

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1201 Old Monsters

1201 Old Monsters

The Memory of the blue snake did not last for long, barely a fraction of a moment, it was as if its presence was too heavy to be carried by a sixth-dimensional Memory power and it faded into blue sparks and glinting mind dusts that were swept away by a gust of Time.

Despite the short time, Rowan had been able to glean lots of information from the blue snake, and it came from his bloodline of the Primordial Ouroboros, from which he sensed not anger or hunger as he had expected, but something close to sadness, and this more than anything, nearly freaked Rowan out.

There was only one thing that could affect his Primordial Ouroboros even while they were still dormant, and that was fragments of other Primordial Beasts' bloodlines that had been lost.

"When it rains, it pours," Rowan muttered to himself, he may not recognize this blue snake, but Labaletai did, and from the power he had to pull just to reveal a Memory of its presence, it may be at the peak of the sixth-dimensional level or even the seventh.

The only reason he believed this blue snake was not at the eighth was because such a power would simply tear Doom Star open and retrieve whatever they came for.

Entering this realm was supposed to be difficult, even for Labaletai, but from the talk with the Chaos Door previously, the reason he was able to find Rowan was because Rowan had left something behind that the Chaos Door could use to locate him.

He could feel it, like a wound pulsing inside the box, it took a surprising amount of effort not to rip open the box and take out what was calling for him so strongly. If he opened this box, perhaps the scales blocking out his sight would be pushed aside to a large extent.

Rowan had long kept the box, and now he stared at the Chaos Door with feigned fury, he simply could not find the strength to focus on this Chaos Door when a major part of his consciousness was screaming at him to focus on the box, yet this was the moment when he should take the most care,

"You have broken your code Chaos Door and brought trouble to my doorstep. Explain yourself Labaletai, or you will suffer for this transgression, your life being forfeit the least of the price you shall pay."

The eyes of the Chaos Door focused, the words of Rowan like a burning brand on his consciousness. No matter how shaken he was, he quickly put his mind in order, after all

the time he had lived, Labaletai knew a credible threat when he heard one, especially from the likes of these old monsters. The only thing that might save him was a clear and concise retelling of the events that led to this moment, anything short would be a ticket to eternal damnation.

‘Ultimately, this is all my fault for being too weak, I could die in the next few moments only because I was made a pawn without my knowledge. If there ever is a next life, I don’t want to be vulnerable.’

With a steady voice, Labaletai began to recount the events that transpired in the inheritance Ground, without any prompting from Rowan he gave an account of all he knew about the Firstborns of Chaos, who the Mother of Poison was, and that yes, it was true that with their sovereignty over the bloodline of Chaos, that there was a possibility that she could have piggybacked his avatar all the way into this realm.

The more he spoke, the deeper he felt he was falling into the abyss, but he had no choice. In a case like this, the only way out was through. If Rowan was a seventh-dimensional old monster and was determined to kill him, it did not matter how many bodies he had or how long it would take him, the Chaos Door would be hunted to extinction.

When Labaletai was done with recounting his tale, Rowan was silent for a while and then he unexpectedly pushed his hand towards the Chaos Door who tried not to beg for mercy, hoping his subservient position would not incur greater wrath,

One of Rowan’s fingers touched the forehead of Labaletai and he began to speak even as he etched a rune that burned with golden fire and vanished inside his skull,

“Labaletai, you have performed the task I gave you, and you did it far past the allotted time I had set out for you, and for that you should be rewarded, but your carelessness has led an enemy to my door that could spoil my plans, still I can only take it as a part of fate. I shall not be punishing you for this, but you owe me, and one day I shall come to collect. Ready yourself for my call.”

With a wave of his hand, Rowan took out one percent of the treasure inside the bangle given to him by Old Man Seed, stuffing it inside the consciousness of the Chaos Door, and Labaletai’s eyes had not finished widening in shock at this amount of treasure that was triple the amount of the entirety of the treasure he had gathered during his life before he was banished from the realm.

The Chaos Door was insanely rich for a fifth-dimensional entity, but his wealth could never equal those of a seventh-dimensional being, what Rowan held were treasures that were supposed to fill up four of his Supreme Circles, a technique meant for a prospective Primordial.

Rowan stood still for a moment before he looked to the sky and addressed the presence he was sensing in the distance,

“Your tether no longer resides in this realm and your time here is short, unless you want to experience the wrath of this realm, I suggest you state your business quickly.”

A lovely feminine chuckle emerged from the distance, that suddenly became clear as if the laughter had traveled to Rowan’s side in the blink of an eye, which was not far from the truth because the space where the Memory of the blue snake had once resided began to bubble and the Memory returned from that past into this present, all this was being done in an area where time was supposedly frozen.

This was the suppression of higher dimensional abilities over their lessers.

An average immortal in the Supreme Circles would have no defense against the power of a fourth-dimensional being who could control time, and Rowan whose soul controlled fourth-dimensional time powers was helpless against someone that controlled the higher dimensional ability of space-time, and Memory/Mind and whatever powers that a seventh-dimensional entity held.

Labaletai’s confession fully confirmed that this danger was a seventh-dimensional being, an ancient entity born during the Primordial Era.

There was always a price for power and although he thought he had escaped from the sphere of Chaos by banishing his intent, that turned out not to be the case, and now he had to deal with this new crisis.

Rowan had been able to easily suppress the Shiik who was in the fifth dimension because of the overwhelming power of his time-related abilities that suppressed every control she had over space, but that suppression should not work against a seventh-dimensional being.

Chapter 1202 False Identity

1202 False Identity

Of the 33,000 streams of time he had inside his soul, Rowan was using 11,000 streams to blanket the entirety of this continent and maintain his domain, and he could not predict what would happen when he used the entirety of his powers to impose his will on this space, plus since he had spread out the streams of time over a large area and had not superimposed it on a single location as he had done with the Shiik, Rowan could not truthfully tell if he would be able to suppress a seventh-dimensional entity.

For now, he was not willing to find out, because even if he could, what was before him here was simply a Memory and not the real thing, and because the Mother of Poison would not be staying here for long, he did not want to antagonize her further.

If he was a betting man, he would still bet that he would lose, because the higher dimensions were too expansive to be entirely shackled by quantity.

The blue serpent spoke to Rowan with a sing-song voice that was entrancing, “Do you know of me?”

He cocked his head to the side and touched the breeze that blew past him with his fingers, “Although it has been locked inside here since the Primordial Era, the wind itself speaks of your name, for they remember your presence, you are the Queen of Serpents, Mother of Poison, you are Shahmaran, the first daughter of Chaos.”

The blue snake slowly flew up to Rowan, “You know of me, and so you should be aware that we are kin.”

Rowan swiped his hand harshly to the side, “I am not a Chaos Blood no longer.”

The face of the blue snake squeezed in disgust, “Those pathetic creatures are not worthy of being mentioned before your name. You mistake my intentions in coming here to meet you.”

“Then speak them,” Rowan said as he looked at the skies, “Or forever remain silent.” Somehow the Calamity suns above seemed to be bigger, their nebulous sphere taking up a larger portion of the sky until everything you could see was their ebony glow.

This was not a visual trick, without Labaletai being her tether inside this world, Shahmaran would be facing the full might of its Will, the same way that Rowan had suffered under its suppression.

The blue snake smiled, revealing tiny sharp fangs that filled her maw, “The so-called Chaos Blood or Chaos Slaves are simply pawns. Chaos casts his intent into reality and it infects all manners of life forms. They are all useless to him because their potential is lacking. What do you think a great Primordial would want with a creature like Labaletai or the endless spawns of his intent that fill all of reality?”

The snake came closer to Rowan, barely six feet separating them,

“Chaos does not care for thrash, he does not care for those who cannot fight against his meager intent, he does not care for the mob, he is a great primordial and a single drop of his blood can create an infinite army. What he cares for is you...”

The Calamity Suns grew closer and the blue snake form began to waver, she looked above and cursed before turning back to Rowan,

“With Chaos is five others like me, Caine betrayed our father and left his side, pursuing a stupid agenda that has no future, but you can return with me to his side. Do you think cleansing his Intent from your blood makes you free of him? No, that is just the admission fee! Chaos does not want slaves beside him that have no potential, he wants children that can rise above and challenge the enemies that are worthy of a Primordial.”

Rowan sneered, “I am worthy of Chaos because I broke his chains over my bloodline? Now you expect me to go to him of my free will. Why would I want to make such a foolish move, why would I taste freedom and return to my captor and give him a leash?”

The blue snake sighed, “Your words disappoint me Rowan, but it is still understandable, you come from a place where everything you have known was betrayal and endless conflict. This is necessary to create a supreme warrior but such an environment does not foster trust. There are many things I want to say to you, but this blasted realm is holding me back, this is simply a fragment of my power and I shall wait for you outside Doom Star, your father is Chaos, and breaking his Intent makes you worthy to be called his child, what that means would be explained to you from his lips.”

With a harsh tearing scream from space, the figure of the blue snake vanished. Rowan was a bit shaken, at the end he had seen the full image of the Mother of Poisons and he realized that he was not looking at a seventh-dimensional being but one who had already reached the eighth dimension.

The blue snake was just a fragment of her entirety, and if she was one of the firstborns of Chaos who had such a power then it meant that Caine was an eighth-dimensional entity himself.

Rowan had always been wary of Caine and he had long realized that this creature was far more powerful than he appeared. Before entering Reality, he had thought that perhaps he might be at the sixth-dimensional level, maybe the seventh at most, but never would he have imagined that Caine was at the eighth.

In all their interactions, subtly, Caine had shown weakness, revealing gaps in logic and prowess that slowly lured Rowan into a place of comfort, so much so that he had interacted with this being multiple times and he had figured that he had a chance. Rowan was always growing stronger and patching up the weaknesses that he had, and over time he had become so powerful and unique that he could now play mental gymnastics with the Eye of a freaking Primordial, but he had not been this way in the past, and of his many mistakes he vowed not to repeat them.

Thinking about it further he realized that perhaps this was a good thing. If he had shown excess competence the first time he had interacted with Caine, then this creature would not have taken the time to seek to manipulate him, he would have ended him at that instance.

The same thing happened with the Eye of Time because this entity believes that Rowan could be manipulated, they all unconsciously revealed holes in their plans, and he was able to take advantage of them.

Rowan thought he should not despair because he could not see through Caine at the start, instead what he should be grateful for was that the person that Caine had seen in the past was gone, and now it was Rowan's turn to flip the board.

Like the Eye of Time, Caine might have revealed more truths than he wanted to disclose, and it was up to him to search through the clues of the past and locate them.

Rowan believed that those clues were shouting at him from the box.

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Chapter 1203 My Luck, My Hope, My Home

1203 My Luck, My Hope, My Home

Rowan looked around him, there was much to be done, and he had wanted to immediately summon the last part of his consciousness but with the box screaming in his consciousness, he knew it would not be wise to begin the confrontation with this realm's Will without finding out the secrets of the past.

Not willing to waste any second he sent a burst of information to the Shiik. He would be removing the time domain over the continent and integrating the golden giants with the temple maidens.

This would be a massive undertaking, but if anyone was able to perform this task, the Shiik, a fifth-dimensional Calamity goddess, was the perfect person for this role, Lost would be with her, a direct link to his consciousness if there was any reason to call his attention to anything.

With a wave of his hand, he recreated the Ascension Spear, it was still serving a valuable purpose for the golden giants, his Empyreans, and he descended into the depths of the continent. Miles inside the earth, Rowan thought that perhaps it would feel a bit nice if he could feel the weight of the earth.

His Ascendant Body responded and the earth around him tightened, each grain of dirt a hundred times heavier than a neutron star. Frozen under that ridiculous weight that was slowly compressing his armor, hence his soul, Rowan brought the box inside his Mental Space and observed every inch of it.

It was a gray medium box about 12 inches by 12 inches by 12 inches. There was no visible opening and for its diminutive size, the weight of it was impressive, about as heavy as an average star, about 1.989×10^{30} kilograms.

Rowan perception searched for any opening but he could not find any, and he would be disappointed if he did. Closer observation showed him a series of runes fractals that after repeated examination he figured out were energy receptacles that were linked to him alone. There were nine of them and something about their shapes teases of mysteries that were unknown yet awfully familiar.

There were several of these receptacles, and although each was less than an inch across, closer observation would reveal they stretched for millions of miles.

Not knowing which sort of energy it wanted, on a whim Rowan summoned his soul energy.

With his soul at the fourth-dimensional level, the river of soul power he was receiving from his dormant dimension had transformed from a river to an ocean and the soul injuries he had incurred from the rage of the Eye of Time had already finished healing and the continual strengthening of his soul continued, if he wanted a soul that was worthy to house his dimensional flesh, it must be brought to a level that should be second only to the Primordial of the Soul herself and perhaps one day, exceed her.

His soul energy appeared in his dimension like a purple moon, its mysterious energy that was capable of infinite transformation sweeping through his mental space like a storm.

Rowan pushed his soul energy into the box, and one of the rune fractals lit up with a bright purple glow. The box shuddered and subtly rearranged itself, and suddenly it was a thousand times bigger.

Rowan paused for a moment, he figured out that he had just unlocked one of the rune fractals, and eager to finish the other eight, he looked at them closely, understanding that he needed another energy to unlock a second rune fractal and not his soul energy.

It did not take him long for him to figure it out, the sense of familiarity he was getting from these runes had increased after the first rune fractal was unlocked.

The second rune was giving him the sensation of hunger, endless hunger, and a mind as cold as the depths of an abyss, his Primordial Ouroboros bloodline. His dimensional flesh was dormant, and he could not draw any energy or essence from his bloodline, this would have been a problem, but he had a master key for problems like this.

Drawing a stream of soul energy that was ever available to him, he began to transform into the essence of his Primordial Ouroboros. A process that was made possible because he understood this essence better than anyone else.

In a short while the soul energy transformed into a golden river that made the mental space of his Ascendant body that resembled a realm made from extremely vivid blue elements be painted in a shade of bronze as if a dawn were arising. This was a power that mortals and immortals would worship.

Directing the Primordial Ouroboros Essence into the rune fractal, the second one lit up with a bright golden glow.

Like before, the box exploded in size, now a couple of miles in dimension, but the mental space of his Ascendant body was as wide as a galaxy, and the box was still lost in its expanse.

Now knowing the trend to follow, Rowan summoned another stream of soul energy and before long it transformed into a sparkling river of Ambrosia that seemed to contain all the colors in existence and those not in existence.

A voice filled with majesty that Rowan recognized as his own, yet still sounded incredibly powerful even to him sounded like thunder, the language it spoke with, was the language of the Primordials,

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His bloodline of Sheol, the home of his Angels, its light was barely shackled by the boundary of his mental space and he felt his soul gladden and a pain in his heart that was hard to describe, he missed his connection with his sons and daughters of light,

“Do you all know how cold it is without the light of your wings by my throne... my children.”

The third rune fractal lit up and as if the third level was a watershed, the box hummed and now its size exploded, pushing the air and space around it away with its aggressive expansion. When it settled, the box was the size of a moon and glowed with three breathtaking colors.

A voice filled with majesty that Rowan recognized as his own, yet still sounded incredibly powerful even to him sounded like thunder, the language it spoke with, was the language of the Primordials,

“First turn lights the body... Mind escapes its shackles.”

Rowan paused as disbelief, a hint of understanding entered his eyes, and in the depth of it, a bit of fear, surely it was possible that what he was thinking was not what his past self was attempting at this moment.

He did not know how long he stopped as he considered if he should continue, but he laughed at himself, “I have come all this way, how could I be willing to stop now?”

He summoned a fourth stream of soul energy and he shuddered as a feeling of fulfillment and inevitability flooded his consciousness like an emerald stream, a massive green pillar rose from his soul energy that grew branches and leaves, and in a blink of an eye a great tree stood before him, its leaves leaving trails of light that extended till it touched all corners of his mental space. “My Luck... My Hope...” Rowan thought for an instance he saw red leaves among its branches, and it reminded him of his mother and the knowledge that he might never meet her again, but he was with the best reminder of her presence,

“My Home...”

Chapter 1204 Completing The Rune Fractals

1204 Completing The Rune Fractals

His relationship with this bloodline was one of the strangest. Born before his transmigration and belonging to the first form of Rowan Kuranos, it had been the final key that pulled down the Primordial Record at the moment of his birth, and after his birth, it was this bloodline that crossed time to resurrect him, and he wondered if it had done the same thing again,

“My Hope,” he repeated once more and his soul touched the rough bark of the tree before he sent it into the rune fractal. This fourth rune fractal lit up and the box began to transform, its size not changing instead it was its form.

What came out of this transformation was a sphere, and with the lights blazing from it, that rivaled a burning star, it sent out a constant pulse of power that sent shock waves throughout the mental space.

“Now, this is where it gets strange,” Rowan muttered to himself, and he reached into his soul and scooped out a portion of his bloodline of Time and brought it out.

Outside of his Soul, his bloodline of Time took its original form and it blazed scarlet as if Rowan had cut out a piece of a red sun, this color deepened, growing richer as the bloodline released a blast of power that took various exoteric shapes that were associated with time, most prominent of them was a massive hourglass.

“Nothing beats Time!”

This shape drew his attention because it was not amongst those that he had usually seen inside his soul, which was mostly cogs and gears like the internals of a clock, and he wondered whether it was because he had seen the Bloodline Source of Time having this same feature that made him mimic it when the true nature of his time powers was this hourglass.

His musing was interrupted when he added his bloodline of time to the fifth rune fractal and lighting up, the sphere began to rotate. The pulse it was emitting began to acquire a note of sharpness that sliced into the grounds of the mental space which was made up of massive blue crystals that were millions of times harder than diamonds.

This pulse shredded the earth, throwing blue particulates into the air for hundreds of miles and Rowan had to begin diverting souo energy to heal and bolster his mental space before it was damaged beyond repair.

He paused for a moment, his mental state in chaos as he tried not to wonder how the Rowan of the past had known he would be acquiring the bloodline of time, and hence a soul because he had already noted that the sixth rune fractal needed him to place the essence of his soul into it.

Rowan tried not to think about it for too long as he sliced off a portion of his soul, and it the shape of a burning river of white flame. Separate from his bloodline of time and Ascendant body, his soul had returned to its whitish appearance, and it blazed like a star. Rowan had just dismissively sliced off enough soul essence that could power the entire soul capacity of a universe throughout its life cycle and this was just one percent of his entire soul essence.

“How I have grown...”

Saying this he pushed his soul essence into the sixth rune fractal and braced himself, expecting another dramatic transformation. He was not disappointed.

The sphere had been rotating at a constant speed, but when he added his soul essence, the speed increased to a feverish pitch and a droning sound like a Harmonium arose from the rotating sphere that kept increasing in intensity until the sound took form, and it sliced into reality like clean long slices in its wake that Rowan rapidly healed with his soul energy.

From a distance, Rowan thought the shape that the sound waves took resembled beating angelic wings.

“Second turn lights the mind... Soul escapes its confines.”

Rowan was expecting the voice but it still shook him to the core, and he could not help but ask himself why he was speaking in the language of Primordials, a language he had only learned when he saw the vision of Time, Light, and Demon inside the memory of his bloodline.

Of course, Rowan had several hypotheses, each one crazier than the last, but he thought that the most likely reason for this was that he must have found a way to link to his past and share knowledge with his previous self the moment he acquired the bloodline of time,

and the reason he could not remember doing such a thing was the missing memories left in the final portion of his dimensional flesh.

The theory sounded insane on paper, but after thinking about it for a while, he saw that it was viable, maybe not for others, but he has an authentic bloodline of time and his Ouroboros bloodline that had a rather dramatic effect on time when it was paired with it could lead to all sort of unknown changes.

The increasing rotation of the sphere drew his attention and it seemed to have reached a tipping point, suddenly the sphere ignited with a loud bang that nearly broke his mental space in two, and the heat that it emitted turned his mental space to ash, and only the frantic healing of it by Rowan kept it in a balance.

Slowly he began to maintain control and the recovery of his mental space matched the destruction from the heat waves and then exceeded it, and before long, his mental spaces despite being under the intense heat managed to maintain a pristine condition.

He had unlocked six of the nine fractals, leaving three more to be unlocked. Rowan already knew what the last three were going to be, and it still firmed the theory in his mind that he had been able to send a message to the past with his bloodline of time, how else would he have been able to know that he would have access to these nine entirely different streams of power a million years ago?

Many things about his stay and arrival in this realm were suspicious but Rowan was determined to know the truth one way or another.

To get the seventh fractal was easy, he pulled from his mental space harvested a large pile of blue earth, and brought it to the seventh rune fractal after absorbing it and lighting up, the rotation of the sphere began to slow down, and in a short while it stopped and it began to vibrate in a weird manner.

It was as if there were two terrifying forces acting on it so it could rotate in two opposite directions at the same time, this naturally led to it slowing down and stopping, and the weird vibration came from two ewuwp forces battling against each other.

The seventh rune fractal was Ascendant energy. Rowan watched the migrating sphere for a while for any changes and seeing none, shrugged and called up his soul energy and in a blink of an eye transformed it into pure Calamity Aura.

This Aura activated the eighth rune fractal and the vibration from the sphere increased to the extent that the surface of the sphere was blurred, and then Rowan brought out the final piece of the puzzle to complete the rune fractals, a piece of Aetherium harvested from the endless ocean.

Chapter 1205: For My Flame

The crystal of Aetherium he held carried an ephemeral weight, and as he brought it closer to the sphere it was as if he could hear faint screams emerging from it, and looking closer at the crystal would reveal that the three swirling streams of colors that were inside was rotating faster than before, making the dark crystal almost glow purple.

“Here goes nothing,” Rowan whispered as he pushed the entire Aetherium crystal into the rune fractal, it was accepted into it with a dull metallic clink and a sigh as if something that had been meant to happen for a long time had finally been fulfilled, and the vibrating sphere unexpectedly imploded.

Rowan braced for the third announcement from the mysterious voice, but he did not get it, and he thought he might know the reason, the process was not yet complete. Then he chose to focus on what the sphere had become after this transformation, and the closest description he had of it was a black hole.

It did not suck in any light or had any attractive force that he could sense and was entirely silent, and if not for its massive size, it would almost look unreal, it was even glowing with all the colors of Rowan’s varied powers, and it resembled a vortex that was leading to somewhere unknown,

“Or a doorway bringing something in here...”

Rowan frowned, again that voice that came to him from nowhere, almost as if he could hear it in his mind or beside his ears, it was hard to pinpoint. With the power of his soul and mental abilities, it was sort of ridiculous that he could still be plagued by unknown whispers, his biggest fear was that this whisper should not be coming from the Eye of Time or the World’s Will, if this was the case, then he considered himself to be fucked.

“As soul-crushing as that might be to witness. This whisper is coming from you, a part of you that you cannot see. You should trust in yourself that you will never leave it that vulnerable.”

“If what you say is true, let me see them, these hidden parts of me” Rowan replied. This was not the first time he was talking to himself, and Rowan had endured stranger encounters, and he did not find talking to a mysterious part of himself to not be normal, his powers had reached the extent where nothing was out of the table. There was a picture here he was not seeing the entirety of, but what he instinctively knew was that his hands were the ones responsible for painting them.

“I cannot show you for you are not yet whole. Now that you have a soul, you can try to draw out your heart once more, although I doubt you would have the time until

everything is over. We are so very close now to the end, and you have met our expectations and exceeded them.”

This missing part of himself, was this referring to the last portion of his dimension? Anyway, instead of debating with an unknown voice inside his mind, Rowan would rather investigate the result of this so-called doorway he had just summoned, and at the earliest convenience he was going to paint, now that he had his soul again, he was curious what would come of it.

He began to extend his perception into the vortex but was interrupted by the voice, “Before you are completed, do not go too deep into the Memory, or you will be lost. That would be a rather amusing way to end our story.”

“Hmm... A memory,” Rowan muttered as he resumed his investigation, but this time he went more slowly, and he gingerly reached for the vortex, and a portion of his consciousness went blank.

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Rowan had become extremely familiar with traversing the Memory/mind dimension after spending centuries inside the Memory of Shisu, and with the warning of the voice combined with what he understood about the sixth dimension, he knew that he had just entered a new Memory.

However, this one was different. It was detailed and solid in a way that Shisu’s Memory was not, and it did not take long to understand the reason for that, for the devil was in the details.

This Memory was extremely thorough and yet was lacking a substantial amount of extra information which was not surprising when he knew that he was just grasping gently and was barely skimming the surface.

It was words from a familiar person that he first heard and then the memory opened up for him in vivid detail, and Rowan could not help but smile,

“I have always thought the solution to every problem would be in your hands.” the voice said, and then he heard his voice replying,

“How I wish that were to be the case. However, what I have learned in my life is that to be a good leader, it is not about having all the answers, it is knowing who does.”

Like a gray picture that was acquiring color, the memory focused and Rowan tried not to be distracted by the separate part of himself that was inside the mental space and the one sucked in the Memory, traversing Memory was different from simply splitting up his consciousness and multi-tasking, it was draining in a manner that could not be easily explained.

The Memory opened up and he saw himself, and Rowan had to pause for a while as he observed his full form that he had not seen for a million years. freewe6novel.com

He was wearing a disguise that reduced his beauty by a large margin but he was still stunning. Armored in gold, with long hair that resembled threads made of diamonds, he radiated strength and majesty and would instantly be the focus anywhere he entered, beside him was another equally stunning man, that would shake the minds of anyone who saw him, yet he was overshadowed by Rowan's presence.

No one could equal Rowan's light, even when he tried to soften it.

The man was tall, nearly seven feet, but beside Rowan who was almost eleven feet tall, he still appeared average. He had black hair and shiny silver eyes and wore a long gray jacket with silver trimmings, and the shadow that he cast was not of a man, but a creature with enormous wings and tentacles, this man was Andar, the Magus.

"How long do I have to do this?" Andar spoke, his voice was strong, and although he had expressed concern before about the risk involved in this project, when it came time for him to step up for his mission, he did not falter.

"For as long as you can. I will not give you any task that you will have to perform long after you want to quit. At the moment you think you can not go on any longer, there are measures already put in place to ensure your smooth retrieval."

Andar shook his head, "but that does not suit your purpose and my own, does it? How else can I find my answer?"

"Yes, it does not suit me at all, that world," Rowan pointed below, "I want it, for my Flame."

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Chapter 1206: New Connections

Chapter 1206: New Connections

His gesture below seemed to open another part of this Memory and Rowan nearly gasped in appreciation at the sight before him.

It was a Sun, and it was one of the largest he had ever seen, bigger than a universe, but the power of this sun had been shackled, and the closest example he could give was of the Dyson Sphere from his previous life, a structure made to harness the power of a star.

He was not sure this structure surrounding the star was made from harvesting its energy but it could be one of its functions because the power he was sensing from this massive star was alarming.

Rowan had a sense that the star was made up of dense Aether, almost Primordial in nature, and if one was to go deeper into the star, then what he was sensing was Aetherium!

What he could glimpse of the structure that surrounded the star was that a massive civilization had been built around the sun, and except for specific spots that were opened so it was possible to see the sun below, it was one of the grandest feats of civilization that Rowan had ever seen.

Seas made from energy that stretched for millions of light years, towers with unlimited numbers of floors, massive jungles that a god would take endless lifetimes trying to sort through, grand deserts and vast oceans, mountain ranges that went on for eternity, a thriving metropolis that held countless trillions of living beings...

This civilization pulsed with power that almost made the realm of Doom Star resemble the playfield of a child.

Rowan was looking at the Supreme World of Mages, and apparently, he wanted Andar to deliver this world to him.

A loud grinding sound drew his attention and he saw a massive ship that had the shape of a head made from rock, he was a bit taken aback when he noticed that this Magus ship took after his features, and in this Memory, Rowan was also equally as surprised and Andar looked at his creator in surprise.

A quick burst of investigation revealed the secrets of this Magus ship and Rowan knew the truth the instant the Rowan in the memory came to the realization of it.

When Rowan had activated his Spirit Matrix for the first time and acquired the Lost Flames, he had done this act outside the universe, which was inside the Great Darkness.

At this time he was still a child of Chaos, and the Intent of this Primordial filled his blood, entering the Great Darkness for the first time triggered changes in Rowan's bloodline, and his mortal body was elevated to a state that would stagger the imagination of most, at least for him at that time.

He had been more than 200,000 miles tall at that moment with massively inflated stats that nearly blew his head off when he had first seen it, of course when compared to the stats his dimensional flesh gave him as a mortal, it was pathetic.

During that time he gained his first revelation of the Primordial period and learned what happened to Time, but as a mortal he had to pay a terrifying price and most of his newly

acquired power was sacrificed to uncover that revelation, and since he had also realized that the Intent of Chaos in his new form was almost impossible to resist he had cut away the power with no hesitation.

This was the trigger event that made Rowan seek to build his forge and rid himself of the bloodline of Chaos forever, and after many twists and turns, he succeeded.

However, ridding himself of the power of Chaos left pieces of himself floating in the Great Darkness, and one of the largest pieces of him that was left was his skull which was frozen in stone.

It was especially surprising for Rowan that someone had come across his Chaos Skull and made a spaceship out of it. At that time, before he had escaped back into the universe he had felt an incoming surge of danger, and he had rightly guessed it must have been coming from the Magus Supreme World, and the fact that someone here had his Chaos Skull showed to be the case, after all Rowan had been using one of their Supreme Meditation Art.

“So I will be delivered to my new home in your skull Rowan,” Andar mused, “Why am I not surprised.”

Rowan shrugged before saying, “Don’t dwell long in that ship, it contains the Intent of Chaos that was stripped from my body. Every Intent of Chaos is corrupting and the ones harvested from my bodily essence are irrevocably more potent. Watch out for the owner of this ship, their minds may have become twisted by this power.”

Andar nodded in acknowledgment, and Rowan continued,

“Watch over the one I placed in your care. Her father is quite important to my plans.”

Andar chuckled, “I believe in the coming days she might be the one that has to watch over me, she is quite terrifying.”

Rowan’s eyes twinkled, “despite all of that, I still place my bet on you.” freewebnovel.com

Andar looked at the massive world below and shuddered, and Rowan brought one of his massive hands and placed it on Andar’s shoulder,

“You have the potential to climb to the highest heights in Magus society, this was one of my hopes in your creation, and now it is your choice to make. Look at it as a challenge, and no matter how big it is, understand that you have been alive for only a fraction of time and see how much you have accomplished, who knows what you would be in a thousand years, in ten thousand... in a million years.”

He was wrenched out of the Memory, but the last thing he saw was something odd in Rowan's body that had been covered by his long hair. There was a massive wound in his back as if the entirety of his back had been hollowed out.

Such a grievous wound was not shocking, however, the fact that it was not healing was concerning.

Rowan's mind snapped back together and he paused for a while to allow his consciousness to heal from experiencing a Memory while still keeping a part of himself outside of it, and he noted that his soul had been damaged because of this.

The damage was extensive, and as he healed from it, he noted that there was a new connection he could sense inside this vortex. This connection felt extremely distant but it still reminded him of fire.

He knew that this connection had always been there and it was because he had touched that Memory that he had now begun to sense it.

The vortex rippled and grew larger and that connection he was sensing grew stronger. Was it possible that he was sensing the Supreme World of Magus? Could it be as that voice had said, that this was a doorway that would lead to something coming through?

Yet Rowan did not think it was that simple, there was more to this vortex, and without any hesitation, he plunged into it once more.

Chapter 1207: Mind Formation

Deep inside the Time Blight where everything was frozen in place, down to the molecules and even more abstract concepts like Aura, this placed this region in everlasting darkness that not even the light of the Ascendant Sub could dispel, yet the area covered by the Time Blight was not cold, but intensely hot, for the bodies that were inside the Time Blight, both mortal and Ascendant generated great heat as a byproduct of them carrying the Eye of Time. freewebnovel.com

The Eye of Time like every interloper in this realm was not permitted to exist, and in the case of the Eye, its situation was worse, for an average interloper, would simply be killed or ejected from the realm, but the Eye of Time would be a supreme treasure for this realm, and it would not be killed by the realm, but assimilated, and with the power of the Eye, the strength of the realm would take a step forward.

Tearing itself away from the grasp of Rowan and into the body of a mortal was a grave gamble, and no random mortal or immortal could carry the Eye of Time without any consequences, and the so-called Time Blight was simply the Eye of Time infecting the bodies of every living thing so they could share the load of carrying it.

This state would not last, the World's Will in this realm was strange, with many of its actions not adding up, but the Eye of Time knew that whatever stalemate it had going on was wearing out and it needed to make its move before the ability to make even that choice was taken away from it.

The act of reaching towards Rowan was one of its most prominent goals, and now that had failed.

The body of Noah Rithmast who had been hanging in midair like a scarecrow miles above the ground twitched, and his dead eyes opened, and from his mouth came a long cry of rage that echoed throughout the Time Blight, it sounded like the cry of a whale but deeper and less sonorous.

Fueled by anger and desperation, the Eye of Time began to gather up his countless bodies and set his sight towards a destination, it was time to make a desperate move, he had underestimated this child for the last time, and this time he would be taking what he wanted with force.

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At the edge of the Time Blight was the Ascendant Sun Dilos, hovering a thousand miles against its borders. Below him was a vast army of Ascendants, but they were all hidden in a veil that he conjured, to keep them safe from the enemy and also himself, at the beginning of the battle he would need their presence, but they were too fragile and necessary precautions must be set in place whenever an Ascendant Sun went to war.

Dilos may not have the assistance of the majority of the Council of Nine, since this elusive council always chooses to remain in the shadows, locked under the obscure rules of Berrion the Undying, but the last thing Ascendant Sun Dilos lacked were armies, and he did not require the ships and weapons that the Council of Nine had chosen to hold over their heads when his Will was made for war.

He had been held back for long by his brothers and sisters, but with them, all gone but Treilmol, there was no one to hold back his might from sweeping through the realm and banishing every opposition in his path. This was the way to freedom.

With his martial might and his love for battle, Ascendant Sun Dilos was able to resonate with the hearts of many Ascendants, unlike Ascendant Sun Treilmol who chose to stay behind and defend the heavens, other Ascendants saw their world shrinking day by day and more connected to the lower realms than the Ascendant Suns, they wished to fight the darkness instead of cowering behind their walls.

Dilos had been able to gather the emotions of these ascendants, his power over Mind was absolute, as a seventh-dimensional entity he could nurture the flame of potential in the Minds of every Ascendant, and with it, forge a potent weapon for war.

It was this weapon that he was using to assault the Time Blight at this time. Ascendant Sun Dilos did not know the full capabilities of his enemies, and he was also not willing to throw his power into any undertaking without knowing more measures of the strength of his enemies.

He needed to unleash great power, but that power should not be representative of his entire strength and a single Ascendant was a bad measuring tool to understand the power of the Time Blight, even if it was a sixth-dimensional Ascendant, so he was using a Mind Formation, a power only an Ascendant Sun was capable of unleashing to gather the flames of potential.

If Rowan was here he would be astonished, because the so-called flames of potential were a bastardized version of soul energy, only incredibly less potent. Yet he knew that anything unleashed with the power of soul energy was not simple, even Rowan had never powered any of his techniques with soul energy, he simply converted them to the sort of fuel he needed to power a specific technique, and the simple reason he could not do what Ascendant Sun Dilos was manifesting was because he did not know it was even possible and knew of no soul- powered techniques.

The world shuddered with the technique of Ascendant Sun Dilos came to life and the shape that the Mind Formation took below was of the mythical Kraken.

According to legends, the Kraken was one of the most powerful Calamity gods in existence. A creature that had painted the entire realm in darkness, and when the world of Ascendant was still fledging and undeveloped, it had nearly destroyed them all, but it was the intervention of Berrion who shattered the flesh of the beast and imprisoned its undying soul in the hidden vaults of the heavens, but the power of the Kraken was so vast that Berrion had to keep constant guard over its immortal Calamity Essence.

Dilos had seen the immortal Essence of this dreadful Calamity god and the fear and apprehension in his heart had never faded, he took of that Memory and made a Mind Formation that could power that Memory, and so below was a pale copy of the Kraken, but its power was terrifying.

From the darkness of the endless ocean six massive tentacles thousands of miles long, each tipped with wicked sharp claws emerged, each tentacle burned with a blue fire that froze the ocean for countless miles and with a loud thump that could be heard up in the heavens, the tentacles assaulted the Time Blight.

Each of the tentacles would slam into an invisible wall in the Time Blight with a loud thump and then with a horrifying tearing sound as if flesh had been sundered, the tentacles would pierce through the wall and enter the Time Blight where it would freeze for a little while, and then with a mighty heave, the tentacles would flex, shattering the hold of time over the area, but this would lead to space itself being torn to pieces.

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The Primordial Record

Chapter 1208: To The Beginning

The reason why Ascendant Sun Dilos had to shield all the Ascendants under his care was now plain to see. The sounds and the shockwaves that were erupting from each of the tentacles anytime a move was made by it was shocking, and despite how durable the space of this realm was, it was still shattered under the might of the Kraken.

The Kraken was a beast with nine tentacles, the last three being the most powerful, and Dilos was keeping it in check for now as he was able to use the first six to tear this region apart, he would only consider using the last three if he was running out of options because that would drain the vitality of the Ascendants too quickly for him to replace.

It was a foregone conclusion that such a move from the Kraken he had unleashed would utterly decimate the region, and what was left behind when the Time Blight was shattered was a landscape straight from the depths of hell.

The continents and the people that had been frozen inside the Time Blight, both mortal and Ascendants were torn to pieces smaller than atoms, with no chance for resurrection. Such was the power of the Kraken that thousands of continents perished every time a single one of its tentacles shattered a region where the Time Blight had previously held sway.

Blue and purple flames shot towards the sky and they burned the heavens even as the ocean was frozen and then shattered, even the Calamity gods below the earth were pressed deeper into the ground, such was the suppression that none of them made a sound. The might of an Ascendant Sun could not be challenged.

Ascendant Sun Dilos had managed to pierce through thousands of miles of the Time Blight region and he had not shown his true capabilities, only using the Mind formation to disperse the power over the area.

He did not care for the lives stuck inside the Time Blight, what was necessary was ridding their world of the rot that had infested it. If he succeeded in achieving this, he would have a greater chance of swaying the rest of the Ascendants to flock towards his banner, and in that moment he would push for a new order in the realm, one where he would be crowned as its king.

No doubt Trelmol knew of his ambitions, but how could he stop him? When he had decided to hide his head in the sand and ignore the problems of the outside world, he had given Dilos all the leverage he needed to unify the entirety of Ascendancy, but first, he needed to clear the realm of this infestation.

With supreme control over his powers, Ascendant Sun Dilos held back the urge to unleash all the powers of the Kraken and was taking it slow and steady. The area covered by the Time Blight covered millions of continents, and even if it took him a hundred thousand years to slowly root out the blight, that was only a blink of an eye.

Even with the Minds of millions of Ascendants powering the Memory of the Kraken, Ascendant Sun Dilos had to be constantly nurturing the intellects and bodies of the Ascendants with his limitless Aura so they could last for as long as possible.

It was a shame that Trelmol was not here to assist him, his Aura favored healing and growth and would have gone a long way to soothe the minds and bodies of these Ascendants, but Dilos was willing to bring out his vast wealth and ensure that this crusade proceeded smoothly, and by the time he was done, the Time Blight would be a thing of the past.

A subtle vibration inside the Time Blight drew his attention and before Dilos could figure out what caused the changes, an unnerving cry emerged from the depths of the Time Blight region that caused Ascendant Sun Dilos to almost laugh aloud, he might not recognize the sound as it was utterly alien, but he knew rage when he heard it, and no doubt his actions was beginning to bear fruit.

What happened next also instilled more confidence in him because, for the first time since the Time Blight had started, it began to shrink.

Such was the range the Time Blight covered that it took the Ascendant Sun a few moments to realize that the Time Blight was not shrinking, it was simply moving, but because it was moving away from him, he had erroneously thought it was shrinking.

“Do you think you can escape your end?” the voice of an Ascendant Sun that had not been heard on the lower realms for millions of years thundered over the land and ocean that had been decimated. The light from Dilos increased in intensity and he increased the tentacles from the Kraken from six to eight and he began pushing the Minds of the Ascendants harder. This was reflected in the enhanced movements of the Kraken and the destruction of the Time Blight accelerated.

A weird scene was revealed whereby countless continents drifting on the endless ocean were moving towards what would be considered East, and a massive Kraken whose size compared to the rest of the moving continents would make it seem like a grain of sand before a great island was pursuing, and in its wake was a field of destruction that left a scar in reality for tens of thousands of miles.

Like a massive beast that was being bled to death slowly by a circling predator, the Time Blight was slowly losing mass, but it did not stop its movements, it only moved even faster, its destination unknown.

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It had been four months since Rowan entered the earth and massive changes had begun to sweep across the continent of Trion, although most of them could not be seen on the surface.

Since this continent had been given to the Temple Matron Nyla to become her Grand Temple, there were no visible changes on it except for the millions of Temple Maidens who had flocked to its shores for solace but never returned.

At any other time, this would have been an alarming event, but now it was devastating due to the ongoing battle in the Time Blight where the Ascendant Sun Dilos needed the assistance of the Temple Maidens to help him soothe the minds of the Ascendants under his Mind

Formation.

After months of tearing into the Time Blight, Dilos who had been pushing the Mind Formation to its peak after discovering that the Time Blight might not be reacting to his presence after all and was chasing after something else.

Disregarding the annoyance he felt to know he was simply been taken as a minor nuisance, Dilos wanted to stop whatever goal the Time Blight was pushing towards but he did not want to reveal his hand entirely so he began to use all the nine tentacles of the Kraken to assault the

Time Blight.

No longer able to manage the Ascendants under his care whose spirits and souls were beginning to fray, he called on one of the most potent resources of war, the Temple Maidens to aid him in maintaining the sanity of his armies, and he became furious when he learned that a vast majority of them was sequestered on a continent away from the battle.

A request from him to the Grand Temple made them send one of the Temple Mothers to the

continent of Trion, to correct this mistake before the fury of the Ascendant Sun Dilos fell upon

it.

From the moment Rowan killed the Divine Ascendant and left the upper realms, seven years had passed.

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Chapter 1209: Scars In The Earth

Second Dan Ascendant Verana led a group of fifteen Ascendants, four at the first Dan and the remaining eleven being normal Ascendants who were grateful to work beside an esteemed Second Dan Ascendant as they sought to close the pit of hell created by Shisu, the missing Third Dan Ascendant who must have gone crazy and unleashed a field of devastation that would scar the realm for an eternity.

The forbidden technique Shisu had unleashed had burned a featuring scar on the land, evaporating the ocean and leaving a hole of the Calamity gods below the earth to unleash their presence in the outside world unchecked.

Their presence was spreading corruption in the form of darkness that was infecting any living thing on the surface, turning them into raving Calamity beasts, spreading death to hundreds of continents, and this toll of death was increasing every day. Slowly but surely, this scar on the surface was tipping the balance between Ascendancy and Calamity on the lower realm.

With one Ascendant Sun fighting a war and the other not leaving the heavens, there was barely any light on the lower realms, and the cries of the suffering mortals reached the heavens itself, but no immortal cared.

The Calamity Gods that should have fled deep into the earth after a short time on the surface could now collectively fight against the light of the Ascendant Sun and withstand its destructive light before the Calamity Suns would rise again to strengthen them.

These sixteen Ascendants had been tasked to cover up the scar in the earth, forcing the Calamity gods to retreat, thereby giving the ocean a chance to cover up the area and slowly heal it from the corruption that had taken hold here.

In the beginning, Ascendant Verana thought that this task would be grueling but still achievable, although rare that such devastating techniques were unleashed on the lower realms, it had still happened in the past a number of times, and those scars were healed with a careful administration.

The scale of Shisu's technique was expansive, but many Ascendant battles on the surface usually led to scars on the earth, before now, the Calamity gods below would not dream of staying on the surface for a long time because the scorching rays of the Ascendant Sun would drive them below, and so the earth even without intervention would heal and the ocean would sweep over it, but now the light was failing and they could no longer leave this scar to heal by itself, the rot had become too deep, and the natural state of things had become upended.

Ascendant Verana remembered the precise moment he and his group stood above the massive crater that was filled with darkness. He had been struck with the incredulity of

this moment, he heard of this task and had collected it without much thought, knowing that it would be difficult but was a necessary assignment, and he would not have trusted anyone else to perform it.

However, standing over a crater that stretched for almost a million miles, all of which was filled with the miasma of death and madness that the magnitude of Shisu's folly, a fellow Ascendant with the same rank as him really sank into his consciousness.

This world could no longer heal, and yet the Ascendants seemed not to have come to this despairing realization as they waged war on the surface or hid in the heavens, all of them trying not to see that their very foundations were being eroded under their feet.

Ascendant Verana chose at this time to begin making the changes that he could, and when he was done here, he would petition both Ascendant Suns and show them the tragedy being unveiled underneath their noses, even if such a thing led to his eventual demise by their hands.

At this moment there was an Ascendant Sun overhead, and they had noticed that when the light of Ascendancy was above, the field of Calamity gods would cover the crater with a blanket of darkness in order to hide from its gaze. The Calamity god no longer ran from the light, they simply waited for it to fade, and the light was fading more quickly as the day went by.

Were the Ascendant Suns giving up on the lower realms, Ascendant Verana hoped that was not the case, although with a single Ascendant Sun overhead, the damage to the bodies of the Calamity gods was not fatal due to their impossible regenerative speeds, it still caused them great pain. If there was nothing to hold back these foul gods then the war was over and the heavens would not be safe.

Ascendant Verana saw this as the truth, as he observed that when the darkness of Calamity took the place of light, the crater below would transform into a nightmare, as endless fields of tentacles would arise from the depths and reach for the heavens, it was as if they were worshipping the Calamity Suns above, and the corruption they would spew out would darken the space for miles.

Without the light sparkling them to the earth, what would stop these gods from arising and assaulting the heavens?

'As long as I have life in me,' Ascendant Verana thought, 'This travesty would never take place.'

The tried and tested method to heal the wound on the earth was a bit difficult but fairly straightforward.

Since the Calamity gods resided below the earth and then were further suppressed by the weight of the ocean which had been discovered to contain hidden potent properties that

could subdue these nascent Calamity gods, the obvious step was to push the Calamity gods underground and then fill up the earth, this would dissipate the influence of the gods over the area and allow the ocean water to return, thereby sealing them in place.

Simple in theory, extremely difficult, and complex in execution. The first problem that would arise of course was that the Calamity gods would not allow themselves to be easily suppressed below the ground, they would fight back and even after they were suppressed and the earth was covered, they had to hold down the pressure on the ground for long enough until the ocean had reclaimed back its territory, else the Calamity gods would simply burst out from the ground.

The Ascendants in this mission had all been carefully selected for their powers and were focused on earth manipulation, force field applications, and general energy control. They were to slip in, force the Calamity gods into the earth, and seal it while weathering the retaliatory strikes from the Calamity gods and the ocean would complete their task.

It was agreed that the Ascendants would be entering the bubble of darkness when the Ascendant Sun was high in the sky because the Calamity gods would be more sluggish during those moments and they could easily be suppressed. It was a shame that the Ascendant Sun could only last for barely four hours daily, and if they wanted to achieve their goals, they would have to be quick.

It took a few moments after their descent to realize that they were wrong about the scale of this disaster, and now five months and twelve dead Ascendants later, Verana was no longer fighting to close the wound but escape with his life to share the news.

Chapter 1210: Falling Suns

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The disheveled Ascendant Verana who had lost close to eighty percent of his Core Aura slapped back dozens of massive tentacles with a wheel of light conjured from deep within his Core, nothing else would work here and squeeze through their grasping hold, he had to shrink his body or he would not have passed this lock of flesh, this was not the closest shave with death he had experienced in this place.

His mind, as if seeking to escape the hell they had entered, returned to the moment they entered into this hell.

After days of planning outside the crater filled with Calamity gods, a strategy was created, and at the moment the Ascendant Sun took over the heavens, the sixteen Ascendant watched as the thousands of tentacles of the Calamity gods reaching for the heavens quickly shrank from the light and were covered with a dome of darkness.

Without any prompting they all descended into the dome with great speed, all covered by a green halo created by Ascendant Verana to shield and hide their presence during the descent. They plunged into the dome of darkness and it was a bit jarring to move from light into total darkness, and this darkness was not one born from the sheer absence of light, but from corruption of the very concept of light itself.

Even the eyes of an Ascendant that was skewed towards perceiving Aura instead of light found this place to be incredibly dark, it was because the Aura running inside the body of the Calamity gods were black instead of the normal red Calamity beasts carried, and so in the darkness, the Ascendants had to perceive the flow of Aura in the body of the Calamity gods than see them, and so they were moving blind, using only their senses.

This was what enlightened them to the grimness of their situation and also became their doom.

When the Ascendants had seen the walking tentacles of the Calamity gods from the outside, they were in their thousands, and with the knowledge of how the bodies of Calamity gods were structured, they had hypothesized that there would barely be a dozen or more Calamity gods below, also the corruption they had spread out indicated as much. freewe6novel.com

Descending into the darkness and spreading their Aura Sight made them aware that the number they had chosen was far off, there were not dozens of Calamity gods, but thousands! The range of a million miles may seem extremely vast, but a Calamity god were massive entities that had a rather fluid property when it came to size as they could grow as large as they wanted if there were enough food for them to eat.

So a million miles was not an extremely large area for a dozen Calamity gods, and the conclusion was drawn that they had fallen into a trap, and no matter how much disbelief was in the hearts of the Ascendants, when the tentacles that were in the thousands became hundreds of thousands and then began to move in a mystical manner that made no meaning, their sense of direction became lost.

Impossible to know up from down, or how to escape the darkness that they had found themselves in, the tentacles of the Calamity gods, the smallest of them being thousands of feet long and the biggest measured in miles, descended on the Ascendants, all of them holding a foul hunger for the lights of their soul.

This was a matter of life and death, and Ascendant Verana gave the order to fight back. At this time they could not care about the retaliation of the World's Will when a Calamity god was slaughtered, because if they did not act, they would still perish.

This was no longer a journey to cleanse the land of its wound, but one of survival. Every Ascendant unleashed enough power to destroy universes, and for a while, this power turned the darkness bright, and Calamity gods fell in their hundreds. Their massive bodies filled with pure darkness were reduced to nothingness.

The Ascendants waited a beat for the retaliation from the World's Will and after getting nothing, their eyes changed, and greed took the place of fear.

Fear of the World's Will was the only reason why Calamity gods below the earth were not slaughtered en masse by the Ascendant to harvest Aura, but if sometimes in the past this rule had been abolished then they might just be the first sets of Ascendants to enjoy this benefit.

However, the ways of the world were not that simple. Led by Ascendant Verana, the power they unleashed to butcher the Calamity gods twisted space and bent time, and the shrieks of pain from the Calamity gods became a constant symphony.

It did not take long for the Ascendant to realize that they had killed nearly a thousand Calamity gods in a short wave of furious action, but they had yet to receive a single iota of Aura imbuelements from the World.

As if that was not enough, to add salt to an open wound, there was a loud groan deep in the earth that signified the beginning of a flood of Calamity gods. As if this area was a pipe to the realm of Calamity gods, thousands of them surged from the earth, their number seeming without end.

The Ascendants were battle-hardened, all of them had lived lives of countless tribulations, and they were all supreme geniuses, they faced the unending horde of Calamity gods, and they did not break... at least for the first two months, and slowly but surely, they began to fall. Their deaths came bitterly, each Ascendant that fell not leaving their bodies behind, as they unearthed every single iota of Core Aura they had left and ignited their Natal Treasures, as they fell, they took with them thousands, but it was not enough, the Calamity gods kept coming, their hunger unending.

The darkness was flashing with lights that could rival any star in existence, but those stars were getting fewer, as their owners fell, one by one.

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Verana and the three last Ascendants all at the First Dan weaved through massive tentacles all of which spotted glowing yellow eyes that were ironically the only source of light in the darkness that had seemingly engulfed all of reality.

They had discovered that their acts of sensing the Aura flowing in the bodies of the Calamity gods also led to them being detected and so they had stopped using their Aura Sense and began to maneuver through the fields of tentacles as they sought to escape this hell. Ascendant Verana Core Aura was linked to trees and flowers, so his Ascendant body, unlike the norm, was almost pinkish red, and every time he moved or made a gesture, he left a trail of flowers behind that slowly faded into the wind. His nature made him the perfect candidate to heal the earth and force the Calamity gods underground.

Even if he wanted, no physical manifestation could follow his presence, he had become extremely weakened, and he nearly killed one of his subordinates who tapped him on the side and quietly informed him that they may have seen the passage out of this place.

Apparently, the cycle of the Ascendant Sun overhead caused the darkness to change its structure and if they timed it right, they might be able to escape.

Chapter 1211 What Lies Below

Chapter 1211 What Lies Below

It took several hours of excruciating rounds of hide and seek with various close shaves with death, as the remaining four Ascendants dodged the forests of tentacles until the opportunity for escape came once more.

In the months they had stayed in this maze of darkness they had learned to adapt their movements and reaction to this place, throwing out everything they knew about Calamity gods and relearning how to survive.

This was a terrifying concept because, after millions of years of endless battle, the capabilities of Calamity were documented and understood, nothing in all of history could explain this number and the weird nature of this darkness that had imprisoned them, plus the clear sign of intelligence that had lured the Ascendants into this place.

They needed to escape, this was bigger than them all, and if the Ascendants were not warned of what was coming, they would not understand that the world was already lost.

Ascendant Verana took the risk and whispered to the three Ascendants beside him, “We are at the final stretch of this journey, and we shall make it out alive. Everyone needs to understand that this war has changed. Be steadfast and aim for the light, none of us would have made it to this point without each other, and we shall make it out of here together.”

The tired bodies of the last three Ascendants straightened, they had sacrificed a lot to reach this point, many of them giving their lives so the Ascendant Verana their leader could survive as long as possible because they believed in his leadership and visions, and in times like this, there was no better option to give them faith.

Now that Ascendant Verana was watching for it, he was the first to observe the changes, and without hesitation, he manifested three more arms, drew a rune on the other three Ascendants, and injected it with three percent of his Core Aura, with their frayed nerves the three Ascendants discovered his actions a little too late and their bodies were unwittingly launched to three different directions while burning with intense light and repulsive force.

Their cries of rage and despair were swallowed by the excited shrieks of the Calamity gods and Verana used the opportunity to disperse the last of his Aura around himself and launched himself towards where he thought his salvation lay using only his physical abilities.

He tried not to consider the fact that if that was the truth, then he was the best candidate to create that diversion, since he was the strongest but not necessarily the fastest, and he could have become the bait and allowed the Ascendants three chances to make it out of here alive.

Ascendant Verana knew this was the only way to escape this place, it was a fool's hope to think that the Calamity gods wouldn't be defending the outlet of this crater with everything they had, and the only way anyone was making it out was if there would be a diversion.

He tried not to consider the fact that if that was the truth, then he was the best candidate to create that diversion, since he was the strongest but not necessarily the fastest, and he could have become the bait and allowed the Ascendants three chances to make it out of here alive.

Ascendant Verana believed that he would survive and the sacrifice of the rest, was a normal part of war.

With the majority of the Calamity gods' tentacles reaching for the three bright lights, Verana made great progress flying past the massive bodies of the Calamity gods, until he reached a barrier and his wispy heart shivered in excitement.

If he was correct and the Ascendant Sun was currently overhead then even if he drew attention now and went all out in breaking this barrier, the Calamity gods would not be able to follow.

He hesitated for a brief moment before stiffening his resolve, if he did not escape this place it was only a matter of time before he was worn to death.

As an Ascendant of the Third Dan, he was equal to any number of Calamity gods, and killing them was not the issue, it was leaving this place. The darkness not only warped their sense of direction, but it also sapped them of their Core Aura, its hunger feeding on every scrap of energy that they contained, they could not harvest any Aura from their surroundings to bolster their own, and this would not have troubled an average Ascendant who had great control over their powers, and they should have been able to recycle any energy they gave out for a long time, technically making an Ascendant capable of fighting for an eternity with only a fixed amount of energy, but anything they lost here could not be collected from the greedy darkness.

After the second month inside this place, they discovered that the number of Calamity gods erupting from the earth grew, it was as if every energy drained from the Ascendants

was feeding the newer waves, and unleashing their Dan, be it Time, Space, or in his case Memory, where he dragged hundreds of Ascendants of the past to aid him in this fight was useless.

Although the Calamity gods could not control this energy inside their bodies, they did not need to, it swallowed everything without any ministration from them. Ascendant Verana remembered one of the Ascendants remarking before it perished that it was as if they were being used as a tool to unleash the darkness in the bodies of these Calamity gods.

The Darkness inside the bodies of these Calamity gods was a power that devoured all things. Slaughtering the Calamity gods at first was a mistake because they did not give out any Aura to be harvested, instead, they unleashed the darkness inside their bodies that continued growing.

Although the Calamity gods could not control this energy inside their bodies, they did not need to, it swallowed everything without any ministration from them. Ascendant Verana remembered one of the Ascendants remarking before it perished that it was as if they were being used as a tool to unleash the darkness in the bodies of these Calamity gods.

Ascendant Verana looked back once more and then opened both palms as he summoned the last of his Natal Treasures, a pair of gloves, the darkness made no distinction in what it ate, and Natal Treasures degraded extremely quickly inside this place until it was destroyed, which was one of the major reasons the Ascendants lost their lives so quickly.

At the third Dan, even losing his Natal Treasure was not a crippling blow since he could reach across Memory and retrieve them again, but the cost was so high that he could not do that while inside this crater that devoured energy.

In the distance, the last of the Ascendants he had betrayed had fallen, their lights vanquished, and not wasting any more time, the green gloves lit up like a star, and ignoring the surprised shrieks from the Calamity gods, he slapped both palms above him into the barrier.

The shockwave that resulted nearly pushed him back, but he gathered his resolve, burned his Core Aura, and pushed back, his body blazing with so much energy that it pushed back tens of thousands of tentacles reaching for him, and although the darkness gleefully collected all this power he was giving out, the barrier before him had a crack that slowly grew until it reached a few inches across, for Verana, this was enough.

Shrinking his Ascendant body and keeping back his last Natal Treasures that seemed on the edge of collapse as they appeared extremely worn, he slipped into the healing crack, and he saw sunlight...

Ascendant Verana almost burst out laughing with glee, but then his eyes widened when the light he saw began to increase, from one to a thousand then ten thousand...
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“By the light, what is this?” mouth agape, Ascendant Verana realizes that he had not made it out of the crater into the heavens, instead he had gone below the earth, from the place where the Calamity gods were emerging from.

There had always been curiosity about what lies underneath the calamity gods, but the backlash from harming any of these creatures by the World’s Will was so terrifying that no one could come up with that answer.

Ascendant Verana in his final moments wished he had never known this answer as he was covered by the lights.

Chapter 1212: Stealing Souls

Chapter 1212: Stealing Souls

Above a Central Continent which was the highest stage a Continent could achieve in the lower realms, after they succeeded in defeating numerous Calamity Incursions, a boy made from white flame hovered, from his heart emerged tiny strands of golden tendrils a million times smaller than a spider’s thread and numbered in the billions.

From these threads could be heard the sounds of whispers as if from the mouth of an uncountable number of people, and from the way his eyes were moving in their sockets, he was not just hearing all these people, but also watching every single one of them.

Beside him was a map made from white flames that was constantly being updated in real-time, and then he unexpectedly closed his eyes as a message came to his mind,

“Return to me Lost.”

The Lost Flames nodded, even if there was no need to do so and he spoke into the winds, his voice dispersing into millions of streams,

“For those of you who have not yet acquired a Central Continent but are close to them, you have three hours to complete that task, for the rest of you, we have to go back, perhaps there may be a chance to gather more of them in the future, but your safety is paramount..”

R

The past few months had been one of incredible enlightenment for Rowan, and at this moment inside his Ascendant body’s mental space, the vortex had grown so massive it was almost touching the edges of his mental space.

He had made several other connections to other places after he accessed certain vague memories while being careful that he was not drawn into them, but his main attention

was not on this matter, whatever he was summoning by opening this box they were getting closer, and he only had to maintain the status quo for as long as possible, until it became too late to stop this process.

This was the reason that despite the fact that he had a hostile six dimensional Ascendant inside his domain he had made no move, the Temple Mother Eliaxha was an enigma, despite the fact that she knew she was in an enemy's lair, she still chose to sleep while waiting for them to show up.

Rowan was amused knowing that this action of hers was not only due to the supreme confidence in her abilities, it was also in her nature to sleep as much as possible, but as amusing as that was to observe, the majority of Rowan's sight was fixed on two matters. The first was something that he had always disregarded, but now he was making an effort to change, and that was safeguarding the lives of mortals in the realm.

The oncoming war would ravage the surface of this realm and the mortals would be exterminated, already there were countless of them suffering and dying at every moment and Rowan sent his golden giants to as many continents as possible to burrow into the grounds of each continent, and create a connection with him.

Each golden giant would claim a Central Continent whose influence was enough to control a hundred Arising Continent and a thousand New Continents. In this manner, a single golden giant would be able to oversee more than a thousand continents, and because the golden giants numbered in the billions, with enough time, Rowan felt that he might be able to gather most of the mortals in this realm.

This was a massive task, but Rowan was capable enough to do such a thing. He would be saving the mortals from lives of endless suffering, true, but he was not entirely noble.

There would have been a time when the suffering of the mortals would have caused him great distress and he would have done anything to spare them of this fate, but now he still felt their suffering, perhaps more keenly than before with his dimensional soul that harnesses his ability as a creator, but he knew the stakes and he would not break them to make lives for the mortals easier.

Rowan had been learning new things about the soul and this realm, and all the evidence he had gathered had shown him a direction that he had overlooked by were perfect tools for him to use in his war.

When he had climbed over the threshold and seen the heavens after killing the Divine Ascendant, he had made the Shiika Queen of Calamity and then he had seen the true vision of this world, at least a small part of it.

In that vision, he had seen a river of blood filled with skulls that held nothing but decay and pain. Rowan had been horrified when he saw that what he was witnessing were souls,

souls that had been placed into an endless cycle of reincarnation and had been tortured for countless eternities.

He had also seen the life cycles of the realm, where it created two separate powers and put them in a state of endless conflict. The battles between the Ascendant and Calamity were one in a long line of endless battles.

A third-dimensional universe controlled by Chaos because all of space was essentially his body. This meant that every great power in reality had to be connected to the Great Darkness for sustenance, and what did this mean to Doom Star, a realm that was locked out from accessing the Third Dimension?

It meant that this realm had a limited amount of souls in its possession, and these souls had been taken to their breaking point and beyond.

For countless eternities, these souls had died and reincarnated, unable to find peace, unable to grow, their pain had led to an endless river of darkness that was slowly drowning this world, it was no mistake that Calamity would always come out stronger in the end, the souls in this realm had become tainted.

The war between Calamity and Ascendancy was meaningless to the World's Will, and although the immortals of the realm might think they were the darling of the world, and saw mortals as ants, the truth was that in the grand scheme of things, every mortal was more precious to the world than a thousand Ascendant.

At the end of everything, it would be the mortals that would restart a new cycle for the realm. The Ascendants and Calamity were immortal, without the war they would exist forever and the realm would not be able to start a new cycle. It had a purpose for creating this endless cycle of strife, and mortals were the key.

It was a good thing then that Rowan was a bastion for souls.

The months he had spent here connecting to the vortex had led him to explore his soul deeply and also understand the endless stream of soul energy entering his body, and then he realized that he was wrong about their source.

At first, Rowan had thought that the soul energy he was receiving was coming from the soul crystals he had gathered inside his dormant dimension, but it was now that he was beginning to realize that he had been consuming the souls of the dead of Doom Star all this while.

He had been stealing from the realm without his knowledge and underneath the nose of the World's Will because he was shielded by this Ascendant body!

[Note: An Eternity can be seen as a Minor Era or the lifespan of a universe, usually a billion trillion years.]

Chapter 1213: No Lack Of Ambition

Devouring Souls should be the wrong word, instead, the word he should have used was, respite.

The Souls of the realm come to him to find rest. The voiceless multitude who did not know the weight they carried had finally found a home.

When he was a Soul Seizer or a Soul Reaver, then he was indeed consuming Souls, but after gaining the bloodline of Sheol and giving birth to the Will of Souls, thereby acquiring the Gates of Purgatory and Ambrosia as his Aether, which all led to him having the ability to house Soul Origin, he no longer devoured souls, instead as a means of payment, souls come into his domain for rest and they give him the energy they had gathered throughout their lives.

It was a symbiotic exchange and no longer a parasitic one. In much of Rowan's dimension, he had made it into heaven, and while strength was easy to acquire under the potent laws and bloodlines contained in his dimension, there were still options for peace that were virtually nonexistent in most of reality.

This was clear when even a Berserker Clone, a being created for endless battle could be able to be a chef on one of the numerous worlds he held

Sheol was the answer to the rot that had pervaded this realm for long. It would give the souls rest, wipe their memories of the pain and the endless scars that they had accumulated, and by his grace, they would be reincarnated in his dimension.

A part of him, the new portion of his soul that had just been born was excited by this prospect. The memory of what he had seen of this realm was an abomination, and he knew that if the Primordial of Soul was free to roam reality, a world like Doom Star would not exist. freewebnovel.com

It was a shame that not all the souls entering his dimension would leave their Origin behind and many would return to this realm to wait for another round of suffering.

Until this moment he had not yet understood everything about Soul Origin or how Sheol captures the., but he knew that if the mortals were to live inside his dimension, then if they perished, their soul origin would come to him, the same way that every mortal in his dimension gave him their soul origin at their death, and so Rowan would try as much as possible to gather all the mortals of the realm into his care as quickly as possible because he was running out of time.

His Ascendant body could last for six months before it was gone, and five of those months had passed, after the sixth, his presence would blare out to the world like a torch in the darkness.

He may be gathering souls and the mortals without any contest, but to the world, every Ascendant was part of itself and no matter what they took from it, everything would return to its coffers at the end.

Rowan was like a massive leech on the jugular of this realm and his Ascendant body made it appear like a necklace adorning its neck, after this month had passed, the realm seeing his true nature would crush him to pieces, but Rowan was not a mere leech, and if he was, then he was filled with thorns.

He chose to remain in place despite how little time he had because he knew that this was the best method to play his hand, in fact, he would have remained here and waited until the last moment and collected as many of the souls of the realm as he could have but something was forcing his hand, and it was the Eye of Time.

Rowan did not know how that creature had been able to do it, but it had detected the last of Rowan's body and it was heading for it with chilling speed, pursuing it was a furious Ascendant Sun that was tearing the world apart to its core as he pursued the Time Blight.

With every passing day, the Eye of Time came closer to the final portions of Rowan's body and he was observing it till the last moment when he had to make a move and trigger the end of everything.

The vortex before him shuddered and his voice emerged from within, timeless and unreasonably powerful, and filled with apathy. This was the voice of a supreme being,

"From the time I opened my eyes... I have wondered..."

The vibration of the vortex decreased, it was as if this mental space could not bear the weight of his voice, and Rowan's soul shuddered, it was during moments like this that he began to understand a little bit of what his enemies felt when they faced him.

Previously without a soul, he could not truly fathom how utterly alien and all-powerful he might be to others, and to hear his voice from this vortex and still not understand the full nature of his plans scared Rowan's soul because he believed he had seen the hints, but not the entire picture, and what he could glimpse from it was madness.

Say anything about him, but lack of ambition was not one of them.

Rowan had placed a boundary that would activate the war on the realm once the Eye of Time had crossed it, and it was almost at that line, so Rowan summoned back Lost and his soul separated a part of its flame and headed toward his temple above where the Temple Mother waited.

The entire island of Trion began to shake as Rowan set out for war and the fulfillment of a plan that was long coming.

As he was now there was no way he should be strong enough to fight against the Eye of Time and this realm at once, but this vortex and the connection he glimpsed was screaming nothing at him but war.

R

Shahmaran, the Mother of Poison had conjured a dimension of shadows and boundless water, a soothing place for her countless snakes and she hovered above this world with her eyes closed, waiting. A dreadful deity that had been alive during the Primordial Era.

In the dark endless ocean below were countless slithering bodies, as they all worshiped and basked in the presence of their queen and mother.

Time for creatures like her was fleeting, and all of the existence beyond what she could not grasp was trivial. The moment she had power over a thing, that was when it lacked meaning to

her.

There was a single moon in this world and the light it gave was dull in the visible spectrum, but it was not a moon but the heart of a Celestial. Shahmaran had torn out the heart of this creature during the battle at the end of the Primordial Era, and its essence had been feeding her den for all this while and it would continue to feed them for all eternity.

From one of the rays of light shining down on the landscape, a little blue snake crawled out of and flashed over to the Mother of Poison where it alighted on her face and crawled towards

her closed eyes.

Forcing itself underneath her eyelids the blue snake vanished, and the eyes of Shahmaran slowly opened, and underneath the white of her eye, you could see the shape of the moving

snake.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1214: It Begins

There was silence inside this dimension and then suddenly there was a loud shriek that made all the countless serpents look towards their mother, and then silently, they all began to collapse into tiny chunks as if they had been sliced through by billions of

invisible swords, and these chunks of flesh melted into a black sludge, the entire dimension perished, and for a moment the weight of all these death nearly collapsed this space.

In the instances where the concentration of Shahmaran had faltered by what she had seen, her Aura that had been nurturing the countless serpents inside this dimension had killed them all, it did not matter their ranks, the power of the Mother of Poisons could not be denied.

With a groan of frustration, she brought them back to life with a Memory/Mind formation, as she stayed in place and considered everything that had been revealed to her from her sojourn into the realm of Doom Star.

To hide her presence from the Realm's Will she had to cut off any connection with this small portion of herself that she had attached to the Chaos Door for if she had known that this child had done the impossible, then there was no way she would let him go freely.

The words he had spoken rang with new meaning in her mind and she could not help but recall it as she gasped in surprise,

"I am worthy of Chaos because I broke his chains over my bloodline? Now you expect me to go to him of my free will. Why would I want to make such a foolish move, why would I taste freedom and return to my captor and give him a leash?"

There were two fundamental differences between Shamaran, Caine, and the other five true blood of Chaos, it was that, unlike the others, they were able to break past the boundary of their bloodline.

Their potential had been fixed at a lower grade and they had broken past that bloodline lock to begin something greater than what they were. Shahmaran began as a Basilisk and she was not the strongest among their race, her potential fixed at the sixth-dimensional level, but in the war, she was able to break past that bloodline lock and evolved past the ceiling that had been imposed on her by traitorous Primordials who sought to bound the power of Chaos.

Caine had been the first of them to break this bloodline lock, and it was the reason his betrayal stung so much she came to the outside reality because she believed that another true blood of Chaos was to be born when she detected the movements of the great Primordial as he gave out his true blood.

Even though this action was done in the past, a million years ago, it would be foolish to judge the perception of Primordials as normal, for Chaos would only give out his blood to those who could break out of their bloodline lock.

Approaching Rowan, she had expected the normal arrogance of true blood after performing a feat of such magnitude even while he had not yet reached his bloodline

limits, but from what the blue snake was feeding her, she could not detect a hint of Chaos Intent inside the body of Rowan.

Shahmaran wanted to believe that perhaps it was the effect of the realm Rowan was inside and the body he was wearing but that could not be the truth. Chaos was a Primordial, his bloodline of supreme, and no matter the body Rowan was wearing, even if it could deceive others, it was not supposed to be able to defeat her.

Her hand hovered over her heart as she debated sending this message to Chaos and then she dropped her hand. freewebnovel.com

The implications of this event were so terrifying that she had to make sure that she was correct, there could not be any error on her part, because this news could cause havoc among their number.

Her thought went to Caine, more than anyone he wanted to break the Intent of Chaos in his body, could this be a part of his scheme? Knowing that she might be fishing in deeper waters, Shahmaran began to prepare for what was coming ahead. She needed more information and she knew where to begin-Labaletai.

R

The entire continent of Trion was vibrating and there was a loud crack like thunder as the entire land mass pulled itself from the ocean and began to rise.

On its surface the Temple Maidens on their knees and chanting at the skies had not changed their position, their link to the Shiik was total, and unless the Queen of Calamities was destroyed, they had all become a part of her. This was according to the designs of Rowan who was still closely monitoring the evolution of the Shiik and moving it in the direction he wanted.

The earth cracked open and Rowan's Ascendant body emerged, it was smaller than before, barely fifteen feet tall. During all the times he had spent underground, he continued to lose mass, the golden smoke pouring out from his body was made invisible but it had never stopped.

His gaze turned to the direction where the Eye of Time was heading and at precisely this moment it crossed the point of no return and a sound like a growl emerged from his chest. Bringing up his hand he tapped the air and reality transformed into gold.

All this time that he had been underground, the golden smoke had filled the space around Trion and had begun to travel.

Rowan tapping the air was revealing the hidden designs he had been making since there was no need to hide any longer.

Like a massive snake, the golden line began to snake into the air, revealing that the smoke had traveled for countless miles, and as it spread out the earth below and the heavens above were painted with the light of gold.

As more of the golden smoke was revealing itself the space that it was occupying began to shriek as if the weight of holding this smoke was at the limit of what it could bear.

All this while Rowan had watched the Eye of Time moving closer to his body, and he has been responding as well with a move of his own.

The golden smoke pouring out of his body was not just a byproduct of his Ascendant Body breaking down, it was Rowan deliberately shifting his form into a new state. Every single part of the golden smoke that had been escaping into the air for the last six months was Rowan's body and although it appeared that he had been below the ground of this continent, which he was, his body had also been traveling past countless miles to the destination where the Eye of Time was heading.

His Ascendant body began to shine bright, the glow covering the entirety of the rising continent making it seem as if a golden sun was rising from the ocean.

It was Rowan accelerating his conversion, and when his body was now twelve feet tall and streamlined like the carving of a Greek god, Rowan vanished, a bright golden glow could be seen traveling through the golden smoke.

R

The Eye of Time had lost close to one percent of its total mass during its movements from the continuous damage by the Ascendant Sun, which was a terrifying number when you consider that the Ascendant Sun had first pegged this act of whittling down the Time Blight in a period of a hundred thousand years at the least.

This enhanced scale of destruction was costly to the Ascendant Sun as the Mind Formation it was unleashing was taking its toll on the Ascendants below, and he knew that in a year or so, he would need to slow down, a host of various calculations was running through his mind when he heard it even before he saw it, and the Kraken below paused, even the entirety of the Time Blight seemed to pause as well as a shiver ran through it.

A golden line cut across the horizon, and the world shook before its presence, as the light of

all of creation seemed to pale before its glory. Rowan no longer hid his light anymore and the world seemed to resound with his voice, as an arcane chant that was ancient before this realm was born announced his true name to the heavens.

"Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr...

Eulxhu Thyak...

Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehhirk...

Wvryyrl Eerkhar”

“Desolator of Universes...

The Silent Epoch...

The Infinite Soul

Maker of Truth”

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The Primordial Record

Chapter 1215: Uprooting Mortals

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Chapter 1215: Uprooting Mortals

The final portion of Rowan’s consciousness had settled on a vast stretch of seas that covered an area of tens of thousands of miles in radius and yet barely had any continent on it.

During his deathlike slumber, his body would unconsciously attempt to rise and that would bring down tribulation lightning that was so fierce that most of the continents that were in this region had long collapsed into ash and molten rock, and sunk into the sea.

A legend had cropped up around this region for the last million years and this area was called the Sea of Lightning, because for unwary travelers across the seemingly peaceful sea, massive thunderstorms may suddenly appear out of nowhere, and no one caught in the midst of it had ever survived, be it mortal or Ascendant.

There were warning signs of course, such as the waves suddenly rising from the sea when there were no winds as if reaching for the heavens, and then the lightning would inevitably follow, but this was not enough to warn those who ventured this stretch of ocean, and after a while no one passed this region of the sea again, and for nearly five hundred thousand years, this was the first time that this place had seen the gaze of others.

Rowan's Ascendant body arrived above the area, spat out from the golden line that had blazed across the realm for millions of miles, he could feel the resonance with the final portion of himself, and it was building, like a storm that would never abate and as if that thought brought it to life, massive golden lightning began to emerge from the space around him. They shot out for hundreds of miles and the sounds of the thunder that followed could deafen an immortal. The lightning surrounded him like a cloak, but it was not, Rowan knew it was just a byproduct of the merger that was about to happen as his dimension was beginning to be made whole, and since he was in the middle of it, he was experiencing the entire process first hand.

On the edge of the field of lightning, he heard a pained scream that was cut short and then a gust of wind blew away the ashes of dozens of Ascendants who had approached him in a sneaky manner trying to discover what was happening.

Ascendant Sun Dilos was not a fool, he had seen the direction that the Time Blight was heading and he had sent a forward party to investigate what could be ahead. It was those unlucky investigative parties that had just fallen into the space where a shattered dimension was about to be made whole.

Rowan could also imagine the thoughts going through the minds of every Ascendant who was watching this phenomenon, especially the long trail of gold he had made across the heavens that was beginning to converge on his position.

His golden glow had spread across half the realm, yet what every Ascendant should be sensing was his pure Ascendant Aura, which was voluminous on such a vast scale that only an Ascendant Sun should have the amount of Aura that should be able to affect half the realm, but at the same time they could all sense that Rowan was at the First Dan, merely a fourth- dimensional Ascendant!

His light had spread over half the realm, dispelling the darkness and the light from above and below as they all seemed to bow before it, because it was not a matter of power but quality, like fireflies before the light of the sun, and in the billions of continents that his golden giant had occupied they arose from the ground and looked to the heavens where the light of their creator had shed on all creation, and they marveled at it.

They knew the coming of the Creator would create sweeping changes, but in their wildest imagination, they could never imagine how much these changes would affect reality.

On one of the many lower continents a mortal family comprising three generations, numbering around eighty members gaped at the sky and then were further shaken by the golden giant that broke out from the ground, but no matter how fantastical the sight of the golden giant was, there was something about the sky turning to a beautiful burning gold that drew all their attention.

As if they had stayed under the sun for too long, the bodies of the mortal family began to shrink, their eyes turning yellow and sinking into their heads, this change was happening

across every lower continent, and in a short moment, they would have all perished if not for the presence of the golden giants.

Summoning their Natal Treasures which took the form of gigantic golden serpents, they sent it into the sky where it coiled around itself and took the shape of a massive ring, the head of a snake biting its tail.

A pulse radiated from the ring that cut across the thousands of continents under the guardian of the golden giants, and for those golden giants with multiple Natal Treasures, they could cover up more territories.

The pulse from the Natal Treasure blocked the sights of the mortals from perceiving the true state of Rowan's light. Any moment longer and there would not be a single living mortal under his light.

The reason every single mortal below had not instantly perished when Rowan revealed himself was because of the cloak of Ascendancy he still wore across his being, yet even with this, it was only a thin shell, and it would not last.

From the center of the coiled Natal Treasure, a gateway appeared and the golden giants with a roar unleashed the full extent of their Telekinetic abilities and sent it across the entire continent that they controlled in a massive golden wave that was visible from hundreds of miles in the sky.

At this time the weakest of the golden giants had lit up a fifth star point in their hearts and their telekinetic abilities when unleashed in tandem with their Natal Treasures which had been linked in a massive formation that spread across all the continents that the golden giants were controlling, meant that they could simply pick every single mortal and send them through the ring, their destination Trion.

Everything was carried out smoothly and without any mishaps, the intellect controlling this entire process was extremely powerful, and from the moment Rowan unveiled his light to when he collected most of the mortals in the realm, barely anyone could react quickly enough to stop him.

The main reason for that was their confusion. How could they not be confused, despite all the massive changes happening around the realm, no one was expecting an Ascendant power with this kind of reach, an Ascendant power at the fourth dan. Also since this process began, it had barely been a few short moments. According to the standard timing of mortals, it had only been two seconds.

Not one to wait for opportunities to slip by, Rowan appeared above the last portion of his shattered dimension, during his arrival he had already begun the process of summoning it and when he arrived, he simply had to beckon to it,

“Rise!”

Chapter 1216: We Shall Both Suffer

With startling speed, the golden glow that had crossed the realm converged over the sea of lightning and began to stream towards Rowan, and from a distance it would seem like a massive funnel, similar to a pear shape, and it touched the crown of his head.

From below, the sea turned to gold and rose up as well, and they touched the soles of his feet. The shape they created was a massive golden hourglass.

When the Eye of Time saw these changes, especially the unique symbol of Rowan over Time itself, all of them drowning each other in the fight to take the lead, the thoughts in its heart were complex but its hate and jealousy took center stage, before rage as it had never felt for a long time took a hold of it, From the mouths of the many billions that the Eye of Time possessed inside the Time Blight came a roar of great anger before it hissed like a snake, “Devious serpent,” it said, and from those mouths came chanting. The voices of billions merged in a foul language that was older than Time itself, as it began to call upon its second Aspect, Evil. The sound of the language was as if someone was laughing and crying at the same time.

More than anyone it knew the ramifications of the unique bloodline symbol that Rowan had created. It essentially meant that this child would be able to reach the level of a Primordial using the Will of Time because he was not following the path of the previous Primordial of Time, but carving his unique road.

Despite the fact that he had been banished, and there were no longer any bloodline of Time left in reality, for any normal immortal that may eventually walk the road of Time, the path they would follow would be under the Primordial of Time, this was not something that was considered to be normal. A mortal would bleed red blood when they were cut, it was ingrained in their nature and they could not go against it, but somehow in the case of Rowan, he was bleeding golden smoke when he was cut as a mortal.

It knew it should not be surprising, the Black Book the child possesses was capable of many miracles, and perhaps it was the right moment to admit that he had lost control over the battle of Time, but not the war, and if it played the cards right, this opportunity created by this child could be the source of its salvation.

The Aspect of Evil that erupted from the mouths of these mortals and Ascendants inside the blight began to corrupt them. Their bodies twisted and shrank as pale purple flames burst out from their mouths and eyes. They perished in large numbers, but Evil did not release their bodies and souls and even as the dead, they continued chanting, as they weaved out power from an unknown source, somewhere outside all known reality.

This power was not Aether, Aetherium, or Will, or any of the myriad energies found under all of known reality, it was something... other.

A great darkness arose that was filled with specks of purple covering the entirety of the Time Blight.

This change in the Time Blight spread terror to all who saw it, and Ascendant Sun Dilos did not make a move, he had seen that this confrontation was not as simple as he had once thought. Underneath their noses were two different factions, and one of them carried the Aura of pure Ascendancy that could not be denied, even he could see no flaws in it, but the other powers he could sense from this massive hourglass placed everything he thought he knew about power to a test.

However, his attention was still drawn to the Time Blight, and Dilos found that he was shaking, for a while, he was confused because he did not understand the sensation or the reason his body would shake, and then it came to him... it was fear, he was feeling fear.

He did not care about this mysterious Ascendant, Dilos knew he had to stop whatever was happening in the Time Blight, but before he could make a move, he sensed a power that he knew from the moment of his birth, but if what he sensed was placed on a scale, it would be a one, what he could sense here was a thousand times more intense. The Ascendant Sun, he cowered.

The heavens above the region, above the threshold, above the higher continents, above the heights every Ascendant knew as the highest, it opened up, and a weight that depressed the entirety of the realms appeared overhead.

It was a good thing that nearly every mortal in the realm had been taken, else none would have survived the heavens above the heavens opening up. Every Ascendant and Calamity below the Dan was pressed to the ground where the pressure exerted on their bodies kept them at the edge of death.

A loud groan shook the realm, and the higher continents, not able to withstand the might of this presence that had been unleashed, began to fall from the skies. The two Ascendant Suns stretched out tendrils of light and began to bolster every Ascendant to keep them safe, the unexpected escalation of this battle constantly placing them on a back foot.

The pressure on the entire realm suddenly vanished and a massive green eye opened and it was filled with fury as the World Will announced its presence. Its arrival had caused half of the higher continents to fall, but this was all a side effect of its anger that was directed at a single position.

No matter how grand the display that Rowan had just made, he was still an Ascendant, and for the World's Will, that meant it was a power in its control and Rowan was ignored, the Eye of Time however, was not one of its own, nor the power it was called upon, and so from its pupil, red tribulation lightning began to gather.

There was no longer patience in assimilation, it was going to cleanse itself of this taint.

“Treacherous snake, we shall both suffer under this realm.”

The Eye of Time saw these changes in the world but it ignored them, confident in the fact that despite Rowan’s potential and the fact that he was hiding under the cloak of an Ascendant, if the tribulation lightning descended, the damage it would suffer would be great, but Rowan would perish, and in that moment it would seize the body of this sneaky child.

Its corporeal body, which was the eye, was virtually indestructible and no matter how much of this tribulation lightning from this realm fell on it, the only damage it took would come from its pawns. This realm was yet too weak to hurt an Eye from a Primordial.

Ascendant Sun Dilos seeing the Tribulation lightning being gathered began to flee, knowing it was anywhere close to this place, the damage might shatter his foundations, but his gaze never left the Time Blight or the mysterious Ascendant.

The red lightning tribulation that resembled a whip made from blood fell, moving faster than anything had any right to move.

The entire realm turned scarlet...

The disbelieving shriek from the Eye of Time shook the realm.

Chapter 1217: Unexpected Name

Chapter 1217: Unexpected Name

The red tribulation lightning contained the power of destruction, a power that was available for entities at the seventh dimension, but there was a vast gulf between what an average seventh-dimensional entity could unleash when they were wielding the power of destruction and what a realm was capable of.

Especially a realm like Doom Star who although its realm’s Will was fragmented, could still unleash potent waves of destruction. It was this pure destruction that was unleashed on the Time Blight.

The wave of red that washed all through the realm was simply the color of destruction, but it shriveled all life that was left on the surface, any Ascendant that was unlucky not to be under the umbrella of any of the two Suns collapsed into ashes, even the massive hourglass representing Rowan’s merging dimensions lost a hundredth of its mass before it rapidly regained it back.

Every continent in the lower realm collapsed into ashes, and except for the endless sea, there was nothing left. In the battles of such a level, the scale of destruction was

unimaginable to mortals and lower immortals, and this was just a result of the light of destruction shining on the lower realms.

A third of the Time Blight simply ceased to exist. Billions of mortals and thousands of Ascendants were gone in the blink of an eye, the darkness conjured by the Eye of Time had protected the Time Blight, but it seemed that even this Eye had underestimated the power that would fall on it.

Rowan would have smiled if he was not so focused on integrating his dimension using a mental space that was strained by the vortex within.

The Eye of Time had finally realized one of his greatest secrets, which was the fact that Rowan Ascendant's body was not just a thin cover that could be seen through by the realm, with his dimensional abilities, he was truly a child of this realm, and unless he went against the Will of the World as an Ascendant it would never have any cause to harm Rowan.

If he had ever had any doubt about his ability to fool this realm using techniques that he considered to be ridiculously easy then the cry of surprise from the Eye of Time as the punishment from the realm fell upon it alone was the final confirmation that he needed.

Objectively, Rowan had committed far worse actions against the realm as he was stealing its foundation and the Eye of Time was just borrowing the bodies and souls of the realm for a short time, even though it had begun to summon a foreign power into the realm, the punishment it was suffering was suppose to be far lesser than what Rowan was supposed to receive. Its arrogant proclamation of that fact to Rowan was clear enough on its stance.

No doubt it was thinking that Rowan would share in this tribulation, maybe suffer a greater percentage of the damage than would fall upon it,

"Curse your fractured mind, Democles, how dare you strike me when your real enemy stands here?!"

Rowan's eyes lit up, knowing the name of this realm mattered to him, and in the state of frustration and anger, the Eye of Time had revealed another secret of the past.

If the realm heard the Eye of Time, it did not acknowledge it, as another round of Tribulation lightning brewed in its eye, and in fact, the call of the Eye seemed to have triggered the anger of the realm, its Will was sacrosanct, and when it had sent the red tribulation lightning of destruction down on the target of its wrath, it expects them to vanish in an instant.

The fact that its target not only survived and was vibrant, it also said words that triggered waves of pain and confusion in its mind made its fury burn hotter, and three more eyes were manifested.

Rowan had the time to throw in one cheeky liner to the Eye of Time,

“It would seem nothing ever goes your way. Are you sure you are not cursed?”

Rowan was just expecting to trigger another round of frustration in the mind of the Eye so that it could be distracted during his merger because he was still in a rather vulnerable state, and with the intervention of the Eye of Time who possessed means that he was not fully aware of.

His gaze had penetrated through the Time Blight to the body of Noah Rithmast and at the moment Rowan mentioned the word, ‘Cursed.’ the face of Noah Rithmast twisted and he muttered, “Of course, Nemesis...”

Rowan tried not to show the shock on his face, but the Eye of Time was intuitive and it grinned at Rowan and mouthed, “So you know her too,” even as four streams of red lightning of destruction slammed into the Time Blight.

Unlike the first blast, the realm did not let up on the destructive bolt. The Tribulation lightning kept falling down in endless streams, drowning out the cries of the Eye of Time.

The resultant shockwave and the light of destruction from the impact was so great that Rowan’s Ascendant body was blasted away for hundreds of miles, but at this time he had already collected all the portion of his dormant dimension into his Ascendant body and he had allowed this force to push him back.

His body was frozen in place with the massive changes ongoing within and the vortex about to tear open. The light of destruction had degraded his Ascendant body by a large degree and in addition to holding his merging dimension and the vortex in the mental space, this body was on the verge of destruction.

A chill entered his consciousness and Rowan reacted immediately, thrusting out his palms, he created a million layers of thin golden sheet in front of him, thinner than a spider’s web but all made from his Ascendant flesh and nearly fifty percent of the entirety of his Aura, while infusing them with the stillness of Time, all of which were shining with complex runic glows.

Every single rune on the sheets was Intent, all of which were focused on defense. He had just made a million shields in the blink of an eye in response to the incoming danger his labored senses were screaming at him.

A loud bang on the outermost sheet was all the warning he had, as the projectile had already shredded through half of his defense before he could even recognize what had been launched at him.

It was an arrow made from black smoke, drinking with all the foulness in creation, the Eye of Time despite being under such a terrifying tribulation could still launch such a dastardly attack because it knew it was running out of the best time to stop Rowan.

The arrow made of Evil shredded through all the defenses that Rowan had mounted, heading unerringly toward his heart, and he reached forth and grabbed the arrow whose momentum had been delayed enough by the shields.

Yet his body was still pushed back for hundreds of miles, his passage tearing a line through the ocean that reached the ocean floor, even though he was ten miles up in the air. Crushing the screaming arrow, Rowan spoke to the Eye of Time, “Nothing works for you.”

Chapter 1218: Hatred Beyond The Grave

From the dissipating arrow in Rowan’s hand came a low groan, and unexpectedly a chuckle that kept growing until it became full-blown laughter, then the voice of the Eye of Time emerged from it, and the voice it used was so familiar, that it made Rowan grow cold as fury that could burn a universe course through his soul.

“Everything is going wrong for me? Oh, child, you are so fucking wrong, and it’s time you learn, let me school you again on not underestimating your enemy.”

The eyes of the realm above that were launching the red tribulation lightning of destruction had suffered from unleashing such energies without holding back, at first the four massive eyes in the sky were green, then they turned red before with a mighty roar of outrage, all four eyes collapsed, destruction could not be controlled, only channeled, and even its channel, no matter how durable would inevitably break apart.

Rowan was not even looking at the skies, all his attention was fixed on the mighty crater left behind by the endless blasts from the tribulation lightning. Darkness and remnants of red lightning filled the crater and then someone inside that maelstrom of destruction clapped, and the chaos vanished.

Rowan took a step back, he could not help himself, inside that crater, smiling at him was Elura,

“Did you think you would not see me again, boy?”

From behind Elura, came the voice of his most hated enemy, and a hand came from behind his smiling mother and wrapped itself around her throat, she closed her eyes and smiled, and sort of bent her head as if she was resting her head on the hand wrapped around her throat.

A figure made of darkness appeared behind her, and at first, the only thing that Rowan could see was sharp gleaming teeth like those of a crocodile that soon resolved itself into a face that was ninety percent similar to his own as the Third Prince smiled at him, before he gently frowned,

“Oh, don’t worry about the Eye, it is a bit stunned by the realm and we have time to chat before it takes me again. It’s been a while boy, are you still chasing this rat race of power? I have to say, I am a bit disappointed. We all pray for powerful enemies, and it would be a shame if the enemy that could kill me, remains mediocre.”

All these while as he was speaking, second hand wrapped around Elura and with a vicious snap and twist that crushed her spine to powder, he tore her in two, separating the top half of her torso from her waist and her bottom half, he disposed at the side like thrash, weirdly she was still smiling.

Overhead the eyes of the world were beginning to reappear, they knew that their work was not complete, and in their fury, what would be coming would be a hundred times worse.

“So you are willing to be playing such silly games while your death descends?” Rowan pointed out,

The Third Prince grinned, “Come on boy, you should know me better than this.”

“Yes,” Rowan frowned, “I do know you.” he looked up at the sky at the hundreds of eyes that were being created, “What are you going to do to this realm.”

Cracking his neck, the Third Prince guffawed, “You know me...” he held up the half of bleeding Elura’s torso upwards to the sky, “...nothing good.”

The beautiful smiling face of Elura suddenly contorted into that of a horrifying hag, seemingly aging a thousand years in a second and her eyes flew open and she shrieked.

From her eyes and mouth came a bright white light that traveled up to the clouds, piercing through the threshold separating the lower realms and the higher ones, and reached to the highest of heavens where it touched the hundreds of opening eyes, and to Rowan’s surprise, the eyes of the realm seemed to become drowsy and they struggled to open to no avail.

The Third Prince let go of the neck of Elura and she hung in the air, the stream of light emerging from her eyes and mouth not ceasing, but it would seem that the strain of holding back the entire realm was causing damage to her body as it was rapidly shrinking, but in the time scale that these beings worked with, the eyes of the realm might as well be permanently locked down.

Touching his forehead with his index finger, the flesh beneath his finger wiggled and parted, revealing the true form of the Eye of Time that was in the shape of a cube, and from the emanations from the Eye, it appeared to be drowsy as well

“Do you know why I lost against you and why this useless bundle of Primordial flesh is following my fallen path? It is not because I underestimated you, no no no no, towards the end I stopped doing something so foolish. The reason we lost against you was because you have a unique way of thinking that can turn shit into gold. Are you doubting me? Look at the foolish Democles overhead, laid low by the power of dreams.”

Rowan cocked his head to the side and looked away from the Third Prince to the closed eyes overhead that were vibrating with a rhythmic frequency like they were indeed in deep slumber, Rowan was surprised that the Eye of Time was able to unleash power that could control a realm as powerful as Doom Star, but when he recalled that the Will of this realm was fractured by the Primordials, he could understand how the Eye of Time had been able to manipulate it,

“I don’t recall dreams being a part of the power you control,” Rowan asked the Third Prince. “It not,” the Third Prince smiled, “yet, I don’t recall deceiving a realm was amongst one of the skillsets present in the bloodline of Time, and yet you are able to effortlessly achieve something like that. When I drew my last breath I kept thinking, everything you are achieving is fucking impossible, and yet, here you are, doing the same thing over and over again. The Eye of Time was arrogant, it did not listen to me when I told it that to win we have to be like you, now it has learned a powerful lesson.”

The Third Prince looked upwards at the closed eyes and grinned, “The Eye of Time had slumbered for countless eternities, and in all those times it was dreaming, of course everything that it dreams about would give even you nightmares, but if it could dream for all that time, then who more than it could understand what it meant to dream.”

He touched the Eye of Time on his forehead and it lit up in a purple glow as awareness returned to it,

“I am dead Rowan, but I have learned enough from you. You’ve killed me, but even as a corpse, my hatred for you is enough for me to push back the veil of death, and throw a wrench in any of your plans. So my boy...”

The voice of the Third Prince emerged from the purple four-cornered eye in his forehead, “...do you miss me?”

Chapter 1219: Unmatched In Reality

“Killing you?” Rowan said, “Yes... I would gladly kill you as many times as you return, but this would be the last time. I don’t have a habit of keeping a viper in my room.”

The Third Prince smiled, but something in his expression was different and Rowan knew that he was gone and it was the Eye that had taken his place, if everything went according to plan, or even if he failed, this would be the last time he would see the face of his hated enemy, and Rowan was glad for it.

“I would have worn this face earlier, if I knew how much it would affect you.” the Eye of Time said as he began to walk towards Rowan, “The experience of the dead tells me to always expect the unexpected from you. I should have listened more closely.”

The distance that separated them was hundreds of miles, but that was nothing, Rowan watched the shell of the Third Prince walking closer and growled,

“Let’s finish this,” and he began walking towards the Eye of Time, on his index finger, the Sin Weapon Wrath in the shape of a lion headed beast began to glow bright red.

As they grew closer, Rowan closed his eyes, since the moment he gained his soul, this was the first time he would be entering a true battle, and he wanted to feel it.

There was so much mysteries behind the utilization of power, especially those of the higher dimension, and Rowan knew that no matter how much power he wielded in this present dimensional state he found himself, he was still a far cry from matching the Eye of Time. He could never hope to match it with using conventional tactics, but what their last few encounters had taught him was that he had unique tools that even the Eye of Time could not match, and he needed to lean towards his own strengths, one of which was his dimensional soul.

There had never been a dimensional soul in existence, at least he thought that was the case, if there were, then it would have been impossible to fool this realm or the Eye of Time, and of the many unique property of his soul, one was its ability to utilize the power of a realm, because another name he could call his soul was a world’s soul, and since he was using an Ascebdant body, and also had the queen of calamities under his control, it would be foolish not to take advantage of every tool he had.

It was necessary if he wanted to survive long enough to make any difference in this battle. If it was before he would have began linking with all these powers, taking control of them all, but now, he did something similar, but instead of taking control, he simply embraced them under the mighty umbrella of his soul and allowed his instincts to direct this battle.

He felt great anger, at many things in his life, but at this moment there as a singular focus for all that anger in front of him that he could pour all his grievances, and a surprising amount of that anger was also directed towards himself, but he knew that anger was a powerful weapon, and to wield it meant acknowledging the risk that you would be harmed as well.

He could feel excitement, it was impossible not to feel this. Like his anger, his excitement came from many sources, the chance that he might finally meet his children once more

and know for certainty the fate that might have befallen them, the chance to finally becoming complete after nearly a million years of being technically dead, the completion of his million years tribulation, the chance to be able to stand here on his two feet despite all the challenges he had faced getting here, so many reasons to be excited, including the chance to kill the Third Prince once more...

He could feel fear. The fear of failure, his present enemies were the most dangerous he would be meeting in the field of battle, and his present state was not optimal. He had long forgotten the fear of death that did not weigh on him again, but the laughter in the souls of his children, if he failed, all of that would be extinguished.

What use was happiness or laughter to this realm that had tortured souls for countless eternities pursuing a goal that might have no end... what use were joy and love to the Eye of Time, when everything except its enemies at the throne of existence was considered meaningless. Rowan was once like this, so he understood what it meant to treat all of existence like thrash.

He could feel fear, and it was almost overwhelming, yet strangely that fear led to happiness.

The happiness that despite the heights of the trials before him, he had the chance to fight for the future he wanted. Against such forces that had shaped creation from the dawn of time, how many in reality could boast that they could fight against this fate?

He was happy that he could hold a sword and challenge fate, and prove to all of reality, that they could not fuck with him!

With a roar that shook the heavens, the ring on his finger transformed into a giant lion-like beast with a mane of flowing gold and the tail of a serpent. Nearly eight feet tall, and weighing a ridiculous number, the beast of Wrath stalked beside Rowan, and its dreadful eyes settled on the Eye of Time, the fragment of a Primordial, and in its heart, it knew there could not be a more worthy prey, and its bond with Rowan transformed beyond servitude to unadulterated adoration, and it was ready to die for its master if it was needed.

The memory of a distant battle where it was vanquished banished by the light of its new master. It was silent, but the heavens themselves rumbled with its roar.

Rowan figure unexpectedly split in two, one continued walking forward and the other stood in place, and the figure that was walking forward also split in two, and with every step that he was taking, he left another one of himself behind, and by the time he was a mile away from the Eye, he had left 32,999 split bodies behind.

The beast of Wrath was walking with the lead figure and had no idea what had been happening, but when it looked back on a whim, the eyes of the beast widened when it

noticed that there were tens of thousands of itself standing still beside those figure, and it could sense an equal amount of its power in all the bodies of those beasts.

“One of me overturned the firmament, a thousand of me, would crush all existence, tens of thousands of me would rule everything!”

The rumble in the heavens from all the roars of the beasts of wrath was beginning to shake the slumbering eyes of heaven, and the spell of the Eye of Time was breaking to pieces as the degradation of the hag that held the heavens under her spell quickened.

This was the realization of Rowan’s new application of his Time Stack powers. It was limited in a manner, but for certain situations, he could unleash unmatched power with it. To fight against the Eye of Time, the least amount of power he could bring to the table had to be considered unmatched in reality.

Chapter 1220: Realm Breaking Battle

The Eye of Time was not idle all these while, for even as it walked towards Rowan, the chanting it had been making since the beginning of this encounter had never ended, and a mile from Rowan, its spell was completed, and then it was revealed why it took so much time and risk its existence in this realm to summon this spell.

“This move has a fraction of its power, but boy, I have slaughtered Primordial Beasts with it.”

The body of the Third Prince began to crack as if it could not contain the massive power that he had just summoned. This revealed to Rowan the situation of all the countless mortals and Ascendant in the Time Blight. They had all been shrunk and their bodies twisted into horrifying facsimiles of gears and cogs, as the Eye of Time recreated a fraction of its previous powers with the flesh of mortals and Ascendants.

Purple smoke began to stream out of its eyes, nose, and mouth, gathering behind him and it converged to create a barely discernible phantom of the Primordial of Time and Evil.

It was ephemeral, almost invisible, and if Rowan had not seen the bloodline source of Time and intimately knew all the physical details of this Primordial, he would have thought it was a trick of the light.

The roars of the beasts of wrath in the skies above finally woke up the eyes of the realm, and the hundreds of eyes beamed down in fury, but a pulse erupted from the phantom of the Primordial of Time and the eyes of heaven were shredded to pieces, only their furious roars lingered.

The realm went still, Time went mad as it seemed to have gained a will of its own, and except for Rowan whose path of Time was separated from the path of the previous

Primordial of Time, all Chains of Will bounding Time inside Doom Star was rendered ineffective.

The realm began to develop fractures at the seams because the normal flow of Time was interrupted, in countless corners of the realm, time became strange, some flowing backward, and some areas were entirely devoid of the concept of time, as countless Time Storms ravaged the realm.

Rowan Ascendant bodies had to brace against space so as not to be swept into the Time Storms.

Excitement... Fear... Happiness... Rowan's soul throbbed with pain and expectation. It was moments like these that made everything worth it... every sacrifice.

The shade of the Primordial had no legs, but hundreds of massive tentacles that resembled the twisted root of a tree, and it raised a hand and pointed at Rowan, who immediately responded by unleashing the spell he had also created by using his 33,000 streams of time. Whatever move he could ever make, the phantom of the Primordial of Time and Evil would always reach him faster, from the get-go, Rowan had fallen into a disadvantage.

The same pulse that shattered the eyes of the realm in the heavens above swept towards Rowan, and this time, it was concentrated and not dispersed, enhancing the power of the action a thousand times over.

The 33,000 beasts of Wrath responded even faster than Rowan, their nature as sentient weapons enabling them to match the phantom of a Primordial.

From their mouths came a ball of golden energy, a thousand times brighter than the sun, and countless times hotter, holding immense telekinetic powers; all of these powers were borne from the merger with Rowan, for the Beasts of Wrath's abilities came from the links with their hosts.

Their retaliatory move was perfectly aligned and all 33,000 orbs of Wrath slammed into each other, seamlessly converging into a single orb that was further streamlined into a broad beam of force.

The 33,000 Rowans made a gesture and the single beam was suddenly imprinted with millions of runes, all Intent of the offensive variety.

The merger of his dimension at this precise moment reached closer to completion and a weird glow came to his eyes, and the gesture he was making transformed, and simply making that move destroyed all the other Rowans and their Beasts of Wrath, it was the price for calling such power.

It was costly but worth it. The beam that had nearly collided with the move from the Primordial transformed again, the millions of runes suddenly became one.

That single rune contained everything. It contained all the offensive runes known in reality. Rowan crushed a piece of Aetherium to enhance this move, hesitated then crushed three

more.

It should be noted that since the end of the Primordial Era, there had been no record of a Primordial existence making any show of force or display of their powers, but in the realm of Doom Star, something so monumental was ongoing, but no one here to witness it.

The power of the Primordial collided against the beam and there was a brief moment of silence and the single Rowan left grinned as he muttered, "Time against Space... Order against Chaos."

Intent had always been seen as a lower form of power against Will, but Rowan had seen something different when he saw Telmus battle with his control over Intent, and he knew that the work of a Primordial was never simple.

Like the Chains of Will that were used to bind Time, Intent was made to bind Space, to bind Chaos himself.

In the moment of his merger, the realization that his dimensional soul gave him great control over the Chains of Will, then it also gave him greater control over all Intent of Space, and his sturdy and mastery over all nine Supreme Circles and all created techniques that contained all intent in existence was simply a key to the control of Chaos.

Rowan had no idea if the Primordial of Time had ever fought against Chaos, who could be referred to as the

Primordial of Space if he wanted, but if not, then what happened next would be the closest that reality would ever come to such an event.

What happened next shattered a hundredths of the realm.

The resultant force, light, heat, and a trillion other phenomena that occurred due to that clash repeatedly swept past the realms millions of times, tearing apart every single structure in the lower realms into nothingness, even the higher realms did not survive this move, everything was swept clean, and this was just a slight side-effect of the collision.

It completely vaporized an entire section of Doom Star, and this was not a simple injury that could simply be healed by the realm with its power, this portion of itself was gone.

The Realm of Doom Star screamed a cry that rippled out into the outside reality. Many trillions of miles away where Old Man Seed and Elura waited, the eyes of Old Man Seed

suddenly widened a moment before the cry of Doom Star echoed and he reached out to touch Elura but it was too late.

Like a heavy hammer passing through a glass, the cry of the realm swept past everything for countless trillions of miles, surrounding dimensions and universes, all that had taken the risk of being near Doom Star disintegrated into nothingness, and thus cry continued into the countless void, traveling faster than time and slamming into the Great Darkness, and from this conduit, rippled out to all of existence.

Chapter 1221: Beneath The Curtains

From the vaunted Spires of the Celestials to the deepest reaches of the Great Abyss... From the emerald fields of the Land of Miracles to the endless Arcane Labyrinth...

From the Inheritance Ground of Chaos to the Gates of Oblivion...

From the Council of Magus to the Titans Reaches...

Outer dimensional entities, rogue powers, and every dimension in existence heard the cries of Doom Star. freewebnovel.com

Rowan's battles were no longer in the dark, from the moment he began to actively use and access his higher dimensional capabilities, the Primordial Record could no longer hide him from reality.

The presence of a being like Rowan was a pandora's box. His abilities were unprecedented, and it would shake all of existence to the core if they knew what one individual had become capable of, calling into question what power really meant, and if those that were chasing it, had only been holding on to the shadows of the real thing.

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Rowan's Ascendant body was blasted away, compressed by forces far beyond his control and the roar from the Beast of Wrath as it strove to protect him was lost amidst the confusion of being at the center of one of the most powerful unveiling of force that had ever occurred, covered in the golden fur of Wrath, he was cushioned from the full effect of the blast.

Even as the cries of the beast of wrath grew weaker and its form grew hazy, Rowan could not help but focus on what just happened, knowing he had seen the greatest advantage of his infinite soul. It might not yet have the power to unleash such potent Primordial forces, but it had all the keys to where those powers were found.

No soul at his level should have been to have the capacity to not only understand every single Intent in existence but on the spur of the moment, merge an entire Aspect of it into a single

rune.

With a last mournful howl, the beast of wrath dissipated, transforming into its base form of a ring and flipping onto his finger, exposing Rowan to... chaos. If he did not have a firm sense of who he was, then at this moment he would have become entirely lost.

He was seeing everything and nothing at the same time. The past, future, and a million other realities that should exist and could never exist, and all of this was wrapped in lightning, fire, and darkness, or at least, these were the closest elemental forces that he could associate with them.

The voice of the Third Prince echoed in the chaos, “Hmmm.... This feels familiar, after so long, I taste the air of home. Is this the feeling I crave? Is this home?”

The voice jolted Rowan away from the chaos and gave him focus, reminding him that he was still in a battle for his life.

That focus hurt. Yet he clung to the pain and let the pain guide his mind to see where he had fallen.

To survive a Primordial’s attack, even the shade of one would mean Rowan would have to be calling on everything inside of him, unleashing forces that he barely understood or controlled, there was no time to contemplate what could result from these choices, and in order to unleash more of such attacks, he had to focus!

This cry of determination in his soul finally gave order to the chaos around him, as his senses forcefully pieced together everything he was witnessing, and if he could, he would be gasping in amazement.

He looked around and saw a billion of himself, all floundering in a storm of lightning, fire, and darkness. The Chaos had ripped Time and Space into pieces, tearing a hole in the realm and creating a space that had existed before reality itself, a space where he suspected that Primordials had once roamed free and unbounded.

‘In the beginning, was this the face of existence?’

Rowan felt his mind being strained past his limits and he wanted to scream, but after the life he had lived, he had forgotten how to give an outlet to his pain, and so he endured it, there was a time and a place to show weakness, it was not here. However, it would seem that not all the Rowans in this place had suffered like him, and their cries of anguish filled the void, they began to perish in dastardly fashion as their strained minds could not handle the weight of their powers and this tore them apart at the seams.

It was a special kind of horror to see the many ways that his powers could kill him if he lacked control. From his Ouroboros Serpents tearing to pieces to himself willingly feeding his body to them to end the suffering. Trees exploded out of his wailing mouths to be drowned by a sea of Ambrosia...

His senses suffered countless traumas with every moment, and he knew the risk to him from this place was not just physical, his Ascendant body despite being on the verge of destruction could survive for a while in this place, his mind on the other hand, needed something tangible to anchor it here, he needed his body.

The merger within was slowing down, it was as if the chaos of this place was affecting his dimension. He was an anomaly in this environment, like matter placed inside a field of antimatter, only his sheer will was holding him in place, and it was a miracle that his dimensional merger was still ongoing inside this place that was so anathema to his existence.

His body moved without any conscious thought and a massive purple tentacle tore through the place he had just occupied a moment before,

“I should have known that the attack would fail. Can you not see that of all your possibilities in this place, you are the only one not screaming? A mind so young like yours should have never seen this place, but you do not know when to quit!”

Hundreds more tentacles came for him, and Rowan flowed through them all like a wisp of smoke, making impossible movements and escaping from seemingly possible deadlocks. There was a silence that followed as if the Eye of Time was in disbelief that Rowan was not only conscious but could still avoid all his attacks.

The tentacles retreated to prepare for another round of attacks but then the chaos was lit up by a terrible explosion that caused the Eye of Time to wail in anguish, as Rowan suddenly swung his hand to the side and caught a single flailing tentacle that had been torn from the phantom of the Primordial.

It did not last long in his hand before it collapsed into nothingness, but it left tiny glowing purple crystals on his palms that he looked at in curiosity, seeing them for what they were, the purest essence of Time.

Rowan had not just been dodging the tentacles that were attacking him but had subtly been weaving a net of Celestial and Abyssal spells powered by an Aetherium Crystal, and when the tentacles had retreated for another round, he had unleashed the spells. He was learning that the combination of opposite forces was considered impossible for most individuals because their resultant effects were nothing short of heretical.

The cries of anguish from the Eye of Time were enough proof.

“Despite my hatred for you,” the Eye of Time said as the explosion settled, “I am still proud.”

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1222: Beacon Of Hope

Rowan placed the pieces of Time away as he muttered, “Keep your pride for you don’t understand the meaning of the word. Nothing of your nature is worthwhile.”

The Eye of Time chuckled, “You wield Aetherium, but it is not yours but from this realm, to do such a thing without a medium should be poison, but somehow you can wield it without any drawbacks. I should not be amazed after all this time with you, but I am.”

Rowan’s body jerked forward and he looked down to see a tentacle had somehow impaled him from the back, pain and a weird chill filled his soul, and with a growl of anger his body fuzzed at the edges and he vanished, reappearing at another spot and he fell to one of his knees.

From his chest spewed an enormous volume of Ascendant energy and he tried to weave shut the hole in his body,

“That ability of yours to predict danger is rather impressive, but I have seen the likes before, and to deceive it is rather simple if you know...”

Rowan felt no danger, but he had fought long enough to know that staying in a single position in a battle of this nature was death, and that paid off as several tentacles emerging from the chaos missed him, but he was not fast enough and several tears sliced through his Ascendant body, and he loosed an arm during several tense few moments where he should not have survived but he clawed his way out of.

The Eye of Time knowing its advantage did not hold back, it tore through several of Rowan’s attempts to retaliate, not giving him the chance to heal his wounds and at that moment, Rowan’s body glowed as brightly as a blue sun as the Ascendant Aura he contained poured out in ever-increasing volumes that soon caught up to his natural rate of regeneration and surpassed it.

It was inevitable that he would stumble, his Ascendant body had taken too much damage too quickly, and coupled with the fact that it took nearly all his attention to understand the reality around him. A swipe from a tentacle nearly tore him in two, and another took out both of his legs from the knee, before he could reorient himself, dozens of thin tentacles like spears pierced through his body and he was hoisted up like an animal on a spit.

Weakness clouded his vision and he struggled to push himself away from the tentacles but he could not, his strength was failing, and with an explosion that rippled through this strange dimension, the last of his Ascendant Aura faded away and his body felt incredibly heavy as if was nothing but a hunk of metal.

Something hissed against his senses like a snake and he weakly turned his head to the side as a particularly thin tentacle sailed through the chaos and before he could anticipate what was coming, it surged forward and pierced through his left eye.

A cold will begin to brush against his mind and Rowan began to place defense after defense that we're easily torn through,

"You have done the impossible child," the body of the Eye of Time emerged from the chaos and stopped a few feet from Rowan, "It is time to stop fighting and accept the inevitable. You should know that no matter how hard you try, you cannot win this fight."

Rowan shuddered with the intense violation tearing through his soul but he still smiled when he saw the state of the Eye of Time. The body of the Third Prince it wore was still whole, and the phantom of the Primordial did not even have a scratch on it, but the Eye of Time itself was now cracked.

Rowan chuckled weakly, it would seem that the Eye of Time was not as indestructible as he once thought. Perhaps, nothing would be able to destroy this thing from the outside, but from within, if it was pushed to use certain terrible techniques like summoning the phantom of a Primordial, then it would incur damage.

"Oh, you noticed my particular state, but it is alright, I would never risk damaging my shell if there was not a better replacement before me."

Rowan groaned weakly, his defenses on its last leg, "You will not succeed."

"You cannot stop me Rowan, you have fought the good fight, now you should rest. Show me your secrets!"

Rowan felt his body seized and his soul opened up, and no matter how hard he stopped himself from speaking, he haltingly mumbled, "My Ascendant energy... beacon... Shiik... unite them all... Hope"

What he said was disjointed, but the Eye of Time froze as its mind rapidly put together the clues before him and it looked upwards where the chaos of this place was torn open as two bright suns badged into the area, their glow a force of order that twisted the darkness into a form with meaning.

The Eye looked above and he grinned, "I was tearing you apart yet you still had the presence of mind to use your dispersed Ascendant energy as a beacon to call the

Ascendant Suns of this realm? I see now, it's not just your powers that make you special, it is that weird mind of yours, Rowan, I need it, I want all of you."

The Eye of Time rushed towards Rowan, its body beginning to disassemble as the process to take possession of Rowan's soul began but two bright beams of light from the Ascendant Suns above slammed into their position with all the fury of the realm.

Despite his present state that was devoid of any Ascendant Aura, Rowan's body was still the perfect vehicle for Ascendant energy, and when the full power of two Seventh-Dimensional Ascendants slammed down on him, the only reason for his survival was his Ascendant body's extreme resistance to Aura and the fact that he could process the energy, yet his body began to shatter so quickly that he soon lost all his limbs and what was left was rapidly shrinking. freewebnovel.com

The Eye of Time shrieked with rage, another second and it would have possessed Rowan's soul, bringing this fight to a dimension that it held the utmost advantage.

The damages from the Ascendant Suns were meaningless to it for the most part, but they were destroying its mortal shell that was allowing it to display a fraction of its powers and their interference had destroyed Rowan's body so quickly that the tentacles that it had thrust inside of it, no longer had any target to hold on to.

Knowing that the body of Rowan was durable enough to have lasted under the onslaught but that he must have used this opportunity to break free, the Eye of Time roared in rage, and it knew that in order to finish its work in peace, it would need to end the threat of Ascendancy from this realm.

It pushed forward with its tentacles but now another set of tentacles came from below, as the two Ascendant Suns unleashed the Kraken, channeled by the entire might of Ascendancy in the realm.

The resultant explosion pushed the broken husk of Rowan's body to the side, and whether by chance or design ripped him away from this space of chaos and into the realm of Doom Star and he found himself hundreds of miles in the air, and falling towards the ocean below.

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Chapter 1223: Why Does It Still Hurt?

Rowan fell towards the ocean, but there was no wind whistling past his descending body, for the wind in this realm was gone, and so was the light, leaving something else in its place.

Free from the debilitating space he had found himself, Rowan's senses rippled outwards as he began to rapidly channel soul energy to restore his lost Ascendant Essence and halt the destruction of his Ascendant body for a little while longer. It had been a close thing, and he had nearly lost his Ascendant body, at this point, it would be a calamity.

A few miles away from reaching the ocean the lump of glowing metal that represented his Ascendant body stopped in the air, and it began to bubble as it slowly took back a humanoid shape, Rowan's eyes opened, glowing like the sun, but within them you could see clear signs of exhaustion, he appeared diminished, as the Ascendant body appeared incredibly frail which was not far from the truth.

Resisting that space and enduring the ravages of the Eye of Time as it sought to possess his soul was incredibly difficult, and he had also been managing several other affairs concerning his dimension, his powers, and the children he had within him at the same time if he had slipped up in any of this matter, the consequences would be terrible.

Yet as Rowan saw it, mistakes were meant for mortals and lesser immortals, but not him. He could not afford to make a mistake, this was the weight of his powers, how could he be worthy of being called a Creator and worshipped by his children if he could easily fail them?

He did not care if this his position was unsustainable, because he believed that the moment he stopped believing in himself, the moment he began to doubt his powers, that was the moment he had lost, and he could begin counting down the time until his enemies cut him down.

If he had ever doubted his invincibility, then standing up against the Eye of Time would be impossible because everything inside him would doubt his ability to stand against the fragment of a Primordial.

'I am invincible,' he groaned within, 'Yet why does everything still hurt?'

His body resumed falling until he stepped upon the ocean, his descent stirring a single ripple that traveled throughout the ocean, and using it as a vehicle for his sight, he looked around at the realm that appeared gray and lifeless.

Without the Ascendant Sun in the sky, darkness should have overtaken the realm, but instead, something was in place that had suppressed that darkness.

The clash between him and the Eye of Time had swept through the realm like a storm, primordial forces unchecked had torn through its fabrics and if this realm did not sacrifice a large portion of its strength to heal itself of this wound, it would remain lifeless for countless eternities, not even immortals without higher dimensional powers would be able to live here for long, because there was nothing protecting them against the errant forces of death and destruction that was unleashed on the realm.

The effects of a fragment of a Primordial appearing in this realm could not be easily swept aside, and Rowan tried not to analyze the reasons behind the thought process in his head when he clashed against such a force of nature that was a Primordial, even if it was only a fragment.

From the highest heavens down to the depths of the ocean, the realm had taken a monochrome appearance as if all color had been bleached from its reality and only the gold of Rowan's Ascendant body was the only color in it, making him extremely conspicuous, but not as conspicuous as the massive hole in reality he could see in the distance, millions of miles away.

It was a strange sight that Rowan had still not gotten used to even while he was inside it. He could see a rolling ocean and a black-and-white sky and then... nothing, and after a while the landscape of the realm would return.

Around the space of nothingness, he thought he could sense some other forces attaching to it, but they were either too small or his senses had reached their limit.

He had to force himself to look at this space of nothingness for his mind to wrap around it, and as he observed this space.

He felt the entire realm shake as a frightening crack like the world was shattering in two emerged from the area of nothingness, the battle between the Eye of Time and the two Ascendant Suns was still going on strong, and their clash was shaking the entire realm of Doom Star.

Rowan had no illusion of who would be coming out ahead. The Eye of Time was severely disadvantaged in many aspects since the level of power it could unleash was dependent on its

host.

What it had to work with here was very suboptimal, mostly mortals and the strongest Ascendant inside the Time Blight barely reaching the fifth-dimensional level, it had also suffered from the unexpected Tribulation that had attacked it alone and as a result lost a third of the resource it used in creating its temporary shell, drastically weakening its foundations, and yet against two Ascendant Suns, they were not enough to hold it back.

Rowan doubted that it would be using the sort of attack it had used against him at the start because releasing that level of power would hurt the Eye as well, but it was strong enough to eventually muscle through the opposition and come for him.

However, this would hopefully bring Rowan the time he needed for his merger to be completed.

The Eye had displayed the conviction to destroy itself if it could get to Rowan's body, but knowing the crafty nature of this creature, Rowan knew that it would not be so reckless and go all out at the start, it would be testing the waters and trying to rid itself of the Ascendants before committing too many resources in tearing past them, because it did not know all of Rowan's card too if Rowan could resist its full-powered strike once, who says he could not do it again?

The nature of the space of nothingness ahead had delayed the process of his dimensional merger but now that reality had reasserted itself once more, it headed for completion. Rowan closed his eyes and began to observe the operation, at this point he could not control what was happening, but he knew that the fusion was about ninety percent completed.

The loud sounds from inside the space of nothingness had become more frequent and Rowan frowned a bit in contemplation, he lifted his left hand and pointed towards the space ahead, the power of Calamity beginning to brew on his palm as the face of the Shiik appeared on his

palm.

There was a bit of hesitation in his heart, with the infusion of the final pieces of his dimension, the appearance of the vortex in his mind, and the memories he had gained, he suspected that the response to what he was about to do now could escalate out of his control, and this should be a final option when everything was lost.

Chapter 1224: Battle Of The Ascendant Sun

There was a battle beyond this one, being played on a realm beyond the mundane, and any action he was making must depend on making sure that both sides were balanced. He could not make any move in rashness or he would lose, there had been too many sacrifices to get to this point, and a single mistake at the crucible would trigger a massive crash.

He placed down his hand and the Aura of Calamity faded, his hope was for the Ascendant Suns to hold back the Eye of Time long enough for him to finish the merger.

Not letting the increasing rumbling distract him, he closed his eyes and eagerly followed the completion of his dimension. There were unique changes ongoing that resembled chains being broken, and a sleeping giant being roused from its million years slumber.

The vortex in his mental space had unexpectedly begun to expand once more, in a series of massive bursts that stretched his mental space and began crushing it; in the process, it began to consume the blue elements that made up the mental space of his Ascendant body.

Rowan flinched, the pain from this process was horrifying and unexpected, but he quickly suppressed it, noticing that the consumed elements of his mental space were being used

to create a road, a blue road that penetrated the vortex. Each tile on that road seemed ridiculously strong and heavy, it was a road made for enormous titans to walk on.

A loud shriek drew his attention, followed by a massive shockwave that Rowan sliced through with a flick of his finger when it reached him, and he opened his eyes to see that the nothingness ahead had been torn in two, and an Ascendant Sun had fallen, on the verge of death, spread around him were the bodies of millions of lesser Ascendants.

There was a dissipating body of a massive tentacle-like beast that Rowan had seen clash with the Eye of Time, it had been sliced into many pieces.

Whatever battle had been going on inside the space of nothingness was so terrible that the Ascendant Suns had taken their humanoid form to battle against the Eye of Time, disregarding the massive sphere they usually took.

They appeared similar to normal Ascendants, whose forms were usually like spirit beings wearing long robes, but their bodies blazed with bright light and unlike the wispy bodies of lesser Ascendants, you could see glowing bones beneath their flowing robes that appeared to be made of sunlight.

The fallen Ascendant Sun was on his knees, and a dreadful wound that was bleeding sunlight had been made from his shoulder down to his waist, nearly separating him in two pieces. An angry purple flame was burning in the wound, not letting this Ascendant Sun heal and although he was in great pain, there was still enough awareness inside him to hurriedly clap his hands together to stop a descending blade that would have sliced his skull in two. The Eye of Time was revealed and his present state was terrible, large gaping holes that poured out flames festooned its body, and the two mundane eyes in its head were gone, leaving a gaping hole that bled fire, the Ascendant Suns must have found a way to link to the powers of Ascendancy inside the shell of the Eye of Time and they had made it attack the Eye itself.

This fragment of a Primordial had to fight two battles, both within and outside, and armed with only a blade it was winning, although it was costly to it. The phantom of the Primordial behind it was nearly gone, but a portion of its tentacles had weirdly merged with the shell of the Eye of Time, giving the body of the Third Prince dozens of tentacles for legs.

It drew back its hand holding the blade jerking the Ascendant Sun forward while its left hand reached ahead and grabbed one of the rib bones of the Ascendant Sun, a twist and a pull and that piece of glowing bone was in his hand, purple flame poured from its hand and covered the bone and with a vicious thrust, he embedded it inside the eye socket of the Ascendant Sun whose screams of pain resonated throughout the realm,

“Dilos, help me!” he roared

The Eye of Time stated coldly, “No one can help you.”

With a gesture from the Eye of Time, the rib bone in the socket of the Ascendant Sun began to rotate, causing a fountain of flames and Ascendant Aura to erupt from the rapidly widening hole in the skull of the Ascendant Sun amidst its screams.

The pain the Ascendant Sun was experiencing loosened his hold on the blade, and it never got another chance to rectify that error. The blade on the hand of the Eye of Time danced, making tens of precise cuts, so fast that an element of Time must have been added to the attack, because the blade was cutting through time, from the past to the present, ensuring that no matter the Memory/Mind formation that was unleashed by the Ascendant Sun, it would be futile.

The skull of the Ascendant Sun screamed and a pillar of flame erupted from its neck, pushing it backward but it was ignored by the Eye of Time whose target was on the body parts left behind.

The tentacles surged forward, wishing to possess the body parts of the Ascendant Sun, its shell was on its last legs, and without further replenishment, it would collapse, but this was precisely the moment that Ascendant Sun Dilos chose to strike and even the retreating skull of Ascendant Sun Trelmol with only a single blazing eyes surged forward with vengeance in his heart.

Rowan watched the tense exchange that followed, noting the methods that these higher-dimensional entities fought with were both ingenious and spine-chilling.

Every move the Ascendant Suns made seemed simple but that was because their command over Will was near immaculate, but their opponent had perfect control over Will, the only drawback it faced was that its vessel could not express its power to its fullest extent.

The skull of Ascendant Sun Trelmol flashed and he regrew his body, disregarding what was lost because it could no longer gain anything from it again since the blade of the Eye of Time had severed whatever connection he had with it, series of runes and chants emerged from its mouths that flew towards the Eye of Time and with quick flashes of its blade, the Eye dismantled every single attack sent towards it.

Ascendant sun Dilos's attacks were as if the heavens were falling, as every motion of his brought with it such immense strength that nothing should be able to stand against them, space and time bent and shattered beneath his fury, and the realm trembled.

However, the Eye of Time met all of these powers and techniques, matched them, exceeded them, and countered them. With small motions of its blade, it cut through, diverted, reversed, and dismantled everything before it. Space and Time were under its control, and Rowan realized that this battle was already lost.

The Eye of Time could technically fight forever with this technique it was using, for it was burning essentially no energy at all, yet the two Ascendant Suns were giving their everything, and survival was only a matter of moments, they would fall in a short while.

Chapter 1225: Fractured Will

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Watching the Eye of Time fight was a revelation unto itself and Rowan knew that he should be able to do something similar with his command over Intent and other extra-dimensional forces, the only catch would be that he needed his dimensional body to do so, he could not be like the Eye of Time who was able to perform such miracles using such a fragile shell as it occupied.

He might not know much about these Ascendants, but he understood that they were both supreme geniuses in their own right, and their example had shown him exactly what he needed to avoid when fighting the Eye, although it was a shame that at the moment this was not what he needed from these Ascendants, but more time, something they seem not to be able to get him for much longer.

Rowan sighed, it would seem that this next move he would be making could not be avoided, he would have to summon Calamity and break the balance.

The merger of his dimension had reached the peak, and the road in his mental space was nearly completed, there should be no reason he should summon Calamity, but Rowan's instincts were screaming at him that he did not have as much time as he thought.

No longer hesitating he pushed his left hand forward and whispered, "Queen of Calamity, heed the call of your creator, and shine your ebony light on the dark road, call forth the gloaming."

From his palm the face of the Shiik appeared, it stretched the metallic skin of his palm until she tore through it, and like a tornado of darkness she erupted into the world, and her Aura was amazingly at the sixth dimensional level.

The Shiik had reached the fifth-dimensional level without much interference from Rowan, but that changed after he had returned.

She would be one of his weapons in this war, and it was necessary to draw out her potential as quickly as possible, in the months before this day, he had pushed the connection between the Shiik and the Temple Maidens deeper than before, and her greater powers were not a mistake. The Shiik traveled to the highest heaven on a stream of black smoke, her ebony body piercing through space and time like a mirage and instantly appearing in the area where the eyes of the realm had once resided and then she unleashed her dark light.

Emerging from her body were mystical phantoms of the transformed Temple Maidens, each of them resembling wisps of red flame.

She took the form of a black sun, and in its center was a red light which were the millions of Temple Maidens that were bowing down and worshipping her even as mystical chanting emerged from their lips, and from the earth, the Shiik appeared to have become an eye, the eye of calamities.

From all corners of the realm came a sound like the tolling of bells and with her at the center, seven Calamity Suns rose, and their darkness began to disperse the chaos surrounding the realm created by the clash between Rowan and the Eye of Time.

They seemed to have always been present but had been hidden behind the veil of chaos unleashed by the battle, and as Rowan had realized, the Calamity Suns were powerful, yet seemed to be mindless. If they were they could have easily torn through the veil and into the realm once more, as easily as the Ascendant Suns had been able to do.

As darkness fell, the eyes of heaven began to return in all their fury and this time, they were not hundreds of them, but tens of thousands, the green of their eyes were covered with simmering red lightning as destruction brewed overhead.

However, there was something strange about their appearances, it was subtle, yet was discernible to those who could see beyond the surface of things and Rowan recalled what Old Man Seed had told him when he introduced him to Doom Star.

He had said that the realm had been broken a long time ago but he did not know the reason why that had happened after all Doom Star was an ancient realm, older than Old Man Seed, and now Rowan could see the form that this brokenness took and it was its Will. The Will of Doom Star had been fractured, and instead of a singular Will guiding this realm, there were thousands.

The Will of an individual and those of a realm were different. In the middle ground were World Holders whose Will could bridge both divides, they could do this because they had the ability to permanently manifest their dimension in reality by rooting them in the Nothingness, and so could experience a portion of how a realm's Will would function.

The Will of an individual was the chain used to bind the power of Time, and this chain grew stronger and more expansive the greater the dimensional capabilities of the individual grew with their ascent into higher dimensions, and if for any reason the individual lost the power of their Will or it was broken, the effect on the individual would be terrible but the chains of Will was ultimately just a higher level for the individual and its loss would mostly mean a demotion of power or madness.

The chance to recover their previous level would be slim to none, but they could still live relatively normal lives.

An example would be Shisu, even if Rowan was utilizing his Will in a manner that was opposite to his nature and Will, it only caused Shisu great pain and madness, and if he stopped this Ascendant could slowly recover.

For a realm, this process was far more intricate and entwined with what they are because their entire senses and consciousness were wrapped up in their Will.

The creation of a World Core was linked with their Will, and breaking their Will would lead to deep injuries within their core, and like Doom Star, that fracture could lead to madness and injury that might not be easily healed or even understood.

Unlike an individual, the power of a realm would not drop after their Will was broken, because their Will and their state of existence were the same.

The realm of Doom Star's Will was fractured in the past, and all the eyes of heaven had different minds and agendas, they could detect that there was a great enemy inside their realm, but they could not come together as one to display their entire might.

This led to delays in their decision-making process and their responses to threats was chaotic. In normal times, the many fractured Wills of the realm were busy fighting against each other, but the presence of the Eye of Time was so vast, it had forced all of them to attempt working together to eradicate this threat.

Despite how slow and chaotic their responses were, there was one thing Rowan understood about this realm, and that it supported Calamity, perhaps from the start this was not always the case that the realm always supported darkness and ruin, but its endless experimentation with the soul had not only led to the degradation of its children, which had led to the degradation of what was left of its mind.

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Chapter 1226: I Am A....

Darkness spread down from the heavens, the Calamity Suns responding to the anger of the realm and with a mighty roar, the darkness covering their mighty forms exploded, revealing the monstrous entities underneath.

There were massive balls of diseased flesh, a seemingly endless mass of cancerous flesh that made no meaning or had no purpose. There was a time when Rowan thought that the Abominations he had once seen in Trion had been the epitome of the madness of flesh, but he was wrong, the Calamity Suns were much worse.

From endless empty eye sockets that were filled with tentacles to protruding eyes that grew legs, arms, and bleeding masses of muscles, massive bleeding holes that bled an ocean of blood and pus. The Calamity gods seemed to be an existence that was built from

pain and rot, they should be dead, but their undead nature still burned with a vitality that was impossible to comprehend. River of darkness flowed through their veins, and in them, madness was made manifest.

In between battling the two Ascendants, the Eye of Time had the presence of mind to look towards the direction of Rowan, the purple four-sided eye in the forehead of the third prince rotating with a glow that froze time around it in such a total manner that even the two Ascendant Suns were held in place.

Another crack emerged from the Eye of Time as it no longer held back. Rowan had revealed his trump card, and although extremely dangerous for it, ultimately it was something that it could avoid if it collected the soul of Rowan.

The body of the Third Prince rotated, slicing through the bodies of the Ascendant Suns thousands of times, each stroke of the blade releasing a time-storm that grounded every slice of the Ascendant Sun's bodies to nothing.

This was not enough to kill them, just weaken them long enough for the Eye of Time to claim its prize.

The Eye of Time exploded from its position heading straight for Rowan, its ridiculous speed making the world tear open from its passage, and darkness and the Calamity Suns followed behind him, too slow to stop his movement.

Rowan could see the face of the Third Prince, and despite the vicious disfigurement from the battle with the Ascendant Suns, there was still a large smile on his face, Rowan ignored that smile and touched his chest, the merger was completed, and his dimension was whole.

Looking back up to the Eye of Time he saw there was no longer any large smile on its face, instead anger and a bit of panic.

Rowan frowned, as much as he would love for the Eye of Time to panic at the completion of his dimension, there was no reason for it to do so, it had not experienced the power of his dimension, so panicking should not be among one of its response, unless...

A large furry hand burst out of his chest and he was lifted up into the air, a fetid breath washed across his face the masked visage of Berrion the Undying came to his sight,

"Ahh... is this not familiar? Did I not kill you like this once before?"

Ascendant Aura burst out of his chest, the shell of his Ascendant body too weak to contain it, and his Ascendant body began to finally degrade, there would be nothing he could do to hold back this damage, and Rowan no longer saw any reason why he should continue with this facade any longer.

He looked back to Berrion the Undying and he frowned,

“How did you manage to get close to me both times without my knowledge?”

One of the fox tails of the Undying reached up and almost gently touched his face, and a voice filled with such great depths of bitterness, pain, and rage swept towards Rowan in whispers, as if the Undying was afraid that if it spoke aloud, the last of his control would snap,

“Should you not have known this truth by now? Did you not create all of this for your wretched dreams? How many times... how long will I suffer before you grant me—”

Whatever the Undying was going to say was lost as a massive purple blade slammed into him and sent him hurtling into the horizon. The Eye of Time from a distance had hurled its blade toward the thief trying to steal its meal.

He laughed and seized Rowan by the throat, not wasting any time to posture or talk about its victory, the body of the Third Prince collapsed and the Eye of Time slammed into the shattering Ascendant shell of Rowan and entered into his body as the possession began once

more.

The Calamity Suns and the Darkness arrived over the body of Rowan the cry of rage from the Shiik surrounding the realm, they surrounded him and he was lifted up in a mantle of flesh and flowing blood, his Ascendant body shaking with what seemed like the last of a dying battle within, no matter how powerful he was, the possession of a fragment of a Primordial was not something anyone could just shake off, especially considering the fact that the Eye of Time was desperate.

Within Rowan the Eye of Time faced roadblocks but it was nothing before its might, it did not hesitate to call up more powers from within itself, leading to more cracks along its surface as it went deeper into Rowan, staining his bright whitish-golden soul with a purplish hue that glowed with the charm of Time and Evil.

The Eye of Time reached the core of Rowan’s soul and it found itself on the top of a mountain, and the mountain was a blazing fire with three burning logs within it, and there were three chairs here that were occupied by three people.

The first were both females, and the last was Rowan. Looking around in confusion, the Eye detected that it was within Rowan’s Soul but also somewhere different. Rowan was talking to the two females, and they all seemed not to be aware of its presence.

Spreading his perception, they touched everyone here and he knew them, Nyla Sheritz, Temple Mother Eliaxha, and a fragment of Rowan’s soul... what was this? Where was his core?

“I get you are a bit confused,” the voice of Rowan said. The Eye of Time looked at the fire and saw that the fragment of Rowan’s soul was staring at him, and he gestured to the side where another chair had appeared,

“You should sit here and talk with us, there is not much time left... he is coming.”

Frustrated the Eye sought to summon flesh from across the rivers of time but it was denied. It grunted in surprise and frustration, and it looked toward the chair that the fragment of Rowan’s soul had pointed out and it seemed to have understood something, and without speaking it glided through the air and hovered above the chair.

Hesitating for a moment, the Eye of Time descended, and as it did, flesh covered it, and when

it sat, it wore the body of the Third Prince,

“What is happening,” it growled, “Where is your soul core?”

Rowan smiled and within there was a hint of sadness,

“I tried to do this the easy way, at least with me, you would have known a measure of mercy. I said it before, he is coming, and he does not have my soul or the mercy it contains, pray that The learns from it quickly enough.” freewe6novel.com

The Third Prince looked at Rowan for a bit and then it screamed in realization, “It can’t be... No, not possible, you are...”

Rowan grinned and spoke slowly, the baritone of his voice shaking the air, “I am a Reflection.”

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Chapter 1227: I Alone Rember It

The words he spoke carried a weight that was almost impossible to describe, it told a nearly unbelievable tale about how all the achievement that Rowan had made since he left the

universe was done by a Reflection.

There were many ways to describe a Reflection, they could be called shadows, or vestiges, considered to be nearly useless in the large scheme of things. What was the use of a reflection in the mirror? Or the shadow at someone’s feet?

The reason why the Third Prince and the rest of his ilks were so potent as Reflection was because their roots were incredibly potent. Being Reflections of the Eye of a Primordial was a status that most could never match in all of reality, and yet, comparing the actions of the Third Prince and those of Rowan, the differences would be clear.

This difference was so vast that it was able to fool even the Eye of Time.

The Reflection of Rowan had not fully confirmed his status until a short while ago, he finally accepted this truth when his dimensional flesh was completed and yet he could not find the path to ascension, something was missing, and he was a bit confused at first despite all the hints that he had been gathering all this while, but he knew what he was when the vortex inside his collapsing mental space released a breath.

This breath was the same as his own, but in comparison to his power, this breath was the sun, and he was barely an ember. There was an innate quality inside this breath that he lacked, a majesty that he could not match, no matter how closely he was related to the original, it could never be the same.

From the moment he left the universe of his birth, he had not heard the songs of his Angels, seen the smile of the Lady of Shadows, or opened his Primordial Record... all these while his mind had been subtly manipulated, memories trimmed and adjusted so that he could not miss those integral portions of himself.

The only person who could fool Rowan was Rowan.

Rowan glanced at his completed dimension after he went through all the troubles and gathered them together, its power was vast and ridiculously powerful, even though they were in a dormant state, all this power was enough to attract the fragment of a Primordial, and now he knew the truth and he nearly laughed in disbelief.

His dimensional flesh here was just a small piece of the whole... His main body had ruthlessly torn off a portion of his flesh and sent it out into reality, and even if he had fallen, he was just bait and a method to test the waters...

He would still send another Reflection if he failed, and if that one failed, he would send another and another until everything was completed in the manner of his choosing.

Rowan was brutal to his enemies, and also to himself as well.

“No, this is not possible, you can not be a Reflection!” the Eye of Time seemed to be growing mad, “I created Reflections... I know their capabilities... your essence, your powers, your soul! ... you cannot be a Reflection, all of this is simply a method to win this battle of the soul, hehehe, good job Rowan, you nearly got me, but you forgot I created Reflections!”

“And I improved on your formula, and it was rather simple. Unlike you, I am not at war with myself. I know my enemies, and they are legion.” Rowan replied as this space they were in shook, the earth and the sky quaking. freewebnovel.com

This change in the surroundings made the Eye of Time look at the sky and it recognized the patterns they contained, and it asked in a dull tone as if it was in great disbelief, but still needed to keep a portion of its dignity,

“Are those the first starlights after the birth of reality? How could you have something like this? How could you know something like this?”

Rowan looked deeply at the Eye of Time and muttered to himself, but it was loud enough that the Eye also heard him, “So I am not the only one with missing memories, it is good that you recognize this sky, sometimes it can be lonely when you are the only one who can appreciate the significance of a thing, don’t you think so?”

With a sinking sensation in its cold heart, the Eye of Time asked, “What do you mean by that? What memories am I missing?”

Rowan shook his head in pity, “I play the long game, have you not realized it yet, everything here was within my hand from the start, and you are a small part of it, an extremely annoying part I would say. The challenge was to find a way to deceive you in a manner that would escape your omniscience.”

Rowan rolled his eyes at the sheer look of disbelief in the face of the Eye of Time, “Yes, I know what comes after you exceed the seventh dimension, and yes, I am indeed telling you that I found a way to break it. Tell me, Eye of Time, you say you know everything about me, but what do you know about me?”

Asking this question, Rowan looked at the Eye with a penetrative gaze, like a researcher looking at a lab rat, not wanting to miss a single thing that was about to occur,

The Eye of Time appeared confused but it began to mutter, “I know that you were a creation of my mind, your cry drew forth the first Singularity from Nothingness, and within you is the potential to absorb everything in creation. You are the crowning achievement...”

Rowan arched an eyebrow, as he coughed, “Well, if you put it like that, I don’t see...”

He was interrupted by the Eye of Time who seemed to be deep in its introspection, “Yet knowing all of that, how did I always end up underestimating you, how did I think your methods would be so simple, there is something wrong with my...”

“Shh....” Rowan placed a finger on his lips, and he pointed upwards at the sky, “Don’t speak out loud or he will hear you. When he does, everything here will end, and I want to see the lovely sky for as long as possible.”

The Eye of Time shuddered, “What are you?” perhaps, it did not even realize that when it asked this question, it was whispering,

Rowan smiled as he pointed at the sky,

“Let these stars tell my story. You said this light was the first in all of creation, and it is true, it is because inside me is the first fire born from the Nothingness. Its light was taken by Light,

but you see,”

He turned towards the Eye of Time and winked, “I still hold the power of Light inside me as well, so with the heat from the fire and its light, I could find their Memory and allow them to shine forth. Yet they are all still stars, and they need a container, a backdrop to hold their light, and Chaos became that container. I found the Memory of that as well because I am sure you are not surprised by this, I also hold the power of Reality within me. The Memory of that Time is known only to Primordials, but as you can tell, Time is mine as well.”

“To any other person, this looks like an average sky, but to me and you, only the fruits of multiple Primordial can remember it. I alone remember it.”

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Chapter 1228: Is This Selfish?

Chapter 1228: Is This Selfish?

Chapter 1228: Is This Selfish?

The Eye of Time mumbled, “Why am I here? What did you do to me?”

“Me? Nothing...” Rowan laughed, “My main body on the other hand was faced with a dilemma when it came to you. You see he had many troubles in his mind, so many troubles that you would not believe, no, I think more than anyone else, you should understand his mindset and the fear inside them. He is playing the game of dominion not against immortals or gods, but against the beings who created immortals and gods, the apex of creation itself that exceeds creation, and he wants to win against them... can you believe that? He did not just want the fight, he also wanted to triumph over the Primordials and to do that, he needs you to break!”

Immense power radiated from the Eye of Time, a power that would make immortals go insane with fear, “How dare you? What arrogance would make you think, you can break me?”

Rowan was silent and he gestured at the sky, "I would keep your voice down if I were you, do you want to hear the truth or do you want it to end quickly? Pointing upwards, "he does not have the patience for that sort of thing."

The emanation of power from the Eye of Time died down and Rowan nodded, "I don't think he can break you... at least, that was what I thought before, but as I see now, he has already succeeded. Look at you. Your invincible shell has been broken by your own hand as you sought to devour me, a mere Reflection. So tell me where is the arrogance? He played you like a fiddle."

The Eye of Time sneered, "So, you are here to gloat?" freewëbnovel.com

"A little bit," Rowan smiled, "but mostly I just wanted to talk."

"Talk? About what?"

"Anything, everything... I am extremely young by the time scale of reality, nothing but an infant. I have been alive for a million years, yet I was only awake for a fraction of that time. I am not like my main body which has been awake and learning all this while, and so I am still naturally curious about everything you can tell me?"

The Eye of Time looked at him curiously,

"Why would you like to know something like that? If you are a Reflection, everything of you would soon be swallowed by your main body. There is no reason to learn anything because nothing you earn is yours."

Rowan shook his head, "You are right and also wrong, I am going back to become part of him once again, true, but in the time I am me, I still have my individuality and I want to know about the Eye of Time, separate from everything that is known about you, this is my way, to acknowledge my enemy... to honor them, it is the thing that makes me unique, different from him, aside my soul."

"Why would I want honor from the dead? I am here to plunder the fruit that is rightfully mine, not here your inane chatter about honor."

"Ah, for a moment I have forgotten who you are," Rowan shook his head sorrowfully, "I guess my muse would go unanswered."

The Eye of Time suddenly jerked as if something had crawled across its spine and it looked upward, but there was no longer a sky, but a massive vortex that filled the entire sky, and emerging from this vortex was a wide blue road.

There was a thump, and its body shivered, it could not help it, then another thump, and another, almost as if he was hearing the sound of a massive footstep.

The sound kept getting louder, each step shaking the entire reality around them, and to keep it sitting, the Eye had to hold on to the chair, cursing this feeble body that it had been granted inside this place.

When it seemed as if the sound of the footstep would crush the body he was wearing, it stopped and the sudden silence was incredibly heavy, and the Eye of Time found itself holding its breath for what seemed like forever, and when the tension seemed so high that the air itself could be sliced with a knife, two golden suns appeared within the vortex.

The space around them imitated the scene from the beginning of creation, and so it was ridiculously vast, and the vortex had filled up the entire sky, and yet these two golden suns that shone through the vortex were still so massive that their size could never be found in a material universe but was something extra-dimensional.

Two waves passed through the two suns, they first went horizontally and then vertically, and the Eye of Time frowned in confusion, the same thing happened again and the Eye of Time froze in place as a realization swept past it.

Looking back at Rowan, it found that this Reflection seemed almost entranced by the sight, and it could not blame him, when it also realized that it was not looking at two supermassive golden suns, but eyes!

The waves that he thought were passing through the suns was a result of the eyes blinking, like a massive reptile with two eyelids, which should not be far from the truth.

The two suns came closer and the shade of gold over the eyes vanished, to be replaced by every color in creation. Like two orbs reflecting reality, the beauty in these eyes had transcended reason, and the Eye of Time was stuck in place for a while, entranced by these two supreme orbs that it failed to realize that a massive face had poked through the vortex and was looking at it.

A face stretched to such a size that was as massive as a universe should be a thing of horror, and it was, but the beauty of this face was incredible, nothing a mortal or weaker immortal would gaze at without going mad.

Flowing across the face that glowed and faded in and out like a pulse were countless runes. They emerged from the face and sank back inside, and even the Eye could not recognize what these runes were, which meant only one thing for a being like it. It meant that these runes were entirely new and unknown.

The Eye of Time whispered, "What are you?"

The mouth of the massive head overhead began to open and a feeling of incredible danger filled the mind of the Eye of Time and it knew it could no longer wait, grinning at the massive face overhead, it vanished with a burst of laughter, yet there was this crazy

premonition in its heart that told it that it had been allowed to leave because Rowan believed there was no where

it could run.

Inside the space, the massive eyes of Rowan turned to his Reflection and he smiled, and the Reflection felt peace, and it smiled back at his main body. The face of Rowan entered into the vortex once more and the vortex for a while vanished and the starry sky returned.

The Reflection looked up with shock and then he laughed, “Thank you. All this time I was in a dream... I was a dream, and it is natural for a dream to end, but still, I want to see the stars for as long as I can. Is this selfish of me?”

A voice that could silence an epoch rumbled,

“No.”

When the Reflection perished, he was smiling.

Chapter 1229: Breaking Time

On the battered shell of Rowan’s Ascendant body that had been raised on a dais of blood and darkness, surrounded by the seven Calamity Suns and a grieving Shiik, a purple dial appeared, it had a single hand that was spinning backward slowly, but then this speed unexpectedly quickened and a black and purple smoke surrounded the dial and converged, taking the form of the Eye of Time, who still wore the broken body of the Third prince.

There were no longer any phantoms of the Primordial of Time behind it, and it nearly collapsed after it emerged from Rowan’s body. Before entering this body to possess it, the Eye of Time had left a seed of itself outside the body, and despite the fact that its judgment over Rowan’s powers was compromised, it was still careful enough to create a backdoor even though it thought it might win a moment before.

The Eye of Time senses swept through its surroundings and it nearly cringed. Surrounding them were the epitome of madness, a realm that had gone mad and played with flesh like an insane lobotomized infant.

The weight of all this power pressed down on its broken body, and any other time, it would be a bit annoyed with the weight of the power arrayed against it, even though it might not be able to win, this realm was young when the Eye of Time was old, it could outwait any opponent, the shell its wore could be destroyed as many times as possible, but its core, which was the Eye itself was invulnerable.

At least that was the truth but in its desire to consume Rowan, he had unleashed powers that its fragile shell could not handle, leading to cracks being created on its core. These

would heal in time of course, and already of the many cracks surrounding the eye, the fine ones had already vanished and only three large cracks remained that were slowly closing up.

It needed to escape until those cracks healed up and then it would not matter if Rowan's main body found it again, it would not commit the same mistakes as before, and it would outlive Rowan and be the last one to smile.

It was Time, and Time was everlasting.

The Eye of Time exploded from Rowan's body, picking a direction that should place him as far away as possible from the emerging monster, but Rowan had already placed a safeguard in place, which was the Shiik.

Calamity gods were creatures of instincts, guided by endless hunger and warped by hate, their higher intelligence had been exchanged for power, and this a power they did not even need to consciously wield. If they wanted something, then reality itself would bend to fulfill their needs as time and space were under their mighty domain.

As the Eye of Time blasted away from Rowan's body, it began to transform. No longer taking the shape of a man, but a lesser Calamity god.

Inside the Time Blight were not just the bodies of Ascendants and mortals, but also lesser Calamity gods as well, but the Eye of Time had been careful and it did not use the bodies of the Calamity gods as a source of fuel, it knew that would trigger a higher retaliation from this world, and despite the arduous battle it had faced, including the Tribulation and during combat, it had protected the bodies of these gods inside of him.

This was essential for the eventuality that it needed to escape under the gaze of the realm. Its appearance outside the body of Rowan had drawn great cries of hunger and hate from the Calamity Suns, but after its transformation, those cries went silent, and it would have succeeded in its escape if not for the presence of the Shiik.

Unlike the Calamity Suns, the Queen of Calamities did not lack intelligence, nor hate, and there was nothing as dangerous as cold, calculating, controlled hatred.

She waited for the best moment to strike, holding back as the Eye of Time flitted past the massive bodies of the Calamity Suns, each of them tens of millions of miles in circumference, and when it approached the center of their mass, she gave a mental command to all the Calamity gods inside the shell of the Eye of Time,

"Perish!"

Despite the fact that these Calamity gods lacked intelligence and would follow the command of the Queen of Calamities without question, their death still drew out mournful cries from all of them, and because the Time Blight had contained thousands of these

lesser Calamity gods, their cries of sorrow were so shocking that if there was any barrier separating the Wills of this realm, for a moment that barrier was placed aside when the cries of pain from their twisted children entered their perception.

Darkness burst out from the body of the Eye of Time and it was frozen for a brief moment at this unexpected event. The deaths of all the Calamity gods inside the Time Blight not only took them off its control, but the flood of darkness corroded every mortal and Ascendant it had left to create a shell, and for the first time since it arrived on Doom Star, the Eye of Time was naked.

The darkness fell to the endless ocean like a flood, leaving a massive purple cuboid shape behind, because it wanted to heal faster, the Eye of Time had compressed itself in a manner that the cracks in its body could barely be seen.

Its nature as a fragment of a Primordial thoroughly unleashed itself and the entire realm froze, and reality went insane as one of the greatest Time-Storms there ever erupted throughout the realm.

Previously, the presence of a mere phantom of a Primordial had unleashed such potent changes across the realm that for a moment it had drowned out the eternal darkness of the realm, and that could barely be described as a shadow of the Eye, but now that its real self was revealed, everything stopped making sense.

The flow of Time in the realm halted, and the began to reverse, while some spots remained stagnant, others went back hundreds of years, even thousands of years back, and then surrounding the Eye of Time, in that region, Time had gone back for millions of years, and that Time-Storm was only getting worse.

The previous cry from the realm of Doom Star after suffering devastating injuries had echoed throughout all of reality. This had drawn the attention of all the major powers and at this moment the location of Doom Star had become a hot topic, its history was being excavated and the great powers of the realm, including Primordial forces had begun to rush towards this

realm.

There were three major parties that were already here at the start, and the cry of the realm had revealed their position to each other and for a moment there was a stalemate between the three of these parties.

The first was Old Man Seed and Elura, the latter hid herself inside the shadows of Old Man Seed because she could not match the other two figures that had been revealed. Shahmaran, the Mother of Poison was the second party, she had been waiting outside Doom Star for Rowan to emerge, so she could finally confirm if her greatest fear was correct, and the last was Caine, the firstborn of Chaos.

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Chapter 1230: The Unspoken Costs Of Victory

The three separate parties did not come in contact with each other, each of them having their individual concerns, if not for the awareness that they would be running out of time as other parties would soon be arriving, this cordial atmosphere between them would not have lasted, especially between Caine and the Mother of Poison.

However, what Rowan might have found surprising was that Old Man Seed did not back down before these two titans. His Reflection had discovered that these True Bloods of Chaos were eight-dimensional entities, and yet Old Man Seed who was in the seventh dimension had his hands folded and was looking at Doom Star with an unknown emotion in his eyes.

There was no indication, one moment every participant here was seemingly focused on the world, and in the next moment, they all charged towards Doom Star. There were three important reasons for this, and the first was simple, Doom Star was a realm that was notoriously hard to enter.

Any other realm with a functioning Will would encourage powerhouses to enter their domain, either to trade or to entice them to become one of its protectors. Like immortals or gods, every powerful realm also played the games of dominion, and the competition to evolve and become more powerful, gain resources and influence was a cut-throat process, and a powerful realm like Doom Star that had locked its doors to reality was especially jarring, considering the wealth and power it contained.

Entering Doom Star was perilous and to have a gigantic hole torn open in its defenses was an unexpected event, even if the realm could not heal this wound with its fragmented consciousness, then it would simply patch itself up by shifting its mass around to cover up the wound, in fact this was already happening, and although this process was slow, in a few hours, this weakness would be gone, and if any of the three parties wanted an easy way to enter this realm, this would be the time for it.

The second reason was obvious, there were other parties incoming, and if they arrived there was no way the three players here would be able to make any drastic moves without being curtailed by others.

The three players here represented their individual interests, the multitude coming would be representing entire dimensions. Reality was vast and moving through it very was possible but extremely expensive, but the cry of one of the eternal realms, like Doom Star that had existed during the Primordial Era was enough to push all these dimensions to

open their coffers and tear open time and space to race towards this place, in a short time, this place would be crowded.

The last reason was less obvious, and that was instinct. The moment the three parties charged towards the realm, they had all felt that something important was about to change, what that change would be was impossible to determine, but these were all old monsters and their instincts had been sharpened past a razor's edge, yet they were still too late.

A weird wave of power erupted from Doom Star that all three parties recognized as the breath of a time storm, but on such a massive scale that none of them wanted to imagine what could be powerful enough to release this amount of power and then before their eye, the vast and powerful realm of Doom Star vanished, leaving behind a vast sphere of Nothingness that contracted before exploding with such force that all three parties were blasted into separate space and time.

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Inside the realm of Doom Star, something much worse was happening, the realm had fallen into Chaos, the Time Storm ripping everything and everyone into various time streams, but the creatures left inside of this realm were terrifying monsters that space and time hardly had power over and massive tentacles stretching across millions of years, some of them, billions reached towards the present and drew their massive bulk towards it.

The surrounding space contracted, expanded, distorted, and was shattered into pieces again and again, before healing back into an utterly alien landscape each time, and overseeing all this chaos was the constant screams of pain from the Eye of Time.

The Eye of Time had chosen to stay dormant all these while as its weight of existence was borne by its Reflections, but with the death of its Reflections, it had no choice to awaken, and this would have not been a great disaster if it was inside a material universe, then its influence could have easily spread across a small galaxy or two to bear its weight since it could not grow its influence much because of the closeness of Chaos, nevertheless, this would give it the period it needed to rest and recreate a new batch of Reflections.

Now it had been thrust into a higher dimensional realm where the laws of existence were much more potent, and without any mortal or immortal to bear its weight, it had to fight against the realm directly in order to find where it could stand.

There were so many reasons why that was a bad thing for the Eye of Time, not discounting the broken nature of Doom Star's Will which might end up tearing the mind of the Eye of Time to pieces, if it possessed this realm then its breath would be exposed to every Primordial, and that would finalize its end.

The Eye of Time was caught between a rock and a hard place, struggling to keep its existence in a single piece while fighting against the urge to assimilate into the realm to protect its existence. This dissonance was causing a time storm that was ripping this realm at the seams, and it was also doing the same to it, the cracks that were healing were being torn asunder, and the fine cracks that had previously varnished were now massive craters.

Its essence poured out of these cracks, further empowering the Time storms and dragging the entire realm into the past!

This was the power of a Primordial, even if it was a fragment.

In the midst of the chaos ripping across the realm, there was a mysterious spot that was free of the Time Storm, and it was a dias, seemingly made from red flames and darkness, where the broken body of Rowan rested and a kneeling Calamity goddess wept for her dead creator. If the Reflection were still alive, he would have sighed at this scene, he was like a father who would have to look out for his particularly dumb daughter so everyone would not take advantage of her naivete.

It was unknown if his affection for her, his first creation could reach across the grave, but a gentle wind blew across that stirred her red hair, and gently carried the bloody teardrops that fell from her eyes.

It should be impossible, but it seemed that the Shiik had sensed the passing of the Reflection of Rowan, and although it knew that the creator was not truly gone, she could not help but

mourn.

The Eye of Time looked across at this peaceful region and its apparent salvation knowing the perfect vessel was not far from it, but it would be like drinking poison to starve off thirst.

Chapter 1231: Three Parties

Chapter 1231: Three Parties

Multiple successive blasts erupted from the Eye of Time that continuously shoved Doom Star into the past. The Eye had finally reached its limit and then it roared with rage,

“Reckless child, I can see your hand in all of this, but did you forget that I am still a portion of a Primordial?! Or have you forgotten the extent of my reach?”

Although it appeared that the Eye was at the end of its rope, there was still another path the Eye could take that could still change the entire situation, and even though it knew

this, it still felt great pain because he believed it was still playing in Rowan's hand, but there was nothing it could do, and even though there should be no way that Rowan should anticipate the extent of its power when it used this method, he could no longer discount this child, not any longer.

At this moment the Eye of Time was the size of a small purple coffin, back to its cube form with the black eyeball within vibrating rapidly as it seemed to be observing every single crack with rage, and then the Eye of Time began to transform.

Its purple color seemed to have been drained out of it and its color turned black before becoming a bloody red, and it exploded in size.

This transformation was drastic, one moment it was a small cube, and the next it was larger than a continent, and its size was still ballooning.

As it grew, it began to suck in back the Time Storm ravaging the realm, because those storms were a result of its powers, and if it lost too much of its essence there was no way it could replace it.

Being a fragment of a Primordial came with many benefits, it was nigh invulnerable, nearly omniscient in the right position, and could control nearly all forces in creation, but it still held the one weakness of Primordials, they could no longer gain essence from reality, because nothing was strong enough to power them.

At the dawn of creation, they had split the greatest of powers in between them, and everything that was left could not equal what had been taken, and when they needed more of it, the Primordials had attacked those who had them, the Primordial Beasts, the Eternal Realms, which the realm of Doom Star had once been one of, and they stripped the supreme energy from all of them. Their desire for power is unmatched.

His main body had fallen to that same hunger, and in the vision that Rowan had once seen in his Spirit Matrix Gate where the Primordial of Time and Evil was pinned against the table by several Primordial Weapons, he had thought the death of the Primordial was due to those weapons, but now having learned that Time was simply banished since Time the Primordial was impossible to be killed.

Those weapons he had seen were simply feasting since a Primordial without this supreme energy source running through their body would simply grow dormant. The Eye of Time did not have this energy within it, only the barest Aura of it remained in its body and so he could not afford to lose it, as no other energy could sustain it.

If the purpose of this battle was for the Eye of Time to lose its energy then Rowan had achieved that goal in a special manner. freewe6novel.com

The Eye of Time released another roar of rage because it knew the reason it was allowed to leave the trap Rowan had set for it was to further lose more energy. For something as

ancient and powerful as the Eye of Time to be manipulated in such a manner left it feeling complicated, and in those complications, a single emotion was rising above them all, and that was rage.

The Eye of Time expansion seemed like it had no limit. From the size of a continent, it continued growing, getting as big as a world, then a massive star, then a galaxy, and its expansion was not ending. With every Time Storm, it drew into itself, its size kept growing until it became so massive its size was nearly that of the realm of Doom Star.

This incredible transformation of the Eye of Time had totally eradicated the Time Storm from the realm, stranding the Calamity Suns in various parts of the time continuum, but from their enraged cries that were echoing across time, it would not be long before they arrived to this location in time that was no longer in the present or the past, even the Eye of Time was not aware where the time storms had flung this realm into.

Another drastic transformation was also ongoing in the area where Rowan's broken Ascendant body rested.

The Shiik had been jolted from her grief when the Ascendant body of Rowan began to glow, not even the transformation of the Eye of Time or the state of the realm could draw her attention, and before the light of hope could wash across her features, the body unexpectedly collapsed into a black soot.

Her eyes widened in despair and anger and as she reached forwards to gather what was left of her creator, a feeling of incoming danger flooded her soul, but she disregarded that feeling and still tried to reach for the remains when a massive shockwave erupted from them, that broke her spine and numerous bones in her body, flattening her to the ground.

Spitting out black blood, the Shiik struggled to see what was happening ahead of her, and after it felt like her movement was about to lead to her being crushed to death, she was able to see a small vortex had appeared above Rowan's remains.

Like peering into the void, the senses of the Shiik were being sucked into the vortex and it took all the might of Will that she had to keep her sanity in check.

The vortex at first was relatively small, but then it began to expand, and as it did the pressure emerging from it began to grow, and if not for the insane regenerative properties of the Calamity gods plus the pressure pushing her away from the vortex, it was unknown if she would have been able to survive.

She looked in awe as the vortex exploded in size until it was as large as a third of the realm, equally matching the size of the Eye of Time, and then another greater shockwave erupted from the vortex and it doubled in size, and now it was equal to half the size of Doom Star.

If an observer saw what was transpiring from above then they would quickly notice that this world seemed to have been separated into three parts, one belonged to the Eye of Time that shone red as if filled with blood, and the other belonged to the realm of Doom Star that shone with green and black as the fragmented realm Will and its Calamity gods were rapidly returning and the last whose color could not be described for the vortex absorbs everything, was of Rowan.

The air became charged with an indescribable potential, and as if a veil had been stripped off of reality, the massive Eye of Time cast away its cloak of red and revealed that it had taken the form of a realm, ancient and powerful, and within it was an army forgotten from time.

Chapter 1232: Prepare My Road

Chapter 1232: Prepare My Road

Rowan's history with the Eye of Time began earlier than he had suspected. The first time he had come in contact with the Eye was barely a short while after he had been transmigrated into the body of Rowan Kuranos of Trion who had the body of a child and a short time to live.

At that time he was unaware that he had been placed inside a Nexus and was nothing but a lab rat for the schemes of the Third Prince which was nothing but a Reflection of the Eye of Time. frëewebnovel.com

In the mansion made for him he had encountered a yellow crystal and when he touched that crystal he was taken to a world with a massive red moon, where he encountered powerful beasts both living and dead, and nearly lost his life to the lowest vermin in this place, a pair of Rift stage rats, but in that world there had been an ocean of soul essence floating around in the air and he had then made the decision to enter the world again to gain the power that he would need to push for Legendary.

He returned back again to this world for the second time and became a Legend, and it was there that his Ouroboros Serpents made their first cries of birth.

That World had been the dormant Eye of Time.

The third time Rowan had come in contact with the Eye of Time, he no longer had the yellow crystal that could carry him to the realm and so to gain access to it, he had to gather a unique form of Aura generated by the dead and dying all over Trion from its endless war.

He had infiltrated this realm and came to the realization that the moon overhead was no moon but the skull of Erohim, and from that height he looked downwards and saw the

shape of the realm, and it was square, and he had been able to link that realm with the Eye of the Primordial of Time that he had seen in the Spirit Matrix Gate.

Rowan had also encountered a weird experiment with the soul being carried out in the realm, he had seen the dead bodies of Primordial Keepers and the attempt by the realm to utilize Soul Origin.

At that time Rowan had not understood the significance of what he was witnessing, he knew that it was vitally important, but it took nearly a million years of painstaking planning and preparation to finally understand the full scope of this plan.

It took a million years to bring together two powerful parties that dealt in Soul Origin, the fragment of the Primordial of Time, and one of the fallen Eternal Realms, Doom Star.

He had sacrificed so much for this day, and it was time to collect the fruits. The first step was to pay the price for entering a fallen Eternal Realm like Doom Star.

In the massive vortex, a gigantic palm emerged that seemed to touch the air, as if sampling for something, and whatever it was looking at was unknown but it seemed the owner of the hand was satisfied because as the gigantic palm retreated, a blue road that blazed with the power of Ascendancy burst out of it.

“Come to me, child.... Prepare my road!”

The force that had been compressing the Shiik into a paste vanished and her body was drawn to the vortex and she hovered near it. The voice that entered her mind was the same as her creator’s but it was... cold.

She shivered and knew what she must do, it could be said it was one of the true reasons why she was created, and finding another of her purpose brought with it a fresh burst of excitement in her heart, but it was not enough to quell the pain, but for now, it would have to do.

She reached across her Memories and Time, searching for the connections that were intrinsically linked to her, and she pulled forth all the corrupted Temple Maidens whose bizarre nature had been feeding her an endless stream of darkness and Calamity Aura.

They appeared before her, their numbers in the millions. A Mind Formation entered her consciousness and she began to weave it.

Lines of darkness began to chain the Temple Maidens together and before long they were strung in a massive web-like structure that was spread out like an umbrella that floated upwards until it hovered above the Shiik.

Mysterious chanting began to emerge from her lips that was being echoed by the millions of Temple maidens who began moving in a jerking unnatural manner that made their

bones crackle and pop as they were broken and healed so quickly that it did not interfere with the next series of movements.

The ritual reached a crescendo and the millions of Temple Maidens suddenly looked to the skies and they shrieked, black blood like tar emerged from their eyes that were entirely white, and began to fall. These tears became a rain of blackness that landed on the blue road and it began to subtly transform it.

The blue road was crafted from the purest form of Ascendancy, it would be the foundations of the road, what came next would be the purest form of Calamity, so pure that even the Shiik was unable to create something like that, only the Mind Formation could constantly purify this concentrated form of Calamity Aura and unleash it on the Ascendancy road where Rowan could begin merging them.

As the black rain continued to fall, the road that stretched for millions of miles began to slowly transform, mile after mile, as a purple road began to emerge from the merger.

The Aura of this road was powerful, enough to stir the minds of the emerging Calamity Suns and the fragmented Wills of the realm.

There was one thing that this realm was seeking above all else was buried in its dusty history, and although it had searched in despair for countless years, in all that time it had not forgotten the direction it needed to go, and the emerging purple road called to it like nothing had ever done for so many eternities. It needed to possess it.

The realm that the Eye of Time had transformed into was for two purposes, the first was to create this massive body that had enough mass and power that the cracks that dominated its entire body could be temporarily suppressed, but this was just to hold on for long enough until it could claim new bodies for a shell that could hold it.

To get those bodies, it would need an army, and the Eye of Time had one such army. One of the Forbidden armies of the King of Nothing.

During the Primordial Era, the gates of power were left mostly open, and although it was unknown why the Primordials allowed it for so long or the reason they chose to end that Era, what was clearly known was that no Era before or after could match the height of the Primordial Era when it came to the distribution of power or the height that certain individuals were able to reach.

Individuals so powerful that in their hubris they felt they could challenge the Primordials. Perhaps there was truth to that statement because although accounts of those periods were largely unknown, the truth was that the battle that ended the Primordial Era took place over many Minor Eras, suggesting that these powerful forces were strong enough to resist the forces of the Primordials for that long, and one of those armies that fought that bitter war for countless trillions of years were slowly been roused from their eternal slumber.

The Eye of Time would never let Rowan complete his road.

Chapter 1233: The Horde of Gothran'Inul

In the central area of the massive realm that the Eye of Time had transformed into, there was an endless field filled with the air of the Primordial Era, for within were creatures that should not have existed in this Era for their time was long past, and yet the Eye of Time had been able to hold onto this abominable power that the Primordials had ended and brought it to a new

Era.

The air of that distant Era was caused by the inhabitants of this endless field, where from a distance they would seem like ants, but even the smallest of them here was tens of thousands of feet tall, and there was a central figure in their midst was a creature whose size was nearly impossible to describe as its form bent space and time.

Wearing armor made from silver gems and living ice, the Horde of Gothran' Inul knelt before the body of their king, a titan with a thousand arms and a hundred faces, whose eyes were the size of worlds. Their king was dead, with a massive wound on his chest where his heart was ripped from it.

This should not have hurt this titan but whoever had struck this blow had been so powerful that the remnant energy left behind in the wound had ensured that the energy of this titan was spent and still it could not heal the wound, dragging this creature that should have been an eighth-dimensional entity to the grave.

Yet this entity had a last trick up its sleeves, for in its death, every single drop of blood within this titan had given birth to an eternal army of silver and ice that surrounded its corpse, keeping it safe from all desecration until the end of time. This army was nameless, their creator after all was dead, and the Eye of Time had no authority to give them names.

It was unknown what method the Eye of Time had been able to use to gain the body of this titan, but the truth of it was rather simple, this unknown titan had died on the surface of the Eye of Time during the Primordial Era, it had been struck a terrible blow by a powerful Celestial and it had crawled unto the Eye to die, and in exchange for sheltering its body throughout time, the Eye would be able to call upon its army for three times, after the third time, the army of this titan would leave to create a new race and begin the journey of climbing back the ladder of the higher dimensions with the hopes that one day, it would be resurrected again.

This would be the last time the Eye of Time would be able to call upon this army, the first two times that it did was to save it from a life-threatening disaster, and now more than ever, it needed this power to survive.

Speaking the lost language of the Frost Titans, the Eye of Time called upon the army,

“Blood of Gothran’Inul, your weight of silver and ice I have borne for eternities without number. Of thee, I shall call, and of three you shall rise. My enemy stands all around me, and by the pledge you have borne, they are now thine own. Arise and wipe this world clean!”

Within the horde, the first of them arose and its weird metallic and icy form was humanoid from the waist upwards, with eight arms and six glowing dots on their featureless faces that represented their eyes, from the waist down their bodies became that of an arachnid.

With eight massive stingers behind their backs that were raised and spread out like a fan, each stinger capable of harnessing various fundamental forces of reality, every member of this horde was a force of destruction.

The bodies of these creatures were powerful, however, what was surprising was that they were all mortal, and the breath of the power emerging from their bodies was insubstantial. More and more of them began to awaken, and before long, the endless fields where they had been sleeping were teeming with movements as trillions of these creatures arose, and this was simply a fraction of the creatures here.

Rowan had once seen the vision of the war during the Primordial Era, and one thing that struck him was the ridiculous number of participants in that battle.

There had been no words that could describe all of reality under siege from a seemingly inexhaustible amount of combatants.

A portion of that reality was being expressed here on the Eye of Time, but then something that should be expected happened, and it was slightly ridiculous.

Loud hisses erupted from this awakening horde, as they held their metallic heads in their hands, they all seemed to be in great pain, and yet the order from the Eye of Time was beyond a command, and they began to scatter towards the edges of the land while releasing hisses of pain, their number seemingly infinite.

The closest of the horde had just reached the edge of the realm of the Eye of Time before it collapsed, it had reached its limits and its soul had collapsed. freewebnovel.com

A wave of death spread throughout the infinite horde and there was silence. They were all dead.

This outcome was expected, despite how powerful these creatures were, their souls were mortal, and after the repeated series of skirmishes that had just taken place that had repeatedly swept through this realm, unleashing extra-dimensional energies that had soaked into the realm destabilizing some of its core components that could maintain life.

These creatures no matter how powerful they were, their mortal souls could not survive in this environment and it was a miracle that they were able to last this long for even an immortal soul would have to tread lightly here, for this realm was no longer a domain where time nor space held any meaning.

The massive body of one of the hordes that was at the edge of the realm of the Eye of Time leaned forward in death and its mass pushed it off the edge of the realm and it began to fall. The distance separating the Eye of Time and the realm of Doom Star was not expansive, despite their massive sizes, only a few miles were between them, and the falling creature, and it was not even halfway there before its body shivered and the glow from the six spots on its head lit up once more, and a loud hiss erupted from it.

This hiss came from the eight stingers at their back that shook rhythmically, since they had no mouths on their featureless face, and their tails were the only method they used in communicating.

Life blazed anew inside the hearts of the creature and its body slammed into the endless black ocean of Doom Star, every continent in this realm had long vanished, except for the endless

ocean.

The body of the creature was miles tall, and its descent caused a massive wave to erupt, it thrashed for a bit inside the water, and in the blink of an eye, the water around it for miles froze, and it clambered out of it, easily balancing on the weird silver ice its presence had

created.

The life force from this creature was no longer that of a mortal but an Immortal, and if Rowan would peg the scope of it, he would put this creature's soul power to be equal to that of a

Minor god.

From above, trillions of this horde began to fall from the Eye of Time.

The creature that had first landed hissed and held its head, the soul of a Minor god was not enough, it collapsed in death.

Ten seconds later, life blazed anew in its chest.

Chapter 1234: It Is All The Same

The descending horde brought a freezing wave with them that grew stronger as they died and resurrected, and even after trillions descended from the Eye of Time, their number seemed unending, and their growing presence began to freeze space itself, but the creatures simply phased through the silver ice, and they began to spread, and a wave of silver ice began to grow, and if this trend continued, the entire realm would be frozen.

The Will of the Realm of Doom Star was suddenly frozen in indecision, on one hand was the alluring power emerging from the growing purple road that was emerging from the vortex and the second was the growing invasion by the silver horde.

This indecision did not last for long before madness took over and it directed its fragmented Will at the Calamity gods below the earth to arise and consume everything.

Beneath the endless ocean of the realm, past the layers of earth's crust was a world of madness. The eternal realm of Doom Star was incredibly massive and at its level space itself was almost meaningless because no one had ever seen the end of the endless black ocean, suggesting to some that it stretched forever for infinity.

This seemingly infinite world contained something in the center, or more precisely, someone, and it was of a woman whose size would rival those of Rowan, her head had been chopped off, and by the multiple stumps left on her shoulders, she must have had multiple heads.

Naked, her massive body was filled with injuries that reached her black rotting bones, but the most shocking of her injuries were on her stomach, it appeared to be swollen as if she had been pregnant, and someone had ripped her stomach open, and not bothering to bring out the baby inside her womb, the child had been killed, his head taken away and the torso was left inside the decaying womb.

The child must have been extremely special because even dead, the numerous wounds on his decaying body spewed an intense amount of light, and due to his massive size even as a fetus, he resembled a universe shaped in the form of a baby.

Yet it was from those glorious lights that Calamities were spewed from, and as they emerged from the light, it also burned them to ash, only the lucky few escaped the fate of death after being born, and 99.99999 percent of all Calamities that were born perished in the fires that gave birth to them, but the smallest fraction that escaped overtime numbered in the tens of billions.

When the Will of the Realm went insane, the dead body of this child shivered and a weird cry emerged from its stomach, and the lights spewing from its body died down a bit, and this meant that the survival rate of the Calamities that were being born at every moment multiplied to an insane degree.

The shrieks of the newly born Calamities that were filled with the essence of pure darkness were a thing of pure nightmare, and in the midst of all of that was a giggle, as if

from a child. Like a mass of darkness and flesh of madness, the Calamities burst out of the earth, and the endless ocean seemed to transform into tar, as an endless number of tentacles filled with yellow eyes that extended for miles burst out of the ocean.

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A battle that would echo the likes of those waged in the Primordial Era was about to erupt.

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The purple road was thirty percent completed but the forces of Doom Star and the Eye of Time had already been summoned and in a moment they would be clashing, but greater than their clash was their desire to consume the resources being displayed by Rowan, for Doom Star, it was the growing purple road, and for the Eye of Time, it was determined to tear Rowan to pieces and used his flesh as a suit to arise through the dimension and fulfill its age-old mission.

With the spread of the forces of Calamity, they had easily surrounded the vortex and they would have promptly begun devouring the purple road if not for the presence of the Shiik that was holding them back, but her interference was drawing the attention of the realm's Will, and the Shiik began to scream in pain as her body was repeatedly torn to pieces by invisible hands, but she did not stop holding back the Calamity gods and continuing the process of refining the Calamity Aura, yet it was unknown how long she would be able to hold on.

At the front of the vortex, a tornado of white flames erupted that resolved into the form of the Lost Flames who looked at the madness with a frown and a hint of awe in his eyes, he sighed and scratched his white hair, as he began walking down the purple road,

"Everyone would be big mad if they knew that I am the first to stand here."

His form vanished until he reached the edge of the road, and he was about to stretch his hand when a pillar of golden flames appeared beside him and it took the form of the god-child who no longer looked like a child but a fully grown golden giant, although he kept his height under ten feet,

"Lost, after all this time together, you intend to hog the glory alone?"

The boy appeared flustered, before he retorted in annoyance, "What do you mean hog all the fun, do you consider anything here to be funny? Two powerful realms are gunning for our throats and the only thing standing against them and our death is the few of us! Do you think I am taking this lightly?"

It was now the turn of the golden giant to appear flustered and a bit confused, "No, ah... that's not what I mean, I think.."

He stopped stammering a reply when he saw the cheeky grin on the face of the boy,

“Oh, it never gets old teasing you, you have no idea how hard it is to tease angels who were all born with innate knowledge, and I have to be the one to always be catching up.”

The golden giant sighed in relief, “Dont do that again,”

Lost slapped in the thigh, “Eh, it is all for good fun, we better start pulling out weight, I don’t think the lady above can continue refining the road while fighting against the Will of the realm, we need to lighten her load.”

The golden giant nodded, “We will serve, all of us.”

Lost smiled and nodded, but the mirth in his eyes had vanished. Of all the battles that Rowan had ever fought, there was something about this one that was different.

The scale of it was stupendous, the enemies matching towards their gates could not be counted, and the powers that they emitted were terrible.

This was not a matter of if they could win, but more of if they could even survive what was

coming.

The golden giant tapped the head of the distracted Lost, making him rub his head in pain, and looked up at him while frowning, and the giant laughed,

“In death, our souls go to the creator. Is there anything greater than that?”

“Un sorry to break your bubble,” Lost muttered, “But with the power of this scale, the soul is

a fragile thing before it, and its survival would be due to luck if nothing else.”

“It’s all the same,”

The golden giant growled, the intent for battle filling his eyes as he swept his hand to the side, and behind him, mile after mile of road was filled with golden fire as three billion golden giants emerged from the flames,

“They shall not pass.”

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1235: Resting Ground

Ascendant Suns Dilos and Trelmol's conditions had not been great when the Time Storms began to ravage the realm, fighting against the Eye of Time had reduced them to pieces, and so, unlike the Calamity Suns that were able to fight against the hold of time, the two Ascendant Suns that were preoccupied with healing themselves could not resist, and they were flung far back into the distant past.

Due to the manner in which their bodies had been intertwined after they were shattered, they were not separated in the chaos, and when the ravage of the time storm unexpectedly ended as if it had been sucked away, they found themselves in a seemingly endless forest.

It took weeks to heal from the lingering effect of Time on their bodies, and in that time they chose to remain in one place in silence for although they understood that they were still in the same realm of their birth, everything here was different, perhaps hostile, and for Ascendants of their level, their instincts were almost premonitions, and so they remained inconspicuous until they could heal their wounds and gain a measure of strength to defend themselves with. With their healing completed, for the first time in tens of millions of years, the Ascendant Suns hid their glow, and like wraiths they slipped through the forest, marveling at the size of each tree that was miles high and the incredible strength in their wooden bodies, they knew this because they could feel the presence of weight in each tree, as if they were looking at an entire world instead of one tree.

They were not heading in a random direction because they noticed that the trees ahead were getting bigger, and those behind were smaller, and following instincts they headed towards the direction with larger trees, there was an equal consensus among the two Ascendant Suns to understand what time period they were before they began struggling to push towards the present.

The history of Ascendancy and Calamity was covered in fog, and even the two great Ascendant Suns did not know of their past, they awakened as they were, powerful and eternal, and for a while there was no need to understand what might have been when they were all that was.

When the Ascendants' Suns began to fall to Calamity for one reason or another, it was impossible for the survivors not to tell that even their realm was against them, which they knew should not be the case, and this made them begin to question their past.

The many discrepancies of their existence began to reveal themselves anytime they attempted to travel to the past. As Ascendant Suns, the power to reach the past with their Will was supposed to be within their reach, but they could never return past the moment when they opened their eyes to this reality.

They knew that this realm was old, although many things on the surface were new, such as the continents and the threshold that separated the heavens and the earth, but the endless ocean was old, and the wind was even older.

The taste of great age on the breeze was palpable, and sometimes deep in the ocean floor, they could find weird markings, nothing physical of course, but traces of foreign energy not falling into the category of Ascendancy or Calamity, and they knew this was not signs of intruders in their realm because these energy traces were incredibly old.

Now finding themselves in this past where these massive trees that had not been present when they were born and detecting the foreign power flooding through them, they knew that whatever had happened to them, this one could be considered a blessing in disguise, or maybe a curse, they had no way of knowing.

The journey through the endless trees continued for years, and the miles they had passed were countless, but time for immortals was almost an abstract concept. At this time each tree they were passing had now become so massive it was almost impossible to see their crowns and it took several moments for them to be able to fly past one.

Over time the sense of power they were getting from these trees was becoming stronger and they estimated that in the region they were passing, the surrounding trees were equal to Ascendants at the second Dan!

This increased the sense of horror and wonder in their heart, for they knew that they had passed millions of trees of this size, and if they were all equal to fifth-dimensional Ascendants, then how powerful were the bigger trees ahead, and how could such a powerful civilization be wiped out from the surface of the realm.

With the clear understanding that the Ascendant Sun had over time due to them being at the seventh-dimensional level, they knew that they had not been thrown far back into the past, at most they estimated that this time period was 200 million years into the past, obviously, this was not a long time ago.

The Ascendants Suns had lived for 50 million years from the moment they had awakened, so this meant this time period was simply 150 million years ago from the moment of their awakening, which was very exciting for both of them because this was the period that had been before the rise of Ascendancy and Calamity, and if they wanted to know the truth of the past, there was no better place to find it than in this area.

Another couple of years passed, and now the trees began to become much sparse, but each of them was now so massive it almost defied imagination and what was even more drastic was the power emanation from them that was equal to that of a sixth-dimensional Ascendant.

By this point, the two Ascendant Suns became more careful and passed through these trees, and now they could begin to feel it more clearly, the thing that drew them more

clearly than the increasing power of the trees and they could not help but frown as the energy traces became increasingly greater.

Then the space ahead opened up and the two Ascendant Suns could not help but gasp in shock when the peak of this world opened before them, a hundred super massive trees with the powers at the seventh dimension.

Ascendant Sun Dilos looked at Trelmol in dismay, before the fall of Ascendancy began, it was theorized that for there to be at least twenty new Ascendant suns, many trillions of years would have to go by. What did it mean for there to be a hundred of these massive trees at this level?

Perhaps it was because Dilos was the Ascendant that was more warlike, that he was the first to have noticed the signs of strife in this realm that they had missed for so long.

He bent down and scooped a piece of the earth in his hand and standing up he showed it to Trelmol, and it took a moment for Trelmol to understand that this was not dirt, but bone

dust.

Across the endless fields of trees that they had been passing through, the earth beneath their feet was not made from dirt but bones.

These silent trees were not as docile as one would think, and now when they scrutinized the spaces in between the gigantic trees they began to see fuller-sized bones that had not yet

been crushed.

If there had been a war in the past, these trees had won, and the bones of their enemies became their resting ground.

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Chapter 1236: Whispers Of The Ents

The two Ascendant Suns could clearly feel the power of the bones surrounding the hundred massive seventh-dimensional Ascendant trees, and they could sense that these sets of bones belonged to similarly powerful entities, and this was the reason, unlike the rest, they had not collapsed into bone dust.

Ascendant Sun Trelmol was shaken, “What is all this? How long have these trees stood over the bodies of their enemies.”

Dilos still touching the bone dust muttered, “By my speculations, at least for a billion years or more, to get a clearer image of this would require we check out the more completed bone pieces ahead.”

About to move forward, Trelmol stopped Dilos, “If the rest of the trees behind us are dormant, then there is a high chance that the ones ahead would be too, but we cannot take chances and don’t forget the other reason we are here.”

“I know,” Dilos frowned, “I can sense it more clearly ahead, and so we would need to move. Don’t worry if we fall into danger, I shall place you in my domain, it should buy you enough time to escape out of this time period.”

Trelmol looked at his partner with a deep gaze, “You do not have to do that. I can face any incoming battle equally with you, and we can still leave without trying to poke our noses into the secrets of the past.”

Dilos shook his head, “No, one of us must survive what is to come, we are here for answers and we cannot leave without it.” he sighed, “If there were anyone among both of us who should survive you should be the one, because you have the gift to nurture, while I am better for battle.”

Trelmol shook his head sadly, “I am afraid that the world we are going to would require that talent for battle and not fostering.”

“That is precisely the reason you are more important,” Dilos argued, “there must be someone left to rebuild. Enough we have spent too much time dithering, stand back while I check ahead.”

The Ascendant Dilos carefully made his way towards the center of the massive trees for they were arranged in a circle, and the biggest mass of bones was in the middle of that circle, going as slowly as he did, it took him months to reach the edge of that circle, and he hesitated for a bit before he slowly entered the shades cast by the massive trees.

The whispers began.

At first, they were not loud, like the buzzing of a bee at a distance but then it continued to grow as he went deeper and got closer to the center until could hardly ignore them and he nearly stumbled when those whispers became fragments of words, but they were spoken in a language that he could not understand.

Yet the intent behind those words was as clear as day. Dilos could hear the pain and the sense of betrayal in those whispers, and he found himself walking towards one of the trees, he could resist the compulsion if he wanted but he did not try to do so, because he could sense something that drew him to it, he could sense the heart of a fighter, and like him, the tree that drew him had known battle like no other.

As he grew closer to the tree, the whisper transformed into a scream, and if not for his ability to modify and acclimate to any harmful conditions, the voices might have driven him partly insane.

Ascendant Dilos came before the massive tree and he touched it and a rumble went off in his head that made him grimace in pain, and then there was silence as if he had gotten deaf, but this silence was profound and came with understanding.

A shake on his shoulder drew him away from the silence and he turned to see Trelmol behind him and he became furious,

“I told you to wait for my news, why did you enter this place when...”

Dilos slowly fell into silence when he realized something important. He touched the air in front of him and noticed that his feet had sunk into the ground almost to his knees and he mumbled in confusion, “How long have I been standing here?”

Trelmol replied slowly, “You have been touching this tree for ten thousand years Dilos, I could not wait any longer and I had to see if you were lost before I left this place for good.” Dilos suddenly seized Trelmol by the wrist, “I know it, I know the secrets of our past!” Trelmol quietly muttered, “I have found the familiar energy traces, and it is of Calamity.” Dilos’s excitement was palpable at first and he was about to begin telling Trelmol all that he had learned from communing with the tree but his mouth fell open and he said,

“What did you just say?”

“I said I found traces of Calamity, see, at the center of the bone pile, Calamity is brewing.” “What... no, this cannot be,” Dilos shook his head in denial, “This cannot be the reward after so much suffering.”

Trelmol noticing the state of his fellow Ascendant Sun, brought him out of the trees a way back, because he was feeling the compulsion to touch the trees and he was afraid that if he did, perhaps Dilos would join him and they would remain here forever.

It took a short while for Dilos to regain back the full measures of his wit, and then without prompting he began working with a dull tone,

“We fought Calamities, while they fought Ravagers, and for thirty billion years this war burned hot. Ah Trelmol, you should have seen them at their height, our civilization pales in comparison to what they had achieved... these Ilium Ents.”

Trelmol shook, “Were those their names?”

Nodding, Dilos continued, “Yes, and they were not always like this. Every tree here used to stand even higher, their branches could spread wider, and their roots could become

great legs. They won against the Ravagers, frightful beasts that fed on life against all odds, and for their victory, the reward the realm gave them was to silence them all.”

The light in the eyes of Dilos had taken a frightening hue, “They have been kept in this state for a billion years, and I think I know the reason, the realm had been creating something new from the remains of the Ravagers. It has been creating Calamity, and I believe that when the creation of Calamity is complete, they shall arise and feed on every Ent here.”

As if his words were the final sentencing to herald the end of this age, a massive black tentacle burst out of the center of the field, and the familiar shriek of a Calamity god resounded in the

clearing.

The two Ascendant Suns arose from their position, the instinct to battle Calamity gods ingrained in their veins, but then another louder crack resounded and this time it was coming from above.

Looking upwards, something was descending from the sky, trailing blue flames, and with the sight of an Ascendant, they quickly determined what was falling from the heavens and their gaze was colored with confusion.

It was a massive meteorite that resembled a stone egg. Their confusion came about because they recognized that a similar stone egg had descended into the realm in the future.

The earth shuddered as the stone egg impacted the ground a few thousand miles away. “Why was this intruder also here in the past?”

Chapter 1237: The Chains Of Ignorance

Dilos and Trelmol looked at each other, with the suspicion that this intruder might be more intertwined with their history than they had previously imagined, this thought causing countless waves to surge in their heart.

“The descent of that thing in the present led to the near destruction of our reality in less than a million years,” Trelmol pointed out, “Would it be doing the same thing here? Is this what ended the reign of the Ent and brought about the advent of Calamity?”

Dilos paused in thought at the words from Trelmol before he sighed, “Although this is not a Memory and we have been forcefully plunged into the past, a feat that I don’t want to wrap my head on how much power is needed to drag a realm as massive as our own physically through space and time, any changes we are going to be making would be affecting the real- present, a concept I always thought to be impossible giving our power.

There is great danger here, yet this is our chance to change the future, our chances in our present reality are slim to none, and our current power levels in that realm of monsters are almost useless, but here we might be able to change something.”

Trelmol was shaken by the words of Dilos, as master of Memory/Mind, they could reach across their Memories and make changes, but these were not permanent because it would require an insane amount of power to twist all of present reality to the changes they had made in the Memories and this was not even adding the fact that if there was another similar Ascendant with equal power that shared the same Memory, then trying to change anything of that Memory would be next to impossible.

However, their present state of existence was rather peculiar, they had been physically propelled into the past, and they were not in a Memory. As seventh-dimensional Ascendant Suns, they could drag themselves into the past if they wanted, but they would only choose to stay above the surface layer of reality and not push themselves fully into the past, being more like observers and not participants because everything was about energy.

Although it should be obvious by now, it was the greatest weakness of Ascendant Suns that they lacked access to Aetherium. They did not even understand the concept behind this energy, and the only thing they had access to was their Core Aura which had been further refined by their higher state of existence.

Without access to Aetherium, the Ascendant Suns could not power the singular technique that made them seventh-dimensional entities, and it was unknown if they were even aware of the innate technique that their position should have granted them.

This caused them to mostly battle with Memory/Mind, a power that was available to a sixth-dimensional being, and not tap the incredible powers that were their birthright. Like Rowan at the start of his journey, ignorance was the biggest lock that bound them to this plane of existence.

Suddenly the power to make sweeping changes across their reality was before them, and they were going to seize it.

Within the heart of the Ascendant Suns, they sensed that changing the past should be a feat that they should be capable of achieving, but there was no feasible method or power that could render that dream possible, and the desire to understand what sort of power could achieve such a thing could be not be understated.

Behind them came a sickening squelching sound as the tentacle of the newly born Calamity god had reached forward towards one of the hundred seventh-dimensional level Ents, the madness borne from their endless hunger making them disregard the concept of levels and reach for any source of vitality, but before it could reach the Ent, that massive tentacle exploded, and the explosion continued down to the Calamity god still lying below

the field of bones and its shrieks of pain were cut off as a bigger explosion flung gore into the air for thousands of feet.

These body parts flung in the air were vaporized before they could even touch the ground. There was silence for a few moments and then hundreds of tentacles burst out of the earth, surging towards the tree but the same fate was awaiting them, not that it would matter for more would still keep coming, and the Ascendant Suns sighed, they knew this was just the beginning, the corruption of Calamity was not easy to resolve, but there might still be a chance.

It was obvious that the Calamity gods at the stage were extremely weak, and even with the Will of the realm suppressing the Ents, keeping them from moving or actively defending themselves, it would take a long time for them to breach the innate defenses of the Ent, but this fate was inevitable.

These trees could no longer gain energy from their surroundings, and everything they lost, no matter how small, would count over the countless millions of years that would go by as the Calamity gods continued their endless assaults.

For the Ascendant Suns here, it meant that they had enough time to actively investigate the unknown intruder that entered the realm first before returning to cleanse this area of Calamity, lending whatever aid they could give to the Ents, perhaps they could bring a new army with them into the present.

The roots of Calamity could not be found on the surface, and if there were one Calamity god on the surface, then there would be a thousand underneath and a million underneath that thousand.

Cleansing the world of Calamity was never a short process, or an easy one, but if they had arrived at the beginning of the Calamity infestation, they might have had a chance, after all in this time period there were no Calamity Suns.

With all of these in mind, the two Ascendant Suns set out towards the direction of the crash, a few thousand miles was nothing but a short distance for both of them. As they approached the area they quickly reviewed all that they knew about the first descent of this intruder. Ascendant Sun Tremlol who supervised the Council of Nine quickly narrated everything that had transpired in the future to Dilos, and he began by saying,

“I am ashamed to say this, but I have less control over the Council of Nine than what you all might have thought. The Council encouraged that picture, but that is far from the truth.” “Oh, we all knew that,” Dilos replied in a deadpan manner, “but it was hilarious to see you strutting around thinking you have one thing over the rest of us, the favor of the elusive council and an even more elusive Undying. We are not idiots, Tremlol.”

Tremlol sighed in an act of feigned exasperation, he found it a bit funny that he and Dilos had exchanged more words in these few moments than they had done in many millions of

years. Perhaps it took the end of everything that they knew for them to fully understand how precious it was to have someone similar to you in this cruel reality. He would never say it out loud, but Trelmol was grateful that he was not the last Ascendant Sun left alive, such an existence he feared would surely break him.

Ascendant Trelmol quickly recounted everything that he knew about the stone egg that fell from the heavens,

Chapter 1238: Origin Of Ascendancy

Ascendant Sun Trelmol spoke in whispers as if scared that his voice would travel beyond his company,

“At that time I was not focused on such a small news that involved less than ten minor Ascendants who had not even reached the first Dan, and the only thing that drew my attention was that the Undying seemed to have made an appearance to solve such a minor problem, of course, no one in the Council told me the reason for it or what he achieved that day, nevertheless, looking back now, it is unmistakable that whatever took place that day led to the state of our realm at the present and now we know that this is not the first time this has happened.”

“Then let us finish it here,” Dilos growled, before he softly continued, “If we are able to. These secrets that have bound our past, it feels greater than us, it is... heavy, but we owe it to our fellow fallen Suns to find the truth, and if we can, change the past.”

For an Ascendant Sun who was considered invincible and omnipotent all through most of his existence, it was a tough pill to swallow when the frailty of their existence was pushed to the surface.

Knowing that their existence at the top was all a mirage, and seeing for the first time how deep the sea could go when they had always played at its beach was a humbling process that Dilos was sure that he did not like, not a single bit.

A few hundred miles from the crash, they began to see the effects of its landing, for all the trees in the surroundings had been bent to the side as the earth holding their roots was shaken, and they could see a certain golden glow from the distance and both of them began moving more carefully, prioritizing stealth over speed.

A feeling of dread took over their senses and it was the only warning that they got before both Ascendant Suns simultaneously stumbled as a wave passed through them, and a silent battle began taking place in their bodies as it seemed to fade in and out of reality, this continued for a few seconds before it eased, and they both collapsed to the ground.

They looked at each other with hints of despair in their eyes, what had just happened was that a pulling force had nearly wrenched them away from this time period back to the

present. The past was beginning to reject them, whatever power that had brought them here was fading and everything was going back to the way that it was.

If they previously thought that they had enough time to change the past to affect great changes in the future, that dream was suddenly fleeing away from their grasp. It took nearly everything they had to maintain themselves in this time period, and it was unknown if they would be able to resist more of that wave when it returned.

There was no Aura of Ascendancy in the environment that they could pull on for sustenance, and if not for their impressive stores of power in their bodies, they would have been drawn to the present. They were both running out of time.

Drawing strength from each other, the two Ascendant Suns began moving faster, knowing that they could not stealthily approach this site like they initially planned, they stopped when they were a few miles away and after witnessing what was in front of them, they were a bit confused.

The massive stone egg should have weighed an impressive amount, and with the force of its descent it should have destroyed a greater portion of the land, but the damage around its crash site was minimal, any changes to the surrounding area were because of the powerful winds that its descent had brought with it.

At this point the massive stone egg had cracked open in the middle, and within was a golden soup like the yolk of a celestial egg whose light could be seen for miles around, and standing in front of this open egg were nine figures.

Of the nine, eight were in brown robes that covered their entire body and they were on their knees as if in worship, and the last was hovering in the air, and he would have been naked if not for the remnant of that golden soup that was inside the egg clinging to his body like a skin-tight suit.

Looking at this scene it was apparent that these eight figures should have been waiting for the last individual to arrive because, on closer look at the robes they were wearing, the Ascendant Suns noticed they had been weaved from the leaves of the Ent, and the breath emerging from these robes, they had been worn for an extremely long time.

Another wave of expulsion erupted around the two Ascendant Suns, far greater than before and they disregarded any attempt at stealth as they struggled to remain here in the past, what they were witnessing was too monumental and they needed to understand because they feared that returning to the present was a one-way ticket to death, and if they were going to die in the next few moments the last thing they wanted to know was the truth.

The wave passed and the two Ascendants nearly wept in relief, but sensing something was different they looked up only to see that the nine figures ahead were looking at them, and of the eight that were once kneeling they had returned to their feet, their bodies emitting

an intense baleful Aura that could freeze the mind of whoever was looking at them, and what was alarming was that although they had humanoid bodies, their heads were those of serpents.

In front of their chest were eight matching stone steels that rotated around, and what was especially compelling that made the Ascendant Suns nearly scream out in shock was the fact that within the stone Steele was a powerful source of Ascendant Aura.

In fact, what they were sensing within was so potent it made the Aura within their bodies seem like dirt before gold, it was like they were looking at the source of their existence and they were stunned.

“I told you all to be patient and that the future would come to us.”

The last figure who was hovering in the air smiled at them, his features as beautiful as sunrise and Dilos felt a rummaging hand enter their bodies and begin rooting around, what was astonishing was that their bodies did not reject the touch, it was almost familiar and a wave of understanding was growing in their minds when the expulsion force seized them and sent them into the present.

They thought they heard a sigh of regret and a voice saying, “This would have to be enough, after the ninth time, I should have everything that I need.”

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The Ascendant Sun was pulled through the cracks of reality, skipping over and then through space, time, and other strange dimensions that had no meaning in words that could describe them, and they were propelled into the present...

They were propelled into war and madness, and these two Ascendant Suns, despite their powers, nearly died barely ten seconds after they had arrived.

Chapter 1239: The Fall Of A Sun

A wave of heat poured through Ascendant Sun Dilos, tearing away nearly half of the limited amount of Core Aura he had, his entire existence would have been destabilized if his

surroundings were not filled with Ascendant Aura that his body greedily drew upon in massive waves that created a storm of Ascendant Aura around him for miles.

In the Chaos, he could sense another wave storm of Ascendant Aura, and perhaps because he could sense it so clearly and knowing they were in danger, led him to quickly cut

himself away from the Ascendant Aura streaming into his body, and this time it was a wave of chill that brushed past him, so potent that it sliced through half his body and he was blasted away for miles.

Although still disoriented he tried to call out for Trelmol, but it was too late, not as adept in large-scale combat as Dilos, he had not quickly shut himself from drawing in Ascendant Aura, and Dilos eyes opened to see a massive Ascendant Sun rising, but in this place there could not be a greater mistake.

He saw what had torn through half his body in an instant they were massive silver bolts, the smallest was around ten thousand feet long and the speed they traveled with was so extreme that they left long cracks in space that froze over, creating long lines of burning silver fire behind in space, it was almost entrancing to watch.

The Ascendant body of Trelmol was battered by billions of these bolts!

Trelmol did not even have the time to scream, his body was like an airbag that had been punctured so badly that its structural integrity simply became nonexistent.

Even as his body collapsed into nonexistence there were still plenty of chances to save him, and that was when Dilos comprehended the full horror that they had been thrown into.

It turned out that the bolts that had torn Trelmol to pieces had just emerged from a small section of the combatants here, and it should be noted that those bolts had numbered in the billions.

What came next was the true definition of Calamity, reality hummed and shrieked and countless billions of silver bolts repeatedly shredded through the area where any remnants of Ascendant Sun Trelmol Aura could be sensed. It did not matter how much he tried to heal or the power of the Memories that he could call upon, it was useless before a barrage that would shred through a universe countless times over.

Dilos could only mutter in shock and frustration, unable to call out to Trelmol to stop trying to heal himself, his act of drawing power only lit him up like a beacon, but in the throes of panic and pain, Trelmol would not be able to think straight, and faster than he might have hoped, Trelmol reached his limit, and with a last despairing cry, his presence vanished from reality.

What was left of him was a frozen orb that contained a vaguely humanoid body that was hugging its legs to his body, and as the orb fell, Dilos pursued it, a part of himself not quite believing that the last of his kin was gone.

The form Dilos took was a miniature ball of light with some skeletal structure that could be barely seen within, barely emitting any energy, his presence was lost in the chaos around him.

Reaching the descending orb Dilos gazed one last time at his brother and then he disengaged from it, and a second later a passing tentacle that had been torn off from the body of a Calamity god flew past and crushed the remnant of Trelmol into nothingness.

Dilos held back his pain and looked around him and for a while, he forgot about himself. To understand what he was witnessing, Dilos had to compartmentalize his thoughts into different parts so as to encapsulate the entirety of the battle because it was too vast for him to take in at a single glance.

Unlike a normal three-dimensional world where the horizon could be seen in a distance and it was impossible to truly see far without the curvature of the world to hinder your sight due to its limited size, Doom Star did not have such limitation, and if one was capable enough, they could see for many millions of miles, and Dilos could see even farther, and everything he saw was carnage.

When he had been expelled from this time period into the past, what Dilos had seen was a clash between the realm's will and the intruder who had been decimating both Ascendant Suns, but now he saw a world that had been separated into three sides.

Two massive presences had appeared in the realm, so gargantuan that it almost defied imagination. One of which was a massive landmass that hovered above the realm, covering nearly a third of it, which meant that Dilos could not even see the full extent of this land mass, and he was an Ascendant Sun.

From this land mass streamed a seemingly unending tide of silver, Dilos could only watch in mute awe as more of these creatures kept emerging, an unholy merger of man and scorpion, the eight stingers they carried were responsible for shooting the massive silver bolts that shredded Trelmol to pieces.

Everything that Ascendant Sun Dilos knew was wrapped around Aura, everything had it, either living or nonliving, from rocks to the wind, a unique signature that he could detect even with most of his senses shut off, and although a mountain had one Aura, break off a little piece of it, and that piece over time would lose the Aura of the mountain and form its own unique signature, that was the way reality works, but the mass of silver and frozen flames beneath all had a singular Aura as if he was not looking at trillions of beings but a singular entity separated in countless portions.

However what he found that was alarming was that the Aura these creatures had was not uniform, those descending from the land mass above had weaker Auras but as time passed by these Aura kept getting stronger, it was as if he was watching these creatures rapidly ascend the ranks of power with every moment that was passing.

If this confrontation was a pie sliced in three parts he had just noted one of the slices and he went to the other slice, and although this part should have been familiar to him, it was not, he had seen Calamity before, but not like this...

The seven Calamity Suns were no longer in the sky covered by an everlasting hue of darkness, now their true forms were revealed, massive piles of diseased flesh and unchecked growth that led to tumors and tentacles. Eyes that contained teeth and mouths filled with eyes, were the least unearthly mutations on the bodies of these Calamity Suns.

Their bulk slammed into the ocean of silver and massive tentacles without number dove into the endless tides of bodies and crushed, bringing these struggling bodies to millions of mouths where they were crushed and devoured. freewebnovel.com

From the ocean erupted countless Calamity gods, so many of them that Dilos would never have imagined that this realm could hold this amount of Calamity gods within it, and they also battled against the tide of silver.

This was the second slice of the pie, and the last of it drew his attention like nothing else because he could sense a calling from it.

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

Chapter 1240: Battle Of Creation

The familiar call was similar to the hand that had rummaged through his body in the past and it was emerging from a massive vortex from which a growing purple road was emerging.

In front of the road and defending it was one of the most intense battles in the ongoing conflict.

The reason for it was that while the forces of Calamity and thus unknown forces of ice which Ascendant Sun Dilos decided to call Scorpion men were battling against each other, the two forces combined were attacking this last slice, and among the three combatants here, their numbers were the least, but the power that they wielded was amazing.

For a moment even the call from the vortex or the massive and intense Aura of Ascendancy he was sensing from that road, and the weird almost tantalizing allure of the spreading purple glow that was covering it, as he focused on the power being wielded by the last party. Although this was a battle of giants, this last party which resembled men forged from burning gold appeared incredibly diminutive even though they were thousands of feet tall. The smallest Calamity gods had tentacles that could stretch for tens of thousands of feet and those creatures made from silver and blue ice had heights that were measured in miles, they could rip minor Calamity gods apart as if they were picking apart stuffed dolls.

These golden giants had serpents circling their bodies and some of them had several of these serpents that were spewing balls of golden flames from their mouths. These flames

at a glance did not appear to be that powerful, but they sped through the air and anything they touched, they simply chewed through until they ran out of energy.

Something like this although dangerous should not be that impactful, but that was considering only one golden giant alone, however, this picture changed when you realized there were two billion golden giants on this road in a battle formation.

When all their serpents released flames from their maws, it was as if a sea of golden flame was rising from the earth to the sky, traveling as fast as the speed of light and when they met obstruction at the front, they simply melted through miles of bodies, be they Calamity or the silver creatures.

Due to the fact that they were surrounded on three sides, the serpents had to alternate their firing path to cover all three areas around, and from the Aural signatures that Ascendant Sun Dilos could glean from these serpents, their energies were a long way from running out.

However, this was not what drew his attention the most from these golden giants, the serpents were simply one of their powers, and no matter how powerful it was, against the endless tides of bodies rolling in, it could not hold back the attackers, perhaps if they were fighting Calamity gods alone, the serpents could have held them at bay, but the other silver forces could also release firepower of their own, and Ascendant Sun Tremlol had just perished underneath that barrage.

With the same intensity that was unleashed to slaughter an Ascendant Sun, countless silver bolts pierced through space, and although the golden sea of flames melted a portion of it, enough went through that should have devastated the ranks of these golden giants, but a mysterious force field that blanketed their entire formation would always arise to shield against the bolts.

With Ascendant Sun Dilos's understanding of energy manipulation, he could see that this force field was being emitted from the bodies of every golden giant, and they had found a way to link that power together across their entire number, strengthening this field to the extent that it could block blows that had shredded an Ascendant Sun to death.

The golden giants were not depending on their force field to fight back, as Dilos could not be sure what he was looking at but it seemed as if these golden giants were crushing something green in their palms, and for a wild moment he thought they resembled grass, but that could surely not be the case because the effects of whatever they were unleashing were extremely compelling.

The golden flames could disrupt the battlefield, but what truly kept the golden giants in the fight was the strange and unexpected phenomenon and energy they could unleash.

All sorts of elemental energies appeared out of thin air, in combinations that should make no sense but somehow were able to work in harmony to disrupt the flow of their attackers.

A charging Calamity god would suddenly find its flailing tentacles encased in ice and its ten thousand mouths filled with gleaming green apples that were crushed under the astonished gaze of the god would turn out to be a potent poison that would melt the fallen gods from the inside out.

Mazes made from lightning and darkness hundreds of miles in diameter appear out of thin air around the charging armies, confusing them, and funneling them into choke points where the golden fires could eliminate them in batches...

Phantoms of all shapes and sizes appeared around the field of battle that drew the firepower of the attackers, confusing and sending them on wild goose chase...

Reality transformed around the battlefield, and these were not phantoms but real changes, like massive walls miles high, cities made from green fire, and most prevalent in this madness of endless creation were weapons of war.

Swords thousands of feet long that seemed to have a life of their own fell on the shrieking armies of Calamity and the hissing silver scorpion men. One of which could not cause much damage, but there were an unending number of these weapons appearing out of nowhere.

What Ascendant Sun Dilos did not know was that what he was observing was just the tip of the iceberg when it came to the creation powers being unleashed by the golden giants, championed by the godchild, and given direction by Lost, the true battle was being waged inside the bodies of these creatures.

Lost had taken a page out of Rowan's book when he was reborn in this world and realized that they could not unleash enough firepower to decimate the endless horde of enemies heading their way, but if they could find ways to hamper them from within, they would win this fight because their jobs were not to destroy the armies here, it was to buy time for the road to be completed so that the true body of Rowan could enter this realm.

Inside the bodies of their enemies, tiny spells and puppets were being created in their trillions, and their jobs were simply to cause minor changes in the bodies they inhabited, be it blinding their host for a moment or even causing them to shiver or spasm.

In this battle, Lost could perfectly coordinate all the billions of these golden giants making sure that when an opportunity arose due to those distractions created inside the bodies of their enemies, they were there to take advantage of it.

This fight had been ongoing for weeks at this point, the bridge was halfway complete, and Lost could slowly feel the tide of battle shifting in their favor.

For Ascendant Sun Dilos, it was almost too much, the chaos of what was happening, and yet the golden giants all seemed to be in sync, and their motions were smooth as silver, as they unleashed all forms of creation unto the field, and for a while the smallest party was holding back and endless tides of bodies.

Yet even the blind could see they could not hold on for long.

Chapter 1241: The Cries Of Calamity

The Shiik above had focused on refining Calamity Aura to transform the road but she still had a little strength to spare and her Aura weakened and pushed back the lesser Calamity gods below, nearly cutting their strength in half.

This enabled the defenders of the road to focus more on the greater enemy, the horde of....

At first, Lost who was leading the defenders had thought that the advantages of this unexpected army from the Eye of Time would be their seemingly inexhaustible numbers, powerful fleshy bodies, and their power over a weird form of ice that could degrade all forms of energy, even Will, but he acknowledges that any weapon unleashed by the fragment of a Primordial as its trump card, and he was not wrong. freewebnovel.com

This silver horde did not possess life as it was normally known, and possessing their bodies with the power of creation had shown Lost that whenever any of them were killed, their essence was blasted away towards other members of the Horde, and then rebounded back to their bodies, and what returned was a hundred times stronger than what had been taken away. This was all Lost could understand of this process and this what with him borrowing a fraction of Rowan's Spirit to process the battle since he was occupied with directing all the golden giants.

However, this was enough for him to understand that he could not put down this army, he could only stall them for a while because killing them was simply making them stronger.

The best strategy for this battle would be to delay, as much as possible he was avoiding killing off as many of the silver horde as he could, focusing on crippling them and confusing their senses which was more difficult than he had first assumed because the horde seemed to share a collective sense and if not for the extreme adaptability of creation that could change any situation into one that was favorable to them, he would have relinquished this battle. It was funny that the Calamity gods, especially the Calamity Suns that were wreaking havoc in the distance, were holding back a major portion of the might of the Silver Horde.

Although it appeared that the least Calamity gods assaulting their forces were easy to dispatch, that was very far from the truth, it was only that Lost and the golden giants had the perfect weapon to counter the powers of the Calamity gods, which was the golden flames being unleashed by the Natal Treasures of every golden giant here.

That flame was representative of the endless hunger of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents, and they did not burn, they consumed. It was in this manner that the flames could easily destroy these Calamity gods as it consumed their darkness from the insides and this was the first effect of the flame, the other hidden aspect of it was that it fed a part of the energy that was devoured back to the golden giants.

The amount of energy that could be gained by the golden giants all depended on their affinity with the golden flame. Those with higher affinity and more Natal Treasures were able to gain more sustenance from the flames, and this with the massive endurance granted to every golden giant meant they could virtually fight this battle for the rest of eternity.

The Calamity gods had the power of pure darkness within their bodies, and although they did not wield this power, it granted them the ability to devour everything and gave them an unreasonable healing factor.

The power of Ascendancy was one of its weaknesses, although that weakness was relatively minor, and to kill a lesser Calamity god using the power of Ascendancy alone was usually quite costly, and the silver horde was paying this price to kill these foul gods.

The silver bolts they fired from their stingers were powerful, but in close quarters that advantage was stripped away from them when the tentacles of the Calamity gods wrapped around their bodies and their many mouths filled with extremely sharp fangs began to chew threw armor and flesh, and so the silver horde used their many hands to rip these gods to pieces, every gesture they made carrying a chilling power that crushed the bodies of the Calamity gods to powder, but the regenerative factor of the Calamity gods ensured that this process was long and grueling.

Each Calamity Sun was a force of devastation that tore through reality like an endless cataclysm. Tentacles thousands of miles long swept through and past the endless ocean, tearing through millions of the silver horde, and as many as they were crushing, so where they devoured them.

Yet even from a distance, Lost could hear the cries of frustration from the Calamity gods because they were not gaining any sustenance from the silver horde, everything they ate was like cold smoke that dissipated in their stomachs, not giving them any nourishment. The same process that was enabling these silver horde to multiply their strength in such dramatic manner was simply pulling away every scrap of energy from those of them that had been swallowed by the Calamity Suns, and as Lost suspected as he saw the unending flood of the horde descending from the Eye of Time if their bodies were catastrophically destroyed with no means of healing, such as being swallowed into the stomach of a Calamity Sun, then they would be reborn on the Eye of Time.

Lesser Calamity gods that were being slain en-mass also seemed to be a useless prospect, because, for anyone that fell, a dozen took their place, the only reason there were not

more of them on the surface was lack of space. From the surface of the ocean down to its depths, the forms of the Calamity gods writhed in the darkness.

This battle seemed like it was at a stalemate as the three armies seemed to be immortal, but slowly but surely, the tides were shifting.

The will of this realm was insane, and to solve its problem, it usually applied force, there were no tactics or clever manipulations of events, with the myriad of tools that were available for it to use, it simply used the most crude of them, its servants, the Calamity Suns, and this was a problem because despite how powerful these beings were, they were dumb brutes, their mind nothing but a feral cesspit of madness and hunger, and if there were any sort of tactics in their actions, they would have headed for the Eye of Time itself to challenge it on its turf, not waste their energy battling these horde on the surface.

Those that had escaped the devouring of the Calamity Suns had been killed hundreds of times, and their power levels were beginning to reach the threshold where their blows were now hurting the Calamity Suns.

In the beginning, no matter how many bolts were fired at the Calamity Suns they would shatter before they could even touch their flesh, but as time went by, the distance that the bolts could travel grew increasingly closer to the flesh of the Calamity Suns, and the first cry of pain that erupted from one of the Calamity Suns as a massive tentacle, thousands of miles long was sliced off at the root after being precisely targeted by the silver horde seemed to herald the change in the battle.

Chapter 1242: Traveling Through The Darkness

Lost understood that it was the unending tides of Calamity, especially the Calamity Suns that was keeping them relatively safe, and if they were to fall, this army of golden giants would only last for a few moments before they would all perish.

The progress of the road had passed the halfway point and Lost had already come to the inevitable conclusion that they would soon begin to take losses, it was inevitable at this point.

He growled inside his heart, “Not if I have anything to do with it.”

Lost could still feel the resonance inside his spirit, the remnants of Rowan’s cry as he proclaimed that he wanted no one else to die for him, and now that he knew the truth that the Rowan he knew was just a Reflection and that his actions might not entirely represent who the main body of Rowan was in its entirety, he still wanted to follow the wishes of the man who consoles him as he cried after the battle.

The first thing that was usually lost on the road to power was selflessness, and it was a noble thing to serve someone who sought to hold himself to a higher standard, and even if he failed to reach that standard, the mere effort that it took to make it, made him an individual that was rarely seen.

The cry of the Calamity Sun seemed to trigger a change in reality as the eyes of the realm above shrank in shock and dismay, and then without any prompt, they turned red as tribulation lightning began to simmer inside them.

With the realm now turning a shade of red as millions of eyes in the sky brewed death, the Cries of the Calamity Suns began to increase, and not just one of them, all seven.

The first casualty from the golden giants happened in a manner that was horribly familiar in a battle like this, following the successful defense by their telekinetic barrier after successive rounds of fire from the silver horde.

A single bolt that was unexpectedly ten times more powerful than what had been impacting the forefield tore through it and by coincidence, Lost had been a few hundred meters away from the golden giant that was struck.

One moment his Spirit had been filled with billions of golden spots that represented the golden giants and countless other symbols that were tracking the battle all around them for thousands of miles, and he felt the breeze of the bolt blowing past him as well as several golden dots vanishing in his consciousness.

The bolts carried a unique power that could freeze any form of energy to such a profound extent it would lead to its destruction impaling a hundred golden giants. It sliced through their defenses and it only lost momentum after the last golden giants threw a punch to break its movements, saving hundreds more behind who would have perished.

Lost looked over in silence as the last golden giant who punched the bolt stayed in the form they had used to blast the silver bolt to pieces-fist outstretched and body leaning forward. Lost knew her name, Paper. As one of the new golden giants who followed the wave of creating their name, Paper was a lovely girl who had some of the most fascinating forms of creation that he had ever seen.

She looked up panting as if she had been running for a thousand years and she saw Lost looking at her, and then she smiled, before going still as the life fled from her body.

Her golden giant form went gray as if it had transformed to stone before it collapsed to ash following the ninety-nine golden giants in front of her that had collapsed to ash a moment before.

Lost kept the memory of her and all of those that perished in his heart, not his Spirit and he continued directing the defenses, patching the hole that had been torn open in their defenses and updating the new power levels of the silver horde.

In the last few weeks of battle, he had made this update thirty-eight times, this would make it the thirty-ninth, unfortunately, this time there was a cost. He would love to push their defenses to the limits, but this was a marathon, not a sprint, and the state of the battlefield was being transformed at every moment and he needed to be flexible, not rigid.

Lost pushed his mind into the battle, trying not to think about how the promise he had just made to himself to keep those around him safe from the madness had just been broken.

‘I am not like you, and I don’t think I can ever be like you. I want to keep them all safe but I cannot do so... father, where are you?’

R

There was darkness, one that was so absolute it almost seemed incomprehensible that anything could ever exist here apart from this darkness.

Inside this darkness, there was stillness, and it had existed here for countless years without number, and then something inside that darkness stirred.

That stirring was so slight it was almost nonexistent, but the being that made that movement was so massive that it almost defied meaning.

In the darkness a golden flame arose, it appeared out of nowhere, and it flickered as if it was about to go out because the weight of the darkness in this place was so heavy that it could not last for long.

That golden flame was Rowan’s extremely powerful soul that he had grown over the time he was inside the realm of Doom Star, a soul that was so powerful it had seized the entire power of time that was inside an eternal realm.

How heavy was this darkness?

The sputtering soul flame began to travel, its speed many times that of light, its destination unknown but with every moment that passed, the light of the soul grew dimmer.

This soul had been strengthened to the extent that it would dwarf the souls of a seventh-dimensional entity, but it was already on its last leg after a while and then it suddenly went out, its energy was spent.

Silence returned to the darkness as the light was gone.

A sound emerged like the sizzling of oil on a hot pan, and a small tongue of golden flame emerged from the darkness from the spot where it had vanished.

This flame even in its slight state still had an air of resolve around it that was extremely palpable. There was no more power in this flame, it should have died out, this darkness would snuff out greater powers that entered into it, but this flame had a Will and a purpose that was

greater than its own. freewebnovel.com

Dragging itself through the darkness, the tiny flame pushed ahead, it was slow, but it gave a sense that it would never stop until it fulfilled its purpose.

Before Rowan's Reflection perished he had placed all his hopes and dreams inside this soul, and none of them were for him but his children.

He had seen a small part of the grand design that Rowan had made, and it scared him. His main body had sat in silence and plotted his rise to the top of the food chain, and nothing would be standing in his way. The world he envisioned was grand, but the price that he would pay to reach it was incredibly cruel, to others and himself, most especially himself. The Reflection knew that in the grand scheme of things, it did not matter if this soul survived, his main body had made many redundancies to fall upon and he was just a small part of the equation, but still, he did not want his story to end here, not for him, he no longer needed this soul, but for that cold heart who had forgotten what it meant to have one.

The flame traveled for what seemed like forever until it reached its destination, a massive throne made from the bones of every Primordial Keeper in existence.

Sitting on that throne was a body that was bigger than a material universe, but it appeared withered. From the head to the toe of this massive body were ridiculous injuries, and he had been pinned to the throne by nine massive blades.

This massive body was of Rowan, and he was truly dead, but this death had come by his own hands, for on the hilt of each weapon that had plunged into his body, he had manifested seven more hands that had thrust those blades into his body.

The soul shook in awe as he saw this scene, and a voice filled with the profoundness of ages spoke from the darkness,

"The Creator wished to perish, but these pathetic creatures... they failed to deliver on their

promise."

Chapter 1243: Earn My Death

Chapter 1243: Earn My Death

The words were shocking, and the perception of the soul flame swept around itself and it did not encounter anyone that said those words and it was not curious to find out, its nature meant only its primary purpose meant anything to it.

There was suspicion in the heart of the soul flame about who said those words because, in its journey through the darkness, it had quickly realized that the darkness was not empty. At the edge of its perception, it could sense massive wings that could encircle stars and the smell of blood and fire, but since the soul needed to reach its destination quickly, it did not stop to investigate.

Its destination may seem to be near, but it was still incredibly far away.

With the size of Rowan's body, just because it could see him, did not mean the soul was any closer to reaching his corpse, and yet because it had traversed the crushing darkness, it had passed the greatest test of survival, and it could now float towards the gigantic form of Rowan with no issue, seemingly drawn by the immense gravity that the body gave out, its wispy light teleporting across the distance until it came towards Rowan right eye.

The fierce battle in the past had left a gaping hole in the eye sockets, as both of his eyes had been gouged out, but that was not the most terrifying wound on his head.

Of the many blades that had been plunged into his body, one of the blades impaling his body had been driven through his forehead, and because it was a double-edged blade, it had nearly torn his head in two, before continuing to drive into the throne behind him.

Rowan's hand on the hilt of the weapon showed that he had been the one to make this dreadful blow that killed him, and not once did he flinch as he was making it. His cold and calculating cruelty was apparent here, not many knowing they had to kill themselves would be able to do it so decisively.

The soul flame entered through the eye socket, its perception seemed to gain an unfathomable boost in this environment and it was able to see everything around it for millions of light years, which was simply the diameter of Rowan's eye socket.

Passing through this heavenly gate, it entered into the skull, shying away from the vast blade that was emitting a terrible force that it could not even describe when suddenly a cool breeze entered into the soul, and if it had a mouth, it would be groaning in pleasure.

The Reflection had been able to develop the power of this soul using soul energy and the Ascendant form of cultivation where his Natal Treasure stimulated the growth of the soul, and although this process was similar, the process was entirely different.

This time it was as if the soul was returning home.

The soul flame began to strengthen, it was as if it was protected from the darkness when it entered into this place, and with the nature of Rowan's soul that had the trait of his unfathomable vitality, it began to bloom once again, and in anywhere else, this process would be rapid, but inside the skull of Rowan itself, its renewal became heretical.

In a few moments, the soul had reached the standard of an immortal and this strengthening process was not ending only getting faster, with a loud crack as if heralding the birth of the first sun, the soul bloomed to life, its radiance exploding forth like a star, and whitish-golden flames shot out from it in a wave that shot out for billions of light years, illuminating the entirety of the skull.

From the outside, it was as if Rowan's eyes became filled with flames, almost as if he had returned to life. Soul flame poured out of his open mouth like an ocean and poured down his body, and it was as if he was putting on a robe of fire.

The soul flame kept burning brighter until its glow thoroughly illuminated Rowan's skull, and light shone from the countless craters on his massive face.

With a dull whooping sound that shook the darkness, the bones of the Primordial Keepers went alit, and the light it gave began to slowly spread and illuminate the darkness, while its flame was being siphoned into Rowan's body.

There were several processes that Rowan had created for his resurrection, and as fate would have it, this one became the first to succeed.

Instinctively knowing what it should do, the soul began to release wisps of itself, and these wisps were countless in number, they drifted deeper into Rowan's skull where they lodged into any part of it they touched and were absorbed.

Everytime this absorption process occurred, a flash of golden lightning would appear, it was as if the mind of Rowan was being shocked awake.

The blade that had nearly separated his head in two had sliced apart his brain as well, and under the light of the soul flame, the halves of Rowan's brain were gray like stone and resembled an extremely vast network of interconnecting pathways that were so complex it would an infinite amount of time to disentangle the smallest portion of it.

Like a withered tree coming back to life, every part of the brain that these soul flames touched released a faint vibration that echoed and it seemed to bring back memories that touched the depths of the soul, and it seemed to hear two voices, one was of Rowan, and the other one was so familiar, it released more wisps of itself as it strived to hear more of her voice.

As more wisps of soul flames were released, the golden lightning that had been weakly flashing began strengthening and a dull rumbling was growing.

The light from the burning throne was still spreading through the darkness and slowly it began to reveal everything that was hidden within, but for the soul, all it was concerned about was the voices it could hear,

“Rowan, is there no other way?”

“There is none... My existence would trigger a new soul formation if I remained alive, I can no longer suppress it for long as my Will of Soul grows ever stronger. My Reflection will inevitably gain a soul as the power of my Will flows towards the path of least resistance, if that were to happen, the confluence of these two impossibilities would make this entire battle worthless. The Primordial Keepers would be reborn to correct this discrepancy, and after all this time, I tire of killing these fuckers. There is no enjoyment in it anymore, my rage is empty.”

“Then let the Defiled One take up this mantle, was he not supposed to be your friend.”

“hahaha... My Lady of Shadows, by now I thought you should have comprehended this concept. A King

has no friends.”

“You are more than a king.”

“And that makes this statement more applicable to me, not less.”

“You survived all of this... and now you are going to kill yourself.”

“Yes, the Primordial Keepers turned out to be useless for this task, shame, I wanted to use them for

more and it would have served me better to die at their hands. If there was anyone who could kill me in the totality without harming the core of who I am, it was supposed to be them.” frëewebnovel.c0m

“Well, it’s hard to kill you when you fight back.”

“They needed to earn my death.”

Chapter 1244: Ruler Of The Great Desert

With those words from Rowan inside the memory the soul was hearing, golden lightning gathered from both sides of his brain, congregating together into a sea of lightning that began to churn, releasing a series of increasingly louder humming sounds like a supermassive reactor powering up, and then the lightning shot into the sky in the form of a pillar, breaking past space and time, traveling up for millions of light years, and then it

spread open at the top of its ascent, and from a distance it was as if a golden tree of lightning had just emerged from Rowan's open skull.

The soul flame rose into the sky, carried by an external power and it was sent to the top of the lightning branches, and from this position, the flames from it began to travel down the trunk of the lightning tree into Rowan's body, where the golden lightning had begun to create root that linked all parts of his broken body together.

Coupled with the flames of the burning Primordial keepers and the Soul Flames above, his body began to heal, and for the soul ahead, it gained another memory, and this one was extremely vivid.

Despite all of this, the soul flame could only pick a minor fragment of this memory, because it could not comprehend or contain the rest. It was simply too much.

The more the soul flame delved into this memory, the faster it burned, and it knew that entering this memory was hastening the process of its dissolution, it did not care, to learn the secrets of the past and the heavy weight its main body had to accept, it felt that only someone like it could truly understand, only someone like it could bear witness.

Even if it was for a short time, it was willing to walk this road with Rowan, because no one else could.

R

Ganem Prime – Decaying Dimension Of A Spectral Titan.

Rowan winced as his ring finger was cut to the bone by the edge of the wire he was weaving into a structure with too many parts that extended past the visible dimension.

His eyesight was not as it once was, and his crooked finger ached in the evening chill. In this place of endless twilight, it was always evening, and it was always cold.

Rowan's majestic body over the years he had spent here had been reduced to a shell of its former self, and he was now an old man, who was at the end of his time.

Yet even in this state, it was hard to hide the majesty in his bearing. His surroundings were a scene of endless ruins, the space above was filled with shattered suns and the wreckage of a trillion worlds, and under the light of a billion dying suns, Rowan weaved treasures.

His body was old, yet it was still a thousand miles tall, and he sat on an entire mountain range.

Weaving treasures was never easy, and the materials he was using to weave these treasures all came from his body. This act weakened him a lot, and being in this forsaken dimension was not helping matters.

It had not been easy for Rowan to find Ganem Prime, there were rumors of this realm of course, but after it was destroyed in the war during the Primordial Era, all traces of it had been lost, after several tens of millions of years of search through Time, Rowan had found it.

This Dimension came from a World Bearer, a powerful Spectral Titan that was more dead than alive, immaterial than material, a living ghost, the Spectral Titan had once been regarded as impossible to kill, but nothing survives a dimension that was blockaded on all sides and bombarded with reality shattering powers for an entire Minor Era.

However, all of this was just what was displayed on the surface, underneath this extravagant bombardment was a diabolical poison that even the Spectral Titan could not anticipate.

The Primordials paid a hefty price, and the Spectral Titan was killed, this dimension was its remnants, and Rowan was here to kill something else that most would regard as impossible to kill-The Primordial Keepers.

This would be his first great hunt.

To kill creatures like these, one needed more than swords or flames because Primordial Keepers were higher dimensional beings who walked outside of known reality, their presence warps everything around them and that was not touching on their most potent aspect, which was their control over souls, and the special authority that such a thing granted them.

Rowan had ambushed one of the Primordial keepers outside the Great Darkness at great risk, trapping it and slowly torturing the truth out of this creature.

By his side was a lamp, and the flame inside of this lamp was green, and from this flame were the faint sound of screams, these screams were coming from the Primordial Keeper he had kept by his side all this while.

All these while... How long has it been?

Even for Rowan itself, it was sometimes confusing to know how long he had spent traversing through Time.

After he discovered the most potent trait of being a living dimension, Rowan knew that he had finally gained the ultimate weapon for survival, from that moment hence, Rowan had banished himself from Time, and he began to travel through the Memories that he had seen.

The weight of this endless journey was extremely difficult for the soul flame to comprehend and so it focused on what it was seeing here.

R

Since the end of the Primordial Era, the Primordial Keepers had been placed in charge of monitoring the true flow of souls in the Great Darkness, so that this valuable resource was not misused or abused.

Their forces were not the most powerful, the greatest amongst them reaching the sixth-dimensional level due to the limitations of their bloodline, but because they controlled a resource that every dimension needed, the authority they had over those resources meant they were heavily favored.

Although hated by most, no one wanted to cross the Primordial Keepers, because their domain over souls made them quite elusive, and even if they could not harm an individual directly, they had a thousand ways to frustrate the interest of this individual. A powerful monarch loading over an entire dimension may find out that his entire realm can no longer produce offspring, even the animals. This realm would not last ten Minor Eras before it would fall.

The Primordial Keepers had forever claimed to be the gatekeepers over corruption and the excesses of the strong.

They claimed that without their presence, the strong would seize control over the souls of their lessers, and chaos would rule. They claimed the strong would refuse to die when their time came for it, and they would endlessly plague reality, a blight that could never be

cleansed. freewebnovel.com

They claimed that their function was important, and in a sense, all of this was the truth, but most of it had been wrapped in lies, as they had long been corrupted, and they served other masters and not the benefit of reality at large.

When an individual reaches a higher dimensional level, especially from the fifth-dimensional level upwards, killing them is no longer simple, because exhausting their essence and vitality, even crushing their existence out of reality is useless.

With their power over time and space, they could pull energy from a part of themselves they had set aside in space, giving them a virtually endless source of vitality and essence, and from the sixth dimension, this became even worse, because every Memory of them become a source of strength, and this memory did not have to be of their own, but from others as well.

With great effort, one could kill a fourth-dimensional being, but in the fifth dimension, it becomes impossible, at least this should have been the case before the Primordials created several methods to kill higher-dimensional beings.

These methods were perfected during the war to end the Primordial Era, in the sense that the entire war was created to perfect the method of killing higher dimensional beings.

It was as if the Primordials upon seeing the works of their hands, then sought to find a way to control the powers that they unleashed upon reality.

The grandest of these methods, and one could argue the most important of it was called the Great Desert and it was controlled by a being called Nemesis.

Chapter 1245: Passion Of The Craft (1)

The word Nemesis almost made the soul flame crumble, and it was with great effort he stayed at the surface of the memory and did not dip its toes deeper into the unfathomable depths

that were Rowan's memories.

Rowan was waking up, and the soul flame in the last moments of its existence had an extremely rare opportunity to glimpse into the mind of this waking titan and understand a bit about his existence.

In Rowan's expansive memories, names would usually come with the understanding of every subject they represented. Like an encyclopedia containing every knowledge in the endless universes, every single word in Rowan's memory had a weight that was unfathomable, and the soul flame had to be careful not to look deeply into the Abyss, at least not so deeply that it was instantaneously wiped out.

All it knew was that there was a sense of great hatred from Rowan towards the ruler of the Great Desert and surprisingly a fair bit of excitement as well. However, it was a shame that it could not learn more because of its qualifications.

It was easy to simply watch him weave.

What the soul flame could glean about the Great Desert was that this was the place where the Memory of every higher dimensional immortal was shackled after their essence and Will had been wiped out.

The Great Desert was linked to every dimension in reality, from the lower three-dimensional reality like the universes, to higher dimensions like Supreme Worlds. Created by the Primordials, Nemesis held the memories of every slain powerhouse from the beginning of time.

The soul flame could guess why the ruler of the Great Desert might have issues with Rowan, after all, the Primordial Keepers were one of its servants.

Without the Great Desert regulating the resurrections of higher dimensional immortals, then they would always be resurrected in the future using their memories, and Nemesis watched over all of reality and plucked the Memories of those higher dimensional immortals from all of time and space when a particular set of conditions were met.

From the beginning of his existence, Rowan was destined to be the antithesis of this place. Even as a mortal, his soul had been able to flee the grasp of death, cross an entire universe, and evade the capture of the Primordial Keepers, and now entering the higher dimension, Rowan was once again going against the interest of Nemesis by the sheer fact that he did not fall under any category under creation.

His existence was a part of reality and yet it was also distinctly separated, and that separation meant that Nemesis had no hold over his Memories. Of course, there was more to the reason for this great hatred between Rowan and Nemesis, but that was everything that the soul flame could learn before it had to simply focus on the last memories it could witness before it faded away.

It knew that this memory was the last thing that Rowan did before he killed himself. There were a million other great things he had been doing in the past, but this was his final act before the great darkness, and this was what the soul flame needed to see.

R

Like thrash around Rowan were discarded pieces of treasures, all of them thrumming with incredible power, but they were not what he needed for his battle against the Primordial Keepers so he placed them aside, and any one of these treasures would lead to a war among higher dimensional beings if they came across it, because all of them were Proto-Source level treasures!

Rowan found it a bit embarrassing that with his capabilities, it took him millions of years to understand the method of crafting treasures of this grade, and he knew that even if he succeeded, he would be crafting the least form of this treasure, but it was more than enough to ensure he gained what he wanted.

He had all the technical competency to craft treasures that could reach the peak of reality, but as always what held him back was his dimensional level, he had to use tricks and props to aid him in his crafting, but he knew that he would never succeed in mastering Source grade crafting if he did not reach the seventh dimension.

In the third-dimensional universe, the treasure grading went from Mortal, Refined, Earth, Heaven, Transcendent, Immortal, and Origin. This was the treasure power level that was accepted by the universe and anything higher than this had to be forcefully brought into

the universe by higher dimensional immortals who would be maintaining the weight of those treasures in the lower realms.

A mere God King or Archmage could not wield any treasure higher than the Origin Grade or they would be crushed under its weight.

The Tower of Greed, one of Rowan's ultimate treasures while he was still in the lower realm, was an Origin Grade Treasure with the potential to become much more powerful if completed.

This treasure had a great history and he had been able to understand that the potential of this treasure paired with his dimensional flesh went beyond what Ohrox, Demon King of Destruction could have ever envisioned for it, and for a majority of his journey through Time, Rowan had been upgrading the Tower with the materials he came across.

Rowan had finalized this treasure, and he pushed the Tower of Greed to its present eighteenth floor. This was the greatest level he could bring it with his current power, and it was barely a Source-level treasure, but one that was so unique that only with his dimensional flesh could he make full use of its capabilities.

In the background, barely visible was a gigantic tower that seemed to be made out of bone. It was ephemeral and would easily be dismissed if one did not have deep attainment in the dimension of Time.

This tower was so massive that it covered the entire dimension of Ganem Prime, sheltering it from the storms of reality, because Ganem Prime was not supposed to exist, and outside of this Tower, it would return into the grasp of the Great Desert.
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R

Outside the Universe, the scaling of treasure took another step forward, and it went from Apocalypse, Dominion, Proto-Source, and finally Source grade treasures.

At this level, all treasures begin to gain a form of sapience, and depending on the immortal wielding the treasure, they could choose to encourage that intelligence or snuff it out, because there were advantages and disadvantages to allowing a treasure to gain a will of its

own.

There were countless tales told about treasures abandoning their owner for another immortal after being painstakingly created using all the resources that the creator could spare and at their birth, these treasures disdained their creator and abandoned them, there were also tales of treasures that fought beside their owner till the end, and even

after the owner passes, they continued to serve their bloodline and protect their interest for all eternity.

Rowan generally encouraged the intelligence of his crafting as he could generally shape their personalities from the beginning of his creation because of how in-depth his crafting processes usually were, and as a creator, he abhorred the thought of snuffing out a growing mind because of fear of their future choices.

Chapter 1246: Passion Of The Craft (2)

Rowan had to be the one encouraging the growth of consciousness inside his crafting because his mere presence was usually a bane to these nascent consciousnesses.

Generally, it was known that Apocalypse Grade treasures were used by immortals at the fourth-dimensional level. This grade was referred to as Apocalypse because of its potential destructive capabilities that could tear through an entire universe given enough time.

It did not even matter what the treasure was capable of in the first place, a skilled immortal that understood every aspect of their Apocalypse grade treasure could use its weight to crush the reality present inside a universe, nothing inside a material universe could stand against that power, and even outside the universe, that weight would anchor the immortal, and so in a battle with another immortal, any attempt at using Time manipulation against the holder of an Apocalypse grade treasure would have to not only fight against the resistance of the immortal but also of their treasure.

Every Immortal that attained Will and therefore controlled time, and had the ability to carry the weight of these treasures would seek for them with everything they had because it was the next step in the evolution of their powers.

Rowan was one of the few immortals in existence who did not have a treasure to be the cornerstone of his powers, as his bloodline was simply too powerful, but this was not the case for most, and the hunt for powerful treasures that could support the cultivation journey of an immortal was supremely important.

He on the other hand did not care for treasures and only those that would fit his specific needs were the ones he cultivated and treasured.

Another mysterious cut appeared on his fingers that was weaving this treasure and Rowan barely paused, he knew that this cut was a sign of rejection from this dimension, and it was amazing that what he was receiving were simply minor cuts.

Although to put those cuts into perspective, with his present size, one of his fingers could hold a dozen galaxies, and these so-called minor cuts were wounds that would tear

galaxies apart, but Rowan still considered them to be relatively minor, because the reprisal from the realm could be a million times worse.

Learning to deceive dimensions was a skill that Rowan would never look down upon. With the various defenses a realm could hold up against intruders, none of them had ever comprehended that the essence of a realm itself could have a life of its own.

R

The soul flame dragged its focus back to the weaving of the treasure, using it to anchor the memory in the direction it wanted it to follow. It was so difficult because the mind of Rowan was so rich, a minor pathway in his mental processes could carry you to another journey that could last for a million years. It did not have that time, it wanted to see this fight.

It returned back to the memory path with the direction that a treasure could take to grow. An Immortal at the fourth dimensional level with an Apocalypse level treasure would have an advantage over others of the same grade, depending on the immortal, this advantage could be slight or massive, but it was generally not that immense. There were geniuses with powerful comprehension and bloodlines that did not need treasures to shore up any gaps in their defense or offense, and they could fight against treasures of the Apocalypse grade.

Apocalypse-grade treasures were difficult to craft, but they were not rare, and a fourth-dimensional immortal with virtually an infinite lifespan would over time get access to multiple treasures at this level to shore up any of their shortcomings.

This was the normal path for an immortal, and not everyone could be as boundless as Rowan. The next step after the Apocalypse grade was the Dominion grade, and this was a watershed that countless immortals could not surpass.

A Dominion-grade treasure was generally used by fifth, sixth, and seventh-dimensional immortals. This treasure was already touching the peak of space-time manipulations, and it was extremely difficult to craft, usually taking the resources of an entire higher dimension to make treasures of this grade.

A treasure of this grade could be regarded as eternal, and its shadow could be cast over time and space, granting its user an assurance of near immortality.

At the higher levels of combat, time and space became tools for battle, and the past could be used as a weapon to hurt an immortal. In the same way, Rowan's Reflection had been able to shackle the great sixth-dimensional Ascendant like Shisu in a memory. If Shisu had a Dominion Grade treasure, such a move would be entirely impossible for the Reflection to pull off.

An immortal with this treasure could completely steamroll others of the same level and would be able to escape from those of higher levels depending on the nature of the treasure itself.

Although Dominion-level treasures were originally meant to be used by fifth-dimensional immortals, it did not stop immortals of higher dimensions from gathering multiple Dominion-grade treasures and using them as the fulcrum for their techniques.

This was because the next level of treasure was so rare and so valuable, that very few of it existed in all of reality, because of how insanely difficult it was to craft and the high rate of failure in crafting this level of treasure, a new category was created for those treasure that failed to reach this level and they were regarded as Proto-Source level treasure.

Proto-Source level treasures were failed attempts to create Source level treasures. Due to how difficult it was to create Source-level treasures, most crafters simply failed on purpose and created Proto-Source instead.

These treasures could not be said to be necessarily greater than a Dominion Level Treasure but they had the capability to harness the powers of dimension that could fit the pathway of the immortal.

The reason these treasures were so far away was because they could highlight a path to a higher dimension, making it easier for an immortal to reach the source of their path.

This was not discounting the most important trait of this treasure, which was that since it had

a nearly complete path of its own, then it could carry its own weight.

In simpler terms, even a mortal could wield a Proto-Source level treasure!

A fourth-dimensional immortal could not wield a Dominion Grade treasure, because its weight would shatter their foundation to nothing.

What Rowan was doing in the Ganem dimension was to create a Source-level weapon, and for that, he needed a Source, which was this dead dimension belonging to the Spectral Titan. This was the great divide between a Source level treasure and those below.

Where other treasures that were lower in rank could be made from materials found around in reality, a Source-level treasure had to be made from the materials of a dimension itself.

Ganem was very special to Rowan, not because it was the remnant of a powerful titan-after the Primordial War, there were countless decaying dimensions like this if you knew where to look-no, this dimension was important because of the hidden poison that was used to kill

the Spectral Titan.

A poison that Rowan needed to harvest, and its name was Oblivion.

Chapter 1247: Passion Of The Craft (final)

Rowan could not hold Oblivion in his heart and even now it was hard for him to recognize it, but he had learned to detect its traces after all these years.

Oblivion was a sneaky force, its very nature making it impossible for anyone to truly grasp and if Rowan was struggling, then it meant the average immortal had no hope of understanding this particular force and detecting its presence in their lives, and it had taken Rowan a long time to find the method to detect its traces including taking great extremely great risks in finding the Oblivion Gates and going as close as he could to it in order to learn more about its traits.

The Primordial Chaos was bound beside the Oblivion Gates, and Rowan could hear the clanking of the chains used in bounding Chaos, and even from an incredible distance, he still felt fear.

Of course, Rowan had not been foolish enough to enter the darkness where Chaos was bound, he had simply created a gate to that place, and then he created a series of gates that connected to that gate, shielding himself behind a thousand layers of varied gates whose location was scattered throughout time before he peered into that darkness for a single moment.

Even with all the safeguards in place, Rowan had still used a dummy body as his scapegoat, not possessing the individual, just subtly guiding his actions to open the gate, and after he viewed that place for a moment he left.

The individual he used to peer into the space where Chaos was bound was a powerful Magus that was a famous Tower Master whose entire pursuit was to learn the secret of the Great Darkness, and his pursuit had unknowingly brought him closer to Primordial forces than he had known, but without the guidance of Rowan subtly nudging him in the right direction, this Magus would have never found this space.

Spending only a moment to gather the detail he needed, which was a fraction of a second, Rowan left the magus to his own devices. Although the Magus might never know, they had just carried out an exchange, Rowan had shown him a place that he might have never found for the rest of eternity and his senses had been borrowed for a moment. It was a fair exchange, and now it was up to the Magus to do with the knowledge that he would find in that place.

Rowan was indeed scared of glancing at a Primordial because he knew that as their entire nature was unknown to him, so also was his nature unknown to them, and if he had

learned anything about Primordials from journeying through time, it was their sheer ruthlessness in dealing with any signs of threat to their design.

In the reality that was created by the Primordials, nothing of Rowan's ability should be possible, but with not just one, but two Singularities in his possession, Rowan was far different than what a normal immortal should have been, and so he had only one chance to succeed in whatever he wanted to do because the Primordial Record could no longer shield him from the gaze of higher dimensional entities once he made a mistake.

If he wanted to succeed in his effort to battle the Primordial Keepers, he needed the power of Oblivion, and there was no better place to learn than the Oblivion gates themselves, even though he was in the prison of Chaos for only a moment, it was enough for him to learn how to search for those traces.

With these traces, Rowan was able to track hundreds of locations through a time where the forces of Oblivion could be found, and with careful encouragement using his Tree of Desire bloodline after he had stacked many years of wishes, he bent luck and probability to his will and found this dimension, and he began forging the treasure to not only trap the Keepers but to hide his presence as well.

Unlike many other things he had been doing all these while, killing the Primordial Keepers would come with drastic consequences that would surely be so severe that with his present power levels, it was quite impossible that he would survive the fallout.
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The Primordial Keepers had made lots of enemies during their time, and now and then, some particularly bloodthirsty individuals would throw caution to the wind and kill one or multiple Primordial Keepers. Such a thing had happened before and although such an act came with drastic consequences, it was most likely that in the future it would happen again.

However, Rowan was not planning to kill one or a bunch of Keepers, he wanted to kill all of them.

To consider such a thing was madness because of so many factors, the most important of them being that as servants of Nemesis, killing Primordial Keepers was useless because it could always resurrect their Memories, and all Primordial Keepers killed in the past had already been resurrected, making killing them an exercise in futility, but Rowan knew that he could kill them, he just needed the right tools.

Anchoring his Tower of Greed to Ganem Prime, Rowan made the important decision not to leave this place until he forged a source-level treasure using the traces of Oblivion here as its foundations, but crafting a Source-level treasure was an incredibly difficult feat.

He had succeeded once with the Tower of Greed, and the reason he could do that was because of his unique situation as a dimension, and its nature with time.

The soul flame stopped itself from plunging deep into the reason Rowan had become seemingly untethered from time itself and was able to travel through it with an ease that was clearly unnatural, it knew that this was a path it knew it could never see the end of.

Using this realm as the bone, his dimension as the flesh, and the flesh and blood of extra-dimensional creatures as the thread to bind it all together, Rowan began to weave a Source Treasure that by right only seventh-dimensional immortals should have the chance of acquiring.

During his travels, Rowan had killed countless extra-dimensional creatures, and one of the greatest uses of his angels as he traveled was hunting down these creatures.

At first, Rowan had ignored these strange and exotic extra-dimensional beings because he felt a sort of kinship with them, noticing that many of them were born outside the control of most of the major powers in reality and their history went deep into the past, some of them having lived from the Primordial Era, but even if he wished to leave them alone, the same could be said of some of these creatures.

Their nature was incredibly bloodthirsty and cruel. Outwardly Rowan's form was not made to be very massive, and to these creatures that respected the concept of size the most, he was a tempting snack that they could toy with. It did not take long before word of the terrorizing presence that now roamed through the cracks in between reality began to spread through the ranks and file.

By the time he reached Ganem, Rowan had eliminated nearly one percent of the entire population of extra-dimensional creatures in the cracks in between reality.

Rowan suddenly froze and his massive body shivered, the treasure had been completed. He still had materials for three more tries and he was getting worried that he might have to leave

this place and look for more, but his worries were unfounded.

Now, it was time for Tribulation, and he wondered what would be coming.

Chapter 1248: Passion Of The Craft (final)

To complete any great treasure, it must draw Tribulation, because the act of creating a treasure was seizing a portion of the authority to power in reality and binding it into a corporeal entity.

In the case of the treasure Rowan had just created, that meant that he was essentially taking the dimension of this Spectral Titan and everything it contained and molding it into a shape that he desired.

This was a dead realm of a seventh-dimensional creature, its powers and vitality still lingered in every single part of this realm, and Rowan would have to prove that he was worthy if he wanted to change the state of this place into the form he desired.

The Tribulation for the Tower of Greed had been a strange one, it had drawn Rowan into an Abyssal Space, since the root of the tower came from the Great Abyss, as the first building block was created from the skull of a Great Demon King.

In this space, he had seen the creation of the Tower of Greed, a process that took countless trillions of years, and for any immortal that would have been quite easy to go through, but the tribulation was much more sinister. Rowan had to experience the life of the Tower of Greed, every single brick that was laid in it had an enormous history behind it, and he had to experience all of them.

Rowan had no problem with this, even if he had to experience the life of countless trillions of parts that made up the Tower of Greed, he was already a Creator and his children grew in number every day, as a living dimension he could experience every single aspect of this process that would drive an average immortal insane in a matter of moments. freewebnovel.com

This Tribulation did not strain Rowan at all, and with ease, he experienced everything associated with the Tower of Greed, further deepening his understanding of this treasure, for a Tribulation did not only bring danger but benefits as well.

In Rowan's hand was his finished creation, or shape had not taken a single aspect and it resembled a crustal whose form was always shifting, and it almost hurt the mind to observe it closely.

Rowan closed his eyes and waited for the Tribulation to come, and for a moment he thought that perhaps there was something wrong with his creation and the tribulation would not come, leading this to become another failure, but then he realized... it was already here with him, the tribulation.

There was a reason why he did not quickly realize that the tribulation for this weapon had begun, it was because it was... small.

A man stood by Rowan's foot looking up to him with awe in his eyes. At this time, Rowan's body had shrunk, he resembled an old titan, with sparse white hair and wrinkles on his face, but even as he was, the clouds above barely passed his waist and his height was measured in miles.

His eyesight was failing but he could still pick up the traces of the man who by his own height standard was smaller than an ant.

With curiosity in his eyes, Rowan waved his hand, bringing the tribulation to him with a gentle burst of telekinesis, because he had detected that this man was mortal and anything more would have crushed him to pieces.

Rowan observed this mortal closely, his gaze stripping through every facet of his being, and he knew that this man was in his early thirties, precisely thirty-two years, months, three days, six seconds old.

He was of perfect health, and except for the strain building up in his neck from crooking his head upwards to stare at Rowan, he was a perfect specimen for a mortal. A man at the peak of his physical capabilities. Rowan had already read through his DNA and knew of every cell in his body, and he could take the man apart down to the cellular level a billion times and put him back together with nothing out of place.

Understanding the material, he went deeper into the immaterial, and he immediately understood the problem, this man had a soul but it was an extremely strange one, it was as if it was real, and not real at the same time, and as far as Rowan could tell, his soul was as old as his body yet it was born a minute ago.

The man looked around him animatedly, and he laughed aloud,

“I can tell you this for free, this is the weirdest dream I have ever had.”

Rowan cocked his head to the side, the gesture making the clouds rumble as they were dispersed,

“You think you are dreaming?”

There was something in Rowan’s tone, and the inherent majesty in his voice that made the mortal gasp and stammer in a bit of confusion,

“Yes, I have to be dreaming, how else can all of this be possible? How can I be standing under a sky like this and talking to an old man who is bigger than a mountain? Or else I must be hallucinating, but I don’t remember taking any hard substance before I...”

“What is your name?” Rowan interrupted the mindless mumblings of the mortal,

“Wha.. What, I don’t..”

“Your name mortal, what is it?”

About to say something the man paused in confusion before he smiled almost pleadingly,

“I don’t know, for the life of me I can not remember, but I think that is also a feature of dreams, or I could be wrong.”

Rowan looked at the mortal for a moment before he asked,

“If you have no name, can I give you one?”

The question seemed to surprise the man, as he scratched his head in thought before he slowly replied,

“I mean, I don’t know if I would want that, just because this is a dream and I can’t remember my name, does not mean that I don’t have one.”

“Yet if this is a dream,” Rowan pointed out, “Then giving you a name should not matter, because when you wake up you would have forgotten it. Would it not be a shame, that in this wondrous dream where you are with a talking giant under a sky filled with a trillion broken worlds and countless bleeding stars, you have no name that could be added to the grand tapestry that has unveiled itself before you.”

The man seemingly engrossed by the words slowly nodded as he smiled, “When you put it that way, then I think I shall have a name, even if I don’t remember it when I was up.”

Rowan smiled, “A thing is not beautiful because it lasts. There is beauty in the fleeting and if this is a dream, then your name should add color to it.”

“Yes,” the man nodded enthusiastically, “I want a name.”

“Good,” Rowan grinned, “I shall call you Wormtongue. It symbolizes deceit and betrayal, and

the loss of everything that one can hold dear to their heart.”

The enthusiastic smile on the face of the man vanished and a look of caution replaced it,

“I don’t think that is a... um, a good...”

Rowan’s smile also froze, “You don’t like it?”

Looking at the face that was larger than a mountain the man stammered, “No, no, I like it, but

it is just a bit... confusing,” checking weakly he whispered, “almost nightmarish.”

“Ah Wormtongue but you forget,” Rowan said, “The only difference between dreams and nightmares is how we perceive it. Now say it.”

“Say what?”

“Your name.”

“Um, okay, Wormtongue?”

The moment the man said the name given by Rowan, his skin began to blister, and he looked down in shock as massive blisters and smoke began to fruit from all over his body, before he had time to scream, he spontaneously combusted, burning so hot that in a few moment he was ashes, and in his place was... the Spectral Titan.

Its form was clearly female, although its skin seemed to be made from pale blue crustal and she had three pairs of massive horns that curled around to create a natural crown on her head. Her eyes were bleeding pale green flames, and they were filled with wrath as she peered at

Rowan.

“Hello Wormtongue.” Rowan said as his massive hand came down over the Spectral Titan, “I like collecting Tribulations, and you have piqued my interest.”

Chapter 1249: Heading Towards Battle

The Spectral Titan struggled in Rowan’s grip, but the name he had given her made her susceptible to his strength,

“My name is not...”

“Shush, Wormtongue, the name I gave you is an apt one, I should know, because I was the one sitting here for, oh, about eighty-five million years, give or take a few centuries, but who’s counting? Right? The point is I have been weaving your essence for so long, and I know a Wormtongue when I see them.”

Rowan’s grip grew tighter and the Spectral Titan gasped in anger and frustration,

“How is such a thing... possible?!”

“As much as I would like to take credit for my genius,” Rowan featured towards his dedicated body, his scrawny arms, and liver-spotted skin, “All these years, I have also been weaving my essence alongside your own.”

The Spectral Titan appeared confused for a moment because what Rowan was saying did not make any sense to her. How could flesh and blood be merged with the essence of a dimension?

“It does not need to make any sense to you Wormtongue, I would be surprised if it did. Now stay still and let me understand more about Tribulations. As a weapon of the higher

dimension that is as varied as every star in existence, I naturally need to learn more about it, any time I come across them, especially one as special as you.”

As Rowan was speaking he had already begun integrating his Will into the body of this Tribulation, and before the shocked gaze of the Spectral Titan, her body began to disassemble into the many tiny portions that made up this Tribulation.

When others sought to surpass tribulations, Rowan was breaking it down to study it.

He had paid a terrible price to continuously integrate his dimensional flesh into the creation of this treasure, not because he needed to, but due to his experience in creating the Tower of Greed and understanding that the materials used in the creation of the treasures of these levels matter especially when it came to the moment when they called forth their tribulation.

Due to the high level of materials he was working with, Rowan had to sacrifice a million parts of his dimensional flesh for every one part of the Spectral Titan’s dimension, and even with his unfathomable resources and vitality, he had begun to feel the strain, especially when he deliberately stopped his body perverse regenerative properties to recover the loss.

The weakness of his flesh would be one of the bait.

Concentrating on the disassembled Spectral Titan, Rowan began to learn.

Although taking this tribulation might seem simple on the surface, it was anything but. This was a concept that was not necessarily beyond his comprehension, it was simply a matter of power. freewebnovel.com

Rowan could instinctively understand the many facets of the higher dimensions that he had not yet comprehended, since even as a humble three-dimension, he had been exposed to the workings of the higher dimensional planes, perhaps even more than an average sixth or seventh-dimensional immortal, and his massive Consciousness Pillars coupled with Knowledge Well had bridged the gap that he would have needed to cross into a higher dimension to understand.

Yet, he was holding a seventh-dimensional tribulation, something with the potential to even kill a seventh-dimensional immortal if they were careless, and it was only a matter of time before he lost control of it, that is, if he did not find the singular point that could unravel the Tribulation.

The same way he looked past the shell of the mortal into its soul, was the same way he began to peer into this tribulation.

However, something that was this heretical would draw the ire of this dimension.

Rowan had only been able to harvest a fraction of the power of this dimension, and until he could surpass the Tribulation, this Source-level treasure was very much connected to the dimension, and Rowan had gone far past its bottom line.

Yet, Rowan already understood that this would be happening and he, as always, had made plans to counter it.

The soul flame watched in a mute sort of awe as this dead dimension began to unravel in madness as it searched for the maddening itch that was driving it insane. Merging his dimensional flesh into the Source Level treasure did not only give him access to the root of this dimension, hence the root of its tribulation, it also hid this treasure from the Spectral Titan's dimension, but the honor for such a feat did not go to him alone, but to the Primordial Record, whose innate ability to shield Rowan when he was still in the third-dimensional level from any prying eyes of the higher dimension was still very much in play.

The dead dimension went through an apocalyptic upheaval, stars fell from the skies, and the remnants of the shattered worlds above were swept around in chaotic patterns, lighting up the skies with the glow from trillions of meteorites shooting past the horizon in a violent affair as if a billion immortals were in battle, the earth beneath Rowan's feet tore apart as lava that was both freezing and scorching at the same time was shot up into space.

In the scene of such an apocalypse, Rowan was calm.

In the state where everything seemed to have opened up for him, where the mysteries of reality lay in front of him, it did not matter what happened in his surroundings, he would continue pushing deeper for answers.

He unconsciously wrapped himself with a shield of luck from the third bloodline, this was the best way he had found to remain safe from harm while actively not giving out any signs of his presence, because the world itself would protect him even without its knowing.

The world was being torn apart, but only around Rowan was stillness, and it was in this stillness in the midst of devastation that allowed the soul flame to hear a voice filled with pain from the lantern burning with green flame that was beside Rowan,

"You Fiend! Your end will be cursed, the atrocities you are committing against all rules of nature would come with penalties that you cannot avoid. No matter how much you think you can learn and grow from these abominable acts it would all be useless against him!! You shall suffer for all etern..."

The soul flame realized that the Primordial Keeper inside that lantern had been cursing Rowan all this while. Who knew how long this had been going on for, but Rowan if he was hearing it, chose to ignore them, instead his focus grew deeper, reaching a level that

would make any geniuses in existence pale in shock because Rowan was able to dredge every single bit of his consciousness power into focusing on a singular task.

There was a sort of sigh, and a clank as if a lock had been unraveled and a gentle laugh from Rowan,

“Ahh... So that’s how it is. This is the gate of the seventh dimension, this is one of the truths about Source.”

One of Rowan’s fingers bent in a weird manner and the body of the Spectral Titan snapped back in place. At first, the Tribulation appeared confused and then furious, and a series of incredible powers was beginning to build inside of it, but Rowan had already seen what he wanted.

Opening his mouth he threw the shocked Tribulation into it and began to mindlessly chew as he struggled to regain his feet.

He groaned in annoyance at how difficult it was to stand, his body had truly become wasted. The screams from the Tribulation were growing weaker and pale blue blood was leaking out from the side of his lips.

At his full height, Rowan began to slowly walk towards the field of battle he had selected, the screams of the dying Tribulation and the curses of the Primordial keeper in the lantern following him.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1250: Massive Changes

The location of the battlefield had already been decided years ago and preparations had already been underway, and as Rowan slowly walked towards it, his strides eating up the miles. He called up his Primordial Record after not opening it for hundreds of millions of years, this was usually the last thing he did before any major event.

The black book appeared on his palm, adjusting to fit his current size, and without prompting, the pages began to slowly flip by itself until it reached the eleventh page and then it stopped, and Rowan could easily view its content.

He felt a slight pinch on his palm and he nearly smiled, the black book in its own way was complaining to Rowan about how long he had kept it inside. It was as if Rowan did not notice that the Primordial Record was slowly flipping its pages as if it had become rusted after many years of disuse.

Name: Rowan Kuranos (Visible)

Will Bound Name – Eulxhu – Truth

True Name: Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr Eulxhu Thyak

Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehhirk Wvryyrl Eerkhar.

Age: 673,4772,996/9,999,999,000,000

Strength: 11,110,110 (599,667,889)

Fifth Star Ancient Supreme Strength Core

Agility: 11,110,110 (521,771,771)

Fifth Star Ancient Supreme Agility Core

Constitution: 11,110,110 (719,885,990)

Seventh Star Ancient Supreme Constitution Core

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

Title: [Activated]

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

Level 9 Completed – Requirements Completed [Evolve Title?]

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

Level 5 [56%]

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

Level 9 Completed – Requirement Completed [Evolve Title?]

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

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

Level 9 Completed – Requirement Completed [Evolve Title?]

Primordial:Increases insight into all forms of creation. Enhancing your control of all esoteric forces beyond the ken of Immortals. Present Insight Limit (6th Dimension.)

Note: Talent Can be upgraded by acquiring Primordial Bloodlines.

Level 6 [11%]

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

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

Level 3 [99%]

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

Note: Talent can be upgraded by causing destructive events.

Level 9 Completed – Requirement Completed [Evolve Title?]

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

[Evolution requirement not reached.]

Title Gained:

Supreme Ancient Colossi:

The Ancient Titan looked to the heavens for gifts, and as the most perfect of its children, they were granted the chance to pick a Core that would give them either limitless Strength, Agility, or Constitution. You possess all three Cores. You are Supreme.

Your three perfect cores grant you near-limitless Strength, Agility, and Constitution. Your Essence cannot be bound, only destroyed

[seventy-five Lesser Titles not listed, incapable of being bound to your Dimensional Flesh, converted to Inheritance Orbs]

Aspect:

Berserker (Tier 7- Completed)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 5- Completed)

Light Devourer (Tier 8 – Completed)

Aspect Gained:

Realm Weaver (Tier 9 – Completed)

Time Wanderer (Tier 9 – Completed)

Space Breaker (Tier 9 – Completed)

[Ninety-three Lesser Aspects not listed, incapable of being bound to your Dimensional Flesh, converted to Inheritance Shards]

Realm Weaver: You have transcended the limitations of corporeal crafting, your touch changes the immaterial, and Concepts are yours to mold.

Time Wanderer: You are free from the Curse of Time, your path through time makes a perfect circle around you. You are untethered from Time, create your path, or forever remain adrift.

Space Breaker: You have been adrift in the Nothingness for too long and have gained immunity to its touch. Your dominion extends beyond reality.

Skills:

Berserker Blood (Apocalypse – Level Completed)

Skill Gained:

Weapon Master (Dominion – Level Completed)

You have gained absolute mastery over all forms of combat associated with weapons.

Bloodline Skill:

Ascension [Level 4 – 45%]

Dimensional Flesh [Level 3 – 100% Awaiting Ascension]

Aspect Skill:

The Lost Flame (Tier 5 Innate Convergence and Divergence)

Realm Blade (Tier 7 Completed)

Passive:

Decipher language (complete)

Berserker Intent (Silver)

Realm Breaker (Purple)

Records:

PRIMORDIAL OUROBOROS Level 6 Completed – Origin [900,000,000]

SHEOL – Level 7 completed [500,000]

TREE OF DESIRE – Level 7 Completed

CHRONOMANCER ??? [Record In Flux]

Territory: Primordial Sea of Darkness

Primordial Ambrosia

Dimensional Fabric [First Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Second Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Third Dimension Completed – Seed?]

Bloodline Ability: Purgatory Gate Unlocked

Dimensional Skill: Dimension Engine [Minor, Major, and Supreme- Completed]
Unallocated

Stat Point – [113,445,776]

Dimensional Absolute Skill: Breathe of Enoch X2

Dimensional Fabric Skills:

Astrolabe

Knowledge Well

Hollow Forge

Dimensional Flesh

Fabrics Skill Gained:

Dimensional Master

[Dimensional Fabric expanded]

WILL:

Will of Truth [3rd Level Completed]

Will of Elder [Level 0 – Activate (0/7)]

Will of Soul Origin [3rd Level Completed.] Will Gained:

Will of Time Unallocated Stat points: 990,009

SOUL ORIGIN GAINED: Undetermined

SOUL CRYSTAL GAINED: Undetermined

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

Remark: Are you not strong enough to begin conquering reality at this point? Be brave First

Born and seize the Dominion that is your birthright!

Chances of Self Annihilation: Unknown.

Rowan ignored the increasingly cheeky remarks of the Primordial Record and focused on his

age in astonishment.

He knew that he had spent a ridiculous number of years drifting outside of time and space,

but it was ridiculous to consider that when he left the universe he was barely reaching forty

years old and now he was hundreds of millions of years old and for the life of him, he did not know where all those time had gone to.

Although his age was now being measured in trillions despite he was still technically a mortal

because his dimension was still bound in the third level, he did not really care about that number because his bloodlines that had reached the immortal grade would keep him from

dying even if he stopped growing his dimensional flesh and assimilating more worlds, which

by this point was impossible.

His dimension was constantly creating new stars and new worlds, and hundreds of millions of

years ago, he had reached a certain maturity and now Major Worlds were being born inside his dimension, and the reason no Supreme Worlds had yet been birthed in his dimension was due to his limited Will.

To not delay the progress of his children, Rowan had created a gate that would lead to the reality outside his dimension for them to experience its true face, but they all refused to leave their home, as they all waited for the day that Rowan would rise.

For the oldest, they sealed their powers and went to sleep, awaiting the day their creator called upon them.

Having lived for close to seven hundred million years, he was so close to reaching a billion, and Rowan idly wondered what his past mortal self would think when he saw his present frëewebηovel.cøm

state.

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