,

-“Thou art fought so hard with the grace of yore, my son. Thou heart pumped blood into gold.”

The truth was that he had not even been a hundred percent sure that there was someone here with him, in the past few hours he had been getting danger signals from his intuition, and a few moments back, that premonition of danger had exploded to terrifying levels, at first Rowan had thought this danger signs came from his Tribulation, or a sign of his impending failure to reach the fourth-dimensional level with his Ascendant body.

After dispatching the Calamity gods, the danger he was sensing had not ended, instead it seemed to be getting closer, even though this sense of danger was pervasive and he could not point out the direction it was coming from, he fell back on his luck and simply turned to his left and asked the question that reeled in something that was totally unexpected, but in hindsight, he should have seen coming.

It was the Eye of the Primordial of Time and Evil.

This recognition of what was precisely the danger assailing him was enough for Rowan to regain back his clarity and his golden eyes peering from his armor tightened,

“I shattered your shadows and used their souls as ropes to bind you to my side, why do you think you could sneak up on me?”

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Rowan could not help but wince and took a step back, his soul vibrated harshly and it took a while for it to settle again, the voice spoke once more, but its tone and language had been reduced to a level that threatened not to disperse his soul, the language its spoke was familiar, Medan, with the intonation that reminded him of Trion,

“I did not sneak... you could not see me...”

The intonation and sound of the voice changed midway,

...N-naughty boy, I did not appreciate what you did to my eye, but in the end it was what gave me the fuel to awaken a bit of my consciousness. So in a way I owe you my freedom dear boy, none of those treathrous shadows would have ever dreamt to sacrifice their souls to awaken me, despite the fact that it was their entire purpose for existence.”

The space in front of him rippled and despite his hold over the time in this area, something effortlessly stepped through. The Calamity gods during his tribulation had been able to move because Rowan had permitted it, if he had wanted they would not have been able to attack him at all, but that would defeat the entire purpose of a tribulation, this new presence entered his domain of time as if it did not exist.

It was difficult at first for Rowan to discern what it was. He could only see tiny mountains of white, and as if it was an image that had been zoomed to the max but was slowly being brought down to scale, Rowan soon figured out that what he was looking at were teeth. Normal teeth, but with how many he could see and count the individual must be grinning like a crocodile. It suddenly reminded him that no matter how crazy the Third Prince and the rest of the shadows were, that they had an originator, the main source of their evil, and they were simply a pale copy before the real thing.

The figure of the presence rippled again, it was as if Rowan was looking at a reflection in the water, and he cocked his head to the side, his perception wrapping around the figure and he saw that his sentiment seemed to be correct, the presence had no depth, it was like a flat 2D

image,

“Ah, I see that you have figured out that I am not here. Well there is nothing I can do to change that for the moment. The World’s Will is focused on me at the moment and that pesky Ascendant brat is at my gate, coupled with the fact that the flesh I am wearing

cannot move from its spot... why I am lucky you chose to upgrade your bloodline, else I would have been trapped for an eternity. Oh, sorry that I blocked your ascension, I can't have you running around just yet dear boy."

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Chapter 1189: I know You

Chapter 1189: I know You

Rowan was silent and did not make a move or speak, anyone would think he was a golem crafted out of an erupting volcano.

If this presence was expecting more of a reaction from him, it would not be getting it immediately, instead Rowan was focused on trying to strip away the layers of obfuscation shrouding this mystery figure; he had lived long enough to know that appearances and words could be deceiving, especially when it came to beings at this level of power.

Their knowledge and their great age were often not considered, but it was what made them truly terrifying besides their powers. There was no situation that they had never encountered countless times in the past, and to surprise them or go against their will was nearly impossible, and so what it would take to stand before them was to become an existence that was also not possible.

His mind was moving at a million miles a second, piecing all the clues and details he knew about the Eye of the Primordial of Time and Evil and what he was witnessing here in front of him. The eye had just set up the board and he had few moments to identify all the pieces, find out the flaws that he had shown and the various ways of offense and defense it was going to be using against him.

As suddenly as a spark jumping out of a flint, Rowan had begun a life and death battle, even though an observer would think everything was calm, he was perhaps in the greatest danger he had ever faced since he was born.

Rowan's mind went back into his memories and among the myriad of information he had compiled, he fished out a clue that he had missed when he was not aware of the reach of this enemy, it was a small detail, but it shifted the direction of this impending conflict and stopped him from making a terrible mistake.

The memory came from Jerediah, the first Blood Slave. Rowan had gone through his soul when he destroyed the blood slaves underneath the continent he had raised as his new city, and he had seen where the pollution had begun.

Jerediah had been sailing through the endless ocean, his barren soul slowly driving him pass madness into something worse, and in all of his possible futures this unfortunate blood slave should have perished in this place and he would have finally found a measure of peace, but then he came across a presence, who changed his path, serving him up to

become a tyrant that terrorized an entire race, and at first Rowan had thought that this visitor was perhaps another facet of the Will of Doom Star who was making sure that Rowan could never rise from death, but now he saw that he was mistaken.

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At that time it was easy for Rowan to have made that mistake not because he was not aware of the presence of the Eye of the Primordial in this realm, but because Jerediah had asked that unknown presence,

“Are you, my god.”

It replied to the blood slave, “I am not your god, and you can not find him because I killed him.”

There... This was the moment that fooled him.

There were many factors that led to his death in this realm, and chief among them was the World’s Will that had warped his flesh into stone and sent the Undying to finish him off with a Primordial weapon, but it would be a mistake to think there had not been other subtle hands at play in his demise.

He had always suspected that the influence of the Eye had contributed to his death, but he had always felt that it had simply been an opportunist, fleeing when it saw an opportunity to escape his hold. At this moment it was not looking like it was the case.

The presence in the mind of Jerediah, it was not the same as the one that stood here before him, they were both powerful, and would have most likely deceived most people, but Rowan was not most people... his senses was vastly different from any mortal or immortal, because he was unique in all of creation, despite having just a soul, his soul was a dimensional soul, and its senses was different from anything else.

Even if this presence came with a vastly different form, there was no way it was deceiving him.

The Eye had just told him that it was been suppressed by the World’s Will and the only reason it could reach out to Rowan was because he was ascending towards the fourth dimension using the Will of Time, but if this presence had been the one to manipulate Jerediah to create the caste of blood slaves, then he was lying.

Rowan picked the words that presence had said to Jerediah soon after,

“Your god is not one to rest in peace, even now in death his skin stirs across my surface like maggots, and his intestines slowly tighten a noose around my neck, but, he is dead, his remains only need to be reminded of that. Do you understand what I am saying and why I am saying it to you?”

Jerediah had replied,

“You want to bury him, and I am to be your hand.”

The presence had laughed and said, “If not for my hatred of him and his poisonous nature, I would have placed his darkness alongside my own. You are a peculiar find mortal, I do not want you to be the hand, you shall be his coffin.”

This was something that he had missed again when the presence had mentioned the word, darkness. This was a term he heard from the Undying and he also knew that Pure Darkness was a fundamental force of this realm, and his Ouroboros serpents had once consumed the darkness inside the body of a Calamity god, and this could have led this realm to believe that darkness was another aspect of Rowan’s power, but the insidious Eye was referring to something else.

With this knowledge, Rowan was not deceived by the words it had just spoken to him, the Eye was his enemy and the hatred it had for him was without bound, so much hatred it would make Shisu’s own pale in comparison.

All of these thoughts went by in a flash in his mind and Rowan knew that he had to flip the board immediately before the Eye had a chance for bringing whatever plan it had into fruition.

“Don’t do it...” the presence said and Rowan’s golden eyes flashed, and it continued speaking, “You should know by now how interconnected Time and Soul is. This should not be a surprise, after all, Soul is my twin sister.”

Acting as if he had not just dropped a bombshell on his lap, and maybe for the Eye, this was simply normal information at anyone at a certain level of power would soon come to know, “I have eaten the souls of the Shadows, so I know you Rowan. I have watched your birth, I have watched you fall, and I have watched you rise again and again. Every secret of yours is known to me... your powers, your armies, your... black book. I know the way you react to threats and the methods you use. I know why you are here now, confused about the present and the past yet knowing nothing but to move on. I know you Rowan, I know you child, better than anyone can know you, and so I say to you... don’t do it. It will never work, you have not faced anything like me before.”

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1190: A Bargain

Rowan’s blazing golden soul eyes were the only thing that could be seen in his Ascended body and he spoke slowly, every words carrying weight, he kept his mind free, allowing

the knowledge and instinct he had gathered over the years to guide him, he could not plan against the Eye, it would easily see through him, the only chance he had was chaos, ordered chaos.

“If you know anything about me,” Rowan said, “then you should know that everything you say to me will not work, for I will never believe your words, only a fool or a coward would do such a thing, I am neither of those things.”

The presence rippled and a sigh came from it, “Unfortunately for me and you, I know this to be true, but I still know there is only one method that can make you see reason... I have come to bargain with you.”

The Eye paused as if waiting for a reply, getting none, continued speaking,

“This bargain is something that is clear and without deceit, at this moment there is no greater truth that can occur between us.”

“What is the bargain?” Rowan asked,

“My Anima for your complete victory in this realm. I shall not interfere in your matters, I will even aid you three times if you call upon my name, and my favors are not light. All your objectives will be accomplished, and you shall leave on your way to become a Primordial of your choosing. These are my terms, what do you say?”

Rowan chuckled incredulously, it was almost as if he could not believe what he had just heard, but this was all an act, “I will say reveal yourself, I am not in the habit of talking to faceless shadows... it reminds me of bad memories.”

This seem to throw off the Eye for a bit before it laughed as well, and the darkness where only a gleaming set of teeth resided was dispersed, revealing the figure that the Eye was wearing, and Rowan recognized him instantly.

Even if the face was incredibly pale and held a smile that never reached the eyes, and those eyes... looking at it for any length of time would be dangerous to even a higher dimensional entity for there were secrets of antiquity written on every layer of it, and those layers were endless.

Rowan flinched, his heavy armored body nearly toppling backwards, this time it was not an act,

“Noah Rithmast?...”

“In the flesh,”

The pale man bowed, but the sight was disturbing because when he bowed it was not using the natural joints in his waist but by letting his stomach cave in with a sickening

crunch, and his spine was bent in the middle at almost a ninety degree angle, it was as if the Eye knew of all the traditions of mortals and the understanding of the structures of the flesh but it could not be bothered to perfectly replicate them, everything here was a facade, and this body was just a suit.

R

When Rowan had crash landed into this realm, although much of his perception was locked inside the rocky egg, he still had enough of them that he could notice the mortal who had found his place of descent, an Explorer who could be killed with a single look from him.

This mortal did not draw much of his attention, and when the Ascendants came for him, he had seen him among their number, but that was all he could recollect of him.

Due to the fact that Rowan's dimension was split into roughly four parts, his memories were also missing sections that would finally be completed when he regained every part of himself. For a being of his power this should not have been the case, even if he had only a small portion of himself left, he should still be able to slowly access all portions of his memory, although Rowan had not reached the higher dimension, his bloodlines were so powerful that some of their features were unique only to those at the higher dimension. His memory alone was similar to the Memory/Mind of the sixth dimension, meaning he should have been able to access everything he knew, even if he was reduced to an atom.

This was what furthered Rowan's belief that in the moment he entered Doom Star he had also triggered the Tribulations for his Supreme Circles, because he was sure this was the only force that could not only suppress his dimension to such a state that the realm had been able to easily warp his dimensional body, it had also suppressed his memories, one of his greatest source of strength. freewebnovel.com

He knew of the broad strokes about the events that took place in the battle before he was killed, but he did not know of the little details, like how he came to lost the Eye, how this feeble Explorer was able to survive and in the end became possessed by it... so many things that he could not understand and this was his greatest weakness, and the Eye obviously knew it, but Rowan would be allowing this weakness to become significant.

The Eye may have him on a backfoot, but it had also unknowingly given Rowan valuable resources that he did not know he had access to, and that was the Anima of the Primordial of Time and Evil.

When Rowan had gained access to the bloodline of Time he had been shown a vision, but first he had seen an Anima of the Primordial of Time and Evil. Appearing on top of its purple hand and viewing that shell was one of the most unforgettable experiences he had.

Before now he had thought the Anima was a part of his vision, or simply a driver that could take him to the depths of history so he could see how the higher dimensions were

created from the body of Time, but he never had any idea that he could still access the Anima anytime he wanted as the Eye was suggesting, he had not even considered if that was an option.

Rowan did not show it on his face, but his excitement had ramped up from a zero to a thousand. Unlike the Eye of the Primordial that had been filled with his foul Will, the Anima was simply an empty shell, powerful beyond reason and would most likely corrupt anyone who would dare to possess it, but if there was any one who had any chance to do such a thing, that would be him.

Possessing the Anima of a Demon Prince all those years ago was nothing compared to the power he could gain if he could possess the Anima of a Primordial. The thought in itself was almost madness.

The problem was that Rowan had no idea how to return to that place where he had seen the Anima, but he was beginning to rapidly search for the road to get there, however, before that time, he needed to play his part well,

“Do you think me a fool?” Rowan growled, “You want me to give up an emperor’s crown for a beggar’s clothes. How is that a fair term?”

The smile on the face of Noah Rithmast had never faded, “I said it is a term, I never said it would be fair.”

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Chapter 1191: Intrusive Thought

Chapter 1191: Intrusive Thought

Rowan closed his eyes for a bit before opening them, of course, he was not surprised at the words from the Eye, he had even expected it.

With great power and age naturally came arrogance, the only one worthy to bargain fairly with a primordial or any of their remnants was another equal authority, but he was not here to seek justice or a fair bargain, at this time he was not yet worthy, he was here to learn and gain the ammunition he needs to understand the game better.

What bothered him, however, was the hidden desire of the Eye and not what it was saying to him on the surface, there was always a hidden purpose and desires in dealings of this kind, nothing was ever straightforward, in this case, it might be rather simple for Rowan to know the hidden purpose of the Eye, with the memories from Jerediah, Rowan knew that it hated him, this was something he should not lose sight of, no matter what the Eye might be speaking, it wanted Rowan dead.

“You must give me something better for me to accept such a term?” Rowan pointed out, “Am I not the only one who can give you what you want? For me, there are many others who I can go to for aid if I need assistance in leaving this realm, which I have no desire to do, and even if I want to leave this realm, I do not remember asking for help from anyone.”

Noah Rithmast shrugged, “You do have others you can ask for help, true, but whilst inside this realm, do you have a choice but to take my hand? You are greatly underestimating the dangers of this place, and I do not blame you. Doom Star is a rather perfect predator, although no one would call it efficient.”

Noah Rithmast turned around and looked at the sky as if observing something, Rowan noticed that he had not bothered healing his spine, but despite this, he still stood straight, he continued speaking without looking at Rowan,

“You know what, this is the first time in a long time that I have spoken for so long, and I am feeling a bit generous today. I shall add this to sweeten the deal. A Spell that you would need if you want to survive. Such a Spell is what I will consider priceless.”

“A Spell?” Rowan muttered under his breath.

“Do I have your attention now?” turning back to look at him, Noah Rithmast smiled,

“You should not hate me for what I have done to you just now, the shadows are your enemy, not me. There are reasons I stopped you from reaching the fourth dimension using your Ascended body, and the greatest one is simple: your cover would be blown and the gaze of this realm would fall upon you. Your black book can not hide you again once you cross that threshold, and you have no idea the power this realm controls.”

What the Eye was telling Rowan was the truth but it was a shallow one. He was not a fool, Rowan knew that he would lose the shade of the Primordial Record when he became a fourth- dimensional entity, and that was the reason he created an Ascendant body, so he could mimic the form of this realm’s children, thereby hiding under its gaze.

There was no way the Eye could not realize what Rowan was doing, and yet it was pretending that its act of sabotage was one of salvation. Perhaps Rowan’s abilities might seem fantastical to others, the act of deceiving a realm of this magnitude might seem impossible to comprehend, but an Eye of a Primordial would easily see through this deception.

Rowan would never assume that this Eye did not understand his plan, he was not here to surpass this entity in wisdom, but in other qualities that it would lack. The fact that it was choosing to speak such obvious falsehood to Rowan meant the Eye did not care if he knew the truth, it just thought its position was insurmountable, and Rowan wanted to know the reason for that,

“If the power of this realm is so great, why are you alive?” Rowan asked, “You have fallen far from your grace, and I see no reason why you have not been devoured entirely.”

Noah Rithmast’s disturbing smile vanished as a cold look came to his fathomless eyes, when he began speaking his words were flowing faster than his lips were moving, the act of humanity from the Eye was slowly breaking down,

“Ignorance, it is the only reason I am alive. It did not know what I was, only saw me as food, and in the scale of time a Realm’s Will like this one operates on, it is willing to wait as long as it takes to assimilate me into its endless cycle. In its sights, except for a Primordial, nothing is a threat, and we all are ants running about on a tiny yard whilst it controls an entire world.” “If we are all ants, why should I fear this realm?” Rowan astutely pointed out, “I can live my life under its watch for as long as I want. No matter how long I live or the matters I stir up, it will be nothing before its eternal watch.”

That cold gaze of Naoh fell on Rowan and he could not help but shiver, his soul wanting to be anywhere else.

This feeling fascinated him, Rowan did not know where this fear came from, except from the depths of his soul itself, and although it was slightly annoying, he knew it was simply one of the instincts of being alive and recognizing great danger when it was present,

Noah Rithmast harshly swiped his hand to the side, the act dislodging some of his fingers, those digits slowly floated in the air, and the Eye did not seem to be aware,

“Do not act a fool child. Do you think that someone of your potential being unknown for so long is normal? Your black book functions as an umbrella in a storm, hiding you from the senses of all of those whose thrones you might threaten, you are lucky that since my banishment, the future is no longer set, else even this black book would be unable to hide you from those who see eternity. Reaching the fourth dimension would break the cover it has over you, and this realm would find you. Then the... others will, you have too much secret boy, and too much power. It is ridiculous that so much of it is concentrated in one body.”

The cold look from his eyes suddenly vanished and then it was filled with warmth, “Once more I say to you. I come with a bargain. For my Anima, I will be giving you a spell that can shield you until you become an eighth-dimensional entity, at that point you cannot hide your presence any longer so it is useless to try, and you will gain my aid three times. Make this choice and your nightmare in this realm will end. Your body shall be reunited with its remaining pieces, you can elevate your dimensional thresholds to the heights you are presently capable of, and all of reality would be yours for the picking.”

Rowan wanted to slap the face of the Primordial, its shameless declaration was reaching a point of annoyance. Did it want Rowan to think that it was not aware of his plan to deceive the Will of this realm using a pure Ascendant body?

“What if it cannot imagine it? What if you are underestimating your abilities, and what you thought was a simple affair should be something that others would consider impossible, even the Eye of a

Primordial.”

Chapter 1192: The Sacrifice Of Chaos

This intrusive thought was stuck in his head, his memories were fragmented but he still remembered that the Primordial Record could not fully understand the intricacies of his dimensional flesh, as far as he could tell he was the first living dimension in existence, and although the Primordials had been around even before time began, it did not mean there had ever been anyone else like him.

His understanding of dimensions and how to manipulate them came instinctively to him because he was a dimension and knew that if someone else wanted to hide under his sight, this was the route to follow, but was this manner of thinking common? Could it be that his greatest advantage had been with him all along but he had just been chasing fluff?

This line of thinking was exciting but also dangerous. This could all be a deliberate trap set by the Eye to deceive him, and he should not rush down this path until he had gathered enough evidence to assure him that he was not making a deadly mistake, before then he would assume that the Eye knew the details of all his abilities, this was a necessity at this moment where he was at his weakest.

“Your aid,” Rowan asked, “What would it be worth to me?”

Noah Rithmast smiled, “I would have been very disappointed if you did not ask this of me.”

Somehow, Rowan doubted this statement very much, but he kept silent.

“You know of the Great Darkness, the fourth-dimensional realm of Chaos,” Noah gestured and the space in front of them parted and something emerged.

It was like a blob of amorphous darkness that was interspersed with light of all shades. A mortal or even an immortal who had not reached a higher dimension would not be able to interpret what this was, their minds and souls not grasping the entirety of the picture, but Rowan’s soul was at the fourth dimension, and even without this, he would understand that he was seeing a map of the Great Darkness.

This map that the Eye created was not larger than a few meters, but the details it contained were ridiculous. Just an inch of the map contained more than a million third-dimensional universes, and this was just the surface.

Since the Great Darkness was a fourth-dimensional space, then it could hold far greater things than universes, and those were the gateway to other higher dimensions. Every known power in reality, from the Primordials to other Supreme Powers like the Mages or Titans had their root connected to the Great Darkness.

Rowan's gaze was drinking all the details of this map greedily, he was aware that after he left the universe of his birth, he had roamed the Great Darkness for a short while before he found his way to the Frozen Road. He must have roamed around for decades, maybe even centuries but he saw that he would have barely begun to scratch the surface of what the Great Darkness had to offer.

He had been staring at the map for a while and he looked back at the Eye, he should have brought up the Great Darkness to make a point but he was just silent, his gaze containing a weird glow as he stared at the map, seemingly forgetting the reason he had brought it up in the first place.

Rowan did not interrupt him, he could not tell the value of this map but he knew it was priceless. With proper sturdy, he could find the way to any domain linked to the Great Darkness. He was not sure how many maps there were of this dimension, but he knew none could ever beat what a Primordial knew and recorded.

When Noah Rithmast began talking, so focused was Rowan on the map that he almost missed it,

"When you gained your Bloodline of Time, I know you must have seen it all begin, or at least the small portions that my body could leave behind in this tiny stream left in this realm. Every Infinity bubble holds a portion of my Essence as well as my memories."

He smiled, and somehow Rowan felt a bit of pain emerge from his soul when he saw that expression on Noah Rithmast's face. Despite this being nothing but a shell, there was a pain here that could not be denied,

"Do you know the greatest weakness of a Primordial? Our Essence is all-powerful, every drop of it contains infinite power and infinite potential... infinite. Yet it is our curse that this Essence is finite! In the beginning that was not the case, but things changed, and they all changed as well, our bonds could no longer hold us anymore as for the first time in our existence, fear entered our hearts, and we all became mad."

Noah Rithmast pointed at the Great Darkness, "Look at him, look at what Chaos made himself become, is that not madness? He was the one who began this path that led me here, and until this moment, I had expected that my betrayal should have borne fruit, but he remained chained... the fool." freewebnovel.com

Another bombshell was just dropped by the Eye and it acted as if it was nothing. The first was obviously telling Rowan that there was a Primordial of the Soul and it was not just related to Time as Rowan had been discovering but it was his twin sister! At this moment

Rowan was trying not to make that the center of his thought but what the Eye just said now, although simple, made everything fall in place.

It was said that Chaos the Primordial was the Creator of every universe in existence, according to Eva the Lady of Shadows, a single strand of his hair was a million universes, and since time immemorial he had been bound by chains by the other Primordials, held at the Gates of Oblivion.

Rowan had seen the vision of Time being torn apart to create the foundation for every higher dimension in existence, but he had failed to realize one thing-There was something that came before Time and that was Space.

Chaos was Space.

If the Primordials had dwelled in Nothingness, then it meant that there had to be something before any lesser living beings could be created. Except for beings at their level, nothing else could survive inside the Nothingness.

If this was the case, what had prompted Chaos to become the first Primordial to essentially chain himself for all of eternity in order to create Space?

There must surely be a reason for this act, and if what Time was saying was the truth, Chaos was hoping that this act would have borne fruit and he would no longer be chained but it seemed it turned out not to be the case.

Rowan was also aware that there had been a war that concerned the Children of Chaos against the Primordials that only ended when Caine betrayed Chaos and sided with the Celestials to suppress the Intent of Chaos from causing trouble in the universes.

Did this mean that also like Time, Chaos was betrayed by the other Primordials? Was there a benefit to keeping Time and Space bound for all this while?

On the surface of things, the answer to this question was rather simple. Time and Space have

become the foundation of all reality. If Chaos was to be free of his Chains, did it mean that all of space would vanish? If Time was to regain his body, would Time itself as it was known in reality cease to exist?

Chapter 1193: Prisoner Of Oblivion

These thoughts ran through Rowan's mind like a storm, and he found out that he was pushing more mental resources to handle these revelations than he had previously imagined he would be allocating.

He did not know if what he was thinking was the entire truth, it seemed almost too ridiculous, but he could not afford for it to be, at least not now when he could do nothing to affect or change this situation,

‘As if life would ever be that accommodating,’ he chuckled internally, finding it funny that he could find levity in a moment like this. He was kinda, becoming fond of his newly gained soul. Although Rowan knew he should not be focusing on these matters for now, because as far as he could tell, the rest of the Primordials were still invested in maintaining reality, if that was not the case then they would not have created the Supreme Era thus the Supreme Circles, and if they were still alive, Chaos and Time would never prevail.

All of these gave him a feeling of being a tiny cog in an incredibly vast machinery. The more mysteries of reality were unveiled, the more he understood that he knew nothing about it. This would have been exciting, if not for the incredible dangers that ignorance brought in a reality like this. When push came to shove, there would be no one to guide your hand, for now, he could only leave the continued existence of Reality and Time to the Primordials to worry about.

There would be a time when he could no longer ignore this problem, and something was telling him that that time was rushing ever closer to him, faster than he might have liked, but for now he had present dangers that he could not ignore because his choice or apparent lack thereof in this situation could be a spark that might lead to reality changing in a direction that was unknown.

What would the Eye of Time be able to accomplish with a complete Anima? Could he destabilize the entirety of reality? Would his actions here mean that Rowan was already playing on the stage with Primordials or was he just a pawn in the hands of something so above him that he never had a choice in the direction that his story might head?

All of these were superfluous thinking, Rowan cajoled himself, he knew that the Eye of Time did not show him anything or tell him anything without a meaning tied to it, and it was up to him to interpret that meaning in a way that would make him come on top, nothing else mattered for now.

This was apparent to Rowan when the Eye referred to its present state of existence as banished and not simply killed. Of course, the fact that the Eye of Time was here speaking to him should suggest that in a manner, Time was not dead, but the truth was never that simple from the start, and it was easy to make mistakes when the full picture was not before you.

When Rowan was still a fledgling powerhouse inside the universe he learned that the Primordial of Time was killed by the other primordials for unknown reasons, and he had even seen the vision of the body of Time pinned against the table beside a map and a bloody tea cup.

He had thought that this event was remarkable, but he had never doubted that the Primordial was dead, after all, he believed that with enough power, anything could be killed, and now after reaching his present height, he was not so sure that the concept of death could be applied to beings like the Primordial as he had once thought.

Rowan was unique but he did not fancy himself equal to the powers of a Primordial and for him, death was becoming a phrase that was slowly lacking meaning, and when he began to consider the powers that could be gained the higher one climbed the dimensional ladder he knew that the matter of death became more complicated.

Unlike him, who could easily cross the thresholds of the dimension with ease and battle against those at a higher level, it did not necessarily suggest that the difference in each higher level of reality was small by any means, only that Rowan's nature was absolutely heretical. Before coming into contact with the infinity bubble and realizing the heights that a Primordial stands on, he would never have understood the concept on a deeper level about the heights a Primordial truly stood upon. He had been a mortal staring at the sun, not knowing the true vastness of its power.

Rowan had devoured only the Time in a single infinity bubble and to achieve such a thing, he had to have the soul power of a seventh-dimensional Ascendant Sun.

As he has discovered, every Ascendant possesses soul power that outstripped nearly any creature in the outside reality, and this meant that a seventh-dimensional entity outside this realm could never match them in the realm of soul power, and perhaps only those at the true peak of this level or even the eighth dimension could have an equal soul power.

This was the type of Soul power needed for Rowan to consume the Time inside a single infinity bubble.

However, the absolute dominance of a Primordial was revealed when it was known that this infinity bubble was just one out of an infinite amount of bubbles where the power of Time had been split across. Suggesting that the Soul Power of a Primordial could be considered infinite, or was this just a unique attribute of Time due to its relation with Soul?

A rough estimation of this soul power would be splitting a Primordial into pieces would mean the emergence of an infinite number of eighth-dimensional entities.

So knowing all of this, how could an entity that was this powerful be held back by a concept as frivolous as death?

Learning that Chaos's body was what created the entirety of space, thereby suggesting that reality itself was Chaos's body only cemented the omnipotence of Primordials in his mind.

If the hidden reason for the Eye of Time showing him the truth behind reality was to leave Rowan in awe, it had succeeded.

Perhaps at this level, a primordial could never be killed, just banished. Transformed into a state where its presence could no longer actively affect reality because the death of any primordial would be too costly or perhaps impossible given the present nature of things.

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“This is the great darkness, the beating heart of Chaos, without it, he would be like me... mindless and in pieces, fighting for scraps,” the Eye of Time pointed out with cold fury and then it tapped the air again, and space rippled, the distortion spreading further, as the maps widened and various dominions began to be added to the Great Darkness or connected to this massive space that held all the third-dimensional universes in existence,

“The power of Soul my sister, cannot be contained and so it is leashed inside the Gates of Oblivion, and as Chaos is bound by the gates, he also binds the power of Soul. It is the reason why mortals could only be born inside the Great Darkness. I hate him with all my heart but he is a deceptive bastard... how could I have stood by and let them take you?”

Chapter 1194: Failed Negotiation Tactics

‘The Gate of Oblivion, holds the Primordial of Soul?’

If Rowan could he would be slapping the Eye with annoyance, he did not know how many more mind-blowing revelations he could take in such a short period of time, but he understood that he was before a presence who had been here from the beginning of everything and it would be strange if it could not shed light on the forgotten secrets of the past.

Rowan had always wondered about the roots of Soul Origin, or why Supreme Worlds, even Primordial Worlds, would link their dimensions to the Great Darkness and spread their bloodlines into the lesser realm. Now he knew it was not a matter of choice but of necessity. With the knowledge of the soul, he knew that those of immortals were flawless and singular, almost impossible to be split, and those of mortals were filled with lights of various colors that could merge and bring out something new. Yet he knew that what he understood of the soul was just one part of the equation, the knowledge that the true well of soul dwelled in the mortal realm was the other end that sealed the equation.

Chaos was Reality, and he had chained Soul underneath him, and with a method that was unknown, the essence of Soul was being bled out into reality to create life.

Elura, his mother despite all her powers, had to create a mirror of herself to go into the lower dimension so she could conceive. Every Supreme World he knew fought and

protected the third-dimensional universe, and now he understood the reason, and one of the things that had baffled him about the soul for so long was answered.

There was a pattern here that Rowan felt he was about to grasp, a reason that went beyond what the Eye of Time had said about the finite powers of the Primordials, Rowan felt that reason was not enough for everything they had done.

The plans of the Primordials were ingenious, but he still knew he did not know the full picture yet to create a workable hypothesis, and this lack of knowledge made his teeth itch.

From the Soul to Space, to Time, there was a clear path here that was being created. For what reason, he did not know, and Rowan could not help but agitate for this loss, knowing this answer would lead him a step closer to the truth.

The regret he was feeling for losing control of the Eye of Time was immeasurable. If he had been able to contain and consume the Eye then the wealth of knowledge and power he would have gained would simply be incalculable. Well, it was not as if he did not previously know this to be the case.

Hell, he had sacrificed reading the souls of all the Shadows so he could contain the Eye knowing the benefits he would gain would be greater than knowing whatever truths the Shadows knew about the past. His gamble had failed, but he did not regret the attempt.

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What the Eye of Time had just said was especially important to Rowan because he remembered the past when he was struggling to attain the rank of Legend and he was a mere mortal on the precipice of death.

He had been pushing against the bloodline gates to excavate the power behind his Ouroboros bloodline, and he would have failed to gain something substantial as his bloodline talent if not for the fact that he had unleashed his authority over the Domain of Souls, which was the Soul essence he controlled in the form of Soul points.

If he looked back at his life with careful consideration, it was at this moment that everything began to change for him. The talent he had harvested here on that day was what ultimately led him to break out of the control of the Third Prince.

It was at that moment that his power multiplied, and he gained strength not from the Ouroboros Serpent itself, but from something greater, Chaos, a Primordial, and the Chaos World Engines were born. If only he knew the significance of such a thing then, he wondered if he would have still gone for it.

At that time, this power was so great that Rowan had to climb to multiple higher States of Change for him to be able to unleash this power in its entirety.

As he slowly grew powerful, he learned about Chaos and its Intent, and in a gamble that took both daring, intelligence, and sheer dumb luck, Rowan set out to rid himself of the Intent of Chaos, thereby attracting the presence of Caine, who he had also defeated by him, and he gained his freedom from this hidden danger.

All of these had happened in the past, all part of the story that brought him to this moment, but what Rowan was concerned about was the moment he gained that talent, that burst of soul power that he had unleashed inside the Bloodline Sea, how much of it had influenced the ability that he had gained?

Did Chaos understand that not just a bloodline of Time had been present inside him, but also that he controlled Soul as well?

Was it the reason he wanted to add the power of Chaos to his bloodline inside Rowan, to what, stake a claim?

What was the full detail of Chaos's betrayal by the Primordials, and how did Caine tie into this?

A part of his mind began to shake in trepidation, he was discovering that the well of mysteries that he thought was deep, was simply the surface, there was more underneath.

When Rowan became a dimension, he also had the ability to grant bloodline, gaining access to Bloodline Sources, and so he knew that a power like the Chaos Engine could not be born from a Bloodline Source, because this ability transcended any sort of bloodline power he knew, and even the knock-off version of it available to only the most powerful of Empyreans could not compare to his own in the slightest.

Rowan did not know that his Chaos World Engine was born directly from a blood drop of Chaos, and even if he did, he would not be too surprised, he would have expected it.

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Even though he was thinking about the connections between the past and the present, Rowan was still furiously cramming all the details of the map in his soul. Even if he was not seeing the entirety of reality, this was already a big chunk of it, so much so that if he wanted to explore all of it he would take many Minor Eras to do so, and that was him not taking the

scenic route.

After a while, the map stopped expanding and the Eye of Time snapped his fingers and certain pathways, like thread began to glow, and he began to speak while pointing them out,

“The Great Darkness is linked to all known dimensions in reality, from it they harvest resources that could only be gained from that place, and I guess you should already know the resource,”

“Souls,” Rowan said,

“Exactly,” the mortal flesh of the Eye of Time smiled, “the pathways, these glowing branches here are made from Time, you ask what my boon is worth, then it is quite simple, for one of my aid, I can give the ability to freely pass through this passageway.”

Rowan stopped himself from blinking with annoyance or was it amusement, with his dimensional flesh and his titles he could easily go to any third dimensional universe he wanted.

“Is that so?” he drawled.

Chapter 1195: Origin of Soul Bloodline

With every revelation from the Eye of Time came doubt about its full control of the situation. Rowan recalled what the Eye of Time had told him as an introduction that had placed him on a back foot,

“I have eaten the souls of the Shadows, so I know you, Rowan. I have watched your birth, I have watched you fall, and I have watched you rise again and again. Every secret of yours is known to me... your powers, your armies, your... black book. I know the way you react to threats and the methods you use. I know why you are here now, confused about the present and the past yet knowing nothing but to move on. I know you Rowan, I know you, child, better than anyone can know you,”

Those words had placed Rowan in a mental space that was entirely defensive, he should not be blamed for this reaction, since the deaths of the Shadows of Time, Rowan had felt he was finally free from those who knew his secrets, and for a moment he had panicked as he tried to find the solution to this problem.

The Third Prince and the rest of the Shadows were partly responsible for his birth, and even the descent of the Primordial Record, his greatest treasure had been realized before their foul gaze, his torture and mental manipulation, including separating pages of his Primordial Record had all been done by them, and after controlling his fate for so long, the scars they had left still remained.

With everything that he had experienced in life, the Shadows of the Primordial held a large stake in all of them, and if he had been capable of getting nightmares, the Third Prince and his cohorts would have filled them.

This declaration from the Eye had destabilized Rowan for a while, and the various revelations from the Eye about the secrets of reality, each one more earth-shaking than the one before, further pushed Rowan away from his edge, increasing his wariness and susceptibility, and if the Eye had continued on this path, it would have succeeded in influencing Rowan's thought process with just these few words, but luck was not on its side and it made one too many mistakes.

Rowan was like a slippery snake that the Eye had held by the neck, every word and action it had been making was to tighten that choke hold on his neck, and every mistake loosened it.

The fact that it was able to throw Rowan off for so long was a testament to the wisdom of the Eye, but sadly for the Eye, it was not enough.

Rowan had soon figured out the massive hole in the words of the Eye. Of course, it knew him better than anyone else in existence, even better than Elura his mother, if it had consumed the souls of the Shadows which was a claim that was hard to believe, but Rowan would give the Eye the benefit of the doubt in this instance because the Shadows had come from it, and instead of devouring, Rowan thought the true words would be returning to their roots.

It was clear that the reason the Eye would never use those words, was since it would throw open the fact that its hatred for Rowan was supreme, which should not be surprising. If the Third Prince, Golgoth, the Great Worm, and Erohim were all parts of the Eye, then their combined hatred would be similar to what this Eye had for him.

Killing the Shadows was just the first step, now he had to kill what had projected those shadows, and like its shadows, despite its power, its favorite weapons had not changed in the slightest, deception, but it should have learned better, and Rowan would be teaching it that lesson once more.

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The advantage was slowly shifting towards Rowan unbeknownst to the Eye.

Everything it knew about him was old news, and despite it knowing better than anyone how quickly Rowan could evolve, it did not help its case because Rowan had changed so drastically, that even the Primordial Record could not understand what he had become.

This massive change was born when Rowan remade himself from his foundations and became a living dimension. His skills, abilities, powers, everything had transformed, and what the Third Prince knew about him and the Primordial Record was old news.

The moment before his Transformation to his dimensional flesh, Rowan had summoned the last of the Primordial pages that had been stolen from him, and from that moment, the

Shadows had lost all vestiges of control they had over him. At this moment, the knowledge that the Eye of Time had of Rowan ceased to be updated.

The previous Rowan would not understand the intricacies of deceiving a World's Will, but as a dimension, this knowledge was instinct. After reaching higher dimensions, the previous him would not be able to touch the third-dimensional world any longer, but as a living dimension with many layers, Rowan could fold himself into the lower realms... all of these abilities and more, were because he was a living dimension, and the Eye of Time did not know this.

Rowan's amazing evolution was born from everything he has experienced, allowing him to create something new and unknown, if he did not know the benefits of this before, now he understood it better, and despite any problems or disadvantages that came with having a dimensional flesh, Rowan believed that it was worth it.

Outwardly he projected a muted form of excitement, his eyes glowed before it was suppressed, but all of this was done so quickly, but he was sure that the Eye of Time had discovered this change, and if it felt that it was due to its offer of granting Rowan passage into the lower dimensions, then the tides of this battle had just shifted, and now it was his hands that was slowly tightening over the neck of the Eye.

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"...You might not fully understand the use of this connection until you begin to build up your forces and then the lack of fresh blood into your ranks would result in stagnation. The power of the soul is indispensable in times like this."

The Eye of Time waved his hand over the city dismissively, "You would not need to regather your forces again and again, and the delay to your progress would be cut short."

Regarding Rowan with a weird glow in those strange eyes, he pointed out,

"Your power over the soul, where did you think it came from? The Shadows did many foolish things but resurrecting my bloodline and my sisters more than made up for it, and with more time in the lower dimension the connection with your bloodline would deepen."

With that said the Eye snapped its fingers and the enormous map vanished, Rowan had only managed to collect merely twenty percent of it, but that was more information than most in the entirety of reality would ever come across.

"There are many benefits to my aid, and I have shown you the sort of thing you might expect if you agree to the bargain. I know you are a warrior, and lending you martial aid would not suffice, besides I can no longer show my face in the outside world, not yet. What is your

answer?”

Chapter 1196: Explode

Chapter 1196: Explode

Rowan was silent for a moment as if in deep thought, he already knew what he was going to do, he just needed to play his part well enough to convince the Eye that he was on the right track, what was difficult for him would have been suppressing his emerging bloodlust, but after all his years of being a soulless entity, Rowan knew how to perfectly fake his emotions,

“Final question,” Rowan asked, “What is your goal? Why should I give you the Anima and not keep it for myself? Despite all the supposed gifts you are capable of giving me, the Anima is a tangible power that I possess, and I believe that with its help, even if I cannot have everything you can give to me, I can come close. Unlike you, I do not need to hide, and there are many dominions I can control using this Anima.”

The Eye of Time looked a bit surprised at the question, his eyes flashed and like Rowan, it seemed as if he was considering a lot of things and then he unexpectedly said,

“I know you think I am evil,”

“Of course,” Rowan interrupted him, “Because you are...Evil, literally.”

The Eye paused, whether in annoyance or disdain before it cleared its throat, a gesture that would have made Rowan roll his eyes if he wanted to be petty, but if he wanted to drag the Eye deeper into his trap, he simply could not take everything he said at face value, that would lead to suspicion from the Eye, moments like these was when he needed to be as rude and exuberant as possible, to make the Eye think it was drawing him deeper into its machinations.

Rowan did not miss these games, they were extremely training mentally, the dangers in them as real as fighting on a knife edge over an abyss, but he was helpless when it came to higher powers, he simply needed to play it well enough to win.

“Telling you my goals would only lead to harm, but what I can say is this. Whatever I do with my Anima would not affect you. I only sought to fix some of the mistakes of the past... this is all I can do, my time is over, and I just want to make some changes with this unexpected gift.”

The voice of the Eye of Time had gone soft, almost pleading, perhaps, if Rowan had not transformed himself into a living dimension, he would have been drawn into the picture that the Eye was painting, if he had not seen the vision of Jerediah, if he had not known that he was looking at the originator of his suffering and pain for so long, then he would

have fallen, but instead Rowan smiled, this gesture passing through his Ascendant body, making the metal over his face groan as it assumed a toothy grin,

“No,” he said,

The Eye of Time blinked, “I don’t think you fully understand the ramifications of what I am telling you, simply put, you have no choice in this matter if you want to survive what is coming.”

“There is always a choice, and I don’t choose you. You do not have a bargain.”

Something changed, and even as much as he was looking around, he could not find what was different, but Rowan had to force himself not to take several steps backward. Then he saw the eyes of the mortal body that the Eye was wearing, and the mask of civility had finally dropped. Inside those eyes he saw the madness of all the Shadows multiplied countless times over, and deeper into that vault of delirium was something ancient and rotten, holding an incredible amount of bitterness and rage, so much so that Rowan felt his bright golden soul begin to wither and he knew he had just glimpsed Evil, true Evil the likes that most could never know or comprehend,

‘Did a part of me come from this?’ he could not help but query his heart, ‘How can soothing of this nature be allowed to exist?’

The voice that emerged from the eye was bordering between the profound Primordial language the Eye had used at first and the mundane dialect of Trion, creating a weird almost musical lilt to his speech, and if Evil had a voice, Rowan believed that this tone of voice would not be far off,

“In this my state, with this body I cannot demand anything from you, but are you forgetting where I am standing,” the Eye waved harshly at his city of golden giant,

“Your fledgling children, I know you love them, of all the things you could have taken from my dear sister, you took her heart, and this weakness would be your downfall. Since there can be no more bargain between the both of us, then it’s just force left, and from where I stand, I have the bigger stick.”

Rowan smiled and pointed towards his city, “Look again...”

The head of the mortal suddenly turned backwards without the body moving a single inch, thoroughly crushing the spine of the mortal shell as the Eye looked behind him at the city, as a brilliant red glow erupted from a corner of it.

The red glow turned out to be the after effect of a technique that had already been unleashed,

“Interesting,” the Eye said and looked down at its body, with its present position it was staring at the back of the mortal shell where a large gaping hole had mysteriously appeared on his body.

A hole had nearly shattered the entirety of his torso, and except for his head hanging on his neck and the connecting part of his shoulders that could hardly hold his two arms, his legs had plopped to the ground where they became consumed by a red flame,

“Is this...Hate?” the Eye asked with curiosity, “Why would you use such a pathetic weapon to attack me? I feed off of it.”

As if time was rewinding itself, the shattered body of the mortal shell was brought back to its peak form under a burst of red fire that stank of Hate. It would seem the Eye had rebuilt its mortal body stronger with this attack.

“I know this weapon would not be a good match against you,” Rowan smiled, “but I needed something that could tear you apart, even if it was only for a moment,”

Filled with foul vitality that made his pale skin glow with health, his cheek almost red, the Eye cocked its head to the side, “Oh, color me curious, why would you want to do that?”

Rowan’s eyes glowed golden, “because I have the Memory, and you are in my domain... Explode”

The body of the Eye of Time suddenly exploded again, this time, the damage was even worse, and there was barely any fragment of his flesh left, as it was scattered for hundreds of feet.

Drops of blood and pieces of flesh began to gather as if they had a mind of their own and before long, the body reconstituted itself again,

“What do you think...”

“Explode.”

“Are you insane...”

“Explode.”

“This does not fit...”

“Explode.” freewebnovel.com

“I will kill...”

“Explode.”

“Why are you doing...”

“Explode.”

....

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“Explode.”

Chapter 1197: Leveling The Board

In the realm of time that higher dimensional beings played with, a second could be as long as years, and Rowan in these short seconds had shattered the body of the Eye, tens of thousands of times, and in all that time, the Eye had never ceased its attempts to communicate with him, but Rowan seemed to have become possessed, shattering the mortal shell of the Eye of Time, over and over again, even though this act seemed to be costing him, but if there was one thing that Rowan had never lacked, it was energy, he could do this forever.

His actions were not reckless, they only served to pursue his agenda, and with Rowan's character, he had reviewed these next series of events carefully before acting on them. Rowan would always do this if he was given the opportunity to deliberate on any issue, and it would always be a mistake to give him more time to clear his mind, the Eye of Time had made a costly mistake.

When he began shattering the body of the Eye using the Will-based attack of Shisu as a primer, the Eye of Time had been surprised at first before it became annoyed at the ceaseless destruction of its shell as its rage was drawing pearls of thunder from the sky and the space around was beginning to distort under its unreasonable rage, but Rowan knew this was all an act, because the Eye should be very clear about Rowan's character before now, and it would expect this outcome as one of the many directions he was going to take, after all, it had been leading Rowan down this road.

The Eye of Time would have most likely drawn out various outcomes for this confrontation with Rowan, and the challenge that Rowan had to win against was to ensure he was following one of the set-out paths laid out by the Eye without suspicion while still ensuring that it was still serving his own purpose.

He had used the knowledge of his previous self as a baseline. With his previous temperament and the greed of his Ouroboros bloodline, there was no way in hell Rowan would ever accept such a bargain, and the Eye of Time knew this.

The Anima of the Primordial of Time was an asset so powerful that Rowan would never give it up, even if the Eye promised him a thousand boons. However, with the Eye of Time, there was always another hidden agenda, and that was what had delayed Rowan for so long because he could not make any move without knowing what the Eye was truly after, and he had finally launched his retaliatory plan when he found it, and the answer was truly a surprising one.

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The search for the answer was rooted in one query, and the question that needed to be asked was why the Eye of Time came to Rowan with this deal when it knew that he would never accept it.

On the surface the answer was easy enough, Rowan thought there were several reasons, the first was obviously to manipulate him with the secrets of the past.

Unlike any normal immortal, Rowan had intrinsic connections with the Primordials and other higher powers that most would search for throughout all their lives but would hardly be able to find scraps. In fact, 99.9999999 percent of every living immortal in existence would never have the chance to touch the issues concerning Primordials and the ancient Eras, but everything about Rowan was firmly tied up with these enigmatic and powerful entities.

He thirsted for the knowledge of the past, because only then could the mysteries that worried him could be solved, and the direction for his future unveiled. The Eye knew that if it wanted to influence Rowan, this hidden knowledge was its best bet.

However, this was only the surface, to understand the true reason behind this farce, Rowan had to go deeper, and the chief reason he felt the Eye was making this move was simple, it knew that Rowan could not access the Anima of the Primordial at this time!

Everything it had been telling Rowan was cognizant of this important factor. Instead, it was planning to leave a seed of doubt inside his mind, that seed would fester and then when Rowan had no choice but to succumb, it would capitalize on it, and the terms it would impose on Rowan would be ten times harsher.

All this while Rowan had been searching for a way to reach the place where he had seen the Anima, all to no avail, and then it occurred to him that this Anima was most likely the Bloodline Source of Time that was left behind.

Rowan could recognize this to be the truth because he was sure that besides Chaos and maybe any unknown higher power he might not have come across, there was no one else who knew more about Bloodline Sources than him. As a living dimension, he also contained Bloodline Sources and for Time, its Bloodline Source had become dormant with no descendants fueling it.

He recalled that the state of the Anima had been desiccated, and at first, he could not tell the reason for this, despite the fact that the Primordial of Time was not around, his Anima should last forever with no sign of damage by the passage of Time, but the truth was that he was not looking at an Anima, but at the Bloodline Source of Time.

These were two entirely different concepts, and if it was the previous Rowan that the Eye of Time knew, he would never be aware that what he was looking at was a Bloodline Source because all his experience would tell him it was an Anima, he was even deceived for a while until he took the time to reason out the truth behind the lies.

The Eye of Time had made sure that he had referred to the Bloodline Source as an Anima, this would have further cemented this wrong notion in Rowan's reasoning.

With all these in mind, if Rowan had not transformed into a being that could know the difference between a Bloodline Source and an Anima, the Eye would figure out he could not find the Anima because it would be expecting Rowan to be trying to figure out the location of the Anima, it was the reason for its grandstanding and delays, it was waiting for Rowan frustration to rise, because there was no Anima, and it knew that the method of locating an Anima was different from the method of locating a Bloodline Source, but Rowan obviously should not know this difference.

What would it expect Rowan to do when he could not find the Anima, well, the first thing it was counting on was anger, but it knew that Rowan was too smart to be swayed by anger, and knowing how rational Rowan could be, the next option for him would be to fight for more benefits since Rowan would need to ask the Eye the method of reaching the Anima, and Rowan would be expecting that the Eye would use the opportunity to bargain for a more favorable term.

Following this thought process the only direction Rowan could make was to increase his bargaining chips so this negotiation would not fall flat.

The Eye of Time felt that everything was proceeding in the direction it wanted. Rowan had been exposed to a great secret that would benefit him, but for some reason he could not access it, and the hunger for power was the fuel that would drive him deeper into the traps that the Eye was crafting for him.

The problem with this plan was that Rowan could as well be reading the mind of the Eye.

Chapter 1198: New Arrivals

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Repeatedly destroying the shell of the Eye of Time was the first step, because it might not look like it but the Eye was losing energy, and before long it would not be able to maintain its presence inside this domain.

The method Rowan was using to achieve this effect was ingenious, but it was also a loophole that the Eye had left open, in case Rowan followed this path.

Before long the body of the mortal was a shell of itself, and it was on the edge of dissipation, but Rowan did not let up his assault, he knew that even if he dispersed the shell of the Eye of Time, it would still consider it a victory. It would most likely wait a few months to even centuries before it contacted Rowan once more, and it would be assured that by that time the seeds of greed and doubt it had planted inside his mind would have germinated and festered.

What it did not know was that Rowan did not plan to remain inside this realm for long, and with the knowledge he knew of Bloodline Sources, he could access it from anywhere, in fact, it would be better if he did not access it inside a realm such as Doom Star but in the lower realms.

Finally, the mortal shell of the Primordial was at the edge of dissipation, shattering it one more time would lead to its end, and inside the minds of both the Eye of Time and Rowan there was satisfaction, but none of them showed it on the surface.

The rage emanating from the Eye had never abated but was steadily growing stronger to the extent that Rowan's soul had long begun to suffer damage as vast swatches of it were wilting and perishing under the influence of this power.

Such an injury would cripple most immortals, but with access to Soul Energy Rowan could always make up for the lack. However, this mounting injury only seemed to fuel the flame of madness in his eyes as the speed of his invisible attacks grew more heated.

The final strokes were made, and the shell of the Eye of Time began to dissipate. The body began to collapse to ashes that vanished into nothingness from the feet upwards, and the Eye of Time was silent, and Rowan was also silent as they watched the body collapse.

The collapse was quick and it reached the chest of the Eye, traveling quickly to its neck, then its mouth and nose, but when it reached those cold eyes, something changed...

Rowan knew that he had given no sign of his deception, he had played his part perfectly, yet it was not enough, he did not know how, but in the end, the Eye of Time had known it had been deceived, it might not have understood to what degree, but it perfectly laid out trap had been seen through, and its prey was aware of his lies.

The scream that it gave could have collapsed most of Rowan's soul if it had not vanished a moment later. Despite that, Rowan nearly collapsed. His gambit may have worked but clearly, he did not know much about Primordials or how all their senses worked, and the fact that he could deceive the Eye to such an extent was all reliant on the fact that his status was unknown to it.

In the end, he had not truly succeeded, neither had he failed, he had gotten the time he needed to pursue the final portion of his agenda, and Rowan did not delay his next move, his mouth opened on the verge of summoning the final portion of his dimension when he felt another stream of danger heading towards him and he cursed in annoyance.

His soul was damaged but was quickly healing, with his Ascendant Body, alongside his Will of Time at the fourth-dimensional level, his powers were enough that he could fight against fifth-dimensional beings and kill them, if he added Shisu into the mix, even though he did not have full control of the power of this Ascendant, even sixth-dimensional beings would have to fear for their life.

After all this while and the damage his soul had suffered, holding on to the frozen time was beginning to take its toll. *freewebnovel.com*

The continent of Trion was almost a thousand miles in diameter and it held tens of millions of people, in addition to his city of golden giants he had brought along, he was holding a sizable number of people in his domain of time. The sheer scope of what he was doing would be unimaginable to nearly anyone who would witness it, a shame that it was the Eye of Time who was unleashing the Time Blight on a scale that was a million times worse than this one who came along.

His soul was powerful, but after his failed Tribulation, the damages from the Eye, and holding his time domain for so long, it was beginning to fray a little, but he judged that he had not yet reached his limit, he could hold on for a while longer and sustain twice as much damage to his soul before he would think of dispersing his domain of time. If only he had his body then this weakness would be a thing of the past.

The sensation his soul was feeding him about this incoming danger was odd, unlike with the Eye of Time, what he was sensing was both a mixture of opportunity and danger, and since Rowan was still exploring his instincts, this conflicting information was intriguing.

Looking at his side, he noticed a small patch of darkness that began to rapidly coalesce as the Shiik emerged from it.

The arrival of the Eye of Time had been sudden, but with the connection she had with Rowan, she had quickly hidden herself and lay in wait, she was supposed to be one of his hidden aces. Her powers weren't what Rowan valued, it was her connection to this realm.

With the death of the Ascendant Sun, the power of Calamity was greater than before, and its reach was growing deeper, the time of daylight had shrunk, and darkness mostly prevailed.

Inside Trion there was sunlight, but that was because when Rowan had frozen time in the entire continent, he had frozen the light that had fallen inside as well, in the world outside was darkness, for although time had stopped inside Rowan's domain, the rest of the world still moved along, and Calamity held sway.

If Rowan had no option, the Shiik would summon Calamity in this area, and underneath the gaze of the Calamity Suns, even the Eye of Time would have to flee.

Rowan wanted to move the city, but there was not much time, this new danger heading towards him was not a coincidence, they were unerringly focused on his direction, so he figured out they might know who he was, and his mind whirled around as he brought out the list of those who might know him and could track him in this realm, and top of the list was...

“Rowannnnn! Where are you!”

...Speak of the devil, Labaletai, the Chaos Door.

Chapter 1199: Bow To The Strong

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Out of every realm he had ever visited, and he had been to some of the most awful places in existence, the Chaos Door hated this realm the most.

At first, there was no way for him to conceptualize this hatred, many would argue that he was a fool for picking this realm over say some of the particularly despicable levels of the Great Abyss, or the Nest of the Nyrnthgin Horde that could stretch to cover multiple universes, but he knew that this hatred came about because of the subtle manner this realm poisoned the mind.

It was in the small things. Everything seemed off, but not by a lot, at the beginning it was easy to miss, but soon that sense of wrongness would continue to increase, from oceans that had no end or beginning and should have been filled with life, but mysteriously barren, to continents that should house no life but had life, to the subtle smell of rot that permeate all things to...

The list was endless, and with everyone that he discovered, the hatred for this place deepened, because he could feel it poisoning his soul, and he wondered how Rowan could have stayed inside here for so long without going mad.

His search for Rowan so far had been fruitless, making him wonder if this fickle client was about to postpone their meeting again for another million years. At least he could detect him ahead, but there seemed to be a sort of interference.

The method he was using to detect Rowan was not from any of his senses, but due to what Rowan had left with him. Without it, he could no longer understand the man or what he had become, and Labaletai hoped the treasure was not beginning to fail him.

Any other time, this sort of change would be good news for Labaletai since the number of years he held onto the goods outside the agreed time of disbursement would attract extra charges, and if for any reason the client was unable to pay for his services at the end of the day, the Chaos Door could seize the goods and any item from the client until he had satisfied all the terms of the agreement, this payment could also include the life of the client.

Like most in reality, the strength of the Chaos Door had been built on a mound of bodies. It did not need to be said that the Chaos Door was charging premium prices to be working in this realm, but he did not want to continue, and for the first time in a long while, greed no longer was his driving force, now it was fear.

Chasing after the trail of Rowan that he could sense, the Chaos Door began to feel a heaviness inside his soul, different from the normal oppressive nature of this world, and the closer he got to Rowan, the worse this sensation became. It was as if he was a mortal willfully walking into a den of poisonous vipers, all of his senses were cringing away, telling him to run without looking back, but he pushed forward.

For the Chaos Door, such a situation was extremely strange, and he would be laughing if only he could find it funny.

This body was just one of his many clones and its death should not matter as much to him, like losing a single hair on his head, and yet, he found out that every moment he proceeded toward the trail of Rowan it got harder and harder to find his motivation to take the next step.

Even if Labaletai did not know what he was feeling, the passenger he carried had stayed beside a Primordial for long enough that she understood certain things, and the eyes of the blue snake flashed with alarm as she left the Chaos Door and watched him sweat and struggle to proceed ahead, the thoughts in her mind unknown. freewebnovel.com

The strain of moving ahead almost broke Labaletai, and then unexpectedly, the daylight vanished and darkness took its place, as Ascendance switched to Calamity,

‘Just what I needed, just what I fucking needed!’ he screamed internally.

The oppression of the seven Calamity Suns overhead then turned out to be oddly comforting after a while, because their overwhelming presence was deadening his senses, making Labaletai feel as if he was traveling through mud.

He tried not to think about the reason why seven Calamity Suns seemed to be a more viable destination than where he was going, but the only comfort he had was knowing that he had no skin in the game,

“Don’t kill the messenger,” he chuckled half-heartedly. Unexpectedly the pressure he was feeling ahead suddenly vanished, almost as if a boulder had been lifted from his soul and he did not know where the relief came from as he screamed in frustration,

“Rowan, where are you?!”

Space shivered and Time stopped and he heard a voice beside him, “Here.”

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Rowan watched the shaken Chaos Door for a while, the presence of this being reminding him once more about the unknown portion of his memories and the mysteries surrounding his

past.

Internally he scoffed at himself, ‘You would think that for a person who has been burned by so many secrets, I would try not to keep secrets from myself.’

Rowan spoke out, “Labaletai, welcome, I would like to chat, but I am in something of a haste, you see.”

The Chaos Door looked around, visibly disturbed and Rowan wondered if he could sense the residual presence of the Eye, but this was information that he did not care to know,

“My Lord,” Labaletai seemed to have shaken himself from his disturbed state, the term he used to address Rowan caught his attention, but he placed it aside.

The Chaos Door looked at the new form of Rowan in shock as he wondered if the pressure he was feeling from the armor in front of him was the reason Rowan had chosen this realm.

Because of his previous state of mind, Labaletai had not been in full cognizance of his environment, but now that he could breathe a bit better and his senses could spread to their full dimension, he nearly keeled over in shock, and for a moment he stared at Rowan, and at the surrounding space filled with bright sunlight and then he swallowed, and he bowed towards Rowan, his frame creaking, it was the way of reality that the weak was subservient before the strong,

“For a million years I have kept your charges safe. For a million years, none of your seals were broken, or tampered with. The Chaos Door has fulfilled the end of the bargain...”

The door of the Chaos Door slowly creaked open from its frame, and it revealed darkness, from this darkness a gray unassuming box emerged,

“... My Lord, it is time to fulfill your end.”

The box floated towards Rowan and the Chaos Door went silent, taking a few steps back, waiting.

Rowan did not immediately pick up the box, instead, he looked at Labaletai and then at the space outside his time domain. He had previously sensed opportunity and danger. The opportunity was Labaletai, precisely the box he had just delivered to him, the danger was still roving outside, but it was coming closer,

“Tell me something Labaletai,” Rowan glanced at the Chaos Door before looking away, focusing on the danger, “Did you bring any passenger along with you?”

Chapter 1200: Deceiving Memories

The Chaos Door was shaken by Rowan’s question. His wrinkled face was a weird mixture of both a child and an aged man warped into a funny visage as if he had just swallowed feces and was trying to love the taste.

Ordinarily, he should not be this concerned by Rowan’s query, but everything that he was witnessing here was shaking him to the core and this was affecting millions of his body spread all over Reality, and this change drew the attention of various parties who were monitoring the Chaos Door for various reasons.

Labalaetai was not a fool, for Rowan’s time domain to cover such an expansive location and last for this duration meant two things, either this man in front of him had attained a power that was so ridiculous in a short time that should be almost improbable, because such an expansive domain should be in the realm of the seventh dimension or perhaps even higher, or he had the Will of Time.

The Chaos Door would very much prefer that the first option be the truth, but somehow he doubted this to be the case. He was there inside that universe a million years ago when he saw Rowan for the first time, there was no denying that his Aura was young, barely an infant.

Still, the only option for him to believe should be the first, every piece of evidence he had was pointing to the first option. Rowan at this moment was something else, and it was possible the person he had met was simply an avatar of an old monster, and it was the fear and oppressive nature of this realm that was making him think about crazy thoughts like someone having a Will of Time.

‘hahaha, I almost scared myself to death, of course, he is just an old monster who likes to wear the skin of youth now and then,’

The Chaos Door became aware that he had remained silent for far too long and he had not answered the question by Rowan, he could imagine how guilty this could make him look to the eye of an observer,

“My Lord, I don’t understand, you know the nature of my talent. This body was crafted out of the Chaos in between realities, it is impossible that I can bring anyone else with me. It goes against my code and what I have stood for in all these Eras.”

“Is that so Labaletai, then surely you will not be against me searching your persons for certain...clues.”

The face of the Chaos Door could not get any more crestfallen and he sighed, “Your words pain me My Lord, but if this is what is needed to clear my name before your eyes, then I shall gladly submit this clone to your gaze.”

Immediately he finished speaking, Rowan cupped his hands, and streaks of red clouds floated from the golden city and began to gather around his palm.

When Labaletai saw this, his eyes were squeezed into needle points. This dimensional energy he was sensing from that red energy was bizarre and filled with wickedness, something he was expecting from a Devil or a Demon, although surprising, it was not unexpected, however, what was unexpected was the power of this energy.

Labaletai had lived long enough and known numerous higher dimensional powers to recognize the stench of a higher dimension. He was a fifth-dimensional being and although his bloodline had locked him away from accessing the higher dimensions forever, he knew Memory/Mind when he saw it.

So his first conjecture had been the correct one, Rowan was an ancient monster whose path could not be understood, and trying to figure out his plans was useless. The Chaos Door gritted his teeth as Rowan’s arm came lower and brushed his frame with the red dimensional energy, and a freezing pulse traveled through his frame that made the Chaos Door release an unconscious drone, and no matter how much he wanted to pull back, he kept himself still.

He watched the red cloud suffuse his body and enter it, and then he could no longer feel anything, he only had a sense that something was searching, rummaging through something and somewhere that he could not understand, and this was a harsh reminder of the place he could never touch for all eternity.

Labaletai watched the red cloud disappear with a degree of longing that Rowan caught with a glance and a thought occurred to him before he placed it aside and felt the space around the frame of Labaletai shudder, it appeared that his hook had sunk into a target. This made him frown.

Rowan began to pull. He had discovered that manipulating the higher dimensional energy of Shisu, even when he had to pass through a convoluted process that would burn out his mind of a god, was quite fun. In simple terms, he was convincing the dimensional energy of the dying Ascendant to perform certain actions that it thought had already occurred in the past, in essence fooling a memory with a memory so he could bring the energy into reality.

The Will of Truth should be the reason he was able to easily do this, although, in his soul-like state, he could not access it in the way he would have liked, nevertheless, it was a part of him, and its powers were his to control.

Whatever he was pulling from the memory of the past had weight and this troubled him, he was hoping he was not going to be dealing with an Ascendant Sun, or worse, Calamity. The energy he had summoned would not be enough so he collected more from Shisu, his actions would hasten the death of this Ascendant, but in the time they had spent inside his time domain, Shisu had guided a world of peace and opportunity in his Memory/Mind for 340,000 years, creating a civilization that could rival the best that ever existed in terms of justice, peace and stability.

In all these years the Ascendant had never stopped crying for death as his essence was violated to the core. Hate should never breed such a fruit, and if only Shisu was able to, he would have

gladly run mad.

Rowan drew a ton of energy from Shisu creating a red cloud that was more than three hundred meters across, making the eyes of Labaletai grow wide, was it possible that he might have carried an unwanted passenger along with him? His mind went back to the events at the Inheritance Ground and his heart went cold.

With everything inside of him, he prayed that whatever was going on with the Firstborns and Caine, he had not brought it here with him. He may not know everything about the monster that Rowan was, but he knew that once he had the bloodline of Chaos and now he did not. Labaletai did not know how that was possible, in fact, there were moments he thought he was missing memories from his mind but anytime that occurred, something would happen that would make him lose that train of thought, and somehow the Chaos Door had never found

that suspicious.

However, what he knew was that nothing good would come out from Rowan missing up with the Firstborns of Chaos, especially him, he did not know if he would survive the clash.

He merely wept when on his frame, the fuzzy image of a blue snake appeared and even he could tell that he was looking at her... the Mother Of Poison.

Rowan's tone was dry, "What do we have here,"