

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1251: The Weight Of Power

Rowan's mind soon brushed past his age nearing a billion years and focused on what would be one of his foundations in the battle ahead, his present stats.

Even while doing all this mental work as he accessed his present powers, he was still heading towards his destination, it helped that he roughly knew everything about his body, but the Primordial Record still helped in clearing any doubt he would have had about his cultivation. Although Rowan had not been focused on growing his abilities and had simply been focused on crafting, making it possible to reach the level of crafting Source-level treasures in less than a billion years, his attributes and power had been growing without ceasing all this time.

Planning for his battle against Nemesis, Ruler of the Great Desert, and eventually, every Primordial in existence that would seek to stop his rise, even a billion years of planning could be considered too little.

Rowan was aware that this would not be like the stories where the enemy would allow the hero to keep growing stronger after they were aware of his insane abilities and the threat he had to their rule. No, they would snuff him out before he could reach his full potential, and that meant he had only one chance at achieving his goals, and no mistakes could be permitted. Failure was a bitter pill to swallow, but Rowan was willing to accept failure only when he was sure that he utilized every bit of potential that he had and in the end, still fell short. If for any reason he failed because he did not unearth his full abilities, then even in death, he would never rest in peace.

Rowan's present attributes were not surprising to him. When his attributes had broken past the hundred million mark something remarkable happened, which was the birth of his Supreme Cores, and which warranted a Title from the Primordial Record that could be etched on its pages.

With his abilities, earning Titles was not a problem, but earning those that could be etched on the Primordial Record was extremely difficult. This book would not accept anything that was less than supreme, and most likely one of a kind.

Apparently, it was not a simple thing for any life form to reach a hundred million points in any single attribute, which was a very unlikely thing apart from those ancient monsters and titans who had lived for countless Eras and were focused on cultivating the power of their flesh.

Across the entirety of reality, the immortals who could reach this stage were few, and when Rowan reached it, he was aware that Old Man Seed was one of those rare immortals that could reach this level.

Talking about Old Man Seed, this present body of Rowan had not met Old Man Seed, there should be no reason he should be aware of an entity like this because he was outside of time and space, and yet he knew all of this and many other things.

It had taken a while for him to understand the reason why he could gain all this knowledge, and the soul flame fought to keep its mind from knowing the reason for this, as it persevered in understanding who Rowan was at this moment and the actions he was about to take.

With the time Rowan had spent in the universe and roaming reality before he was banished outside of time and space, he had come to discover how few immortals possessed massive attributes like him.

Due to their inherent immortality and treasures, most immortals did not see any reason to painstakingly enhance their bodily attributes because the resources to attain such a thing were stupendous, and many would be shackled by their bloodlines, unable to reach a high attribute standard.

Why should they spend so much resources and effort making their bodies stronger when a spell, technique, or treasure could make up for their weakness?

An immortal could spend a billion years making their body strong enough to resist a black hole, but they could learn a technique in less than a decade that could shield their bodies. It was clear the path that many would take.

However, all of these were external issues and the true reason most immortals would settle for fewer attributes was the cost it would take to recover their bodies if it was destroyed. With the lifespan of an immortal which was basically forever, battles were inevitable, and during the course of battle, their bodies could be destroyed many times in the process, which was considered normal, even certain techniques unleashed by them could shatter their own bodies, like self destruction.

If they possessed an overly powerful constitution, not even Aether and the storehouse of essence inside their varied mental spaces could bear the loss for long.

A single strand of Rowan's hair was worth a million bodies of powerful higher dimensional immortals. From this one could infer how troublesome it would be to regrow his body if it was damaged.

The various traits of Rowan's bloodline especially those of his Primordial Ouroboros that granted him unlimited essence was something that even other Primordial bloodlines

lacked, and that was because his Ouroboros bloodline was not a Primordial bloodline but something that was equal to that level but still different.

It was the sort of forbidden power that the Primordials had banished from existence even before the Primordial Era, and after the Primordial Era, no single species in reality, even from their own bloodline could ever possess the ability to have a nearly infinite storehouse of Essence and Aether.

Having unlimited essence meant Rowan could afford to grow his attributes to the extent that would be considered madness by most when he did not have to worry about recovering his loss if his body was destroyed in the future.

Besides at higher dimensional levels, the powers of immortals would become extremely strange, and the importance of attributes would fall to the wayside as techniques and treasures could achieve far greater results than any amount of strength.

This was the accepted conclusion drawn by most, but Rowan knew that this conjecture was not strictly correct.

After reaching the hundred million mark for an attribute, Rowan came to know the truth.

The path of cultivation was broad and it would be difficult to categorize every aspect of it. However, this path could be broadly separated into two parts, which were the cultivation of territory, and the cultivation of the core.

The cultivation of territory implied the immortal focusing on other aspects of their cultivation outside their physical bodies, which could be related to spells, treasures, and the other diverse methods to reach the top, while the cultivation of the core meant the immortal focused on their bodies, making it their supreme treasure and accumulating strength.

At the beginning of cultivation, most humans and other species with weak physical bodies usually follow the route of cultivating territories, and beasts or species with powerful bodies focused on cultivating Core.

Rowan knew of this from the start even while inside the universe as a mortal, and at that time had dreamt of cultivating both core and territory. Soon he had learned that as the progress of cultivation grew deeper, the cost of getting stronger increased nearly exponentially.

For the immortals that cultivated territories, getting stronger was difficult, but it was still acceptable, because increasing the power of their spells or techniques sometimes depended more on their talent than on resources, for immortals who followed the path of Core cultivation, they found that getting stronger became nearly impossible.

It was not strange for celestial beasts like dragons, phoenixes, and other species that focused on cultivating their core to remain in a single location that was rich with resources for many Eras just to break through one small realm in their cultivation, as every step in their cultivation could consume enough resources that could fill up a dozen universes.

Not many immortals would be content with following this path.

As a living dimension, Rowan's path as an attribute monster had become fixed because of the trait he possessed where he gained attribute points for every new seeded world inside his dimension. He did not need to hunt for resources in reality outside, when countless treasures existed within him.

There were trillions of worlds inside of him, and if he chose to seed every one of these worlds, then his attributes would explode to an unfathomable state, but he could not do that yet as a three-dimensional entity, because his metaphysical weight would become too great.

Chapter 1252 Luxurious Bait

Rowan had the capability to push the perverse ability to seed worlds to gain stats to an insane degree, but at this point, he had only Seed a fraction of the worlds in his dimensions, and those worlds had become a cultivation paradise for the lucky ones who could find them, his dimension was vast, and for the adventurous among his children, there were always endless surprises waiting for them.

He had reached the limit of strength he could gain via seeding worlds, to the extent that he had millions of stats points just set aside, and he was unable to allocate them. Rowan had more than exceeded the limit of stat allocation he could gain as a third dimension.

If he could become a living fourth dimension, he could spread the weight of increasing his stats points across Time, and with this ingenious method, rapidly increase his power threshold.

He had reached the hundred million mark for his Constitution first before strength or agility and at that time a Core had been born inside his dimension. It was massive, pulsing with endless vitality, and had the ability to produce essence if energy was fed into it. This core had the ability to nourish his dimension, enriching it with the essence of life.

This was an astonishing thing for any immortal that would wish to follow the pathway of cultivating their core, but the problem was that very few immortals would be able to push a single stat to reach the hundred million mark.

It was unknown if this supreme core was known to others, as it would shake the foundations of the cultivation culture in all of reality, but for Rowan, this benefit was simply a single hair on the body of a camel that was bigger than a mountain.

He did not lack vitality or need to be nourished by any external forces, his Ouroboros Bloodline was more than enough for that task.

Rowan soon gained Strength Cores and Agility Cores, and they also brought their benefit that should increase his strength and speed to astonishing levels.

However Rowan's attributes never stopped growing, and soon his constitution passed two hundred million points, and at that time the birth of a second Constitution Core shook his dimension. He did not know the probability of getting a single Stat Core, but it must be rare, then the probability of gaining a second one must be much harder or more unlikely.

Cultivating core was supposed to get harder the stronger you became, but if such a rule oversaw reality, Rowan's existence disdained that rule, because his stats kept increasing and he kept gaining more cores, and presently he had five cores in agility, strength, and seven in constitution.

Opening his Primordial Record he learned that the names for it were called Star Ancient Supreme Core. Faintly Rowan wondered what would happen when he reached a billion points for each stat, would something change?

He could only put this thought away at the moment, awaiting the day he reached the fourth-dimensional state, his powers that had reached an unfathomable level would take another step forward, and this would be barely enough to survive what was to come if he was ever to be discovered by Nemesis before he was prepared.

Rowan had crossed countless miles until he reached the position he wanted, and then with a wave of his hand, the massive Tower of Greed began to shrink, its size defying meaning becoming extremely small and slipping into his right eye where it took the place of his pupils.

A closer look at the Tower of Greed would reveal that although it had eighteen levels, every single level of it had been made from thirty-three smaller levels!

The previous Tower of Greed barely had seven levels, and at first, the soul flame thought that Rowan had performed a miracle by transforming an eighteen-level tower into a source-level treasure, but now it saw that its sight was too small, and it had underestimated the difficulty of creating a source level treasure.

A single level in this tower had pushed the limit of what this soul thought it understood about crafting treasures, and the Tribulation that Rowan had dismissed in the past as if it was nothing must have been truly terrifying because the soul could not imagine the number of material that would have went into the creation of this Tower.

Surely Rowan's journey outside time must have been filled with grand tales that would take almost an eternity to narrate. n/o/vel/b//in dot c//om

The screams from the Tribulation in Rowan's mouth were growing fainter, as if with every chewing motion he was making, Rowan was siphoning the source of power from the Tribulation and directing it towards the rapidly awakening source-level treasure he had just created.

After retrieving the Tower of Greed, this massive dimension began to slowly dissipate. Its presence had only been maintained by the power of the Tower, and when it was gone, this place would slowly vanish into history, drawn by Nemesis into the Great Desert to never be seen again.

Rowan knew that this dimension would not instantly vanish, it would likely take years for it to do so, which was good because Rowan was at the central location of this dimension, making this place the last to disappear when this dimension dissipates, which should give him enough time to conclude the battle with the Primordial Keepers.

The essence of Oblivion was still rich in this dimension and it would aid him in blocking the gaze of Nemesis long enough.

Rowan seized reality beside him and squeezed it like dough, creating a massive stool that he sat upon, his spine groaning in relief. His present stats were abysmal, they had been reduced to barely a percent of his total power.

Rowan had been pulling from his dimension while restraining its regeneration bringing him to this state, however, he found it peculiar that no matter how weak he became, his stats across would never reduce past this mark; 11,110,110.

He soon realized that this was his base stat. This was him at zero, having a stat point of eleven million each for his three major attributes was now considered Rowan's lowest point.

The last time he bothered to check, even a God Emperor would be dancing with joy if any of their individual stat reached a million. Most immortals' highest point they would ever reach in their lives won't exceed a million, but his lowest point will be above eleven million, and yet it was nearly not enough to move his body.

Rowan sat down and watched the source-level treasure in his right hand becoming increasingly completed, its form shifting chaotically, slowly getting to its final state, and he brought up his left hand, and on his massive palm that was bigger than a continent, a faint gleam like starlight emerged, and began to multiply.

"Forgive me for this, but I promise on my life that I will not let any of them touch you."

He slowly turned his hand which was still being filled with starlight and they began to pour down near his feet, their colors shining bright like newly created stars.

Rowan clenched his jaws in annoyance, but he continued with his actions. The soul flame quickly recognized that what was falling from his palm was Soul Origin!

Knowing how much Rowan valued the lives of his children, it was surprising that he would use their Soul Origin as bait, but then the soul flame realized that nothing else would draw the Primordial keepers here.

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Chapter 1253: Yet, Here I Am

Chapter 1253: Yet, Here I Am

The mound of Soul Origin orbs kept growing near his feet, rapidly surpassing a hundred million, and this was just the start. Rowan had covered the intensive emanations that should be pouring out from these orbs at this time because he wanted to create more of an impact, and for that, he needed more Soul Origin Orbs.

Rowan's senses although dull were still terrifyingly sharp, his ear twitched and he sighed, he knew that after he removed the Tower of Greed from this dimension, this annoying creature might find him, after all this time, he was still a bit puzzled how she was able to keep up with him when he was not only traveling through space, but time as well, perhaps he should test her talents,

"So is this your final destination, Ancient one? Why am I not surprised, you always pick the best places to visit."

The childish voice of a girl spoke beside him and Rowan did not have to look to notice that a tiny sprite had appeared by his head, relative to his size she was smaller than dust, yet her presence and energy made her feel like she was a blooming star. Her body was vibrating, her big eyes darting everywhere as she was taking everything in like a sponge.
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If a flower merged with a bumblebee was to ever be given life then it would take the shape of this sprite. Surely there had never been anyone in existence that was so... exuberant, her energy putting those of Lost to shame.

A three-foot girlish figure packed with endless energy, its yellow and green robes that seemed to be weaved from starlight and grass flared behind her as the winds that blew around them due to the vanishing dimension were whistling past.

On her back were multiple pairs of wings that suspiciously resembled those of angels, but Rowan did not know why he never wanted to investigate the origin of those wings, but that would be a lie, wouldn't it? What was the truth that he was running away from?

As if taking his mind off this matter, he looked at the waving dress that after all this time was still brimming with energy. Rowan recognized this dress, for he had made it for her, an act of kindness that was coming to haunt him.

He had come across this sprite in the nothingness, she had been imprisoned for an unknown amount of years by a race of spider-like creatures who had been exploiting her gift and treating her as a food source because of her immense vitality that could allow her to heal from nearly any injury.

Rowan at first did not want to make a move, reality was filled with countless tales like this one. The plight of the weak was nothing new, but then something drew him back, perhaps it was because she reminded him of Maeve his maid when he was a child and a similar sprite had followed him around, or maybe it was because, in all this time, the little sprite had not hated her captors. Her eyes, after all these years, still held a strength that was unbelievable.

The nothingness was not empty. Filled with alien life that had been rejected from reality, it was a space filled with chaos and slaughter, and the race that had taken control of the sprite was not really a strong one, since they had a rapid reproductive rate, it was hard to feed their young. Fate had given them a means of survival because of their quick reproduction, but with the exploitation of this sprite, they broke past this limitation as food was no longer a concern.

This sprite had suffered harshly under their hands, but because of the fact that she saw that her presence led to fewer infants of the race dying, she accepted her fate with grace and did not struggle despite the hellish fate she was placed in for an uncountable number of years.

The truth was that at first, she was the one who offered the last dying members of this race her flesh to survive not long after she was born, but when they noticed her healing powers, she was captured and her fate became one that was filled with pain.

By the time Rowan came across this race, they were arrogant, their number in the multiple trillions, they had begun to subjugate anyone who neared their massive hive that was bigger than galaxies, and all of this was built on the backs of a tiny sprite.

Their unwise decision to rob and kill Rowan would have been forgiven after he killed the few who had surrounded him, but when he saw the fate of that sprite, something inside him snapped, and picking one of the limbs of the great spider-like creatures, he descended into their hive and in a mindless state that he maintained for centuries, he killed them all using nothing but that limb that he wielded like a blade.

The screams of these creatures echoed for endless miles, and their yellow blood flowed like an ocean, and no matter how hard they fought, or how much they pleaded for their lives, the blade from Rowan this not stop falling.

When he was done with the extermination of the race, the limb he had used to kill them all had transformed into a unique killing treasure and he simply plunged it into the heart of the dead hive and left it there, the imprint of his hand still on it.

Who knows across the endlessness of the nothingness, who might come across this dead hive, and the terrible weapon in its center?

He stood before the shivering sprite, and in her big green eyes, he saw the child he once was. Plucking one leaf from his Tree of Desire, he weaved a robe to cover her nakedness and protect her from the chill of death that had filled this place. He did not say anything to her, because the truth was that he exterminated the entire race just because their tyranny reminded him of what he had suffered for millions of years, and seeing it magnified here countless times greatly irritated him.

He told himself he did not exterminate an entire race because it made the sprite for the first time in an endless lifetime of pain, smile, and that smile was in happiness for being able to experience a life without pain.

No, not for that. When did he become this sentimental?

It was at this moment that the soul flame knew that even though it had not existed yet, Rowan was being affected by its existence nonetheless. What he was feeling was true compassion, but he could not find the source and so confused, he ran from it, literally.

As he traveled, Rowan detected a presence following him from afar, and he ignored it, knowing that the nothingness was endless, and in time, this little sprite would find her own path to follow, and with his speed, it would not take long to leave her behind.

This presence followed him for a long time, and slowly it began getting closer to Rowan, perhaps he should have done something to dissuade her from following him, maybe even saying a word would have been enough to make this skittish sprite that existence had been nothing but pain for most of her existence, flee from contacting anyone ever again, even her savior, but Rowan's silence was what she needed, it was his unending strength as he tore through the nothingness, not making a single detour in his path that gave her the foundation to heal.

Perhaps Rowan knew this, and so he remained silent, he did not wish to be followed, but if his silence made her heal, then it should be okay.

Following him for tens of thousands of years and even Rowan had forgotten that she was behind him, and then after a hard battle against a mind-flaying horror that took an extremely long time to kill, Rowan discovered this sprite nestled in his hair, asleep, and

he wanted to flick her away in annoyance but then he realized that from the moment of her birth, this was the first time she was sleeping.

“This is not a place for you, little one,” Rowan spoke to the sprite when she woke up, and coincidentally, this was the same thing he said to her after she found him here, in the future, about to lure the Primordial Keepers to battle, and she must have remembered those words because she smiled and said,

“Yet, here I am. Can’t seem to get rid of me.”

Chapter 1254: Fusion And Resonance

Rowan had enough to understand that it would be nearly impossible to dissuade this little sprite when she was like this, and he found it amazing how much she had changed over the years, from the skittish figure who followed behind him for tens of thousands of years to this exuberant ball of energy.

He sighed, not having the heart to push her away, before the battle began he could easily send her somewhere far away with Astrolabe, because if his plans went well, then he would not be surviving what would be coming.

“Woah, those are so pretty, what are they, can I have one? I promise to take care of it, you know I am not lying, I am the most honest person... honest, please, please, please, pretty please. Ok, you drive a hard bargain, let me touch them at least... Um, I guess, I can just be looking at them, yes, this is nice, I will simply be looking at them.”

Sighing in contentment, the little sprite watched the flood of stars pour from Rowan’s palm. Already familiar with her weird method of communication, Rowan ignored her, after all this time, he knew that this little sprite was perfectly contented just being around him, and his silence was comforting to her. If Rowan chose to actively communicate with her, sooner rather than later, she would turn into a sputtering mess.

With the sprite watching his left hand with rapt fascination, Rowan simply focused on the Source treasure that had been nearly completed as the screams of the Tribulation had ceased, as Rowan had wrung it of every benefit that he could, but what was left was still valuable, because it was still connected to the realm, and he only had to stop chewing for a while, to allow the Tribulation to regain energy back from the dissipating realm before he squeezed again, in this way he would gain the maximum benefit from this Tribulation.

So, he had the battlefield, he had the bait, and when the prey entered the arena, he needed the weapon to slay them. Even if he was not currently wasted as he was, Rowan had no confidence in going against the entire Primordial Keepers and coming out ahead. He had great strength and greater weapons, but against higher dimensional entities, especially those as special as Primordial Keepers, he needed something more, and he knew the way to get them.

His Angels, more specifically

Although he was not actively pursuing the evolution of his Angels, the nearly billion years of wandering in his dimension had brought about the birth of an astonishing number of higher- ranking Angels, which at the moment were Powers.

For Rowan to create Angels of higher hierarchy, there was a special trait he made use of, which was called Resonance.

Apart from special Angels of Char that were born with mysterious higher ranks, nearly all of the Angels of Char were born at the lowest ranking of Angels, and with Resonance, he was able to fuse multiple Angels that could be considered identical to create a higher ranking one.

It was with this method that he created his Archangels, which was done by fusing two Angels, and by using Resonance once more, he fused seven Archangels to create a Sovereign and then to create a Power, he would need to fuse eighty-one Sovereigns.

This was the normal method he used in the creation of higher-ranking Angels, however, Rowan had observed something unexpected among his Angelic host when he discovered that they had the ability to fuse with other beings, like humans or even beasts, but to preserve the sanctity of the Resonance he needed to create higher ranking Angels he did not allow any Angels with the potential to reach the rank of Sovereign to fuse with any creature, but he left the rest of his Angels to their own device, thinking that in the future he might be surprised by the changes that might arise from this unknown fusion process.

Angels were never meant to fuse with mortal creatures, and since his Angels had these capabilities he chose not to stop them and adopt a wait-and-see attitude.

A few million years later, those changes began to reveal themselves. His base Angels which were supposed to remain at the same level for eternity, began to develop a faint sense of Resonance, but it was a bit different from the normal sort of Resonance because when these two Angels merged, the Archangels that were born from the merger did not have a single mind, but the two minds remained in a single body.

With their Angelic spells, it was easy for them to create a separate Spell-body if there was any need for the two resonating partners to be in two places at the same time, but for all intents and purposes, this merger had opened up a path of endless evolution for his Angels.

It should be known that the majority of the Angels in his dimension would never grow past the rank of Angels because this was the way they were designed. Light, the Primordial that ruled the Celestial saw base Angels like disposable units, merely messengers at best, or just cannon fodder to be sent towards all corners of reality to spread his light, and so their number could be regarded as infinite.

With Rowan's Tree of Desire bending luck and probability to his favor, he had been able to awaken a surprising number of higher-ranking angels from his Angels of Char, far more than any Celestial Creators were supposed to be able to, giving him an unhealthy advantage over any Celestial Creators, but if his base Angels were able to evolve further because of this new fusion, then his unhealthy advantage would only grow.

This advantage reflected itself over the next hundreds of millions of years, as these newly fused Archangels were able to further fuse to become Sovereigns, but the merger hit a roadblock here because seven separate consciousnesses began to hamper the performance of these Sovereigns.

However Rowan believed that this setback was only temporary, and given enough time for these newly Ascended Angels to get used to their new state of existence, then it was possible that among their number, there could be the birth of Powers and maybe higher ranking angels.

After all these years, becoming a Sovereign was the limit for these Angels, but that did not mean the evolution of his higher-ranking Angels had stopped.

From the normal path of Resonance, over nearly a billion years, Rowan had increased the number of Powers he had under his belt from a mere two to an astonishing 9,071 Powers.

To achieve this number of Powers over nearly a billion years could be considered extremely remarkable, and if not for his powers of wishes that enhanced his great luck further, then without actively cultivating his Angels, he would have never gotten to this number. Suddenly his dimension rippled once more as a red sun arose to herald the birth of a new Power and Rowan could not help but laugh aloud, suddenly the numbers were complete, and having 9,072 Powers meant he could push for the next rank of Angels, and with this number he would not be getting not just one of them, but nine.

It was time for his Cherubim to be born.

Chapter 1255: Keeping Their Memories Alive

Rowan knew that he was about to embark on a major event so he made sure that his entire dimension entered a state of dormancy, except for the 9,072 Powers, and other special figures that needed to be awake even while he was dead, the rest of his dimension had fallen into slumber.

With his control over his dimension, the inhabitants would never know that a period of time in their lives had been interrupted, and if everything went according to plan, it would simply be like they went to sleep and when they awoken nothing had changed,

except for the most perceptive among them, who would notice certain discrepancies, everything would be as it always was, yet everything would have changed.

He did not summon the Powers outside, their presence would destabilize this vanishing dimension, and he was going to be creating Cherubims, these were Angels that he expected to control the power of Wills, and their powers would shake all of creation. Before the trap would hold all his prey, he would not be revealing their presence at all, they were to be his weapons to butcher the Primordial Keepers.

Rowan closed his eyes and emptied his consciousness, and for someone who possessed such a vast amount of consciousness power, you would expect that this process would take a long time, but it happened in an instant.

The light of the red suns of the Powers filled his dimension, burning away all the aches he was feeling deep in his bones, and giving him the illusion that he had recovered to his peak and beyond.

This was only an illusion because Rowan willed it to be so, he needed to be weak to allow his plans to fall through. This was a problem with a being like him, when dying needed to be planned ahead, because of how difficult it was for him to die in the hands of those that were stronger than him, yet did not possess an overwhelming advantage over him.

The red Sun of Penalty of the newly birthed Power was slowly expanding under the nourishment from his Sea of Ambrosia and the light of its fellow Powers. The massive animalistic bodies of the Powers, filled with strength, began to slowly move in an enchanting pattern, their movements following rules that would break the minds of any mortal and most immortal as they prepared for the birth of a Cherubim.

Their movements were leaving faint traces in space as a mysterious and massive formation was being created. These traces were carved into his dimension and then touched others that he could not deduce at a glance, reaching beyond time and space to create a complex pattern of light and something else.

The higher ranking of the Angelic order became more mysterious in their operation, and until the moment Rowan was about to begin their elevation, even he was not aware of all the changes that might happen, and this mysterious pattern that the Powers with their movements were making was unexpected.

Decades passed and the movements of the Powers did not cease, neither fast nor slow but incredibly steady, they weaved one of the most complex formations that Rowan had ever seen and when it was completed there were no signs, except that all the Powers suddenly stopped.

Frozen in motion, the Powers slowly returned to a standing position as if they did not want to make any excessive moves that could destabilize this formation.

The position they chose to stay in was special because they were the nodes of this massive formation.

Rowan's eyes opened and he sighed as he looked at all these Powers, although he had not been focused on their personal development, he had watched them for hundreds of millions of years, and the connection that he had created with them was deep.

He had followed them along through countless adventures, he had watched them battle, live, laugh, and although rare, Powers too could sing, and their songs whenever he had the chance to hear them, left him in wonderment.

The strength in every one of them was something that was truly incredible and Rowan felt blessed that he had come to witness them, but sadly everything would be coming to an end, and the stories of all these Powers were done.

Even though there would be many new Powers in the future, their loss still stung.

Yet he knew that judging Angels the same way that mortals were judged was useless because if he was correct, Resonance was a method of bringing to life a singular powerful Angel in the past that had perished.

Of the hundreds of millions of Angels that came together to create these Powers, and of the thousands of Powers that were about to create the Cherubim, he could not be seeing them as separate individuals, but just a few powerful Angels whose fragments had been scattered into smaller individual pieces that were being brought together again.

Despite all of this, Rowan knew that every fragment was unique, with their own character and motivations, and every newly born higher-ranking Angel could only be created because of the sacrifices of those who came before them.

These Angels were never meant to exist, but they did because Rowan had been able to gather the fragments of the previously powerful Angel and return them to life, perhaps he should not be sad that the time the Angels spent with him was short, but the fact that they could exist at all and he spent time with them was a miracle that he should appreciate.

The newly born Angels did not have any memories or the personalities of the lesser Angels that merged under Resonance, but Rowan remembered all of his children, and even if reality had forgotten them, he alone would remember and their memories were safe with him. Unlike before when he created his higher-ranking Angels with pomp and great fanfare, Rowan was more subdued, because he understood the deeper price that was paid for power. He was gaining a higher-ranking Angel, but in the same manner, he was losing millions of his children at the same time. It did not matter if this was the natural process an Angel was supposed to go through as they got stronger, it did not matter that all these Angels were supposedly a single powerful Angel in the beginning, the attachment formed over millions of years could never be so easily dismissed.

Yet he knew that before such a momentous occasion, the last memories that he wanted his Powers to witness were not a dour and solemn Creator, he wanted them to see his light, and even if they would not remember it, he would keep that memory for them.

In front of the massive formation, Rowan called upon the essence of his being. It took the form of a man that was made from a golden flame.

The light was not bright, almost dull, but there was a weight to it that could not be denied. Looking at this light was like staring into infinity, as there was an endless layer of the same man-shaped flame inside of him.

Upon seeing this golden presence the thousands of Power bowed towards him and Rowan smiled, even if it was the last thing he wanted to do.

He allowed the joy he felt upon seeing his Powers for the first time and every new Powers after

that. freewebnovel.com

Their great stature and unflinching presence that held his dimension together all these years, the awe he had felt when he saw their graceful bodies, and so many other emotions that could never be placed into words, he allowed the Powers here to feel it, and their hearts gladdened.

Rowan nodded and triggered the Resonance.

Chapter 1256: Birth Of Cherubims

The formation drawn by the Powers rumbled, as an enormous suction force emerged from it, pulling the massive red suns above down into the formation.

Each of these suns was close to eight hundred thousand miles in circumference and they burned with a harsh red light that exuded the pure strength that Powers were known for.

Drawn into the formation, the red suns began to collapse, their tremendous energy being used to feed the formation, and with a loud whoosh, the formation came alit, and as if it was a massive furnace, the 9,072 Powers standing in its nodes began to break down.

Their bodies were more similar to metal than flesh slowly melting, and although this process was incredibly painful, no Power here shirked from it, they were unaware of the mental pains ongoing in Rowan's heart about their passing, but they all understood that they were all part of something bigger than them.

Traveling through the nothingness, the Powers had made great contributions to the Creator. With a legion of Angels under their command, they had struck far and wide, gathering resources and clearing out every danger that would have befallen Rowan.

The greatest reason that Rowan could build an incredible Source-level treasure like the Tower of Greed and this new treasure he would soon be completing was because of their efforts. With the boundlessness of the Great Darkness, it took the speeds of the Angelic hosts bound by the strength of a Power to attain anything from the Nothingness, although filled with endless treasures, the Nothingness was a death zone to most creatures, and conquering the vast gulf of emptiness across its entire length was the first greatest challenge.

They had performed their task beyond flying colors, and the near extermination of close to a percent of every extra-dimensional creature in the nothingness in the hundreds of millions of years that Rowan had roamed it could only tell a brief tale on the unmatched fury of the battle that had taken place.

Despite the fact that Rowan had made sure not to leave traces of himself behind, everything and everyone on the nothingness knew that an unfathomable power now roamed outside of time, and the fear of it had become embedded in their hearts, it was the Powers that made all of this possible.

Rowan watched the Powers collapse into a mass of glowing metallic liquid that began to flow along the lines of the formation, and although the formation was interconnected, it was vaguely separated into nine distinct formations which should be expected because the 9,072 Powers here was enough for creating nine Cherubims.

It did not take long for the bodies of the Powers to completely integrate with the formation, coupled with the red flames from their suns, which was the heart of every Angel, the formation glowed like a universe made from red stars, and then there was an heartbeat, “Boom!”

So loud was it that it escaped from his dimension and reached the outside realms,

“Boom!”

The sprite who had been watching the flow of Soul Origin Orbs in rapt attention, shrieked with fear, covering her ears with her hands and looking around in panic before zipping into Rowan’s hair and hiding herself, and this was how she could barely escape the sound that seemed to be emerging from everywhere,

“Boom!”

The sprite screamed, “Ancient One, is reality ending?”

Rowan almost choked and then he laughed aloud, “Not for you little one, but for those that would be coming, reality ends for them.”

The formation inside him was glowing increasingly brighter as the sound of the heartbeat was becoming faster, heralding a dreadful power being born again into reality,

“Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!”

The light from the formation was now so bright it was almost white and then the glow suddenly disappeared, but Rowan knew that it had not, instead what happened was that the light that represented the heart of the Powers was gone, and a new light had taken their place, and this time, the light was no longer red, it was black.

Whispers that seemed to emerge from the deepest corner of the abyss began to arise from the formation,

“□□□□ □□□□ □□ □□□□ □□ □□□ □□□□□□□□, □□ □□□□□□ □□□□□□□□. □□□

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□□□□□□□□ □□□□□□ □□□□□□□□□□.”

These whispers were ones that Rowan recognized belonged to the being who spoke whenever he reached a deeper level in the unlocking of the celestial powers he had gained. It was the same voice that called Eva, the True Daughter of Old Light, and he believed that this voice should belong to a fallen creator of the Celestial.

Nine massive black suns began to rise from the formation, and Rowan became frozen in place, he could not help it.

Enraptured by the rising black sun, Rowan was held in place, unable to move, not even to blink his eyes, and the darkness from the nine black suns spread to all corners of his dimension in an instant before it exploded out of him in a blinding wave.

The darkness swept past the decaying dimension and froze it in place, and it continued to spread for an uncountable number of miles, and in the corner of Rowan’s mind, he was thankful that he had the foresight to make the ascension of his Angels happen outside of reality because there was no way he would have hidden this commotion, due to the fact that his dimension was still too weak to contain the light of a Cherubim.

From a distance, the darkness that erupted from Rowan’s body took the form of a massive sphere, and if he were to fit universes inside this sphere then even a billion universes would only occupy half of it.

It was a good thing that Rowan had gone to an especially desolate part of the nothingness, else he would have panicked a great portion of the extra-dimensional beings that made this place that was outside of time and space their home.

The darkness pulsed and began to contract until it flooded back into Rowan's body like a sea of smoke, and then they were there, the Cherubims and their form took the shape of nine massive great swords, with a thousand eyes that ran from their hilt down to the tip of the blade.

When the Cherubim appeared, the sharpness that they exuded tore his dimension apart, and the body of Rowan was segmented into nine portions as nine fine lines ran through his entire body from his head to his toes, but with a burst of will, he kept his dimension together. It was the price that he would need to pay to keep not just one Cherubim, but nine of them inside his dimensional flesh that still remained at the third dimensional level.

With a harsh clanking of metal, the seven great swords began to split apart, rearranging themselves into weird patterns and then when the process was completed, nine massive humanoid figures that were so black it was nearly impossible to see them stood before the golden flame that represented his being.

Behind them were great wings of metal that resembled a billion swords fused, and in perfect

synchronicity, they knelt before their creator.

"The Cherubims are born to serve... father."

Chapter 1257: Wormtongue

Chapter 1257: Wormtongue

The bodies of the Cherubim were hard to discern, and the soul flame knew that one of the reasons was that its level was too low to see everything about them, but despite this, it barely comprehended that their shape could be similar to giant mechanical beings, there was

nothing soft or malleable in their structure, and if there was any trace of humanity in the base Angels, a Cherubim no longer possessed those traits.

Rowan's perception surged forward and merged with the might of these Cherubim, and their names and powers became known to him.

The first great changes happened with their names, for each Cherubim no longer had individual names, but they represented a concept, a single powerful Angel, and if he would be creating a Seraphim in the future, that name would be inherited by a Seraphim in the future.

Rowan called the name of the nine Cherubims here, and they rose as he called forth their names,

“Convergence, Remorse, Sundown, Legacy, Prophecy, Requiem, Judgement, Justifier... Extinction, welcome to reality. My Angels were always born to war, same as you all, and I do not take your strength lightly, for you were made to end the reigns of the Primordial Keepers, and after that, your reach would touch the very foundations of reality.”

Rowan gestured towards the sea of Ambrosia below, “Draw upon sustenance, and ready yourself, prey comes.”

Powers had reached beyond the limits of the physical realm, their strength reaching heights that most would think impossible for creatures of the corporeal dimensions, Cherubims had exceeded that level, and now they touched the fabrics of time itself, and they were Fourth dimensional Will Holders.

The Will they controlled was in their name... Convergence, Remorse, Extinction, all were powerful concepts that most immortals would never even dream of acquiring, because the process of getting such a Will was unknown, or was so ridiculously difficult that it was considered impossible.

The weapons were set. Rowan looked at his left hand that had finished pouring down nearly a billion Soul Origin Orb, the bait was also set, what was left should be...

With a loud crack and a subtle hum, the Source-level treasure was completed. The battlefield was set.

R

“....Curse you, I curse you and everything you have ever known, I shall not rest until you...” Rowan brought the lamp burning with green flames to his face and watched the Primordial Keeper inside it cursing him like there was no tomorrow.

He looked at the creature for a moment and then he touched the source-level treasure that he had hung around his waist, whose form had taken a shape that resembled a rope, and as if a spell had been washed away from the face of the Primordial Keeper in the lamp, he suddenly stopped cursing, and looked around in confusion,

“what... What am I doing here? Why was j saying all those words? I am... Aahhh...”

The pain from the green flames that it had forgotten about in a moment of confusion returned and it began to scream,

“So, that’s how it works, Wormtongue” Rowan muttered to himself as he watched the screaming Keeper in the flame.

He had captured this Keeper tens of millions of years ago, and for all that time, the little bastard had been cursing Rowan, and at first it was amusing, and then Rowan became curious because he knew that this was not normal, for the Keeper never stopped cursing him, even after millions of years had gone by, it was as if its mind had become stuck in a single fixed state, and even the Keeper seemed not to be aware of what was happening to it.

It took millions of years later to this present moment to realize that it was the effect of his newly created Source-level treasure.

The power of this treasure had reached across time, back into the past, and was affecting the Keeper even before it even existed!

Although Source-level treasures were powerful and transcended time and space itself, such a thing was not normal, and it only proved how deeply the fate of the Primordial Keepers was intertwined with this treasure after all Rowan had forged it for the express purpose of ending the existence of the Primordial Keepers and even in the past, even before the treasure was born, its effects were being felt.

Rowan squeezed his fist and the lamp was shattered, freeing the Keeper from the flame that had tortured it for so long. Rowan did not care about torturing his enemies, there were better ways of inducing regrets than pain, but he needed the mind of the Keeper to be disoriented as much as possible so that the final effects could be more spectacular.

The Source level treasure he was calling Wormtongue wriggled around his waist like a snake and whispers entered the mind of the Keeper in Rowan’s hand, making the agitated Keeper calm, at least that was until its gaze fell to the side and it saw the mountain of Soul Origin Orbs, its cries of outrage were silenced by Rowan squeezing its head until it exploded, and then he waited for a while before a black blade was shoved into the body of the Keeper. Rowan closed his eyes seemingly waiting for something and then he smiled. He held Wormtongue, it unraveled and it displayed the true nature of this weapon had taken the form of a whip that seemed to be made from flesh, swinging it to the side, Wormtongue pierced through the body of the dead Keeper, its ends vanishing into an unknown space, but Rowan could discern endless rolling sands through the cracks in reality that opened up inside the body of the dead Keeper before this vision vanished.

Watching all these, there was one thing that the soul flame found to be extremely odd, which was the appearance of the Keeper.

What was odd was that, except for a few changes, the appearances of the Primordial Keepers and Ascendants, were eerily similar.

R

The moment before when Rowan had deliberately allowed the Primordial Keeper to see the mound of Soul Origin Orb before he killed him was to engrain that imagery in the mind of the

Keeper.

Crushing its skull was a useless move against a creature of the fourth dimension, but Rowan possessed Sheol, a sanctuary for souls, and this powerful Primordial bloodline was a terrifying counter against the immortality of higher dimensional beings, for being close to Rowan when they perished, especially from his hands would drag their souls into Sheol. A higher dimensional being might be able to resist the call of Sheol and fight to retain their souls, but a fourth-dimensional Keeper whose mind had been tortured by Wormtongue and the green flames could not resist the call of Sheol and crushing its skull was a one-way ticket into Rowan's kingdom.

Rowan knew that killing higher dimensional immortals was not so simple, especially Keepers, and so the Memory of this particular Keeper that could be found inside the great desert was the next thing that needed to be killed.

When Rowan crushed the skull of the Keeper, he waited a bit before stabbing it again with the black blade of the Cherubim because, after the death of its soul, the Memory of the Keeper inside the Great Desert would inherit everything that the Keeper had experienced before its

death.

Since Rowan had totally eliminated its soul, a clear picture of everything that transpired in its lifetime would not be sent over, but something that would inevitably be sent over would be the sight of billions of Soul Origin Orbs.

That was the bait. The sight of this would draw the attention of every Primordial Keeper in the Great Desert, and then this was where the power of Wormtongue came into the picture.

Chapter 1258: I Am All Kind Of Wrong

Wormtongue was created for the express purpose of locking down primordial keepers, and one of its functions was to take advantage of the Memory of the Keeper that had been killed.

When the Memory arrived in the Great Desert, in that instant, it created a connection with the entire Primordial Keepers, because in this place, they were all connected.

The Aura of so many Soul Origin Orbs witnessed by the slain Keeper echoed throughout the Great Desert, and every Primordial Keeper in existence felt the throb of this power that should be in their care burning into their senses like a hot brand into their soul.

From the sands, countless Primordial Keepers began to arise, facing a single direction-the Memory of the slain Keeper, and with that connection, Rowan struck the blade of the Cherubim cutting into the Great Desert, opening the channel for Wormtongue to enter.

Wormtongue was connected to the Memory, and the Memory was connected to every Primordial Keeper, Rowan used this Source-level treasure as a fishing hook, the Memory was the bait, and the Primordial Keepers was the fish that had just bit.

Rowan pulled, and reality quaked.

His strength was not enough but he was using his Telekinesis which was strangely getting stronger the weaker his body became and he pulled, taking from the Great Desert something that should never leave it, the memories of the Keepers.

His strength and Telekinesis turned out not to be enough, but he also had one last tool he could use and that was Wormtongue.

Almost like an elastic band that had been stretched to the limit, Wormtongue throbbed and hummed in a discordant fashion as if the tension it was being placed under was almost more than it could bear, and then it retracted with a fierce momentum that generated so much power that it released a shockwave that slammed into Rowan, flinging him back for thousands of miles, and due to his present weakness, he was stunned for a moment.

Shaking his head like a bulldog, Rowan struggled back to his feet, his hand had not released its hold on Wormtongue even while he was disoriented.

Blood poured down his scalp down his eyes, but Rowan disregarded all of that and fixed his gaze in the distance on the mound of Soul Origin Orbs and sighed in relief when he saw that nothing had happened to them, and only then did he have the presence of mind to touch his scalp and discovered the harsh wound that tore through the flesh of his forehead to the bone, he realized that when Wormtongue snapped back, it had torn into his skull, and because it was a Source-level treasure, even his insane regenerative abilities were hampered.

The wound was bleeding red mortal blood for a moment before the blood grew thick like tar before it transformed into golden blood and his flesh zipped shut the wound so fast it was as if it was never there.

A light of anger flashed through Rowan's eyes when he saw what appeared like dark clouds surging towards the Soul Origin Orbs, not for a moment did he forget that he had just lured every Primordial Keeper in existence to this place.

Rowan took a step forward, wishing to close the gap, because there was no way he was going to allow the Keepers to touch the Soul Origin Orbs, but he stumbled, his knees were weak, the blow from Wormtongue had taken more from him than he had realized.

The Tribulation was not over, the sneaky thief had one last surprise for him because there was no way with his reflexes that he should not have been able to dodge the blow from Wormtongue.

"Ancient one, I don't feel so good."

Rowan turned to his side, the body of the sprite was curled into herself, and a green miasmic haze had settled over her like a cloud, with Rowan's sight he saw this miasmic haze was like tiny worms that had crawled all over the sprite, and for a moment he was confused about their origin, but then he sensed the powers of the Primordial Keepers, and he understood that the sprite was suffering because she was in their vicinity.

He might not have been affected even when he was near every Primordial Keeper in existence, but the sprite was not him, and even though her insane regenerative ability could heal almost anything, the touch of death that had surrounded the Primordial Keepers for so long, was not one of the things that she could heal.

Rowan waved his hand to summon the light of Astrolabe for it to carry the sprite away from this place, but for the first time, the light of Astrolabe failed him, and it was dull sparks that erupted from his fingers.

"So, this is how it is going to be, Oblivion, how truly sneaky," Rowan's eyes tightened in anger and he smiled at the sprite,

"hold on little one," he said, "It will be over soon, I will deal with things that are making you feel sick."

"Oh, good," the sprite whispered and she yawned, "Cos I'm feeling so shleepyy.."

"Then sleep little one."

"Be quick... I have waited, so long... your blue grass, has waited for..."

Rowan paused at these whispers from the sprite before grunting as he raced towards the Soul Origin Orbs, whatever that meant, he would handle it later.

His feet pushed into the dissipating dimension, and his body was launched forward, crossing the distance instantaneously, but in their realm of power, many things could be done in an instant.

The Primordial Keepers had surrounded the mound of Soul Origin Orbs, their numbers were in the millions. The form they took resembled the grim reapers of Rowan's past, due to the long robe and the cowl that covered their features.

Clustered around the Soul Origin Orb, they were right where Rowan wanted, and he snapped Wormtongue like a whip and launched it forward. It expanded stretching across millions of miles, until it surrounded the entire cluster of Primordial Keepers and cut this place from all known reality, even the nothingness itself.

The Primordial Keepers who at first had been entranced by the Soul Origin Orbs quickly detected the changes in the space, they all moved in perfect sync as if they were all one organism, as they turned around, bringing up their hands as words from arcane forbidden spells were about to erupt from them at the same time when their attention was drawn to a figure blasting towards them from above like a meteor.

The dimension trembled as the meteorite impacted against the earth, and Rowan slowly stood up, his figure now truly reminiscent of an ancient one because his back was bent, and his thick white hair fell over his face like a waterfall, and a weak and thrash voice came from him that slowly got stronger,

"You cannot speak, your words are denied here, you can only fight."

He straightened, as a black sword materialized in his right hand and he pointed it at the Primordial Keepers,

"The heavens are not fair, but I am. Get through me and you shall live, I have made the board unequal, and you have the advantage, your survival is in your hands.

All as one the Primordial Keepers hissed, "You are the abomination Nemesis warned us about,"

"Yeah, I am all kind of wrong," Rowan grinned, "Now, fight!"

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1259: Battle Is A Dance

The winds of the decaying dimension blew past Rowan, it carried his resolve and his unshakable aura toward the Primordial Keepers, and as their robes that were blacker than night flapped in the breeze, their sunken eyes lit up with a strange glow.

Wormtongue had cut them off from any communication with the Great Desert, and this was not an easy thing that could be achieved without great preparation, and the Primordial Keepers understood that a real threat had shown itself today.

Each of the Primordial Keepers was thousands of feet tall, and their flesh was dry and pressed flat against their bones, making them resemble corpses that had been left to dry out in the desert sun for years, which in essence was not far from the truth. No life flowed underneath their withered frame, except death.

Rowan had also shrunk, although weakened, he would not be making this fight any easier for the Primordial Keepers by giving them a massive target, and standing at 20,000 feet tall, he was five times taller than the Primordial Keepers. There was a wild card in the battle in the form of the rogue tribulation that should have ended, but this dying realm knew how to hold a grudge, and even as the Primordial Keepers were fighting in enemy territory, so also was Rowan.

Rowan took the stance of a duelist, his blade brought closer to his chest, and his legs spread apart so that he was balanced like a cat about to pounce, then he moved, his body crossing space so quickly, it was as if he teleported, his speed at eleven million points meant any distance under eighty thousand miles could be instantly crossed, and with Wormtongue slicing a space of hundred thousand miles where all the Memories of the Primordial Keepers were being held, in the aspect of mobility, he would be having no problems reaching any section of this place in mere moments.

His body appeared at the edge of the gathered Keepers, his blade raised, ready to strike down, but he was already being expected as the Keepers had already raised a wall of yellow flames that could scour the soul, acting as both a defensive and offensive move. Rowan had moved very fast, but his trail could be followed by the gaze of the Keepers, who were higher dimensional immortals, where time and space were under their control.

Their lone enemy was fast, but they could react and counter his actions.

After so long managing souls, the Keepers had been able to create spells and techniques that could perfectly take advantage of their dominion over souls, and this yellow flame was the basic building block of their abilities, Rowan was not going to allow them to build upon this flame or things might become more troubling.

Drawing them here, especially their Memories was to deprive the Primordial keepers of their treasures and strongholds, without them, winning this battle was a possibility, with them, it became an impossibility. However, if he allowed the Primordial Keeper to build upon these yellow flames of theirs, their domain would ripple across this space, and it was unknown if Wormtongue would be able to find them for long.

Wielding a Cherubim, the blade descended like a storm, it was as if all the fury of the heavens had transformed into this weapon, and even before it touched the wall of fire, the yellow flames were already vibrating as if they were about to go out, Rowan was using both hands to push all the power he had into this weapon, and the Primordial keepers were not going to watch as he unleashed all his strength upon them.

From the moment Rowan charged, not even a fraction of a moment had gone past, and any immortal who was not a higher dimensional being would not be able to follow this battle in the slightest.

The wall of yellow fire rose and thickened, it could be seen that at the center of the flames, a vast rune was being created, fueled by the powers of the Keepers and their malevolence, if their wall could block Rowan's strike, what would follow would be a relentless barrage of attack that would tear him apart.

In the minds of the Keepers, the wall they created would hold, their confidence came from the fact that this was a power that had been summoned by all of them combined, and that could not be analyzed by the mere addition of one plus one, instead, their abilities scales exponentially with their numbers.

When Primordial Keepers go out to hunt those that had committed crimes against reality, the more of them they were, the greater their powers, to date the most Keepers that had ever been summoned for a single battle had been a hundred thousand keepers. At that time they had been fighting alongside other powerful allies, and yet their presence in that battle did not go unnoticed.

No matter how strong this abomination was, and he was strong, the breath of power emanating from him, his sheer speed that would be a commanding trait among immortals were stunning, and his weapon, although unknown, the hint of its might was horrifying, but if the fool wanted to challenge all of them with such power alone, then he was mistaken. Their Will was rising, it was one that would not give them much advantage in this fight, for the Will every Primordial keeper wielded was the Will of Soul Scour, which could cleanse the power of souls, rendering the soul of both mortal and immortal helpless so they could be shaped by their hands, but this abomination before them was soulless, and so their Will would have to act in other functions, but this was a challenge that their immortal minds could solve.

Battle for Rowan was like dancing.

A dance where in order to win you had to lead the flow, and failure to do so would mean your loss. In this dance there were two unwilling partners whose aim was to dominate the other, and in such a deadly dance, there were no do-overs, no one would cheer for the losers but the sound of their blood dripping onto the earth.

Rowan's back was arched like a bow, both of his hands gripping the hilt of his weapon, and all his power and speed were perfectly merged and focused on slamming against the wall of fire so he could slice it apart with a single swing.

The tip of his blade was a micron away from touching the wall of fire, when a large black blade, seemingly appearing from out of thin air punched through a hundred Primordial Keepers who had been closest to Rowan and whose attention had been focused on his descending blade which had eerily stopped in the instant it was about to clash against the shield.

With their minds that were seemingly synchronized, they had all seen Rowan charging with a single blade, both of his hands on the hilt, and as expected, they had focused their power on resisting the blow that was coming head-on, but Rowan's flesh was not constrained to having two arms alone, and he did not have just one weapon.

Battle was a dance.

A third arm had appeared underneath his left arm, and it was holding another Cherubim, and in the instant that he paused the descending blow which had drawn the attention of all the Keepers, the third hand had inherited all that power, and the point in the wall of fire that the Cherubim he wielded pierced through was the thinnest, and the result was that more than a hundred Primordial Keepers were impaled on his blade.

For a moment the impaled Primordial keepers were silent, as if they were stunned, and then they collapsed into dust, and in that moment, more clearly than ever before, the Primordial Keeper felt with mounting horror, the souls of their fallen being dragged into Rowan's body.

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Chapter 1260: Tit For Tat

Chapter 1260: Tit For Tat

The Primordial Keepers had come across enemies that could cross through the domain of the desert and destroy their Memories, that was not a strange thing when you realized the sort of enemies the Keepers had, they had even encountered enemies that could crush their souls, but the one thing that their Will gave them was a soul that was considered impossible to be destroyed.

This was one of the greatest reasons why the Primordial Keepers were able to stand donating despite the restraint of the bloodline keeping them at the fifth dimension as the highest level they could ever reach.

Since the end of the primordial Era, the Keepers had been killed many times by various powerful forces, but their soul could never be extinguished, they possessed one of the soul bloodlines in reality, and their Will had assured them of the total immortality of their soul. The death of the first Primordial Keeper that drew them inside this space had not been fully comprehended, because Rowan had ensured that the soul of that Keeper had not been consumed by Sheol to ensure that the Keepers had not panicked at the start and performed an action he could not predict, but killing these Keepers he consumed their souls, transforming them Soul Mountains, they were already inside Wormtongue, the time for pretenses were

over.

The shock of the death of the Keepers rippled through the formation, and Rowan would put to shame his Warmaster Title if he did not take advantage of it.

A twist of his wrist turned the blade horizontal and he almost made a one-eighty-degree sweep in front of him, slicing through thousands of Primordial Keepers, and taking another step forward through the gap created in the flame wall with these moves, he instantly arrived in the midst of the Keepers, and he manifested three more arms.

In the next few moments, his six arms made dozens of sweeps while he took seven steps forward. Those steps brought him across nearly a mile of distance, taking him to the precise center of the Primordial Keepers formation, and Rowan breathed out, smoke and steam erupting from his mouth as he winced in pain.

Traveling through their ranks, those sweeps of his blade had turned him into a blender, and behind him, a hundred thousand Keepers shuddered and collapsed into dust.

Rowan's body halted like a marionette whose strings had been cut, his head down and his arms raised, but the harsh wind was making them sway as if they were being held by strings. The fact that he suddenly stopped was not a mistake, a few feet ahead of him, the ground exploded, flinging powerful blasts of yellow soul blades into the sky with so much force that if this space had not been covered by Wormtongue, this blast would have been seen for millions of light years, if he had taken one more step, he would have been sliced into pieces.

This space was incredibly stable, even more than most seventh-dimensional space, yet it still shook under that barrage.

It might appear that in these first few moments, Rowan had all the advantages, but that was not truly the case, his speed was not so unparalleled that he could not be tracked by the Primordial Keepers, and they were not standing in place for him to slaughter them.

He had torn through the formation and if the Primordial Keepers had not quickly taken evasive actions, he would have killed more than the hundred thousand that he just did,

and despite their evasive actions, they had been setting a trap for him that would have ended this battle in an instant.

Rowan whispered, "Battle is a dance,"

The Primordial Keepers were not waiting after their traps were seen through, instead, a wave of crushing Time swept towards Rowan, placing himself in the center of their formation was a tactical mistake by most metrics, and the Primordial Keepers would make him pay for that mistake.

At this point, Rowan had no visible indicator that he was a higher dimensional immortal, and when the hold of Time-Stop unleashed by millions of Primordial Keeper fell on him, he should have been frozen in place, even a sixth-dimensional entity's only recourse would be to flee, because with enough numbers, the power of Time-Stop would gain a qualitative transformation.

The wave of time was colorless and forests but when it reached Rowan, that wave became visible, and before the shocked gaze of every Primordial Keeper here, this wave of time did not crush Rowan in place, instead it encircled him, and slowly inched towards his body as if there was a barrier around his flesh that made all operations of time to be stalled.

At this time it was almost as if Rowan was covered by a sea of purple lights of all shades, "Ah, you should count yourself lucky," Rowan said, "It is a rare thing to see the color of time."

Saying this, Rowan with a loud roar plunged his six blades into the earth as he unleashed a celestial spell unique to the Cherubim, his dimension coupled with the strange bloodline of Time he had acquired might have slowed down the tide of time pressing down on him, but it had not stopped it.

As if he was seeing into the future, Rowan's act of bending and plunging the six blades into the earth caused another wave of yellow soul blades to brush past him, slicing through a few strands of his hair that had not fallen quickly enough, they had been invisible until they nearly touched him, and launched by millions of Primordial Keepers, his upper body would have been diced to pieces.

"Hymns of the Cherubim," Rowan growled, "Mountain of Blades!"

A shockwave rippled from the swords and entered the earth where it traveled through the earth until it impacted against the barrier created by Wormtongue. What followed this shockwave was a forest of massive black blades that shot out of the earth, each of them thousands of feet with colors that were blacker than night.

The Primordial Keepers wailed as a third of their number was sliced into pieces, a heavy wave of dust that held the disbelief and sorrow of the Keepers erupted into the heavens, accompanied by the excited metallic whines of the Cherubim.

Rowan shuddered as the souls of the Keepers slammed into him without mercy. Killing a hundred thousand Keepers had been manageable, Sheol could handle the influx of so many Keepers, but killing millions drove Rowan to the brink and then past it.

The soul of a Keeper was similar to an immortal yet it was also different. Their Will of Soul Scour, unlike any other Wills by other immortals, accompanied their souls, and this Will was like a poison inside of Rowan.

The Sea of Ambrosia which seemed to be infinite began to drop precipitously. As the Wills of the slain Keepers entered his dimension, they sought to cleanse Rowan's soul bloodline, and his bloodline was also performing the same acts on the Will, and this had become a battle of

attrition.

Rowan nearly fell on his face as he appeared as if he was drunk, swaying on unsteady legs and holding his head as he groaned in pain, his pathetic appearance almost belied the fact that he had just killed millions of Primordial keepers with a single spell.

"Abomination! You shall pay for this sacrilege."

Rowan's eyes flashed with a frightening glow, "Your monster is here, come for me."

The Primordial Keepers hesitated and as one, they began the forbidden technique of burning

their soul and Will.

Rowan sensing the power that was beginning to arise from their bodies grinned,

Now, such a power would inevitably kill him, but before he died, he would take all of them

with him.

With a roar, he began channeling a new celestial spell.

Chapter 1261: Spell Clash

The act of drawing the Primordial Keepers here deprived them of their weapons and home advantages in the Great Desert, with their Will and Soul flames not having any

suppressive effects on Rowan, and with the increasing fatality they were experiencing, the only recourse they had was to go all out.

No matter how much damage they incur if they were to do such a thing, it was still an acceptable outcome because they would slowly recover if they survived, any attempts at holding back would only lead to their extinction.

At the beginning of this fight, the Primordial Keepers quickly understood that soul-based attacks would not work against a soulless abomination like Rowan, and every attack they had been using ever since had been material in nature.

The massive soul blades being conjured were simply converting the power of their Wills Soul Scour into a tangible force that could easily shred a universe. There was not much loss in power after this transformation, they were simply switching from blades that would cut the soul, to one that would cut the flesh.

These soul blades also came with the unique soul-scouring properties of their Will, which had transformed into flesh-scouring. Anything cut by these blades would never heal. It did not matter if the area affected was destroyed and then regrown, like a scar branded in reality, that wound would still tear open.

Rowan's preternatural movement patterns had allowed him to escape death from their attacks, however, it was Rowan's last attack that cemented the decisions the Primordial Keepers were presently choosing to make.

The massive area of effect attack he had unleashed had cut through a third of their number, and the realization struck the Primordial Keepers that no matter how problematic their opponent was, this space was small, and if he could dodge a focused blow, then he could not evade one that would occupy the entire space.

With all these in mind, a collective decision was made to flood the entire space with soul blades, shredding everything inside, and to achieve something like that on this scale, then their soul and Will would have to burn, but that was a price that they were willing to pay. The bodies of the Primordial Keepers swelled, their robes billowing under the enormous powers that exploded from their bodies, reaching inconceivable heights, yet still growing ever stronger as a single moment stretched for an eternity, and the Primordial Keepers that remained blazed like suns.

If an average immortal were to burn his soul, they might explode with five times more power, but a Primordial Keeper understood the soul more than most, and their Will and special souls made the explosion of power from burning it more effective, reaching almost a hundred times more energy output!

As a forbidden move by the Primordial Keepers, this would shock anyone who witnessed it as any opponent would be overwhelmed by an enemy who was suddenly, a hundred times stronger.

Above them, this reality separated by Wormtongue quaked, as trillions of soul blades were manifested, each measured in miles, and the emanation of their burning Will became so strong that the entire space turned yellow except a small corner of it where Rowan remained that was filled with the blackness of his six blades.

Wielding the Cherubims, Rowan had access to all their unique spells, and among them was one that particularly drew his attention, that was what he called upon, and he channeled this power into the Cherubim Remorse.

Wielding the spells of the Cherubim unlike his lesser Angels meant that he was wielding their Wills. The previous area of effect attack he had made was from the Cherubim Judgement, and now he was channeling Remorse. Each had their specialty, and their powers could not be underestimated.

Rowan chanted inside his heart,

“You are light made dark, the shadows of the end. With your Stygian fire as the guide bring regret to my vigil.”

Black flames blasted out of the six blades he held, they emanated no heat but were colder than the void, they revolved around Rowan like a tornado for a brief moment before blasting out in a wave that swept toward the soul blades that at this moment were unleashed by the Primordial Keepers.

Rowan was at the center of the formation, and with the black flame erupting from his body in an unceasing tide, and the yellow of the soul blades like a trillion falling suns falling on him, this reality seemed to freeze, even their attacks seemed to freeze in place, but this was simply a trick of the light as their lives were traveling so fast, even reality could not catch up.

This clash would undoubtedly shake all of creation, yet it did not.

The dark flames did not clash with the soul blades, instead, the soul blades easily tore through it, and although the dark flames were not dispersed and continued towards the Keepers, the soul blades were not hindered at all, and they fell on Rowan like a judgment from the highest heavens.

Rowan straightened his back and gripped the blades of his Cherubims tighter, “Ah, this could kill me,”

In his perception, the soul blades were both slow and fast, wrapped by time and space, their speed transcended all known limitations, and in his present state, even his Agility could not give him enough perception to understand the movement of these blades, but he had six more powerful eyes that could see in the realm of time, and they closed the gap well enough for him to be able to react.

Rowan's six hands moved, his blades slicing through, deflecting and reversing the soul blades hurtling down at him, as he transformed into a whirling dervish. If his actions were to be slowed down to the limits, something incredible would be revealed. It would show a figure bathed under the glow of yellow light, with six arms, cutting through millions of soul blades at every moment.

His movements were incredibly precise, like a well-oiled machine, yet his motions flowed from one position to another so beautifully it was like a dance. His feet made small micro-movements that placed him in the best position to counter what was descending towards him, and the violence of the crash was so intense that his body seemed to have been covered by an explosive sun, that throbbed and released flashes of light so powerful, it branded

reality.

The sound of Rowan countering the soul blades was so loud it carried a force that tore the earth apart and made space to scream in anguish as loud cracks, in reality, began to reveal

themselves in the area.

Rowan was laughing, and his laughter devolved into a harsh cough, but this did not stop his movements. The cough made him spit out a large volume of blood, and this act seemed to be the final straw as harsh wounds began to erupt from all over his body, especially his six arms whose flesh had been rendered to the bone.

His skills were enough to counter this onslaught, but his flesh was too weak to follow through with his abilities, and finally, he made a mistake, one of his arms had bounced back a million soul blades, and was angling to the side to slice through another million when tens of millions micro-fractures in the bones of that arm made the limb vibrate in a nearly imperceptible manner, but in the realm of this battle, any changes, no matter how slight could lead to devastating consequences.

He missed cutting through all the soul blades and had to rapidly adjust his stances, but this was a battle that was fought across time, where every motion made had been factored into consideration even before the soul blades were fired by the Primordial Keepers, and every change was predicted and countered a million times before the first move was made. Rowan's ruthlessness revealed itself as he began taking hits on the parts of his body that would not render his battle capabilities to less than acceptable levels, and in a short moment his body was filled with massive craters as his flesh was blasted apart, nearly losing his footing, he dug his legs into the earth as he was being pushed back by the endless barrage.

No longer deflecting back the soul blades, he simply focused on defense and survival, and when it seemed as if an eternity and yet a moment had just gone by, the barrage ended and Rowan stood tall, only to collapse to his knees in the next moment.

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

Chapter 1262: Death Is Close

Rowan attempted to stand, but he couldn't, he frowned and looked downwards and he noticed that his legs had been crushed, and with the curse of the sneaky Oblivion powers in this rapidly fading dimension his body seemed to have forgotten how to heal.

Yet with his insane physique, he still had access to all his stats that were still above eleven million, and even if he were crawling with his teeth, he still had the same level of agility. Without his body healing, he could not access all this power, but he was far from helpless.

To lift his body upright, Rowan had to use the blades, like a giant spider with six legs, he analyzed what had occurred and the state of the Primordial Keepers at a glance. Their soul blades had nearly killed him, but he had already launched his retaliatory spell a moment before and he would not be the only one to suffer if everything went according to plans.

From the Cherubims he was using to hold himself upright, a black flame emerged that encircled his battered body and forced it upright, since Rowan had given up on his body healing quickly enough to make a difference, he would be using spells to move his body like a marionette, in essence, the Cherubims would be wielding his body, even as he wielded their own.

The Will of the Cherubim Remorse in the form of the cold black flame had spread throughout this space and flowed harmlessly through the ranks of the Primordial Keepers, their upraised defenses detected no danger from the black flame, but they were still watching out for it until the black flame vanished without seemingly accomplishing anything.

However, the Primordial Keepers did not let down their guard as a brand new spell was already taking shape overhead that should end this battle once and for all. The soul blade barrage had given them the time to begin building upon their yellow soul flame and they were about to unleash another devastating spell barrage on the broken body of Rowan in the center of the battlefield.

The only warning the Primordial Keepers received that something was wrong was incredibly brief, a brief flash of darkness and yellow flames and then their numbers swelled as the purpose of Rowan's spell became manifested.

The Cherubim Remorse resurrected the dead, or more specifically it resurrected everything that was killed by the cherubims and placed them under the control of the Angel.

An utterly ridiculous spell that could be used with devastating results in a war because after this spell was unleashed, until Remorse was killed, every fallen would be resurrected under the Cherubim's control.

It was no wonder that the powers of the Cherubim were suppressed by the higher order of Seraphim, for their spells were almost forbidden.

The sense of danger that the Primordial Keepers felt was the sudden and unexpected appearance of the million-plus Primordial Keepers already slain in this battle. With the appearance of these dead Keepers, chaos swirled through the entire ranks of the Primordial Keepers and a slight gap appeared in the formation being used to craft their next spell barrage, Remorse took advantage of that gap.

The spell barrage being summoned to crush Rowan were not soul blades but a swirling tornado made of soul shards that were massive chunks of yellow crystalline rocks, each the size of small hills and rotating so fast that each created swirls of air that could crush worlds.

This move was in reaction to Rowan's defense, the clean methods he used to deflect the soul blades had shown the Primordial Keepers that in the case of techniques, they could not equal this enemy, but in terms of power, he could be crushed. If he could slice apart a soul blade, he would be unable to shred apart a soul mountain. The truth of this statement would never be known because the dead Primordial Keepers that appeared seized control of this spell that was heading towards Rowan and they made it fall on the heads of the Keepers. They simply broke the controlling structure of the spell, leaving it to fall towards the earth.

Rowan watched the mountains of sharp yellow crystal fall, they numbered in the thousands and were so heavy and rotating so quickly, that there was a great possibility that they may shred through this space. Even from the ground, the wind they were blasting out was shoving the black flames that covered his body back for thousands of feet and he had to plunge his blades into the ground to keep his footing. "Tsk... They really did not check the powers of their spells before they released it. Remorse, push it further!"

The resurrected Primordial Keepers had not stopped at just disrupting the spell, they took it a step further and they pulled down on the crystal mountains, causing the falling speed of the soul crystals to multiply.

Hasty defenses were pulled up as the Keepers materialized a dome of force above their heads even as they tackled the saboteurs in their midst. The resurrected Keepers did not care about their defense even as they were being torn apart, the spell of Remorse could not resurrect them again, but it could keep them alive longer than was naturally possible, and so they kept pulling down the soul mountain faster towards the earth.

The first of the soul crystal mountains fell on the hasty defenses of the Keepers, and it did not hold for more than a few moments before the yellow field of force exploded releasing

massive shockwaves that were drowned by the roar of the soul mountain impacting among the formation of the Primordial Keepers.

“Boom!”

Rowan braced himself as the earth shook and the flash of light from the crashing spells filled the world with light and smoke, and this was just the beginning, just twenty percent of the spell had impacted the earth, and the rest eighty percent had clustered together and if they hit the ground the devastation under the pull of the rogue Keepers would be calamitous.

By all rights, he should try to lay low and brace as he was outside the range of the spell devastation, but Rowan did not see it in this manner, already shivering from the influx of Keeper souls entering his Sea of Ambrosia, Rowan charged into the devastation.

The earth cracked and reality shattered, Rowan weaved in between the devastation, every single passing moment he was escaping death by the barest of margins, however, this meant that he was reaping the lives of Primordial Keepers like grass, because as he was weaving his way through the devastation, he was coming across pockets of Keepers who could barely register his presence before he cut them down.

The world in Rowan’s perception shrank to a dot that was drenched in red, every Keeper being killed under the impact of the spell and his own actions were shaking his dimension as their souls and Wills devastated his consciousness, but Rowan did not stop, he was familiar with battling on the edge of death, and now he was seeing himself going far past the edge, but he was refusing to slow down.

It seemed like forever, but the devastation ended and Rowan would have collapsed if not for the blanket of black flames holding him up.

He was blind, the flesh from his skull long scoured clean as he pushed through the chaos, and his arms could no longer hold on to the Cherubim, and they plunged into the ground around him,

“Ah... death is so close.”

Chapter 1263: Soul Annihilation

Chapter 1263: Soul Annihilation

Rowan, who could barely stand, smiled when he suddenly felt death incoming, he crooked his finger into claws, and the six blades of the Cherubim pushed out from the earth where he had placed them and crossed themselves in front of him, his legs bent to the side as he began to change position, he should have been able to dodge what was coming, but unexpectedly, his mind became blank and he faltered,

“Boom!”

A monumental force slammed into the six Cherubims with so much power that despite their strengths, the blades became bent and shoved backward into Rowan’s chest.

His unsteady body was not a good cushion and he was shoved backward, his body practically disappearing with the force of the collision, as he left a trail of blood and scattered flesh behind for thousands of miles, and a moment later, another massive boom occurred as his body struck Wormtongue at the edge of this space, tens of thousands of miles away.

At the site of the collision, a massive shockwave erupted that shattered the surrounding space, leaving cracks for miles that quickly healed up, but the cracks caused nightmarish screams and alien lights to emerge that corrupted this reality before it closed up, and Wormtongue in the distance quivered under the strain of maintaining this space.

Rowan’s mind went blank for a moment, the incredible impact scrambling his consciousness, which for Rowan should not be possible due to the high number of consciousness pillars he had, but the effects of Oblivion suddenly surged to an incredible height, and if he was not wrong, then this realm in a fit of madness was aiding the Primordial Keepers to block his senses, it was the only reason that he had not seen the massive build-up of power that had nearly crushed him.

It turned out that the Primordial Keepers had used more than one final technique the moments before, and the ones that were intercepted by the Cherubim Remorse were simply the spell on the surface which was Soul Mountain, the other that Rowan could barely block was called Soul Crush, and if Soul Mountain was an area of effect spell, Soul Crush was a targeted one.

In its primary state, Soul Crush was made to crush the souls of higher dimensional immortals, and now it had been transformed into a crushing force that was aimed at the flesh. With the powers of the Primordial Keepers increased a hundredfold, this crushing force became something that Rowan could hardly withstand.

Rowan’s body was nearly crushed to the walls of Wormtongue, and his blood that was red flowed like a river, it was as if his flesh had forgotten its inherent immortality, and this wound was considered fatal. He could not even breathe as he struggled to do so.

His chest was crushed and even if this was the case, he should have no reason to breathe, after all, he had not breathed any air for almost a billion years, but his mortal blood seemed to have deceived Rowan’s senses and he had forgotten that he did not need this particular frailty of the flesh.

The attack of this realm using Oblivion was more dangerous to Rowan than the spells of the Primordial Keepers.

It was an odd sensation for Rowan to resist the call of Oblivion as he struggled to call up his senses even as he forgot how to do something like that, he knew that it was vitally important that he brought up his defenses but his mind was hazy, and thinking was hard, was it not easier to just forget everything?

Despite all of this, even when he could barely make any motion with his body, Rowan still crooked his fingers, and the blades of the Cherubim that had straightened themselves from the last blow pushed upwards and crossed themselves in front of him as another wave of soul crush slammed into Rowan, whose body was still pressed against the walls of Wormtongue. “Boom!”

His instinctive reaction was what stopped him from dying again, as he was pressed nearly flat. His blood was blasted explosively from his flesh, and they shot up into the air for hundreds of miles, and as they fell to the ground, they shone like red stars, each drop of it was heavier than a planet, in a moment it was as if it was raining red meteors in the entire space.

“Death...” Rowan could barely whisper with his mind that had nearly become blank, “It comes...”

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

Waves after waves of soul crush slammed into Rowan, and his body became wrecked beyond belief, and there, beyond the edge of death his gaze became clear, and the winds stopped.

The dimension had paid a terrible price to scramble Rowan’s perception in order to keep him in place while the Primordial Keepers tore him to pieces.

To keep him down, the rate at which the dimension dissipated accelerated, and when the winds stopped, Ganem Prime was history, and the moment its effect ended, Rowan’s eyes opened and his mind began working at their peak once more, he saw that the Primordial Keepers that were left barely numbered in the thousand, but they were the strongest.

While their bloodline lock placed their potential at the fifth dimension level, it did not mean that all Primordial Keepers had reached the fifth dimension. Most of them had stopped at the fourth-dimensional level, and only the elite among their number had been able to push to the limit of their bloodline, and these were the ones that had survived.

The Keepers had played a long game, making sure that the strongest among them had survived the battle at its height so that they could finish it when the time was right. The danger had been unprecedented, but their victory was assured.

A loud shrill scream emerged from the bodies of the Primordial Keepers as they readied another wave of offense that was more powerful than Soul Crush.

It did not matter that Rowan seemed to have died but was simply too stubborn to go down, the deaths of millions of Keepers meant that they would not stop until there was nothing remaining of Rowan in existence, and even then they would still burn this reality for millions of years to make sure that not even his Aura remained. This was the most dangerous being they had come across throughout their entire existence, not the most powerful, but the most

dangerous.

A massive phantom that resembled a cross between a man and a crow began to take shape behind the Primordial Keepers, as a vast burst of energy swept from their formation, chewing through the earth and shaking this entire space.

There was no way that Rowan should be able to move, but he did. Black flames poured out from the Cherubims and encased his body, and at this point, his body was made more from flames than flesh, and he pushed himself until he stood.

Another blast erupted from the Primordial Keepers and he was nearly pushed to the ground, and he knew that if he fell, he would not be standing up again, and he braced himself while

groaning in pain.

Rowan sighed, although everything had gone according to his plans, and he had weakened the Primordial Keepers while allowing them to kill him, it still made him upset.

He had made two plans, the first of them was that the Primordial Keepers would be the ones to kill him because the end of this day was already fixed and that is, he must die, and if not from the hands of the Primordial Keepers, then it would be by his own.

Rowan should be glad, even with the aid of the Cherubim and Wormtongue, he had been fighting at a disadvantage, and the fact that he could eliminate more than ninety-nine percent of all Primordial Keepers in existence when he was in such a state was already a great accomplishment, but there was something inside him that did not allow him to go down even when he should have nothing left to give.

The Spell of the Primordial Keepers became complete- Soul Annihilation.

Their furious gaze fell upon Rowan, and even blind, he perceived them and he grinned, and then his body seemed to shiver and three extra arms appeared, and they were holding three more Cherubim blades, and chanting a spell, the three hands made a throwing motion, making the blades vanished, when they reappeared they were in front of the Primordial Keepers, and before any defenses could be made, the three blades pierced

through their ranks, impaling hundreds and shooting out behind them without any momentum being lost. Rowan's body vanished, appearing beside the three blades and he held them, and now he was behind their formation.

All of this happened nearly in an instant.

Chapter 1264: Last Man Standing

Rowan's speed was so fast it was almost impossible to see his movements, and he had halted just as abruptly. Before he turned around he looked up at the sky and noticed that not all his blood had crashed to the ground yet, some were still falling, and the light they exuded turned the sky red and he sighed, this sight reminded him of a memory from long ago.

In that memory, he was a child in a harsh and alien world, and there was a red moon overhead. He was on the verge of death at that moment, the same thing that was happening here, and there was also a Primordial Keeper there with him.

"The moon is red, and so is my heart."

Rowan had been using six arms to battle, hence six Cherubims, but he had nine Cherubims and he has always been keeping the last three in reserve because it was the smart move never to show all your cards until they were needed.

He had kept Sundown, Judgement, and Extinction aside for when he needed them the most, even if things had quickly reached levels that he had not fully anticipated.

With the power of Sundown, Rowan had crossed through the battlefield, tearing his way through hundreds of Primordial Keepers, his legs and most of his body were crushed and he could no longer move like before, Sundown would be his legs.

Judgment and Extinction had been the ones to mostly kill the keepers, and now Rowan rotated his body, his legs floating off the ground, carried by Sundown, and so the movements of his body were incredibly strange, like a puppet carried by massive invisible strings.

He did not use the Cherubim in their full angelic form even though the abilities they would be able to unleash in that form would be many times greater than their blade form, and it was not because their blade form was weaker but due to Rowan itself and his reduced attributes not being able to take advantage of all the abilities of the Cherubim.

There was also the chance that this battle might be seen by Nemesis, no matter how small it was, Rowan still placed it under consideration, and he would not make it easier for his enemies to know the true nature of his weapons just yet.

At this moment he was just an abomination wielding very powerful weapons, but if he made the Cherubims attack with their Angelic form, it would be known that he was a Celestial Creator which was not a big secret, but a Celestial Creator that could create a Cherubim was on a different level.

Creating a Power was the great watershed, it was the limit for the so-called lesser Angels, or Angels that could dominate a couple of universes, but Angels from the Cherubim and upwards were considered something different entirely. They were the true backbone of the Celestial dominion and their presence could not be easily explained.

Creating a Power was the great watershed, it was the limit for the so-called lesser Angels, or Angels that could dominate a couple of universes, but Angels from the Cherubim and upwards were considered something different entirely. They were the true backbone of the Celestial dominion and their presence could not be easily explained.

The massive phantom of the crow man above the Primordial Keepers had not dissipated by Rowan's unexpected attack, but its completion had been reversed for a bit.

Holding the three Cherubim as swords, the others floated behind him like wings. Everything was dark, his heartbeat had ended a while ago under the soul-crush barrage where all of his organs had failed, he no longer had any blood, and no single bone in his body was whole, even down to the smallest bones in his body.

The only thing he could hold on to was that he was breathing, even the air simply whistled through the holes in his chest. Every attack from the Primordial Keepers possessed the quality of decay, and so no wound they made would ever heal, alongside Oblivion blocking his body's innate immortality, in addition to this Rowan had been deliberately suppressing his healing, even until this moment, and by all metrics he was already dead, he was just too stubborn to stop moving. His mind had become locked into a zone that Rowan had rarely felt, his current blindness was a stark reminder of the same blindness that he had experienced as a child newly reincarnated into Trion and when he had opened his Primordial Record and had fallen under the influence of the Primordial Keepers.

Just touching the merest hint of their aura even with the shielding of the Primordial Record had nearly broken his mortal mind, and he would have perished at that time when he took a spoon and shoved it into his eyes repeatedly, further reducing his diminished lifespan.

Maeve had saved his life by dragging the spoon out of his hands, and at that time Rowan had sworn to kill every Primordial Keeper in existence, this was not even counting the attacks they made before Rowan had become a Legend, nearly ending his life under the light of a red moon.

Even though the plan was to die here while slaughtering the Primordial Keepers, it would have been better if he left a couple of them alive because what he understood about

Nemesis and other higher powers was that in their arrogance they would not look into the death of most of the Primordial Keepers, leaving it for their other servants to maintain and seek retribution, but if Rowan was to kill them all, it would be a direct slap to their faces and they would personally hunt him down.

Knowing all this, Rowan attacked. Let them earn his death, he had given enough chances to them. His blades were his eyes, and into their formation, Rowan entered with no hesitation. Space wiggled and stretched, but the hold of Wormtongue ensured that these fifth-dimensional Primordial Keepers could not take advantage of their control over space, and they could not make it as massive or as small as they wanted.

Judgment seemed to move by itself, the Cherubim had judged the Keepers and the Angel found them wanting, their lives were reaped under its blade. It did not matter that they existed in a higher dimensional state, Wormtongue had drawn everything of them inside here, and the greatest advantages that they had where their minds could escape in time and space was nullified, to kill them Rowan had spent hundreds of millions of years in creating this treasure, it would be a shame if he did not get his time's worth.

The Cherubim Extinction was more deadly, made to be the end of all things, the Primordial Keepers almost seemed to be falling on the blade without them being able to resist, Sundown brought Rowan across the battle with speed that almost seemed as if he was both teleporting and going back in time.

The six other Cherubims behind him, weaved through the battlefield, the most capable assistant that a warrior could ever ask for in a battle. As if they were reading his mind, they flew around him in dizzying patterns that dazzled the mind and threw off their perceptions, while slicing through bodies and blocking and diverting spells.

Rowan went on a rampage.

The Primordial Keepers did not go silently into the night. They quickly realized that Rowan's action would cause them not to be able to fully Soul Annihilation, and in a feat of madness, they tore the spell apart and each of them incorporated it into their bodies, and they went insane with pain and bloodlust, they charged at Rowan with a roar, and for a long moment, there was nothing but the sound of combat and butchery.

In the end, only one man was standing, and it was Rowan.

The memory ended.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1265: Ninth Reflection

Rowan looked around him, and everything was dead, and the only two beings that were moving yet were only a few moments from death were him and... the sprite.

He staggered backward, and his only remaining functional hand reached across the distance and held her small body that like him had been broken. This should not have happened, with his control over this space, even when in battle it would be a minor thing to protect this sprite, but Oblivion had struck, and for a while, he had forgotten her presence in its entirety, until now.

She gasped her last breath, big green eyes filled with confusion for her talent was supposed to make her ridiculously hard to die, but the wounds inflicted by the Primordial Keepers could not simply be healed by the talent of a mere sprite, no matter how powerful that talent may be.

In his palm, the pain and confusion in her eyes subsided and what took its place was a kind of peace that was almost impossible to describe,

“Ancient One, are you... going to call me by my name?”

Her voice was a whisper, but he could hear it clearly,

Rowan replied with his consciousness, his body too broken for even speech, “I do not know them,”

The sprite smiled weakly, “No, you do...”

“I...I...”

Rowan wanted to deny this claim but then something strange happened, the soul flame at this moment completely merged with Rowan, and his Will of Time became complete.

He went still as his memories, gathered from all over time began to merge, a billion trillion thoughts and events flashing together and being merged into a singular whole that finally revealed the entire truth of his existence and the great plan that he had been making behind the scenes, and his extremely grand ambitions.

“So, this was what I have been planning all these while...”

Rowan muttered to himself in rapt fascination, his impending death, nothing but a side note.

He looked down at the sprite and the unexpected tiny angelic wings she carried behind her and knew that these wings were those of the Archangel that he had set aside to protect her. A million years in the past/future, his ninth Reflection would leave the universe and traverse on the frozen road, and he would come across a miracle, it was a bluegrass whose presence should have lasted for an extremely brief moment but his ninth

Reflection had used a Thousand Year Wish to preserve the life of this grass, and for thousands of years they had stayed together.

When he was about to leave he left two Archangels behind to protect the bluegrass despite the fact that the budding grass wanted nothing but to follow him, but after the ninth Reflection became trapped inside Doom Star for longer than he had expected, the blue grass had forcefully pulled herself away from the frozen road, but because she was integrated too deeply with the frozen road, she could not uproot herself without leaving the majority of her roots behind.

Cutting herself from her roots left her with a mortal injury, and she might not have lived for a few centuries more before she perished but the Archangels Rowan left to protect her chose to merge with the blue grass after her lifespan had almost run out, giving her their essence and wings, making her immortality talent to erupt.

The connection she had with Rowan had led her into the great darkness where her kind nature had caused her to fall into a dreadful trap with a certain extradimensional race in the nothingness and she had suffered for an unknown number of years before by chance Rowan had come across her and wiped out the race, freeing her from the endless torment of being their food.

With the infinite vastness of the nothingness, it would have been impossible for Rowan to have come across her, if not for his bloodline that controlled wishes and desire.

The sprite had felt the connection between Rowan and the Reflection she had met on the frozen road, but there were slight differences that made her pause, because for one, she could not see any sense of Recognition in Rowan's eye, and that made her uncertain if she had met the right person, but she still decided to stay with him until the day that he remembered her, after all, without her by his side, he was usually sad.

Finally understanding the origin of this sprite Rowan smiled at her, "Hello, Bluegrass."

Her eyes widened before she began to chuckle weakly,

"It is a good thing that you now remember me."

"I am sorry," Rowan said, "I just have... lots of things on my mind."

Indeed at this time, Rowan's mind was still filled with endless permutations and combinations, the fact that he had a soul was not even at the top of his consideration as he was surprised at the changes that were caused by this ninth Reflection that was outside his plan, perhaps it was because of all his Reflection, this was the one who not only successfully created his soul, but also gained both the bloodline and the Will of Time.

From the first Reflection he had created to the eighth, all of them had followed his plans to the letter and every change they had caused across Time had served a purpose, this

sprite seemingly served no purpose, but that would be looking at only the surface of things, her existence was impossible, and her merger with his Archangels were also extremely strange, but all of these were changes he would be investigating later.

At this point, he had planted the seeds of his dominion, and it was time to reap. Reality seemed to flash repeatedly, in one moment it would show the end of this battle, with Rowan's broken body surrounded by his nine Cherubims, and in the other, it would show a dead titan sitting on a throne made from the burning bones of the Primordial Keepers, and a tree made from golden lightning and fire erupting from his opened skull.

Rowan's soul and Will reached across time and the body on the burning throne shook and then his nine massive hands stretched forth and seized the hilt of the nine blades piercing his body and he growled,

"From the time I opened my eyes and saw the true face of reality... I have wondered..."

He began to slowly pull the blade out of his body, and as he did a great wave of life began to bubble beneath the surface.

That lifeforce carried a light of its own that was being shed in this darkness, and it revealed a purple road before him that led to a massive vortex, but in death, Rowan's body had reversed to his original size and thus massive vortex the size of multiple galaxies was simply the size

of one of his palms.

Rowan's body as he pulled out the blade began to slowly rise from the throne of burning bones, his back was bent, his chest was arched outwards and his voice made the darkness tremble, and in his empty eye sockets, new eyes were born, and they burned black,

"Do Primordials bleed?!"

His voice traveled through the darkness and swept into the swirling vortex where it reached

the Eye of Time.

The Eye of Time who had been monitoring the flow of the battle shivered and then it shrieked, its voice resounding through the entire realm of Doom Star

"Abomination!"

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Chapter 1266: Did You Forget, Who I Am

Life burst out of Rowan's body, so intense it was that it almost defied meaning, and the light that had erupted from his body a moment before was granted vitality, and it became a living light form, the burst of power that erupted from Rowan's body a moment later crushed this lifeform to pieces in the next moment, and Rowan barely noted this amazing change before he surged towards the portal.

Great changes were ongoing inside his body and it was important that it was made inside Doom Star or else the ripple of power would be felt in all the nothingness and there was a chance that it would be reflected in reality.

The truth was that the moment he gained his soul and understood that it had reached the limits of the fourth dimension, the chains holding down the rest of his three Wills were shattered and his dimension was on the verge of bursting into the fourth, and if that was not even enough to shake creation, the nine Supreme Circle had been mastered and they were bursting to be activated.

Rowan had been accumulating so much power for hundreds of millions of years, his Titles had reached the limit and needed to be evolved, he could begin Seeding worlds to explode his attributes across Time, and his Children had been frozen, their power had reached the limits and his dimensional level had been holding them back, plus the plans he had put in place on Doom Star.

Only a mind that could hold an entire dimension could juggle all of these activities at the same time while ensuring that the outcome they produced went beyond the supreme level. The massive pulse of life cleansed any physical debilitation that Rowan had experienced, his body returning to peak physical form, but now his long hair was black, so black it was as if it was nonexistent and he was wearing a crown of darkness, and his hair had never stopped growing all these while and was now so long it was revealed that the darkness in which the soul flame had been struggling to cross was Rowan's hair!

His nine Cherubim floating behind him, Rowan took a step forward and appeared on the purple road, his body shrinking and his long hair sweeping behind him like a massive black cloud. Another step and he was before the vortex, and now he became as small as a mortal, and before the vortex, he was smaller than an atom, and then he placed his palm on its swirling mass, and that sent a shockwave that swept through the entirety of Doom Star, and in the other end, the Eye of Time was going insane.

R

Casualties had been gradually mounting on the ends of the Golden Giants despite all of the intervention from Lost and the god-child, the enemies were innumerable, and if that was not worse enough, they were constantly growing stronger, and Lost had marked a point

where they would reach and their combined powers would no longer be able to hold back the tides of death sweeping towards the portal.

That point had long been passed and yet this glorious and insane Golden Giants were holding past fast, long where every calculated estimate had placed them for dead.

Just as the enemy, the Golden Giants were growing in battle, and even though Lost had factored that growth into the equation, he had still underestimated by how much.

It was only now that he realized how shocking this battle must have been for the average Golden Giant. The entirety of their reality had gone mad, to them they were fighting the wars that would end all wars, against foes more foul than the foulest monsters that they could ever conjure in their dreams.

This was the war that would make the most meaning in their lives, and they would not cower, they would not shirk before this responsibility, they would rise to it because the thought of doing anything less would be the greatest disservice they would ever do to themselves.

Their ancestors had lived a life of neglect and suffering and now here they were, inside bodies of gold and light, bodies with limits, and the battle was here, glory was here!

“None shall pass!”

Their bodies burned like suns, as they ignited the fires of their soul, and their hearts responded to this desire quicker than Lost could ever imagine, the star points in their hearts were being lit up in a crazy manner as shockwave after shockwaves erupted from their bodies. Golden Giants fell, but they were far less than Lost had ever dreamt possible, and now the road was almost done, and Lost could hardly believe it, somehow against all odds it would seem as if they would be succeeding.

Then the roar from Rowan erupted from the vortex behind and the entirety of reality was frozen in place, from the Abomination Suns to the Silver Horde, not because there was a power placed in the words he spoke, which was crazy enough in its own, but the sheer majesty in his voice, and the myriad of emotions inside it that could not be described.

It froze them all in place. How could this be the voice of a sentient being? Surely if reality had a voice, this would be the sound it would take.

The shriek of the Eye of Time, shrill and filled with evil beyond measure replied to that roar, and suddenly everyone here felt like ants before two battling elephants.

In this moment when reality seemed to be frozen in place, the stingers of every member of the Silver Horde pointed towards the vortex, disregarding their greater battle against the Calamity gods and Doom Star quaked as the ocean was suppressed downwards for hundreds of miles and space shattered as an incomprehensible number of bolts shot

towards the vortex. The bolts darkness reality, and its numbers were so massive it no longer took individual shades but resembled a fist bigger than universes that surged towards the vortex, the Calamity Suns in its way were swept aside like flies in a hurricane before the might of this fist.

It was at this moment that Rowan touched the vortex, and the shockwave that erupted from that action swept into Doom Star and pushed all the Golden Giants down while creating a powerful shielding over them, even the Shiik above was suppressed by this shockwave and she was pressed down with the golden giants as well.

This act saved them all as the fist shattered the entire road nearing completion into smithereens before it slammed into the vortex, and in the moment before it destroyed it, Rowan's cold gaze could be seen behind it.

A calamitous force erupted from the shattered vortex that was simply hard to describe in its immensity. No force unleashed from the beginning of the war could equal it as space and time were shattered into pieces, leaving a void that had no meaning behind it.

This force created a wound that injured Doom Star twice as much as the first wound inflicted by the phantom of the Primordial of Time.

The resultant shockwaves that emerged from this disaster killed countless Calamity gods and the Silver Horde on the surface were all wiped out, but their insane constitution was slowly bringing them to life, but this time, their resurrection was oddly delayed.

From the site of the crash, in the void that could not be described, a voice emerged, followed by a small body, not more than ten feet tall,

"Did you think that would stop me? Little Eye, Did you forget, who I am."

The words that were spoken, although not loud, every living and non-living being in the realm could hear it. They could also hear the panting of the Eye of Time, whether it was fear or unchecked fury was unknown, but what drew the attention of all was that figure of Rowan who was slowly entering the realm of Doom Star.

The Eye of Time screamed his fury and spoke the language that was lost to reality because it once belonged to the Eternal Realm of Doom Star but had been banished by the Primordials. Despite the risk the Eye of Time was taking when he spoke this language he threw caution to the wind because this was the only method to reach all the fragmented consciousness of the realm and shift the direction of this fight.

"Damocles you damned idiot, stop that creature from entering your realm! I don't care if your mind is fragmented, that thing is a far greater threat than I could ever be. I only consume the waste you dispose of at the side while that thing would eat you whole! Damocles, listen to me

and...” The realm of Doom Star shivered, its many eyes began to generate a fragment of consciousness that was not present before and a sense of awakening began to erupt inside it

but then Rowan sighed,

“Little Eye, you play a good game, but you are far too late.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1267: Nine Books

Upon rebuking the Eye of Time, Rowan stretched his hands forward and gestured,

“My throne had been laid on this world eight times before time was present in eight pasts that never was and eight futures that would never be. With the weight of age, Little Eye, do you not see that you have lost?”

The gesture that Rowan had made caused reality to flip on its head, and the heavens became the earth and the earth became the heavens.

A weird buzz like the sound of a supernova being crushed in an instant responded all through the realm, and every living being here, from the Golden Giants, Calamity Gods, and even the massive structure that the Eye of Time had become, was dragged into mid-air where a weird force held them bound, and they were all unable to move.

Due to the fact that Doom Star was a world of water, the black and endless ocean became the new face of heaven, and the countless eyes of the realm became the earth, although this scene should have been incredibly bizarre, it still felt so natural, it was as if this was what it should have always been.

The black ocean above should have cast this word in darkness, and yet the reverse became the case, the darkness became lit up as countless stars were born within it, their light

transforming the endless black ocean to one that was blue and finally revealing what was in the depths of the ocean.

It was a sight that those below the fifth-dimensional level could not discern, hence most of the beings here on Doom Star could not see what was happening overhead, the only thing they knew was that the endless black ocean was becoming filled with light from multiple suns. For those who could see, the horrifying center of the realm was finally revealed, displaying the grisly content that had been hidden at the core of the banished eternal realm.

It was of a female titanic being who was heavy with a child. She was massive, the size of multiple universes, and had multiple heads, but they had all been sliced off. There were six stumps on her shoulders, which meant she once had six heads, and her body was also filled with injury with another equally devastating wound on her stomach.

This female titan was pregnant, and in an act of incredible cruelty, her stomach was sliced open, and the child within had his head cut off and his body filled with wounds as if he had been mauled.

It was from these countless wounds on the body of the child that light erupted, it was as if the body of the child was filled with nothing but light, and from that light had Caamity been born since time immemorial, but the act of Rowan flipping reality on its head had placed a temporary stop to the birth of all Calamities.

The shocking sight of this fetus the size of a universe spewing out so much light that it transformed the endless ocean was incredibly enchanting, and the Eye of Time could not help but mutter to itself, yet its words were clearly heard by Rowan,

“What is going on?!”

Rowan smiled, “Wouldn’t you like to know, because I have a brief moment where nothing matters, I will tell you a truth that has been denied to all but the few. The name of the child is not Damocles... it is Thenos.”

At the mention of that name, the child in the womb of the mother seemed to come to life. His body began to contort as if electricity was being pumped through his spine and the cry of a baby emerged from the corpse.

“Thenos, your Eternal throne was cast down, your mother killed by the pathetic acts of fear by creatures like it,”

Rowan pointed towards the Eye of Time,

“That is your enemy, it wears another form, but his lies should never be believed. They took the head of your mothers and made it into a bridge linking the lower realms to the higher one, and they learned to do this because they experimented on them. The cries of your mothers have fallen on the ears of creation from the moment of your birth,”

The more Rowan spoke, the greater the agitation of the headless baby, and the cries emerging from it was no longer a normal cry, but one that was slowly becoming filled with rage.

“He lies Damocles, or if you prefer I shall call you Thenos, but that is not your name,” the Eye of Time was quick to the uptake, “That abomination is a freak of nature, whose soul is incomplete, and his hunger is boundless, I should know because it was I that created this monster, yet he has pursued me across time and space, wishing to end my existence.

There is nothing you can gain from listening to a creature like him, he only seeks to consume. Listen to me, and purge his essence from your realm like the filth that he is, and I shall leave your realm in peace, in fact, I can even go further and merge parts of your broken consciousness together, finally giving you a reprieve from your endless torture. This is something that only I can give you.”

The cries of the child were no longer filled with rage, and his contortions began to reduce as if it was deep in thoughts, and for a moment the Eye of Time thought that it had been able to sway the fickle mind of this powerful realm to its side, but then the cries of the child unexpectedly exploded in intensity, and the Eye was a bit confused as to this reaction that is until it saw what was in the hand of Rowan, and it was a book.

Rowan at this time had not fully emerged from the crack in reality, his body was still pushing through the darkness, and if not for spending nearly a billion years inside the nothingness where his body would have adapted to traversing that place outside space and time, he would have been lost a long time ago.

Even the Eye of Time could not stop Rowan from pushing through the darkness and entering the realm because of the tools it had available to him, his Silver Horde would simply be destroyed if they entered into it, and at that time there would be no hope for resurrection.

The only one who would be able to stop Rowan was the consciousness of the realm, whose authority over this space was absolute, and if before this authority was flitting and not reliable, Rowan’s actions of flipping the heavens and the earth had created a situation where this dead realm finally gained a measure of sapience that had been denied from it for so long, and the Eye of Time understood the full ramifications of what that would mean.

To destroy an Eternal Realm requires the personal actions of the Primordials, because their powers could not be fully understood, and it was certainly not something that the fragment that the Eye of Time had become could understand.

The book that Rowan brought out was not familiar to the Eye of Time, but his instincts were screaming at him that it contained great danger, and if the reaction of the realm was any indication, this book must possess great significance.

Nearly cursing in anger, the Eye of Time, noticed Rowan began bringing out more books until there were nine of them floating around him.

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Chapter 1268: The Limit Of Infinity(1)

The books floating around Rowan were massive thousand-page tomes that were made from thin metallic sheets, six of them were colored blue, the seventh was black, the eighth was green and the ninth was gold.

The Aura from the nine books were distinct, the first six blue ones blazed with the powers of Ascendancy, the seventh was Calamity, the eighth belonged to the green Aura that encircled this realm that the Reflection of Rowan could not understand, and the last belonged to the soul Aura of that Reflections, it burning gold color a representation of the power that he was able to understand.

Rowan whispered to himself, "Nine books, nine Supreme Circles, it is nearly completed."

The road to get to this point had truly been an epic one, and it was something that he had no assurance would succeed but with stubbornness and the unflinching belief in his capabilities, he embarked on this madness.

It began the moment Rowan was about to embark outside the universe to start the next journey on his way up the path of power. Caine the firstborn of Chaos had come to him and painted a picture of the full nature of reality.

Rowan was sure that he had embellished many great details to serve his agenda, but there was enough truth in what he was saying that made Rowan concerned.

Caine told Rowan of the full scope of reality, he told him about the Great Darkness and the myriad of powers that were linked to it, he told him of the unshakable powers of the Primordial and how he chose to defy that power by fighting against the tyranny of his father, and how Rowan had no choice but to fight with him in this battle because in comparison to what Rowan had been able to achieve, what Caine had done paled in comparison.

Rowan had not broken past the threshold of his bloodline as Caine had first thought, no he had done something that was far more crazy, he had somehow been able to cleanse his bloodline of Chaos's Intent.

Intent was the foundation of reality, and space itself, and as long as you existed inside of reality, then you must utilize Intent, for other life forms that utilized Intent, they all had connections with Chaos, even if they were not aware, it was a known secret that all facets of reality was in a shape of form related to the powers of Primordials, and this was considered normal.

The light that touched all of reality came from the Celestials, Luck and Dreams came from the Eldar and many other integral pieces of reality that were in one shape or form tied to Primordials.

To be the blood of Chaos and carry his Intent was another separate case that was far more profound, and Caine even in his wildest dreams had not considered it to be possible, he

had once thought he would only be free of the Intent of Chaos if the Primordial became fully banished behind the Gates of Oblivion, the same way that Soul was banished which effectively ended her influence in the higher realms.

If Chaos could be similarly banished then Caine who was a higher dimensional being should be able to rid himself of this Intent, and so Rowan became a resource that he needed to exploit, and Caine felt that the best method to place Rowan under his banner was to show him the cruelty of the Primordials and the method they dealt with those with the slightest potential to challenge their reign.

Among the many tales told to him by Chaos, one stood out above the rest, it was about the Eternals and the realm they controlled.

The firstborn of Chaos told Rowan about the Eternal Realms and the tragedy that befell them. All children of Primordials, the Eternals had fallen when their parents began to fear their potential, few knew the reason for the Primordial War, but Caine was among the few who understood why the Primordials ended that Era, it was because they wanted to wipe out the Eternal Realms.

Rowan had listened to this horror story and he forged a pact with Caine to help resolve the issue of Intent, in return, Caine would protect him while he was still weak, and give Rowan the means to gather allies and dominions to aid his growth to power.

This was a pact that Rowan did not put any meaningful effort into, because while Caine was worrying about Intent, Rowan had a far greater fear, which was his living dimension and what would happen to him when he reached the fourth dimension.

At the third dimension, Rowan had seized the Will of an entire universe and embodied its concepts, and now if he became a fourth-dimensional being Rowan knew that seizing the Will of one Universe would not be enough, what if at that time, his dimension chose to seize the Will of the ultimate representation of the fourth dimension which was the Great Darkness? At that time it was not just the fact that Rowan had been able to banish his Intent that would alarm Chaos, if he was also able to steal the Great Darkness then the Primordial would go insane and it was unknown if Chaos would break the chains that bound him just to hunt down Rowan.

Rowan refused to be stuck in place, even though he might be going against would-be Primordials, he did not want to remain as a third-dimensional being forever.

His vast mind began to ponder on this problem, seeking solutions that would not only aid him

but make him thrive since he simply did not want to just survive.

Yet everything that he pursued led only to dead ends. There was no light at the end of the rainbow and no solution against fighting against a power with limitless reach and infinite might, and this caused Rowan to slowly go mad.

Surely it was only madness that could lead to what he attempted to do next.

Chapter 1269: The Limit of Infinity (2)

The seed of the idea came from a single event which Rowan had always found perplexing because at that time he should not have the capabilities of achieving something like that. Rowan had been a one-dimensional thread and he had been able to send his consciousness into the body of his Berserker Clone, which was a simple thing to do, they were simply his technique after all, however, he was able to take it further and he had reached across time to find the possible futures of these clones and then he manifested their abilities from the future into the present.

With that impressive power, Rowan had been able to easily kill all the Archmages here while granting Andar his freedom at the end. With everything that he was capable of and his relative ignorance over the higher dimensions, Rowan originally had no idea how impossible the feat he had achieved was.

Killing more powerful beings, especially the Third Prince and the rest of the Reflections of the Eye of Time had revealed an important truth to Rowan.

No one could see the future and no one could access it.

Rowan at first was ecstatic about the possibility that he may have a way to access a dimension of time that was lost using his Berserker Clones, but then he discovered that they were not as ground-breaking as he had once thought.

Seeing the future was amazing, but in the case of the Berserker Clones, Rowan had discovered that the only reason he could see the future was that his Berserker Clones were tied to his dimension, therefore they could only see the futures of those clones that lived inside his Dimension. They could not see the future events that happened outside his dimension.

With this method, he had been able to learn a lot about the future of his children, but due to how dim the vision of the future was, he had to invest a stupid amount of energy to obtain trickles of information, and it was mostly an annoyance. After all, he could simply simulate the future life choices and destinies of all his children with ninety-nine percent accuracy because he knew them from the moment of conception and had been with them for every event of their lives.

The one thing that Rowan would never lack was essence and energy, so despite how costly it was to dimly peer into the future, he had simply assigned a hundred consciousness

pillars to this task and allowed them to create billions of Berserker Clones and used them as a vehicle to explore the future of his dimension.

With careful trials and repeated experimentation, Rowan had been able to discover certain radical events that would be happening inside his dimension, but due to the flow of time inside his dimension being a lot faster than what was applicable to reality outside, he could not properly ascertain if those changes could coincide with any changes in the outside reality or was linked to the many things that could cause drastic changes in his dimension.

Yet this idea planted a seed in his heart. If his Berserker Clones could only read the future events inside his dimension, what would it mean if he could translate these capabilities to reality as a whole?

His repeated experimentation with the Berserker Aspect reached such a profound state that he was able to break past the limitation of this Aspect, evolving it past the Origin grade until it became a power that transcended the material plane, reaching the Apocalypse Grade. This more than anything allowed the visions he had of the future to become clearer.

Rowan could simply not see any path forward. The only reason he was allowed to grow to this extent despite the many ridiculous powers he had was the umbrella of the Primordial Record shielding him from the gaze of higher dimensional beings, but the moment he crossed that threshold and became a fourth-dimensional entity, he would be fully revealed, especially if the criteria for reaching that dimension meant he had to consume a powerful fourth- dimensional space like the Great Darkness.

He would be like a very bright star, maybe the brightest star in all of creation, but as it is with such things that burned the brightest or the hottest, they were usually the first things to fade.

The only way to avoid such a fate was to find the narrow path through the future that would not only ensure his survival but would make him thrive. Rowan would choose death over a life of mediocrity, not with his talents and potential and the responsibilities he had on his shoulders.

As he experimented with the vague premonitions he could get from the future, his sight turned to something that could aid him in understanding the reason why he was apparently the only one who could see into the future, and that was with the Eye of Time.

The problem he faced was that he could not unearth the secrets of the Eye, he was simply too weak to achieve something like that, perhaps if he shared the secret that he had the Eye with Caine, this being might be able to help him excavate its secrets, but this was simply a passing thought that he rapidly pushed aside, like displaying bloody meat to wolves, he would be devoured alongside the Eye.

Considering such a mad solution to this problem showed the amount of frustration that Rowan was experiencing. The mounting pressure on his psyche was growing with every passing moment and he needed a way to break past it.

Unlike what he did to every other soul in his keep, Rowan took the souls of all the Reflections and he shredded them. To understand the Eye of Time he needed to understand its fruits, and there was no better starting point than the Reflections it created to bear its will.

It was by using such a radical method that Rowan learned how to create Reflections because he repeatedly viewed the moments all of the Reflections were created, from the first bearer of the Eye of Time, Erohim, to the births of all the successive Reflections.

Armed with this knowledge, Rowan channeled resources into improving the method to improve the creation of Reflections. He was a living dimension, and if he wanted to create a Reflection of himself it would be drastically different from what the Eye of Time had created because a Reflection of himself could be considered as a Reflection of a universe.

It was during his experimentation in understanding and improving Reflections while simultaneously plumbing the depths of the Berserker clones' abilities to reach the future that he was struck with the realization that perhaps he could merge the two processes to attain the best of both worlds.

The problem he had with the Berserker Clones was that no matter how powerful he could make them, even to the extent that they all had souls, they were still tied to his dimension, and even if he made them extremely powerful, his influence over every clone would never wane. They could not see outside of reality because he couldn't.

At the start, Rowan was studying the Reflections to gain insight into breaking the Eye of Time, and now, that path had diverged a bit as he began to consider if a Reflection would serve him better as a vehicle into the future.

Chapter 1270: The Limit of Infinity (3)

Rowan now had a clear goal in mind, to merge his Reflection with his Berserker Aspects, taking from each of them all the processes that he desired to create a Reflection that was capable of accessing the future.

If his Berserker Clones could not see beyond his dimension, then his Reflections who possessed nearly the same authority as himself while carrying the traits that allowed him to access their future would be enough to break the shackle he was experiencing with the issue of accessing the future outside his dimension.

Also unlike the newly useless information each Berserker Clones could get him from the future, Rowan was aiming for something more tangible than brief flashes of feelings that he usually got from the Clones.

At this time Rowan already had an idea of how he was able to see the future with the aid of his Berserker Clones while others couldn't, and he thought that it may be down to two major factors, or a combination of the two.

It was at this moment standing on Doom Star that Rowan finally settled that it was the latter, and yet it was not a combination of two factors but three.

Firstly, it was the fact that he had rid himself of the Intent of Chaos. For anyone else, this would be something special, but in his case, as a living dimension, it meant that in a sense he had cut himself from reality, therefore the ironclad rules that bound the rest of reality did not apply to him, and this naturally led to the second aspect which was the unknown powers of his first and second dimension.

Every dimension from the third dimension upwards had their special names and abilities associated with them. The third dimension was Space, the fourth dimension was Time, the fifth was Space/Time, the Sixth was Memory/Mind and the seventh was called... Fate.

Yet his first and second dimension was something he had not seen anywhere in reality and therefore he had no framework to judge its capabilities or its functions. The creation of his first and second dimensions was mostly created by inspiration and deduction, and he had no idea if anyone else had ever controlled this power, but he thought it was unlikely for even the Primordial Record could not find any traces in the past of anyone else who possessed the power of this Dimension.

The fact that time passed extremely quickly inside them and they further compressed his already insanely powerful Aether levels to a more dense and rich version was amazing, yet he had not figured out what powers they could express and their names, and he could not discount the option that they might be the reason he could peer into the future.

The last reason he alone was able to peer into the future was recently revealed by his ninth Reflection, and it involved the vision he saw through the bloodline of Time. Although at the moment the ninth Reflection saw this memory he did not realize the significance which was deliberately done by Rowan because he was keeping all his cards close to the chest, and even his Reflections could only see a small corner of his plans.

In that Memory, Rowan had seen three Primordials, Demon, Light, and Time, this was the moment before Time was to be shattered so his essence would spread across all of reality to become one of the foundations of the higher dimensions, just as Chaos had done before him. However, for such a grisly fate that would condemn him to become a shadow of himself, Time was not against it, expressing his desire to follow the plans of the Primordial, but he had been insistent on the rest giving him a period to complete his great task, the completion of a mysterious Map.

In addition to these three Primordials was a Primordial Beast, The Torch Dragon whose life was about to end.

One thing that was present in the interaction of all four parties was the constant allusion to the future, it was as if every Primordial Being had the ability to see the future, even the Torch Dragon that was about to be killed had told Time,

“Time... Despite all that you know is to come, you still choose to stand against me.”

Time in a fit of rage had begun to tear apart the Torch Dragon’s skull and Demon had cried out in anger that Time was spoiling the future plans and wasting essential essence needed for reality.”

All of these interactions were important secrets about the past, but what Rowan had used to finalize his understanding were the final words of Time who said that the Primordials were effectively blocking all sights into the future, and they had denied Time any attempt to access the future alluding that the powers of the Primordials especially Time were too great to look into the future without drastic consequences that could alter the flow that they had set in place, thereby spoiling any plans they could ever make in the present.

This was a great sacrifice to discard the power to peer into the future just to preserve the arrangement they had made.

This more than anything made Rowan comprehend the ruthlessness of the Primordials. They had no problem crushing any upstarts to their rule, but they were also ruthless against themselves.

Rowan knew that poking out the eyes of others was relatively easy, but doing the same thing to yourself was a hundred times harder. The Primordials would blind themselves against everything that was to come even if it meant that a danger they could not anticipate might erupt later in the future.

Maybe it was because they believed they had killed everything that could stand against them in the future, leaving themselves to become the peak of existence, or perhaps they trusted in their great plans to such an extent that they believed that the sacrifice of binding themselves and everyone else to the future was worth it.

For whatever reason they did this was not important to Rowan, what was important was that he was able to bypass whatever restriction the Primordials placed over reality that prevented even Time himself from seeing the future, and so Rowan believed that depriving himself of the Intent of Chaos was not enough to break such a shackle, he had to be a living dimension who had access to a lower dimension such as the first and second because he theorized that the lock the Primordials placed over reality did not affect the first and second dimension.

With his understanding that he might have found a loophole in the lock set up by the Primordials, Rowan pushed his plans into overdrive, and finally, the day that he completed his Reflection Technique, everything seemed the same, reality kept running as it always was, only Rowan knew that everything had changed.

Every advantage he had would be multiplied, and the disadvantages he could not overcome would be made into stepping stones that could leapfrog him forward.

If everyone in reality were prisoners including the Primordials themselves, only Rowan was

free.

He was not just going to survive, he would thrive!

He would not cower under the mighty shadows of the Primordials, he wanted to know if he could make the pinnacle of existence, bleed.

Chapter 1271: The Limit of Infinity (4)

Rowan understood that he had a powerful weapon, but this weapon would be useless if not aimed properly and not used effectively and efficiently then the great advantage he had would be lost. There was no certainty in life, but if he managed to screw up this opportunity he had with carelessness or an ill-advised plan, then he would not rest in peace even in death, with the weight of his stupidity choking his corpse.

Every time he used this power, he must never leave any traces behind, everyone who was aware of this power would have to die at the end of every journey, it did not matter if they were to be his children, Rowan could leave no traces behind because there was no one he could ever trust with this knowledge, of all his powers, Rowan believed that this one was among the riskiest he held.

Even the future the Primordial Record saw was only an extremely accurate simulation that could be considered as close to the vision of the future as could ever be possibly created, but it was not a true vision of the future.

With this in mind, Rowan readied his powerful weapon, sought his target, and aimed for it, that target would be an Eternal Realm.

With everything that he learned about them, inside an Eternal Realm could lie the solution to one of his biggest problems, which would be ascending to the fourth dimension.

At the end of the day, if he did not swallow the Great Darkness, he must still eat something, and no matter where he took that meal from, it would be detected. Was there

anywhere in reality where he could devour a fourth dimension and still be outside the influence of the major powers in reality?

The solution to his problem would lie inside an Eternal Realm, and not just any Eternal Realm, one that would serve as his launching board to pursue the rest of his plans.

This idea was born from two things he had seen outside the universe and he saw the Frozen Road, and he knew that this would be linked to his destination because of the second factor which was the second Singularity, The World Steele.

Every Singularity had a destined owner, one that they selected based on their potential. The World Steele once had an owner, and he was dead, his remains were bound to a decaying Eternal Realm.

With the aid of the World Steele, Rowan learned a great deal about Thenos and the fate that had befallen him, and anytime he peered outside the universe and onto the frozen road, he could see the weeping heads of his mothers, and the decision to make this Eternal Realm his first sojourn into manipulating the future was firmed.

He would be creating his Reflection and sending it to the Eternal Realm of Thenos, now known to all as Doom Star

R

On the fateful day that Rowan made his decision, he went alone into a desolate corner of the universe, devoid of stars and life, and then he closed his eyes as he sat cross-legged. He began creating his first Reflection.

As indicated by the name, creating a Reflection signified creating a shadow of himself, and because it was a shadow, he could mold its form in the way he desired, ensuring that the debacle that was experienced by the Eye of Time in the creation of its Reflection did not affect his own.

When the Eye of Time had created its Reflections, it had simply patterned them after Erohim and not itself because a Reflection of an Eye of a Primordial would be countless times more powerful and also quite easy to detect, and so Rowan was lucky that the Reflections he fought was not an exact copy of the Eye.

Also, the Eye created Reflections for the purpose of carrying the weight of its existence, but the reason Rowan was creating his Reflection was to allow him to view the future, so he could not skimp on its creation and use a lesser copy, he would have to use his entire dimension as the framework for the creation.

The process of creating a Reflection was a journey in the discovery of one inner self in a way that few would ever embark upon.

If his Reflections were to become tangible entities with thoughts of their own that were exactly the same as his own, then Rowan would have to understand himself to his core. There needs to be no subterfuge in his heart or any denial of his nature, else the Reflection he would create would be skewed, and the purpose for its creation would become worthless for Rowan would not trust a Reflection that was not an exact copy of his mindset to follow the plans he needed it to follow and make the right decisions that Rowan would inevitably make when the time came for it.

Rowan sat in this place for centuries as he rediscovered himself anew. This was a process that could not be rushed, even with his mind that had transcended the galactic level, the depths of his being were vast, and dredging up every single facet of it was rigorous.

When he thought he was done, everything about himself was known, Rowan chose to repeat this process, and he did this three more times until he was sure that he had everything of himself.

Without hesitation when he knew that he had gone above and beyond to satisfy all the conditions needed, he began to create his first Reflection.

Rowan adjusted his state to the peak, and then he began to chant in the unknown language of the Primordials.

Words were the closest pathway to connect with reality, and the language that was used matters, as the degree of control over reality was tied to the sort of language that was used, and the language of the Primordials was as close to the language of reality as could be created.

The words should have no right to be uttered from the throats of anything and indeed, even though Rowan seemed to be speaking with his mouth, the sound was emerging from his entire body. It was as if every single cell in his body was chanting.

A subtle ripple emerged from his body that made reality around him transform. That ripple changed his surroundings in a manner that made it take the form of a mirror, and suddenly Rowan was surrounded by millions of Reflections of himself in every direction.

All of them sat cross-legged as he did, and they were his exact reflections except for an eerie detail, they were all staring at him with eyes that were nothing but a pool of darkness. Rowan continued chanting and unexpectedly the millions of reflections staring at him began to chant alongside him, and the already powerful sounds of the Primordial language were magnified to such an extent that it transcended words and became something primal, a deep droning melody that harkened to the beginning of everything.

Suddenly one of the reflections screamed as light erupted from its eyes and mouth and it collapsed into nothing, and soon this trend continued.

Rowan was pruning the reflections, to create one that would serve his needs was a race of survival, and only the best would be left in the end to assume the mantle of his Reflection.

As time went on, the chanting that should have been less powerful as time went on and the number of reflections dropped from the millions into the thousands instead went in the opposite direction and became deeper and more powerful. The power in this mirror-like space had reached ridiculous levels and it kept rising.

Rowan was creating an unparalleled Reflection, one that was countless times greater than what the Eye of Time had done, and the cost in essence and Aether was incalculable, there was enough essence poured into this process to light up a hundred universes, but Rowan kept pouring more, and even with the heretical regenerative properties of his dimension with the accelerated rate of time inside of it, his face still began to go pale.

Rowan's voice was still steady despite all of these, even though the strain he was under was great, for whatever trials the reflections in this mirror-like space were undergoing, he was experiencing it in a more profound manner, because he was not leaving anything to chance and was sharing all the senses of the reflections, including the ones that had failed.

If there was any promising reflection that had promise but could not survive the process, he might choose to save that Reflection. Rowan had always believed that sometimes ingenuity could be stronger than sheer strength.

The creation process continued for decades, Rowan's shadow was truly vast, and even with what could be regarded as a near-infinite source of energy he needed all of this time to create a Reflection that was worthy of his name.

Finally, there was only one left, and it was the exact copy of Rowan, except for the eyes that were nothing but a window into the void.

Rowan watched his Reflection for a brief moment, a slight look of curiosity in his eyes, he was tired, drained in a way that he had not thought possible, but he knew that it was not over, he

was nearly halfway to his goal.

Unlike the Eye of Time, he created a complete Reflection, but similar to the Eye of Time, he had to take another step further and edit the memories of this Reflection, to keep the things he needed inside of it while removing all his deeper secrets that could never see the light of

day.

It was a good thing that the core of his consciousness was so powerful that despite all of this editing to the memories of the reflection the core of who he was would never change.

Rowan's chanting had never ceased in all this time, and he slowly brought his right hand and gestured and the last Reflection rippled out of space and sat directly in front of him. With the same hand that he made the gesture with, Rowan pushed it into the head of the Reflection, his hand easily sinking through the skin and bone as if a hand were sinking into a

pool of water.

Rowan began to pick memories from the Reflection as he began to strip and block, various abilities that were inside the Reflections, accessing them could trigger the remembrance of certain memories that could clash with the directives that Rowan would be giving this

Reflection.

As this process was ongoing, Rowan began to feel an increasing sense of disquietness, something was about to happen, and he raised his alertness while leaving no outward

indicators that he had received any signs.

Suddenly Rowan found himself in the desert.

The change was drastic with no warning signs, and Rowan did not stop his actions as if he was not aware that he had just been transported into another space.

Chapter 1272: The Limit of Infinity (5)

Rowan had an idea that something strange and dangerous would happen during the creation of the Reflections, and the only reason he had this idea in the first place was when he was scrubbing through the memories of the Reflections, he noticed that towards the end of their creation, there was a sense of haste in the process.

This was the only hint he had, and using it as a frame of reference Rowan did not stop what he was doing because although it seemed as if he had been physically sent to another location, Rowan was a dimension, and teleporting him without his consent was nearly impossible, and he knew that acknowledging this change in his location would make it so.

His consciousness had been mysteriously dragged to this place because of his link with the Reflection he was about to make, and the moment he acknowledged this change, it would become permanent and he would truly be inside the desert.

Not shifting his mind away from his creation Rowan simply continued with his creation process, even when he felt a vast consciousness that was emerging from everything around him, as if the entire desert was a living entity sweeping past him repeatedly, and with every passing moment, that consciousness seems to be getting incredibly closer to

finding him. Rowan's hand rummaging inside the forehead of the Reflection paused and he withdrew it, just as he did, a whisper sound like the last breath of a dying titan swept through the desert, heading at him with incredible speed,

"X XXX XXX XXX..."

The darkness in the eyes of his Reflection faded and when he opened his eyes, Rowan was gone, and he could barely comprehend his environment before the Reflection found himself on the Frozen Road.

This Reflection possessed the mindset and character of Rowan, but his powers were incomplete, he did not know about Angels, or the Primordial Record and he believed that his bloodline of the Ouroboros Serpent granted him only a single Serpent under his control.

There were many minor changes in his memories, but what was important was that this Reflection knew that the reality outside of this universe was dangerous, and he needed to find a way to survive and thrive because he knew that he would soon be ascending into the fourth dimension and when he did, he might draw the attention of the Primordials.

He contemplated the road he should travel, he could either go to the land of Miracles where he could find Elura his mother, and learn more about his past, he could go to the Great Abyss, the land of Demons, or to the Great Labyrinth, which he had learned was a powerful Primordial power that basically was a great trading hub that covered the entirety of reality and was a great place to find opportunities.

After contemplating for a while, Rowan Decided to go to the Great Abyss. Like all Primordial Realms, it could be regarded as infinite in size, and due to its many levels that were semi- independent of each other, if he was careful enough he could stay under the radar with his guise as a Demon King.

He had all the memories of billions of Demons inside of him due to the war with the Reflections, these memories also included those from Demon Princes and Kings. With these memories, he could slowly carve out a stake in the Great Abyss as he grew his powers and the tactics he might use to ascend the dimensional ladder as a living dimension.

There was also the fact that he learned from the memories of the Demons that the Great Abyss had a very corrupting influence on those that entered it, slowly transforming them into its likeness, for some of the great Demon Lords of the Abyss were even Celestials who entered the Great Abyss and fell to its temptations of great power.

As a result of this, the gates of the Great Abyss were wide open and they were not against the incursions of foreign invaders or lost beings who found themselves inside this Domain

by accident, for this was a realm of eternal battle, and the Great Abyss valued only strength. There could not be a better place for Rowan to start his journey.

On the way to the Great Abyss, Rowan heard the songs of the famed Sirens, and he found meaning in them, and so he was inspired.

From the Frost Giants that were unique to the Frozen Road, he made a book from their skin, but he stopped himself from completing the last page, fearing that there would be great changes inside the Frozen Road that could destabilize whatever future plans he had.

This Reflection spent a thousand years creating this book and kept it inside his dimension, he did not question the reason he did this, he only thought it was normal and even when the book vanished like it did not exist in the first place, he did not even realize it.

His journey to the Great Abyss was fraught with peril, and when he arrived the battle for his existence took a dramatic turn for the worse, but Rowan was a creature that thrived in adversity and he grew, and he learned and ultimately his eyes turned to the realm of Doom Star, he had no idea what it was at first, but gathering information in the Great Abyss had shown him that there could be a pleasant surprise when he entered within.

This information had emerged from a powerful seventh Dimensional entity who called himself Seed, and although he refused to tell Rowan his origins, Rowan had still sensed a feeling of familiarity from this being, and it would seem that the feeling was mutual for during his time in the Great Abyss before he entered Doom Star, Seed was a great help, he even provided the propulsion that Rowan needed to enter the realm.

He believed that Seed saw him as a weird creature, a being whose physical strength seemed to grow without limits, but Rowan knew that he had been limiting his growth would soon come to an end if he did not take the next step, and it was a bitter pill to swallow. Rowan had spent tens of millions of years in the Great Abyss by this point and his powers had grown despite the fact that he was suppressing himself from reaching the fourth dimension. Climbing the dimensional ladder was not the only pathway of power for him, but he would inevitably reach a limit when his dimension had been filled to the brim and he needed to venture into a new one to continue the process of his growth.

That was the reason why even though he could tear Demon Lords to pieces at this point, he still required the aid of Seed to propel him into Doom Star.

However, the moment the Reflection broke through the barrier that bound this realm, something changed as the World Stele he had forgotten about appeared before him, and his body was dragged into this realm's past.

A billion years into the past!

R

Back in the universe of Rowan's birth, he rested for a while after the creation of his first Reflection while he pondered on the process.

He could not help but smile when he opened his palm and a blue metallic book appeared. From the moment he sent the Reflection outside the universe, it had only been three hours, but Rowan had lived nearly a billion years.

This was just the beginning. He had finished resting and he began the process of creating the second Reflection.

Chapter 1273: The Limit of Infinity (6)

Rowan could not acquire the entire vision of the future, he had been able to witness nearly the entire life experience of the Reflection before directing it towards the position he wanted and then he ended its life.

He could not take any chances, he must be the only one who knew that he could travel to the future, it was a secret that he couldn't trust himself, using the singularity World Stele was a necessary evil, one that Rowan had already made plans for, but he was still playing that card close to the chest.

Rowan began his chanting once again, yet only with close observation would it be revealed that the words he used were slightly different. After creating his first Reflection, his Knowledge Well Chamber had been hard at work further enhancing the process that could be easily regarded as already perfect, plus the experiences his Reflection had made through its long life had changed some of Rowan's perspective on life, and he applied those changes to his new creation.

The process went nearly the same as before, yet instead of millions of reflections staring at him, there were barely a million here. The process of selection was even more grueling, Rowan would be impacting a different set of powers to the second Reflection and he needed it to be more perfect than the first.

As the completion of the second Reflection neared, Rowan began to sense the incoming danger as he had once experienced during the first, but this time it was different, far lesser than he had first experienced, by this time he had already found himself in the desert, however, this time it was different.

Changing the procedure for the creation of the second Reflection was not just to make it more efficient, it would also be far harder to track. He knew that he could not totally avoid this summon, because it was an inevitable process of creating a Reflection, but he would hide from it as much as possible.

When the eyes of this Reflection opened inside the frozen road, he seemed to have heard a disbelieving cry of anger from somewhere and he looked around for a moment but he detected no one, except a faint sense of heat and the smell of sand.

Rowan looked within himself he had access to only a single Ouroboros Serpent, and dozing on his shoulder was a small white form, who sneezed violently as the cold air of the Frozen Road entered its nostrils and red eyes opened filled with violence and Vraeger roared but a look from Rowan transformed what would have been a long roar into a choked cough,

“Father, what is this place, it is not inside your dimension, the air here is empty and the voices of those floating heads are giving me a migraine... ugh.”

“We are in the Frozen Waste, Vraegar. I am here to find the road to take on my journey. Look in the distance, my child, and see the realm of eternities that have opened before us, and now we only need to find the road that is our own, but you are right...”

Rowan looked at the six massive heads above, and he frowned, “The sound they are making is truly unpleasant, is it not? There should be a message within, it should not take long for me to decipher it.”

Those words came back to haunt him as Rowan found himself spending a thousand years creating a book that recorded all the words from the heads that he now knew as the Sirens, but he did not complete the last page.

Over these thousand years, he had discussed with Vraeger all the possible paths that he would be taking, and finally, they had settled into heading towards the realm of the Celestials.

There were many reasons why Rowan thought that he should follow this path, among the many things that he was, he was also a Celestial Creator, and although he understood that this was a detail that he needed to keep under wraps while he was in the realm of Celestials, the chance to learn about the birthplace of Angels was too invaluable to give up.

This journey would be dangerous, but Rowan knew no better way to enhance the process of his creation which would directly affect one of the most critical pillars of his entire power structure. There was great risk in entering the lands of Angels with their strict sense of hierarchy and their inherent pride, perfection, and sheer supremacy.

Vraegar at this point in time could not follow Rowan into the Celestial lands, and so Rowan sent him into the first level of the Great Abyss, with his powers, Vraeger would be able to easily gain more experience and his growth would be unchecked, in the Celestial lands he would most likely be killed due to his mutant status as a vampiric dragon that could drain everything around him given enough time. He was a dragon that was a perfect

fit for the Great Abyss, at least until he could grow strong enough before he could venture into other lands and become a great source of power for Rowan.

Taking the form of an Angel at first, Rowan ventured into the lands of the Celestial, a realm that was not only infinite in size but whose inhabitant often patrolled the rest of reality, keeping balance and punishing evil. As an Angel his life was a brief flash barely lasting a thousand years before he was drowned under the tides of endless battle.

The life of a normal Angel was not an easy one, and although he only lasted a thousand years as one, Rowan had learnt a lot, and he kept taking this form, wishing to know how long he could survive as an Angel.

After a hundred tries the most years he could live was a million years. At this point he had explored everything that it would mean for him to be an Angel, and Rowan pushed ahead and took the form of an Archangel.

Chapter 1274: The Limit of Infinity (7)

Rowan's life as an Archangel was equally as stressful, placed in charge of a million Angels and sent to watch over a series of developing universes that had been rescued from the ravages of demons.

He spent tens of millions of years alongside cohorts of Archangels, and over that time he patrolled through tens of thousands of universes, fought countless battles, even fell in love with a mortal woman, and for the same day every century, he visited the same universe, found the one planet in the multitude of galaxies that it contained and sat at the top of the mountain where he laid her to rest, his four wings spread wide open and his light bathing the entire planet as the glowing shadows of his wings were imprinted on the sky, from horizon to horizon.

Her name was Tera, and despite the fleeting nature of her mortal life, she still took the heart of a living dimension, even if he was wearing the form of an Archangel.

At that moment Rowan recognized a change in himself that he could not understand, a Celestial was never meant to fall in love, and he should not have been able to, but something strange happened, a sensation across time that should not be possible, because for the first time in a long time, he really felt this.

Perhaps it was for this reason that he was blindsided. Celestials do not fall in love, they had the capability for it, but their mindset had been programmed to follow only the Will of Light, their service to it was everything, and for the lesser Angels, going against that Will was harder than a one-armed man swimming across the ocean.

The blinding light that fell on the planet should have turned it to ash, but the Archangel's wings held them back. News of his centennial sojourn into this universe had become

known to the enemies of the Celestials and Archangels, not among the most powerful of Angels but still influential enough to warrant attention.

Enemies of Celestials surrounded the planet, and Rowan was besieged by enemies more powerful than him and in greater numbers, but in an act of sheer will that went beyond anything that he could have pulled off naturally, he survived, and not just survived, but he slaughtered all of them, but his injuries were too heavy and he passed away.

A century later, a Sovereign took over an entire universal sector, an area that controlled thirty thousand universes.... Coincidentally inside that area was Doom Star, and it drew Rowan's attention. The hierarchy of Celestials was too strict and if Rowan was going to reach the top as an Angel, he may have to spend many eternities in order to do so, that was an extremely risky prospect, as he did not know how long he could stay under the radar.

Building a profound celestial array in secret, Rowan used it as a springboard to launch himself into Doom Star, his Sovereign body was twisted into a ray of light, and before he could break into the core of the realm, the World Stele appeared and he was sent back in time, into Doom Star's past.

R

Inside the universe of his birth, Rowan opened his eyes. In real-time, less than four days had passed after he sent the Reflection outside the universe, and inside his dimension was a second blue book and a vast amount of information.

Rowan might not have learned much about the Celestial as he might have liked but he was a bit surprised that he was able to fall in love in this incarnation of his life that he sent into the future.

His experiment with Reflections might be going according to plan, but Rowan was getting worried that there might be an aspect of it that he was not fully understanding. The vision of the desert and the presence searching for him was something that Rowan could deal with, he was already used to the madness and horror of reality, but the fact that he could fall in love scared him.

The vulnerability he felt at that moment was profound because the act of falling in love signified a full release of all barriers he had in his... soul? That was something he had lost long ago, was it possible that his Will of Soul was having a resurgence? Plus what was that weird feeling that this sensation was being carried across time?

Perhaps dabbling with the future may have consequences that when someone like him might not have complete control over, but Rowan was not discouraged, as he had expected that understanding the nature of the future was something that would take time to understand, and such things would always come with its danger, the question was if he was capable of handling that danger.

Rowan sighed, as he reviewed what a portion of his consciousness pillars had reviewed about the desert. He had information from only two sources and it had easily given him the answers to this quandary.

The desert he was sent to was most likely the Great Desert, a place that connected all the universes in existence and was the area where all the Will of every universe were housed.

The Third Prince had come here to hunt Fourth and he had crossed this desert where he had seen countless shades of powerful creatures who had existed across all Time from the past to the present. This Great Desert seemed like a graveyard of the powerful.

Swallowing the Will of this universe had given him access to this place and he had the option of placing his Will into this place for safekeeping, but there was no way Rowan was going to ever do such a thing, and he had long closed the chapter to that place and kept it behind him, but the creation of the Reflections had begun to recreate his connection with this place.

The presence that had been hunting for him inside that desert was a strange addition that had not come up in any of the memories that he had of the Great Desert.

If that place had a Will, then it would be this presence, but what kind of presence could rule over a place like that?

Placing that line of thought aside, Rowan focused on the next set of experiments he had been focused on, which was bringing Vraegar with the Reflection to see what would happen.

Of all his children, the little dragon was hardy enough to survive this experiment and part of Rowan's consciousness zoomed over to check the status of that dragon even as another part of himself began to refine the next refinement of the Reflection creation methodology.

Vraegar at this point had reached the limit of his growth inside his dimension, and he was sleeping on a pile of treasure that could spread across a galaxy, and his present size was greater than multiple stars stacked together.

Rowan watched his son shiver in his sleep and squeezed his wings around himself as if he were cold, and he sighed in disappointment when he noticed that Vraegar had been unable to bring anything back from the future, even with his connection with the dragon.

The only consolation he had was that the dragon was not hurt.

Rowan pushed all concerns he had aside as he focused on summoning the third Reflection.

Chapter 1275 The Limit of Infinity (8)

It was a delicate balancing act to improve every iteration of his Reflection while keeping their unknown connection with the Great Desert which was quite a difficult problem to solve seeing that the closer he got to further perfecting the formula for the Reflections, the closer their connection to the Great Desert became deeper.

The only way he was keeping ahead of the curve was that with every improvement of the Reflection formula, he was almost creating a new summoning ritual every time, an incredible process that only his powerful mind was capable of, and as the fruit of his glorious experiment bloomed, Rowan had to admit, despite the craziness of messing with the future, he was enjoying every moment of it.

The challenge was thrilling on a level that was difficult for him to conceptualize.

The creation of the third Reflection summoning ritual completed, Rowan waited a month to realign his consciousness to reflect the changes that had happened with his sojourn into the future twice.

He began the ritual once more, and this time when his Reflection appeared they were less than a hundred thousand, also they were no longer staring at him, but at each other, it was as if even before the elimination process had begun, every reflection here was beginning to compete with each other.

The process began once more and as he approached the end, the call of the Great Desert was stronger than ever, but the process was completed without a hitch and his Reflection was sent outside the universe. Rowan looked to the side, at nearly a million universes away where the Will of the Great Desert had swept past, his eyes were cold. This Will, it seemed that it might be a problem very soon and Rowan was not one that was fond of finding him. He had to deal with this Will and the first step was to find all the information about the Great Desert and fast, its Will was closing up on him.

Rowan stood in the Frozen Waste as he finished recording the songs of the Siren after a thousand years, and his sight turned towards the area where the Inheritance Ground was located, after a while of deliberation he was going after the Children of Chaos.

There were many reasons he shouldn't do this but there were still many reasons why he should. The power of Chaos was one of the central lynchpins of his entire power set, and of all the Primordials, Chaos had the most to lose if Rowan grew stronger, If what Caine had told Rowan was true, then he might possibly be the greatest threat against Chaos. Rowan did not think he could personally harm the Primordial, at least not yet, but he was beginning to learn that these ancient figures had agendas that they could not see fail, and he was sure that an existence like him was not in their plans.

Taking the form of a Chaos Blood was easy, if there was one thing that Chaos did not skimp back on, it was in distributing his bloodline, even if it was a diluted version of it, they all seemed to serve its purpose in some shape or form.

Taking the form of a corrupted shield, Rowan journeyed into the Inheritance Ground of Chaos, and his time within was mostly peaceful. In the Inheritance Ground, it was a personal choice to pursue danger or opportunities, as being a bloodline of Chaos meant you were safe inside the Inheritance Ground, except you chose to follow many of the various factions created by higher dimensional Chaos Bloods and became involved in the endless politicking that those who chase the ephemeral allure of power followed.

Rowan made a name for himself as a trader. He was somehow able to find some of the rarest materials around and his prices were some of the best. He did not chase profits and knew the right hands to grease to allow his stall to be outside the problems around in this place.

While inside the Inheritance Ground, he learned a great deal about reality, however, his focus had always been on the Great Darkness, and the majority of his search even though he kept this under wraps as much as he could, was to learn about this dimension.

There was a famed map of the Great Darkness, but it had long been shattered into many pieces. With the infinite size of the Great Darkness, a map of it would grant great power to the one who possessed it. With the Great Darkness connected to every Dimension in reality, including those that were known and unknown, there was an infinite source of wealth and power out there waiting for those who could find it, and that map was the key.

For Rowan this map meant something else, it could be his chance to understand this powerful fourth dimension in a way that could help him if he was going to stand against the powers of Chaos in the coming future. He had never cared for treasures or power because he had the greatest treasures inside of him, he was only looking for opportunities to dig deeper into the mysteries of Chaos.

Rowan was able to gather a great deal of information on the Inheritance Ground and slowly but surely, the map pieces he held were growing, reaching an extent that few would ever imagine.

Since he began to look for rarer pieces of the map, it was inevitable that he began rubbing shoulders with higher-dimensional Chaos Bloods, and there he began to learn more about the prison of Chaos, and the power that held him bound to the Gates of Oblivion.

However, his treasures of map pieces were soon discovered by those searching for them and they came for him, but he was already gone, he knew how long he had before his time ran out, Rowan left a delightful present behind, one that rocked the foundations of the Inheritance Ground when he left a backway into the Inheritance Ground that led to the Great Abyss inside his stall.

The passage only lasted for a short while, it was impossible for it to last very long as it was already considered impossible for such a thing to happen in the first place.

In the short time that the doorway was opened, a veritable host of Demons flooded the Inheritance Ground of Chaos, even three Demon Lords came through the passage before it was closed, and during the chaos of the battle, Rowan slipped away and found himself heading towards Doom Star.

Before escaping he had raided much of the Inheritance Ground, revealing his full might and tearing through the defenses of the Chaos Bloods. Rowan stole countless treasures on this day before he vanished, a host of Chaos Blood on his heels crying bloody murder, but he managed to give them the slip and found himself hovering over Doom Star.

He had always wanted to understand the mysteries behind this realm and others like it that had existed before the Primordial Era, who knew what marvelous new discoveries he could find inside, he needed time to digest the benefits he had gained in the Inheritance Ground as he slowly pooled together the map pieces.

Inside the universe Rowan opened his eyes, there were three blue books floating inside his dimension.

Chapter 1276 The Limit of Infinity (9)

In the summoning of his fourth Reflection, the process became even more refined as the reflections summoned from the start were less than ten thousand.

The aggression in their bodies was palpable and when they began chanting alongside Rowan, the aggression in their words and posture made the mirror space ripple.

The power that emerged from this Reflection was one of the greatest amongst all that he had created, and as he sent it out of the universe, the roar from the Great Desert grew closer and so were the cold flames in the eyes of Rowan.

Of all the Reflections he had made, he gave this one most of his abilities, and this was done for one reason only-Find the Will behind the Great Desert.

Rowan could no longer continue with this experiment if he knew that there may be something that could interfere with this process.

He had few clues about the Great Desert, even after all the lives he had lived outside the universe and he found it odd. The fact that one of the greatest influences in existence was so unknown, he would have thought having lived nearly a million years combined outside the universe in three Primordial domains, he did not come across any mention of the Will of this desert.

Its influence was spread all around Reality and yet there was still silence when it came to acknowledging its presence, it was almost as if everyone had forgotten about it. What power could be responsible for clouding the minds of the entirety of Reality?

Rowan's eyes opened inside the Frozen Waste, and for a moment he could hardly move because of the piercing pain knifing through his skull. He stayed still and observed the pain, unraveling every portion of it, and he was disturbed when he could not find the root of it, and when the pain was gone, the memory of his attempts to find the root of this pain was also gone and his viewpoint was dominated by the cries of the six sirens above.

A flirting thought that he was forgetting something extremely important passed through his head, but soon even that was gone.

He spent another thousand years making a book of the sirens and then he wondered about the direction he should pursue to reach the next step in his Ascension, and he made the decision that he would be heading for the Great Labyrinth.

With the memories that he gained from the Reflections of the Eye of Time he knew that this was one of the most powerful and secretive Primordial Powers in all of reality, however, its influence reached more of reality than any other Primordial powers in existence.

This Primordial was the principal trading space for the entirety of reality. This Primordial Domain reached all parts of reality, and those with access to it could trade for anything... anything, if you could pay the price that is.

Rowan believed that instead of pursuing power in other Primordial Domains where he would need to plot, fight, kill, and do other dastardly acts to gain those powers, the best path forward would be for him to trade for it.

He had access to the greatest treasure in reality, yes, which was Soul Energy, but even till this moment, he did not still have the optimal method to access all the potential of this power, how could he, the potential for soul energy was limitless, and he was always discovering new methods to use it.

Rowan believed that in the Great Labyrinth, he would finally have access to all of the treasures of reality, and would not necessarily have to trade for them, if he understood how the treasures that governed reality worked, then with soul energy he would be able to replicate them.

Treasures were only a small part of it, there were spells, techniques, and everything under reality for sale, and he only needed to find them.

However, it turned out that searching for the Great Labyrinth was not as easy as he thought. His journey to find it took him across countless dimensions and Rowan nearly died a thousand times over until he reached a world where Labyrinth Passes could be located.

There were two methods to access the Great Labyrinth, there was the widely available Labyrinth Token that could be easily gotten from any trader in reality, with the token, one

could buy and sell anything they required, and the second method of gaining access to the Great Labyrinth was with the Passes.

With this pass, it was possible for an individual to gain true access to the Great Labyrinth and become one of its denizens, usually referred to as Labyrinth Specters. These inhabitants of the Great Labyrinth could access nearly all portions of it, and they could exchange for treasures far more cheaply.

The latter was not the reason Rowan was interested in becoming a Labyrinth Specter, it was the access to the Great Labyrinth that he wanted. There was simply too much that was contained in the Great Labyrinth and if he were to simply be using a Labyrinth token he could spend many Minor Eras and he would be barely scratching the surface.

For anyone else, this would be a great opportunity that even the graces of a thousand lifetimes could never compare to, but Rowan required more than petty treasures, he wanted the real secrets behind reality, not the minor fluff on the surface.

On reaching that world Rowan found out that he was not the only one who knew about the Labyrinth passes being on this world. Every Pass was a treasure that was rarely released outside the Great Labyrinth and although the news of this Pass should have been a well-kept secret, it was still leaked and Rowan and many others who came for it found themselves inside a trap.

However, the participants who came for these passes were not simple individuals and their powers were incredibly great even Rowan was just a small fry here.

The planet was reduced to ash in mere moments alongside a healthy chunk of the dimension it was situated in, escaping from the rubble was an injured Rowan who had snagged one of the passes during the Chaos, and with him was another individual, a being named Seed, who was one of the strongest participants in the battle, and he helped Rowan survive the devastation that followed.

It was Seed that pointed Rowan to Doom Star, a realm that would provide him safety as he integrated with the Labyrinth Pass.

Entering this realm, he was seized by the World Stele and taken to the past seven hundred million years ago.

Inside the universe, Rowan opened his eyes, and at first, there was a cold fire inside them as he found out that memories of finding the Great Desert could not be accessed while he was outside the universe. It was as if a great filter had been placed over all of reality outside the third dimension that blocked all knowledge of the Great Desert, and this was very concerning, for he knew of nothing that should be able to do such a thing except a Primordial power, and yet the Great Desert did not seem to have the power of a Primordial Domain.

Also, who was this Seed that he had already seen twice in two separate domains?

Chapter 1277 The Limit of Infinity (10)

Placing aside the mysteries that encircled the entirety of Reality above all the material universes, Rowan focused on the constant that had been on his two trips to the future, which was this Seed.

The appearance of this being was distinct, taking the shape of an older man with white hair and a long beard, his eyes were entirely white as if he was blind, and he was one of the most powerful higher-dimensional immortals that Rowan had ever witnessed.

His appearance in two different domains could be explained as a coincidence, but personally encountering Rowan and also helping him into the Eternal Realm of Doom Star was extremely suspicious.

A part of his consciousness pillars had already analyzed the familiar sensation that he had felt from Seed and he came to the conclusion that the familiarity was emerging from his third bloodline, his Tree of Desire bloodline.

Rowan groaned, “The Land of Miracles... Elura, Seed... this could become a problem.” He could easily infer that this being came from the Primordial Domain that possessed the bloodline associated with the Tree of Desire, the realm of the Eldar.

Why would seed be interested in him and how was he able to find his Incarnations through time?

There was one detail about Seed that Rowan found suspicious and might be the reason that Seed had taken an interest in him, he had barely said it in passing, but Rowan had picked out this small detail, it was about a particular technique that this being said he suspected that Rowan would be a good match for.

In the two instances, Rowan had met this being, he had mentioned this technique, calling it the culmination of an Era, and this had drawn Rowan’s attention now that he was thinking about it, he must find a way to learn what this technique might be capable of. It would be a good thing if the interest of Seed may be tied up in this technique alone, but what were the chances?

Rowan gritted his teeth, assuming the worst. Perhaps his secret sojourn to the future was not so secret after all, and even before he began he had already failed. In his hubris, did he think he was the only one who could see through the fog of time?

However the more Rowan thought about it, the more suspicious he became. Maybe he was looking at this situation in the wrong manner. Here he was, thinking that he had been

seen through by Seed and his secrets discovered, what if it was the other way round, and instead of Seed finding out his secret, he had just discovered the secret of Seed?

What did he know about this enigmatic being? Well, of the four domains he had traversed with his Reflections, he had met this old man in two of them, and perhaps the only reason he had not met him in all fours was because of the situation he was in both times he did not see Seed was because he had been isolated.

As an Angel and a Chaos Blood, Rowan had not reached certain hotspots because he was confined in the domains of those Primordial, while in the Great Abyss or chasing after the Labyrinth Pass, he had been exposed, causing him to come into contact with Seed.

As his name suggested, did this Seed have well seeds spread all over reality? From what purpose would it serve?

Rowan decided to watch out for this being as he began preparing himself to summon his fifth Reflection. The Labyrinth Pass had not returned like the books, but Rowan could still feel its presence, and it was inside Doom Star. Rowan had a guess how this was possible, because he knew that certain powerful treasures were present across all of time, and their owner could summon it from any particular time period that they desired, although he knew that most would never think that a treasure could be summoned from the future.

With his journey into the future he had come across two points of interest, the Great Desert and Seed, one seemed more dangerous than the other, but he was not taking any of them lightly, they were two very dangerous components in his plans that he did not have the power to easily erase, and that troubled him.

Even as he digested the experience from the Reflection, he deliberated on the next steps he would be taking. His overall plan was proceeding in a marvelous manner, as the four books inside his dimension were proof enough. Other things by the side may have drawn his attention, but the primary focus has never changed, it was to become stronger and climb the pathway to the higher dimension.

Rowan knew that for him, breaching the fourth dimension would be incredibly difficult, but he believed that if he could succeed, the power he could gain from it would be so incredible, that he should be able to use it to easily push through to the higher dimensions.

The difficulty of reaching the higher dimensions from the third to the fourth was so monumental, in the scale of the entirety of reality, barely a fraction of all beings made it through, however, the difficulties associated with his own were somewhat different, he could easily gain this power, but the price he would have to pay would be terrible when the highest of all existence would fall upon him in fury to deny his existence. Knowing he was on his way to succeeding, Rowan pushed aside all distracting thoughts and focused on the summoning of the fifth Reflection.

At this time Rowan had refined this process into an art, and he no longer chanted, because his entire dimension had been arranged in such a specific formation that his being willed his reflections into existence.

Inside his dimension, Rowan used planets and stars as nodes in this universal formation, moving billions of stars and trillions of worlds in a specific pattern to mimic the chanting of the Reflection technique; his body had become a grand formation that had never been seen.

As a new way to utilize his capabilities as a living dimension, he was very satisfied with it. In terms of who could cast spells of equal power with him in the third-dimensional level, then Rowan could beat his chest with pride that from the beginning of time to its end, no other third-dimensional being has ever matched him or would ever match him.

He pitied anything that this power was turned against. However, knowing that his enemies were equally as frightful if not more powerful, tempered away any pride that would have grown in his heart. His enemies had never been on the same level as him. A power like his would inevitably draw challenges, and those challenges would never

be weak.

A thousand Reflections were summoned this time, and the process became even more brutal, and the last one that arose nearly opened his eyes inside the material universe before he was sent out of it.

Rowan crouched as he touched the cold ground of the Frozen Waste, the cries of the sirens above barely drawing his attention.

There was something missing in his memories and he would not let it go because it was on the edge of his perception, and if he could sense it, then in time he should be

able to reach it.

It was unknown how long it lasted but Rowan gritted his teeth as he mouthed,

“Desert!”

Above him, the heavens rumbled.

Chapter 1278 The Limit Of Infinity (11)

The heavens rumbled, and the sky darkened as if a shade of blank ink had been done over the entirety of Reality, everything went black, and this was not an illusion, or if it was, it was one that Rowan could not see through. Whispers seemed to travel through space and entered his mind directly, and if not for the fragmented nature of Rowan’s consciousness,

he would have gone mad, and this fate seemed not to be far off due to the strain his consciousness pillars were enduring at every moment.

Rowan shivered, the sense of danger he had felt at this moment was strange, it was like being slowly suffocated in your sleep and there was a sense that if he did not quickly forget what he had just remembered, then he would lose something precious to him.

His memory was a beacon shining out in the darkness, and if he did not let it go, that overwhelming darkness would suffocate him under its relentless tides. Rowan choked and fell to his knees, his body began to darken, even his bones and blood, and before long, he was been assimilated by this darkness, his limbs the first to be slowly vanishing.

Rowan roared in his mind in disbelief and anger, but he knew the answer to this problem, and with a low groan, he let go of the memory of the desert.

It was difficult for him to let go of something after it had been claimed by him, as it went against his nature, but to survive this unknown danger, Rowan released the knowledge he had seized, and he was a bit perplexed that had been able to easily let go. If it was before, Rowan would have waited until he was past the edge of death before he released this memory, after he had ensured ten times over that there was nothing he could do to change the outcome.

It may seem that his mental state had become much stronger or had evolved without his knowing, which for him should be impossible, something was wrong...

The darkness as if it had not existed and covered the entirety of reality vanished like a forgotten dream, and he was restored to his previous state. There was no cry of alarm, he was the only one aware of these changes.

Rowan buried himself in the earth, not trying to push through the barrier that had blocked the memory he had just let go, there was only danger there, and for now, it was not with challenging that danger, what he was worried about was his mindset, and how calmly he had been able to let go of his prize.

After reviewing himself for a while, Rowan thought that perhaps these changes came about because he had created a super-consciousness inside his mind, and left it at that. Even if there seemed to be no aftereffects when the darkness arrived and disappeared, Rowan could not be sure if it was noticed by other parties, so he left and headed to another far corner of the Frozen Waste where he climbed on a mountain and laid on his back.

As he lay there on the ground, his eyes looked at the skies at the sirens wailing above, and he decided to record their message.

Over the thousand years, it took for him to do so, he was always struck with how familiar he found the words from the heads, and when I was done he stopped at the last page, not recording the final messages.

What Rowan found interesting was that he found it particularly difficult to stop himself from recording the last pages even though he suspected that it might cause great changes across reality.

Done with this task he took in a deep breath as he focused on what was to come ahead, which Primordial Domain should he enter in order to push his progress forward.

Rowan did not have to make this decision for long because it would seem as if it had already been made for him, that was because he could hear the call of the Labyrinth Pass in the distance.

He did not know how it came to be that he had merged with this Pass but he could distinctly feel that it belonged to him, and the call could not be faked. He had no knowledge of a Labyrinth Pass before he left the universe, and now it was as if he had known of it all his life.

The Great Labyrinth would not have been his first choice, but fate it seems had already made his choice for him.

The call of the Labyrinth Pass was from a great distance, greater than Rowan had traversed in his entire life, and he knew that the journey to reach it would not be easy. and he was right.

It took him almost four hundred thousand years to reach his destination, and the adventures and dangers he faced along the way were monumental.

Due to the fact that he could not push into the fourth dimension and had to maintain the guise that he was a fourth-dimensional immortal because only immortals at this level were worthy enough to go on such a journey, Rowan learned the act of duplicity to a high level, understanding the ways to mimic higher dimensional abilities with the powers of the third, and for the most part he succeeded, but the dangers he faced along the way had to be alleviated by his Luck, he would not have survived.

The years were long and lonely, but it shaped and hardened Rowan. For the first time since he left the universe, everything was new, and danger could arise from any point and take any form, being the lowest on the food chain was no longer a novel experience, but there was something tantalizing about being on the edge of the knife that pushed focus and determination to the next level.

Rowan reached Doom Star, a wreck, chased by a thousand enemies he had made along the way-the ones he had been too weak to kill.

They all thought he was being condemned to death when he thrust himself into this malefic star whose nature was so foul that it branded his senses with rot and decay, and as the pressure from the World's Will encircled him, threatening to shatter his senses, he was dragged into the past of Doom Star, six hundred million years ago by the World Steele.

Inside the universe, Rowan opened his eyes and frowned. In the fifth Reflection, he had given it more presence of mind and awareness of the general situation facing him in regard to the desert and the Labyrinth Pass. The Reflection had been more suspicious about the state of its consciousness, but those suspicions were quickly laid to the side.

What was important to Rowan was that the experiment was successful and the Reflection had been able to remember the desert even from outside the universe, however, the response he received from this strange power was more drastic than he had foreseen.

That force that encircled his body was familiar, yet he had no memory of it. Rowan was stumped and for a while, he stopped the summoning of the sixth Reflection and pondered where that familiarity had emerged.

Through careful deduction, the truth was revealed to him and he found the connection, Rowan whispered to himself,

"The Gates of Oblivion."

Rowan knew that Chaos had bound himself to these gates, but he did not know the reason why the Primordial had done such a thing.

At first, he had thought that this might be a punishment from the other Primordials, holding Chaos down so the Primordial might not spread his influence unchecked, but now Rowan was beginning to see another aspect to this event, one that was far more sinister.

Rowan knew that the Primordials were not at peace with each other, maybe in the past they would come together to fight against a common enemy, but now the fight was done, and everything that could threaten their reign had been abolished from history, the only enemy left was themselves, and if this were to be the case, then there would be several underhand dealings that might be happening among the Primordials. He was now seriously considering the fact that maybe Chaos did not bound himself to the Gates of Oblivion out of the goodness of his heart, maybe this Primordial had been sneakily blinding the rest of reality to his machinations.

Rowan knew of only one creature strong enough to command powers that could affect the entirety of reality, and that was a Primordial. What did Chaos have to hide? Perhaps he had just peeked behind the curtains at the hidden war of the Primordials! If this was the truth, Rowan did not want to interfere. Primordials at war was a good thing for him, it gave him the space to fully develop himself under their mighty shadow, and every movement made by such mighty beings was always sure to muddy the waters, and he needed to hide inside the murk... for now.

With the understanding that Chaos might be making hidden moves against the other Primordials, Rowan decided to take advantage of it.

If the touch of Oblivion was already covering the minds of everyone above the third dimension, how could Rowan use this to his advantage?

Pushing many consciousness pillars to tackle these new changes that he had just uncovered, the creation of his sixth Reflection came underway.

This time when he began the summoning process, there were barely a hundred Reflections here. His progress over time was palpable.

Chapter 1279 The Limit Of Infinity (final)

As Rowan began the creation of his sixth Reflection, he was going over the overall plan in his head. Although the Reflections were not aware of it, every book they had been creating came from each of the heads of the Sirens.

If the sixth Reflection succeeded, that meant it had collected the words from the six heads, and this was the plan of the World Stele, a method to infiltrate Doom Star at the roots and become part of its governing power, but Rowan was not satisfied with just relying on the plans of the World Stele when he could make it for his vision for the future much closely.

However, he knew that doing this would come with great risk, for there was a possibility that the World Stele would not support his actions, Rowan was still determined to go through with it.

With the lessons he had learned from the Primordial Record, he knew that

Singularities had a mind of their own, and their end goal and his would not necessarily match up.

The World Stele already had an owner, even if he was dead. Thenos was an Eternal Being that was at the eighth-dimensional level, but what separated these eighth-dimensional immortals who held an Eternal Realm from the conventional eighth-dimensional immortal was that they had been around since the beginning, even before Reality was formed by Chaos, and they had the opportunity to collect the first Primordial Essence alongside the Primordials.

Although the amount they collected was small, just a fraction of that power was enough to transform them into beings that were second only to the Primordials. It gave them great glory but also led to their downfall.

Their fall signified the end of the Primordial Era, which could be considered a time when creatures who could lay claim to be equal to Primordials were abundant, and now there were none like them in existence.

The deal between the World Stele and Rowan was simple: resurrect Thenos, and the World Stele would give Rowan the entirety of Thenos's Fourth and Fifth dimensions. As an Eternal Realm, its structure could not be compared to the flimsy fourth and with dimension created by a normal World Bearer.

This was the plan, but for Rowan, it was not enough, of course, he would never come out and say this plainly, because he was sure that no matter how convincing the World Stele might sound, this Singularity could not be trusted, Rowan trusted nothing that he could not control, experience had taught him as much.

As he created the sixth Reflection, he secretly began to make three more, and these came from his flesh and were not molded from his spells.

Instead of Reflections, it would be better to call them... clones.

He chose to take such a great risk for two reasons, the first was to be ready against whatever plans that the World Stele might have that would go against his interest and the second was related to the Great Desert and how he could increase his understanding of it.

There was

Oblivion.

connection he had discovered between the Great Desert and the Gate of

Both of these places belonged to Chaos. At the moment Rowan as a living third dimension had a connection with the Great Desert, he simply had to open a doorway to it and easily place his Will inside for safekeeping. The same way the Will of every Third Dimensional Universes was kept.

Obviously, he would not be doing such a thing, but it was this connection with the Great Desert that Rowan began to detect traces of Oblivion over it.

It did not take long for him to understand that the reason he could detect these traces of Oblivion at all was that he had a connection with the Great Desert, and as he still greatly suspected, his first and second dimension seemed to be able to break past barriers made by even Primordials because they were not even aware of its existence, or if they did, they did not control it.

Proof of this hypothesis was apparent when Rowan discovered that his Reflections created by the technique using the Primordial Language did not have access to his first and second

dimensions. was as if reality itself couldn't even conceptualize that these dimensions could be reflected in the body of an individual.

Rowan was discovering that if he wanted to understand the Great Desert and Oblivion, while also plotting against the World Stele he would need more than an average Reflection.

The creation of these three last Reflections was extremely difficult. Not even considering the fact that he was about to make something that was as impossible as a Reflection, he was going to be doing it with his flesh, which was made from dimensional matter, while keeping all the desirable traits of a Reflection and keeping all the individuality that his flesh should possess.

In the achievement of this, even Rowan's powerful consciousness became weary. He had asked merely too much from himself, and even until the last moment, he was not sure he could ever succeed.

Although he knew that conceptually this idea was feasible, an idea was simply an idea, making it into something tangible required much more nuances and considerations. Rowan should have failed, he truly had no reason to succeed in such a wild venture, but something extremely odd happened as he was tearing off pieces of his flesh and making the three Reflections-ideas were being birthed from seemingly out of thin air! It was as if before he had the chance to look into the future of these Reflections, a part of them was already showing him a glance.

The mysteries of time were endless, and when it was related to him whose hold over time was seemingly boundless, then he was flying out into the storm while blind.

The only reason he had not pulled the plug on this plan was simply the belief in himself. He believed that whatever variants he might become in the future, that variant would always place the interest of his main body first.

To create the first six Reflections, Rowan had to do a deep introspection of his consciousness, and he knew himself with such totality that no scenario would come up in the future where his mindset would change in a manner that he could not have anticipated.

Rowan trusted himself, yet everything was a gamble and he might be wrong, but if he was a betting man, he would bet on himself... every time.

The entirety of Doom star vibrated with the sound of footsteps as Rowan walked out of the Nothingness with his true body after nearly a billion years of wandering, alongside nine massive books rotating around his body.

His visage was beautiful and his bodily structure was perfection itself as if he was the first creation and every other that followed were simply flawed copies. His black hair

which was still so massive despite him now wearing the size of a mortal filled the nothingness behind him, and from afar it was as if he carried a universe made out of darkness behind him.

Wearing a simple one-handed white robe and his feet bare, everything about him seemed rustic yet possessed a majesty that would make the souls of gods and demons quake.

However, the strangest thing about him was his eyes, his pupils were blacker than the void, and in them, you could see the weight of ages.

There was a certain price to be paid for sending his Reflections back into the past of an Eternal Realm, not just once but eight times, and his body even while outside of Reality in the Nothingness had to go through all that vicissitudes of time.

With Rowan's consciousness power, every single second of his time was an incredibly precious resource because of the vast amount of data he was capturing from everything around and inside him. This was so much information that a second of his time would take an immortal millions of years to even process a part of it.

This made the weight of time around him become ridiculously heavy.

His lifespan may now be nearing a billion, but his internal clock was closer to seven billion years, and in his eyes was the weight of all that time, reflected in a manner that no immortal could match, because fundamentally as a three-dimensional being, Rowan could still be described as a mortal.

A mortal who had seen and experienced billions of years of life, in such rich details that would astound the minds of immortals.

His appearance caused the world to go still and the Eye of Time, whose form was now incredibly massive screamed his fury.

This sound from a creature that was many times bigger than a universe was impossible to describe, more like a solid wall of superdense metal than an ephemeral wave, this sound traveled towards Rowan faster than the speed of light. "Pathetic," Rowan dismissively slapped the sound wave aside as radiance exploded from his body and he began to grow to his true size.

The sound wave he swatted away swept through the entirety of Doom Star and it crushed nearly everything that was on the surface of the realm, except for the Calamity Suns and a few pockets of survivors, everything else was crushed to ash.

Unlike when he fought against the Primordial Keepers when he was at his lowest. The might of Rowan after traversing the nothingness for all this time was nothing to be scoffed at, and now all that potential had been brought to a boiling point, and it was all about to explode.

The immortal nature of this conflict caused those who had perished to begin to rise once more, and their gaze would inevitably turn to the brightest light inside the realm.

Rowan was taking his true form.

Chapter 1280 Twisting Fate

A single thought was at the forefront of Rowan's mind.

“Battle was a dance, and with your partner on a back leg, do not let go of your advantage. Break it, and then break them all!”

Space was torn apart and the realm vibrated as the body of Rowan expanded in size. So much mass appearing out of thin air caused countless atoms and molecules scattered around to slam into each other with so much force, that some of them burst open releasing tremendous amounts of energy, and for a while, Rowan's expanding body seemed to be covered by a robe made from exploding stars.

Rowan's hand reached into space and he seized something by his waist, which he brought into the light, revealing that it was Wormtongue.

This source-level treasure that resembled a fleshy whip was thrown into his mouth and Rowan chewed it, an action that was similar to its creation and Tribulation process.

He opened his mouth and he had mysteriously grown a second tongue, the treasure became a part of his body and ignited what was left of the Aetherium in his possession he had gained not long ago as the refinement processes of his Hollow Forge Chamber went online, he spoke.

His words had a weird echo as if two people were speaking the same words at the same time, even the tone of voices from each of the voices was different.

“Eye of Time, why did you kill the Primordial Keepers?” Rowan's chilling eyes crossed space to fixate on the realm the fragment had become, his gaze creating a tangible connection across space that could be felt. Not waiting for the Eye of Time to understand the reasons for such an accusation at the moment, Rowan pushed on, “For pride? Greed, do you not understand the importance of their existence and how tirelessly they had been performing their duties all these years? Your guts have grown beyond your meager frame and your audacity knows no bounds, that great sin hangs heavily on your head and you shall pay the price for it. Reality itself shall punish you! Such an atrocity can never go unanswered.”

His words were like a decree from Fate itself, and indeed this was what Rowan had just done. Using the power of Wormtongue he had accessed the unique power of Fate that only

seventh-dimensional immortals could access, and even then most would need a proper Source-level treasure and Aetherium to manage such a feat.

Rowan satisfied two out of those three conditions, he had a Source-level treasure, and he had access to Aetherium after he sent his Hollow Forge Chamber into the black ocean the moment he had stepped his foot into Doom Star. If the refinement time for the Reflection had taken years to produce a single crystal of Aetherium, his main body was able to do it in a fraction of that time, seven seconds.

However, he was not a seventh-dimensional immortal, and yet his impossible physical attributes allowed him to channel the powers of Fate for a single moment to place that decree on the Eye of Time.

The second tongue in his mouth burst into flame, Wormtongue was damaged, its source was nearly exhausted and it would need time to regain its powers.

Rowan suffered a massive backlash that would have killed him if he was a bit weaker than his present state, his body combusted into ash making him glow like a supernova, but even in that destruction, he was being remade anew. It was a chilling sight for it appeared almost unreal, a body the size of a universe should not be so easily destroyed and remade countless times. It spoke of something that had been forbidden by the Primordials, an era that had passed when immortals had access to nearly an infinite source of essence they could spend.

The Calamity gods and the Silver horde summoned by the Eye of Time were similar. This was a battle being made by powers that were out of time, and forbidden by reality. A confrontation like this could not happen outside Doom Star, hence it would shake the foundations of this Era.

Although Rowan tried to keep all the inhabitants of his dimension safe from this destruction, he still lost hundreds of millions as every moment passed, but the sacrifice was worth it, and the deed was done, and he focused on the next series of events that was to come.

With what was happening here it was shocking that Rowan casually discarded summoning powers at the seventh-dimensional level, but his Reflection understood that against the present enemies he was facing, only impossible moves mattered, anything lesser would be useless.

Rowan's soul ached. In battles, there would always be sacrifices, and the majority of those who died in the conflagration that erupted inside his dimension were considered those who were weak.

Across countless planets and stars inside of him, wholesale destruction raged, and the strong could weather the chaos and rescue those beneath them that could not. His Angels were working overtime to keep the casualties down as much as possible, but all bets were

off when the universe that you resided in was partaking in a terrible war, Worlds vanished and reappeared, entire galaxies froze before turning to ash, stars exploded wholesale, and even space turned treacherous. Safety could only be guaranteed in the lower dimensions, but entering that place was incredibly dangerous because of the pressure within that would turn diamonds to nothing in an instant.

There were many advantages to being born inside of a living dimension.

Resources would never run out, because even rocks were being baptized by Rowan's seemingly endless essence, and to classify them as non-living things was not entirely accurate.

Aether flooded the air in amounts that were slowly reaching those of the Primordial Era, and even mortals could live for many millennia without aging a single bit and sickness was not even known to exist across his dimension.

Reincarnation was extremely easy if the Soul Origin of the individual was under Rowan's care, and if the individual was capable of crossing the Purgatory Gate then death for the inhabitants of a living dimension was simply a test of their might and resolve, making the possibility of becoming a higher dimensional immortal more likely, but occasionally in times like this when the living dimension went to war, then the inhabitants would suffer.

Most would never understand that the universe they inhabited was alive in such a manner, as Rowan had been distancing himself from his children for a while, but they understood that their reality was suffering a cataclysm, and they needed to pray for it to scale through.

In the vast world that had become the body of the Eye of Time, there was a certain chamber where some corpses of Primordial Keepers could be found. This place resembled an ancient empire that had been destroyed by the Primordial Keepers, but they had perished along the way, their bodies left to gather dust here.

Their ephemeral bodies which should have vanished for long had been preserved by the nature of their surroundings and they had lain here for countless eternities, waiting for this moment.

The words from Rowan, powered by the essence of Wormtongue reached across space and time and touched upon the corpses of the Primordial Keepers here in this chamber, and Effect became Cause.

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

Chapter 1281 Soul Radiance

Chapter 1281 Soul Radiance

Wormtongue had witnessed the slaughter of the Primordial Keepers, and it had transferred that acts onto the bodies of the last sets of Primordial Keepers that were found here, and the Eye of Time that was responsible for killing only a small fraction of the Primordial Keepers suddenly became the murderer of their entire race.

The Will of Truth, paired with the power of Fate, became the first impossible weapon launched by Rowan, and its effects were so devastating that it could affect even a fragment of a Primordial.

Rowan had discovered this place back on Trion when the Eye of Time had been dormant before he eventually killed its Reflection. He had found traces of an ongoing experiment involving Soul Origin that seemed to have been discarded, and the bodies of Primordial Keepers.

At that time he had simply considered it an interesting find, but with the

consciousness of Rowan who never forgot any single detail he had come across, everything served as an inspiration for him towards any future event.

If he wanted to fight a fragment of a Primordial, he would need all the weapons in his arsenal, and Rowan understood that in this war, one of the greatest weapons he had available to him was knowledge.

He needed to break the Eye, and every action he had been making, was leading up to that moment. This was simply the next blow.

A slight keening sound emerged from the surrounding space, and the entire realm seemed to darken a bit further, a weight that Rowan had once experienced as he attempted to recollect the details of the Great Desert as a Reflection fell upon the entire realm, but because Doom Star even in its broken state was once a great Eternal Realm, this darkness found it hard to gain access to it.

However, the target of this darkness was not the eternal realm, but the Eye of Time. What was falling on the realm of Doom Star was simply the result of the incredible aura that had erupted inside the Eye of Time.

Rowan had burned every bit of the Primordial Keepers that he had made a throne of in order to light his way into this Dimension, using the flames from their vanishing bodies as a bridge.

The mournful cry of a dead race was enough to push through the nothingness and using the arrangement he made on Doom Star, a road was made that could carry a living dimension like Rowan from the nothingness into this realm, and the massive vortex was

only a diversion made to draw the attention of the Eye of Time away from the road that Rowan had always intended to use.

Of course, to deceive the Eye of Time, that road had been real, and could have served as a channel to bring Rowan into this dimension, but having backups was never a bad thing. In fact, if the burning of the Primordial Keepers were not enough to bring Rowan to this realm, he still had another option, but that one might be more... unpleasant.

There was a reason Rowan Reflection was reborn in the body of a dead woman while on Doom Star, and presently, there was only one dead female with the size to handle Rowan's body.

As he said before... that method would be unpleasant.

Using the second path to enter this realm had another more important effect. After this road was created and utilized, it meant that the only presence of the Primordial Keepers that were left was here inside the Eye of Time and so, the darkness that came from the wailing of every dead Primordial Keeper latched onto these bodies that were inside the Eye of Time.

A passage was opened and it bled all the foulness of creation in a flood. A power that could match an eighth-dimensional immortal and even faintly exceed that level poured through the portal created by the bodies of the dead Primordial Keepers. A massive shockwave blasted out from the Eye of Time as it shrieked in outrage, "Nemesis?!"

In a stunning act of self-preservation, the Eye of Time decisively sliced off more than twenty percent of its entire mass and it began to seal that portion of itself, fighting for every inch of progress, but it knew this was only a stopgap measure, to rid itself of this unexpected plague, he would have to go after their caster itself, Rowan, but how could it do that when a majority of its attention was already tied up with holding back Nemesis?!

Its consciousness shaking in rage and fear, the Eye of Time roared, "Gothran'Inul, arise, your custodian is in peril! If I perish then your dream of resurrection is forfeit."

Rowan was on a timer, and it was a very short one.

So many events had taken place, across the span of billions of years in his time, but the truth was that less than a million years had passed in reality.

In his Primordial Record were multiple techniques and stats that needed to be evolved, some of the requirements for that evolution would have to be his ascension to the fourth dimension, while for other techniques, his foot needed to be stepping in real-space and real-time to actualize their evolution.

Killing the Primordial Keepers was a monumental achievement that should have shaken all of reality, but because of Wormtongue, a Source-level treasure that was crafted with

the power to access Oblivion, he had kept this secret under wraps, and even though he fought this battle in the Nothingness, he could not hide this event for long, but Rowan was never intending to hide it.

Parts of his plans had been to die under the hands of the Primordial Keepers, and when he resurrected and passed the crime of killing so many Primordial Keepers to the Eye of Time, he would have truly directed the blame away from him, but since this was no longer going to happen, he was using this as a chance to gain enough time to evolve into the fourth dimension when the Eye of Time was distracted, any other benefits was a plus.

His newly gained soul was throbbing inside his body like a heart, and Rowan broke past any barrier in his consciousness and unleashed his soul energy to the maximum, feeding his new soul because even if it was powerful enough to work for his Reflection, it was nowhere powerful enough to be of use to him.

“Boom.... Boom.... Boom...”

His soul being fed the equivalent of the souls of a million gods every single moment. exploded in a radiance that was so bright it poured out of his body and pierced into the heavens, accompanied by Rowan’s cry of release.

The blinding golden light surrounding him vanished and when it did, Rowan was on one knee. His body which was the size of a universe, yet still maintaining its sheer perfection was releasing steam, his long black hair transforming everything behind him into an abyss of darkness.

At the roar from the Eye of Time summoning the fallen creature it had been housing for all these eternities, Rowan’s closed eyes snapped open, his gaze traveling throughout the realm and he frowned, but he placed whatever thought was happening inside his head aside as he touched his chest and whispered,

“Will of Time... Ascend!”

Chapter 1282 New Players

Rowan’s whisper could as well be a scream before the senses of the Eye of Time. Now more than ever, it knew the sort of creature that Rowan was, it understood that he had access to many Wills of equal power to that of Time, and the only reason that Rowan had begun elevating the Will of Time while the Eye of Time was occupied was simple... this bastard knew about the Bloodline Source of Time and that was his target! The consequences of the Bloodline Source of Time falling into the hands of Rowan would be catastrophic, and the Eye would have preferred anyone else to get power but Rowan because this man was truly terrifying with the minor resources he controlled, giving him the foundations of a Primordial would shoot his potential to a place that the Eye of Time could not even bear to think about.

Despite being under the hold of Nemesis, the Eye of Time still had enough awareness to scream out his fear to the titan sleeping in death inside the Eye all this time,

“Gothran’Inul, stop him! My essence is yours freely, take of it.”

This titan who had a thousand arms and a hundred faces seemed not to have heard the cry of the Eye of Time, after all, it had been dead since the Primordial Era, but that was not the entire truth. Gothran’Inul came from an extremely venerated background and his Fate could not be easily bound, even by death itself.

When his heart was ripped away from him, and his essence was snatched, Gothran’Inul transferred the last of his essence that he could keep into his blood. It was from his blood that the Silver Horde was created, and within their countless numbers lay the last of his essence where it was nurtured under their worship.

The cries of the horde for his rise under this many eternities fed his awakening, and under the protection of the Eye of Time, he could slowly return to his peak.

After so many eternities asleep in death, the titan’s meager essence had been able to slowly recover, but even the Eye of Time did not know the full extent of Gothran’Inul’s recovery.

As long as there was a contract between them, the Eye was safe from any form of treachery, coupled with the innate arrogance it had with the knowledge that it was a fragment of a Primordial, the Eye was not concerned with the recovery process of this titan, and now it prayed that Gothran’Inul would surprise it, even going as far as sacrificing its essence, but this titan did not pull from the Eye of Time, ingrained in every facet of its being, was its supreme pride.

The previous move from Rowan as he swept aside the blast from the Eye of Time had destroyed nearly every life form on the surface of the realm, but the combatants here were not your average lifeforms, and they had almost all returned. Killing anyone here required more effort than just destroying their fleshy bodies.

Calamity gods rained down from the body of the wailing child above like a flood, while the silver horde had arisen from their white ash, the powers in their bodies were brimming, their infinite potential unleashed as their cold eyes stared at Rowan, without fear, knowing that they could tear him apart.

A silent wave erupted from the dead titan, sweeping past the realm and touching every Silver Horde. The arachnid warriors went still and suddenly they took their arms filled with multiple wicked claws and dug into their faces, tearing away at their faceless visage.

Bluish blood sprayed out from their faces, this was the first time these creatures were bleeding, and the cause was apparent, their faceless visage was the control node that gave

them their immortality and the potential for endless growth, and breaking it with their own hands was similar to shattering their foundations.

Picking apart the mask that had covered their faces, their true appearance was revealed and it was similar to the cross between a man and a spider, with eight blank eyes that were blue, sunken nostrils, and a lipless maw filled with needle-sharp teeth. They looked towards the heavens and they shrieked their fury and sorrow, the last sounds that the Silver Horde would ever make. They had the potential to ravage reality if they could escape Doom Star, but the call of the Eye of Time to the titan was too desperate.

For the Silver Horde to pose a threat to Rowan, they would need more deaths and more time, and even the fragmented piece of Time itself could not give them the time they needed, Rowan had played his card too well, and so Gothran'Inul himself would have to appear.

As the Silver Horde were shrieking, a bluish gas escaped from their mouth like a storm cloud, and their bodies that were miles tall began to shrink. This was the essence of their king, and he had called for it. In a moment the vast cloud of blue that was speckled with silver rushed into the realm of the Eye of Time, where it poured into the body of the titan.

Below the Silver Horde were frozen, with no more life in their bodies, and although giving up their essence made them shrink, it was not by much, and so a strange sight appeared where countless trillions of the horde, each ten miles tall were standing in place, as if they were waiting, the endless chill pouring from their bodies had not abated even in death.

With the essence of the titan returned, the massive wound in his chest began to close, and in the void where his heart once lay, something began to stir.

A new heart was being reborn inside the titan!

The first heartbeat sounded, and it could hardly be heard, but it traveled across space and slammed into Rowan with so much force that space shattered.

However, this destruction did not shake Rowan whose eyes were closed, as his innate forcefield had blocked the sound from reaching him.

Rowan made a gesture, releasing one of the arrangements he had made in the past, and then he focused on the ascension of his Will.

The heartbeat from the awakening titan was growing, causing the space around Rowan to be in a permanent state of chaos, but by his mighty foot, a golden light appeared that pierced space, and in its wake was a swirling vortex.

Inside the vortex were two vague shapes, and a closer look would reveal that these were a man and a woman. Nothing much could be seen of their features, but this woman had long white hair.

Slowly but steadily, these two figures pushed through what seemed to be a massive barrier, and reality itself seemed to sigh as they stepped through the vortex and entered the realm, revealing who they were, Andar and Staff.

On the shoulder of Staff, partially hidden by her long white hair was a sleeping white dragon.

They had no time to begin to understand what was happening around them before the voice of Rowan emerged all around them,

“I have kept my promise, and his fate lies in his hand... whoever wins shall be acknowledged by me.”

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

Chapter 1283 Merging The Body And The Soul

Another golden flash of light bloomed and a confused golden giant appeared, it was the so-called godchild, and the eyes of Staff looking at this golden giant twinkled.

The godchild looked at the white-haired girl, his confusion heightening as he felt a faint sense of connection between them,

“Do I know you?” he asked hesitantly,

“No,” Staff smiled sadly, “but I know you... you are the blade of my father, but now you must return to him so that he can awaken.”

Staff made an arcane gesture, and the space before them rippled and parted, and within was a white-haired man, who even in death still stands, and missing from his right hand was his sword.

“If you can win, then you shall be my brother. If he wins, I shall have my father.”

“Whatever needs to happen, needs to happen fast...” Andar pointed out, his calm gaze focused on the horizon, “I believe our opponent is that thing arising over there.”

Time passed more quickly inside his dimension than in reality outside, which was a secret that Rowan would be using to gain an advantage in this battle.

The Eye of Time had previously stopped Rowan's Reflection from finalizing his complete ascension to the fourth-dimensional level of the Will of Time, and his Will was only half completed.

In the past, there were many occurrences of immortals failing to complete their Will formation, and usually, such events would cause the immortals to go mad as the dissonance between their body and soul would tear them apart from the inside out. The hope of ever completing their Will formation was forever shattered if they did not manage to finish this process as quickly as possible after the failure of their ascension, any later and the result was always death.

The most amount of time an immortal ever spent to complete a half-formed Will formation was twelve thousand years, and that was a seventh-dimensional immortal. Rowan had mentally spent billions of years with a half-formed Will formation, and this was for an unprecedentedly powerful Will such as time.

Although this dissonance should have torn his mind apart, his physical and soul attributes at this point were unprecedented, and he could easily shrug past this hurdle, he already carried much heavier burdens, and a half-formed Will formation could not even be considered a problem for him at this point.

His blooming soul did not clash with his consciousness pillars, because he already had the experience of merging his consciousness pillars with his soul as a Reflection, and with that experience, he set out to improve upon it.

At the moment he had 77,777 massive Consciousness Pillars inside his dimension, this was the utmost limit of consciousness pillars he could hold as a third dimension. There was a time when acquiring a single consciousness pillar was a monumental achievement, however, upon becoming a living dimension and experiencing the lives of countless billions that slowly grew into the trillions, his consciousness pillars began to spring forth like grass.

With the call to ascend his Will, Rowan also controlled his Consciousness Pillars, making one side of their ends uproot themselves from his dimensional flesh.

Each pillar was so massive they defied a mortal's understanding, and they were launched towards his dimensional soul.

His soul had grown to fit his dimensional flesh and could now be regarded as a true dimensional soul, with mysteries that Rowan had not even begun to unearth.

The consciousness pillars rotated themselves in mid-air, their other end piercing into his dimensional soul, and Rowan used the consciousness pillars as a connection point to merge his dimensional flesh with his dimensional soul, and something within him... clicked.

There was always a part of him that was missing, and now it had been completed. This change was gratifying but he did not allow his present comfort to cloud his vision.

With everything Rowan knew about the soul, he knew of its strengths and weaknesses, and if he was going to be getting a soul, he would make sure that he eliminated as many of those weaknesses as possible while enhancing its strengths. His consciousness pillars had advantages that his soul could not match and vice-versa, and Rowan was not going to choose one over the other when he could make them work together and to do so, he was not going to allow his soul to merge with his body like everyone else, which was a direct line of weakness that he would never allow.

Anyone who destroyed his body expecting a direct line to his soul would be very disappointed at what they would find.

Merging his dimensional flesh and his dimensional soul with his consciousness pillars went according to plan. There were millions of equally matching nodes in his dimensional flesh and soul, and he chose 77,000 of those nodes and connected them with the pillars.

This connection he had with the consciousness pillars was to be the foundation. He anticipated the changes that would occur when he made these connections, but even Rowan did not know everything going forward, every change in his body was new and unprecedented.

With this merger, the process of his Will Ascension went into overdrive.

His soul was already filled with the Will of Time, within it was the 33,000 streams of time that created his Time Vault ability.

Rowan's Reflection had collected all the streams of time from an Eternal Realm, and it was one of the reasons he praised his Reflection for exceeding his expectations. The World Stele would inevitably go crazy when it discovers that Rowan had taken all the power of time from this realm, it was not part of the deal. There were always supposed to be six Reflections, and the last three were Rowan's intervention.

With his understanding of the powers of the World Stele, if Thenos was resurrected, it should be able to allow him to acquire streams of time from other dimensions, and this should not cause any deal-breaking hatred between them, at least not yet. They needed each other if they were ever going to succeed.

The streams of time flowed from his soul and through the consciousness pillars and they poured into his dimensional flesh.

When the time streams were inside his soul they were invisible, only detectable to Rowan but as they flowed down his consciousness pillars, they became visible. Like 77,000 massive waterfalls appearing out of nowhere, they flowed from his soul and soaked his

flesh, merging with it, and for the first time since he became a dimension, Rowan felt the touch of time filling his body.

When he was previously ascending the Will of Time he had not been able to experience time in its totality, he had needed a completed body for that and now that connection was complete.

His eyes were closed, but if they were open, then the changes that once inhabited his soul were now being etched on his eyes.

Previously the eye of his Reflection had dials like the face of a clock with nine dials that could be activated to unleash the Time-Stack ability, now that was gone, and replacing it was an hourglass.

Chapter 1284 I Am A Sword?

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Chapter 1284 I Am A Sword?

With the present size of Rowan, the beings he had summoned could wrap their senses around his body, but it was difficult, especially for the summoned golden giant who looked around him in confusion, the events around him seemed to be happening extremely quickly and he did not have the time to sit down and think about everything that was transpiring, but his gaze inevitably fell on the white-haired man.

He felt his chest seize as if a hand was gripping his heart and squeezing it. The power emerging from the white-haired man was weak, similar to the children of the golden giants, but there was something about it that was extremely strange. It was perfect and... complete.

These were the only words the golden giant could describe what he was feeling from this... mortal? Like a flawless crystal with no hint of imperfection, it seemed that nothing could penetrate through the barrier created by the sheer perfection of this man's powers, and it might be weak but it was inexorable.

The golden giant finally understood the vision it had been chasing since the moment of his birth, the reason he did not have a name, it was all because of an ephemeral vision it was chasing.

It was a vision of the sheer perfection of a technique and the supreme Will that was needed to achieve such a thing.

He muttered aloud, "I am a sword?"

"It's not that simplistic, and please I hope that is not the name you would pick out of all the names in existence, being called Staff is bad enough," Staff spoke to the golden giant,

her eyes looking at him with fascination, and she raised her hand and pointed at her right palm with the ring finger of her left hand,

“In my father’s palm was a technique he had been struggling with all through his life. When I saw it, I did not understand what it was, until much later when I knew that it was his battle against Fate. His blood was bound to be at the Earth god level for all eternity, but my father, how could such a thing hold him back...”

“Do we have time for this right now?” Andar interrupted Staff, “I know your father is talented, but in this battle, he would not be able to make any difference. I could not pull enough of my Magus Tower through the vortex, I still need more time to do that, but we should begin or we would not be able to hold that thing back.”

Staff looked at Andar and groaned in exasperation before snapping her fingers and the space around them rippled, “Don’t you understand? We were never needed for this fight, it was never our own. We are simply a move that was made to draw attention, touching time has always been your greatest weakness, so you cannot see that we are not present in this present time, but a couple of moments in the past. Our time is coming, and we should ready when it arrives, for now, we only need to prepare.

None of them can see us, not yet.

Andar eyes glowed silver for a moment as he analyzed the space and time that surrounded them, it was crafted with such perfection that even after becoming a fifth-dimensional immortal he could not see through it at a glance. He looked down with a bit of annoyance in his eyes as he muttered,

“Even till this moment, with all the powers we have gathered, why is it not enough?”

“Because unlike that monster, we need more than a million years to catch up with him. I know you want to be there for him, but you should understand, that our purpose can never be to fight by his side, but to be used in surgical strikes.”

“I don’t believe that,” Andar whispered, “We... I should be able to do more.”

Staff heard him and shook her head, “Can we?” she pointed towards her father, “A million years, and I can’t even fathom half the things that he was capable of, and yet he says I can be better than him. Ha, what a joke. All I know is that we have our work cut out for us, and I don’t know yet how it is possible, but one day we will fight by their side, but that day is not today.”

Something white and incredibly massive erupted from the Eye of Time with so much force that its entire realm was tilted downwards, that end slamming towards the earth, which was now taking the form of massive green eyes of the realm because, since the moment. Rowan flipped the earth and the sky, this change seemed to have become permanent.

The new earth shot out red lightning snakes to bind the Eye of Time, but they could not find purchase, and yet their efforts delayed it from rising, it was unknown if Gothran Inul knew that this would happen, but for the moment in addition to the burden of holding back Nemesis, the Wills of Doom Star also latched onto it.

The white figure crossed space in an instant and appeared in front of Rowan, and although the figure of Rowan was the size of a universe, it still towered over him, its size almost twice that of a living dimension, and it seemed to be testing the telekinetic barrier surrounding Rowan with a fixation that was almost fanatical.

Its features could not be clearly seen as it was covered in white fog, with only hints of too many limbs and numerous glowing eyes peering through the fog. Hundreds of arms came for Rowan but then they paused and a frightening chuckle escaped from the white fog,

“No, this would be too easy, finish your moves child, I shall be waiting. I have slept for so long, that the thought of eating a half-completed meal vexes me. Hmm, I like the flavor of this language I speak, you call it Medan?”

The voice of the titan was deep and strange, its language was what everyone here spoke because it belonged to Trion, their Homeworld, but his voice was strange even for them, emerging from a time that was ancient beyond reasoning.

That voice was enough to shake the golden giant from its reverie from staring at the white-haired man, and he stared upwards and he staggered back in shock, and for the first time in his life he cursed aloud,

“What the fuck is that thing?!”

Standing beside Rowan’s foot, Staff rolled her eyes, as she turned towards Andar, “Is that such a bad thing that we are not strong enough? Do you really want us, fighting that? Can that thing not eat the Supreme Magus for breakfast?”

Andar sighed and looked at the white creature covered in fog, “Is that an Old One?”

“I think so, but somehow I think this one is even worse. I think we all had a wrong idea about what Old Ones are, or those that roam outside are simply pale imitations. That is the real thing.”

“Then we better get ready,” Andar said, “Else we would not be able to make a difference when the time comes.”

Chapter 1285 The Chill At Night

With the power of the Will of Time flooding through Rowan’s dimensional flesh, he took the first step into becoming a living fourth dimension. He still had three more Wills to

push forward toward the fourth dimension, but he could not do that until the plans of the World Stele were completed.

Doom Star was still corrupted and consuming it, even a small part of it would lead to an overwhelming strain on his system, enough to keep him dormant for an eternity. Rowan could not afford that to happen.

So now he needed to go after the Eye of Time, while not fully becoming a fourth-dimensional being, but he was strong enough to follow through, and his plans did not require that all the strength to take down the Eye of Time came from him alone.

It was time to resurrect. Thenos.

Rowan's eyes snapped open and a thousand blue eyes were staring back at him, something in his soul recognized those eyes, they were the source of the chill at night when there was no light and a strange sound scuttle past the side of your head, and a voice whisper in your ears, "fear me..."

Although the eyes were millions of miles away, with their present size, they could as well be pressing against his face, and he had not felt any of it. He had not felt this titan cross space and stand beside him, even the Eye of Time had been unable to do such a thing, and Rowan knew that this creature was far more dangerous than he had expected. Did the Eye of Time understand what it had just given the time to resurrect? "You are an interesting specimen." a deep rumbling resounded from the being behind the fog. Perhaps it could hide its figure from Andar and Staff, but Rowan could see this titan. The voice came from some of its heads, the others were looking around the realm, his sight staring past Doom Star and analyzing the rest of reality.

"Right back at you," Rowan replied to the titan, brushing away the chill that filled his soul with familiar ease, fear was simply a source of fascination for him, like a rare flavor that was rare for him to find at this point, but he simply could not allow himself to indulge in it. He looked at the body of this titan, appreciating the form of an eighth-dimensional creature,

"I don't believe they make them like you anymore," and he gestured toward the titan, particularly at its numerous limbs and heads, "Reality cannot handle the essence expenditure of maintaining all of that. How are you able to maintain yourself at the edge?"

"Oh, I have learned to make do, and as much as I hate the air of this present realm, it affords... certain opportunities. I simply have to adapt to it. To tell the truth, even when the Primes said they would make a new Era, I never believed they were willing to take it this far, and now I stand corrected. However, you on the other hand..." The titan seemed to taste the next words before he spoke, "You are a freak, a product of so many rare and extreme coincidences that it should be impossible unless the Primes will it, and so, I don't

want to fight you... not when you are still so weak. My first battle against the Prime must shake reality! Stop holding back and become who you are!"

"Gothran'Inul!" the Eye of Time screamed in shock, "What do you think you are doing? We have a deal. You are reneging?!"

Some of the heads of the titan turned towards the Eye of Time, "I am fulfilling that deal, stopping your enemy, but the way I chose to achieve that is by my own choosing. Your part in this is over."

"Your own... what? Kill that bastard, not talk to him! You have no idea how dangerous he is."

The titan laughed, "I have no idea? Eye of Time, strange name... One that I am sure that you have earned, but my name, the one you carelessly spew from your mouth, do you know its meaning? Have you forgotten the reason I was killed?"

"I do not care Gothran'Inul, kill that bastard or you shall pay the price."

The titan whispered, "Your kind never do, you only command, you only take, omnipotence has made all of you blind, and it is a good thing that you are beginning to fall, and yet in your arrogance, you don't see this happening."

"Stop stalling, make the kill, do not let him complete that Will."

The heads of the titan facing the Eye of Time seemed to be losing patience as they frowned, "I am not stalling, Eye of Time... you are. Why are you using me as bait? You wish me to take the killing blow in your stead? Nemesis is powerful, but we both know it should not keep you down for long. Your Primordial nature, is it not sacrosanct?"

"This time it is not," Rowan said, and dozens of the titan's heads turned towards him, "I have made sure of that."

"And how are you able to do such a thing?"

"Give me your heart, and I will show you the answer, but I will give you another hint for free, it is not just afraid of me, it is now very afraid of you because it understands that it had unleashed the wolf, and its innards are exposed and bleeding, and in a short while, you will catch the scent of its blood."

The titan laughed, "Eye of Time, is that the truth, is your nature no longer inviolable, are the Primordials now so weak in this new Era?"

"That is the truth," Rowan said as he stood to his full height, "But of course, you will not get to know that."

“Hmm, is that so...”

“Yes, because you will be dead.”

“By your hands I suppose, then you should become fast strong enough because the you of this moment is not fit enough to stand against me.”

“Not my hands,” Rowan pointed at the sky, “By his own, you came right on time, for he is very hungry.”

The titan was already observing the headless wailing child with some of his heads and he scoffed,

“Oh, you mean that brat Thenos, the special wonder kid who already possessed an Eternal Realm before he was born and when drew down a Singularity? Hah! He is even more broken than even me. You see I was fed on by a Throne of the Celestials, but Thenos here, well, he was fed on by the Primes themselves, do you know how hard it is to come from that?”

Rowan smiled, “I guess you don’t have that much experience with Singularities do you? If you did, you would understand why the Eye of Time is so afraid of what was to come. You should have stayed dead, I do not pity you for what is to come.”

Six of the Nine books surrounding Rowan vibrated, their heavy cover opened with a loud bang, and the pages began to flip by themselves until they got to the last empty one that was empty.

“Let me complete this story,” Rowan said and his consciousness began to write on all six books.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1286 Good Son

The first time that Rowan’s Reflection entered the Frozen Road and recorded the songs of the Sirens he had always stopped himself from finishing them because he instinctively knew that this would cause devastating consequences in reality, leading to changes he could not anticipate or handle.

At that time the Reflection had no true understanding of the nature of reality outside the universe and could not withstand the consequences if he completed this act.

This instinct that allowed the Reflection to stop his recording was a knowledge that Rowan understood as it had been shared with him by the World Stele but he had

purposely held back this knowledge from his Reflection because he knew that if his Reflection understood the consequences, he would simply destroy the books and never place them inside his dimension.

The truth about these final words was simple, they were the last drop of Primordial Essence left in the bodies of the Sirens, and completing them would create a passage into Doom Star where the last Primordial Essence contained inside their heads would be siphoned into the body of their son to begin his resurrection.

The Primordial Essence inside the heads of the Sirens was what preserved the Frozen Road which was the greatest connection between the lower third-dimensional universes and the Great Darkness, hence if it was broken, the entirety of the Great Darkness would fall into disarray, which meant that reality in its totality would be affected.

Rowan by recording the last sets of words on this page was about to change reality forever.

The moment the first sets of words began appearing on the last pages, the eyes of the six Sirens over in the Frozen Road snapped open and glowed a furious blue, their cries that had been heard for countless eternities since the beginning of the Supreme Era ended, and something much more frightening occurred, they began to laugh.

Below them, on the Frozen Road, countless tiny cracks began to appear.

Such a change, immediately happening after that cry from Doom Star was another evidence that something incredibly impactful was happening. If those that could not make their way to Doom Star because of the distance, then the problem had arrived at their doorstep because the Frozen Road that crossed the Great Darkness and led to every higher dimensional universe was shaking.

The uproar this generated was impossible to describe. Perhaps the closest would be when the Primordial War began, but this one could be considered even worse, because the war had been expected, but the entirety of the Frozen Road being shaken to the core was a change that no one expected.

Every Immortal inside a universe who could perceive the changes happening outside of it, and every Immortal outside the universe stopped whatever activities they were performing and looked at the Frozen Road.

Wars ended, and competition across domains halted, as reality seemed to hold its breath before the shaking Frozen Road and the laughter of the Sirens.

In the heart of immortals everywhere were both fascination and horror. Not since the end of the Primordial Era had such great changes ever occurred in reality.

From three points in space across different parts of reality, three immortals burst out of space-time at nearly the same time,

Old Man Seed, Caine, and Shamaram. Their appearances were bedraggled, being blasted by a Time-storm, and if not for their strength, they could have been lost across Time and Space for many eternities.

They had not even begun to come to terms with what was happening with Doom Star when the eyes of the six sirens above Doom Star began to blaze, and the Frozen Road began to shake.

Caine and Shamaram appeared confused, nothing could have prepared them for this change, except for Old Man Seed who was grinning like a maniac,

“Good Son... Good Son... You deserved the nine Supreme Circles ten times over! Hahaha...”

(R)

Rowan’s consciousness danced across the six books, which were shining bright with a blue light, making them appear like six massive blue suns. Their lights were so bright, that they hid the other three books, where Rowan was also completing the last set of pages.

He was aware of the changes that would be affecting reality at this moment, and even the titan, and the Eye of Time had stopped and stared with fascination at what was occurring outside Doom Star.

As his consciousness burned his mind began to go over what he aimed to achieve by taking such a drastic step. Of course, everything was for the sake of power, but one could not take advantage of that power if one did not understand it.

There were two sides to the paths of power; Aether and Essence, or Core and Territory, there were many names for them.

Inside the material universe and outside of it was a prevalent energy source known as Aether, and its concentration depended on many factors, with the biggest contributor to the amount of Aether in a given space being the dimensional level of that space. An immortal, especially those in the higher dimension can passively produce Aether after their bodies have been transformed into their present immortal state in limited amounts, and if an immortal were to live in an area with no Aether, after some time their presence would begin to transform the area with the Aether being released from their bodies, but the true producers of Aether were the dimensions itself, as no immortal could generate a fraction of the Aether produced by any dimension. Except in special cases, a third-dimensional universe was able to produce more Aether than a fifth-dimensional immortal, and even a sixth-dimensional immortal would struggle to produce as much Aether as a lower universe.

It was one of the reasons why higher dimensional beings rarely left the higher dimensional realms they inhabited because they needed the high concentration of Aether in their surroundings to power much of their abilities, trying to live with only the passive amount of Aether generated by their bodies were a very inefficient method to live by the standards of immortals.

Aether was the building block for most supernatural occurrences in reality, as the ability to perceive, manipulate, and consume Aether was the first step to reaching a higher state of being.

Of course, Aether could be graded in terms of potency, as the Aether generated by a Primordial Dimension was far more potent even in smaller concentrations than those generated by any random dimension produced by a World Bearer.

Above Aether was Aetherium, a power that was distinctively set aside for the true rulers of reality. Where the first and easiest entry point to gain that power was to become a seventh-dimensional immortal, and only then would the immortal have the capability to begin refining Aetherium.

At this time there was no higher form of power that was known.

The other side of power was Essence, and this one was born from the flesh. From the lowest of mortals to the highest of immortals, all had access to Essence in varying amounts and quality, and it was what dictated the fleshy power of their bodies. There were three types of Essence, there was the Pure Essence, which was available to all creatures, mortal and immortal even higher dimensional immortals. Higher dimensional immortals often insultingly refer to lesser immortals who had not attained the power of Wills as mortal, because ultimately their lifespan, no matter how long, had a limit unless they joined a higher dimensional domain and merged their souls with that domain.

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Chapter 1287 Primordial Essence

After an immortal crossed the barrier of Will they had access to another form of Essence, and if they wished they could choose to cultivate that Essence which was called Enlightened Essence.

There was not much difference between Pure Essence and Enlightened Essence, but a higher dimensional Immortal could have an additional stream of Essence to call upon, further deepening the power they could call upon.

The primary reason why Enlightened Essence was important to higher dimensional immortals was because it could close the gap in their powerset of the Immortal if they had naturally weak Pure Essence.

In the matters of Essence no one was born equal, the amount of Pure Essence available inside a dragon at birth was a million times greater than what was available to a human at birth. At the Enlightened Essence level, a human Immortal could finally have the chance to grow their Essence to levels that rivaled dragons.

Of course with the difficulty of cultivating the power of Core, most higher dimensional Immortals would not choose to cultivate Enlightened Essence alongside their Pure Essence, and except for higher dimensional immortals like dragons and titans that fully cultivated their Core and could easily cultivate their Enlightened Essence, most would not cultivate this second set of Essence alongside the Pure Essence that comes with their bodies.

The third type of Essence was extremely special, almost existing outside the category of Essence altogether, and could generally only be found in the lower,

three-dimensional universe, and it was called Primordial Essence.

This Essence came directly from Chaos the Primordial and it was spread across all third-dimensional universes inside the Great Darkness, and was the primary source of Essence for Empyreans who were the defenders of the third dimension.

This Essence was prized across all of reality because it had an amazing property of enhancing and feeding Pure and Enlightened Essence, and so Immortals would vie to enter a third dimension and slowly harvest Primordial Essence from them.

If a mortal could gain a drop of Primordial Essence from a material universe, their Pure Essence would be boosted to such a level that with their fleshy body alone they could challenge lesser immortals. This effect was of great help to Immortals also, and the reasons Empyreans had not been hunted to extinction was due to the heavy security imposed on the lower dimensional universes by most Primordial powers and other higher dimensional powers who were interested in keeping the lower realms as safe as possible.

With Rowan's increasing understanding of the power of Primordials, he knew that what Chaos had given to all third-dimensional universe was true Primordial Essence and not something that was fake, and it was the same as the Essence that he wished to draw out from the heads of the Six Sirens when he completed this page, the only difference was in its volume.

Understanding the powers of Primordials would confuse the minds of most immortals because Primordials did not use Aether or Aetherium, but Primordial Essence alone, and in all of reality, there was no longer any Primordial Essence available.

So the question arose about how Chaos was providing such a vast amount of Primordial Essence to all of the third-dimensional universes inside the Great Darkness since the dawn of the Supreme Era, and the simple answer was that he was not. Before time began, all Primordial Essence had been divided, lesser immortals got few droplets of Primordial Essence, case in point Thenos and his mothers. This powerful Eternal immortal had a total of ten droplets of Primordial Essence.

This might not seem like a lot of Primordial Essence but when you realize that Chaos had been powering all third-dimensional universes inside the Great Darkness whose numbers could not even be ascertained with just a single droplet of Primordial Essence, then you would realize how powerful only a single droplet of Primordial Essence was.

However, not because a droplet of Primordial Essence contained infinite power meant that anyone could replicate what Chaos had been able to achieve using a single droplet. Only a Primordial had the consciousness power to unleash infinite power into a structured form that could exist for an infinite amount of time.

A single droplet of Primordial Essence possessed infinite power. This meant Chaos unleashing only a single drop of Primordial Essence could power the Frozen Road forever and feed every single universe with Primordial Essence, although the Essence available inside the universes were called Primordial Essence, they were simply extremely lesser copies of the real droplet of Primordial Essence unleashed by Chaos. Primordial Essence was incomparably powerful, but it came with certain limitations, the first being, that the number of Primordial Essence was fixed. It was unknown how much Primordial Essence had been available in reality from the start, but since its numbers were limited, its nature became even more precious.

Not even Primordials could create more Essence, and this led to the second limitation of Primordial Essence, once unleashed they could only be recovered by undoing everything they had set out to achieve.

The one droplet of Primordial Essence unleashed by Chaos to create the entire structure of the third-dimensional universe would be destroyed in its entirety if Chaos wished to draw back the droplet of Primordial Essence he had turned loose. The reason this was not considered a problem was that it was generally known by all that you could not recover Primordial Essence, even Primordials could not recover the Primordial Essence they had unleashed, or perhaps they chose not to do this, nevertheless, it was the primary reason Primordials were so stingy with utilizing this power and rarely interacted with reality or made any changes to it, because their powers were too great and could not just be simply unleashed without great consequences.

Singularities had one peculiar trait, and that was they could change the nature of reality.

The Primordial Record could allow Rowan to contain multiple powerful Primordial bloodlines in a single body, and the World Stele could reverse back the technique unleashed by Primordial Essence.

Today, everything was going to change, as Rowan was taking back the Primordial Essence in the Sirens.

There was a loud crack that reverberated all through reality, and the Frozen Road that existed since the beginning of the Supreme Era began to collapse.

Across reality, Primordials began to stir,

Chapter 1288 The Seven Primordials

In an area outside of all known space and time, deep in the Nothingness, there was a gigantic gray castle that appeared incredibly ancient, not because of its condition which still appeared pristine as if it had just been completed, but because of the aura that surrounded it.

The ancientness of this castle was not far from the truth because this castle was called Algorh and was known as the first fortification to ever be built in existence.

It was collectively built by Primordials and was said it was among the few things in existence where the power of multiple Primordials went into their creation.

This castle was not beautiful, it was ruggedly built, its angles and proportions were not entirely correct, and it had no embellishment, all it had going for it was the endless strength it exuded, that practically screamed its invulnerability. Like the Primordials, Algorh was indestructible, and yet, this mighty castle had been abandoned.

This was not a general truth that was known in this present Era for it had been practically eliminated from all records, but there was a time when Primordials- although considered the most powerful beings to ever exist since the dawn of existence-did not have an overwhelming control over reality and despite their overwhelming strength, they were greatly outnumbered and in order to survive, the Primordials had to work together. Demon, Light, Time, Chaos, Memory, Soul, and Life. Seven of the most powerful entities to have ever existed, banding together, just to survive.

In the previous altercation with the rest of reality, quantity had won over quality and the Primordials had to retreat to a safe haven where they planned to properly unleash their powers to bend reality to their will. It was a rare thing for them when the smallest exertion of power could solve any of their problems, and so they had to learn to use their powers in ways they had never imagined they would.

Algorh became one of their first combined creations, and despite its flawed nature due to the first time the Primordials were collectively creating something, it was still a product of supreme power.

The Primordials may be supremely powerful, but without a good plan, they may have fallen, and Algorath, built from the flesh, blood, and bones of an unknown Primordial Entity became their refuge.

Algorath held against the bombardment of countless Primordial creatures who were baying for the blood of the Primordials. All of reality at that time understood that this was the only chance to stop the Primordials before they came into their full strength, each of them was already considered invincible, but with every Primordial working together, it became a disaster. There was also a great undertone of greed, for they all knew who had received the majority of the Primordial Essence in reality. A single Primordial was a source of near-endless power.

However, this gathering was too late, for as long as this castle was fueled by Primordial Essence, it was impregnable, and the Primordials paid a heavy price, in Essence to keep it that way as they struggled within it to understand the reaches of their powers, unlocking their omnipotence and omniscience within its walls and much more potent abilities alongside those.

Maybe if the price paid in Primordial Essence were a little less, what took place during the Primordial Era after the Primordials had won the war might have been a bit more humane, and the Primordials might have never taken the extreme steps of butchering every creature that had any bit of Primordial Essence within them and shackling the rest under harsh conditions.

The fact was that the Primordials were besieged inside Algorath for many Minor Eras, and when they left its walls, the Primordial Essence they had spent was incalculable, their enemies had been desperate to bring them down, and they had not pulled out any stops.

When the Primordials left Algorath, the slaughter that they unleashed on reality was matchless from the beginning of existence, and likely to its end.

Algorath, once a sign of the salvation of the Primordials was discarded into this place where nothing existed, and this castle had remained here for countless Eras until it was found, and it became the headquarters of Prism.

Prism had only one goal; to claim this Supreme Era and all other successive Eras that followed it.

The members of Prism kept their identity away from the rest of reality, but what was known about them was that they were all members of Primordial domains, and they were extremely powerful, because to become one of the lowest order members of Prism, it was required that the individual must be a fifth dimensional immortal and to have the bloodline of a Primordial.

Algorh, although abandoned by the Primordials, still possessed extremely powerful enchantments that forbade anyone who was not of a Primordial bloodline from entering it.

All members of Prism, being extremely powerful and all possessing Primordial Bloodlines meant that Prism became one of reality's most powerful organizations in existence, and so their appetites were not small.

The castle was massive from the outside, but that was not the full picture of what it contained on the inside which was an endless dimension, so massive was this dimension that the members of Prism who inhabited it, including those at the highest echelons, did not even understand its entire breadth or a fraction of the multiple secrets it contained.

The dimension inside this castle was dead and yet it was filled with the essence of life that was so potent that it would make an average immortal explode in body and soul after taking a single breath here.

Even after abandoning Algorh, the effect of the powers of the Primordials and their presence for so long within it never left the castle. So much Primordial Essence had been spent behind these walls that even when there was no more Essence left inside of it, what remained was a life force that staggered the imagination, and yet because of how impossibly dense this life force was, no life could be born here without turning to ash.

This inevitably made this castle a cultivation heaven for higher dimensional immortals above the fifth level who cultivated their Core, and even then, they had to be extremely careful to draw only a small amount of life force from the castle.

Chapter 1289 Prism

Chapter 1289 Prism

The impressive rate every member of Prism could enhance their Core was one of the greatest selling points of being a member of this organization, as one of the hallmarks of the members of Prism was their freakishly powerful bodies.

There were also many hidden uses for this life force, but those secrets were held tight by the higher-order members of Prism.

The internal dimension of Algorh resembled a city that had been fashioned inside the dreams of a mad immortal, combining both beauty, order, and chaos in disparate amounts to create a unique surrounding that was more like a labyrinth, and because its internal structures were always moving about, it was difficult to navigate.

Entire stretch of cities would suddenly vanish into space to reappear millions of years later in the sky or underneath the ground, and this was the least amount of chaos that could be found here. Within this castle were entire traces of powers left by Primordials,

their entire path to power laid bare within its walls, but the challenge was to find those traces, and then to understand those traces.

If anyone became lost inside of the castle, even a higher dimensional immortal, then it was a confirmed possibility that they would never leave this place. Since Prism was founded, everyone who had ever been lost inside the castle had never been found. The allure of the path of every Primordial in existence locked inside this dimension still drew many members of Prism to an unknown fate as many still choose to venture into the unknown in search of these supreme paths.

There were only certain places inside of Algorath that were free from its chaotic movements, and these spaces were treasured and carefully managed by Prism. All these spaces were special in their unique ways, and they had become the source of power for Prism.

In one of those central areas, seven figures sat around a glowing prismatic orb, all members of Prism, and they were its highest echelons, they wore black robes that obfuscated their features, but the wave of power emanating from their bodies could not be hidden, these were all powerful higher dimensional immortals that would cause reality to shake whenever they made a move.

From the breath emanating from their bodies, it was apparent that each of the seven figures represented a Primordial bloodline.

This space they inhabited resembled a grand hall with a beautiful etching of a winged beast that had been torn to pieces, and its insides were not made from flesh, blood, and bones, but of bricks, wood, and metal. A careful analysis of this beast would reveal that some part of its internals matched this castle.

At this point, the gaze of all seven Prism members was all fixed on the prismatic orb that was revealing the current disaster sweeping through reality, which was the ongoing destruction of the Frozen Road.

“Green, every member of Prism congratulates you. You have achieved what no one could have ever anticipated, and because you have staked your life and position on this matter that should have been so improbable it was considered possible by all of us, we can become the first to take advantage of this event. The entire resources of Prism are yours... Make this Era to be one that is ruled by Prism.”

The reverberations of the collapse of the Frozen Road shook the entirety of Reality, reaching even Doom Star who had been shunted out of real space-time.

The vibrations seemed to be endless, for the Frozen Road was one of the largest structures in existence, stretching across the entirety of the Great Darkness, its size could hardly be imagined.

With the ongoing collapse, the laughter of the Sirens became even more shrill. It was one of victory, of endless waiting that had finally borne fruit, and in their glee, they went mad.

With the Frozen Road reaching the zenith of its collapse, a massive blue fog burst out of it and began to stream towards the heads of the Sirens.

The blue fog entered through their eyes and when it reached the center of their heads, a blue vortex that was shaped in the form of a book was waiting and the fog poured into the vortex.

On Doom Star, the radiance from the six books exploded even further and Rowan's entire body was nearly covered by the glow.

The Eye of Time and Gothran'Inul were frozen in shock, and this shock was more apparent in the heart of the Eye of Time because whenever it thought it knew the limit of Rowan's plan, this abomination simply took it a step further. How could this child comprehend the weight of the devastation it had just unleashed on Reality? Despite the pain of holding Nemesis at bay, the Eye of Time could not help but burst into laughter,

"Hahaha, Rowan, you said power had gone to my head, but this statement fit you more than anyone in reality! Do you have any idea of the storm that is about to descend on your head because of this act? Even if I have a thousand more guts I would not dream of doing a fraction of what you have just done. I don't need to kill you, I just need to fold my hands and watch as you would be torn into pieces and tortured for the rest of your existence! Hahaha..."

Gothran Inul sighed and some of his head whistled in appreciation as they regarded the form of Rowan enshrouded by the light of the six books,

"When the Eye of Time laments about the dangers you impose, I honestly thought this broken Primordial had gone insane, either from the endless Eras of being shattered or being drained of every single shred of Primordial Essence that it contained, yet I am now thinking it has underestimated your worth. Now I don't know whether to fight you or to flee as far as possible from you."

"Well in that case, I will not run if I were you," Rowan said, "The best part is yet to come, and if you leave, you shall regret it for the rest of your existence."

"Oh, why is that?"

"I know it has been a while Gothran'Inul, but have you forgotten the scent of the Essence that once moved through your veins? What do you think I am summoning from the Frozen Road?"

Hundreds of eyes from the titan tightened,

“You lie, there is no method to draw out Essence that has already been spent, it would follow its laid-out path forever.”

Rowan chuckled, “What is the use of all of those eyes if you still choose to remain blind?”

The titan paused and regarded reality outside and carefully sensed the power building inside the six books around Rowan and he became silent,

“If this is the truth, if you can draw out Primordial Essence already unleashed, why would you allow me to remain by your side, a known threat to your design.”

Rowan cocked his head to the side as he regarded the titan, and his words seemed to echo twice as he spoke,

“You should know by now that I am not your enemy, and neither are you mine. You may have been brought here by the designs of others, but that was never my wish. I am known as a giver, and I want to share this power that I am collecting with you. I know the dangers of being too greedy. So will you partake of this bounty?”

Chapter 1290 Break Your Ego (1)

Chapter 1290 Break Your Ego (1)

All the heads of the titan Gothran’Inul focused on Rowan with such totality it almost seemed that Rowan became the only thing in existence, finally the titan sighed, an extremely storage sound that caused the surface and heaven of Doom Star to freeze for a moment, and he shook his head,

“Ah, you are still too young and you don’t understand the true nature of reality, however, the fear of the Primes should have been engraved in your blood and the fact that you could break their working means you are extremely abnormal. I know about Singularities, these things were ancient even when I was young, but it would do nothing to protect you against the might of the rulers of reality when they fall upon you. There had been many holders of Singularities in the past, and if they were truly special, these groups should be the ones ruling reality. The Frozen Road is a work of Primordials, what gave you the guts to tamper with them? A Singularity? You foolish child, even thenos here was countless times stronger than you with a Singularity in his grasp and he still fell, who do you think you are?”

The light from the six books was now so blinding that it had completely enshrouded Rowan’s figure and he did not reply immediately to the query from the titan before a chuckle escaped from him, his voice still carefree as if he had not understood the ramifications of what the ancient titan had just said,

“Then I guess you are refusing my offer. A shame, that this offer was extremely favorable for you. Then why don’t you run along like the scared little titan that you are? There is no wonder you and your kind are extinct, even after death you still lick the boots of the mighty, and refuse to grab for every opportunity that comes your way even if it leads to death. Your fear Gothran’Inul...it stinks. This Era is different from the one you once lived in when Primordials roamed reality, and everything is new now. You could have had the opportunity to rise in this Era, but the fear of the past holds you down. You shall not survive in this Era, Gothran’Inul, you should have stayed dead.”

Gothran’Inul snorted, “You will have to do better than that to anger me. In my Era, we were a thousand times more arrogant than you, but the Primes... showed us that before their supreme might, everything is worthless. The goal behind my resurrection at this time was not to fight against those who once laid me low but to look for a path that would lead me to the pinnacle. I have given you wisdom for free but you have spat upon it, which should not surprise me. It is the stubborn fly that follows the corpse into the grave.”

“How noble of you.” Rowan snickered, “I have certain doubts that you were not clear about. Does taking this path of yours,” Rowan asked, his tone holding a mocking lilt, “mean you have given up all forms of risks? How else would you reach for the pinnacle when you are too scared to collect a piece of it before you? Like those in your time, simply born with great power and so did not understand one fundamental rule of nature. Power is not given, it is taken! It is no wonder the Primordials dominated your Era, they at least understood you have to take risks to reach your goals.”

Gothran’Inul did not make any movement for a while after Rowan finished talking. Even though the demeanor of the titan had not changed after hearing Rowan’s words, all its many blue eyes focusing unblinkingly on him, Rowan knew that he was making this titan agitated, and this was always his intention, just the same way, this titan was trying to make him agitated, with his growing understanding of the higher dimension, shaking the core of an immortal’s belief was the greatest possible route in defeating them.

Gothran Inul was attempting to break Rowan’s belief in one of his most valuable assets which were his Singularity, the Primordial Record, and even though what he had shown on the surface was the power of the World Stele, this titan was powerful enough to see through the multiple powerful bloodlines inside his body at the glance, and even if he did not comprehend that Rowan had multiple Primordial Bloodlines, he knew of his multiple Wills, which shoujo denote that Rowan’s abilities were extremely special.

Rowan did not know if the Eye of Time had informed Gothran’Inul about the Primordial Record or if the titan was somehow able to infer that Rowan had another Singularity, he would always prefer to err on the side of caution and believe that Gothran’Inul knew about the Primordial Record, and so every words that he was speaking was being directed at both the World Stele and the Primordial Record, shattering the foundations of one of his powers.

In the past, such a strategy from the titan would have worked. Rowan did not understand his abilities and those of the Singularities, viewing them as powers beyond his reach, but

after becoming a living dimension, and merging a part of his lower dimension with the Primordial Record, he had essentially partially conquered this Singularity, it followed his Will, in essence, Rowan had simply made the Primordial Record one facet of his powers and not the foundations and the World Stele was not his own, and he laid no claim to it.

The words of Gothran'Inul would find no purchase in his heart, but the titan did not know that and Rowan intended to keep it this way. On the other hand, Rowan was attacking one of the greatest flaws of immortals, one that he also had in a certain manner-Ego.

Not even considering the likes of gods and the many random immortals floating around in reality with Egos the size of stars who would never allow anyone to besmirch their name or character, Gothran'Inul, an ancient titan which was the only general term that could refer to these gigantic Old Ones whose presence had been banished from reality and possessed power that could shatter everything in all directions would have an ego that was much greater than any immortal in this present reality.

This was a creature that could roam all corners of reality unchecked and could crush Rowan with a single breath and yet he was being mocked by these same weaklings and offered power as if he did not have enough to tear Rowan apart a million times over. His words to this Old One, considering how weak he was compared to him, was an extremely great insult, one that would see Rowan suffer for countless eternities in the hands of this creature. Even a mortal king would strike down such a person with such malicious tongue for a lesser offense, and Rowan had made many damning accusations against this titan.

However, although not plainly stated, it was inevitable that every Old One was fiercely intelligent. Of course, their nature was intensely primal, and what separated their minds from normalcy and madness was simply... nothing, as no creature in their position could be considered sane, Rowan was not sane, according to the standards of mortals, but they still had a code of conduct that they fiercely followed and protected, because their battles were very deadly and a flawed mind would crack when it needed to be firm.

To gain that firmness of mind, sometimes sanity was not enough, and madness was needed to control such great powers. Madness, and Ego.

Rowan could not break the mind of Gothran'Inul, but he could break his Ego.

Chapter 1291 Break Your Ego (Final)

The next words from Gothran'Inul confirmed these thoughts passing through Rowan's mind, and he knew that he had placed a slight chink in the armor of this creature,

"You are young, but that should not excuse your ignorance," the titan said, "I once had Primordial Essence flowing in my veins so I understand the ramifications behind this power, you cannot tempt me with your words when my memory carries more weight. You should hurry and complete your Ascension... Rowan, I still have a pact to settle with the

Eye of Time. Your Fate has already been sealed, you shall die here, and no matter how many waves you throw up by your actions, that Fate will never change, and there is no need to dig your grave faster by stoking my fury.”

“If that is the case then observe, perhaps your assessment of the powers of Singularities would change.”

The six books were now so bright that even the eyes of a lower-order immortal would turn to ash before that light suddenly vanished, taking the books with them.

Outside in reality the heads of the six sirens swallowing the blue fog suddenly shrunk as if they had been mummified, their laughter ceased and a palpable aura of death radiated from their shrunken skulls.

Below for the first time since the Supreme Era was created, the Great Darkness was open.

Within Doom Star, the vanishing book caught both The Eye of Time and Gothran’Inul by surprise. They had both felt the power of Primordial Essence building inside those books, and there was not just one droplet of Primordial Essence, from the Aura they were sensing if combined then there was a possibility for there to be three droplets, maybe even four!

To push Gothran’Inul to the height of his powers, he would only need a single droplet of Primordial Essence, and although he feigned before Rowan as if he did not desire this power, that was simply a facade, only his staunch mind had kept him sane and stopped him from tearing Rowan to pieces in an instant and seizing the Primordial Essence for himself, only the knowledge that this process was being achieved by a Singularity that he had no control over stopped him from taking any actions.

If impatience was the cause for his losing this Essence, then all the time that Gothran Inul would have lived would be considered a waste. Everything he had been telling Rowan was simply manipulated truths to further his agenda, before the greatest power in reality, how could he not crave it?

With a single droplet of Primordial Essence, he could simply create an endless circulation of power inside his body, ridding him of the weakness of ever searching for a dimension outside the Primordials that could carry the weight of his existence and still allow him the chance for growth.

With two droplets of Primordial Essence, he could begin crafting his path to a Supreme Road, with three?! Oh, the things that he could achieve with three. Manifesting his dimension in reality would no longer become a mad dream. He could create his Eternal realm!

His body appeared loose and he seemed carefree on the surface, but beneath, his entire power was poised on the brink, the moment. Rowan completed his gathering of the

Primordial Essence, he would rip this ludicrous mortal to pieces and take everything for himself. He would flee this realm and venture into the Nothingness where even the gaze of Primordials could not fully penetrate, and there he would rise. Why remain under the domains of the Primordials when he had the power to create his domain?

The light of greed and madness behind the eyes of Gothran'Inul was threatening to burn out of his skull, when the light of his fascination vanished, taking his prize with it.

If the titan was in this state of maddened greed, then the Eye of Time was even in a worse one.

The only reason the Eye of Time had to struggle through all these eternities, making deals and imposing its will through the hands of lesser beings was simply because it was empty. It lacked the fuel to display its Primordial Might, and so it had to make do with inefficiently wielding the memories of his powers.

The entire basis of Reflection was born out of enlightenment gained when it began to use the shadow of its once invincible might to exist.

All the battles it had fought, had been done with simply a memory of its powers. There were no words in existence to describe the thirst in the heart of the Eye when it detected the build-up of Primordial Essence in front of Rowan. It had shut down the cry of his death from Gothran'Inul so fast that if it had a tongue, it would have bitten it off.

If it had known of the possibility that the World Stele could reclaim Primordial Essence, then it would have made searching for this Singularity its entire life's goal.

How could Rowan, a more mortal, or any of the riffraff, in reality, stand against it in combat when he was basically wielding what amounted to nothing against them?

If the Eye of Time could gain access to a single droplet of Primordial Essence, then except for Primordials, it would be matchless, and there was a great possibility that with this Essence, he could begin to slowly resurrect its main body that had been shattered across all of reality.

This was a far-off goal, but the possibility was there, and it was one that it had never considered until a moment ago. There was an extremely small part of the Eye of Time that felt a bit of regret that it had not used other gentler methods to lure Rowan into its service.

This was the first time in its existence that it was considering such an action, but the price he could have gained was well worth the humiliation.

However, this thought was flung to the side before it fully formed. It did not matter the price it was going to pay to acquire this power, the Eye would call upon everything inside of it to gain this Essence.

And so, from the moment Rowan unveiled the culmination of nearly a billion years of planning by him and the World Stele, the focus of this battle had suddenly changed from one where he was to be slaughtered to the greed before the resource that was being gathered here.

When the light from the six books vanished, Gothran'Inul stumbled back in shock, the weight of expectation suddenly vanishing from his soul nearly made him lightheaded, and the cry of anguish from the Eye of Time was able to shock the titan from his muddle-headedness.

“MY ESSENCE!!! ROWAN WHERE THE FUCK IS MY ESSENCE?!”

The mocking laughter of Rowan nearly drove both parties to madness,

“Oh, I did not know your name was written on it.”

This time it was the Gothran'Inul who made his move, one of his hands effortlessly tore through the barrier of telekinesis around Rowan and seized him by the throat,

“Where is the Primordial Essence?!”

All mirth vanished from Rowan's eyes as he regarded the titan with an extremely cold gaze that could freeze the soul,

“So, this is your true face, then why waste my time sniveling like a coward? Tell you what, I will answer your question if you grovel on your knees like a dog.”

Chapter 1292 Explosive Strength (1)

Gothran'Inul growled, the sound reverberating through reality as more of his hands seized Rowan's body, he had thousands of arms, and his physical shape was something that could make even an immortal go mad.

With a slight effort from the hands he held Rowan with he would tear him apart in a manner that even Rowan would find it difficult to recover from, multiple heads stretched forward on a rapidly elongating neck, and like massive snakes, they circled Rowan until twelve of his heads were focused on Rowan's face, and those heads spoke to Rowan using different languages, but they were all speaking the same words, “This is not a game child, you should not try my patience, or I shall scour through every single piece of you to find my answers. You shall not survive this process, and it shall be the most painful thing that would ever occur to you, or anyone you have ever known. I should know, because I control the Will of Pain.”

Rowan calmly replied to this threat as he assessed the multiple heads of the titan, “As much as it would interest me to find the limits of this pain you promise, I never said I

would be withholding information from you. You were the one who refused my boon, and so I gave it away.

The force in the hands of the titan grew to an epic proportion, almost as if he had run out of patience and had decided to tear Rowan apart, in the heart of Gothran'Inul he was a bit surprised that despite the force he had used on Rowan, except from explosions resounding from his flesh, he was still in one piece, he had intended to break every bone in his body.

Leaving this concern aside, through multiple sets of gritted teeth the titan growled, "Do not test me, child, I shall not ask again. Where is the Primordial Essence?" Rowan didn't reply, instead, he began to move, his body straining against the hold of the titan as massive explosions of power made the space around them shatter. Cracks exploded through reality that extended for billions of miles, the present size of both titans meant every motion they were making came with such momentum that even a stable realm like Doom Star could not entirely contain their might.

His two hands were held by hundreds of Gothran'Inul's hands, and as Rowan strained against his binding, the multiple heads of the titan looked at him with impatience and disdain, but that look did not last for long.

Rowan's two hands, bound by the hands of a titan whose strength could crumble dimensions to pieces, began to slowly move under its adamantite bond.

Underneath the astonished gaze of the titan, Rowan brought his hands to his neck where he began to slowly pry away the fingers of Gothran'Inul that had seized his throat, in the process, he bent and broke the nine fingers of the titan's hand.

The low voice that emerged from Gothran'Inul would have killed a lesser immortal, "You dare? Even now you still fight?..."

Rowan's eyes, blacker than the void, suddenly blazed with gold, as for the first time in nearly a billion years, he activated one of his most heretical techniques, Ascension! This was a power that he could not use in reality outside because its reverberation had the power to shake reality. Except for a closed-off realm like Doom Star that could hold that power in check, Rowan would only use this power unless he intended to go all out and kill.

Ascension had been born from his Eruption ability, which was a forbidden method used by Rowan to burn his endless vitality for an increase in attributes for a short time.

When he evolved to become a living dimension, he lost certain abilities while others had transformed, growing stronger, and Eruption had transformed into Ascension. Ascension possessed all the capabilities of Eruption, and it also had the capacity to make a certain amount of the attributes gained while using this technique permanently added to Rowan's base stats when he ended the technique.

Rowan did not need these extra attributes, he already had more than he needed as his third-dimensional flesh had been taken far past its limit with just the attribute he gained by Seeding the worlds inside his dimension, to the extent that he had millions of unspent attribute points lying around.

For him, Ascension was valuable because it could infinitely multiply his powers to the limit that his body could contain, and as a living dimension, his body could contain a lot.

Gothran Inul was holding him bound using only pure strength, and Ascension was the best method to counter this move.

At this moment Rowan's present attribute was this:

Strength: 601,772,001

Sixth Star Ancient Supreme Strength Core

Agility: 551,771,771

Fifth Star Ancient Supreme Agility Core

Constitution: 790,885,990

Seventh Star Ancient Supreme Constitution Core

Although he had already reached the limit of his third-dimensional flesh, simply pushing his Will of Time to the Fourth dimension had loosened the barrier over his flesh, allowing Rowan to push his strength from the fifth star to the Sixth star, his Agility, and Constitution had also grown but did not break the boundary of their star core.

If he completed the rest of his Wills and became a fourth dimension, then his attributes would rapidly push past the hundreds of millions to reach billions, at that time, Rowan wondered how many immortals in all of reality could counter his strength.

These current attributes represented his base stats and with his activation of Ascension, in the first few moments alone, all of his stats... tripled!

His entire dimension from the inside out was beginning to combust as its potential was excavated. His endless essence was consumed in ridiculous amounts and that power was channeled into his dimensional flesh, and like a stone rolling down a mountain, this process was gaining momentum, becoming increasingly faster. Gothran'Inul was an Old One, an eighth-dimensional entity whose powers were unfathomable because, unlike immortals of this present Era, this titan cultivated both Core and Territory.

In the Primordial Era, using the power of Primordial Essence, Gothran'Inul had been able to push both the power of his Core and Territory to unknown heights, creating a body that

wed truly immortal, and although he had been drained of every single drop of Primordial Essence, he could still stand here using the strength of his body alone. At this time, the titan could not even draw upon Aetherium to power up his massive physique because being inside of Doom Star, the realm refused to allow them to access any of its powers.

Like the Eye of Time, Gothran'Inul was basically fighting on an empty tank, but the body cultivated during the Primordial Era was nothing to scoff at. His passive Aether generation was a thousand times greater than an average eighth-dimensional entity, and yet it was barely enough to hold the Weight of his existence, without access to Primordial Essence and a suitable delusional realm where he could recover, Gothran'Inul would need to recover for billions of years for his Aether generation to reach a point that he could begin creating Aetherium, and then he would be able to finally unleash his full power.

Chapter 1293 Explosive Strength (final)

Rowan had no way of knowing the attributes this Titan possessed, and although he knew that it was extremely high, he did not care much. The titan could crush him in terms of Territory with its myriad of techniques and spells of the higher dimensional level, but no one... could match him in physical strength and recovery.

Gothran'Inul watched Rowan's strength explode out of nowhere and he did not seem surprised, gaining a Supreme Core after pushing past the hundred million mark in an individual attribute was something that was rarely known but was something that the titan understood since he had multiple Supreme Cores and one of the abilities of these Cores was to rapidly explode with potential to increase the overall capabilities of the individual.

This Era was drained of the incredible amount of Essence that once flooded reality, and the path of cultivation Core had become incredibly difficult, so it was surprising that this child whose age should not have reached a million from the aura of time around him had been able to cultivate Core, and from the explosion of power from his body, not just one cores, but multiple cores.

He had expected such a reaction, from what he knew of Rowan, a talented scion like him would be extremely arrogant, and the best way to break that arrogance and gain what he wanted was to show the futility of whatever actions he would take. The titan did not immediately tear Rowan apart, he waited to see how much the child could explode from his cores.

It was unwise to excavate the potential of the Cores in this manner because it would lead to its damage, and recovery from a damaged Core was a long process, one that would take millions of years to heal, but in a pinch like this, no immortal would hold back from exploding their Core. It indicated to the titan that at least Rowan was nearing his limits.

The cold attitude of this child despite the vast differences in their realm was something that even Gothran'Inul found to be unnerving.

Nonetheless, it did not matter how much Rowan's power could grow, he would never escape from his grasp, and Gothran'Inul would take the Essence he wanted from his broken body, no matter the cost.

Rowan was a bit surprised that Gothran'Inul had not immediately tried harder to stop him when he unleashed his Ascension technique, but then he realized that the titan must have believed that this was the last struggle of a fly caught in the web of a spider. This titan must believe that he was exploding his Supreme Cores, but instead, Rowan was doing something much more ridiculous.

With multiple Cores in his body, Rowan was expected to be able to explode with powers that were double, maybe even quadruple his normal base attributes, which was a formidable source of strength that could clear up most obstacles facing any immortal, and if that was what Gothran'Inul was expecting, then he would be surprised at what would be happening next.

Rowan was not foolish enough to fight a battle against giants while wielding toothpicks. When would these old monsters stop underestimating him? But he was not one to look a gift horse in the mouth.

His Ascension technique had been running for two seconds now, and the entire space surrounding Rowan had transformed into a domain of gold, that transformation of the surrounding space was simply a reflection of the golden flames that had erupted from Rowan's body as his strength had reached ten times his base.

Inside his dimension, the brewing power that had been slowly erupting was rapidly reaching a point where it was about to explode uncontrollably.

This power was terrifying, as his attributes were now in the billions! However, the titan still held him firmly.

Although the shock in the heart of Gothran'Inul had reached the peak, this level of power was one that he could still control, and then another second passed, and the power in Rowan's body unexpectedly multiplied to twenty times his base attributes. There was a loud crack across his entire dimension that almost made Gothran'Inul flinch, and a hint of danger flashed through the titan's consciousness because it was at this moment that the linear growth of power in Rowan's body became exponential. Thirty times his base stats...

Fifty times...

Rowan's living dimension reached his limits and he exploded into light. His physical flesh could no longer be able to hold this power.

When the Primordial Essence vanished from the hands of Rowan, the Eye of Time nearly went insane, and as Gothran'Inul seized Rowan, a bit of cold air was blown through its mind and then it took a step back and analyzed this matter in a rather cool manner.

At this point in time, rashness would not work in its favor.

Everything that abomination Rowan did was always premeditated, and his actions were never rash, even when it seemed that way, there were few individuals that it knew that were so cold.

With his understanding of Rowan, this abomination would never have displayed openly his ability to gather Primordial Essence in front of them and then make it vanish if there was not a good reason for doing such a thing.

Observing the methods used by Rowan to gather the Primordial Essence from the Frozen Road, the Eye of Time had noticed that Rowan had completed this process with his consciousness alone, meaning everything had been completed beforehand and he was simply flipping the switch, and so that meant there was no reason that he should have kept the books so close to him at the start.

With the power of Rowan's consciousness, he could have easily completed this process even if the books were on the other side of Doom Star, or even in another dimensional domain.

Why would Rowan, a creature that preferred working in the dark, choose to openly display such a shocking capability before his enemies?

The most plausible reason for this must be to draw their attention and keep them fixed on him. The heart of the Eye of Time went cold when it realized that Rowan was using himself as bait, he was buying time, but why?

The perception of the Eye of Time swept past Rowan who was under the hold of Gothran'Inul and was now beginning to glow. Its perception touched all corners of the realm and reached one last party that had been ignored all these while under the distractions created by Rowan, and the Eye of Time screamed at Gothran'Inul,

“forget that bastard, the essence lies with...”

“BOOM!”

Whatever the Eye of Time was going to say was drowned in a golden explosion that rippled through the dimension. Power unchecked caused space and time to shatter across trillions of light years, and in the perception of the Eye of Time that was pushed back for millions of miles by this explosion of power, multiple objects flew past. it, and he noticed that those objects were the screaming heads of Gothran'Inul.

However the Eye of Time was not focused on all of that, his perception was permanently locked on the body of Thenos that was healing.

Chapter 1294 The Perfect Road

Chapter 1294 The Perfect Road

Everything that happened next took place in one-hundredth of a second, but in that time, Rowan's strength and potential took a leap forward that even he did not expect.

For a brief moment, Rowan's consciousness was in a daze, the amount of power that he had exploded out with Ascension in a brief window was ridiculous. At the height of that transformation when Ascension burned the hottest, Rowan had realized in horror that his essence was not endless, and using Ascension could cripple him if he was not careful.

Fifty times his base stats meant each of his attributes could be measured in the tens of trillions!

All that power had not appeared out of nowhere, they were fuelled by his essence, and now he understood that in this realm of power, infinity was a concept that could always be broken and surpassed.

Rowan had always thought with the regenerative property of his essence and the sheer volume contained inside his dimension, he naturally possessed an endless source of Essence, but to fuel a body where one of its attributes was reaching tens of trillions, even all that essence would have lasted for a few seconds before his body would be devoured by Ascension.

Ascension was immediately shut down, but even in the brief window where he had unleashed that power, it had been enough to shatter the hold of the titan, and if Rowan was not wrong, the strength he had unleashed had torn the body of the titan to pieces, of course, that would not destroy such a creature, but it would buy him time because even a single second in an encounter of this nature was incredibly precious. He had felt the body of the titan absorbing much of the explosive power that he had released and for a moment he had feared that even pushing his attributes to such heights would not be enough, but then the body of the titan reached its limit, and he exploded.

Rowan realized that in a way, he was incredibly lucky that Gothran'Inul's body had been able to absorb so much of that explosive power, else he would have blown a hole through Doom Star, likely destabilizing their precarious balance in this flow of time and space that was keeping them outside of reality for now.

Doom Star being dragged back in time was not accomplished by the Time Storm unleashed by the Eye of Time but by the World Stele. The Singularity had gone all out, dragging the entire realm of Doom Star into a fragile space that could hide them from the rest of

reality, but if this realm were destabilized to a great extent, then it would be forced out of this space.

This was the only method it could convince Rowan to finish extracting the Primordial Essence from the heads of the Sirens, and the assurance from the World Stele and also the Primordial Record that doing such a thing would not draw the attention of the Primordials... yet.

Nevertheless, such an act would draw the attention of every great power in reality, and this space would hide Rowan from their probing and keep his status unknown.

It would have been a shame if this delicate act of deception was broken by his act of unleashing Ascension.

The body of Gothran'Inul exploded away from him, and the cry of the Eye of Time still hung in the air, only a mere moment had passed, but the changes wrought by Ascension led to a new change inside of Rowan.

This power gained from Ascension was not only reflected in his physical stats reaching a higher level, but also in his three Chambers as Well since they were tied to his dimensional flesh, and in this moment, the chamber that caused this great change was Knowledge Well.

At this moment, the computational power of Knowledge Well became infinitely more profound. If Knowledge Well was likened to a calculator that could do only addition and subtraction, it suddenly transformed into a massive quantum computer with infinite processing power.

All of this was for a very brief moment, but the shackles that Rowan was not even aware of, shattered, and another path for his elevation made itself apparent to him.

He knew that not just his immense attribute had brought about this change, but also the pressure he was under at this moment. A pressure that was forcing him to evolve or die.

Rowan might appear lackadaisical in certain points as if everything was within his control and nothing could break his cool, but the pressure he was under was utterly immense. He was pushing ten thousand plans forward at the same time while making sure he came ahead in some and even losing some, all to further his greater plans. Rowan did not know of anyone else in reality who shared the same burden that he carried. As a mortal, albeit the most powerful mortal to ever exist, he was not fighting against lower dimensional immortals, but some of the greatest powers to ever appear in reality, and every one of his moves was affecting all of creation, bringing forth consequences that would shape this Era. A claim that even the most powerful immortals in existence may not ever boast of making.

All of this pressure for someone who could still be considered a mortal was a fiery crucible that was quenching his entire self, pushing him towards heights unknown, to make achievements that were impossible, because only the impossible was sufficient.

Normally he would not use Ascension in this manner, often going for a slow burn process that would release all this power in small bursts, but doing that against a titan like Gothran'Inul was useless. A single burst of explosive power was what he needed. However, in a moment, this power not only destroyed his dimensional flesh, it transformed it into energy, and in any other instance, such a thing would have shattered his consciousness to all corners of this realm, leaving him helpless for a while until he could regain back his physical form, but then his dimensional soul emerged and took up the slacks, and in the instance where his flesh was energy, Rowan saw the direction of his fourth-dimensional evolution of his Bloodline of Sheol that should simultaneously enhance his Will of the Soul Origin and the Will of Truth, and that was just a side note to this elevation... and he took it without hesitation. The explosion of power had pushed back the titan for a moment and the Eye of Time had noticed his subterfuge, but this was still playing within Rowan's overall vision, what he had not anticipated was to finally see the bridge that could push his bloodline to a higher level.

The minor part of this change was to his Will of Soul Origin and the Will of Truth.

Reaching the fourth dimension with these Wills was not something that Rowan found to be impossible before now, he had a hundred possible paths he could take to reach the fourth dimension with these Wills, but it was a rare thing to have the path be illuminated so brightly that he knew he has seen the perfect road for himself.

Chapter 1295 The Excitement Of A Singularity

His experience with the Will of Time had shown him that the direction of his Will growth was separate from everyone else in reality. His actions had condemned him to a solitary path.

From the knowledge he had gained while inside Doom Star and his own personal experience, he knew that every person who held the bloodline and the Will of Time inside of them would usually have dials of time in their eyes, which was related to the Time Stack ability. This was one of the foundational abilities of Time manipulation. When he first gained the Will and bloodline of Time he had gained this ability and his eyes had reflected this transformation, but soon that all changed when he completed his dimensional flesh as a Reflection.

Instead of the dials of time in his eyes, he now had an hourglass, his foundation in his time bloodline had changed. It had become a completely separated bloodline of time that was distinct from anything in reality. Inside Rowan, Time was born anew.

This was proof that although Rowan was following the path of his Primordial bloodlines, that would not last for long, because his dimensional flesh was separating itself from their heritage.

It was the reason why he could not rashly upgrade the rest of his Wills to the fourth dimension without the inspiration of the path that thoroughly belonged to him, and in the instant, his flesh had dispersed into light, he gained that inspiration.

His Will of Soul Origin had already been stimulated by his bloodline of Time that was already in the fourth dimension, and it had only a fragile shell separating it from upgrading and using Wormtongue, not just on the Eye of Time, but also subtly influencing the titan Gothran'Inul, so that it had unconsciously placed more attention on him had pushed his Will of Truth higher, and he only needed a slight push to make it a fourth dimensional Will.

Becoming energy had transformed him in an instant into light, this state shedding enlightenment on his Celestial bloodline Sheol, which was inextricably linked to his Soul, as Sheol was both a bastion of Light and Soul and if there had been a clear separation before, now there was true fusion.

Rowan's three chambers rumbled, Knowledge Well bringing forth a fusion between his bloodline of Sheol, and it did not end here.

Inside his body, Rowan had access to four bloodlines. One of them was rather special, which was the Tree of Desire, the original bloodline of Rowan that had been lost but resurrected by the Primordial Record; however, that resurrection was strange and this bloodline had no foundation of its own, instead it was linked to Sheol as if it was simply a branch that had been grafted on a different tree to supply the nutrients for its growth.

This bloodline, although powerful since it came from a Primordial bloodline did not grant him any Will as the others had done, but Rowan did not begrudge this because this bloodline in many subtle ways had guaranteed his survival as much as his other three bloodlines. In fact, he was sure that the reason this bloodline did not give him any Will was because its powers were incredibly skewed to enhance Rowan's luck.

Rowan was a living dimension, and to alter his luck to such an extent would be similar to making every living creature inside a universe blessed with profoundly good luck, both mortals and immortals.

Even as he grew increasingly stronger his luck did not fall but increased as well, with the ability of the Tree of Desire to grant his desire every thousand and million years going a long way to ensure his plans were on track.

Rowan acknowledged that this bloodline would simply be a passive addition to his three main bloodlines, but the inspiration he had gained where he was merging the light and

soul aspect of Sheol bloodline could only be completed and become something new and suitable for his dimension if he completely merges his Tree of Desire bloodline with Sheol.

He would thereby be reducing his four bloodlines to three.

Rowan had never planned in all his years of living to ever do this, but when his body shattered under the impossible amount of power that he had gained in a single moment, transforming into light, all of his bloodlines also did the same.

His Knowledge Well which had reached a spectacular height seized on this

opportunity, and as his Will of Truth and Soul Origin was shooting towards the fourth dimension, his bloodline of Sheol and the Tree of Desire were combining, in a dazzling and unprecedented display.

Inside his dimensional flesh, the Primordial Record was trembling with excitement. Great events might be unfolding but for the Primordial Record that had a singular purpose, it did not care much about those.

The Singularity had the power to combine Primordial Bloodline, but doing so would involve it taking control of Rowan's bloodline and combining with him using a drastic ritual that would shatter all of reality and finally draw out the Primordials from their throne, which would lead to a battle where they would lose 9.9999 times out of ten. For the Primordial Record, even such a skewed odds for survival was a victory, because it would be able to evolve past its nascent form and reach an unknown height.

When it accepted that Rowan should take the leading role in their relationship, submitting itself to Rowan's control, it had done so only because it recognized Rowan's potential to achieve great things in the future, but the Primordial Record did not imagine that this future would be coming so quickly.

Merging two Primordial bloodlines was not simply a combination of one and one being equal to two, it was a completely new elevation of a bloodline that was already considered perfect, anywhere else in reality, doing such a thing would have been considered impossible, except inside of Rowan's dimension, a space that was entirely separated from the rules of reality.

Two Primordial Bloodlines combined. This process was aided by the fact that Rowan was now in the form of energy, and so this combination that was profoundly complex, simply clicked as if it was always meant to be.

The Primordial Record rejoiced as it began to record this new and unknown bloodline, every page vibrating with power as a state of change that almost felt like it was evolving began to ripple across the Black Book.

If the Primordial Record had a mouth, it would be howling in celebration, and when the new record was complete, the appearance of the Primordial Record had changed, and its cover was not entirely black, instead on its edge were speckles of white.

The layer of fuzz that covered Rowan's consciousness dissipated and an avalanche of information poured down upon him like a flood. He shivered as his body snapped together, the state of energy he had transformed into a while back had lasted for a brief time, barely a hundredth of a second.

Rowan opened his eyes and he knew that everything had changed, as the steps that held him bound to the third dimension were simply his last bloodline and Will, which was his Primordial Ouroboros Bloodline and the Will of Elder.

However, he could not focus on those for the moment before the enraged cry of Gothran'Inul and the Eye of Time entered his senses.

A lot of time may have seemed to have passed, but in reality, the battle had not ended, and Rowan was back in the fight. He looked towards Thenos above and he smiled, with the attention of all opposing parties no longer focused on him, another three books subtly appeared in his closed right hand.

The key to reaching the fourth dimension, and his other plans going ahead was within these books.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1296 Attacking Thenos

Rowan's entire consciousness was tensed up, not everything had been going according to plans, and even the margin of error that he had put in place had been stretched far past their limits.

He knew that the Eye of Time would have weapons that he was not aware of, but he never thought that it would have an entire Old One living inside of it. Gothran'Inul was a wildcard that could shatter his entire plans, and although the pressure from this titan had led to the elevation of his bloodline, Rowan did not crave such a thing since he preferred that the future direction of his powers should be fully controlled by him, and such random spikes of power should be reduced to a minimum.

Although on shaky foundations, the plan remained on track, and now it was time for his partner to show off its worth or Rowan would begin house cleaning.

Embedding the three books into the flesh of his palm, Rowan suddenly crouched and braced himself as a massive shockwave erupted from the heavens and swept past the

realm, shattering space for countless miles. He could feel the foundation of the realm shaking, nearly being thrown out of this space, but he must have underestimated the powers of the World Stele because the space holding the realm withstood this power and held strong.

This was very important because everyone would easily connect the disappearance of Doom Star and the eradication of the Frozen Road, and if this realm were blasted from this area this early, there was nowhere Rowan would be able to flee fast enough before he was caught.

Despite his unreasonable weight, Rowan was nearly blown away from the shockwaves and the spatial collapse, and his feet dug billions of miles into the earth.

In the present state of Doom Star, this meant that his feet had penetrated through thousands of massive green eyes up to his knees, making them explode in a flood of gore. Ignoring their shrieks of pain, Rowan strained to follow what was happening up above.

Below him, the silver horde that was standing in place after being drained of its essence, a monument of the resurrection of the titan Gothran'Inul, were all shattered into pieces and blown away into the cracks in space. If the titan previously had any plans for the silver horde then it was now considered meaningless as he was chasing for something much more valuable.

The cause of this explosion that shook the entire realm was simple, blasted from Rowan's body, Gothran'Inul had rapidly stitched himself together and the titan ignoring Rowan had attacked Thenos who was on the verge of awakening. There was no discussion, no attempt to negotiate, and Gothran'Inul attacked with the intent to kill. The resurrection of Thenos could not be allowed.

Unlike Rowan whom the titan could afford to toy with, Thenos was someone that he could not match, even with the assistance of the Eye of Time.

Thenos was an extremely special Old One, who even before his birth, had already possessed an Eternal Realm that had formed around his shocked mothers, not even accounting for the fact that a Singularity had descended on him, impacting this child with unknown powers and transforming the path of his growth into something unknown.

He had not participated in the war against the Primordials, but his neutral stance was still futile since the end result was that he was still attacked and killed inside his realm. The death of Thenos amongst many others that had sought to stay out of that war had made it clear to all that the Primordials were gunning for everyone in reality.

There was no record of the amount of Primordial Essence that Thenos must have swallowed before he was killed since he was one of the earlier immortals to ever exist, but it must have been a lot because even the discarded heads of his mothers had

contained multiple droplets of Primordial Essence.

Gothran'Inul might have been killed by a Celestial Throne, but he heard whispers that a Primordial had to descend in order to kill Thenos because he had slaughtered every single threat that had been sent against him, and he was not even born yet, still a child that had not come into the full range of his powers.

Thenos eternal realm was a death trap to all who entered, and it was said that every inch of this realm was filled with a mountain of bodies before he was struck down by the Primordials.

According to the whispers, he was dragged screaming from his mother's womb, and tortured for an ungodly amount of years, and before he was killed, the heads of his mothers were cut off, and used to create a road, and then every single droplet of Primordial Essence was extracted from his flesh and his realm, and his head was sliced off.

There was a rumor that in an unknown layer of the Great Abyss, there was a massive head of a child that burned like a star, and this head could be that of Thenos.

Rowan was rated quite high in the mind of Gothran'Inul, but he did not consider him to be capable of properly wielding Primordial Essence, making whatever threat he posed nothing but child's play.

One of the greatest reasons that the Primordials were able to thoroughly destroy every opposition on their way to the top was the sublime control they had over Primordial Essence.

Every droplet of Primordial Essence meant an infinite amount of power and potential, and unless you were a higher dimensional immortal that had reached at least the seventh level, you were not even qualified to touch Primordial Essence, because holding one droplet was equal to holding infinity.

Even if you became worthy of holding infinity, then the question was if your mind was capable of moulding it into the shape you desired. Chaos had been able to create a system that spanned the entirety of reality using a single droplet of Primordial Essence, this was something that only a Primordial was capable of achieving.

Primordials, more than any beings in existence, were capable of controlling Primordial Essence in an intricate manner that no one else could rival. There had been multiple beings in the long history of existence that had the chance to match against the Primordials in terms of strength, but they were outmatched when Primordial Essence came into play.

During a battle between such powerful entities, a Primordial could spend a single Primordial Essence while their opponents were spending, ten, or even hundreds at a time

to match that single Essence unleashed by that Primordial. Gothran'Inul attacked without hesitation because he knew that Rowan, despite his powers, did not have the capacity to wield Primordial Essence, but Thenos did, and his control over Primordial Essence was higher than his own, the greatest threat here was the Eye of Time whose control over Primordial Essence would match those of a Primordial. Gothran'Inul knew that the only chance of salvation was to claim all the Essence for himself and escape; if the Eye of Time could gain access to it, then eternal slavery to the Eye would be the best outcome he would face.

The shock wave that erupted from that attack had subsided and Rowan could finally see the result of that attack, and it was horrific.

Gothran'Inul had struck with his thousand hands which were coated with massive sheathings of silver ice, where each ice crystal that made up that sheath was miles long and resembled the arachnid horde that had once worshiped him for countless eternities.

He had been targeting Thenos, but even in death, the body of his mothers had wrapped around the healing child. Her legs, and arms folded around her stomach to protect him, and that body had borne the brunt of the blow.

Massive chunks of flesh and blood exploded from the body of the Mothers, there was so much gore that it could drown a universe, but despite how powerful this blow turned out to be, the damage to the Mothers was not as devastating as it might have first appeared after the shockwaves and the flood of gore had passed. Rowan at this time was the size of an average third-dimensional universe, and Gothran'Inul was five times his size, but the body of the Mothers was a hundred times the size of Gothran'Inul.

Size was a major component that dictated the power of a being who cultivated along the pathway of Core, and this was another display of the incredible depth of Thenos.

So much flesh and blood had been blasted out by the titan's blow but it hardly went beyond the skin, and to reach his target, he would have to dig through multiple universes worth of flesh, bone, and blood, and it was uncertain that he would be able to succeed in time before Thenos completed his assimilation of the Primordial Essence.

Cursing in fury, Gothran'Inul did not care that he was being maintained by Aether, a power source that was too weak for him to unleash his full strength and he burned his flesh, instantly dispersing a hundred of his arms so he could use them as fuel, as his body exploded with potential, burning silver bright.

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Chapter 1297 Transferring Blame

Gothran Inul's fists exploded into motion, faster than the eyes could see as he transformed into a silver drill, the icy crystal on all his arms serving as miniature teeth that chewed through the flesh and bones of the mother.

So much blood and gore rained down from the sky that the realm became choked with it. It drowned everything, and the only two beings who were standing above the immensity of this devastation were Rowan and the Eye of Time.

The barrier over Rowan kept him clean from the rain of gore, but the Eye of Time did not even consider pushing away the gore and soon its entire realm resembled a massive coffin made from blood and bone.

A series of unending shockwaves erupted from the body of the titan as he drilled into the immensity of flesh blocking his advance, and then Gothran'Inul realized that he would not make it in time to stop Thenos from assimilating the Primordial Essence, and wished to delay this process as much as possible, he cried towards the Eye of Time below,

"This benefit would not be for me alone, if you stand by and watch Thenos finish his awakening, then we would suffer his wrath, and even worse, the ultimate prize would slip from our fingers! I want only a single droplet, the rest would be yours. I swear on my name."

The Eye of Time remained motionless and silent, and the panicking titan screamed, "We are inside the realm of Thenos, and if you think you can survive his wrath, then I would believe that child when he says you are no longer invincible. If you don't join me then I will be willing to let down my pride and serve him, with both of our strengths, I see no reason why we cannot imprison you forever."

Even as the titan swore his betrayal to the Eye of Time, he did not stop his efforts, instead he was pushing ahead more vigorously, combusting another two hundred more arms to increase the rate by which he was digging through the immensity of flesh.

He had reached the bones, and blasting through it was a thousand times harder than before. The sounds of his fist cracking the bones were quite horrifying, equal to the cry of the Eye of Time when he had seen Rowan emerge from the nothingness. Gothran Inul cursed the weakness that kept him from accessing any of his spells, and techniques, burning his body as fuel was a direction that he did not want to be taking so early in the battle, but reaching the Primordial Essence before it was consumed was more important than preserving the integrity of his flesh that could be remade with no effort if he gained access to this Essence.

With the awareness that he might entirely be alone in this fight, Gothran'Inul growled and burned another two hundred arms, accelerating the destruction he was inflicting on the body of the mother, channeling so much power into pushing through he did not bother trying to keep the blood that had painted him red from staining his body. The body of the

mother was shaking, nearly thirty percent of its flesh had been blasted apart, and under the harsh sound of her body being blasted apart, you could faintly hear the cries of pain.

From above, one of the gargantuan arms of the Mothers had been nearly torn off and it leaned to the side, the tips of its fingers grazing the ocean of blood and flesh below, the sight was chilling, but Gothran'Inul still had a massive amount of flesh to dig through and the aura of awakening from Thenos was becoming stronger.

The Eye of Time observed everything with both panic and anger. Most of its focus was on Rowan, as it knew that this abomination must be taken out of the board before anything worthwhile could be decided on, however the weapon it unleashed to deal with Rowan was now focused on Thenos, and there was nothing the Eye of Time could do to dissuade this titan when it knew the allure of Primordial Essence and it was struggling not to pursue the Primordial Essence at the moment but simply observe its surroundings.

There were many things it found strange about this entire affair that were deeply troubling.

From the moment Rowan left the universe and the truth was revealed to the Eye that the person it had been dealing with for all this time was nothing but a Reflection, the Eye began to suspect foul play.

It had been less than a million years since Rowan left the universe, he was barely an infant, and his strength could barely be explained due to having multiple Primordial bloodlines and holding a Singularity, but how could he have set up every events that had been happening on Doom Star in such a small amount of time?! Could this be the work of the second Singularity?

The Eye of Time was hesitating, not willing to make a move until it understood everything that was happening and could properly adjust to it, but the cry of Gothran'Inul shook it from this route.

It thought that no matter how many plans Rowan had made, there had to be a limit. His achievements were already heaven-defying and it was quite unlikely that he could still make any more drastic changes.

In any normal situation, the apparent rebirth of Thenos should be the height of Rowan's plan, but the Eye of Time had been shocked repeatedly by the actions of this mortal, and it was hesitating.

Was this event the product of Rowan's mind or the World Stele?

"What are you waiting for?!" Gothran'Inul screamed and the Eye of Time felt a vast ripple of life burst out from Thenos above and it made its decision.

The resurrection of Thenos must be the end goal of the World Stele, which would be a profound achievement if it succeeded, as there was nowhere in history where two holders of Singularities chose to work together, who knew what they might accomplish given enough time.

There was no way it could believe that in a million years, Rowan had been able to plan out all these events. If that was the case, Rowan should not be its focus, he had been the bait, and Thenos was working through him.

The Eye of Time cursed aloud, Thenos had merely fooled it. Lured into indecision by the presence of Rowan, it might have delayed until Thenos finished his resurrection. Its senses entered into its realm, focusing on the portion that had been corrupted by Nemesis.

This portion had already been isolated, and with time, the Eye of Time could slowly purge out this cancer that had taken root inside of it, but that was no longer an option, he could not wait, this curse was most likely a ploy from Thenos to delay it. The Eye of Time mustered himself and he shoved. The range of flesh covered by Nemesis was rapidly compressed under this unexpected power and then the Eye of Time decisively cut out the portion of its flesh taken over by Nemesis.

Now free from this burden, its massive realm launched itself upwards.

Rowan had been clutching his fist tightly, everything hinged on what would be happening next, and when the Eye of Time sliced off a piece of its flesh, he nearly laughed in relief.

His gaze focused on the pieces of flesh that the Eye had discarded, and he waited for Nemesis to arrive.

Inside Rowan's palm was a faint portal that led to the Great Desert.

Chapter 1298 Greatest Heist In History

The pieces of flesh dropped by the Eye of Time were quite small relative to its size, barely a few hundred miles in diameter, the Eye of Time had ensured that it had been as efficient as possible during the operation, and the moment this piece of flesh was cut off from its realm, the power of Nemesis flooded it, and it turned gray.

When the Eye of Time had been suppressing the curse of Nemesis, there had not been many changes, but the moment it cut off this part, Nemesis was no longer hindered and like a flood it descended into this piece of flesh, seeking the one who had butchered its servants, the Primordial Keepers.

Rowan's gaze had been fixed on this piece of flesh and when the power of Nemesis reached its peak, he quickly sent his consciousness to Andar and Staff who were also cradled inside his palm,

"Have you completely gathered all the information you need?"

A swirling ball of lightning was hovering over Andar's palm that was filled with trillions of complex runes, he looked at it one last time and nodded,

"I have gathered everything, this realm contains the traces of so much higher dimensional immortals that if someone told me something like this could exist a moment ago, I would not have believed them. I have also gathered the Aura of every dead higher dimensional Magus, Titans, Demons, Celestials, and the myriad of races that had passed through the Frozen Road for multiple millennia... its a lot."

"Good, we would need all of those traces, what happened next cannot be pinned on us." Rowan's consciousness replied, as the vortex that led into the Great Desert became more defined, "You will have a limited window to act. Find the Lady of Shadows and share with her the Aura of everyone you have collected. Staff, you know what you need to do. A million years of preparation all hinges on the strength of your talent. Do not fail me."

The white-haired girl nodded, eyes shining with excitement, not concerned if she would fall short, the belief in her talents was supreme.

They both poised over the growing portal waiting, and when the sudden call came from Rowan's consciousness for them to move, they did not delay, their bodies vanishing into the portal, aided by the push from Rowan, and although he knew that this part of the plan was out of his hands, he still had confidence that they would not disappoint him.

At this moment the piece of flesh from the Eye of Time that had been thoroughly corrupted by Nemesis transformed as a dark presence arrived.

Rowan muttered in his heart, "So, the bait worked after all. What could be more interesting than consuming a fragment of a fragment of a Primordial?"

Transferring the deaths of the Primordial Keepers to the Eye of Time so that Nemesis could attack the fragment of the Primordial was not to weaken the Eye as Rowan had led it to believe, he had other methods for doing such things, the real reason he did that was because he needed a bait that was luxurious enough that it would draw out Nemesis from the Great Desert.

There was a possibility that if Rowan made this move on anyone else, it would be disregarded by Nemesis, and it would send down its consciousness but that would be it, but if the perpetrator was interesting enough and powerful enough, then it should be enough to draw out Nemesis, and as it turned out, he was right.

The piece of flesh from the Eye of Time was a considerable distance away from Rowan, but it was not far enough that he could not feel the crushing dread and the weight of forgetfulness as Nemesis entered this realm.

Its presence was formless, even with the perception of Rowan, he could barely decipher traces of its form, just multiple cold eyes and limbs that did not make any sense.

The gaze of this creature did not fall on anywhere in the realm but the piece of Primordial flesh in its hands and then it screamed, it was silent yet incredibly loud at the same time, and Rowan was able to catch a hint of its appearance, its face was eerily similar to a bat, yet also humanoid at the same time.

It was an utterly alien visage, but Rowan could still detect the flash of greed inside its eyes.

Signaling to Andar and Staff on his palm, he pushed them into the Great Desert and he sighed, cracking his neck,

“Here goes nothing,” Rowan entered the fray. If he wanted things to go his way, he needed to make sure he was on top of the situation.

The Great Desert was filled with memories of every dead civilization in existence, but it was primarily made to keep the Memories of higher dimensional immortals in place to avoid them being resurrected in reality outside. Rowan believed that it was a creation of the Primordials to keep the higher dimensional immortals in check. For higher dimensional immortals, just their names being known by anyone would be enough to bring them back to life. It was the reason why higher dimensional immortals could remain dead after their Essence, Wills, and Souls were destroyed. Memories on the other hand could not be easily destroyed because it was spread across time and destroying every piece of it would require a nearly infinite amount of energy so the Great Desert acted like a giant black hole and would drag in any memory of a higher dimensional immortal whose memories had become untethered from their essence, soul and spirit.

It was said that for mortals, the last thing they saw before they died was a bright light at the end of the tunnel, for higher dimensional immortals, they all saw the Great Desert, and Rowan had managed to lure its keeper out of their post.

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The Eye of Time and Gothran’Inul were attempting to stop the resurrection of Thenos because they thought that this was a possibility, but they were wrong. Rowan had ensured that they believed that this was a possibility.

Usually, for higher dimensional immortals, there was a small part of their essence or soul left after they died that they could use for their resurrection. A case in point was Gothran Inul, whose body that contained a bit of his essence had been preserved long enough to allow his eventual resurrection, and it was this tiny bit of Essence that kept his memory safe from the Great Desert.

It was the same situation they believed was happening with Thenos, he had an eternal realm after all, but they were both wrong.

Thenos was far too dangerous to be left with any path to resurrection, and the Primordial who killed him had ensured that no single strand of his soul, spirit, or essence was left, but the Eye of Time and Gothran Inul did not know about this, if they did they would not panic that Thenos was about to be resurrected, without his

Memory, Thenos was never waking up.

Rowan needed to resurrect Thenos but to do that he needed access to his Memories locked inside the Great Desert he could not enter the Desert and collect those memories if Nemesis was present, and a greater part of this plan was to draw out

Nemesis.

From the moment he knew the function of the Great Desert, Rowan had a portion of his consciousness devoted to finding out how to break it, the World Stele gave him enough inspiration to complete his daring plan.

Chapter 1299 Fair Play

Chapter 1299 Fair Play

Gothran Inul had not stopped drilling into the body of the mother covering his target, nearly tearing through forty percent of the way; he was attempting to burn more of his flesh but when he noticed that the Eye of Time was making its moves, and so he held back, he would need all the strength he could afford to handle the inevitable betrayal from the Eye of Time, but first, they both needed to work together for a common goal, that should give him a bit of leeway to prepare for what was coming. The Eye of Time no longer taking the form of a massive realm transformed into a purple halberd and zipped toward the titan.

“Use this as a weapon, it shall cut through the impediment in our way with a single blow!”

If the titan had more time to process this change he would have refused this offer, but the breath of life from Thenos was burning so bright that the realm around them was beginning to respond to this change.

Gothran'Inul could hear the heartbeat of the child, which meant Thenos's Essence had awakened, and if any more time was given, his spirit and his soul would follow, and at that time, everything would be lost and he would have to flee before his fate would no longer be his own.

The halberd was millions of miles long with arcane runes and embellishments that exuded power that made space and time warp about its entire length.

Seizing the halberd with multiple arms, the titan's roar of excitement for wielding a piece of a Primordial was cut short as massive purple runes traveled from the weapon and spread through his entire body so fast that even as he instantly tore off every arm holding the halberd, the purple runes had already flooded his entire body, making him roar with outrage, as he discovered his Essence within him was rebelling against his control and being diverted into the consciousness of the Eye of Time, a process that was so incredibly violating it would be difficult to find the words to describe it.

He was lucky that he had been fast enough and cut off the arms holding the halberd which gave him a chance to fight against the infestation of his spirit but purple lightning burst out of his wounds and connected to the falling arms holding the halberd, where it dragged the arms back to the body of the titan, healing the wounds and making Gothran'Inul roar in rage as the influence of the Eye of Time in his body grew deeper, as it was linked to his body once more.

"What are you doing?... How are you even doing this?!..." Gothran'Inul screamed in rage, purple lightning pouring out from his hundred mouths as he tried without success to purge the influence of the Eye of Time from his body.

The influence of the Eye of Time was tearing through his body with incredible speed, and all of this was barely taking place in a fraction of a moment, which was far too quick to ever be a natural process.

A demented laughter echoed inside Gothran'Inul's body and spirit, as the Eye of Time crooned,

"Surely you did not think you spent all those eternities on my realm and I did not make any modifications to your body? Gothran'Inul, I thought you were wise. What made you ever think I would give you your freedom?"

"Why are you choosing to betray me now?" the titan cried out, "We are surrounded by enemies and you are shortening your hand!"

As if mocking him before the entire realm, the voice of the Eye of Time emerged from the weapon in the hands of the titan as the halberd snickered,

"You were going to betray me when a price like this arises, just as you know that I will also betray you. It's understandable that you were always going to be fighting for your

survival. Also, you might not have figured this out yet, but I have only a singular enemy, the second was just the bait to draw our attention.”

Gothran Inul was weakening rapidly as his mind raced through hundreds of options and he weakly cried, “You are wrong, I have seen the face of your enemies and you need to trust me. We need to work together!”

“No, we don’t. How dare you believe I need to work with a lesser life form like you? For countless ages, I have endured your smelly husk defacing my glory, and you should be thankful that I chose to use your body as a vessel. Now be silent, I have endured enough humiliation to last me for all eternity and I don’t plan to endure any more than this!”

The mouths of Gothran’Inul became fused, his malleable flesh making it seem as if he had never had a mouth to begin with. Purple lightning burst out of his flesh, as the halberd nearly transformed into purple lightning, and the titan now fully under the control of the Eye of Time swung the halberd almost in a lazy manner.

A shrill keening sound burst out from the surroundings of Gothran’Inul and the body of the mother that had been vibrating from the blows of the titan went still, and with a massive wet tearing sound, the body of the mother was torn in two, alongside half the realm.

The motion of the halberd did not stop with that slicing motion, as its other end pushed forward and pierced through the headless body of the baby in a single move. The Eye of Time brought the twitching body of the baby closer to itself as he growled, “Countless eternities nurturing this flesh, Gothran’Inul, you were always my last option. A body strong enough to hold me does not come by frequently, and now I shall cleanse this realm of everything, and my Ascension shall be unstoppable.”

A single head turned towards Rowan and another towards Nemesis that was devouring the piece of its flesh left behind, the head facing Rowan grinned,

*Turn around is fair play, it’s time to end it all!”

From both heads, purple lightning in the shape of a sword fleshed out heading for both Rowan and Nemesis.

Death in the shape of a sword made of lightning headed for Rowan, and he did not run from it, instead he stretched forth his hand, and he picked up half the torso of the mother and flung it towards the purple sword.

Not caring how Nemesis was choosing to deal with what the Eye of Time had sent towards it, Rowan’s senses touched his palm once more hoping that what he was expecting had arrived, but he almost growled in frustration when he saw that it was not yet ready.

His body swerved to the side carried by a steam of bluish-white light as the blade sent out by the Eye of Time sliced through half the torso of the Mother, but it brought him enough time for Rowan to respond to the half-hearted attack made by the Eye of Time whose full attention was on the twitching infant impaled on its weapon.

Chapter 1300 Nameless Bloodline Technique

The Eye of Time did not seem surprised that Rowan had dodged its attack or the appearance of Nemesis, its focus was on the wailing infant pinned on the halberd that it was bringing closer.

Multiple nostrils on the body of the titan inhaled, smelling the potent power of the Primordial Essence within the body of the headless infant, there were four droplets within, and with this knowledge, a massive stream of drool poured out from the hundreds of mouths of Gothran'Inul.

Dozens of the titan's heads began to merge, the Eye of Time twisting all of them into a massive mouth so that it could swallow the infant in one gulp. The body of Thenos even as an infant was nearly the same size as Gothran'Inul.

The blaze of victory in the heart of the Eye of Time had reached the peak, as the legs of the infant entered its gigantic mouth.

Although Rowan had been able to dodge the purple lightning blade, a technique from the Eye of Time was never that simple. Using spatial-temporal manipulations that Rowan struggled to wrap his head around, the lightning blade that had zoomed past Rowan appeared in front of him again, and this time there were a hundred of them. Rowan realized that this was an application of the Time Stack ability, but used in a manner that was more ingenious the more you analyzed it.

With his understanding of this ability, he knew he could not avoid it, only crush it, else the blades would keep multiplying, and he might be able to avoid them at the start, but the growth curve for this ability was exponential, and in a short time he would not be able to respond to them and he would be grounded to death.

The power of the Eye of Time had taken a step forward after possessing Gothran'Inul's body, but Rowan knew that he was not even experiencing the peak of its powers, and if the Eye of Time got hold of the Primordial Essence, there would be no chance to mount any form of resistance, he would be crushed like a weed under the tread of a giant.

The lightning blades surrounding Rowan zipped toward him, their motions were utterly confusing, they seemed to be heading toward him, but at the same time, they had already arrived. These two separate outcomes were both true and occurring at the same time.

Rowan's eyes flashed and the hourglass that had vanished under the dark of his eyes reappeared, glowing like the sun, its appearance was distinct. At the bottom of the hourglass were golden sands, and Rowan triggered the power of his bloodline of Time. This bloodline technique was nameless, it was the first of its kind and Rowan had not yet given it a name, but he hoped that by testing it in battle he may further understand its potential, hereby giving this new central technique of his time bloodline a proper name.

Activating this technique made the hourglass in his eyes flip, and the surrounding space around him for millions of miles went still, this also included the lightning blades heading towards him. A sense of Omniscience washed through his mind like a cool breeze before fading away, but the world around him was still rendered in stark detail as he still kept a slight benefit of that state of mind.

Rowan felt a burning pain across his body as if he was a mortal that had been plunged into a vat of acid, he looked down at his chest where the tip of hundreds of lightning blades had penetrated, and then he understood the sneaky tactics of this move because even though the hundreds of lightning blades were still quite a way from him, they had already begun to stab him.

This concept did not make any sense, yet it was simply a higher-order manipulation of time, where effect and cause were swapped, and if he had been a bit slower to respond, he would already be skewered by these blades even from the distance, and knowing the Eye of Time, these blades were simply a delivery mechanism for the true killing blow.

The pain he was feeling was not from being stabbed with the blades, but from the intense poisonous Will it contained, which would have confused Rowan if he had not heard Gothran'Inul's claim that his Will was the Will of Pain.

With the control of this titan's body now completely in the hands of the Eye of Time, it was not a surprise that it could now control the titan's Will with some degree of proficiency.

The pain Rowan was feeling was simply the tip of the iceberg because the payload delivering the Will of Pain had been halted even before it could commence its true attack, else Rowan's threshold for pain would have been placed to the test, and even if he could resist, the effort of doing so would leave him helpless and defenseless, easy picking for the Eye of Time.

This had surely been the plan when the Eye of Time sent out that blade, but it had been countered by Rowan's bloodline technique.

In Rowan's eyes, the golden sands in the hourglass now at the top half of it began to slowly trickle downwards, grain by grain. Each grain that fell was silent, but inside his consciousness, they resounded that of a heavy tolling bell, and his entire dimension felt a heavy strain as if he was pushing against an incredible weight. This was proof that despite his heretical Constitution that had been further upgraded with the addition of his

new Wills reaching the fourth dimension and his new and evolved bloodline, using this nameless bloodline technique was still incredibly strenuous. If he activated this move, with the strain on his body, Rowan discovered that he would not be able to move. Until this technique ran its course, he was stuck in one place.

Rowan had counted, there were a hundred grains of golden sand in the hourglass and simply flipping the hourglass had caused time to pause around him, and now as the grain of golden sand began to fall, something amazing commenced.

The first indicator of this change was the blinding pain from the lightning blades stabbing into his chest simply vanished, the Will of Pain that was encroaching in his flesh became a notion of the past, and then the tip of the blades stabbing into his chest all exited as if they had been forced out, but that was too simple to explain this phenomenon because as more golden sands dropped down, Rowan realized that the effect of the hourglass bloodline technique was Time Reversal.

At first, he was a bit let down by this technique, for its cost was heavy, and it was not that groundbreaking. Time Stack seemed to be more powerful than Time Reversal, which was an ability that was available to all higher dimensional immortals within the Time Streams they controlled.

However, with this thought Rowan's eyes lit up further as he understood that maybe he was underestimating this technique.

No immortal could control time, the only control they had was over the Will Chains that bound a Time Stream to their Wills, although Time Reversal was only available to a higher dimensional immortal within the Time Stream they controlled.

This meant when a higher dimensional immortal unleashed their Will power, and used it as a bridge to manipulate Time using the Will Chains that bound their personal Time Stream to them, they could only reverse time, stop time, or slow down time inside their Time Stream.

In simple terms, a higher dimensional immortal stopping time was only possible inside their domain, which was usually small, a few miles in diameter. Previously Rowan's Reflection had been able to stop time around an entire continent because he had multiple Time Streams, precisely 33,000 time streams that he had harvested from the realm of Doom Star.

Spreading out all these time streams, the Reflection had covered the entire continent, placing them under his time domain. If the Reflection had wanted to reverse time or freeze time, only inside this broad domain would it be possible.

However, the hourglass in his eyes had begun to reverse time all around him, but what Rowan had failed to note at that moment was that he had not unleashed any of his streams of time, but he was already reversing time around him.

Rowan was controlling time without using any Will Chains, or Time Stream!