

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1301 I Hold Your Chains

The glow in Rowan's eyes increased in intensity as with every passing moment more golden sands fell into the lower half of the hourglass and time reversed itself, the hundred lightning blades inverted their path, traveling backward and after reaching a certain point, they regressed to a single blade, and then the blade shot back towards its origin.

"Hmm... What is that?"

The Eye of Time had noticed the changes happening below it, the anomaly in time could not be hidden and despite the fact that it had focused nearly its entire attention on devouring Thenos, a faint premonition of danger began to arise from its consciousness.

A few more heads turned towards Rowan as purple lightning bloomed inside their eyes as the Eye of Time fired several salvos of its lightning blade spell to completely crush the extremely annoying abomination, but Rowan was struck with another idea, without much thought about its implications, simply unleashed it.

The area around his body for millions of miles was under the domain of his time abilities, this was a vast distance, however in such a higher dimensional realm like Doom Star, a distance of millions of miles could as well be a few hundred miles, and with the range of merely millions of miles, this ability could not entirely express its potential.

Rowan had 33,000 streams of time within his soul, and he was curious what would happen if he decided to unleash all of them to accompany the Time Reversal ability. His soul resonated with his wishes and the streams of time, traveling through his consciousness pillars entered his dimensional flesh, and a massive blast erupted from his body,

"Boom!"

This blast was like an accelerant to the time reversal field around Rowan's body and it bubbled as the field began to expand dramatically before it suddenly exploded.

The lightning blades heading towards Rowan were caught in this expanding field of time reversal and they paused before they began to revert to their origin, the Eye of Time could barely scream out its outrage before it was caught under the influence of Time Reversal that had bloomed for tens of millions of miles.

At first, there seemed not to be much changes, the Eye of Time which was in the shape of a halberd was not affected by this field of Time Reversal, but the body of the titan was,

and the massive mouth that had swallowed the body of the infant nearly to the waist at this point began to spit it out.

Despite the power of Rowan's Time Reversal ability that had been broadened by the 33,000 Time Streams, it should not have had any effect on the Eye of Time because of the differences in their state of being, but the titan although possessed still had limited control of his body, and he was permitting his flesh to obey the power of Rowan's Time Reversal.

The rage in the heart of the Eye of Time had reached a peak that was beyond the comprehension of most in existence, and became silent as it watched the legs of

Thenos exit the mouth of the titan.

It simply brought the halberd closer to its shell, turned around, and launched its body towards Rowan, no longer wishing to have this thorn by its side, it was not going to stop until Rowan was dead. Leading with the halberd, the Eye of Time tore a rift through the Time Reversal Domain.

Watching the massive titan wreathed by purple lightning hurtle towards him like a cataclysm, Rowan readied himself and whispered to the realm, knowing that the World Stele would hear him, not waiting for its response, Rowan dug deep into his soul and body, he summoned the Destroyer Apollyon, even as he triggered small burst of Ascension in his body,

"Abomination..." a massive river of foam and yellow saliva poured out from the multiple mouths of the titan as he neared Rowan, traveling at ridiculous speeds, "Insect... Die!"

The halberd swung towards Rowan, carrying more force than what the Eye of Time had used to tear the mother in two.

Rowan did not run or he would die, this danger he would have to face. Quicker than the eye of an immortal could follow, the titan slammed into Rowan, and in their clash, everything went white, and reality was parted in two, a dull roar like a universe crying out in death throes resounded as a massive shockwave rippled out from the point of contact between these two powerhouses.

In this clash, Rowan had been the one to lose, and the reality that parted was simply a result of his body being launched back with so much force that the reality of Doom Star had been torn by his body under the unreasonable force from the blow of the Eye of Time.

Rowan found himself billions of miles away, on one knee, nearly every bone in his body had been crushed to powder, but this was the best outcome he could have hoped for in the previous clash.

There was no visible wound on the surface of his flesh, but within him was an endless array of devastation that was being brought back to order so quickly that it was uncanny.

His Essence and Aether had been depleted by nearly seventy percent in that single blow, but with every moment that passed, they returned...

31%...

47%...

68%...

Brief moments had scarcely passed and he barely had the time to adjust to what had happened before instinct made him bring his Destroyer to the side and another clash turned reality white.

Finding himself billions of miles away, his body that had barely put itself back together in order had been brought to the threshold of ruin once more, as his Essence and Aether had bottomed out, barely left with a single-digit percentile in both of those power sources.

His Aether and Essence shot up from 3% to 27% as a moment passed, to 45%, but the breath of danger was so close and Rowan knew that another blow of that magnitude would destroy his body in its entirety, and instead of pulling back, he grinned, as his eyes that were vibrating in his skull as he processed reality around him with a feverish pace that would make the minds of higher dimensional immortals explode, fixed on a single location, and Rowan no longer defended, instead he attacked, launching himself towards the Eye of Time.

The Eye of Time was approaching so quickly that when Rowan attacked, their movements could not be perceived, but they crossed each other in midair before they both stopped at the same time.

Rowan and the titan turned around and looked at each other, the distance between them was barely a million miles.

A terrible wound had nearly cut Rowan in two from the waist and his left hand was hanging loose from his body, and in the wound was traveling the malevolent energy of Pain.

The body of the titan, on the other hand, was almost free of any damage except a thin line that wound its way through dozens of its heads, the Eye of Time growled, some of his heads were frowning, some laughing, some crying, but when he spoke the voices that came out of his many mouths were perfectly balanced,

"I shall kill you Abomination. No matter how much you fight it, your fate is already written."

In response, for the first time since this skirmish began, Rowan brought up the blade of the Destroyer and showed it to the Eye of Time, it simply resembled a great sword that lacked any sort of embellishment, and then he turned the blade so the flat could face the titan, and he said,

"To kill me, you must first get past my blade..."

With those words, heavy black chains exploded from the blade, all of them were Will Chains, and crossing the distance between Rowan and the titan, the Will Chains connected to the cuts made by the destroyer as they plunged into the flesh of the titan, and the Eye of Time was frozen in place, held bound by the power of the Will Chains.

It attempted to move its shell, but more Will Chains kept erupting from the great sword, plunging deeply into the body of the titan, until even moving its shell a single inch became nearly impossible,

... You have forgotten something crucial," Rowan growled as he pulled on his destroyer, launching the titan towards him, as he activated billions of spells from celestial to demonic on his left hand, forming a fist with it,

"I hold your fucking chains!"

Chapter 1302 Unleashing Will Chains

The cracking sound that erupted across the realm as Rowan's left fist slammed against the titan's face was so loud that across realities, at different dimensions and alien locations, the sound reverberated, alongside what could be perceived as a scream.

As a living dimension, Rowan had certain connections with all dimensions in existence, it was one reason he could easily fool the realm's will, and in situations like these when he went all out, certain reverberations from him could be transferred to those dimensions.

Rowan barely paused as his perception swept through the body of the titan frozen by the Will Chains and bombarded by a billion spells who had suffered catastrophic injuries on parts of its body.

Despite this impressive damage, Rowan frowned internally, the combination of all these spells was a result of Knowledge Well endlessly working on simulating the best path for his offensive spell-castings, even though this could wipe out any opposition in the same level as him, his opponents had never been weak.

The spells Rowan used were not minor spells and each and every one of them would be regarded as a Taboo Spell by the Magus society.

In addition to this, every spell was linked harmoniously so that the effect of combining all of them would increase their lethality, and when all of this was fueled not just with his powerful Aether, but another crystal of Aetherium that Rowan had refined from this realm, even the body of the titan, an immortal that had reached the eighth dimension, suffered.

The Eye of Time was plenty dangerous on its own, what made even more terrible was if it could possess a body, then it would be able to express more of its powers through that shell. Although Rowan knew that the main portion of the Eye of Time was in the halberd, hurting the body of the titan was the best way he could deprive the Eye of Time of its strength and because the Eye of Time had spread parts of itself into the body of the titan, those parts could now be easily destroyed.

Rowan's Reflection had been too weak to hurt the Eye of Time, even when it was wearing a lesser shell, which was a wasted opportunity since it was rare to find the Eye in that state of relative vulnerability, his main body however, would not let go of any opportunity presented to hurt the Eye.

There was no reason to bring the Eye into this scenario with the ninth Reflection, especially when he would be unveiling the greatest prize that the Eye had been craving from the beginning, but Rowan wanted to excavate the mysteries of this creature, and finally have his revenge against the real hand behind the Reflection.

At this point in his life, Rowan did not care much about revenge when the allure of the knowledge he could gain from the mind of the Eye was far greater.

To kill the Eye of Time, Rowan was prepared to take great risks, it was the only way he knew that a fragment of a Primordial would fall.

Frozen by the Will chains and Gothran'Inul's lack of desire to defend his body, multiple heads of the titan exploded as its entire body transformed into a green jade under the combination of Rowan's most powerful petrification spells, which was the final portion of his spell combination assault.

However, the areas enveloped by his spell damage were slowly being purged from the flesh of Gothran'Inul. It was commendable that he could hurt the titan to such an extent, but if he wanted to have any hope of continuing in this fight, these spells were not the answer. As the Eye of Time did with the lightning blades, these spells were simply the vehicle for Rowan to unleash his true weapon in this fight, Will Chains.

The areas that were damaged were quickly filled up with Will Chains as Rowan blasted more of it from his destroyer.

His spell blast had pushed the body of the titan back as the cries of rage from the halberd were choked under the influence of the increasing Will Chains that Rowan was pouring into the body of the titan, pushing it back for thousands of miles, as each chain slammed into the body of the titan with galactic crushing force.

"Clank... Clank... Boom!"

The Will Chains connecting the blades to the flesh of the titan tightened with a frightening sound after the titan had been pushed back for nearly a million miles, and Rowan pulled on it again sending the body of the titan flying towards him, and this time he angled his destroyer so it was facing the closing body of the titan with its point.

Although Gothran'Inul was five times bigger than him, and his mass could not even be easily calculated, Rowan's strength attributes under the influence of limited bursts of Ascension meant he could still toss around this titan as if it weighed nothing.

The body of the titan slammed into the blade, there was some resistance but its flesh parted under the sharpness of the destroyer and Rowan impaled the titan with the greatsword. Pale blue blood burst out of the body of the titan, and Rowan was bathed under it, the telekinetic barrier over his body however kept him clean, and the blood of the titan simply flowed down his body without leaving any traces.

Rowan brought his mouth to one of the ears of the titan, aware that the Eye of Time could hear him,

"I shall bathe this realm in your blood and screams before you die, you shall know the fear of being mortal."

At this time, Rowan had barely unleashed a fraction of the Will Chains contained by the Destroyer not because he was holding back, but because he was too weak to do so. It was always a rare and interesting thing for Rowan when he found certain things difficult for him to instantly accomplish.

Rowan had been able to gather all the Will Chains on Doom Star not because he had been strong enough to do so, but because these Will Chains needed a place to reside after Rowan cleared the infinity bubble of its stream of time.

The Will Chains inside of Doom Star were nearly infinite, some of them having strength that equated to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and even seventh dimension, and unless Rowan could reach those ranks, he would not be able to wield the Will Chains that were above the fourth-dimensional rank.

It was a good thing though that despite being able to wield only the chains at the fourth-dimensional rank, their very nature could deeply suppress the power of Time as that was the entire reason for their creation.

Stabbing the destroyer into the body of the titan, Rowan braced himself for a moment to focus his thoughts.

With the bulk of Gothran'Inul, his greatsword had penetrated his entire body, with the tip of the blade barely breaking past the skin on the back of the titan. Wielding the Will Chains was not just dependent on the physical strength of his body, Aether, but on his soul. He needed all three of these to properly wield Will Chains, however, the soul was paramount in this process for it carried the heaviest load. His dimensional soul was powerful enough to carry this load, but the weight was incredibly enormous, so much so that except for fighting the Eye of Time, Rowan would not wish to wield this power against any other enemies when he had options. In the previous skirmish, Rowan had barely sent over a hundred thousand Will Chains into the flesh of the titan but enormous pain had enshrouded his soul as they strained underneath that burden, however, he had a dimensional soul, and like his flesh, unless it was destroyed instantly, he could push it past its breaking point.

Rowan took in a deep breath and from the Destroyer, he seized one percent of the Will Chains at the fourth dimensional rank, and then he unleashed them from the blade into the body of the titan.

The sound of all the chains bursting out of the destroyer and tearing through the body of the titan was catastrophic, and like a basket filled with countless holes, the body of the titan burst open, with a flood of its pale blue blood bathing the earth for countless millions of miles.

In that instant 3.7 billion Will Chains at the fourth rank flooded throughout the entirety of the titan's body, Rowan froze for a second, then he twisted the blade and pulled.

Chapter 1303 Carrying the Weight Of A Primordial

Rowan had frozen in place for a second because unleashing all that power from the destroyer had shattered his soul in its entirety and it was snuffed out like a candle flame inside a tornado. If he did not have a dimensional body that had a separate Consciousness Pillar, then he would have simply perished at that instant.

In that single second, Rowan's soul exploded back into life once from a golden tinder into a vast sun.

With the blade inside the titan, the twisting and pulling motion made by Rowan was incredibly sinister. With billions of Will Chains flooding the body of the titan, the twisting motion interlocked all these chains into a complex knot, and when he pulled, Gothran'Inul exploded into pieces.

Rowan pulled the blade out so smoothly despite the chains, the blade cut a line through space in a nearly ninety-degree sweep after he pulled it out of the titan's body.

The body of the titan was spread across millions of miles, his pale blue blood soaking the greedy eyes in the earth as they drank every drop, Rowan's eyes were closed as he listened to the screams from the Eye of Time that broke out from the purple halberd, he did not know how much of the Eye of Time that were shattered alongside the titan's body, but it must have been a considerable amount.

Although it might seem that it was the titan that had suffered the greatest damage here, the truth was that it was the Eye of Time that had borne most of it, because the Will Chains had been wrapped around the pieces of the Eye of Time that had been fused inside the titan's flesh.

At the moment, the Will Chains that Rowan had plunged inside the body of the titan were returning, and clutched in their links were glowing purple pieces of the Eye of Time.

Rowan grimaced and let go of the destroyer before he fell to his knees clutching his skull. His weapon entered his body with its prize but Rowan could barely find the time to luxuriate in his victory as he curled up and shuddered as if he was being tortured. His consciousness was being dragged down under the weight of the Eye that he had just torn out of the body of the titan, and Rowan was fighting with everything he had to keep his mind clear, he was not yet a complete fourth-dimensional being, and the strain of holding pieces of the Eye that he had just stolen was killing him, like an ant carrying a mountain, it did not matter that Rowan's body was healing from being crushed, he was losing far more Essence than his body could replace, but there was no way he would spit out the pieces of the Eye he had just collected, his only hope lied in the plans he had for the Great Desert.

The halberd had been shot out into the distance by the explosion of the titan's body, and it was screaming in pain because the Eye of Time had just suffered a great loss, however, this did not stop its perception from sweeping all around it in great fury and when it noticed the figure of Rowan shaking in the distance, curled into a ball and defenseless, and its screams abruptly ended.

Of course, the Eye of Time could feel pain, but it was not in the same way that mortals and immortals could, and so much of its anguish was mental and not physical, however, for a nearly perfect higher-dimensional entity like the Eye of Time, mental anguish was a billion times more painful than any physical malady could ever be. The halberd vibrated before its form shifted into that of a purple crow, that was bigger than a universe, with a single flap of its wings the Eye of Time launched itself at Rowan, disregarding the healing body of the titan Gothran'Inul, it might be a powerful host, but under the repeated abuse from the Eye of Time and Rowan's heretical weapon, even his eighth-dimensional entity would need a few moment to get back to a proper fighting condition.

With the defenseless body of Rowan, the Eye of Time had a better target. It did not doubt that this would be a trap from Rowan, because it could feel the pieces of itself inside of Rowan, and it was as if a balloon was filled with hot metal, and this stubborn balloon was straining to hold onto its content.

It was a miracle how long Rowan could last while carrying pieces of an existence like it inside of him, but the Eye of Time would not give him the chance to regret that decision.

The massive crow hovered above Rowan, greed and malice in its eyes, and opening its beak it shot down thousands of lightning blades; it did not matter if Rowan was defenseless, the Eye of Time had been taught countless lessons on the cost of underestimating this abomination, and he would tear Rowan apart until there was nothing but a shred of life left and it would possess that scrap.

As the lightning blades fell from its beak to the prone form of Rowan, impacting against his flesh and tearing him into a thousand pieces, the Eye of Time was not satisfied. Opening its beak again another volley of lightning blades poured from the sky, and as they were about to slam against the quivering flesh of Rowan below that was struggling to reconnect with each other, massive tentacles burst out from the earth, surrounding Rowan and shielding him from the lightning blades.

These tentacles were almost without number, and although the lightning blades tore through billions of them, there were still more than enough to shield Rowan from them, and even those that had been sliced apart were regrowing.

"I am sorry for the delays..."the cool voice of the World Stele entered Rowan's mind, and despite still under grievous pain and torture, Rowan answered in a clear manner,

"No, you are not."

The voice of the World Stele paused in contemplation for a while before it spoke, "No, I am not. We are going to discuss how you stole not just the streams of time from my host, but every single Will Chains he owned."

"As much as I would like to regale you with my adventures, you should stop that thing from killing me or our plans could as well be over."

"Hmm... Why do you think I am here? Although I will not be holding it back for long. I don't think I can do something like that, not without my host at full strength. You were the one who introduced this anomaly into our great works and I shall not risk everything for your folly. I have gathered all the Calamity Suns into one body, but even this form would not last against that being."

"Just hold it back for a few moments. I need a little time to adjust to the things I have swallowed."

“You are among the greediest of creatures I have ever seen.”

“You have no idea.”

The Eye of Time had blasted Rowan three more times with the lightning blade, and when it noticed how thickly the tentacles were blocking its assault, it turned towards the broken body of Gothran’Inul that had nearly finished healing, and swooped towards it, ready to repossess it once more, but the tentacles that were formerly defending Rowan shot forward and wrapped around the left wings of the crow and they dragged the shocked and furious Eye of Time back to the ground.

Shrieking in rage, the form of the crow shifted in midair, becoming a gigantic jaguar-like beast with seven heads and a thousand tails whose tips were sharp as blades. Furiously tearing through the tentacles that held it, the Eye of Time was still slammed into the ground with tremendous force, but the battle had just begun in earnest, for in this form the Eye of Time just took, everything it cut was not healing. The battle between the Eye of Time and the World Stele shattered the realm around them, and Rowan’s gaze was focused on his palm... waiting.

“Lady of Shadows, Andar, Staff... I need you now more than ever. It would be a shame to have reached this point and not be able to complete the final stretch.”

Rowan’s tortured mind, despite how hard he fought, became slowly covered by darkness. However, before his vision was drowned in darkness, he saw the alien figure of Nemesis, slowly slinking towards him through the devastation.

Chapter 1304 Traveling Through The Great Desert

Andar and Staff passing through the cortex created by Rowan, found themselves in the desert, underneath the glare of thousands of suns on a horizon that seemed to stretch forever, they both followed the call in their spirit and headed towards the direction from which it was coming.

The call in their spirit was subtle, but the agency of its creation was extremely ingenious because in the Great Desert that was ruled by the forces of Oblivion, such means of direct communication should be impossible, and it should be impossible to find one’s direction while inside this place, but this call was able to subvert that rule. They did not attempt to fly or use any supernatural abilities to make their traversal across the desert to be faster, however, with their current physique, their bodies still blurred across the sands, faster than the eyes could follow.

After a few minutes of moving in this manner, Andar tapped Staff on the hand and showed her a series of glowing lightning runes that he had always been carrying, due to their

delicate structure, containing portions that were even hard for him to comprehend, he had to always keep them active. Among the many functions of these runes, maintaining their sense of direction inside the Great Desert was one of them. “The target has gone after the bait,” Andar announced, “It is confirmed that the traces of Nemesis left are very minute, and its omniscience over the Great Desert is gone, so we can proceed ahead without holding back.”

“Good,” Staff replied, “I hate moving at such a slow pace. It’s suffocating. This place also does not help, I feel as if my Spirit is being drowned under an endless wave of sand,” she shivered, “I hate this sensation, let’s go faster.”

Andar chuckled, “Speed is not everything”

“Says the man who can ride on Astral Winds,” Staff rolled her eyes, “Race you there, and with those massive chicken wings of yours, you must give me a two-minute head start, for it to be any kind of fair.”

Saying that she vanished into the desert, calling upon profound forces to wrap her body, as her speed instantly broke past the limit of light and kept accelerating until she vanished into the distant horizon.

Andar sighed and began to slowly count down, the nature of his speed meant it did not matter if he began moving now or two minutes from now, in a manner he was already at his destination, for wherever there were winds and light, he was already there.

Behind him his shadows lengthened, slowly taking the shape of the Light Devourer, its wings spreading out for countless miles as it began to drink upon the bright sunlight and the winds of the desert, and in a few moments, darkness began to gather around Andar, it was as if he had transformed into a black hole, taking in not just the light, but everything around, including energy and other esoteric forces, until an eldritch beast made out of darkness and wind manifested behind him.

The shriek of the Light Devourer echoed across the Great Desert and the gathering darkness vanished into the distance leaving a clear trail of darkness across the desert. as Andar traveled at ridiculous speeds through it.

Despite giving Staff a two-minute head start, in mere moments he had reached her and then left her in his dust. Staff growled, but there was a smile in her eyes as using her innate energy manipulation ability, she grabbed the trail of darkness and borrowing its forces she was catapulted after the distant form of Andar, taking his speed and adding her own to it, and in a short while she reached his side.

Andar appearance had transformed, the shadows of the Light Devourer were no longer just shadows, instead, they had taken a tangible aspect, fusing with him, and giving him a distinct appearance, like a man carrying a mountain made of darkness on his back.

Due to the fact that his body shape was still the size of a human, but the wings of the Light Devourer that spread out behind him were the size of an average galaxy, his appearance was odd and somehow his overall image was not incompatible, his body seamlessly merging with the Light Devourer.

Using his unreasonable speed, Staff and Andar crossed the Great Desert, behind them the surface of the desert began to explode, as powerful entities roused by their movements erupted from the desert, but the speed that Andar and Staff were moving meant they had already left any entity behind that might wish to stop them.

Even if they could intercept them it would have been useless because Andar was accessing a dimension of speed that only the fastest forces in reality could access, and like Rowan's Astrolabe, he could phase through any obstacle when he was in this realm.

His speed was one necessary component to the success of this plan, for in the same realm, Andar's speed was matchless, even Rowan's Angels struggled to keep up with him, as Andar's evolution as a Tower Master was extremely strange.

He was able to combine his Angelic roots deep within his bloodline to create a new extra-dimensional entity that was more powerful than an average Light Devourer, but in order to stay low key he visibly transformed this new entity into the shape of the previous Light Devourer.

The trail of darkness Andar was leaving behind as he moved across the desert was simply the act of his bloodline swallowing every single shred of light and energy in his path, and this trail was like a long line of blood being dumped inside shark-infested waters as the entities sleeping inside the Great Desert were drawn to this anomaly and they all began to follow it.

It did not take a long time before they neared their destination, and like the Great Desert, it resembled nothing special, just massive sand dunes that stretched for as far as the eye could see, although a deeper observation would reveal that this place was a bit strange from the rest of the desert in the sense that there were more sand dunes here than normal.

Crossing through this desert with Andar's speed meant they arrived at exactly the moment they entered the desert, meaning there was no difference between teleportation and Andar's current speed, in fact, it was likely that he was even faster because using his speed, Andar was somehow traveling back in time!

Arriving at their destination, Andar and Staff paused in midair and they waited, a moment later an oval vortex appeared in front of them that was a stark contrast to their desert surroundings, and they both entered the vortex without any hesitation. The space they appeared within was drastically different from the desert as night and day, for they appeared in a world of water.

No, not water, Andar had quickly realized, Aether, this was Aether of such purity and power that he was shocked to the core because he was unaware that Aether could be purified to such an extent.

He was not the only one who was dumbstruck by this sight, even Staff who was beside him was frozen in shock at the power in every drop of Aether here,

“Tell me something Andar, you possess more energy than me, how many drops of Aether here can refill your entire pool of power?”

Andar frowned and hesitated, “Maybe a million drops, but if I include my Light Devourer Incarnation and my Endless Vault, then at most two hundred million drops.” “Oh,” Staff said as she looked at the endless ocean of Aether before them, “Correct me if I’m wrong, but according to the plans we have here, currently we are inside a small piece of his flesh, how is it... what the fuck did he eat as a child to become like this? What could you need all this power for?”

Andar smiled, “Do not try to judge him with common sense, that would be a mistake. Now where is our welcome party, we are under a time constraint and I suspect that we are running late.”

“Well there is nothing we can do but wait, or do you want to enter into that?...” Staff pointed at the ocean of Aether, “Although I don’t think you should be worried about time, the traces are hard to touch, but I detect that time within this place travels much slower than the reality outside.”

“I cannot be settled Staff, you see the enemies he fights, the thought of standing around twiddling my thumb when the fight is ongoing is maddening,”

“Well, you know this is partly your fault.”

“What do you mean?”

“Your speed dummy. You got faster, if you had followed the plans laid down before, then we should be arriving... now”

As if in response to her words the oceans of Aether below exploded as multiple gigantic serpents burst out of it.

Chapter 1305 Will Of Elder (1)

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The bodies of the serpent warped space and time as their appearance caused space to expand around their bodies, making them appear both small and massive at the same time.

Their bodies had grown so massive that if they did not warp space around them, their existence would shatter reality and their movements would be sensed across nearly all third-dimensional universes in reality, given as extensions of Rowan's body, they were still technically creatures of the third dimension.

There were six of them, all shining with brilliant golden light and hundreds of other mystical lights that could not be easily described but were covered by the golden glow from their bodies, and as more of their length emerged from the ocean of Aether, Andar, and Staff were nearly floored by the inherent power and majesty in the bodies of these creatures that were impossible to be described with words.

Their sinuous bodies twisted across space in a spectacular display of dexterity and grace that were astonishing, as every scale on their bodies shimmered with an entrancing glow that could bewitch the senses.

As they emerged from the ocean of Aether, the volume of the seemingly endless ocean began to drop dramatically, and even when the length of the serpents had reached ridiculous heights, there always seemed to be more hidden in the ocean.

The parts of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents that were outside the ocean began to create a massive runic formation with their bodies that Andar found a bit familiar, because it resembled the lightning runes that led him and Staff to this place, and then his gaze was dragged to something that he nearly missed at the center of the growing runic formation being created by the serpents, it was a spot of darkness.

Andar could be excused for missing that spot because in comparison to the infinity of the serpents before him, that spot was minuscule, but with every moment that passed, everything was becoming focused on that area as if it was becoming the center of everything, even the motions of the serpents seemed to be highlighting that spot of darkness that was growing mysteriously deeper.

Staff nudged Andar, "I think we have found our target,"

"Yeah, I think we have," he replied distractedly, with a hint of awe in his voice, "Eva, The Lady of Shadows."

"Well, she does know how to make an entrance, I will give her that," Staff whistled softly, before she frowned, "Hey, we are pretty powerful right? Why are we not that cool?"

Andar ignored the quips from Staff his attention focused on the Lady of Shadows, he could not help it, because at this time he could begin to feel the vast runic network that Eva was creating.

Extremely complex like the grandest web in existence, yet possessing a sort of sublime beauty in every line, Andar knew that he could spend an eternity trying to understand a small portion of the complex structure she was creating, and he would still fall short.

He felt an attractive force begin to pull him towards that spot of darkness and he did not resist it, leaving Staff behind he was pulled towards the Lady of Shadows, and in mere moments, he had traveled past the immensities of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents and was before her presence, her voice resounded in his soul,

“Welcome, beloved child.”

He bowed, “My lady, it is an honor.”

Andar could not see her features clearly, but he thought she smiled. She should be sitting cross-legged from the vague silhouette that he could see, and with the many glinting spots of purple inside the shadowy form of Eva, it was almost as if he was standing before a universe in the shape of a woman. Her voice touched his soul again, “I cannot traverse through the Great Desert with sufficient speed while I hold the Spell of Calling, for that I will need your speed. In all existence, there is few who can manage this task, and none more suitable than you.”

She paused before continuing, her language transforming to that of the ancient Primordials, making every word she said next to carry impossible power and weight, she had begun the ritual of calling,

“Andar, will you fly me towards every corner of the Great Desert to complete my ritual?”

Going on one knee, Andar brought his right hand to his chest, and the shadow of the Light Devourer bubbled behind him, black as ink with its eyes shining red, his voice mixed with that of the Light Devourer,

“The shadow of my wings shall cover the desert, there shall be no place you can not reach.”

His words were the final acknowledgment to a portion of this runic matrix and Andar found his body shrinking and pulled inexorably toward the Lady of Shadow and he came to rest in her left hand, he could barely gather himself before his consciousness was connected to the massive runic formation and he gasped as his eyes went dim, his consciousness scattered into trillions of pieces, and his essence stretched throughout the entire formation, it hurt, but at his level of power, he could handle this sort of pain.

The Lady of Shadow gestured towards Staff and the same force that had exerted itself on Andar pulled Staff towards her, and unlike Andar, Staff did not look at Eva with just awe alone, there was a fighting glint inside her eyes as if she wished to challenge the Lady of Shadows.

Eva smiled and addressed the exuberant child, although Staff was nearly a million years old, Eva who had been alive at the dawn of the Primordial Era, considered most creatures in reality to be children. Eva brought a single finger that was dark as the void and speckled with countless purple stars and brushed a lock of white hair from Staff's face,

"Like your father, you are strong,"

Staff shrugged, "I have big boots to fill, it will take a long time, but one day, I shall fill them up and surpass them."

Eva smiled, "Truly a worthy ambition, and you should not sell yourself short. There are few in existence who can match your talent. I command the host of light and darkness and none of them were worthy to stand here."

"You would think so," Staff laughed and then she gestured around her, "Yet in the presence of all of this, everything that I accomplish seems so small. I am an ant in the midst of titans."

"Only in the right company, in the proper environment can diamonds be formed. It is this pressure that is making you excel, and you are excelling child. Now tell me..."

The language of the Lady of Eva transformed into the Primordials, "Staff, first of her name, daughter of Telmus, will you bear my weight through the Great Desert?"

Staff shrugged and a splitting grin crossed her face, "Why not, I have always wanted to know after a million years of accumulation, the limit of my strength."

Eva smiled internally and her heart and mind became still as she merged Staff to her right hand.

Looking up at the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents that were in the final motions of completing the runes formation, she remained silent, knowing that she could not control these creatures, they only followed the instructions of Rowan, and it was a good thing that despite their silence, their minds held an incredibly fierce and cold intelligence that was terrifying. They could complete these runes without her supervision.

It might sound a bit ridiculous, but these serpents were one of the few creatures that Eva feared because she knew that except for Rowan, everything in existence for them was food.

Their intelligence had evolved in a direction where it became extremely malevolent, and if for any reason they believed that Eva was going against the interest of Rowan, there would not be any communication, these creatures would tear her to pieces.

Rowan's dimensional flesh gave him a great physique that was the envy of all creation, but the ones who gained an even more impressive boost from that physique were the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents, whose bodies had been built on the foundations of Rowan's dimensional flesh and in the moments after Rowan gained a soul, these creatures had grown even stronger.

It had merely been a million years in reality, but these Ouroboros Serpents shared the same nature as Rowan and they had lived for nearly a billion years at this time, for these Primordial beings, time was their greatest ally, and their strengths and intelligence were now terrifying.

Hundreds of thousands of years ago, Eva could no longer calculate their powers, and even now as she was getting closer to her sixth-dimensional form, she dreaded battling with even a single one of them, and this was after her awakening as a Celestial Creator was nearly complete.

If Rowan wanted with the power of these serpents he could hold a domain in reality and he would be worshipped by countless beings.

However for Rowan, even this power was not enough, and if what he was going after in the Great Desert succeeded, these creatures would become... something truly terrifying, even the Lady of Shadows, shuddered at the thought of what they were about to become.

Chapter 1306 Will Of Elder (2)

The Lady of Shadows vividly remembered the last conversation she had with Rowan about his grand plans in the Great Desert, the madman had looked at her and grinned, his eyes shining with a lovely glow that would entrance anyone in its beauty, and for a brief moment, even Eva was shaken, and then he had given her only a simple answer, as he showed her one of his Wills and its descriptor.

WILL GAINED: Will of Elder [Level 0 - Activate(0/7)]

The Primordial Beasts were not feared because of their power, but their potential. Their bodies were powerful enough to shatter all of creation, but their true strength lay in a collective Will titled the Will of Elder, that grows stronger with every living Primordial Beast in existence. You are the last living Primordial Beast and this Will is dormant.

Combining the power of a Primordial Beast and an evolving dimension has resurrected this ancient Will, but there is something different about it. Something heretical.

“What do you think my Lady of Shadows... Will anyone see this coming?”

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The entire reason behind this great work being conducted inside the desert was related to that last paragraph, which was about the heretical nature of the Elder’s Will.

At first, Rowan had been confused about how he could resurrect such a Will that had its path to the higher dimensions cut off. There was no longer any living Primordial Beast in existence, and with the Primordial Ouroboros the only one of its kind, it was a Will that was all but useless.

Was his Primordial Ouroboros condemned to have a Will that was not even activated for their entire existence?

The nature of the Primordial Ouroboros dictated that as long as they lived and consumed, they would grow stronger and live longer, it meant that they did not truly need Wills to become exceptionally powerful in the future, furthermore, his Ouroboros Serpents had merged with his Chaos World Engine which meant seeding worlds contributed to their growth, making their already limitless potential even more frightening, but Rowan believed that there were more to this Will that met the eye, especially the last part of that sentence that described it.

Something had changed about this Will, and perhaps its path to the future was very different than what he had first anticipated. Rowan pondered on this for a while, and the answer came to him in time, and then even that answer became something else when he considered the possibilities that he could take with it.

All of this led him to an earnest preparation, a preparation that had led him here.

Eva looked at her left and right palm one last time, and closing her eyes, she activated the runic formation,

“Let this day become the first of your rise... Let all reality tremble before your coming!”

The Primordial Ouroboros Serpents must have heard her as they roared, the sound from them tearing this dimension apart.

Eva did not know for how long Rowan could keep the attention of Nemesis out of the Great Desert, but every second she had here was precious.

Every third-dimensional universe had a connection with the Great Desert, and to make this plan succeed, Rowan had sacrificed his connection to this place, he had literally ripped a portion of his dimensional flesh that had the greatest connection to the desert and he had set it here to be used as an outpost into this place.

There was a chance that he might never get back this piece of himself, and if this plan went bad and there was no way he could leave with his prize, Eva was charged to make sure this piece of his dimensional flesh was destroyed so there could be no traces linking it to him.

Whatever was going to be happening, whether in the reality outside or inside the Great Desert, the fallout would be monumental, and Rowan was already planning ahead to push the blame away from him after all there were many scapegoats out in reality would wish to be the one to break the Great Desert.

As the plan began, Eva was already cleaning house, the Primordial Ouroboros Serpents were destroying the home they had hidden themselves for the last million years, whether they succeeded or failed, these creatures would no longer be hidden.

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At the spot above the Great Desert where Andar and Staff had previously vanished inside the vortex, space rippled and a massive phantom of the Lady of Shadows appeared above the desert, and her gaze swept through the entirety of the desert.

Her presence made the light of the thousand suns above dim, and she soundlessly brought up both of her palms upwards, before she muttered an unknown phrase as she pressed her right hand to the sands and her left hand to the suns above.

For a moment there was stillness and then from her left palm that faced the sky, massive black wings that had tentacles growing out of them, a symbol of Andar's Light Devourer appeared, and from her left hand that faced the earth, the body of Staff appeared but magnified a billion times over until she was hundreds of miles tall, and her long white hair was like a storm cloud that drifted behind her.

The Lady of Shadows vanished with the winds, her body twisting into another reality as the wings of Andar's Light Devourer began to spread out and upwards, his darkness reaching for the thousand suns in the sky as it drank all the light and heat from everything, and below Staff grunted as the weight of holding the formation responsible for this act was driving her to her knees.

The ground had begun transforming into ice that was spreading for miles with startling speed.

The back of Staff was bending but she growled and held on for as long as possible before she sighed and chuckled weakly, as a thought flashed through her mind, 'In my position, how long would he have lasted?'

She sighed as she manifested her staff and twirled it around before slamming one end onto the frozen sand.

The staff was about nine feet tall in its base form but now it was hundreds of miles long, and its shape was not that different from what it was a million years ago, the only primary difference now was that it no longer had the sheen of metal, instead, it seemed to be carved out of wood, and instead of nine circles of glowing runes, now there were twenty-seven, and they were inlaid on the staff like growth ring on a tree.

She had gained nine more rings when she became a fourth-dimensional immortal, and another nine when she became a fifth.

When she slammed the staff on the sand, she began to straighten, using the staff as support, and before long she was standing tall, the burden of holding not just a piece of Rowan's dimension, his Primordial Ouroboros Serpents and the great runic formation whose weight was constantly growing as Andar's wings spread wider all rested on her shoulder, but she stood tall, and there was no hint of struggle on her body, her body drinking every forces that was exerted on it.

Staff had a talent that could perfectly channel all forms of energy, and that was the reason she could hold up all these weights that were heavier than multiple universes on her shoulders alone, she was simply channeling them into her staff, and when the time was right, she could unleash them all.

On her Staff, ring after ring was lighting up and as she noted the rate of progression, amazement flashed through her eyes, although she was the one channeling all this weight, it was still astonishing nonetheless to see a visual representation of what she was bearing.

As the darkness covered the desert, the weight of the formation had gone beyond abnormal to insane, but Staff was perhaps the only fifth dimensional immortal in all of reality who could handle all of this weight in this manner.

Looking upwards at Andar, she knew she did not need to speak because from the formation linking both of them, he already knew everything she knew, but she still whispered, "I can hold all of this up for three seconds, you better be done with your task by then or all of this is going down."

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

Chapter 1307 Will Of Elder (3)

When Andar first saw the Light Devourer after acquiring the Supreme Meditation Art, Endless Vault, the creature had been devouring suns, and at that time, his mortal mind had nearly been shattered by its cry, but the Andar at this present moment would eat a thousand of those Light Devourer and they would easily fit through the gaps in-between his teeth.

In a million years that was how much he had grown. The Light Devourer was a Four-Dimensional Entity, but Andar had exceeded that level and was more like an Emperor of the Light Devourer, and if he came in contact with any of these solitary creatures, they would bow before his might.

The Light Devourer in that vision was feeding on a random sun in the many universes, but what Andar's wings and tentacles were reaching for were the thousand immortal suns that had watched over the Great Since the end of the Primordial Era.

Every sun here was a million times bigger than the biggest suns in existence in the outside reality, and their light and heat could not even be measured using common sense.

With a screeching sound that would tear the mind, his wings exploded in size spreading for billions of miles in every moment and his tentacles pushed towards the suns, their hunger ineffable, their numbers in the millions and they began to slowly wrap around the suns, their tips shone with with black light as they began to drain the suns.

Andar shuddered as the tentacles finally broke through the defenses of the thousand suns and plunged into their core and the energy he was absorbing multiplied a thousandfold, transforming his gigantic black tentacles into white sinuous beams of light.

There was no way, even with his present abilities that Andar would be able to challenge a domain with the strength of the Great Desert, but he was simply a conduit of the power of the vast runes created by the Lady of Shadows, and as his body exploded in size, he focused on maintaining a steady mind, because that was where the challenge lied.

The formation was powerful and with its complexity, it could be regarded as something that was alive, and it could handle the vast amount of processes that were making all of this possible, Andar was the mind who had to hold this massive formation in place and channel it in the direction it should go, because the line that separated this intricate formation from its task and destruction was very fine, and Andar had to walk on that line.

Activating his intrinsic Spirit Matrix technique Grey Will, Andar's mind went cold and his consciousness became one of the greatest living computers in existence as the formation exploded the might of this technique past its limit, in this state, Andar who had long become so strong that the side-effect of Grey Will that would transform him into stone if he used it for too long was nothing but a bad memory was surprised when portions of his body began transforming to stone.

However, that was not his greatest concern because managing this formation... It was hard.

It was like he had become a mortal man once again, and he was holding the leash to a million wolves, all struggling and wishing to rend everything around them to pieces.

His hands had long grown numb, and his spirit had been scrapped until it was raw, it should not be possible that he could dig for more strength inside his soul, but he did, again and again.

The only thing holding him up was his determination to finish the task set upon him by his creator knowing how much depended on his success, and also... her, Staff. It was funny how after a million years, the both of them with their wildly opposing nature could become so close.

Unlike him who had to focus on maintaining the entire formation, Staff was carrying its weight, and this might seem like a simple thing, but it was as equally as challenging as the task he was undertaking, maybe even more so.

The ever-increasing weight of the formation was not an increase in a steady manner but flares up in a random fashion, random leaps and spikes that she had to account for to maintain the steadiness of the formation, for despite its powers, it was a fragile thing, and the most crucial part about this formation was simple, it must be steady.

They were playing in a high-level field here, and if the balance of this formation was toppled, Oblivion was dancing along their edge to swallow them all.

That was right, although Nemesis was not here, his powers remained, although, without his presence, they could not be directed effectively, but like white blood cells rushing towards a wound in the flesh, the powers of Oblivion had encircled the entire formation, and it was fighting them for every inch.

Despite the load of the formation he was carrying, at the edge of his senses, he could sense a bitter battle raging, and it was between the Lady of Shadows and Oblivion! She was their vanguard, and he was only able to spread his wings unchecked because of her intervention.

Andar's wings had spread across half the Great Desert and the suns above had now lost more than half their mass, and it seemed he must have broken a certain balance because the retaliation of Oblivion became more fierce and there was a hint of summoning as if Oblivion was calling for the presence of Nemesis.

There was a loud crash, and this silent battle between the Lady of Shadows and Oblivion was no longer silent as billions of Angels appeared around the formation, and of these Angels, the weakest had four wings, Archangels.

Their wings blazed, the light from it pushing back Oblivion, but this defiance had a prize for the Angels were burning the souls to achieve this brightness, and the suns that represented their hearts were rapidly dimming.

When the heat from their sun was gone and its light faded, the Angels were seized by Oblivion. Their bodies became shriveled, their wings rotted and fell from their bodies, and their light was extinguished for all eternity.

Andar shivered, for despite the prize of pushing back Oblivion, no Angel faltered, they burned away their light to pave the way.

“Move faster silver eyes,” Staff’s voice echoed in the formation, “They are dying!”

The voice of the Lady of Shadows reached them, “Focus on your task and do not be distracted by what is happening around you. There is a price to be paid for any war, and we will mourn them when it’s over, but the best response to their sacrifice should be your focus!”

Andar was silent, he had pushed to his limit and beyond, and there was nothing more he could do, and so he took the advice of the Lady of Shadows and he focused on his task. He tried not to notice the bright flashes of light that were surrounding them like stars and how much of them were winking out at every moment.

It was then that the full weight of this battle settled in his mind.

“Intruders... Violators, Thou shalt be punished!”

“Ah, Violators! I like that one,” Staff grunted, the mirth in her voice did not reach her cold eyes, “I am going to be doing a lot of violating with my staff before the end of this day.”

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

Chapter 1308 Will Of Elder (4)

Chapter 1308 Will Of Elder (4)

Everything that was happening seemed to be taking a long time, but the time period when Andar’s wings crossed half the desert was precisely one second, but in that second, more than a million Archangels had perished and ten Sovereigns alongside them.

This might seem like a lot, but this was under the condition that the Lady of Shadows was rapidly rotating the Angels when their light became too low, but the forces of Oblivion were sneaky, and the Angels that were dying were those that forgot to stop pouring out more of their light when they had run low.

No matter how much Eva was fighting to maintain the lives of the Angels, her battle was against Oblivion itself and she was taking the majority of its influence head-on while allowing the Angels to be the ones to push ahead and handle the minor influence it had left.

As a Creator, the death of the Angels stung on a fundamental level, but Eva was sadly used to loss, and she could push on despite the pain, because there was no other option, 'Fight now, mourn later.'

Angels fell, but the expansion of the rune formation never ceased, and with a resounding crack that shook the Great Desert, Andar's dark wings covered it in its entirety, and like a rubber band that had been drawn to its maximum limit, the darkness snapped back to its origin, and the frozen sands reverted back to its arid state, even the thousand suns in the sky had begun to recover, it was almost as if nothing had taken place, but that was far from the truth.

Two seconds had gone by. The wooden staff held by Staff was blazing with power and potential so vast that even space and time were fleeing from it. All twenty-seven growth rings had long been filled up with power, and like Andar, Staff had to push beyond her limits, and she had, for she had a breakthrough, and now the energy she was channeling was no longer concentrated on the twenty-seven rings on the staff but were slowly bleeding into the rest of it.

However, Staff said she could only hold on for three seconds, and this did not change, there was only one more second left.

The Great Desert was truly massive, and one could fit millions of universes inside of it, despite the power of the runic formation, it could not maintain such coverage over the Great Desert for long, and in this case, the coverage only lasted for two seconds before it was broken.

Those two seconds were very important for Eva because as she fought Oblivion, she was also performing the task they set out to achieve. The first was relatively simple and was related to the matter of the World Stele, which was to locate the Memories of Thenos.

The World Stele had given Rowan a lot of description on how to locate this unborn titan, and yet Eva had nearly failed in locating him.

Unlike the rest of those imprisoned here, the memories of Thenos were incredibly chaotic, having no fixed form, for this titan had never seen the true form of reality because he was never born, this left it to imagine reality in a way that it never was.

Thenos was born of light, every single drop of his blood was filled with the purest light of creation, for he was born a Celestial, but he had never seen light.

He had multiple mothers in a single body, but that was a weird concept because those mothers were still Thenos, yet they were not. Because he wanted to be born, he created mothers, simple receptacles to create his existence, yet he had no concept of life.

Thenos was a walking contradiction, and it was the reason he could attract a Singularity like the World Stele to descend upon him, for his roots were not only Celestial but Demonic as well, Life after all was born from the Primordial Darkness.

For Eva to find Thenos, she did not look for a fixed memory, instead, she looked for the concept of things that never were, and in the darkness that resembled light and in the silence that was nothing were screams she saw the true form of this titan, and she knew that Thenos was truly insane.

His birth before his death had warped his mentality into something horrifying and the many eternities he had spent inside the Great Desert did not help matters for Thenos.

Oblivion was a great thief, yet it was a forgiving one, because every memory that was caught inside its web would lose itself, and they would not fight to return back to existence, and slowly but surely existence would forget about them.

Thenos was not that lucky. He could not forget because he had no concept of memory, because he had never made one before, and yet as a creature that should be born directly at the eighth-dimensional level, he possessed the dimension of memory intrinsically, this created a disjointed influence within his existence that even Oblivion could not totally suppress, and so Thenos had been observing the desert for all these eternities and yet was not observing them, because he could not understand reality, even the Great Desert made no sense to him.

It was a good thing that the mind that touched Thenos was Eva, a powerful Celestial Creator, and so she was able to handle the strain of touching his mind without going insane, however, for a brief moment she nearly stopped this plan, despite the harm that this would bring to Rowan.

Eva had lived a long time and seen countless terrifying sights and even more terrifying immortals, yet there was something about Thenos that was simply... wrong. He was a creature that should not exist and perhaps it was for the purpose of imprisoning beings like him that the Great Desert was truly created, and yet Eva knew that in order to accomplish their goals, then they would need to sleep with strange bedfellows.

Although it was important to note that the Lady of Shadows only proceeded with the plan because no matter how dangerous Thenos was, or how broken his mind had become, she trusted that there was one person who could hold the heavens above even if all of it collapsed.

Rowan would hold the heavens, and so she had no fear. The Angels fought, and they died for their creator, and they had no fear that their sacrifices would end up being futile.

In the brief moment when the wings of Andar covered the entire desert, Eva located Thenos, and she marked him, and then her sight turned to the hidden task that she was supposed to handle, and that was to find the memories of the Primordial Beasts.

At first, this plan made no sense, the Primordial Beasts were already extinct even before the Primordial Era. This was at the beginning of existence when the Great Desert did not exist, how could the memory of the Primordial Beast remain when they had died before when the concept of Memory was created?

This answer lay in Rowan's sojourn to the future and the vision he had seen of Time, Light, and Demon at the beginning of existence when they had begun slaughtering the Primordial Beasts.

Chapter 1309 Will Of Elder (5)

Chapter 1309 Will Of Elder (5)

In that vision of the past, one of the Primordial Beasts, the Torch Dragon, was killed, and according to the Primordials, his essence was to be used as a foundation to build upon the future, unlike the slaughter that happened at the end of the Primordial Era, the deaths of the Primordial Beast was a meticulous affair that was properly planned out and not as a result of revenge.

The Primordials were building the future on the bodies of the Primordial Beast and the true understanding of what this meant was when Rowan compared the Primordial Beast to himself, a living dimension. Inside his dimension, many generations of lives had gone by, and with the ever-expanding size of his dimension plus the new generation of inhabitants living inside him who had no idea of who he was, or that they were living inside a sapient dimension, they simply saw their surroundings as something that ever was, and ever will be.

Rowan had no need for worship, but in many corners of his dimension, it was not strange that there were many religions whose roots were attributed to him after stories of the first generations who met Rowan spoke of him.

However, most of these first generations were either asleep as their power had grown to the limit of this dimension, or they were dead after all opportunities and dangers go hand in hand, and even though Rowan's dimension contained a lot of opportunities, so too was the dangers it held.

Over time, without his presence being visible to the inhabitants, he had nearly been forgotten, and most would not believe that their entire world, no, their entire galaxy, or even the universe at large was simply the body of one person. With the present state of reality, was this not the same thing?

The Primordial Beasts were the true foundations of everything in existence, and the Primordials built upon their bones, after so long, no one else remembered who they were, and any claims made by the Primordials were taken to be the truth. If not for the resurrection of this bloodline by the Primordial Record, even Rowan would not know of

the existence of the Primordial Beasts, and even if he saw the vision of the past with the Torch Dragon, without the bloodline of a Primordial Ouroboros Serpent inside of him, he would have never known that this creature was a Primordial Beast.

For instance, it was said that Chaos was Reality, but was that truly the case? Or was it possible that Chaos was just the manager of reality? The lines between truth and lies at these higher levels were incredibly blurred.

There were so many mysteries hidden behind lies and subterfuge that it would be impossible to know the truth in a short time or until Rowan reached a higher level of power, but at least, what he could glean from the past could help him here, that was his hope.

The Primordial Beasts were gone, but the traces of their presence remained for those who knew where to look.

Rowan did not know where to look, and as far as he could tell, no one else did, but he did not need to search particularly hard to know that he would be able to find these traces of the Primordial beasts more clearly if he went to certain special places, because the entire reason places like the Great Desert could be created was that they had special properties that made them viable.

You could not simply store Memories of higher dimensional immortals in any random dimension and expect that it would contain them, no, there must be something unique about this location.

Inside Rowan's dimension there were special worlds that contained abundant essence and Aether that was greater than could be found in other worlds in his dimension, the reason for that was that he had Seeded those worlds, and that had further increased the power of the World Consciousness in those worlds.

These worlds were powerfully contested because ownership of one was a guaranteed method to become immortal. After all, even a pig could become one after dwelling in those special worlds.

Using that as an example, certain special realms in reality could only be created by the fact that their foundations were special.

The Frozen Road that linked all third-dimensional universes with the upper dimensions despite being created with Primordial Essence had the six heads of the sirens as a foundation, and Chaos had used those heads as a base to maintain his control, therefore Rowan had simply placed two and two together; if the Frozen Road needed these foundations, what sort of foundation would the Great Desert need?

In his search for such places in all of reality when he had ventured into the future with his nine Reflections, Rowan had come across several, but most of them were firmly in the

midst of Primordial Domains and it would be impossible for him to access them in a short amount of time, and his only true option was the Great Desert, luckily for him, several coincidences made the Great desert his only option.

The Great Desert was a domain of a Primordial, but Chaos was even more restricted than the average Primordial who were all incredibly elusive entities, this gave Rowan the opportunity to deal with a subordinate of Chaos and not the Primordial himself, and no matter how dangerous Nemesis was, it could never be compared with scheming against a Primordial directly.

In fact, until reaching the ninth dimension or as close to it as possible, Rowan did not want to challenge any Primordial directly, their foundations were simply too massive, and although he was on the path of building such a foundation, he was still a long way off.

With the addition of the World Stele into the plan, he also had another layer of insurance in going after the Great Desert, however, the most important backing he had for pushing into the Great Desert was the connection he had with it.

Every third-dimensional universe had this connection to the Great Desert and Rowan was no different, with this connection he had been able to safely monitor the Great Desert, understanding its forces and how to break it, and if he could bit break it, stall it for as long as possible until he completed his tasks.

For the last million years, Eva had remained inside the piece of his dimension that he had deposited inside this realm and she had been learning about Nemesis and the power of Oblivion here, the tactics used in this battle, from the massive runic formation to the lights emitted from the angels wings were not tactics drawn on the fly, but carefully prepared methods the Lady of Shadows had taken great pains in order to discover.

Yet it was possible that despite all his preparations he would be wrong.

It could turn out that his hypothesis was incorrect and he could not find any traces of the Primordial Beasts here, but that was a risk he was willing to take. If he failed here then in the future, somewhere else, he would succeed.

Rowan would never stop until he was killed, for his entire existence was channeled toward finding the ultimate truths behind everything in reality.

As Andar's wings snapped back, in that fraction of a moment when it covered the entire Great Desert, the rune formation searched for the traces of the Primordial Beasts, and it found... nothing.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1310 Will Of Elder (6)

The invasion of the Great Desert was on a very tight schedule, it all depended on how long Staff could carry the runic formation, and her estimate was three seconds. It was not a long time nor was it a short one either, it was just enough.

Two of those seconds had passed, and the first objective had succeeded, locating and marking the memories of Thenos, but the second one had failed, and they had no more time left, as the third second rapidly approached.

The Lady of Shadows showed no deep concern over the failure to locate any traces of these Primordial Beasts, even when she knew how important this would have been for Rowan, and that was because Rowan had already anticipated such a thing, and he would not easily give up under the first sign of failure, locating something that was never meant to exist was bound to be difficult.

With a loud crackling sound like thunder, the third second came by, and Andar was squeezed into a dot by the power of the Great Desert and was expelled, even Eva who was in a separate dimension was being squeezed out of this reality and in a few moments she would be sent away, and the only person that was seemingly not affected by all of this, was Staff.

The power of the formation that had been imbued in her body was slowly fading away, and her impressive miles-high physique was shrinking, and yet the banishing power of Oblivion could not touch her because of one reason, the staff she held in her hand that was forcefully stabilizing the space around her.

Now blazing with powers that could barely be contained, the staff let out sizzles of lightning of all colors, and its shape no longer resembled wood, but a shimmering bar of violent energy on the brink of eruption.

The power of Oblivion that had banished Andar was pressing against Staff focusing on her lone figure with clear intent of malice, unlike the others that had escaped from its grasp, Oblivion wanted to kill this woman. Originally the forces of Oblivion were not like this, it had maintained a dispassionate outlook on its surroundings, but over the countless eons, the trait of its master Nemesis had seeped into it.

However, the power Staff had accumulated in these three seconds was so extreme that it had exceeded the scope of what her present cultivation could contain many times over, and no matter how much Oblivion pressed down upon her, it could not break this barrier of space that surrounded her, because there was a hint of perfection in her technique at this moment, one that was close to what her father had achieved in the past.

Borrowing the power of the runic formation had allowed Staff to handle all of this power, but now that the formation was breaking down, the load on her consciousness was

reaching impossible heights, however, Staff was grinning, she could sense the malice of Oblivion and knew all its attention was on her, and so she responded in kind.

“Hey, Oblivion, you had your fun killing so many of those lovely Angels did you not? Although they have someone else who would champion their cause and make you really pay for what you did, there is nothing stopping me from collecting a little interest before then. Did I not tell you that before this day was over I will violate you with my staff, let it not be said that I am not a woman of my word....”

As she continued shrinking further with the energy from the runic formation in her body nearly exhausted, she raised her staff overhead, and softly called out, “Take... my... staff,” she swung down and the end of the staff lightly touched the sands, and at first it seemed that nothing had happened, and then Oblivion... it wailed! A sound that was so piercing and filled with pain that it crossed over dimensions to reach its master.

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Andar had been banished by the power of Oblivion, but with the traces of the formation power still left inside the body of Staff, he was able to see the final moments they had inside the Great Desert.

The body of Staff and her weapon had shrunk to her normal height, and then she lightly swung that staff that resembled a furious lance of lightning to the sand, and then there was a loud crack, it was so extremely loud but it did not stop the sound of the Desert screaming from reaching his ears.

That sound was as if the spine of a gigantic beast had been forcefully bent and broken, all in one single motion, and that sentiment seemed to prevail as the desert was broken!

From the point where her staff touched the sands, a massive rupture appeared that was extremely deep to the extent that it reached the bottom of the Great Desert, and like an unwinding stream, this rupture continued to grow, crossing countless miles.

The sound of the desert being torn apart was extremely horrific, and the wails from Oblivion never ceased, as this horrifying rupture crossed almost a third of the Great Desert before it stopped its unrelenting charge.

The size of the desert could fit more than a million universes, and its materials were made from much sterner stuff. If this move had been unleashed by Staff in the Great Darkness against the many universes residing inside of it, then the level of destruction would have been unimaginable.

It was easy to forget that the most devastating part of her powers was not that she was able to absorb all forms of energy, but as Fury had learned when he challenged her in the past, Staff could give out that energy and more importantly, she could magnify it!

In simple terms, she could absorb ten units of force and then spit out a hundred units of force. This talent made no sense in the larger scheme of things because she was basically creating energy out of nothing, and that was what made her talent so useful to Rowan, because, unlike any immortals he knew, Staff was indeed generating power out of nothing, more precisely, from the Nothingness that surrounded all of reality.

The only immortals in existence that could pull power from the Nothingness were World Bearers, and this process was largely an automatic affair, where the power was meant to simply maintain their dimensions in the Nothingness and they could not wield it. Staff, on the other hand, could pull power directly from the Nothingness, and she only needed to absorb energy from the outside world as a primer.

To break the Great Desert was the final step in Rowan's plan, and to do this, a lot of power was needed, and this power was so extreme that even Staff connection to the Nothingness would not be enough to supply her with what she needed, not in the three-second window that they had to work with, and so the World Stele had further helped to deepen Staff's connection to the Nothingness, allowing her in these brief moment to pull all the power that she needed, because the act of breaking the Great Desert could allow the inhabitants inside to escape.

This was the outcome that the Great Stele wanted, and also this was what Rowan was looking forward to because breaking the Great Desert would reveal its roots, and finally, Rowan was able to find the traces of the Primordial Beasts.

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Chapter 1311 Will Of Elder (7)

Chapter 1311 Will Of Elder (7)

Although it was rare, Staff had been able to come across Rowan's Angelic hosts when she visited his new universe. However, she was not aware that this powerful new universe was Rowan's dimension, because at the end of all things, back when the universe she knew had ended, what she saw was a new universe being born after the destruction of the old one.

Of course, she did not understand that this new universe was simply the act of Rowan's Primordial Ouroboros Serpent unleashing their greed across time and dragging the past to the present, but Rowan had taken this change as an opportunity and quietly replaced the image of the lost universe with his own.

Since Rowan had consumed this universe's Will and most of its essence he could perfectly replicate its contents inside his dimension, and across Rowan's dimension there were many similarities between his dimension and the previous universe, for example, Trion

had been faithfully recreated inside his dimension, as his birthplace, he had preserved the memory of this world, even if much of it had been filled with nothing but pain and bloodshed.

Staff had left with Andar to the Magus Supreme World, but her home remained back on Trion, and because of the vision of her father who held back her clansmen from fighting in the final war, the Minerva family bloodline remained strong and abundant, and in this new universe they had been able to thrive, coupled with the resources that Staff would bring from outside the universe to aid her kin.

The new generations of Dominators on Trion were different, as they were slowly discarding the stiff rule that governed their bloodline and chasing after the greater powers that were not available in the new universe.

It was a good thing that Rowan had a flexible admission protocol into his dimension, even after Staff had become a higher-dimensional immortal she could still visit her home regularly. Other third-dimensional universes may not be able to carry her weight but Rowan could effortlessly hold many higher-dimensional immortals inside of him if he wanted.

To enter the new universe, Staff had to simply go through a series of checkpoints, and most of them were overseen by Angels, so over the course of a million years she began to associate deeply with these enigmatic creatures, their presence, and their silent strength was a sense of comfort that she could find nowhere else.

Life in the Magus world was filled with endless dangers, and because she did not have a Magus bloodline, many protections given to mages that were enjoyed by Andar and other mages could not be afforded to her, so she had to create her domain from scratch, but Staff would not have it any other way, however, the pressure was still enormous and over the years as her powers far outstripped everyone she knew from her family, the Angels became one of her closest friends.

In their conversations, they were mostly silent with Staff doing most of the talking, but they never drove her away, but intently listened, even if she talked for months they were silent partners, seldomly making observations or countering an argument she made, at first, this quietness of theirs made Staff incredibly irritated, and it did not help that despite how little they spoke, every word from them were usually truths that she could not refute.

However, she had learned how to appreciate their piercing insight and their willingness to listen to her ramble even when she thought they were simply enduring her presence.

In a million years, many experiences could be accumulated, and any journey she ventured into could take hundreds or even thousands of years to complete, and having a place to unwind was heaven-sent.

To make her powerful, Telmus had made her grow in relative isolation, but Staff at heart was a social being, but her talent and her powers did not make it easy for her to find friendship, and the unlikely connection she made with the Angels was something she had come to treasure.

In a reality that was so dark, their brightness was something that was precious.

“One day, not anytime soon, mind you, I know how much you guys are devoted to your duty, and I respect that very much, but one day, I will take you all to some of the greatest places in reality, places that I all sure would rock your worlds, hahaha....”

Staff valued this relationship between her and the Angels, keeping them secret even from her closest friend Andar, it was something that she felt was uniquely her own, and even if it was selfish, she simply wanted the brief moments she shared with those angels on a lonely outpost at the edge of the universe to be a secret that she knew alone.

In all these years a bond had been created between Staff and the Angels, and the thought that in just two seconds, a friendship that could have lasted for eternity had been cut off before it had the chance to bloom filled her with anger and she reached again for the power that had dwelled inside her consciousness from the moment of her birth, and she seized it.

‘The one constant in reality is loss, whether it is by outgrowing everyone around you, or by being too weak to save them when it counts. My friends, the only thing I can do is to make them pay.’

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The destruction of the Great Desert was catastrophic, however, Staff was not done. After a million years, the understanding of her bloodline talent had grown deeper, and coupled with the rage she was feeling from the deaths of all these Angels, she pulled upon her talent to a degree that was shocking.

Unleashing all that power from her staff drained it of every energy that it had contained, but the result of that move had rent the earth for countless trillions of miles, the sands had shot up to unknown heights, the heat that was generated from this impact had been focused downwards so there was not much impact on the surface, the shockwave that raged across the surface of the desert had scraped the surface of it down for tens of miles before vanishing into the unknown.

There was so much unleashed power here, and Staff sensing all that potential, drew from it.

This was not the first time she was trying to collect back the energy she had unleashed from her staff, but on every other occasion, when she tried to pull the energy into her flesh because this was how her talent worked, she always failed.

Any energy directed to her was processed inside her Spirit and then directed toward her staff, as she got stronger she was learning to actively pull this energy into her body, but it was very difficult, and knowing that this was the evolution of her talent only forced her to push ahead, but she had never succeeded.

For all her potential, her powers were largely passive in nature, as she needed to absorb the power that was directed towards her and she couldn't just pull that energy from around her as everyone else could, which was her greatest weakness, but to be fair, not everyone could reflect the energy they collected a thousand times over. Following instinct and not normal thought, perhaps blinded by her grief, Staff pulled energy, and not into her body as she normally did, but into her staff.

Over the years it was not as if she had not tried to pull energy into her staff, but the damn thing only acted as a one-way channel to unleash the energy she was sending out of her body, but something inside her must have changed, or the fact that she had unleashed so much energy in a single burst than she had ever done in her entire life.

She pulled energy that she had once unleashed, and it flowed into her staff. This energy included the cries of Oblivion and a third of the forces she had just unleashed on the Great Desert.

Her staff collected the energy, and her body became the source to unleash that energy, and because it all happened inside her body, the magnification of that power became something so ridiculous it began to shatter her body, soul, and spirit, if this attack was unleashed it was unknown if the Great Desert would survive. It was too much, this power was too much for even a fifth-dimensional immortal, and as Staff was heading closer to death, she smiled,

“This one is for you, my friends.”

She did not care if the friendship she had with the Angels was a brief moment in her million years of life, her character was resolute, you harm one of mine, and I shall tear you to pieces even if it is the last thing I do.

Staff thought she could hear Andar screaming, but everything was rapidly being replaced by white. The Desert trembled and a vast portal opened, and the presence of Nemesis was blown into the Great Desert along with his cries of rage.

A nightmarish visage that was the fusion between a bat and a man emerged from the portal, its gaze fixed on Staff, and it charged out of the portal with rage in its eyes, but then something flashed by so quickly it was barely a blur, and the rage in the eyes of Nemesis dissipated, and its eyes became dull.

The flash returned revealing that it was a massive golden hand, and what had just happened was chilling. The previous blur was that hand slicing through the neck of

Nemesis in the instant it was about to return to the Great Desert, and that same hand turned and caught the falling head of Nemesis, withdrawing back through the portal.

The portal began to close, but then the voice of Rowan emerged from it,

“That power of yours, give it to me.”

Her body obeyed before her mind could and the energy inside the body was drawn into the closing portal, and the last thing she heard before she lost consciousness was the voice of Rowan,

“I will not let the sacrifices of any of my children be in vain.”

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1312 Will Of Elder (8)

Rowan had one mantra going into this battle that would decide his fate going forward, it was a simple one that states;

‘At your weakest appear to be at your strongest, and your strongest appear to be at your weakest.’

There were some mishaps along the way, but that was expected for a plan that was extremely complex. Overall, he thought that he had succeeded in following this mantra to a suitable conclusion.

Before entering Doom Star with his newly resurrected body after traversing through the Nothingness for nearly a billion years, he was at his weakest, but he had entered into the realm with great commotion, drawing all eyes to him and proclaiming his power for all to see, he had even announced his presence with the words, “Do Primordials bleed?” All of this was to draw away attention from the eventual breaking of the Great Desert or that at this point he was not a fourth-dimensional immortal.

All Rowan had was potential, an endless potential that had been brewing for years, and as the battle began, Rowan knew that his greatest challenge was to appear strong for long enough until he could truly become strong.

This was the reason that he had not summoned his vast armies and his great Angels to the front lines to battle with the Eye of Time, he was simply pushing a front of strength when most of his weapons were hidden. It was a hard thing to bluff the great powers here, but Rowan had learned from the best and he had preserved his momentum until the time it was needed.

He had made all the right plans, but he had still nearly failed when Nemesis disregarded the allure of the flesh of Time and came for Rowan. 'The greedy little thief,' Rowan had proclaimed in exasperation inside his heart. Perhaps it was because it could sense that the nature of Rowan was extremely strange, not falling under any known life form in existence or maybe it was the pieces of Time that Rowan had swallowed and was struggling to keep inside of him or it could be that Rowan had not deceived it as well as he had once thought.

In any case, as the World Stele used the powers of the Calamity Suns to hold back the Eye of Time, Nemesis came for him, and under the heavy constraint he was facing as he held onto the pieces of the Eye of Time that he had seized, he could not defend himself.

Nemesis had poised over him, maws opened wide as it surged forward to consume what could be considered one of the priciest meals in all of existence, and then Rowan sensed the completion of his plan a moment before the impact slammed into his consciousness.

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What happened next was a firm reminder to Rowan that perception was everything. What one could see when standing on the ground was very different from when standing on the top of a mountain, and when that individual was standing outside the planet itself, then the true face of their reality could be known.

He was the individual who at first stood on the ground, then slowly climbed on the mountaintop and now he was outside the planet itself, and the sight that he could see was different, the truth that he could comprehend was also different.

Rowan's gamble into the nature of existence had worked, and at the foundations of the Great Desert he had found traces of the Primordial Beasts, in the moment that Staff tore the desert asunder, Rowan's formation touched those traces and one of the entities whose presence had once shaken the reality of that time were revealed to his senses.

He did not know what to expect, the visions he had once seen of a Primordial Beast came from the Memory of Time which was directed toward the members of its bloodline, and so it was constrained by the perception of the Primordial of Time, what Rowan was about to touch was direct traces of a Primordial creature, who had once shared the same realms of power with Primordials themselves. This Primordial Beast had existed in a time when time did not exist, and it was so massive in size that it beggars imagination, making his Primordial Ouroboros resemble a tiny maggot, and somehow Rowan understood that he was only seeing only a small portion of this creature.

Like reading about the description of a being and not the real being itself.

Except he crushed the entire Great Desert and carefully sifted through its remains, Rowan would have to be content with what he had gained from the traces he had just collected, but for him, it was enough, to call forth those ancient powers whose slumber were deep,

and in most times, only a name was needed, and Rowan had comprehended that name, almost as if the Primordial Beast was sending it directly into his consciousness.

The name yearned to be spoken, and it held Rowan's consciousness in a vice grip, its hunger was something that as a Primordial Ouroboros Serpent, he understood.

This hunger made Rowan realize that similar to Primordials who couldn't be killed in a conventional sense, only weakened and banished, Primordial Beasts could not be killed.

Rowan was beginning to realize that there was a special power gained by higher dimensional immortals that made them incredibly hard to kill, and that trait when placed into ninth-dimensional creatures like Primordials, then this concept of true immortality was taken to the extreme.

To kill the Primordial Beasts, it was not enough to simply use their bodies and souls as fuel for reality, their entire existence needed to be wiped out, and no traces of their name were to be mentioned, because that would slowly awaken them.

The hunger of the Primordial Beast tore at Rowan's consciousness, screaming at him in a tongue that was ancient beyond reason to speak its name... and Rowan did, after all, everything hinges on him calling forth the powers of the Primordial Beast,

"Divus..."

The knowledge of this name drew out Rowan's consciousness and he was sent into a strange realm where the earth was the sky, and the sky was the earth.

The earth above was not a true land, instead, it resembled the bloody insides of a beast, almost as if he had been swallowed into a stomach that had been ravaged by an unknown weapon, and although the earth that was now the sky did not bleed, it seemed to be heavy.

The sky was colorless, but there was a taste of salt in the air, it was almost as if the sky was made from tears that had long been dried by the wind, and so had been infused into the wind, to create something that was and also not.

Sitting on the empty sky on a throne made from sand and blood was a woman with the horns of a dragon and the tail of a bull. She was naked, her form exuding immense strength and a potent attraction that would break the minds of any immortal who saw her body, and even Rowan despite the powers of his consciousness and the strength of his bloodline, had nearly fallen to her charms.

Rowan was used to his consciousness being drawn into spaces like these, and with his increasing experience he knew that what he was inside of was a dimension, more precisely, this was a Memory Dimension, but one that was both whole and broken at the

same time, like a reflection of the real thing, yet this reflection of a memory possessed powers that were unfathomable.

With his experience being drawn into realms like this, Rowan had quickly covered himself in a shade of darkness, making him appear to be nothing but a smudge of darkness inside the immensity of this memory, but then the woman, no, the Primordial Beast opened her eyes, and Rowan knew he could not be hidden from her gaze,

“Ouroboros... So you have awakened.”

The voice of the Primordial Beast nearly drove Rowan insane, it triggered such a rush of emotions inside his consciousness that nearly tore him apart, from lust, hunger, rage, sadness, joy, sorrow, love, and many other shades in between all these emotions, and they came at him with a flood that sent alarm bells ringing across every inch of his consciousness.

Rowan was nowhere near the level where he could be spoken to directly by a being who had reached the ninth dimension.

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Chapter 1313 Will Of Elder (9)

Chapter 1313 Will Of Elder (9)

The Eyes of Divus flashed yellow with exhilaration, and she attempted to stand up from the throne of sand and blood, chains of light and darkness held her back, and she looked down as a flash of anger brushed through her beautiful face, and then she looked at Rowan before sighing,

“Why are you free before me, when you are nothing but a dumb pile of muscle?”

Rowan remained silent, but whoever Divus was, she certainly liked the sound of her voice because she continued speaking,

“Well, at least it is a good thing that you have resurrected my name, spread it across the lower lifeforms in this new reality that those Primes have made for themselves, and in time I would be able to begin entering their minds and corrupting their source.”

Rowan straightened, it took longer than he would have liked, but he had acclimated to the sound of her voice, the trick to it was rather simple, he shifted his perception to that of the Primordial Ouroboros.

Usually, he did not use the perception of the Ouroboros Serpents to perceive reality, even as a living dimension, the perception of the serpents was still too alien for him, it was disconcerting wanting to eat his children anytime he saw them.

The serpents were not creatures that could stand the sight of weaker creatures, they were the first supreme hunters in existence and their hunger knew no bounds, if not for the control that Rowan had with the assistance of his other bloodlines, it was unknown what he would have become, most likely a homicidal maniac whose goal was to kill and devour everything in existence, and because of how fiendishly intelligent his serpents were, his acts of atrocities would not be random, but careful acts of genius that was in pursuit of only one goal, to wipe out all lesser life forms to soothe a hunger that would never end.

No one said Primordial Beasts were the better option.

With the perception of the Ouroboros Serpent, the voice of Divus was no longer overwhelming, instead it was simply annoying.

Rowan was discovering that perhaps the Primordial Beasts were not a tight-knit group as he had first assumed.

Something odd happened as he shifted his perception, his shape was no longer that of a man, but took the form of a serpent, massive and filled with an Aura of menace, his scales were not golden as he was used to but they were black like an endless void, and his eyes were also black, even his fangs and the insides of his mouth were black, and drawn by instinct he moved closer to Divus,

“I do not know where the others are suppressed, but I think there is a chance that Leviathan was... are you listening to me, Ouroboros, or have your endless hunger fiscally driven you mad? You should not worry about that for long, when we rule, everything the Prime built will be your food, and for once we will not hold you back when you begin consuming this reality. What agency do you have to begin shattering reality, this Era needs to fall so we can rise.”

Rowan was now close to the throne that Divus sat upon, and he began to climb, and before long he was staring at the Primordial Beasts, yet with his eyes that were blacker than night it was hard to tell if he even had eyes at all.

Divus wanted to bring her hand up to touch him, but the chains of light and darkness appeared, stifling any of her movements and making her groan in anger,

“Even after all of this Era, nobody else knows my name, even when I can sense the call of my bloodline flooding this pathetic reality that the Primes have created...”

Rowan finally spoke, his voice different, unlike his deeper baritone, this one was smoother, almost like honey in the ears, for all the menace and the incomparable horror that the Ouroboros Serpents represented, their voice was a thing of endless charm,

“You do not have to worry about the future, Divus, I promise that they shall all know your name soon enough.”

Divus cocked her head to the side, and then she smiled, “You say all the right things, you look the right way, but you are different are you not? How is this possible? Ouroboros, did your Essence evolve? Was this the plan of the Primes, to change our Essence so they could find a method to kill us?”

Rowan’s tongue flicked out repeatedly, he was not too surprised that he had been quickly found out, as it did not take long for him to understand that this was not just a Memory Dimension, Divus was actively communicating with him, and although that should be impossible, there was certain interaction that was happening between two Primordial Beasts in the same Memory dimension that could trigger a change like this.

He suspected that if he was not a Primordial Beast, then Divus would not be able to communicate with him, and any other creature would be dead anyway before they could even understand what they were seeing.

“I can only answer your first question Divus, I am different from the Ouroboros Serpent you remember.”

“But that is impossible, our Essence is forever, except... a Singularity!” Divus suddenly burst into laughter, “Hahaha, please don’t tell me those arrogant Primes still failed, all their talks, all their arrogant posturing, yet it all ends in this rather stunning development, hahaha!”

Rowan shook, he knew that the mysteries behind the Singularities were deep, and it was involved in the highest level of existence, but there seemed to be much more to this story than he had first thought.

“Divus,” he asked politely, “What do you know about Singularities?”

She suddenly stopped laughing, “Enough to know that even though I am glad that those arrogant bastards failed, I am still not satisfied, because my joy is similar to me drinking poison to satisfy a thirst. A Singularity should have never gotten access to a bloodline of our level, and you being here is not for my salvation, is it, little Ouroboros.”

Rowan was silent for a while before he nodded, “I have your Will, but it is different now.”

“Ah, I see, what could break our Will?”

Multiple exact voices from the mouth of the Ouroboros Serpent answered her, “This!” Divus froze on her throne, the Ouroboros Serpent in front of her opened its maws wide, and because inside its mouth was extremely dark, it was impossible to understand what was happening at first, but then the serpent seemed to lengthen, and it was not a trick of

the light, crawling from its mouth was another exact Ouroboros Serpent, and when it fully emerged, it was the same size as the first Ouroboros Serpent.

As if electricity was passing through her spine, Divus muttered in incredulity, “What... what... is happening?!” The second Ouroboros Serpent opened its mouth, and before Divus’s astonished gaze, another Serpent crawled out of it, and this continued happening with the third serpent giving birth to the fourth serpent, and the fourth giving birth to the fifth, until the sixth.

The six Ouroboros Serpents encircled her throne and their rich and smooth voice entered her ears,

“You know by this time, there is something I am usually being called...”

Divus whispered, “You are an abomination.”

“Ah yes,” the six serpents smiled, “there it is.”

Chapter 1314 Will Of Elder (final)

The Primordial Beast before Rowan was barely a fragment, but this did in no way reduce her eminence or power, and Rowan knew that the only way he could calmly address her was because of the perception of the Primordial Ouroboros that had warped his consciousness into something vastly different from the norm.

Divus was taking a humanoid shape but the first time Rowan had touched the traces of this Primordial Beast he had sensed something whose body was impossibly vast and mighty, and so he did not allow this fragment here to blind his eye to the true nature of this entity.

Time in this memory dimension was not fixed, and even though he knew that a lot of time could pass inside this dimension and barely any would pass on Doom Star, he was not dealing with minor immortals but powerful entities like Nemesis and the Eye of Time, and so no matter how much it fascinated him to be here or the secrets he might learn, he needed to finish what he started and leave. His body was in grave danger and if he was delayed in this memory for long, it would be too late to make any meaningful change if he returned for he would already be dead.

Divus’ voice interrupted his thought, “If there was to be one thing that was good about our loss to the Primes, it was that they would be better custodians over existence... they were to stop the likes of you from ever existing. Our banishment should have at least had a meaning beyond that useless war, yet, we are stuck with the likes of you.”

These words from Divus drew old pain from the heart of Rowan and the six Primordial Serpents spoke slowly, their voices barely above a whisper, “Why am I not allowed to exist?”

Divus was silent for a while, looking at the central Ouroboros Serpent before shaking her head in something that Rowan felt was stubbornness, which was a gesture that he found interesting, to say the least.

“Why do you ask questions that you already know the answers to? If this is an Era where a being like you can exist, then I don’t want to be in it. I shall remain asleep, and following the nature of creatures like you, then I expect that the next time I wake, this Era would be over and you would be dead. I envision that you are here in order for me to share my Will with you, but even among the most deranged of my kin, none of them would aid you. Return to whence you came abomination, you shall find no aid among us. You wear our skin, but you will never be one of the Elder.”

With those words, Divus went silent, and her yellow eyes closed up, and then Rowan chuckled, it was a dark sound, one that held an undertone of rage that he had mostly kept bottled up because he knew that only a few in existence truly deserved this rage because if he let it out, it would consume everything without any distinction,

His powers were both a blessing and a curse, one that he had learned to manage and channel, but it was times like these that truly reminded him of one of the primary reasons he fights,

“You call me an Abomination because I was chosen by a Singularity even before I was born? But you see, this is not the first time I have been called something like this, every moment of my life has been me fighting for my right to exist. At first, I had begged for mercy and understanding, but my tears have run dry and my heart has grown cold, and then I beg for tolerance, but my home has been taken from me more times than I can count. Now I no longer wait, I no longer ask for permission, I no longer beg for the right to exist, and I have decided that my destiny would be written by me.”

Divus’s eyes were still closed as she replied, “I shall not aid you, for you were never meant to exist. A mistake that I shall not foster, even if the Primes had failed to cull you from existence. Sometimes the enemy of your enemy is still your enemy.”

“I thought I told you Divus,” Rowan suddenly struck, “I am no longer asking for permission to exist, for I am coming for everything.”

The six Ouroboros Serpents sank their fangs into the flesh of Divus and they retreated, not pushing ahead despite the fact that they knew that this entity was still bound, Divus on the other hand did not indicate that she had been attacked by the serpents, she did not even flinch, instead she slowly opened her eyes and looked down at her body.

The attack from the serpents had mostly been on her torso, but one had bitten her face, another her neck, and the rest had bitten her repeatedly on her body in quick succession before they had retreated.

Divus's yellow eyes looked at bite marks all over her body that did not bleed, and she looked back at Rowan with surprise, "Why did you do that?"

The six Ouroboros Serpents smiled, "I wanted you to know what was coming," their maws had previously held two prominent sharp fangs, and then that number multiplied until it was filled with fangs that were so massive there was no way that they would be able to close their jaws.

"Do you think you are capable of scaring me?"

Rowan attacked, the first Ouroboros Serpent opened its mouth wide and nearly swallowed the entirety of Divus's head as he whispered to her, "Why do you ask questions that you already know the answer to? Of course, you fear me, because I am not here to ask you for your Will, I am here to take them... abomination, remember?"

The serpent that had chomped on her head pulled back, nearly tearing her head out of her body, nearly half her skull had been chewed through, leaving a ghastly sight behind, as the single yellow eyes of Divus remained fixed on Rowan, her gaze was cold.

Not waiting for the first serpent to swallow its prize, the rest of the Ouroboros Serpents attacked, all going after limbs or tearing into her torso with gusto. Divus did not struggle, her single eye fixed on the first Ouroboros Serpent that had attacked her.

Her voice merged from her chest,

"There was never any intention to ask me for my Will, you simply came to plunder, but that would do you no good. You need a variety of Elder to activate this Will, having more of a single Elder is useless."

Rowan did not bother to reply, perhaps that may have once been the truth, but what he had inside of him was not the previous Will of Elder, as with everything that was touched by a Singularity, his bloodline not only gave him more Ouroboros Serpent, it had also mutated its Will.

At first, Rowan did not understand what that mutation was, until he began eating this fragment of Divus, and he finalized the hypothesis in his mind, his Will of Elder was not meant for bringing back the Primordial Beasts back into existence, it was to consume them.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1315 I Am Ready

It did not take long for Rowan to finish consuming every bit of Divus left on the throne, but that was just an appetizer, the real treasure was this Memory Dimension.

He did not mind the horrifying cold yellow eyes looking at him, with the perception of the Ouroboros Serpents they were just colored eyes, and all the threat they carried, all the potential of madness or death that should have occurred by just looking at those eyes were nothing before the serpent's gaze.

Rowan understood that perhaps even if it was the Eye of Time that was here, it would not be able to easily dismiss the influence of these yellow eyes.

Power was important, but sometimes having the right tools in the right places could bring about changes that no level of power could easily bridge.

Perhaps the Primordial Beast was correct in her assumption that Rowan was an abomination, but he had been unwillingly thrust into this reality kicking and screaming, and he would not be here if he had not fought for every single opportunity to get ahead, he had killed his conscience, he had killed his soul, he had sacrificed every chance for redemption along the way, for one simple reason, he wanted to be the one to decide his fate.

Escaping the Nexus on Trion, battling against the Third Prince, even going against the plans that the Primordial Record had for him and transforming himself into a living dimension was the result of him always battling against fate, and not even Primordials would be able to stop him, he would be the one to decide his fate.

To achieve such a lofty goal in a reality where Primordials and all sorts of great powers exist, Rowan would always have to take the first steps, he could not afford to hide or react to situations that might come up in the future, instead, he needed to be pushing ahead, excavating the limits of his potential and breaking those limits.

Rowan no longer trusted existence or those that ruled it, if the power of Luck could be by his side, others could equally have stranger abilities, and the only way he would come out on top of this rat race was to be the one who set up the stage. He had experienced what it felt like to be under the palms of the mighty, where all your moves were simply a game to them, and he did not want that to be his destiny for all eternity.

A sort of ghostly image of Rowan appeared in the midst of the six Primordial Ouroboros Serpents and he looked at the throne of sand and blood that Divus had once occupied, and he sighed, his eyes flashed with a bit of melancholy before it firmed as a burning resolve erupted in his heart.

The next steps he would be taking were so monumental that he had to brace himself for it, all of his preparation spanning nearly a billion years had brought him to this moment and he whispered, "I am ready."

The body of the six Primordial Ouroboros exploded in size, and harsh winds blew out from their mouths, within those winds you could hear faint sounds of screaming. The serpents seemed to be making an extremely long exhale, and when their size had reached titanic proportions, they inhaled.

The sky above which seemed to be made out of bleeding flesh was drawn into the maws of the serpents, even the earth that was bare of anything but winds that tasted like tears entered into their endless stomach, drawn in by a force that could extinguish every light inside a universe.

This memory dimension was torn into pieces and they were all being rapidly devoured. Every single bit of memory here was a fragment of Divus, and not a single bit could be lost.

Rowan could feel his six stomachs beginning to hurt, which was the first time he to ever sensed this as a Primordial Ouroboros Serpent, and it took his knowledge as a mortal man and the obvious bulge in his six stomachs to understand what was happening because as an Ouroboros Serpent, this pain was alien.

Rowan was full. Yet he had only consumed half of the Memory Dimension here.

The Primordial Ouroboros Serpents might share the same primordial roots as Divus, allowing them to consume this Memory dimension, but that did not mean they could rapidly assimilate them given that they were still third-dimensional primordial serpents.

However this did not mean that he was going to stop, even if his stomach was full, Rowan could continue swallowing until there was nothing left, as a serpent, his body could accommodate far more than his size could indicate, and he would simply have to store them until he could digest it all, no matter how uncomfortable the process would be for him.

What the serpents had eaten was a massive meal that would take a long time for them to fully digest, and the swollen bodies of all the six Primordial Ouroboros Serpents were proof of this, and as amusing as it was to observe the six serpents twist around in slight confusion and irritation, Rowan focused on the final portion of what he needed to become, which was a fourth-dimensional entity.

As a living dimension, he would become the first of his kind.

The stomach of the six Primordial Ouroboros Serpents was like a furnace, and the consumed memory dimension of Divus was being broken down inside of it, and the smoke

that was emerging from that furnace was escaping from this place and filling up Rowan's dimension where it began to merge with his flesh.

Inside his consciousness and dimension, there was a loud crack, and everything changed as if the final piece of the puzzle had been revealed and that loud sound signified its completion.

A feeling of wholeness swept through his body, soul, and spirit, and he knew that his foundations were complete, it was now time to push for the heavens and beyond.

Rowan's perception was usually split into many portions as his mind pursued billions of varied objectives at the same time. From observing the trillions of lives inside his dimension to following every single event of this battle and the hundred other silent battles he had orchestrated for his overall plan that stretched across space and time, his mind was a base of frenetic activity that would drive an immortal insane, but at this moment, everything else was shut down and his entire perception was focused at this moment.

Even in the realm of the higher dimension where time was extremely fluid to their senses, the world around Rowan still seemed to be moving in slow motion.

He could barely perceive that his perception was now fully rooted in his body, and at this time he was on Doom Star because this was where his main body was, above him was Nemesis who was extremely close to devouring his flesh, but something had triggered panic and great anger inside the mind of this entity for it was no longer focused on Rowan, instead it seemed to be creating a portal that would be carrying it back to the Great Desert.

Most likely the creature was detecting the destruction of a third of the Great Desert, after falling into Rowan's trap, Nemesis could only react to his moves after he had made them.

This was all he could gather before his body froze up and his four Wills erupted across his dimension.

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Chapter 1316 My Final Master

Chapter 1316 My Final Master

The Primordial Record shivered in delight, it had been shielding Rowan from the time of his birth up to this moment, and now watching him taking the first step to leave its shadows, there was a certain joy it felt that none of its previous holders had given it.

There was an option where the Primordial Record could continue shielding its host even after the third-dimensional level, and usually, that option revealed itself to its host when they saw the true nature of reality, something inside them always broke when the enormity of the challenges were shown to them, and that break would reveal one of its hidden pages, that contained the power to shield them.

Rowan had never broken. He had never considered even hiding from his enemies, his gaze was focused on pre-emptive actions, and this mortal knows no fear. The page to hide from the heavens had never revealed itself, not once, even when he was in the depths of despair.

Rowan was moving from mortality into immortality with his heads held up high, and his heart serene.

“I made the perfect choice... Live or Die, I have accepted you as my final master.”

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Knowledge burst out of his Primordial Record, engraving in Rowan’s consciousness, and he did not even need to summon the Primordial Record because at the height of his elevation to the fourth dimension, his control over the Singularity had deepened and now, he could call up what he needed at any time.

His four Wills were like mighty keys that had unlocked the pathways to his future, and although the information they poured into his consciousness was vast, with the Primordial Record, he was able to easily summarise them.

Will of Time (Fourth dimensional level)

— Hourglass of Time.

— Blade of Time

Will of Truth (Fourth dimensional level)

— First Masking (Will of Stone)

—Second Masking (Will of Hate)

—Third Masking (Will of Luck)

—Fourth Masking (Will of Slaughter)

Will of Soul Origin

—Dimension Soul

— Soul Radiance

Will of Elder

—First Level Completed —Will of Divus

Domain (Beast of the Land)

Note: All three Variant Bloodlines have reached the Immortal Level, Wills has reached the Fourth-dimensional level, and Class can be granted after evolution is completed.

There were two great changes he noted in his Wills, the first was related to the Will of Truth, he was discovering to his astonishment that this Will had the ability to perfectly mimic lesser Wills, in theory, the Will of Truth was like a library for Wills!

He had four main Wills at the moment that could reach the ninth dimension, and because of the nature of his dimensional flesh and the Primordial Record, he could not bind any lesser Wills to himself, but the Will of Truth had given him the capacity to collect all of those Wills, and this was just the beginning, who knew the sort of changes that could happen as he kept developing this Will further.

The second unexpected change was with the Will of Elder. Unlike a normal Will, this one gave him a Domain, and because he had no time to explore deeply what this Will was, he simply let the massive pile of information submerge his consciousness and everything became clear to him.

Rowan grinned.

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Massive changes were ongoing in his body as deep in Rowan's heart, he felt a sort of freedom that was beyond anything that he had ever touched up to this point and he could not help but whisper to himself,

"If I am offered the choice to choose all the powers in the world or the pursuit of it... I would choose the pursuit. Could anything in existence ever equal this feeling of breaking boundaries?"

Knowing he could acquire his class was not even at the top of his priority at this moment with all the transformations that were happening inside him.

For a normal immortal, going from the third-dimensional level to the fourth was a massive undertaking, it was the step that would grant true immortality, a kind of immortality that time had no meaning over and they could move freely without sealing their souls inside a dimension.

This step was so difficult that it eliminated 99.9999 percent of every being who stepped on the pathways of power, and today as a living dimension, Rowan was beginning to experience this trial by fire.

He had begun his life as a dimension as a mere dot, a dot that became a line when he began to wander the cosmos, a line that became a page when he understood his purpose, and then a page that became a world when he knew his name, now this world was becoming a dot once again as he found his Wills.

Rowan was surprised that his evolution was taking him in a circle.

His dimension collapsed into a dot, and if Nemesis had continued attacking him, he would have noticed that Rowan's body here was nothing but a shell, his entire essence, soul and spirit had been squeezed into a tiny dot that was a trillion times smaller than an atom.

However, the Aura that was exploding out of Rowan at this point was ridiculous, and even the battling titans in the distance, the World Stele, and the Eye of Time paused for a moment before the Eye screamed, "Gothran'Inul, stop him!"

To Rowan who was undergoing evolution, even the hasty cries of the Eye of Time seemed incredibly slow, his summoning of the titan was rapid but to the perception of Rowan, the voice of the Eye was still stuck at, "Goth...." It would take forever for him to summon that titan to stop him, it was the same way that the World Stele would be unable to stop him from what was going to happen next.

To become a fourth dimension, Rowan would have to bring every disparate piece of his consciousness and dimension together. For a normal immortal that was hard, and they were working with one Will and one body. Their Wills were the chain that bound their past and present together, fusing their souls to their Will to ensure that they became true immortals.

Rowan's dimensional flesh was so massive, that it automatically disqualified him from using any sort of lesser Will to bind his soul and his flesh to his past, present and in his case, the future.

Only the Will that had the potential to reach the ninth-dimensional level could be considered suitable for such a monumental task.

It was a good thing then that Rowan had that sort of Will, but then because of his multiple powerful bloodlines, he became a carrier of multiple Wills with the potential of reaching the ninth-dimensional level, making the fusion of his Wills to his soul and flesh to become that much harder, and as if that was not enough, his soul was no longer ordinary, but was now a dimensional soul, becoming equally as massive as his flesh.

Fusing all of these together would be a challenge for Rowan, and in normal times, his evolution to the fourth dimension should take at least millions of years as he slowly

brought together all these scattered parts of himself to focus them into one powerful form that would take him through the higher dimensional ladder, however, he had a shortcut.

“First Supreme Circle... Open!”

The dot that represented Rowan in the first dimension began to throb as massive purple and gold runes began to run across its surface, so quickly that they began to blur, and as if there was a force drawing all these runes together, they slammed into each other and they straightened, before surrounding the dot, like a circle.

Chapter 1317 Breaking The Supreme Circle (1)

When Rowan was introduced to the Supreme Circles for the first time by Old Man Seed, it was termed the Grand working of the Primordials. It was a technique created by all the Primordials, and so it had earned that title.

In that vision, he had seen the Primordials weave all of reality into a blade, and they had sliced through the entirety of the Primordial Era, a blade that crossed space and time and reshaped everything that was into something new. He had seen the end of a Major Era, an event he was fairly sure had only happened maybe three times in all of history.

That blade had ushered in the Supreme Era, and the crowning achievement of this Era was the Supreme Circles. A technique created for an aspiring Primordial. It was supposedly a road that could be taken by any immortal who aspired to become a Primordial, however, this technique was a trap, because the difficulty of practicing it was so ridiculously difficult it was improbable.

One of the greatest drawbacks of this technique was that it could only be used by immortals who had not crossed into the fourth dimension. With how profound this technique was to understand it would require not just a massive perception, but a powerful soul and spirit, and this was something that was incredibly difficult for a third-dimensional immortal to achieve, so since the beginning of the Supreme Era, countless geniuses had been laboring over this ultimate technique to no avail, until his Reflection came along and conquered it.

To Rowan, the Supreme Circle was not valuable because it could inherently point the road to the Primordial Realm, because he already had multiple pure bloodlines that had the possibility to bring him to that position in time, the true use of the Supreme Circles was to become the chain that bounded all his disparate powers into a singular whole.

He did not care if the Primordials would cough out blood in anger if they saw that their grand work was being used as a binder to prop up Rowan's dimension. Since the

beginning he had never sought to make the Supreme Circle the center of his powers, with Rowan's potential and vision, it would simply be madness.

His dimensional flesh had begun from the first dimension, and his evolution must begin here, it was his foundation, and he had originally built up his dimensional flesh with this method.

The first Supreme Circle opened up, it was dull and gray and surrounded the black dot like a ring of asteroids around a planet. It looked incomplete and broken, that was because this technique had just been quenched by a tribulation that should have killed its host, which was the ninth Reflection of Rowan, and it needed to be nurtured back into shape.

It did not help that the Supreme Circle that was created for the ninth Reflection had to be stretched to the limits in order to fit around the dimensional flesh of the main body of Rowan since he had not accepted it and was simply manipulating the circle because of the control that he had not gotten over it.

This Supreme Technique had gathered all the profoundness of this Era and if there was anything that could forcefully merge his vision of the future, this Supreme technique would have to be it. However, in the present shabby state of the Supreme Circles, one circle was not enough, even for his first dimension.

"Second Supreme Circle... Open!"

Another wave of purple and gold runes seemed to erupt from another dimension and covered the surface of the black dot before resolving into another gray ring. The addition of this second Supreme circle was like pouring fuel into a fire as the aura of power exploding from Rowan's dimensional flesh reached a crazy level, and the two circles were being forced to expand as the dot began to grow, every addition of a Supreme Circle was triggering an increase in his evolution, making it so that as he had commenced on this road, he would not be able to stop,

"Third Supreme Circle... Open!"

The flood of purple and gold runes quickly created the third circle around the expanding dot causing its expansion to slow down, and now this dot was more massive than a star and its expansion was simply slowed but not stopped.

Three tribulation-forged Supreme Circle binds his dimension and Rowan's consciousness sweeps through every inch of it.

The Supreme Circles creaked as they kept stretching to hold his dimension, and Rowan knew that if he did not add more circles to his dimension, even the three Supreme Circles would shatter and all the efforts he had placed into it would be nullified, and with the nature of the Supreme Circle, if destroyed once, then the chance to remake it was next to impossible.

However, Rowan did not rush into creating more circles around his dimension, this present state was a unique opportunity to pierce the veil of mysteries around the Supreme Circle and reforge it into his image.

When this technique was collected by Rowan's Reflection it had been ingrained into his flesh, but the death of the Reflection arrived after he had gained a soul had transferred part of the authority of the Supreme Circle to the soul of the Reflection, and now that it was in the hands of the main body of Rowan he did not quickly ingrain this technique to his flesh not before he took out what he did not need.

Since the Supreme Circle had accepted Rowan as its master after Rowan had completely deciphered it inside the Tenebris armor, all of its secrets were now open for Rowan to explore.

In this glorious state that Rowan found himself where all of existence seemed to have slowed down as he was on the brink of the third dimension, his consciousness power was like an extremely agile lightning that repeatedly flashed through the rings of the Supreme Circles, uncovering the grand workings of the Primordials.

Everything he saw floored him as he could not help but feel awe build up in his heart. As a creator and a crafter who had forged a seventh-dimensional source-level treasure, Rowan was familiar with complexity and the deep mastery needed to achieve crafting at this level, but what he saw of the Supreme Circle made the Source level treasures he had made akin to the work of an apprentice.

He was on the right track as a maker of treasures but he still had a long way to go before he could begin touching the edges of what it required to make something like the Supreme Circle, and he only consoles himself knowing that his progress had not halted in all this time, and his improvement had never ceased, he would reach this level one day.

It was obvious that he did not have the technical ability to change anything inside the Supreme Circle, but he did not have to when he was already the owner of the circle, making it so that he had the blueprint and the description of each part of the Supreme Circle, even if he could not create most of its components, it was no problem for what he was about to do because he could understand them. If each circle was to be broken down into individual components, then there were countless trillions of components that he had to go through and alter, some would have to be taken out, and others would have to be changed. It was a massive undertaking, but if his Reflection could master the Supreme Circle, then he, the main body would be able to break it.

With the vast tapestry of this supreme creation before him, Rowan's consciousness dug in like a vicious beast and he began tearing through the Supreme Circle, and the first thing he took out was the branding of Old Man Seed.

It was not even properly hidden, which was suspicious to Rowan, it was almost as if this enigmatic figure had wanted him to find it, or he did not believe that anyone could find it, even the owner of the Supreme Circle.

It was after delving deeper into the creation of the Circle that Rowan understood that Old Man Seed had no option but to create his branding in this manner, and he should even be praised for his ability to do so, because the formation of the Supreme Circle was considered perfect, and any major changes inside of it would be detected, the old man had been able to place his branding in a manner that except the entire circle was mastered and then broken before his tampering could be discovered and who in their right mind after all the suffering made to master the circle would begin to break them?

Chapter 1318 Breaking The Supreme Circle (final)

Rowan was not surprised when he saw the branding of Old Man Seed in his Supreme Circle, because if it was him he would have done the same thing, although not as directly as the old man who had simply snuck in an unknown brand inside the Supreme Circles, and Rowan wondered if this branding could only be found in the technique that Old Man Seed impacted to him alone, or was it in every Supreme Circle technique out there in reality.

If it was the former then it was a concerning development, but something that was expected, but if it was the latter, then some of Rowan's most outlandish speculations about Seed might just turn out to be the truth.

Nevertheless, this matter was not important, because Rowan had not lived for so long without learning certain tricks, and two could play the game. What game? Well, breaking open the Supreme Circle was not to simply edit its contents, that was an important step but it also presented Rowan with another opportunity, which was to copy!

At this moment he had unrestricted access to the inner workings of the Supreme Circle without any restrictions and this was possible because he was ascending to the fourth dimension, giving him a single chance to ever be able to touch a primary work of the Primordials so deeply, how could Rowan simply be content with just editing its content.

One of the greatest reasons that Divus, a Primordial Beast, had been shocked at Rowan's presence and called him an abomination was not just the fact that he had become a new Primordial Beast, but the fact that there were six of him. This trait had been transferred to another set of Rowan's abilities which were his Chambers.

The Chambers were a unique power of a Celestial Creator, allowing them to manage the affairs of their Angelic host, and although it was powerful, the cost of running it and the

limits of the creator's consciousness and soul was always a factor that kept this great power under a sort of limitation.

Inside Rowan, this limitation had become a mockery, for his chambers had evolved along with his dimension and now they were so massive and powerful, that only a being with Rowan's power and resources could handle them with any degree of mastery.

The power of his three chambers, Knowledge Well, Hollow Forge, and Astrolabe, came together like a flood, and following his consciousness wrapped around his three Supreme Circles and something spectacular began to happen.

Below each ring of the Supreme Circle, a faint line began to appear that slowly began to thicken as a faint pulse radiated from the line.

Rowan was beginning to forge what could be termed the greatest creation of his life.

Each ring of the Supreme Circle may appear minuscule, but its components were impossible to be described, vast beyond number, profound beyond reckoning, every single piece of the Supreme Circle was well, supreme, and Rowan's consciousness, carried by the lights of Astrolabe swept through every single component before him, and Knowledge Well perfectly copied it and then Hollow Forge began printing!

The faint pulsating line below each Supreme Circle was the exact copy of the Supreme Circle above that Rowan was recreating.

His dimension quaked and heated up as the second set of Supreme Circle continuously thickened. A cold wind blew throughout his entire dimension as the growth of the second Supreme Circle continued with startling speed.

All of this new development was being fueled by one of his most important resources, Soul Crystals, and with every moment that passed, millions of Soul Crystals were vanishing.

Along the way, Rowan came across features of the Supreme Circle that no matter how hard he tried he could not duplicate, and he simply pulled out those parts from the main Supreme Circle and placed them in the copied version.

However, he did not keep them inside this new Supreme Circle for long, because the reason he could not copy these portions of the Supreme Circle was because these components could only exist in one state, and they could not be duplicated.

"I will not endure the curse of being called an abomination all this while if I cannot find a way to resolve this matter."

Rowan called up the power of the Will of Elder and the Will of Time, and they encircled all the parts of the Supreme Circle that could not be duplicated. Rowan made sure he had

covered all the components securely, of which they were billions, and then with a flex of his consciousness, he destroyed them.

When he did the immortality trait of the original Supreme Circle kicked into overdrive and components reappeared inside of the original circles. If Rowan wanted to destroy the Supreme Circle, he had to do it at once, destroying only a small portion of it was useless, for it would return, however, this was not the reason why he performed this action.

With the components returned to their original position, the copied Supreme Circle was now lacking those parts, and Rowan's consciousness rippled as he injected power into the Will of Time and triggered Time Reversal on the position of the missing components. A strange scene began to occur because as time reversed in those areas, a shade of the destroyed component began to coalesce in the area that they once resided, and before long a flickering version appeared that phased in and out of reality.

Those same components in the original Supreme Circle were also phasing in and out of reality as a wave of destructive energy began to grow inside these components, it did not take a genius to see that two of these components existing at once was impossible, and in a normal situation, Rowan would have to choose which one would exist else the two would be destroyed. Rowan did not panic at this change, instead, the Will of Elder took over, and they supercharged the heretical trait of the Ouroboros Serpent where they would never spit out anything that entered their stomach.

Even knowing that his plans were mostly valid, Rowan still held his breath as the violent emanations from the twin components settled, as reality reasserted itself, but now there was a separate set of components in existence when there was supposed to be only one.

The work was done, more quickly than even Rowan anticipated and now there were six rings surrounding the massive dot that was his dimension, and they pulsed with so much power that the expansion of the dot had stopped.

Rowan looked at his work with pride, the new Supreme Circles were blazing white, and even the components that were replaced were blazing with the same color, because even though they were exactly the same as the components in the original Supreme Circle, they were still different, and they belonged to Rowan in their entirety.

He observed the six circles for a while and without further ado, he stopped holding back his evolution and the dot began to stretch, as it evolved into the second dimension.

The six Supreme Circles perfectly regulated the expansion of his dimension as he smoothly stepped into the second dimension.

Rowan braced himself as he called forth in his heart,

"Fourth Circle... Open!"

He no longer referred to them as Supreme, for he had already broken them.

Chapter 1319 Consuming Soul Energy

Rowan's consciousness expanded over his dimension as he declared with great power, his proclamation shaking the void inside his shell, grateful for the fact that he now had a dimensional soul to support such a vast movement of energy on a scale that would shake any dimension lower than the fourth to pieces simply by the emanations coming from it, "Fourth Circle.... Open!"

"Fifth Circle.... Open!"

"Sixth Circle.... Open!"

Understanding the processes of opening the Supreme Circle, Rowan wasted no time in pushing forward with unleashing the circles. Even though time seemed to slow to a crawl in his perception, time was still moving, Nemesis had finished summoning the portal to the Great Desert, and the voice of the Eye of Time had finished calling out the name of the titan and was proceeding to the next phrase which would be, 'Stop...' plus the millions of varied occurrence happening around him, Rowan knew he was slowly running out of this fragile time that he had bought for himself with his evolution, any hint of delay was not allowed.

Massive successive blasts of power that carried enormous shockwaves rippled out of his second dimension, as the three new Supreme circles appeared and surrounded the two-dimensional body of Rowan, and due to the fact that there were three extra circles here, instead of six Supreme circles there were nine, six were dull and gray, filled with cracks, while three were shining brightly like they had been forged from a burning white star.

The reason for this color change was that they were superior to the Tribulation forged Supreme Circle because unlike the circle that Rowan had created that was forged primarily from soul energy which meant that he had used the best material that was needed for each component, the previous Supreme Circle had been forged from all types of materials, and if Rowan had remained with this previous circle, then in the future he would have to slowly refine this circle to purify it and extract all the impurities that were not needed.

This was not considering that this process would be extremely time-consuming and very difficult because he would not have the unrestricted access he had to the circle where it was weakened and its secrets easily seen through.

With the nature of these things, it was very possible that he might never be able to cleanse the Supreme Circle of every impurity no matter how much he would wish for it to be so. There was a subtle trap hidden here by the Primordials that he had skipped by copying a creating a better version of the Supreme Circle because it was very possible that

for him to be able to cleanse the Circles of the impurities in the future, he might have to submit to a Primordial to rid himself of the trap.

The pure white Supreme Circles was how it was originally envisioned without any hidden pitfalls. Rowan had just conquered a great problem that would have stifled him for all eternity if he had missed it, but he had already dismissed this issue out of his mind and pushed on to the next, the battle to reach the apex of creation was not for the faint of heart.

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His two-dimensional body was flat and rippled like a sheet of paper in the wind as it continued to slowly expand until it filled nearly a third of his entire dimensional shell.

Outwardly Rowan's body lying on the ground of Doom Star appeared normal, but since his evolution began, what remained on the ground was a shell that was covering the details of his massive evolution, masking it from the eyes of everyone.

Only a being of Rowan's intellect could make sure that every tiny detail like this was set up in place before he began his evolution on a battlefield filled with randomness, he had made sure that he needed to be in the right place and the right time so he could carry out his evolution in relative peace for a few seconds, and although Nemesis had nearly ruined his plan, luck was on his side.

With his evolution taking place so quickly, he was sure he would be done before his shell was destroyed by any errant forces, and with excitement in his heart that was tempered by his cool intellect and fierce spirit, he proceeded with his evolution in relative peace in the midst of a storm.

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The addition of three extra Supreme circles had slowed down the expansion of his second-dimensional body, but it was not enough to stop it, which was okay for Rowan because the more his dimension grew, it would stretch out the Supreme Circles to ensure that he could decipher all of its secrets.

Rowan watched the expansion of the Supreme Circle like a hawk until it reached the perfect size for his Chambers to take advantage of, and then he pushed through without hesitation.

These new three Supreme Circles were similar to the previous three on the surface, but inside was a different story, as the 'components' that made up these three circles were vastly different than what made up the previous three, and so Rowan had no shortcut to make the copying process faster, but by his calculations, he was still on track to complete his evolution before he was inevitably disturbed.

His consciousness swept through these three new circles and soon he had everything in his mind, and he could start copying but then a new problem arose—Soul Energy.

After close to a billion years of roving in the nothingness and his complete slaughter of the Primordial Keepers, Rowan had amassed a vast amount of Soul Crystals, if his previous self that once gained access to soul energy saw the number of soul crystals he had managed to gather, he would surely go insane in disbelief.

Rowan had fought in many battles, and his angels had patrolled far and wide in the nothingness, bringing him vast amounts of Soul crystals, and that was a part of the resources he could gain on the outside, while inside his dimension, he was getting a constant flow of Soul Energy from the dying, making it seem that for a while he would never come into a situation where he would not be able to have a constant store of soul energy when needed.

This might as well be the case, but nothing could prepare Rowan for the vast amount of resources needed to copy an activated Supreme Circle. Another barrier that would block any other person from reaching the highest level with this technique was wealth, so much wealth that only a Primordial Domain would be able to afford. Old Man Seed had gathered a sizable portion of his wealth to help Rowan awaken the Supreme Circle and it had not been nearly enough to cover up the cost for two Supreme Circles.

Nonetheless, it was impossible to compare the cost of awakening and copying a fully awakened Supreme Circle because the act of copying that he was carrying out needed an incomparable amount of resources that would bankrupt nearly all seventh-dimensional immortals in existence put together!

Rowan had not sat down and analyzed his wealth because he had never seen any reason why he should. With his riches that were soul energy, he knew he was below Primordials, eighth-dimensional immortals, and special seventh-dimensional immortals; no one else could come close to accumulating wealth as easily as he could and at the scale.

With his chambers and soul energy, he could technically create anything in creation, so having soul energy was like having the blueprint to infinite wealth in his pocket, who else could compare?

However, this vast wealth was to be tested because copying three Supreme Circles had taken nearly half of all the soul crystals he had inside his dimension.

Only a small part of Rowan's consciousness was considering this problem as the major part of it was concentrated on copying the three new Supreme Circles here, and with his previous experience with duplicating those components that could not be copied, he crushed these barriers in quick succession, and the new Supreme Circle was becoming clearer, their color was no longer white like the previous circles but blood red.

Halfway through their formation, his stores of Soul energy had reached the bottom, hundreds of billions of soul crystals were simply wiped out in what could be described as barely a moment. If an immortal had been put in place to watch over the soul crystals of Rowan, what they would have seen was a vast expanse filled with purple crystals that stretched for miles, pulsating with incredible power and potential, and in the next moment they were all gone.

Chapter 1320 Final Roll of The Dice (1)

The higher the dimensional ladder that was climbed, the greater the resources needed, especially if you were using the greatest of techniques and spells in existence.

As the last of the soul crystals were vanishing, Rowan did not pause in his movements because he had anticipated such a thing as one of the likely results of copying the Supreme Circles, he already had a solution in place long ago, and his consciousness called up the three metallic books that he had gained from his sojourn into the future.

These were the primary result of nearly a billion years of planning and his entire plan hinges on the power behind these books. He was playing a delicate game here, and the possibility that he might lose was very real, but that was expected. The only problem here was that if he lost this play he was about to make, there would be no way to recover from the loss. He would die, and his body, soul, and memories would be vanquished in such totality it would seem like he had never existed.

Rowan hated these lives where there were only two roads before him, and even though a lot of the times, with the dangers he had faced, it would seem as if this a situation that he had gotten used to, the truth was that he always had a backup plan to push him through the chaos, but in what was coming next, he would have no second option, and yet, the plan he was about to undertake was so complex and had so many factors that could influence the outcome, it was inevitable that a mistake would come up.

However, he had no choice, this was the lynchpin of the entire plan, and whether he succeeded or failed, the die had already been cast, and his life or death was now in the next roll of the dice.

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The first six books he had previously summoned had already been consumed and they had caused the destruction of the Frozen road, and this was the accomplishment that was acceptable to the World Stele and was the entire reason it was supporting Rowan in this battle.

These last three books had been made by Rowan at the side using a slightly different method and although he was sure that the World Stele knew of these three books because

its powers were parts of their creation, it was sure that it would be able to predict Rowan's actions with them, but that was where the Singularity was mistaken.

The World Stele had only allowed Rowan to create these books to assure Rowan of its willingness to work and cooperate with him, it saw these three books as a sort of insurance policy by Rowan so that he would not suffer a loss that was too great without being able to recoup anything in return, after all, inside these three books, there was a single drop of Primordial Essence spread across all three of them.

Rowan was sure that the World Stele would never allow him to keep that Primordial Essence and at the moment Thenos was awakened, all bets were off and it would seize back the Primordial Essence, but that was only a distraction created by Rowan because he did not need Primordial Essence at this time, Rowan's sights were set on something else.

As powerful as Primordial Essence might be, it was a hot commodity that Rowan had no need for at his present dimensional level, what he was going to be pursuing in the future was the ability to process Aetherium, because if he could convert his nearly infinite ocean of Aether into Aetherium, then his powers would leap into a greater level.

Rowan was willing to let the World Stele believe that he was holding on to these three books because of his desire to claim the Primordial Essence within, and Rowan was willing to allow it to think that way until when he was ready to roll the dice.

The first six books could be tampered with by Rowan, but because those Reflections were basically made from normal energy and essence, the World Stele had a greater advantage over them than Rowan ever could, and if he wanted to do anything nefarious with those books, it could be easily be seized by the Singularity.

These last three were made from Rowan's dimensional essence and although the World Stele would be able to contest this power with him, Rowan had a hidden blade inside of these books.

The first six books were blue, corresponding to the energy of the Sirens and the power of Ascendancy, which was the unique energy of the Sirens, the seventh book was black, the eighth was green and the ninth was golden.

Rowan did not hesitate as he activated the seventh black book, and it combusted into ashes. The power of the Primordial Essence leaped from the destroyed book into the last two left.

The effects of that book's destruction were immediate as along the entirety of Doom Star, the realm went still as with a shrill scream, Calamity began to collapse!

A new cry of rage and disbelief began to resound alongside those of the Eye of Time and it was coming from the World Stele.

In this world of ruin and destruction, Rowan had only one ally who had been ensuring his survival all these while, and in this single act, he had made that ally an enemy. ®

Rowan's plan began deep in the past.

The two Ascendant Suns that entered into the past had seen the forces of Calamity devour the last of the mighty Ents, a race of sentient trees that lived on the surface of Doom Star for billions of years, they might not have seen the height of this civilization but Rowan did when his first Reflection was carried a billion years into the past of this realm by the World Stele.

He had seen the battle between the Ents and their enemy the beastly Ravagers, gigantic beasts that resembled mutated dragons who had an unreasonable procreation rate, that could see a single Ravager Queen giving birth to millions of broods in a single week.

The battle between this two powerful race was a thing of beauty and horror and he had learned a lot about the nature of battle in the higher dimension by observing them both.

Their wars had been spectacular but it was not Rowan's primary interest as the World Stele might have believed due to his apparent fixation in their battles, what he was fixated on was one of the aspects of Thenos's power which was the power of pure darkness that had been corrupted into Calamity energy.

Thenos was a being of pure light, but in the darkness of his mother's womb he had never seen light, and he died before he could know what the sight of it might look like.

He dreamt of darkness as a being of light and that dream was madness, but he had no way of differentiating the two. Over the many minor Eras, that dream of darkness filled him up.

This darkness that was inside of him had not been corrected so it came out flawed and his corpse over many Eras became filled with it to the extent that the corpse of Thenos, a being of light, was nearly converted into darkness by the time that the World Stele had found him again.

If the World Stele had delayed for a few more Minor Eras, then the realm of Doom Star would have perished, dragged down into the Great Abyss, as a once being of light had become entirely corrupted into a creature of malignant darkness.

In the beginning, the death of Thenos had banished the World Stele into the Nothingness but it slowly gained influence into reality when it began giving immortals the power to root their dimensions into the Nothingness, and with its influence countless domains sprout outside the domains of the Primordials.

At the dawn of the Supreme Era, except for major primordial domains or the domains of higher dimensional immortals who forcefully spent their essence and Aetherium to

preserve their dimension in the Nothingness, there were no World Bearers who could effortlessly root their dimension in the Nothingness, it was because of this great service to reality that the World Steele was not banished once more into the Nothingness by the Primordials who saw that its presence was beneficial to the reality that they had created.

It was with this method that the World Steele slaved away for the Primordials throughout this Major Era until it could find a way to return to Doom Star where it saw the pathetic state of its owner.

Chapter 1321 Final Roll of The Dice (2)

The ability to read the memory of the souls he consumed helped Rowan to piece together the little details he had missed about Doom Star that solidified the history of this realm and the World Steele that gave him the foundations of his plans.

A singularity was extremely powerful, but their true power did not lie in a frontal show of force that could shake reality like the Primordials, but in their perverse ability to bend the rules of reality and make the impossible possible. They might not have the direct powers to shape reality like the Primordials, but they possessed abilities that even the Primordials could not control.

The World Steele was a Singularity could achieve many things, but it could not reverse the damage that had been done by a Primordial, it did not possess the power to directly change the ruling they had made, it couldn't bring its master back to life or change his fate, and yet it could not abandon him, because whether by accident or the cruel choice of the Primordials, the life force of Thenos had not been destroyed entirely, and that meant the World Steele was bound to a master that was a corpse for the rest of existence.

Thenos's memories remained in the grasp of Oblivion, others may not be able to sense those memories, but a Singularity could, a portion of his consciousness remained in the heads of his mothers, which was among one of Thenos greatest secrets.

The mothers of Thenos, the six Sirens as they were called by the rest of reality, were not true living beings, they were formed out of Nothingness for the express purpose of giving birth to him, and if they had succeeded, they would have simply ceased to exist.

In a manner of speaking, the six sirens were an extension of Thenos's body, but one that possessed their individuality, and he had no control over them.

The Singularity agonized over the endless calls of pain from its owner until a seed of a plan was born in its mind, and it began to use its powers to seek the heroes and geniuses from all over reality, tempting them with benefits and bringing them over to Doom Star for them to find a solution to resurrect Thenos, of course, they did not know that this was its purpose.

Promising them the chance that they could become its master, the World Steele deceived them in this manner and these immortals, lured by the chance to possess a Singularity, worked with everything they had to create a method to resurrect this dead titan. It was with this strategy that the World Steele gathered countless talents, and an overarching plot to resurrect its owner was born and perfected. After countless years passed, everything was set in place, and the Singularity began its great works, as it returned to Doom Star.

The first step to kickstart the resurrection of its owner was to bleed Thenos of the corruption that had inhabited his flesh.

When this Singularity began creating World Bearers, there was a price that the World Steele required when it gave the power of rooting Dimensions to the Nothingness to an immortal, it was that in the event of their death, it would be able to possess that dimension if it wanted.

Most immortals saw this as a great exchange, if they died, apart from their descendant that they may or may not treasure to carry on their legacy, their dimension was not something they would be caring about, and because even after all this time, it was a rare event for the World Steele to seize the dimension of dead World Bearers, and so this condition was mostly seen as unimportant.

This was not even discounting the fact that if a World Bearer dies, their dimensions were usually destroyed in the process, and so the World Steele was not expected to gain much from this process.

However, this was not truly the case, because the World Steele was extremely careful with the dimensions it was collecting, hardly taking two or three dimensions every Era, but because it was contributing thousands of dimensions every Era to reality, such a small number of missing dimensions did not draw any attention. Also, the dimensions destroyed during battles were gathered by the World Steele, and it used its unique power to resurrect the life force of those dimensions.

Over time, the World Steele was able to gather a lot of dimensions, far more than anyone could have expected, and it brought all of them to Doom Star.

With its connection with Thenos, the World Steele was able to access any period of its past, an ability that was unique to an eighth-dimensional immortal with a domain as solid as Doom Star, and so using all the gathered dimensions, the World Steele introduced life into Doom Star, at a suitable enough period in the past.

With the inhabitants of so many dimensions poured into this dead realm, its source energy that had long been depleted began to rise, and before long life bloomed all over Doom Star, one that was filled with prosperity and grace, for the World Steele carefully nurtured the inhabitants of these dimension, and with the near infinite size of Doom Star, trillions of lives called this place a paradise. To many who were born millions of years after this process began, Doom Star was the only reality that they knew, and with the

powers of so many dimensions packed into the closed-off realm, the power of Doom Star soared to an unprecedented realm.

At the height of this prosperity when many seventh-dimensional entities had been born and they were seeking to leave this glorified cage to pursue higher dimensions they were blocked from doing so by the Singularity.

Even though the World Stele had carefully removed knowledge and certain techniques from Doom Star to ensure that all of the higher dimensional immortals here would never achieve a fraction of their potential, some still remembered the true shape of reality in many of the dimensions that had been plundered by the World Stele and they sought to escape this cage.

They recognized that their powers were built on hollow foundations, and they could not achieve their full potential, and the powerful among them could never rest easy when they all felt the creeping feeling of danger for a long time now as if their entire realm were turning against them. It was as if even the air was beginning to hate them.

They did not have much time to plan for their escape, because It was at that moment that the World Stele struck.

With the aid of the many geniuses it had enticed in the past, it had created a great formation that linked all the life force of every inhabitant of this realm to the dead body of Thenos, and this formation was special because it was engraved on their souls.

Activating that formation caused nearly every mortal in the realm to perish as a great sickness swept through the land that darkened the blood and rotted the bones.

Trillions of souls flooded into the dead body of Thenos, and they became trapped inside of him, granting his corpse a hint of warmth, in exchange for that warmth, Thenos spewed out the corrupted darkness that had infested his body, alongside a great many of the souls he had swallowed, this darkness that became merged with these souls became the source of Calamity.

Calamity descended on the realm of Doom Star and the inhabitants fought against it, at first they were successful in pushing it back, but like an endless tide, Calamity returned, increasingly stronger.

From that moment a vicious cycle was created where the souls of the dead killed by Calamity poured into Thenos's body, and they were ejected in the form of new Calamities, even the Calamity that perished had their souls returned to Thenos where they were reborn.

With this cruel method, the World Stele used the souls of the dead to cleanse the flesh of Thenos of its corruption.

This ghastly event continued for a long time until every life on the surface of Doom Star, both mortal and immortal was lost, and the realm sank into silence for millions of years, then on a day like any other, the first burst of light emerged from Thenos's body.

From that burst of light, a portion of the souls that were inside his corpse were able to escape without being corrupted by the taint of darkness as the light burned out the darkness. These souls reached the surface of the realm, and a new race was born, and mortals arose on the surface of Doom Star anew.

Chapter 1322 Final Roll of The Dice (final)

These mortals born from the souls of those that once existed in this realm began to slowly expand, and with the hidden help of the World Stele, they were able to develop according to the cultivation and power levels of their home dimension.

Without the intervention of the World Stele, it would take several times more effort for this blooming civilization to begin creating a real society where cultivation and immortals could thrive, and the World Stele was in the business of fattening up all these souls so that when they died, the impact of their swollen souls would push out more corruption from the body of Thenos because of the increased soul powers of immortals.

This realm was a massive breeding farm for souls.

From the single point of light in Thenos's body, more souls kept escaping from the body of Thenos, cleansed in that blazing light, and this new civilization rapidly expanded underneath the source power of an eighth-dimensional realm like Doom Star, where even a pig would become immortal in no time, and so this civilization developed rapidly until there were higher dimensional immortals born among their ranks, and when a certain threshold was crossed, the formation left by the World Stele activated once again.

A plague of rotten darkness descended across the realm, killing the majority of the mortals, and this large influx of souls fueled the explosion of Calamity from the corpse of Thenos and chaos descended on the realm once more.

War and death were a great source of growth, and the descent of Calamity brought about tales of great heroism and fantastic sacrifices that would shake the heart, but in the end, it was all meaningless.

The previous event that wiped out all life in the realm repeated itself once again, but this time it was even faster, and in less than a hundred thousand years, all life in the realm was gone, such a massive influx of powerful souls entering Thenos had an effect and it did not take long for more points of light to burst out of Thenos's corpse, and in less than ten thousand years new crops of mortals arose from the realm.

This time there were multiple races arose, that was because the World Stele had collected numerous dimensions in the past, and for every new race that arose on Doom Star, their lineage was born from the outside reality, it was the arrangement made by their ancestors that doomed them to be born inside Doom Star, their souls imprisoned for all eternity.

In time all of these multiple races reached a sufficient level of development where they had multiple powerful immortals within their ranks, and without the intervention of the World Stele, these races went to war with each other, believing in their ignorance that each of their race were the masters of reality and with the deaths incurred in this war, Calamity descended as souls flooded the body of Thenos as the war between all the races grew heated and the dead piled up.

The forces of Calamity were not considered much of a threat at the start, with the dozens of races on Doom Star battling amongst themselves to see who would rule reality, and when the real threat of Calamity was acknowledged, it was too late, too many Calamity Beasts had been released from Thenos's body, and they swept through the realm, destroying every life on the surface.

It did not matter that these dozens of races were several times more powerful than the previous race, their internal strife weakened them enough to the extent that even when the battle took place for nearly a million years, one by one, all the races perished.

The World Stele had succeeded in the first part of its plan, and the cycle of death and rebirth was considered perfect.

In this manner, this tradition of slaughter and rebirth continued on Doom Star until it reached a point where the soul essence of every soul in Doom Star had been wrung dry, and barely two races could be resurrected at the beginning of each cycle, and sometimes only one race would be born, and in those instances, the World Stele that had been gaining increased control over the forces of Calamity over the years would force the destructive event to begin anew.

Rowan was well aware that the Soul Origin of every individual had a limit, and most times this limit would never be found because reincarnation or any sort of rebirth took a long time, enough time that the soul origin of every individual in existence would have recovered from any drain that was incurred during their time alive.

The souls in Doom Star did not have that privilege, because when the World Stele carried the dimensions that it had harvested from reality into Doom Star, the Soul Origin of every entity living in the dimensions was carried alongside them. Every unfortunate soul stuck in Doom Star could never escape, and in time, even the light from Thenos's corpse could not cleanse the souls of the strain of so much reincarnation, and an intense aura of death was imprinted in their souls, causing them to have a negative disposition about life and fostering incredible cruelty in their spirit.

However, this was not the concern of the World Stele who had finally succeeded in its endeavor after many minor Eras of this cycle of death and rebirth. The body of Thenos had been cleansed to an extent where the darkness could no longer overwhelm him, and it resulted in a fragile balance between the light and the darkness inside of the titan.

The next step was more delicate and it required someone special to complete it, and after many trials and errors with various geniuses across reality, it finally found someone worthy with a Singularity of his own, who could finish its great work.

The World Stele found Rowan.

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All of these were a great learning opportunity for Rowan about the history of Doom Star, but his focus was on something else, Souls.

Rowan had gone above and beyond to gain enough soul energy over the years but nothing could compare to the gargantuan level of souls that the World Stele was able to gather after it brought tens of thousands of dimensions into Doom Star, to put the amount of soul in perspective, the total number of souls that Rowan had gathered throughout his life, was less than one percent of the amount of souls that was here on Doom Star.

For someone like Rowan where souls were not just a form of special resource but were truly a method of creation that he could access at any time and in any manner that he chose to wield, it was unlikely that he would be able to acquire such a massive amount of soul anywhere else in reality in such a short time, after all the World Stele had spent many Minor Eras bringing all of this souls into one place.

The power of the seventh book was simple, with the connection to this world after he had weaved this book from the essence of the Sirens and the power of the World Stele, Rowan had tapped into the formation made to channel all the souls of the dead into Thenos corpse, and with the titan still dead, nothing was stopping him from taking it all for himself.

“Come to me, all of you whose burdens have strained your souls for all eternity, and in my home, you shall find rest.”

It was not even a matter of seizing these souls for himself, after all these endless years of suffering, Rowan only had to show his purgatory gates to the countless souls locked inside Thenos corpse and they flocked towards him in a furious storm.

The growth of his Supreme Circles that had become stagnant seemed to be filled with a potent fuel as the power of soul energy descended on Rowan’s dimension with so much force that his entire dimensional flesh was painted with a purplish hue.

Rowan's consciousness was strained to the brink with handling the stress of his evolution, copying the Supreme Circles, and managing the countless tides of souls pouring into his dimension that seemed to have no end.

He knew that even if he was spending all his time absorbing these souls in Doom Star, there was so much of it that it could take him years to completely devour everything!

There was a tearing shriek that resounded throughout his dimension as his copied Supreme Circle became complete under the endless flood of soul energy, and Rowan did not hesitate to push his evolution into the third dimension.

Chapter 1323 Reaching The Fourth Dimension

Surrounded by twelve Supreme Circles, Rowan's second dimension exploded into the third, and a humanoid figure that resembled a black cloud filled with stars nearly filled the entirety of Rowan's shell accompanied by a mighty roar.

Two spots of burning golden flames on the head of the black cloud were Rowan's eyes which seemed to be in a sort of daze because his consciousness was occupied by multiple massive occurrences that were simultaneously being handled. Unlike his dimensional flesh at the third dimension that was complete, his new body was still a bit ephemeral, because it was no longer the peak of his existence, merely a ladder to his new stature.

However, his new third-dimensional flesh was far stronger than his previous flesh, with potential that had barely been unleashed, already his third dimension had barely been realized and it was about to burst out of his previous shell.

His Aether and Essence were combining furiously, their elevation surging ahead as they were adapting to the strain of fueling a body that was becoming many times more powerful. Of the many inhabitants of his dimensions, the greatest among them had their hands full with survival and protecting those below them, and all of Rowan's Angels were fully committed to protecting the many living souls within him.

Transformation could sometimes be a violent process, and that violence was reflected in Rowan's explosive growth that was compressing many billions of years of constant growth in the barest fraction of the time needed for such a change.

The previous shackles that had held back the growth of his attributes had been broken, and that meant Rowan's size and powers were no longer being restrained and he could begin to blitz forward with unreasonable efficiency.

What was happening inside his dimension was a test for those living inside of him, with all of the assistance he was giving them, if they could not survive his evolution then they were not suited to be a member of a living dimension.

His evolutions in the future would be getting increasingly more powerful, and anything that could not keep up would be left in the dust, it was the inevitable price for progress.

With access to so much Soul Energy, if Rowan could complete his elevation to the fourth dimension, there was nothing that could stop him from pushing to the extreme limits of the fourth-dimensional state in little to no time.

He had never had any barriers within his present cultivation level and the only challenge he usually faced was reaching that level, and these challenges came about because of Rowan's unreasonable desire to ensure every step he took forward was beyond perfect.

Soul energy thundered in his consciousness, their roar was beyond deafening as billions of soul crystals flooded his dimension at every passing moment, the harsh buzzing of the Supreme Circles as they released unrelenting waves of power was shattering his shell to pieces, slowly revealing its contents to the outside world, and the elevation of his Essence, Soul, and Wills was reaching such a profound level that Rowan should have been screaming as everything that was inside him was taken beyond the limits, but his heart was calm and steady, it was in the midst of extreme chaos that his stable side shone through.

The expansion of his dimensional flesh pushed the limits of the twelve Supreme Circles, as they expanded to fit his massive form, and even though having twelve Supreme Circles should have trumped carrying just nine, every Supreme Circle had its unique function, and the collective powers that could be obtained from owning nine supreme Circle was greater than having twelve incomplete Supreme Circles.

Every Circle grew stronger the higher it went, so the power of the first three Circles which were white, was lesser than the next sets of Circles which were red, and this was also reflected in the last sets of Circles. Rowan did not know why the Primordial Circles were fashioned in this manner, and it was a warning sign to him that just because he could perfectly duplicate their powers, did not mean that he understood all their functions or the overall purpose of their creation. Primordials could be tricky if they set their minds to it.

Twelve Supreme Circles could not perfectly bind his dimensional flesh, however, this was not a problem for Rowan because he was not planning to stop here, and he calmly summoned the last of the Supreme Circles,

“Seventh Circle... Open!”

“Eighth Circle... Open!”

“Ninth Circle... Open!”

Fifteen Supreme Circles surrounded Rowan, and with the present state of his massive body that was the size of a third-dimensional universe, the complete charm of the circles was revealed, resembling fifteen massive rings of light, their power could not be fathomed by most immortal minds.

With fifteen Supreme Circles, the growth of his dimensional flesh that had nearly burst out of his battered shell was slowed to an imperceptible crawl, and then Rowan began to copy the last three circles, already familiar with this process, his three Chambers labored ahead to accomplish his vision as the endless fuel of Soul energy quenched his need for fuel.

It did not take long for him to discover that the complexity of these last three circles was ten times greater than the first six combined, and he might have to adjust the time frame that he needed in order to fully complete this circle. Their powers turned out to be far greater than he had previously envisioned, and he knew that without this bounty of souls that he had gained from Doom Star, then his present evolution would be impossible, and he would have needed to spend many billions of years or perform a stupendous act of slaughter across reality to fund his progress in the Supreme circles.

His vast consciousness was already making adjustments into the future, predicting patterns and placing aside future affairs that could be implemented later, and although this process was fiendishly complex, his increasing dimensional state was leading to an overall growth in his consciousness and his dimensional soul. All of these were just to adjust to the overwhelming demands of copying the last of the Supreme Circles.

Hundreds of millions of soul crystals were vanishing at every moment, powering this ungodly power spike that Rowan was undergoing, and yet he was still calling for more. It did not take long for the amount of Soul Crystals that he had expended in these few moments to become a hundred times the number he had spent creating the first six Supreme Circles.

These last three Supreme Circles contained far more components that could only exist in one place at a time, and his Will of Time and the Will of Elder were stretched to their limits, but those limits were constantly being broken as Rowan's growth seemed unstoppable, and the limits he had a moment before were being pushed backward, and now it was almost as if it was a race between his growth and his potential to see who would come ahead.

The appearances of the newly copied Supreme Circles began to materialize and they were black. Their presence was like a black hole, sucking in everything, and awareness entered Rowan's consciousness about his true path to the fourth dimension when everything about him was bound under eighteen Supreme Circles.

His massive body simultaneously shrank and expanded as he reached the fourth dimension before Rowan vanished.

Chapter 1324 Unexpected Upgrades

All of these massive changes that had happened during Rowan's evolution seemed to be taking place over a long period of time, but the truth was that if this event was measured in a mortal's time frame, barely ten-thousandths of a second would have gone by, and to all parties present here, the body of Rowan lying on the ground had begun exploding with power that seemed to have no end. The eruption of power was not normal because everyone here was a higher dimensional being, and they had sized up their opponents clearly, they knew the power levels of everyone in a rough manner, and in battles of this nature, it was techniques and skills that determined the winner, what was happening with Rowan did not make any sense because his overall power levels were growing seemingly out of thin air.

There was a mortal saying that energy could neither be created nor destroyed, only transformed. This saying had an effect in the higher dimension, albeit in a manner that could be weird. Doom Star was a closed-off realm, and every power here was divided into different zones, and the puzzling question in the heart of everyone here was where was Rowan finding the energy to grow?

He could be evolving to a higher dimension, this was the first option that was considered, but if he was doing so, where was all that energy coming from? Just because an immortal could climb the dimensional ladder does not mean that they did not need a massive support of energy to fuel that climb, and what made the growing sensation of power that was emerging from Rowan was the sheer enormity of it.

This was not a minor change that could be brushed aside, no, this was power that could reshape reality, and it was erupting from the prone body of Rowan with increasingly greater intensity.

Even the Eye of Time itself had begun to feel an intense sense of disquietness growing in its heart that it could not shake, and this emotion was so potent it almost froze the piece of a Primordial in place, and this was because it was beginning to experience something that most, in reality, had never had before—it was experiencing the presence of Rowan that was no longer shielded by the Primordial Record.

For so long, the horror that was the existence of Rowan had always been hidden, the fact that he had multiple Primordial bloodlines inside one body was insane, and this was a small part of what made him special, all his bloodlines through combination were now a variant existence and they were no longer simply just Primordial bloodlines, and to trump all of that he was a living dimension, a state of existence that was unknown since the beginning of existence! The entirety of Doom Star seemed to be holding its breath, there was a tension in the air that was so thick, it was as if reality was stuck in amber.

Fear... the Eye of Time was feeling fear, and if it was feeling all of that, it could be imagined what the lesser beings enduring this reality-breaking conflict were experiencing.

The Eye of Time did not know what it was afraid of, but its senses were not lying, something was wrong here, something heretical that was not supposed to exist was happening and thus the sensation it was feeling was growing.

Two things happened nearly at the same time that shook the consciousness of the Eye of Time.

It had noticed the portal that was created by Nemesis as it was hurrying back into its dimension.

The Eye of Time had a massive quarrel with this creature that it was going to collect, but there were so many things going on that Nemesis was at the back of the pile at the moment.

Nemesis was struggling to enter the portal as quickly as possible, maybe it was the reason it did not see the presence that emerged through the open portal, brushing past it and heading deep into Doom Star, and even the explosion of Rowan's body on the ground that simply collapsed into dust did not detract the Eye of Time from sensing the presence that had just entered this realm.

This presence increased the feeling of wrongness that the Eye of Time was sensing to an incredible degree, and if perceiving Rowan was like dipping its senses into a vat of molten lava, then this new presence was as if it was digging its mind into the most rotten and diabolical sludge to ever exist, and accompanying this fear was a great sense of rage, it wanted to wipe out everything here in this realm, irrespective of what that might cost.

However, the problem it was experiencing was that the presence of Rowan and this new player was everywhere. It could not pinpoint where the presence of Rowan began, and where it ended, it could even sense Rowan inside of its body!

The Eye of Time growled, "Thenos! ... Rowan, you have just made a terrible mistake."

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In Rowan's senses, existence had become new once again.

Unlike anyone he knew, Rowan had transformed himself multiple times, and those transformations were not minor, it was an entire overhaul of who he was from the bottom up, and this gave him a sense of existence that was different from most.

You see, he had seen reality and lived it as a mortal, as a god, as a demon, as an empyrean, as a titan, as an angel, as a dominator, as a speck, as a dimension, as a...

countless billions of lives inside of him, and he had lived their lives alongside them, and after all this time, you would think the novelty of seeing reality in a new perspective would have faded, but he could have never been more wrong.

Rowan had considered what it might feel when his perception changed once more as he became a fourth-dimensional living dimension, and with his great consciousness he had come up with several possibilities, and even though he had expected that one of them would become this present state he found himself, he could not accurately judge the change his perception would undergo with a hundred percent certainty.

It was as if he knew he would grow wings, and so in his mind, he had already simulated what flight might be like, but when he was finally flying, the sensation blew everything he had simulated out of the water.

The first and greatest change he discovered as a living fourth dimension was that he had fused more deeply with space, his space, so deeply was this fusion that he had simply skipped the fourth dimension and entered the fifth!

There were many things that went into why that was possible, but the answer was in its name; Space-time.

When an average immortal reaches the fourth dimension with their Will, they would begin to slowly comprehend Time using the Will Chain that binds a single Time Stream to them. When their Will had grown to the maximum extent that it could reach, where controlling their streams of time had become almost a second nature to them, a new path would open up, and that was a deeper comprehension of Space.

This path usually opens up when the Immortal control over their stream of time had reached the extent that they began to explore the past, which was when the Will Chains could touch the tides of the past, then the road to space would open up and if the Immortal was capable enough, this new dimension into the past would reveal the power of Space to them.

The power of space was reality, the vast expanse that every living being resided in, the so-called Domain of Chaos, and Rowan, unlike every other immortal in existence had his own dimension, a dimension that he knew so completely he did not need to understand the reality outside to walk upon this path.

Rowan was only lacking the power of Time, and once he gained that power he automatically became a fifth-dimensional entity, and this overall change in his dimension began to trigger changes in his Will, because for the first time in existence, from the moment the Primordials created the Supreme Era and made the cultivation path for all of existence, an immortal's dimensional state outgrew his Will.

Rowan became the first fifth-dimensional entity whose Will was still stuck in the fourth dimension!

Chapter 1325 Arise

Chapter 1325 Arise

Rowan pulled his consciousness away from what was happening inside of his body, for a moment he had been dumbstruck at the changes that his dimension took as he fully gained the power of time and space that he had briefly ignored the fact that he was still inside a terrifying battlefield, however, this new growth in his power base also fully displayed the horrifying price he had paid to gain these upgrades, forgetting the personal cost since he believed he must suffer to gain something that no one else could dream of easily attaining, the cost in lives of his children shook him to the core.

The breaking of the Great Desert might have taken just three seconds but 28,036,771 Archangels, of which nearly half had been born from the combination of Angels with the other bloodlines in his dimension, making the true number of deaths four times this amount because there were four consciousnesses inside the body of a single archangel, so the number of deaths should be closer to a hundred million.

715,360 Sovereigns, with the majority of them being the product of fusion with mortal consciousness, meaning a single Sovereign had seven consciousnesses in a single body. Their death toll counted by the number of consciousnesses each Sovereign held was even higher than the death tolls of the Archangels.

This was the cost of breaking the Great Desert, and yet this was only a fraction of the dead inside his dimension who perished during the calamity of his evolution to a higher dimension, and as the full scale of the dead that exceeded multiple billions settled fully in his consciousness, Rowan's soul went cold.

Despite all the safeguards he put in place to protect the inhabitants of his dimension, close to twenty percent of all life that lived inside of him had perished. The weight of all these deaths was bearable since he held their Soul Origin orbs, and in time he would allow their reincarnation to proceed smoothly.

However, his Angels lost in the Great Desert were gone forever, and unless he destroyed the entirety of the Great Desert, then their light and songs were lost to him. All their potential and the promise that he gave them that even in death they shall all find solace in his domain was lost, and unless he became the one who ruled over all of reality in the future and gained power over everything that existence contained, his children of light were gone.

Rowan's consciousness was used to loss but his soul still ached, and it was in moments like these that he hated his soul, but this emotion was fleeting, more than anything else, he needed focus, after all, it would take a single mistake to condemn him forever, he was not against any garden variety immortal, but against true atrocities.

Rowan's consciousness shook itself from this brief moment of sorrow, this would not do, it was easy to be lured by the allure of his unexpected upgrade to the fifth dimension, but there were many fuckers that he needed to kill, and he needed his best foot forward.

At this moment with his Ascension to the fifth dimension, his body had shattered into trillions upon trillions of tiny pieces many times smaller than an atom and spread all over Doom Star and beyond!

He became a part of everything and also became a part of nothing, as he experienced what it meant to be a dimension, a master of his own Space, and yet he could not merge fully with the Space around him because he was different. Rowan doubted if there was any higher dimensional immortal who had ever been able to experience Space in this manner, and even though he was not fully focused on what was happening in this state, his knowledge of Intent was exploding forward, and even if he did not try to comprehend it at all, in a short while, he would have fully mastered Space.

As amazing as that would be, that was progress left in the future, and Rowan's perception was shaking when he saw that the entire realm of Doom Star was resting on a massive slab that resembled a weathered rock formation, and he realized that the reason that Doom Star had been hidden from space and time was because it was being carried by the World Stele, and he was looking at the true form of this Singularity.

The Singularity had lied to Rowan that most of itself was within the corpse of Thenos, and if Rowan's dimensional flesh had not scattered outside of Doom Star, he would have fallen into this trap. Any moves made against the World Stele inside of Doom Star would nearly be futile, while it could calmly oversee everything that was happening. Everyone here, including the Eye of Time were technically in the hands of the World Stele, and they were all dancing to its tunes until a moment ago when Rowan went against the script.

However, he was currently in grave danger, because he believed that there were many hidden abilities that the World Stele had not revealed to him, and his next steps must allocate a massive amount of resources to deal with the unknown factor that it represented. As the owner of a Singularity, he knew how broken these things could become.

He noted all of this as well as the fact that his repeated Ascension to a higher dimensional state had brought about the weird slowdown of the world around him, and Rowan knew that he could not let this opportunity go to waste.

Noting the overall state of the realm, his mind touched on all the enemies around him, the Eye of Time, Gothran'Inul, the escaping Nemesis, and the surprising addition of Thenos.

If everything had followed his plans, Thenos would have never been summoned to this realm this quickly, but Nemesis tearing open the passage to the Desert had opened a road for the malevolent memories of Thenos to find a way through to his realm, and there was nothing Rowan could do to stop it.

The entry of Thenos into Doom Star would be a problem because Rowan had not finished devouring the souls inside of Thenos, he had barely even taken five percent of this enormous bounty, and if Thenos returned to his body, it would be that much harder to collect.

However, his presence also brought about some little benefit.

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Rowan did not know everything that Thenos was capable of, especially if he would be able to get his hands on Primordial Essence, but as Thenos' memories brushed past the fleeing Nemesis, the weird aura that covered the ruler of the Great Desert prevented anyone to get a clear look at it was banished and it was exposed.

Almost humanoid in shape, but possessing multiple joints that bent in a strange and unsettling manner, the leathery-skinned creature resembled a beast created from hate and cruelty, and to further that image was its large and swollen stomach that was almost rubbing against the ground, filled with pieces of the Eye of Time that it had consumed, gathered around its opened mouth that were filled with terrifying fangs were the remains of the Primordial Keepers and their Auras which had been transferred by Rowan to the Eye of Time, if Nemesis was able to return to the Great Desert, it would be able to recreate a new batch of Primordial Keepers using what it was carrying.

Rowan did not want to see something like that happening after he had paid a heavy price in ridding reality of the Primordial keepers.

The creature appeared to be equally frightened and angered at the same time, and Rowan could understand that its fear stemmed from the fact that it had just failed in its duties to safeguard the holdings of a Primordial because of its greed, and with Rowan's understanding of the hidden plans Chaos had over reality that could have roots in the Great Desert, it could be imagined the depths of Nemesis fear and panic at this moment.

Primordials were famous for their fury, and Nemesis would be made to suffer greatly if he failed to protect the interest of Chaos.

Its present state filled with fear was a grand mistake when it was around a being like Rowan, whose primary bloodline was that of a primordial Beast.

Nemesis automatically became his first target. Its head was already going through the portal to enter the Great Desert when Rowan's consciousness growled to his scattered being permeating reality,

"Arise!"

Chapter 1326 Rotten Foundations

As if held in the hands of a giant, Doom Star shook, as a massive cracking sound like a billion thunderstorms concentrated in a tiny room exploded throughout the realm. Rowan's dimensional flesh that had spread throughout the realm suddenly contracted with enormous force pulled by his ungodly will, and he did not try to be subtle to avoid damaging the realm, the actions of the World Stele had been duplicitous from the start, and it would be a mistake to be holding back at a time like this when everyone had set down their masks.

Doom Star was his enemy's playground now, and whatever advantage that it might have given him before would soon be denied to him, so before that could happen, it was better to destroy it, and his ascension to the fifth dimension was an opportunity for him to destroy this Eternal realm.

He seemed to hear a cry of disbelief and an adhered roar that should be a threat from the World Stele, but reality was still passing by so slowly in his senses and Rowan would not be listening to the arguments of the World Stele in any manner, so anything it had to say was useless to him. Words were weapons that were sometimes more terrible than any blade.

As if the entire realm had been thrown into a giant grinder, Doom Star began to unravel at the atomic level.

The earth shattered, and the skies were brought down, there was a loud cry that emerged deep from every corner of the realm, as true death came for it. This cry was a mixture of the World Stele and the newly arrived memories of Thenos. If their plans were to be completed effectively, they needed this realm to be stable.

If Rowan had a competitor that could rival him in the aspect of Time, then there could be none who could rival him in the aspect of space, unless they were a living dimension like him. Doom Star contained vast intricate networks that consisted of higher dimensional essence that he could not comprehend, but Rowan did not bother to comprehend all of that when he could touch the space all around him and unravel them.

A weird and potent power was fighting against the destruction of the realm, but the mode of attack that Rowan was using was extremely strange and his control over space was peerless, and in addition to all of that he had acted before any party here could stop him, giving him a crushing headstart over the opposition.

With the opposition rising up against him, Rowan would not be able to destroy this realm in its entirety, but he would damage it to an incomparable degree, his being had permeated Doom Star and as he gathered his consciousness he broke down every form of Space he was touching. This action was done instinctively without calling on the power of Intent, and the result was leading to the destruction of Doom Star.

An ocean of rotten blood exploded from every corner of the realm, as its reality began to reveal the rot that had permeated it for all these Minor Eras, mixed with this decaying

blood were the flesh and bones of the countless lives that had died in this realm. The foundations of Doom Star were built on death, and no matter what the World Stele was trying to accomplish, Rowan knew that nothing good would come out of it.

The tree was rotten, and the fruits it gave, no matter how shiny its covering was, would be filled with maggots.

Rowan could perform many actions simultaneously, so the destruction of Doom Star was ongoing but his focus was on Nemesis, he accelerated the formation of his right hand, and behind the fleeing ruler of the desert, a gigantic golden arm appeared that seemed to be connected to the breaking earth and sky. The flood of rot that was drowning this shattering realm could not touch this golden arm.

That golden arm had a palm that was nearly bigger than the entire body of Nemesis, a creature that was hundreds of millions of miles tall. In the chaos, it was easy to forget that the combatants here were the size of greater heavenly bodies, and Nemesis whose size was so massive that he could have multiple suns in his palm was the smallest here.

The palm reached through the portal and swiped across the neck of Nemesis, cleanly decapitating the creature.

The power of this simple swipe contained all the mysteries that Rowan understood about space, and although it might appear that his palm had physically cut through the neck of Nemesis, what he had done was stranger. Rowan had located the exact portion of reality that Nemesis was passing through and he had simply unbonded them.

This sort of move was only possible on a realm like Doom Star where his dimension had flooded the entirety of its space so everything here had a part of him inside them and with his perception being supercharged he could perform multiple actions before he could be countered, however, even with all of this, it was not supposed to be this easy to cut through the body of Nemesis but whatever power Thenos's memories contained as it brushed past Nemesis must have been extremely strange because Rowan discovered that the body of Nemesis was lacking any form of energy except its essence.

Energy whether in the form of Aether or Aetherium could power many abilities of immortal, and the sudden lack of it could create unexpected gaps in their power structure. Nemesis was not as physically imposing as the rest of the combatants here, and the weird haze that covered its appearance should have been its defenses, but after it had been torn down by the passing Thenos, it was easy picking for Rowan.

Flipping his palm over to catch the head of Nemesis and taking it back to Doom Star, this wound he inflicted on it was far too minor to kill this entity, but Rowan's goal was to prevent it from entering the Great Desert.

He caught a glimpse of Staff, the daughter of Telmus inside the desert, and in her eyes was the pain that Rowan had learned to endure, his attention was drawn to the swirling

power that surrounded her body like a storm, and he immediately understood that this power had exceeded her limit of control, and was on the verge of wiping her out, which was a novelty situation to witness even for Rowan, because it was rare if not impossible to see an immortal with the capabilities of summoning powers that were millions of times greater than their threshold.

Rowan's voice reached her, "That power of yours, give it to me."

He could reach across and pull out the power from her body, but that would shatter her foundations. Staff was also a fifth-dimensional immortal, but her power over space was nothing before Rowan's own, and if he wanted he could take everything from her, talent, lifespan, even her soul—and all of this was something that his increasing power over Space which had not slowed down in its unrelenting growth since he acquired it—gave to him.

Her inner self, which was her Will acknowledged Rowan's power even before her conscious mind could register this change, it was because Rowan's perception was moving too quickly for her conscious mind to follow, and she released control over the power she was gathering, such an act anywhere else was madness, releasing control over such massive energies that could shatter ten million universes was a one-way ticket to death, but the palm of Rowan took all that foreign power without any hint of struggle, except for his palm dipping down a bit, he carried all that power and took it with him, leaving a few lasting words to calm her sorrow,

"I will not let the sacrifices of any of my children be in vain."

By the time he had retrieved the head of Nemesis from the closing portal, another of his arms had been created, and that arm seized the struggling and headless body of Nemesis that seemed to be in the midst of a seizure, and he brought both parts of the body and slammed them together and a mass of gore, that resembled thick black sludge exploded from between his close palms.

A shrill howl emerged from between his palms, but it was covered up by an increasingly high humming sound akin to the sound of a spinning supernova, as Rowan unleashed all the force that Staff had accumulated into the body of Nemesis, and even as that force was about to penetrate the shrieking creature in his palm, other greater powers were been lined up behind it.

Chapter 1327 Activating Titles

Whatever the touch of Thenos did that deprived Nemesis of its energy, Rowan would not give it the chance to regain it back. Nemesis was an eighth-dimensional entity, that was even more powerful than Gothran'Inul when placed in its center of power which was the Great Desert, outside its domain and restricted from accessing its greatest weapon by the touch of Thenos, Nemesis became the juiciest prey here, and if Rowan's siphoning of soul

energy from the corpse of Thenos were to be interrupted, then he would need fuel to push him through the upcoming battle, and Nemesis soul was to be that fuel.

The power of Staff that he collected from the lass was extremely complex and yet still incredibly simple. She could take in any forces into her body, and with her connection to the Nothingness that surrounded reality, she could multiply those forces and then direct them outwards either in a focused beam or a massive blast, but due to her character that was simple and direct and her relatively weak consciousness, the energy she could express outward was mostly kinetic.

In comparison to the myriad mystical forces out there in reality that could boggle the mind in their functionality and complexity, Kinetic energy was something that was almost lackluster, a force that even a mortal could comprehend and control, but when pushed to the height that Staff could take it, coupled with her relatively simple Will of Force that also multiplied the power that she could direct outwards, then in the terms of Kinetic energy she had reached a point where this simple energy had transformed into the force of disintegration.

The greatest reason Rowan had chosen her to break the Great Desert was this unique power that she held that could disintegrate everything, not just essence, but the spirit and the soul as well, and when taken to the limits with the massive formation Rowan had made to amplify her powers alongside Andar's, then she could disintegrate even Wills!

Her powers had gone beyond the material and were now able to affect the

incorporeal, she had pushed the power of force to a realm that most could not even comprehend.

Breaking the Great Desert meant breaking the Will of the Great Desert, and anyone who would mistakenly receive the power of Staff without taking maximum precautions thinking she was among the many brutes who only understood how to smash things using the Will of Force would not survive long enough to scream with regret, her many conquests in her million years of life had attested to that fact.

The bones of those who stood against her could create a mountain range. Although it would be a shame that such a mountain would never be seen, because her enemies tend to be wiped out entirely from reality, with only the echoes of their fading screams remaining.

The last blow that she had sent against the Great Desert had been powerful enough to disintegrate a third of the Will of the Great Desert, and then she had drawn upon a third of that power once more in a fit of rage, the power that she absorbed and then magnified at this moment was so massive that would undoubtedly be enough to

shatter the entire Great Desert.

This did not mean that she could destroy the Great Desert in its totality since its Will was eternal, and she needed to be at least at the eighth-dimensional level to eradicate its Will, she would be able to damage it to the extent that it might have to take many Minor Eras for it to heal back up, which was absolutely commendable, with the fact that she was a fifth dimensional immortal, and she only had to pay with her life to grievously injure an eight-dimensional entity.

However, destroying the Great Desert for a short while was not among Rowan's plans, and he saw a better use of that power. Killing Nemesis.

The power of disintegration slammed into Nemesis which was being squeezed tight in between Rowan's palm, and its cries of distress rippled through the shattering realm, contributing to the destruction of Doom Star because the force of disintegration permeated every single piece of its body, and its cry carried a fraction of that force outside before even this avenue to push out the force killing it outside of its body was ruthlessly blocked by Rowan, and its cries went silent.

If Staff had been the one to deliver this blow to Nemesis, it would have been over in an instant, her immense power would have passed through the entity, and the damages that it would have taken would be something that would be easily shaken off, but now that it was clasped inside the hands of Rowan, Nemesis had to endure an unrelenting barrage of disintegration.

Its body was being repeatedly destroyed at the fundamental level, and if it had access to its energy stores, it might have been able to mount up its defenses so that it could push against this onslaught from Rowan, but sadly the corrupted memories of Thenos and its distracted state of mind had placed it in a position that it could never recover from.

Rowan's consciousness was focused on the writhing presence in between his palms, as two massive golden eyes larger than galaxies, appeared in the sky surrounded by lightning and the destruction of Doom Star.

At this moment he was only a pair of eyes and two arms, but it was possible to see faint golden lines that seemed like the skeletal structure of a massive being that was bigger than a universe, taking shape, muscles, bones, and blood were being weaved to create his body, and this process was accelerating the destruction of Doom Star. Inside his clasped palm, Nemesis raged against the relentless tide of death that was being poured into it. For Rowan, it was easy for him to match the power of disintegration and he fueled it so that it could burn hotter, his consciousness sank into the body of Nemesis to see that its Will and Essence were being shaken to pieces, but the creature was still stubbornly fighting against its dissolution, and if this was the only power Rowan had to fight against this entity, he would lose, but at this point. the last thing that Rowan was lacking was a variety of powers that he had at his

disposal.

Staff's power was only made to unlock the inner workings of Nemesis, to take advantage of a maimed beast, and then Rowan began an unrelenting barrage of attacks, and all of them were backed by the power of Ascension.

He unleashed his crushing strength first which was backed by his near-infinite weight, at this time he could not even tell his strong he had become, but this number was not minor, and then he felt one of his Titles activate, Chaos Breaker.

Chaos Breaker: (Deal Increased damage to all members of the Chaos Bloodline, with a great level of resistance against all Chaos forces.)

If he needed a final confirmation about the power of Chaos over Nemesis, this was it, and this title was one of the many straws that broke the camel's back as Rowan felt the power of his assault increase dramatically as the power of this Title began to break

down Nemesis.

His consciousness suddenly began to itch and a cold voice like the last gasp of a dying star entered his perception,

"I know you... Breaker. Abomination. You shall not..."

"Silence!" Rowan growled as he activated his Reality Butcher Title, "Killing you is a great learning opportunity, and you are distracting me from my comprehension!"

Nemesis went mute.

Reality Butcher: Grants enhanced dominion over Space and all Space-related abilities. Intents can be mastered extremely quickly.

This Title was enhancing his already powerful spatial capabilities, which the power of Staff and everything he had been unleashing fell under, and Rowan was just beginning. In a single moment he activated his Primordial, Living Dimension and Destroyer

Titles.

Primordial:Increases insight into all forms of creation. Enhancing your control of all esoteric forces beyond the ken of Immortals. Present Insight Limit (6th Dimension.)

Living Dimension: Meld your being with a Dimension granting increased control over all Dimensional-related abilities.

Destroyer: Enhances All forms of attack, granting an Aura of destruction to even your mildest of actions. Enhances the might of your subjects.

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

Chapter 1328 Living Energy

Chapter 1328 Living Energy

Rowan had always been passively using his Titles because he had no option. After all, he could only activate these Titles if he surpassed the third-dimensional level.

The Primordial Record had previously informed him that they would be a potent source of power, but since he already had the strength to shake reality, he simply used them for their passive bonuses and did not really see any major advantage if he wanted to use them in battle, but Rowan was glad that he was wrong in their utility and he had underestimated the powers of his Titles because these Titles had blown up his offensive assaults to a realm that even he was having difficulty comprehending.

His chance for success and surviving the battles ahead just took a massive step forward.

This experience was a new one for him because he was delving deeper into the functionality of his Singularity that he never had access to before, as these Titles were a representation of the merger of the Primordial Record and his dimension, and it was an enlightening process to observe the method his powers were expressed through the intervention of the Primordial Record.

The powers he was gathering between his palms had reached a ridiculous level, so many esoteric forces that were growing and being compressed repeatedly into a chaotic soup of such massive power that it was beginning to strain Rowan's essence regenerative rate, which was extremely surprising because, at the fifth-dimensional level, his energy stores had become broken.

His Aether and Essence had not even completed their evolution to a higher level to support his fourth-dimensional body before he evolved again to the fifth dimension triggering another evolution in his Aether and Essence.

Without the massive amount of Soul Crystals pouring into his dimension and facilitating the growth of his energy stores, Rowan had stopped counting when he had spent more than ten billion soul crystals and his dimension was still seeking more.

The evolution of his Aether and Essence was extremely strange because when he was a third-dimensional entity, his Aether and Essence had already reached an extremely potent state in order to support a massive living dimension like him, he had long stopped comparing the strength of his Aether to other immortals, because the difference was simply night and day, the next logical steps for him would be to form Aetherium and he believed that the Aetherium that he could create from his Aether would create a new stage to define what it meant to be powerful across all of reality, but now that his energy and essence stores had evolved twice, they had become something different.

His Aether and Essence still took the same form, with his twin Seas of Darkness and Ambrosia flowing around his dimension, and his Essence that resembled a solid block of diamonds flowing through massive ley lines throughout his dimension that resembled the circulatory system in a mortal's body.

At this moment the power that was exuding from his essence and aether stores would make his previous energy store resemble lukewarm water, and a conservative estimate would place them at about twenty times more potent than his previous energy stores until he fully inherited the powers of his fifth-dimensional body and completely pushed his Wills to the city dimension, there were still a lot of avenues for their growth.

This meant that he could still expect that the power of his energy stores could reach thirty times more powerful than his previous energy stores, and this was the result he was expecting when he converted his Aether to Aetherium, and now he was getting the level of power with his base Aether alone!

However, as amazing as these changes were, they did not distract him from the weird transformations that his energy stores had undergone, and it was only because of his great intellect that he could quickly understand what the changes in his energy stores meant, and his realization left him dumbstruck; they had gained a rudimentary form of sentience!

His Aether and his Essence were now alive?!

As he crushed Nemesis between his palms with his new offensive methods he could hear countless cries from his Aether and Essence...

“Yiyaa... Yiyaa...”

“Aahhh... Crush!!!.... Arrhhgh...”

“Dominate all and see our enemies crushed beneath our feet... Muahahaha...” Rowan, “....”

Rowan's body had nearly finished being assembled from the void. He should have been naked, but the forces of space were his devoted servants, and they clothed him from his waist downwards with a garment made from the darkness of the void and a hundred billion stars of all colors and sizes.

The garment seemed like a curtain made from the stuff of a universe as it flowed and rippled, across its surface danced the stars, and that was not even counting the moons, asteroids, comets, nebulae, and other more mystical heavenly bodies like black holes, neutron stars, among many others.

Before his evolution, Gothra'inul the titan had been five times bigger than him, but now Rowan's present size would place him to be about three times bigger than the titan, and he was still growing!

At the moment a massive crown was beginning to be formed on his head. However, The crown did not rest upon his head, but hovered above it, slowly rotating and shedding its light unto the utterly glorious form of Rowan.

With size as the only indicator, it would show that Rowan's present essence capabilities were greater than an ancient titan at the eighth-dimensional level!

Even in the midst of destruction, it was almost as if the realm held its breath before the appearance of Rowan whose beauty could make reality close its eyes in shame, for they were not worthy to see it.

The cries of Nemesis were unrelenting, reaching a feverish pitch that would kill higher dimensional immortals, and then a threshold was crossed, and the entity imploded. Rowan almost staggered as his arms were pulled forward and a third of his energy stores were drained, but the writhing form in his palm was still, and its cries silent.

The space behind Rowan rippled,

“BOOM!!!”

He slowly turned around to see a massive body that had been flung back for billions of miles, trailing blood and leaving dozens of broken limbs behind that had nearly been crushed into a paste.

The titan Gothra'Inul had attempted to ambush him at the moment that the cries of Nemesis had gone silent, Rowan's energy stores had been drained drastically and there was a brief gap where he was vulnerable, and it was a testament to his experience that Gothra'Inul could see that vulnerability and acted upon it, but it was a shame that he had access only to his Essence, and Rowan's vulnerability was relative. What had repelled the titan was simply his Telekinetic Forcefield around his body that had been boosted by his living Aether and Essence, in addition to all his Titles. The sentient energy in his body had granted his Telekinetic force field a mind of its own, and even without Rowan's interference, it had gathered all its energy to not only block the sneak attack from the titan but also seriously injure it.

Thousands of telekinetic tentacles shot out from Rowan's body and plunged into all the discarded flesh of Gothra'Inul that were attempting to return back to the body of their owner, and he drained them of every single bit of vitality, transforming them into dust.

The backlash of this move made the titan scream in pain as it held its multiple heads in shock.

Rowan's hands were still closed and he slowly opened them, although Nemesis had gone silent, it didn't mean that he had killed that entity, for he had not received its soul.

In the distance, the titan spat out blood from multiple heads and he looked at Rowan with shock, fear, and surprisingly disdain in his eyes,

"You act so high and mighty, but I have tasted your Aura, and you are just a fifth-dimensional immortal... Do you think you have the capability to kill us? Everything you do is for naught, and no matter how much you rage, or how potent your strength could become, before the might of our standing, it is useless."

Rowan was silent and he looked at his palm, at first there seemed to be nothing on it, Nemesis appeared to have been crushed to Nothingness, but then reality rippled and a shadow began to grow in between his palms. In the distance, Gothra'Inul began to laugh,

"Rowan, you will learn to fear your betters."

Chapter 1329 Destroying Doom Star

The shadow on Rowan's palm thickened, extending branches of darkness that began to grow with furious intensity, inside this darkness he could see shades of a creature, malevolent and powerful, and it seemed to be clawing its way back through a dimension that Rowan could not perceive, and only his mastery over space was allowing him to see the darkness growing on his left palm, if he was a fourth dimensional immortal with no mastery over space, he would not have been able to see this darkness.

"Interesting..." Rowan muttered, his consciousness documenting the entire process, as he believed that he was looking at the internals of something special-The unknown eighth dimension!

"Interesting?!" Gothra'Inul broke out in laughter, "It is true that only the foolish and the dead know no fear, and soon you will be both. How did you think I was able to survive the end of the Primordial Era? You are..."

Rowan interrupted the titan, "It is not working."

Multiple eyes of Gothra'Inul squinted in suspicion and annoyance at being interrupted by such an inane statement, however, he still growled slowly, "What's not working?" Rowan's body leaned to the side, and in that same motion he unsheathed his Destroyer, pulling it out from Reality, the blade of this weapon was now different as it was always growing alongside Rowan, Part of his dimensional flesh, the destroyer Apollyon's powers had been taking several monumental leaps forward and a gigantic number of soul crystals had been pouring into it to fuel that growth, and even though this process was not yet complete, Apollyon's strength had grown exponentially higher.

Originally a Celestial armament, the Destroyer as with everything that came in contact with Rowan had changed on a fundamental level, and it almost appeared as if Rowan was wielding a slice of a universe in the shape of a Great sword. This current form was proof that its evolution was not completed, but Rowan believed that a great weapon was supposed to be tempered in battle, and if there was any weapon that would stay with him to the end, it was Apollyon.

Rowan would only draw this blade if he was in grave danger or he needed to slaughter a great being, and currently, his situation fits both of those reasons.

Using the flat of the blade he intercepted a purple flash that had been heading for the back of his skull and using his martial skill that had been gathering dust for a long while, he angled the blade in such a manner that most of the force it was carrying dispersed in a concentric circular shockwave that blasted into the distance for billions of miles, and he smoothly edged the blade over his head, still carrying that flash of purple and with a final flourish, he brought his destroyer ahead of him, and the purple flash struck the shattering ground with an earth-shaking impact.

This impact was the last straw, and the entirety of Doom Star exploded.

It was a simple move but was delivered so masterfully that it was similar to watching poetry in motion.

The cries of the dying realm were cut short and for a while, there were nothing but massive blasts and vibrations as the realm shattered into trillions of pieces and was blasted to the edge of nothingness. The fundamental forces that bounded a reality as one ceased to exist, light, gravity, heat, etcetera, and everyone began to fall into what seemed to be an endless void, but Rowan knew that was not the case, below them was the World Stele, and Rowan would be exposing it to everyone here.

No matter how powerful he had become, he could not fight everyone at the same time, so the best option was to divide and conquer, and so he would need to manage the situation as best as he could and wait for the full picture of the situation was revealed to all parties here.

The debris of Doom Star shot out in every direction with enough force to crumble a million universes and inside the Chaos was stillness, and that stillness surrounded Rowan, disregarding the chaos around them he pointed his blade at Gothra'Inul and said,

"Your distractions would not work, it is not enough. Surely you can do better." Although he was not aware of the moment the Titan and the Eye of Time chose to work with each other again after the betrayal of the Eye using the body of Gothra'Inul as a shell, they must have both decided to take him off the board. Rowan thought it was a wise decision, he was an unknown factor with extremely strange abilities, so he needed them to see their true enemy before it was too late, and understand the depths of its powers.

The previous attack by the titan was fierce but he was just a distraction, the true killing blow was coming from the Eye of Time who had quietly taken the form of a halberd once more and struck Rowan from behind.

A moment ago, the Eye of Time had attacked Rowan in this manner, and even though he had anticipated the blow he had been blown away for miles and had nearly perished from Essence and Aether deterioration. Those two blows from the halberd had almost killed him, and only unleashing his destroyer had saved him.

The same attack even when launched from Rowan's blindside did not meet the same result, Rowan had simply blocked the halberd with his blade, dispersed away some of the immense force it was carrying, and directed the halberd over his head and into the ground, and with the force carried by the weapon it was enough to shatter the fragile state of the realm to pieces.

Rowan did not pause to observe what he had just accomplished, disregarding the titan who was staring at him in shock, with multiple mouths agape, Rowan was holding the destroyer with his right hand, and on his left palm, the darkness that was Nemesis had spread to cover almost half of his palm, he could hear whispers and a sort of attraction from the darkness tugging on his Essence, Aether and even his soul.

Even as a third-dimensional living dimension, Rowan's Essence, Aether, and Soul would be strong enough to resist the call of this darkness and now, his energy stores could actively defend themselves against it, effectively freeing his attention to focus on battle, it might have seemed like a small change, but Rowan was able to effectively divert the ambush from the Eye of Time because he did not have to fear the corruption of Nemesis.

He sneered internally, there was a reason he held on to Nemesis for that long, it was to keep this being close to him, Keeping your enemy closer was a perfectly great move when their goal was to escape.

Lifting his Destroyer, Rowan positioned the point of the blade on his left palm, and then he plunged his blade into the palm until the hilt of the weapon nearly touched his impaled palm, except for a slight shiver that crossed his body, he gave no indicator that he had nearly divided his palm in two.

"Interesting weapon," Gothra Inul looked at the blade stuck in Rowan's palm, "But you don't believe that is enough to kill a higher-dimensional immortal. If you do, then this battle would certainly be interesting, on my part at least.... Hahaha, you can continue to maim yourself, it will make killing you even faster." Blasted away by Rowan, the Eye of Time had been vibrating in agitation, so many things were going wrong, and the sense of mortal danger that it was sensing from all around it was the greatest since the moment it was struck out from its main body, and although the plan had been for the titan to divert the attention of Rowan long enough for the Eye to make the fatal strike, and Gothra'Inul was doing his best to fulfill his part, the last words he spoke nearly made the Eye of Time lose it in anger, how could it not see what that abomination was doing!

“Silence! I am working with a fool,” It roared at Gothra Inul who looked shocked, and then rage filled his multiple faces. The Eye of Time ignored what was going on in the mind of the titan, this lesser creature was only allied with him due to necessity, the Eye roared at the titan even as it fired itself towards Rowan, “Attack him before it’s too late, Nemesis has my essence inside of it!”

“Too late,” Rowan growled and he began pulling out the destroyer from his left hand, the blade vibrated as it unleashed billions of chains along its entire length.

Chapter 1330 Cold Heart

Chapter 1330 Cold Heart

Rowan sat down cross-legged on the event horizon of a black hole with his beating heart in his right hand that he had torn from his body, his prismatic eyes that contained all the colors of reality peered into the swirling heavenly body below him, and he peered into the core of the black hole directly into another universe, his dimensional flesh had a way of connecting universes to each other, and those gateways were through black holes, recently he had become a bit fond of peering into other universes and viewing their strange cultures and diverse power system, and he had gained some inspiration, but it was a shame that most of those inspirations, while powerful were all too weak to be bonded to his dimension, the Primordial Record only allowed supreme techniques to bond with him.

He sighed and passed the beating heart to his shadows before he spoke,

“I don’t think I can do this, I don’t think I can win,” he said, “It is crazy to imagine that in less than a million years I will be fighting with what could be eighth-dimensional entities when I am barely into the third dimension, and those are my best options.”

He seemed to be speaking to himself, and then the shadow behind him bubbled, and the form of Eva could be seen.

Just like the first time that Rowan gained the bloodline of the Avatar of Eve, she was behind him, sitting with her back pressed against Rowan, and she was looking at the stars, their brightness reaching across the void of space to bathe her with light, and so there was a mystical contrast between her figure and that of Rowan where if you observed them from a certain point it would seem as if it was Rowan who was her shadow.

The blackhole drew out the light from around Rowan, and the stars bathed her with light, their figure sitting back to back were so perfect it was nearly impossible to describe.

Eva’s soft yet powerful voice replied, as she peered at the beating heart that Rowan gave to her and then she placed it against her stomach, cradling it like a child, “Yes, it’s pure

insanity to envision fighting against the Eye of Time, a fragment of a Primordial, and whatever traps it would have set up for you along the way. It is insanity to fight Caine, the First Betrayer who is actually insane, it is insanity to go against the Wills of the Primordials, it is insanity to become a Creator of Angels, it is insanity to... I could spend hours listing all the insane accomplishments you have made, and the crazy plans you are attempting, and they are crazy, but I know that before I would have finished listing them all you would have added ten more.”

Rowan smiled, “If that is your idea of a pep talk, then you are failing spectacularly.”

“Yet I can hear the smile in your voice. You are looking forward to this in your own way.”

“Well, it’s either I laugh or I cry, and you don’t want to see me crying Eva, it’s nasty. Tears, snort, all manner of unmentionables, I should know, because I saw myself as a child, ugh...”

Eva smiled, “Now that is a sight that I would give anything to see. From the moment I opened my eyes and saw you, your heart... was cold.”

Rowan snorted, “You want to see me crying?”

Eva laughed aloud, “If your tears would be the last thing I see, then I would die happy.”

“Then there might be a chance that you would never die because I can no longer cry. Oh, there would be tears, but they would not be real. During those years when the Third Prince tore my soul to pieces and tortured me until all I knew was pain, something alongside all the blood and the pain that I shed, was lost to me. They took my heart.”

Eva was silent for a while before she spoke, “Now you have reminded yourself again of the reason why you will fight this battle, no matter how difficult that turns out to be. It is because you understand that the Third Prince is simply one small aspect of the Eye of Time, and your enemy is here before you. Have they not kept you waiting for long?”

Rowan chuckled, “Yeah, they have. Yet for this to work I still have to endure for a long time, maybe even up to a billion years.”

Eva reached across and slipped her fingers in his own, the heart she was holding had vanished, “Who knows, when that time comes, when the Eye of Time lies at your feet in defeat, perhaps, a little of that weight that has held your heart in place would be gone, and maybe a miracle would happen and you will cry after it is all over.”

Rowan muttered, “It would not be lying at my feet because there would not be enough left of it when I am done.”

Eva rolled her eyes, “Yeah... I won’t hold my breath to see if your heart thaws, you are a cold bastard.”

Rowan's prismatic eyes flashed, "Yeah, I am a cold bastard."

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The darkness on Rowan's left palm had taken the face of a horrific skull, and with his destroyer plunged in his palm, this great skull was nearly severed in two, but it did not slow down its formation, even the powerful destroyer could not stop Nemesis from coming, because as an eighth dimension, their life force transcended memories, and they embodied concepts, and so as long as the concept of Nemesis remains in reality, it could never die.

This was the great power that all entities dimensional entities held, a power that even Primordials found hard to extinguish. How do you kill something that could not be killed until the concept of its existence was wiped out from reality?

The simple answer was that you don't, but there was nothing stopping you from sealing them until the time was right when they could be killed.

Inside his destroyer were the chains used to hold Time, a powerful Primordial, and since Rowan could now control a small part of those chains, he now had the ability to seal immortals that had the trait of Time inside of them, and in the reality of today, virtually all higher dimensional immortals held a piece of Time inside of them, which was quite normal because this was the road made by the Primordials for all immortals to walk. Rowan slowly drew out the blade from his palm, and at first, the darkness growing on his palm was not disturbed by the emerging blade, but like sharks smelling blood in the water, the chains began to detect the power of Time inside of the darkness, and it did not help that at this moment Nemesis had a gigantic piece of Time inside its stomach. The chains of time plunged into the darkness, digging deep into it, and Rowan smoothly drew out the blade and enclosed inside billions of chains were the shrieking darkness representing the force of Nemesis.

Cries of rage and fear emerged from the darkness as it sprouted a million mouths and a million horrifying faces, screaming,

"Rowan... You shall suffer for this! My presence is needed in reality or everything collapses."

Chapter 1331 Sundown

Chapter 1331 Sundown

"My Will is singular in all of reality, and my function important, without me the wicked shall go unpunished and the lamentations of the fallen shall break down all the heavens."

The cries of Nemesis fell on deaf ears, as Rowan perceived the forces of the Eye of Time and Gothra'Inul coming closer to his position. All of this was wordplay, and Rowan did not believe that sealing Nemesis would cause such catastrophic changes in reality, and he did not care if it did, his reality was safe and sound. If the heavens fell if there was no one else to catch it, then he would step up.

Besides, even if everything turned out to be incredibly bad, by its admission, Nemesis said it had a singular Will, meaning it was the only kind in all of reality, and if that was the case for all eighth-dimensional entities then Rowan would simply have to swallow the Will of Nemesis when the time came, the same way he did to Shisu when he collected his Will of Hate, but the degree of difficulty would be very different.

It was not easy to swallow an eighth-dimensional being inside his blade, but his energy stores were more than enough to handle the strain of sealing Nemesis. Fueling the blade was not a matter of energy or essence because the destroyer on its own could produce enough energy to power itself, it was more of a matter of willpower.

Rowan's consciousness would have to be powerful enough to wrestle an unwilling eighth-dimensional entity into his blade, but the new traits of his Aether and Essence were now showing their unique aspects because they acted as tiny mini-consciousnesses that were pulling on the Will Chains alongside Rowan's consciousness.

Even when he was not paying attention, he could hear the cries of trillions of Aether droplets and Essence crystals screaming, "Pull... Pull... put your backs into it!!!"

From its millions of mouths, Nemesis screamed its warning of desolation once again, it could not fight against the forces of the blade and so it sought to use fear, in no moment did it consider begging Rowan, even if it did, it would not work, perhaps Nemesis understood that, and as a third of its body was sucked into the Destroyer, the panic in its heart grew to feverish heights,

"Three times till Chaos calls, three times until my oath must be renewed, or the prison shall break. The end of all things shall begin... Primordials shall war!"

Rowan simply exerted more power, funneling them into the Destroyer who responded by bursting out with more Will chains. Nemesis roared and strained against its bindings, the chains tearing large lacerations on its body of darkness that was taking the form of flesh as it struggled for any chance of survival, but it could not escape, new chains surged into its many mouths and eyes, digging into every orifice in his body and pulling it into the endless depths of the Destroyer.

With the full understanding dawning on Nemesis that it had fallen into the hands of someone who could not be shaken, it screamed out into reality, "Father... Save me!"

Rowan's clear eyes shrunk a bit and he clenched his right hand, and a second Great Sword appeared within his fist, but this one did not resemble a piece of the universe; instead, it

was black like the endless void, and a black flame burned along its length that sucked in all the light.

He was wielding the Cherubim Sundown for its unnatural speed, not including Andar, amongst all his Celestial children, Sundown was the fastest. Rowan's arms vibrated as he activated the Aspect he had gained while slaughtering an entire race of outer-dimensional creatures, Weapon Master, and the skill that came with it, Realm Blade. This skill was assimilated by Sundown and the Cherubim howled his glee at the vicious power of the Creator flowing through his metallic veins.

Sundown was already ridiculously fast, and Realm Blade coated its edge with the power to effortlessly slice through every realm until it could reach the famed dimension of speed that only the fastest entities in reality could touch, making the blade even in the almost frozen time state that higher dimensional beings operate to become a blur that could barely be perceived by the senses, and yet that was all he could apparently do to endure the onslaught from the Eye of Time and Gothra'Inul.

The Eye of Time no longer took the shape of a halberd, but a creature made from seemingly endless blades and fury, like an unrelenting tornado it struck out at Rowan, shapeless and formless, the Eye of Time was striking at Rowan from every direction, and each of his blows came with such profound manifestations of power that it could kill seventh-dimensional entities in a few blows, and Rowan had endured millions of such blows in a few seconds.

With every blow the Eye of Time made, it was screaming its fury and fear. Rowan might have seemed to have taken a long time to evolve, but in the time frame that mortals could understand, he had only taken seven seconds before he had leaped from the third dimension to the fifth.

The Eye of Time could not tell if Rowan was about to experience another spike in power and that scared it more than anything. In less than seven seconds, Rowan had transformed from being crushed by a single blow from the Eye and now he was holding his own and there did not seem to be any sense that he was being strained by all of this.

Rowan could feel the webs of time trying to ensnare his body at every moment, but he was immune to the touch of time, not only because he was now a new reality that was separated from all of reality, but because he controlled his source of time.

Without the power of its Will, then the Eye of Time would have to use other tools to bring him down. Every blow from the Eye of Time that was supposed to easily slice him into pieces was being blocked, deflected, and sent back by Rowan, his Essence seemingly unending.

On the other end of the spectrum was Gothra'Inul who was like a viper, placing himself at a distance and launching deadly bolts of silvery ice that contained his Will of Pain, every bolt was searching for any hint of vulnerability in Rowan's defenses, and in the short

moment of their clash, the power that was generated was enough to light up the expanse for countless trillions of miles, and the shockwaves crushed what was left of the falling debris of Doom Star.

No entity that was born and lived in the realm of Doom Star could have withstood the power being unleashed at the center of that maelstrom, as three titans clashed.

Still dragging the wailing Nemesis who was halfway into his Destroyer, Rowan as a fifth-dimensional entity who had not yet had the time to fully actualize his powers so that he would boost himself to the peak, was fighting against what could be considered three eighth-dimensional entities at the same time, and yet his gaze was cold and calculating, there was no panic in his eyes, as a lot of things might have seemed to have gone wrong, but this was among the best outcome that he could have envisioned.

In one form or another all three eighth-dimensional entities were weakened, not fighting at their full potential, and this was not by accident but was carefully engineered by Rowan to give him a fighting chance in this battle.

His Knowledge Well Chamber was pushing itself past a hundred percent efficiency to follow the battle and give him a chance... There!

Erupting out with the power of Ascension at full blast, Rowan seemed to transform into the largest sun in existence as Sundown drew upon the impossible power generated by Rowan's dimensional flesh, and in that instant, the brightness of Rowan turned dark, and Sundown exploded with radiance. The Cherubim became everything that could be seen in existence.

Inside this blade was a power that was a thousand times greater than what Rowan had collected from Staff!

Rowan attacked.

Sundown shrieked as it cut through the assault from the Eye of Time, blasting it away, as it was covered by a Celestial flame that burned black, pieces of itself were flung out for countless miles and its shrieks of pure agony rippled across eternity. Rowan reversed the blade and thrust at Gothra'Inul, his body instantly crossing the distance that separated them.

He had blasted away the Eye of Time using thirty percent of the power in this blade, and the remaining seventy percent was focused on this single thrust.

Chapter 1332 Legacy

Chapter 1332 Legacy

Rowan blasting away the Eye of Time using Sundown also shattered the Cherubim, grievously injuring the Angel, but not killing him, as higher dimensional angels were almost impossible to kill, he had channeled enough energy to kill a thousand Staffs and a thousand Andar, yet this Cherubim was only broken when he struck the Eye of Time with it, however, all was not lost, he would heal and Rowan smoothly swapped Sundown with Legacy, and except for an imperticible blur there was almost no way to know he had just swapped weapons.

Sundown's unique trait was his ridiculous speed, and as for Legacy, he could hold all the powers of the other Cherubim, he was the pivot around which the rest revolved. Using this trait, Rowan had perfectly transferred all the energy from Sundown to Legacy without wasting a single iota of energy, and not delaying his assault by any metric.

There was About twenty percent of Nemesis still struggling to escape from the pull of the destroyer, and there was great despair in all of its eyes and although it knew its struggles were useless, it continued fighting while calling for the aid of its father. If all of Rowan were not focused on battle, a small part of him would have felt like a bully.

Rowan's body crossed space, carried by Intent that made his movements practically instantaneous, appearing directly at the front of the titan, he swung down Legacy as if he were a hatchet man swinging down an axe, Gothra'Inul screamed as he began to swerve to the side in a futile attempt to dodge the descending blow.

Rowan was fast but the titan was an ancient warrior, and although he had been surprised by the speed at which Rowan was moving, he could still react, the only problem was that avoiding the blow meant he was rushing headlong to the rising knee of Rowan who had anticipated the method the titan would use to escape his blade.

At this point, Rowan was multiple times bigger than the titan, and his knee slammed into hundreds of Gothra'Inul's heads, crushing them to paste and launching the screaming titan up where he was met by the grip of Legacy slamming into him with devastating force, and despite Rowan not using the blade, a massive fiery shockwave that was filled with black flames erupted from the impact, blasting more than twenty percent of the titan into ash.

The titan's body that had been rising up was sent back down faster than it rose, and before the stunned titan could understand what was happening it slammed into something that was incredibly hard, and as an egg dropped from a height, his body nearly splattered into pieces, Rowan right foot followed, driving down like a spear that tore through the torso of the titan and nailed him to the ground.

Multiple heads looked upwards with despair as the point of Rowan's blade drove down with great force and speed, this would not kill him, but Gothra'Inul knew that if he was debilitated, then after Nemesis was fully swallowed by the cursed blade in Rowan's right

hand, he was next. Fear and rage washed through his consciousness but this was not the first time he faced the edge of death, and smelling the flames of a Celestial on the descending blade, he knew that once more he was about to be taken down by a Celestial power, the circle of his destiny had rotated, and he was about to meet the same fate.

Gothra'Inul sneered, "Celebrate your innings now, but you are not far behind me."

The titan did not close his eyes, he wanted to see death as it took him. Being sealed for all eternity one could argue was a fate that was worse than death, because even in the darkness, you still had awareness, your only companion was to feel eternity passing by.

The blade plunged down, yet to Gothra'Inul's surprise it missed every major organ and continued pushing into the earth until it reached the hilt, and Rowan's massive face descended until he was a few thousand miles away from the titan, his breath that was so hot it could turn entire galaxies to ashes washed over the stunned titan and he whispered, "If you can get your heart out of your mouth for a moment, you will notice where you are lying."

Gothra'Inul did not wait for Rowan to finish his words before exploding from the ground and retreating for tens of millions of miles like a startled cat, his scattered flesh zoomed across the distance to attach to his body, and keeping multiple eyes on Rowan he looked around and he gaped in shock and awe.

Doom Star was already a massive planet, bigger than most eighth-dimensional realms in reality because it was an eternal realm, and its destruction came as a shock to Gothra'Inul because a realm like this should have other defenses that should have stopped or even reverse its destruction, and now he saw the reason why Doom Star was so easily destroyed, it was because there was not just one of the planet, there were six of them, and all of those six realms rested on a vast plain of stone.

With the Aura he was sensing from all six realms, they were all the same, it would seem that Doom Star had been split into seven portions, but as a result, its powers had been shared across all seven realms, allowing its ease of destruction in the hands of Rowan.

Rowan drew out Legacy from the ground, its blade staring out sparks as the earth was one of the hardest materials that Rowan had ever come across, as the brief scuffle with Gothra'Inul had not even cracked any bit of its surface.

He pointed Legacy at Gothra'Inul and the blade shadow also covered the body of the Eye of Time who was still struggling to regain its footing a few million miles away as he addressed them, "We are all pawns, and unlike you two idiots, I have been sniping away at the threads that bound me, while you all dig deeper into perdition. If you think I am your greatest enemy, then guess again, for you are standing on it. This enemy knows how to hide its tracks."

"What is your goal, Rowan? I thought we had a deal."

The vast plain of stone that was the body of the Singularity, World Steele rumbled and its voice resounded all through.

“We never truly had a deal that was worthy of being followed through, because the foundation of our arrangement was hollow and filled with deceit... from both our ends. Now stop this silly game World Steele, your insistence on this charade offends me.”

The World Steele was silent for a moment before it replied, “True. I have spent so long in the dark, I have forgotten what it meant to move in the light. I no longer have to hide, Thenos rises.”

The destroyer had finished swallowing its meal and engraved on one part of its blade was the snarling face of Nemesis. Rowan flipped Legacy until it was resting on his shoulder, and the keen eyes of Gothra’Inul realized that the bright flames burning on the blade had vanished. Where was it?

“Crack... Boom!!!”

In the distance one of the realms of Doom Star exploded with great force, the shockwave sweeping through the plain of stone in unending waves, and the eyes of the titan widened when it realized that the assault of Rowan when he plunged the blade into the ground was deliberately done to attack the realms of Doom Star and not him, he was simply a smoke screen.

The light of the exploding world shone on the magnificent figure of Rowan, and Gothra’Inul could not help but recall when he had last seen a scene like this, was it not when he had glimpsed the shadow of a Primordial? Those perfect beings who tore through reality with powers that could not be fathomed.

Rowan’s body exploded with light again as he drew upon the powers of Ascension, and Legacy he held on his shoulder crumbled to pieces, the Cherubim returning to his dimension to rest and heal, but his Angels had held the ground long enough for him to gain access to his destroyer again.

“World Steele, you have chosen the wrong master, before me, Thenos rises only to fall.”

Glancing at the two eighth-dimensional entities at the side he grinned, “If you want to fight for the Primordial Essence, this is the time for I will show you the key to succeed. Or you can lie down and die, if not by its hands, it would be by mine.”

Gothra’Inul rose up even before the Eye of Time and he growled, “I will fight for you.”

Chapter 1333 Life Is A Costume Party

The Eye of Time began to slowly gather the pieces of itself from the ground, it was tired.

Originally the Eye was never meant for battle, not because it was weak, but because it lacked the fuel to power itself in a certain strenuous manner.

It was the reason it operated through a proxy and even without a shell, it never took its real form to battle, usually transforming into various shapes, mostly weapons as he fought like a mindless brute and not the omnipotent being it once was.

Exerting itself in this manner was extremely detrimental to the Eye of Time because it was like drinking poison to cure its thirst. It was a fragment of a Primordial and there was nothing in existence that could threaten it, but due to the fact that it was forced into action, it had to burn its Essence to fuel any moves it was making, and that was hurting it also.

Knowing that all of this was a plan by Rowan to weaken it was clear to the Eye, but it had no choice. The abomination had played its game extremely well, using the greed of the Eye to lure it into action, slowing tugging on the lure until the Eye kept pushing more and more of itself out of its shell, and by the time it had realized the massive trap in front of it, it could no longer return.

Rowan had played it like a jester, and the Eye of Time suddenly felt old, and tired.

The tiredness that was being experienced by the Eye of Time came from something that was deep within it, a sense of loss and sorrow that was so profound it was almost impossible to be described, and it had carried this tiredness for many eternities since the banishment of its main body, but today, this affliction on its body had grown to a height it could not have imagined, and a fear of the unknown filled its consciousness.

It did not know if it was going to survive what was coming.

The Eye of Time had faced life-threatening dangers before, but none of them had been as strange as this one, pulled in the clash between two holders of Singularities, all of whom possess abilities that the Eye could not understand or challenge, it felt the mortal fear of death in a way that it had not done before.

It had felt this fear many times today, and usually what followed was rage, but now that rage was gone, what took its place was tiredness, and then acceptance.”

‘If it is today that I die, then so be it. I will show them the power of a Primordial.’

The Eye of Time began to transform. Of all the shapes it had taken before, there was one that it had never worn, because it would signify that it was either at the zenith of its life or at the lowest.

A vast purple miasmic haze covered it, and within a sound of a heartbeat emerged, this sound was so powerful, that it could end all of reality given enough time.

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Rowan sensed it a moment before a massive shockwave erupted from the Eye of Time, oddly, this shockwave was silent, yet his soul was almost collapsing in pain as one of the loudest sounds he had ever heard entered his consciousness.

The shockwave slammed against Gothra'Inul and swept him into the sky, and Rowan's eyes widened a fraction before the shockwave reached him,

“Boom!”

And their might broke against his defenses, he simply took a step back, as his body leaned against the unrelenting force, shrugging past the force, he steadied himself, in the distance, the five realms of Doom Star vibrated as the waves of power swept past them, scraping away the surface layers of the realms and sending sediments from their battered surfaces shooting into the void.

Rowan could easily endure these shockwaves from the Eye of Time while Gothra'Inul had been thrown away like a piece of thrash, not just because of his superior physical attributes and the innate forcefield around his body, but due to his crown.

He had been able to create a crown the first time he had entered the Great Darkness as a Child of Chaos, this crown was a representation of his absolute domination over the energy of Space, and at that time his crown had been woven from starlight, ephemeral and beautiful, they were simply a reflection of a borrowed power over space as a result of his bloodline of Chaos, however, the crown he had now was his own representation of space.

Seemingly made from bronze, it was in the shape of a Royal Crown with six sharp spikes at the top that twisted into each other like snakes, they exuded majesty and power. A closer look at the crown would reveal that one of the spikes... blinked.

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Unrelenting shockwaves blasted out from the Eye of Time, and in the midst of the devastation, Rowan heard a voice, he nearly gaped in horror because he recognized it, from the vision he saw inside the Bloodline Source of Time... it was the voice of a Primordial,

“I ...”

As if the voice was summoning greater powers from the depths of eternity, the shockwaves erupting from the position of the Eye of Time increased in intensity and Rowan was shoved backward for several million miles, a loud crack resounded in the distance as one of the realms of Doom Star closest to this position began to fracture.

The pressure was increasing to such a great extent that even leaning against the force and bursting out with brief spells of Ascension, Rowan was still being pushed back, he growled in anger and his crown shone bright, his feet that had been sliding back gained a hue of gold and his slide backward stopped as if he had been fixed to the earth, a resounding crash in the distance was the only indicator that another realm of Doom Star had been destroyed, leaving four behind that was holding on precariously.

“... A C P, I ... H My R ...”

Another massive crash occurred and two more realms of Doom Star exploded, leaving two.

Rowan had realized that there was a collective power that was spread across all seven realms of Doom Star and each time a realm shattered, the power was collected into those that remained, strengthening them and making them more difficult to break, and while this might seem to be a good thing for the World Steele, it actually was not, because what it needed to accomplish required balance and depositing all that power in a smaller area would cause the resurrection process to be unstable.

Rowan did not know what the Eye of Time was doing, but he could guess that it was about to go all out, and as scary as that would be for him, the World Steele had to be more worried, and Rowan was right, from the two realms of Doom Star left standing, massive tentacles of darkness pushed against the great force erupting from the Eye of Time, as a powerful influence of Sealing radiated from their tips, Rowan frowned when he noticed that this sealing force bore resemblance to the Will Chains from the destroyer. Did the World Steele copy his technique?

Then the Eye of Time spoke its final words,

“... N@ !”

Something slammed into Rowan with the force of trillion-shattering heaven, his defenses were broken, and his body followed, he was flung into the distance for hundreds of billions of miles, until he was able to smoothly rotate himself in the air and land on one knee with his destroyer plunged into the ground to arrest his backward motion.

The tentacles reaching for the Eye of Time were shattered into nothing, and the force continued on to slam against the two remaining realms of Doom Star above, and no matter how the World Steele fought against this power, it was useless as with a loud roar the last two realms of Doom Star shattered into pieces, triggering a reaction that made the explosion more massive, as two bright suns appeared in the skies, followed by an unfamiliar roar of distress and anger.

A sound that almost made Rowan flinch arose, and his eyes widened when he realized that the sound had emerged from the area around the Eye of Time, it was the sound of the earth breaking.

A long crack rippled out from the position of the Eye of Time, as the haze covering the Eye of Time disappeared, but its form that resembles a purple coffin was already gone, and in its place,

Time appeared.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1334 A single moment

The Primordial could only exist for a single moment.

Time opened his eyes and he saw everything, understood everything, and... hated everything. His body was being pressed under the endless weight of reality, the countless filthy mongrels desecrated his flesh with their touch, and if not for the disadvantages of alerting his siblings of his return, Time would have ended all of existence at this instant.

“My me... I .”

Time was not supposed to remain bound for so long, unlike what his brothers and sisters might have thought, he had a backup plan for even the worst scenario, and that backup plan was his forgotten eye that was born from Evil, and possessed enough distinct presence from Time that he was able to hide a single portion of his consciousness inside of it. Dormant.

If he was to remain hidden from the eyes of his siblings, none of his touch must remain in this Eye, and so he forfeited every touch of his Will on the Eye, trusting that when the moment came when it was in deep trouble, it would rid itself of its consciousness and free the last fragment of Time hidden inside it.

The Eye of Time became both his jailer and his savior, and Time had expected the Eye to have succumbed to death before the end of the Primordial Era due to the chaos of that period, instead, the Eye had survived through the cleansing of Reality and into another Era, the Supreme Era, it was even able to create Reflections, amazing beings in their own right that was able to carry part of the weight of its existence.

Time did not expect the Eye to fight for survival for so long, it was like a crazed beast that refused to give up, the Eye had been fighting to survive in a reality where any of the great powers would give anything to prey upon the fragment of a Primordial. The likelihood of its survival was so abysmal that Time understood that it was impossible, and the most likely explanation was that a Grand Working had interfered with the destiny of the Eye.

‘ ... P. My To R , Do H?’

Holding up Reality had great disadvantages, but all of that could be offset if his Will was aware, a potential that his siblings thought had been long snuffed out. Such an advantage would be quickly patched if it was seen through, but for now, Time could exploit it as long as he wanted.

Omniscience informed him that he needed to finish his task in the next moment or his traces would be caught and everything he had accomplished would be undone. Time took a step forward and appeared outside Reality and in the Nothingness, and with another step he reached the Aegis and he paused as he viewed its grand design, the source of their hope and madness.

He yearned to touch it, but with the fragment of his consciousness here, he would simply be assimilated by it. Even at the heights of his powers, Time would never think of touching the Aegis, and so it became the best place to safeguard something precious that needed to stay out of sight from his siblings.

Another eight more steps took him across the boundless Aegis to a small corner of it, and there he stopped and he called for his Map, his two hands outstretched.

He stayed in that position for a while, and then he placed his hands down with a slight chuckle, his plans had been seen through, and his Map was missing.

“ ?!”

His moment was about to end, and Time’s eyes flashed with great fury, but he did not fight the dissolution of his consciousness, he had planted enough seeds, and when it was time he would rise again.

A portion of his Omniscience brought about an intuition that made him glance back at the place he had just left, there was a slightly amusing mongrel here with a Singularity that was extremely odd, possessing a trait that was almost familiar... perhaps could it be? No, it was impossible, his Map could only be taken by a Primordial.

His moment ended and Time closed his eyes, his consciousness vanished.

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Rowan did not understand what was happening next, his senses were burned raw at the moment that extremely powerful entity appeared and vanished. It was only for the barest of moments but he had nearly perished.

Cold sweat ran down his spine as the emotion of fear that he had left behind pounced on his consciousness with such ferocity it almost crippled him. He knew in that instant that if that entity wanted him dead, then it did not matter how much he fought, it did not matter the breath of his talent, it did not matter if he reached the eighth-dimensional level and was a ate below a Primordial... if that entity wanted him dead, he will be dead.

There were no two ways about it, there was a reason despite how many powerful beings had existed across all existence Primordials remained on top, they were the greatest of existence. At this point, Rowan's body had been reduced to ash and he could barely heal, a force that he could not understand delaying his regeneration, his senses were scattered, and even if he was at his full mental capacity, he would not have noticed that one of the pages of the Primordial Record that was stuck together fluttered open for a brief moment before it closed, and on that page was an image of a map.

Unlike Rowan who had stayed close to the blast as the entity appeared and vanished, Gothra'Inul had been blown far away, toward the edge of the World Stele and then over it, and he had escaped death because of that reason.

Despite how far away he was from everything, he too had nearly died when it seemed like all the weight of existence had just appeared for a brief moment. He had been crushed to nothingness, but his Will still existed and so did he, and despite the fact that he had no single energy stores left in his body but his Essence, he still healed from his wounds, pushed himself over the edge and looked across the World Stele, and he shuddered at what he saw.

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Chapter 1335 Fatal Choices

On the distant horizon above, two flaming suns were falling to the earth trailing a reddish fog that was similar to blood, and its aura was incredibly menacing. The earth that the titan Gothra'Inul was standing on had not shattered but no single part of it was not filled with cracks, especially in the position where the Eye of Time had once resided.

There was a massive crater in that position, so wide that one could drop a million universes inside of it, and it would barely fill ten percent of the enormous gash. Knowing how incredibly tough the earth he was standing on was, something that would require him to go all out to damage a small section of it that would not even encompass a few miles, he could hardly imagine the sort of power that would create such a terrible wound in such a short time.

Just the shockwaves released in that tiny moment had caused such great havoc across this entire space, and the titan fully understood that if this force had been unleashed in reality outside, it would have destroyed everything, except for the Primordial Domains, everything else would be gone.

Unlike the Primordial Era where power had been evenly distributed across all of reality, the Supreme Era might have seemed weak at a glance, but the truth was that all that potential had been squeezed into specific places, like the Primordial Domain,

concentrating all of that power into a small area, and it was unknown the full ramifications of such a change.

From the words of Rowan, the titan Gothra'Inul fully understood that the land they were standing on was the body of a Singularity, but this was not strange to the titan, in the war that ended the Primordial Era, there had been multiple instances where Singularities were wielded on both side, and usually, the owners of the Singularities were the pivot that determined the direction of the battle, and as brightly as they shone, most of them never lived for long. A great example was Thenos here who was not even allowed to be born before he was slaughtered.

Among the many strange abilities that the titan had seen of a Singularity, creating such a powerful foundation that could seemingly carry multiple eternal realms on top of it while hiding from all of reality was not strange, but Gothra'Inul at this point did not know that this broken earth was not created by the Singularity, but it was the Singularity itself. However, as Gothra'Inul gaped at the expanse before him, something changed and a presence appeared, forcing the titan to his knees.

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After he was blown away by the shockwave, Gothra'Inul had sensed it the moment that the Eye of Time vanished with the connection that the Eye of Time had created within him.

Unknown to him while he was recovering from his death in the Primordial Era's war, the Eye of Time had been planting runes and esoteric pathways in his body so that he could become its host when it wanted to battle, and if it had not forcibly seized his body previously on Doom Star to attack Thenos and collect the Primordial Essence, Gothra'Inul would have never known that this body was no longer his own.

It was this connection that he had with the Eye of Time that made him realize the moment that the Eye vanished and the persona of his and every other higher dimensional immortal's nightmare took its place, but luckily, only for a short while, and then there was silence and a sense of freedom filled his consciousness as the Will of the Eye that was ever present at the boundaries of his consciousness were gone.

The titan should have treasured this moment of freedom for longer, because there was no time to celebrate his freedom before it returned, that weight that the Eye no longer bothered to disguise, but the flavor was different, it was almost as if the Eye of Time that had returned was an identical twin, similar in every manner, but intrinsically different.

Gothra'Inul blinked his multiple eyes as if trying to clear them of fog, he noticed in the distance that Rowan was rising out of a mountain of ashes, holding his terrible blade that seemed to have been unaffected by the blast from the Eye of Time, his crown shooting out beams of golden light that tore scars in reality, his mighty body releasing seemingly endless waves of power.

However, looking at the glorious and yet incredibly abominable form of Rowan rising from a mound of ash the size of a universe was a small shift in the titan's mindset, what held him spellbound was the Eye of Time.

Unlike before when the Eye had been a ragged fragment, filled with cracks and signs of wear and tear, with the madness that filled its every corner blaring out into reality like a torch, this new Eye arising from a swirl of purplish fog was... perfect. Free from the mental misery that was suffered by the previous Eye.

Its structure which resembled a crystalline purple cube glowed with a gentle hue that painted this entire reality a shade of purple, even the void above became filled with clouds of purple, and the presence of the Eye settled on all things.

It was the most beautiful thing that Gothra'Inul had ever seen, even a being whose essence was Pain, was floored by it. The beauty of a higher-dimensional being was expressed in many ways, but the most predominant form of expression was completeness.

A being like the Eye of Time possessed complete laws and its path was perfect, however, this perfection weakened it in the sense that it could no longer utilize imperfect forms of energy, and so its full capabilities were largely unutilized.

A Primordial disdained walking through reality because every form of energy or life in their vision was imperfect, nothing could be used, and so their perfection made them supreme, but it separated them from everything. The Eye had to endure being a complete creation in a broken reality.

This perfection was not all bad news for the Eye of Time because if it had not exerted itself in the past during the creation of its Reflections and all the other endeavors it endured just to preserve its life, then it would remain invincible and untouchable, it would simply float through existence until the end of everything.

Granted its influence on reality in its perfect form, especially in the higher dimension would be practically negligible, however, except a Primordial power sought to destroy the Eye, nothing in existence would be able to harm it.

Seeing the Eye of Time return in all its foul glory, the titan wondered how he could have ever forgotten that he was dealing with a fragment of a Primordial.

It was a testament to how horrifying the battle had been in these few moments that Gothra'Inul had overlooked the fact that if an eighth-dimensional immortal could not die unless the concept they embodied was destroyed, then why would he ever think that the Eye, a fragment of a ninth-dimensional entity could ever perish?

He did not understand everything that had happened or why the Eye had erupted a moment's back, but the reality facing all of them was that the Eye of Time had returned.

“Boom!”

Still on his knees, Gothra’Inul was unexpectedly dragged forward and he clutched his heart in pain. There was a sound like a heartbeat emanating from the Eye of Time, and it was dragging on the pathways engraved into his body.

“Boom!”

Like a puppet being controlled on a string, Gothra’Inul was shoved toward the eye as he screamed in anger and despair. He could not sense any form of purpose from the Eye, it seemed that it was simply spreading its senses and because of the pathways engraved in his body, he was being dragged into it.

The titan could have settled on sleeping inside the Eye of Time when it was dead and was recovering his strength, but now that he was alive, this would be a torture that he did not want to experience twice.

He turned around and rugged thousands of his hands into the cracks in the earth but it was to no avail, his body was being drawn towards the awakening Eye of Time.

A clear sound like the chime of a silver bell entered his consciousness and he looked to the side where Rowan stood looking at him with eyes that were incredibly cold and calculating, both of his hands grasping the great swords with chains rippling out from it like smoke, and he knew he had been presented with a choice.

Be eaten by the Eye of Time or be devoured by the blade of Rowan.

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

Chapter 1336 The Race To Awakening (1)

Rowan did not fully understand what was happening, and as he grew stronger, such occurrences were becoming fewer and fewer, however, what he comprehended was that the Eye of Time he knew was dead, the enemy that he had pursued for so long, sacrificed nearly a billion years of his life plus the priceless lives of many of his children, was simply gone, as if in a final act of defiance towards the manipulations of Rowan.

For his enemy to die by what he considered was suicide left a hollow feeling at his core that was rapidly being filled with rage.

“Coward... You were supposed to be the mountain that my waves broke against, again and again. Death came too easy for you.”

Another Eye had taken its place, and this one was dreaming, not awake, but like a newborn supreme god its influence was already sweeping past him, and Rowan pushed

his rage aside to comprehend this rare chance that should have only occurred in existence twice. Dedication a large part of his consciousness that had been growing all these while with hundreds of Consciousness Pillars being born in his dimension with every moment that was passing, and his dimensional soul continuously expanding with his elevation to the fifth dimension, Rowan's sheer processing power kept taking massive strides forward.

As he was deciphering the dreams of a sleeping Primordial Eye, he could also be deducing a bit about what occurred that led to the death of the previous Eye of Time, but he might be very wrong.

Rowan knew that he was too far from the levels of Primordials to know everything, but his position was special, and he saw more than most would realize. This incident made him understand the nature of Primordials more deeply than before, especially when it pertained to how difficult it was to understand them or even consider killing them.

Nonetheless, it was easy for him to understand that the death, and awakening of Time, was not a random occurrence, the resurrection of a new Eye of Time was proof that all of this was simply the grand design of Time.

The Eye of Time was a ticking time bomb. Perhaps it was the reason that other primordials had not destroyed it all these while, because if what had just happened was any indication, then it meant that anytime it was brought to the edge of death, it gave the Primordial, Time, the opportunity to appear for a brief moment, and then the cycle would restart once more.

Why did the Primordials not take out the Eye of Time from the board and instead let it roam about in reality knowing that it was a passage to unleash Time or was it possible that in a manner, Rowan had been manipulated to do the dirty work of an unknown Primordial?

Rowan was beginning to glimpse the delicate game that was being played between Primordials, he knew of Chaos and his power over Oblivion, and now he saw that Time had created a chance for himself to leapfrog across time and overcome the barriers of his banishment by creating an obvious trap that could be easily triggered by any foolish higher dimensional immortal.

Perhaps the reason that the Eye of Time could exist for so long without being killed to the extent that its mentality began to degrade was that some of the Primordials in their own way had protected the Eye, so it could only be taken to the edge of death and not over it, that is until Rowan came along and plotted for its downfall.

This was a rather humbling thought process for Rowan when he realized that he might just be in the center of a massive invisible game being played by Primordials on a vast scale, and he might just be a little piece of their gigantic and enigmatic puzzle.

There must be a reason that Primordials did not actively involve themselves in reality, alongside the fact that they blinded themselves to the future, there was an overall grand design that Rowan was not seeing yet, and this ignorance did not make him despair, instead, it was like fuel being poured into the blazing inferno of his soul.

Rowan cleared his thoughts. With every elevation of his powers, especially how he had rapidly jumped through two dimensions, the rush of all that ascent might cloud his vision for a while, but reality had a way of slapping sense into him. He still had a long way to go.

He had also not forgotten that while he was in the fifth dimension, his powers were still built on hollow foundations because all the conditions for his ascent had not been met if they had been, Rowan Wills would not be flagging behind his dimensional flesh, and he was still standing on one leg, without his Wills being pushed to the fifth dimension, he could not fully unleash all of his potential, and his instincts were screaming at him at he needed to complete his ascension at this moment!

What gave him a bit of a leeway however was that he knew what he needed to complete his fourth dimension and he already held it in his hands, that was right, Time was the fourth dimension, and in his battle with the Eye, he had ripped off several pieces of it and held it inside his dimension.

There could be no better foundation for him to complete the fourth dimension. He was not going to be interested in any dimension of a random immortal or even the Great Darkness of Chaos as he had once erroneously thought that he needed.

However, the brief display of power by the Primordial of Time had made him realize that before he integrated this power into his dimension, it would need to be tested, and at this moment a massive portion of his consciousness alongside Knowledge Well had been analyzing the pieces of the Eye he had collected all these while and they were nearing completion, the breath of life of the awakening Eye of Time also greatly aided him in this process, allowing him to glimpse the secrets of Time and therefore improve the understanding of his new Time bloodline more closely.

According to his plans, he had intended to seize more of the previous Eye, but now that it was gone, he simply had to focus on what was before him.

He could not win every battle and not everything would go according to his plans, his great enemy might have escaped his hands, but his battle was not over, and another prey was not far away, The Titan of Pain, Gothra'Inul.

Rowan could feel the influence from the Eye of Time towards the pieces of the Eye that he had swallowed inside his dimension, but what was surprising was that the force was not an attractive one, but instead it was repelling the pieces of the Eye inside of him, it was as if since a new Eye of Time exist, then any of its old parts could no longer exist in the same space with it, and Rowan believed that the only reason that this repelling force was not more violent was because his dimension exist in a space outside of reality.

This was a truth that Rowan did not understand the full ramifications of. If he had known how lucky he was when Time had arrived in reality, and because of his arrogance and disdain of everything under the ninth dimension, disregarded Rowan who he saw as simply a carrier of a Singularity and so it was expected that he would be powerful and possessed certain odd traits, but if Time had peered closer at him, he would have realized that Rowan was far more special than he gave him credit for because Rowan dimensional flesh did not fall under the influence of his Omniscience. Which for all intents and purposes, should be impossible!

With his Will of Truth passively broadcasting a warped view of Rowan's powers, he had essentially become one of the many ants in the broken reality that the Primordials disdained, and with Time focused on other ventures, Rowan's luck had pushed him through this disaster, but Rowan did not want to depend on his luck for everything, even if at this time, his luck had become something special after his bloodline combination and evolution. The cries of Gothra'Inul drew him from his introspection and Rowan's consciousness rippled when he sensed the remnants of the power of the previous Eye of Time inside the body of this titan and his eyes lit up because he had just seen the perfect test subject to verify if absorbing the remnants of the Eye in order to complete his Ascension to the fourth dimension was a viable approach.

Unlike him who was not attracted by the call of the newly birthed Eye of Time, Gothra'Inul was struggling to hold on as he was dragged towards it.

At the edge of the World Stele, Rowan frowned when he sensed the awakening of Thenos and realized that the two suns falling from the skies and trailing a line of foul blood behind were the holder of the World Stele.

The malevolent titan had survived the descent of Time and he was healing from his unborn state into something heretical.

Rowan would need to finish this part of the battle quickly and utilize Gothra'Inul because he needed all the aid he could get if he was to survive his battle with Thenos and the World Stele.

Chapter 1337 Bringing Out The Big Guns

Rowan had closely watched the interaction between the Eye of Time and the Titan of Pain, and he knew that they were not allies in any sense, their relationship was one of unwilling slave and a tyrannical master, and Rowan knew that the titan might have endured being a slave to the Eye of Time when he was unaware of what the Eye had done to him, but now, it would never willingly become a slave of this new Eye for all eternity.

Any higher-dimensional immortal was an extremely arrogant individual, it was impossible for them not to be because they had exceeded countless living beings to reach

their position, each of them was heroes of their stories, and they would rather break than bend. Gothra'Inul would be no different.

Knowing all of this Rowan brandishes his destroyer, sending forth the ripples of his intent towards the struggling titan, what he promises is not salvation, but a chance to fade in relative honor. Rowan did not news slaves, he abhorred the thought of doing something like that, and he did not revel in torture, for a titan like Gothra'Inul who fed off of pain, torture was not something that was a punishment to him, although Rowan knew of other methods to make the titan extremely uncomfortable if he wanted such a thing.

The fact of the matter was that Rowan was far too focused on his goals to distract himself with minor annoyances, and the titan knew that of him because Gothra'Inul was simply a hindrance on his path and not his enemy.

Gothra'Inul should understand that the offer Rowan was presenting was death or a state that was extremely close to it, but for this proud titan, would it not choose a noble fall rather than an endless lifetime of slavery to the Eye of Time? And if there was any chance for freedom in the future, it would be with Rowan, because the titan believed that no matter how extreme Rowan's potential was, he would never exceed a Primordial, and in the future, he would fall one way or another, holders of Singularities never last.

If Gothra'Inul was lucky perhaps the opportunity to rise would come from this imprisonment, his awakening at this time was in an extremely hostile environment, and he would rather that he restarted his journey. The titan could feel that the awakening of the Eye of Time had reached its zenith, and he finally made his decision.

The titan watched the waving chains in the blades, feeling the fatal attraction in the numerous pathways created inside his body by the previous Eye, and he allowed himself to be drawn to it, there was almost a sort of relief in his heart as his body was sucked into the blade.

There was pain in the process of being assimilated by the blade, but the pain was strange, it was almost as if it was happening to someone else and not to him. Odd, Gothra'Inul thought and then his mind went blank, and in the instant before it did, the titan sighed in relief, he would not have to endure eternity being aware of the passing of time, Rowan had spared him this torture.

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Rowan internally breathed a sigh of relief as the body of Gothra'Inul entered his destroyer since the titan did not struggle during the assimilation, the process was much quicker, and at the end before the destroyer completely devoured the titan, Rowan pulled off one of his arms and threw it into his dimension, Hollow Well seized that arm and broke it down to its barest essence and pulled out every pathway created by the Eye of Time inside of the arm, and Rowan began to decipher it.

His understanding of the Eye of Time and its relation to the dimension of Time were nearly finished opening itself to him, and this arm was the final piece of the puzzle he needed to run every simulation he would need to complete this process.

Inside his dimension, millions of soul crystals were being spent in duplicating the arm of Gothra'Inul and subjecting it under various experiments with the pieces of the Eye of Time, as Rowan's knowledge about the fourth dimension raced ahead on the wings of Eagles as he was using the best materials that one could ever need to understand the dimensions of time.

All of these actions happened just in time, and if he had failed to lure the titan any less quickly, then this experiment to finalize his approach to the fourth dimension would have been halted because the entire area surrounding the World Stele suddenly froze, alongside everyone here except Rowan, but he held himself still, pretending that this power affected him.

The Eye of Time had just woken up.

Rowan peered at this newly awakened Eye, and he unconsciously felt a chill in his spine, knowing how close he had nearly come to perishing.

If for any reason Time had seen him as a threat, he would be gone without any way to fight for his life, but he had already resolved that in this path he was taking, events like this were very likely to occur as he could no longer predict with any degree of certainty what sort of moves that his opponents had.

There was no assurance that at the end of this conflict, he would be the one to walk out on top.

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The newly awakened Eye of Time took the shape of a massive purple cube the size of a universe and in the center of the cube was a pale yellow iris that looked around in curiosity and arrogance. Without exerting itself and breaking the careful balance within its body, the Eye of Time knew that it was invincible and that invincibility made it fearless, but Rowan would call it careless.

Like a newly crowned emperor inspecting its domain, the Eye of Time swept its perception through everything here, it touched Rowan, deeply scrutinized him, and found this immortal lacking, the only thing of interest to it was the sword in his hand that made the Eye of Time feel uncomfortable as if anytime it looked at it, a blade was being shoved down its throat, and it did not help that the look in the eye of Rowan was not one of fear and worship as it should have rightly been, but of curiosity.

Its interest in Rowan growing, the Eye of Time was about to proclaim his glory and for the foolish lesser being to bow down and worship it as its rightly master, but then its

perception touched the rest of this space and Rowan was thrown out of its mind as it detected Primordial Essence!

“My moment is here!”

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Rowan had felt the gaze of the Eye of Time sweep through his body, detecting at first the note of disinterest and then it quickly switched to annoyance, and every portion of Rowan’s dimension braced for what was to come, as he expected mortal combat to break out in the next moment.

Like a newborn snake that was not aware of the power of its venom, the Eye of Time may explode with unexpected bursts of power that could threaten Rowan in ways that he could not expect, but it was surprising to Rowan that despite the threat of the Eye of Time to his plans and wellbeing, he was even more relaxed.

The previous Eye of Time had been malevolent, twisted by its nature, and even if this new Eye was destined to become the same thing in the future, at this moment, it was simply arrogant, and Rowan could deal with arrogance far better than he could deal with extreme viciousness.

The challenge would be how to stop the Eye of Time without killing it. He did not think he would survive such a thing a second time.

It was the reason he was a bit shocked when the Eye of Time ignored him and launched itself at the mass of malevolence that was Thenos.

“Foul creature!” it shrieked, “Release the Essence to your new master, your kind desecrate its purity by your presence.”

The World Stele that had been silent all this while, even through the destruction that had been wrought upon it by the descent of Time no longer held itself back and Rowan stumbled as the earth below him began to rearrange itself.

Rowan grinned, things were about to get interesting.

“Perhaps it is time I also bring out my big guns.”

Chapter 1338 Serve Or Perish

Chapter 1338 Serve Or Perish

Thenos was being reborn, previously this process was hidden by a vast cloud of darkness and only the two eyes of Thenos blazing like the sun could be seen, but with the movements of the Eye, his form was revealed.

Slowly descending from the sky was a massive womb, and from countless wounds that dotted the womb bled darkness and all the foulness that could be found in existence.

Thenos had been corrupted by the powers of darkness and his warped mind that were never given the chance to fully understand reality, and the World Stele was not a fool, it realized that if it resurrected Thenos as he was without attempting to cleanse the foulness inside of him, then the chaos that would arise from that decision was something that even the World Stele feared.

The massive formation it created was only to facilitate the resurrection of Thenos, but most importantly with the souls of the constantly tortured inhabitants of Doom Star, it aimed to cleanse Thenos of the taint in his body.

Although after countless eons the usefulness of the souls was nearly at an end, they had cleansed a lot of the darkness, but they had their limits, and Thenos was nearly a limitless being, but the World Stele was planning to burn every soul inside of Thenos in a massive fiery conflagration that would most likely drain the soul origin of these souls to a dangerous state, and most would be entirely destroyed by this act, however, it did not care, this fiery doom for the souls would cleanse Thenos of all the madness that was inhabiting his body, spirit, and soul.

By stealing the souls from the grasp of the World Stele, Rowan had no idea how much he had hampered the operation that it had put in place for so long. However, with the number of souls inside Thenos being ridiculously massive, Rowan had been unable to collect all of them in a single instant, leaving the World Stele enough souls to burn, so it could start the process of cleansing Thenos, but what should have happened almost instantaneously if it had access to all the souls became a prolonged affair.

The World Stele was not a being who would dwell in regret for long, it knew that it had severely underestimated Rowan, but it needed to focus on the threat at hand, and although everything might seem incredibly chaotic at the moment, it was still incredibly confident because of the strength of its host. The reason it had descended on Thenos even before he was born, was due to his matchless talent.

With his awakening, the World Stele could trigger some of those talents, and even if it was the least among them, it feared no one here.

Rowan understood at this moment that the Eye of Time going after the Primordial Essence was a mistake because while Time was here it did not go for the Essence and for whatever reason he did not do so, Rowan had no idea, he could only infer that using Primordial Essence was a surefire way to draw the attention of Primordials, and he believed that the reason that the World Stele was pursuing the Primordial Essence was that it had a way to utilize it without drawing the attention of Primordials, a trait he was sure that the newly awakened Eye might not possess.

Born a moment before, the Eye of Time was still incredibly naive, still thinking it was invincible, and that would be its downfall.

In the end, he could not let the Eye of Time acquire the Primordial Essence nor allow the World Stele to acquire it either. However, in a stunning turn of events, Rowan was now preparing to aid the Eye of Time, not because he was fearing for its life, Rowan now understood that it was impossible to kill the Eye, but because his instincts were screaming at him that the World Stele and Thenos were the most dangerous party here, and he would need to allow the Eye crack open some of their secrets so that he could prepare for it.

Rowan charged after the Eye of Time and above his left palm something was beginning to actualize.

It was a green metallic book.

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Rowan had already used one of the three books he created that could steal part of the powers of the World Stele, and after employing it he had acquired the power to collect the souls of the mortals and immortals that had existed on Doom Star after being carried here by the World Stele.

Even till this moment the flood of souls entering his dimension had not ended, and they were fueling his growth, but now he had reached a state where he was saving more of the Soul Crystals than using them, but he knew that soon he would have completed analyzing the fragments of Time inside of him, and then he could be completing his dimension, at that time, he wondered if the souls on Doom Star would be enough.

Rowan did not know that at this moment the World Stele had already begun burning the souls inside Thenos and his seemingly endless bounty of souls was about to be exhausted, however, he was lucky that the World Stele was a rather studious Singularity, and the wealth of souls it had acquired over many eons were truly stupendous in number and what had fallen into the hands of Rowan had aided him in one of the most crucial steps of his ascension.

Rowan had created three books, and he had used only one of them, it was time for the eighth book to be used.

The seventh book had been black, it signified the blackened souls of the damned that Rowan had found their redemption, and the eighth book that he summoned now was green.

Floating above his left palm, Rowan was about to flip open the book, when the consciousness of the World Stele descended on him like a flood.

“Your foolish game ends here Rowan, I have endured your interference in this matter for long enough!”

Rowan’s body froze, unable to make a single move, the power descending upon him was not equal to a fraction of what Time had exuded when he had arrived, but it should be at least five percent as palpable. Which was a ridiculous concept when he thought about it. He was inside the domain of the World Stele and so it was expected that its powers would be enhanced.

The green book was seized by a potent force and taken away from the hands of Rowan, as the World Stele crooned in satisfaction,

“You shall watch how everything plays into the path I have made. It should not have been this way Rowan, you would have made a capable General under Thenos, even now, I am willing to allow you to serve him, despite your iniquities.”

In the distance, the Eye of Time had nearly touched the womb of Thenos when the bright glowing eyes of that being that could be seen through the walls of the bleeding womb flashed, and the Eye of Time froze in the air before it began to fall.

“This is your last chance Rowan, serve Thenos, or perish!”

Chapter 1339 Every Journey Must End

Rowan could not make a single physical movement under the oppression of the World Stele, the force field that surrounded his body which was usually a few million miles from his skin was now pressed tight against him, and if not for the toughness of his flesh, his forcefield would have been pressed into his body. His sentient energy stores were pushing against the immense force on his body even without him doing anything, their tiny cries of equal rage and collective mirthfulness, as they encouraged each other to fight against the forces pressing Rowan were a bit amusing to him.

“Yi...yiii... Push, everyone put your back into it. I said your backs!”

This pressure could not affect the internal workings of his dimension, but that was almost of no help to Rowan because whatever he could bring out of his dimension would be affected by this force, and except for several unique powers he had inside of him, anything else would be crushed into pieces. It was extremely clear to him that unless he

gained successive bursts of power that was equal to his ascension from the third dimension to the fifth, he would not be able to fight against this power.

Despite all of this, what Rowan was concerned about was the situation involving the Eye of Time. How was Thenos able to bring down a fragment of a Primordial with a single look?

The angered shriek from the Eye of Time interrupted his thought processes,

“You... You... Bastards, how dare you touch me with your foul aura! Damned Singularity, release me at this moment and worship at my feet!”

Rowan did not know if he should laugh or cry, ‘My great enemy has now become an idiot.’

Nevertheless, he still breathed a sigh of relief. Rowan was able to place his mind at ease when he realized that for all the power that the Eye of Time possessed, it was mostly useless if its effect on reality, especially on higher dimensional immortals was almost next to useless unless it began to tap from its essence, but that would break the balance in its perfection, and the Eye would no longer be invincible.

In the position that the Eye found itself, it was better that it should be a force for influence and not direct offense, but he could understand that the allure of Primordial Essence had made the Eye disregard any notion of common sense and in-depth planning.

His actions of stealing Gothra’Inul from the Eye of Time had greatly weakened this new Eye. If it had access to the titan, then it would be able to use it as a shell and pull off impressive measures against Thenos, but now it could simply be regarded as a block of invincible metal that could only spout nonsense.

If any immortal here were lower than the fifth dimension, even the sixth, then the presence of the Eye of Time would be a terrifying boulder on their consciousness, its words would capture their senses and they would worship this terrifying being even as their souls slowly collapse under the weight of its presence.

It was a shame that the Eye had fallen into a field of battle where no one here was normal. It was not as if the Eye was not powerful, it was just that in the presence of holders of Singularities, its mystique became something lesser.

The pressure that dragged it down to the ground was coming from the World Stele, and the waves of darkness surrounding the Eye were from Thenos. Rowan could not recognize the darkness surrounding the Eye but he could glimpse traces of the force that rid Nemesis of all its energy in a single touch on that wave of darkness that was pressing against the Eye of Time.

What was amazing was that the power that surrounded the Eye of Time was countless times more potent than what had rid Nemesis, an eighth-dimensional creature of all its

energy in an instant, and the pressure that had instantly rid Rowan of any method of resistance could only hold down the Eye of Time, and it was essentially untouched.

From the womb, the glowing eyes of Thenos flash repeatedly and the darkness covering the Eye of Time increases, followed by its repeated shrieks of anger. Its body vibrated under the hold of the World Steele, any normal force no matter how potent was supposed to slide off the Eye leaving it untouched, but the World Steele as a Singularity was able to break the laws of reality to the extent that it could even hinder the invincibility of a Primordial. This detail, Rowan thought, was very interesting.

The World Steele was becoming impatient with Rowan's silence,

"Are you planning to stall? Your Fate has already been decided, you cannot escape from my hold, and in this space of my creation, nothing can save you."

Rowan's consciousness replied, he could not move his body, but nothing was stopping his consciousness from speaking,

"I would reply, but the spectacle over there is drawing my attention. Just, look at him..." he was referring to Thenos, whose eyes were flashing rapidly, and it was clear that there was already great anger filling the heart of this unborn titan from his inability to fully suppress the Eye of Time, something told Rowan that Thenos was not a being who recognized the meaning of failure, and every word he was going to speak was to mock that observation,

"...Like a retarded fool poking at the scales of a dragon, thinking it's made of clouds. He's so cute, but not in a good way, more like a demented pet, the kind that never stays silent and always scratches. Do you think I can pet him? Ah, tell me World Steele, without your assistance, how long can a creature like him survive?"

"Your attempts to sow discord are useless Rowan. In all of Existence, the law that guides it is power, and Thenos is power. What need is there for reason when you can crush everything?"

"I can't believe I am the one saying this, but power without wisdom would only lead to destruction. You have bet on the wrong horse in this race. Look the other way, allow me to break his growing neck, and I will show you the way to the future, and it is not by riding the coattails of a demented creature. You know deep inside your spirit, Thenos is insane, and he would never make a good master."

"You are not worthy to be my master. Your insistence on saying such things demeans your Singularity."

Rowan chuckled, "If I am to guess, the reason for your decision is power. Yet, I have all of that and more."

“Yes. You are young Rowan, and although your potential is great, and in the endless streams of existence, I doubt I will see your equal, but Thenos is greater!”

Looking at the Eye of Time that had been covered by a stream of darkness that was now so thick it was almost solid, the assault from Thenos was unrelenting, and it had reached such a manic level that the womb nurturing him was beginning to redden with great heat, and if his actions continued, he would destroy his nurturing chamber. Rowan sighed,

“From where I am looking, he is nothing but dumb. Are you sure you will not take my deal?”

“You disappoint me Rowan, I know you are stalling, I am waiting for your move, but if your entire plan was to convince me to give up on my host, then your road ends here, and your Record would have to wait for another Breaker to arise.”

Rowan went silent, before he said, “I was not stalling, I was simply saying goodbye.”

“Goodbye? To Whom?”

“Someone that did not want to die, so much that he gave himself the moniker of Undying. If I was to be given a choice, I would never choose this path, I want him to understand.”

A voice like the whispers of a serpent resounded through the expanse, “Father... Is it my time? Can I rest? I am tired.”

Rowan’s consciousness sounded sorrowful as he replied to the voice, “If only I was able, my child, you would have lived forever. I would have shown you that existence meant more than what you have lived in this place.”

“The road was long, but every journey must come to an end. This is mine, and I am grateful for it.”

Chapter 1340 Witness His Glory (1)

This interaction between Rowan and the unknown presence was not hidden from the World Stele, and it was never meant to be. Rowan had hidden this child for too long and at the end of everything, he would loathe it if his brilliance faded in the dark, even though Rowan would never forget him, he still wanted reality to witness his glory. The World Stele did not welcome this new presence and the entire space that it controlled rippled with its consciousness, its voice bubbled through reality carrying its fury,

“Who hides from my gaze?”

“I do not hide, I have been here all along, but you always forget my presence. I guess I did a very good job of infiltrating your cursed world...”

In the sky, above the womb of Thenos, a green comet appeared, trailing a long tail that seemed to stretch to infinity, its appearance appeared incredibly distant yet extremely close at the same time, it seemed to have always been in the sky but its presence had been ignored by everyone, but only when it wanted was it revealed to their senses.

“Whatever you are planning, Rowan, it is not going to work.”

“If that is the case,” Rowan laughed, “Then why do I hear fear in your voice? My children, are they not magnificent?”

A part of the sky had become colored green as the comet descended closer, shocking all of existence, even Thenos stopped his endless barrage of attacks and focused on this descending piece of heaven. Then this foul unborn titan made a weird cry, almost sounding like laughter but that was the closest descriptor that Rowan could give it, and he began to struggle out of his womb.

Rowan felt a wave of power erupt from the World Stele, crossing space and it slammed into the comet, with a terrible crash, it exploded like a supernova, revealing there was someone in the center of it, Berrion, The Undying, whose roar of challenge and defiance echoed across eternity.

The explosion of the comet had injured him, leaving large wounds in his body that revealed bones, but his seven fluffy green fox tails behind him were spotless, they waved behind him like a mystical cloud and as if they boosted his speed, he was launched downwards quicker than a thought.

That explosion had cracked the bone mask that was worn across his face, revealing his brutish visage filled with scars that pulsed with darkness and fire, the large black fangs that filled his mouth, glinted in the fading green glow of the sky, yet underneath the twisted and rage-filled face of the undying, one could see a piercing resemblance to Rowan.

He zipped across the sky, bouncing from one position to the next in a quick and jerky manner that seemed chaotic but every move was bringing him closer to the ground.

His movements may come across as erratic but that was only on the surface, what was happening was that he was avoiding the grasp of the World Stele who was sending countless waves of power to intercept him, but his foxtails made his movements both illusory and strange as he tore through several layers of set up by the World Stele. Like a hand attempting to catch a fly, the Undying swerved and dodged the grasp of the World Stele with an effortless grace that was both stunning and dreadful.

The World Stele vibrated, its fury reaching a new height, something about this creature that was descending was filling its spirit with panic and anger because it was an unknown. The struggles from Thenos entered its perception, and its resolve firmed, nothing could ruin this moment, not even a Primordial.

Rowan's body suddenly became a size smaller as the wave of sealing power that erupted out of the World Steele exploded, even the struggles of the Eye of Time ceased.

This power was ten times greater than what the World Steele had used to bind Rowan and the Eye of Time to the ground, it changed the color of reality, turning it gray like old stone, and all of that power was directed at one target... and it failed to him.

Berrion The Undying, tore his way through the gray force, his long black claws that were curved like a raptor seemed to cut through this strange sealing force of the World Steele, and despite the all-pervasive nature of this power that should have bound his entire body in place, his tails seemed to a source of endless momentum, pushing him ever closer to the ground, and as he fought through the sky, he began to laugh, his voice carrying a sense of freedom, madness and deep heartsickness,

"They say pain fades with time, but not for me. Endless years I have endured the flames inside the heart of your madness. This realm has burned me, and now I shall repay the favor, a thousand times over."

"You shall do nothing, but fall!"

The crash that happened next was so powerful, that even Rowan was deafened by it. The World Steele despite its belittling of Rowan had long come to understand that he was an extremely dangerous opponent and he was not someone you could allow time to finish his plans.

Every advantage that one had over him must be acted upon with great discretion or failure would be the only option since Rowan seemed to have the uncanny ability to drag order out of chaos.

Not wishing to find out the surprise that Rowan had in store for it, the World Steele had simply sacrificed a small part of itself, and the terrible crash of before was a result of it destroying that part as fuel to multiply its dealing force.

Like Primordials, Singularities could not use any minor energy to fuel their powers, but they did not use Primordial Essence, instead they were fueled by Destiny. Not just any Destiny, that Destiny must be from a Breaker!

Across existence, that word meant many things to different people, but only a few knew that in all of existence, the real meaning of Breakers was those special few whose destinies could hold a Singularity.

Without a hale host who could have provided the World Steele with energy after the endless eons, even this powerful Singularity was running dry of its essence, and this led to it bursting out with everything it had to ensure that everything followed its plans.

This power slammed against Berrion with a force that could change creation, and he began to slow. The Undying burst out with all of its potential, revealing that he was an eighth-dimensional being and one whose powers seemed to perfectly counter those of the World Stele, but the Singularity had seemingly gone insane and was willing to sacrifice half of its life if it would ensure that its enemy fell.

Frightening shock waves erupted from around Berrion's body as the strain of fighting against a crazed Singularity broke even his extreme strength and one of his foxtails exploded, granting him a passage through the sealing force, but not for long, the power against him was unending, and so he continued destroying his fox tails, pushing himself closer to the ground and leaving a trail of gore behind that stretched for millions of miles.

"I burn, but soon, so shall you."

Chapter 1341 Witness His Glory (2)

The World Stele could not stop the Undying, true to his name he endured far past what even a perfect eye of a Primordial could not. Despite his grievous injuries that while under the sealing power of the World Stele could not heal, he refused to stop moving, his Will was an unquenchable flame, and it did not matter the barriers that were placed in front of him, he would never stop moving forward.

Every part of his body was a weapon as he drilled through space, his Will and bloodline creating phantom flashes of green light that were both enrapturing and incredibly intense. He broke past barrier after barrier, pushing through a reality that had become entirely fully sealed, and in the perception of the World Stele, there was a faint sense of panic, everything of this being here was an affront to its will. "You cannot stop me, for I am your end."

The green glow emanating from the body of the Undying was so bright he was almost like a star, yet it could not hide the grievous price that he was paying so that he could be able to move even a single inch in this reality where everything should stay still.

With a world that seemed to have become frozen and only the Undying could move through it, that insane chuckling sound emerged from Thenos once more, the struggles of the unborn titan had torn a large gash in his womb, and peering through it was a single feverish yellow eye with bright golden iris that were speckled with numerous dots of black substance that resembled ink.

The eye glowed bright, yet its light was diseased. It was wrong in a manner that was not easy enough to understand, it was as if the light from his eye was imitating light, but a flaw in the way Thenos perceived the world made what it thought to be light to become something else.

The emotion from Thenos was easily read, maybe because he was young, or he did not care to hide what was happening in his mind, but everything about him was cruel, and it was a cruelty that reveled in its nature.

Trying and failing repeatedly to hurt the Eye of Time had placed him in a destructive mood, and watching the broken body of Berrion hurtle down from the skies, trailing blood and gore across half the horizon, ignited a feverish passion inside Thenos, it wanted to hurt this new plaything that had drawn his attention.

Inside the mind of Thenos were the wails of quadrillions of souls being burned to their Soul's Origin shattered, and as much as he loved the sound, he would prefer nothing but silence, and if he could not have silence, then the world outside should echo what he was experiencing inside, maybe only then would he have a measure of comfort, so that he could sort his mind.

His eye flashed and because at this precise moment, Rowan was looking closely at Thenos, and there was no longer any barrier by the womb blocking his sight, so he could glimpse the unique mechanism by which Thenos unleashed his powers. It was not unleashed with Aether, Essence, or any other form of energy that Rowan knew, it was almost like an innate trait of Thenos's body and the only close instance that Rowan could find was his innate force field and telekinetic abilities that were not fueled by any energy stores in his body, but simply existed as part of him.

The moment before the eye of Thenos flashed, what took place was strange and gruesome, gone in a blink, but Rowan captured every process.

Tens of billions of hands all with wicked sharp claws burst out of Thenos's Iris accompanied by a flood of black blood. These hands had a closed eye at the center of their palm, and those eyes also opened revealing various bloodcurdling and apocalyptic scenes. It was as if those eyes were doorways to countless realities, but all of those realities were terrifying.

In one scene was a grand festival where a tribe sat around massive bonfires and consumed the bodies of their enemies of war, beginning with their children, it was a cruel psychological method of warfare that displayed to the losing tribes that their future was being consumed in front of their eyes and then the females and finally the males were all eaten.

In another was a scene of a massive demonic presence cutting through millions of miles of a continent that had been at peace a moment before, all of this slaughter was done in less than an hour, and by the time the sun rose in the sky, the entire ocean surrounding that continent had turned red.

A plague of flesh-eating parasites ravaging entire worlds...

Shapeshifting creatures of darkness slowly butchered every single being in a world across the span of many millennia, driving the population mad with suspicion and hysteria. These were among the most typical of horrors that could be seen in these eyes, and many were much worse, Rowan's senses encapsulated all of them, realizing that what he was looking at was the scenes of every life that had transpired inside of Doom Star across the many minor Eras that the World Stele had used to cleanse Thenos of his taint.

Even in death, the souls of the damned had always been returning to Thenos, and their despair and madness had infected his already sick body, warping his mind far past its already twisted state, and with his memories and soul growing once more inside of him after being freed from the Great Desert, that infection seeing new grounds had spread through all of him.

However, Rowan discovered that every time the eyes of Thenos flashed, what he was doing was essentially purging his body of the influence of those damned souls, alongside his weird aura that was used to banish all energy inside the bodies of those that were touched.

This titan was not simple, and he was instinctively fighting back against the corruption, which was frankly... shocking. With everything that Thenos had become, Rowan found it alarming that he still had great measures of intelligence or at least, caution.

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The target Thenos went after was the Undying, and as he was struggling to push through the barriers of the World Stele, Berrion detected the waves of malice driving towards him, and he attempted to avoid it, breaking out with so much power and potential that he lost his left arm due to it exploding into pieces under the heavy strain of power that Berrion was forced to circulate through his body.

However, the technique that Thenos unleashed had an uncanny ability to drive after its target, and the Undying could no more avoid it than a mortal could avoid the light of the sun touching their skin under an open field.

With a dull whooshing sound the Undying was covered under a miasmic black cloud filled with the wails of a trillion tortured souls and his progress slammed to a halt as every energy in his body vanished. No, not vanished, taken!

Rowan was closely watching all the interchanges happening, and so he was able to see that the energy stolen from the Undying was funneled into the eye of Thenos, where those hands eagerly consumed it before sinking back into the eye, and all of this happened so quickly that for most observers, all they would ever see was the eye of Thenos simply flashing and the powers of his target were lost.

There was a sound of chewing from Thenos and the weird giggling sound became louder. The charge of the Undying without his energy backing him up, was stopped and he hung

his head in defeat, he was still millions of miles from the ground and if he had not been blocked he would have crossed this space in less than a second, but time could not be reversed and his mistakes had cost him everything. Then something occurred to Berrion, he had watched the battle between Rowan and the powers inside Doom Star and he had seen him reverse time, perhaps... It was clear that he was not the only one who was aware that although everything was going against the plans of Rowan, with his Time Bloodline, could he not simply reverse all that had transpired?

As if in response to that thought, Rowan's eyes began to flash, a faint glimmer of light that had a vague shape of an hourglass appearing in the depths of his eyes.

Chapter 1342 Witness his glory (3)

The power of his Will of Time began to bubble out of Rowan's consciousness as his eyes glowed brighter, and when it seemed as if the process had reached the cusp of activation, the power that sealed him in place blocked any expression of his Will outside his body, and a sort of amused sensation from the World Stele touched his consciousness,

"You have watched me like the serpent that you are, but I have watched you like a hunter. I have been waiting for you to make this move. Tell me, Rowan, for someone as wise as you, why do you think I have let you live for so long, knowing how dangerous you are to everything that lives and breathes? Everything you have touched you have brought to ruin, and yet I still brought you into my bosom."

Rowan's eyes flashed repeatedly as if he was trying to break through the barriers holding back his Will and then he chuckled darkly, there was no mirth in that laughter, only a sort of acceptance and intense stubbornness,

"You were giving me a long rope." Rowan said, "To hang myself with it."

"It is a good thing that you do not lack awareness. You are not the first genius I have dealt with or the billionth. You are not the first Breaker, and you will not be the last, that have forged the foundations of where you stand today. You were not weak, your enemies were simply too strong. Your death would not be in vain. This is something I can promise you."

The chewing and slurping sound from Thenos was gradually subsiding and Rowan's consciousness rippled outward, as he observed the bleeding womb,

"I think I am now beginning to understand what makes Thenos special. He eats everything."

"Ah, but that is only scratching the surface of his talent. He does not eat, he assimilates... everything, without wasting a single bit of it. In time he would become everything. Why did you think he had to be hunted down and killed before he was allowed to be born?"

Thenos was destined to be the eighth Primordial. Of all Breakers that had come before, none can equal his gift.”

Rowan whispered to himself, “Hmm, this is interesting. Yet are you not afraid that there might be something that would choke him?”

If what the World Steele was saying was correct then Thenos talent made him a severe threat, from the moment that he entered this realm after leaving the Great Desert, he had only made three moves, the first was against Nemesis and he had drained that being of its entire energy stores, the second was against the Eye of Time, but at this moment the Eye was invincible, and the third was against the Undying, stopping him from performing what we actions he was going to do.

Stealing energy should be the first step, if Rowan followed the logical progression of that obvious link, then if Thenos uses his eyes a second time then what he would be collecting is Essence, the third time would be bloodline, the fourth would be talent, the fifth would be memories, the sixth would be the Will, and the seventh would be the Soul.

Put in simple terms, Thenos was the perfect Chimaera, he could even be regarded as the first of its kind to ever exist.

All of this was rather easy for him to infer from observing the way that Thenos eyes had operated and the words of the World Steele, and now he truly understood the reason why the Singularity was looking away when Rowan made great changes to its plan because it had already determined that no matter what Rowan did, he was simply fattening himself for Thenos.

“I see that you have finally understood the gap that exists between you and him. If he consumes you and your servants, he becomes all that you are. If he leaves this realm that has imprisoned him for so long, returns to all the broken Eternal Realms, and consumes all the talents of the children of Primordials and the hidden Breakers, then he would be unstoppable. His destiny shall burn brighter than even the first flames!”

The sound of chewing stopped, Thenos it seemed had finished consuming the energy of the Undying, and his struggles to tear out of his womb increased. Still bleeding oceans of black blood, the womb could not withstand the power of Thenos and it was finally being ripped apart.

Rowan’s consciousness began to strain outward, as the only medium he was allowed to use by the World Steele, it was traveling like a snail toward the Undying who was hanging in the air... defeated.

The womb finally tore open, and reality seemed to go mad as something fell from it. Rowan glanced at Thenos before looking away and straining to reach the Undying.

Thenos was curled in a fetal position on the ground, still taking the form of a baby, his skin was corpse white, and filled with numerous black veins that pulsed with power and corruption, a constant wave of darkness was being purged from his body, and the energy of Nemesis and the Undying had gone a long way to help him.

His right hand clenched and unclenched, almost as if he was testing his body, which was not far from the truth.

Thenos from every angle appeared to be a normal humanoid baby, chubby, with all the ungainly body proportions of an infant, with the very small addition that he was an infant whose size was bigger than a universe, however, everything flew out of the window of normality when it came to his head.

Like everything it did not understand about reality, Thenos never knew what he looked like, since his head was taken away, his body remained so he could easily fit into his body, but his head was gone, and now in his attempt to regrow his head, there was no order, simply chaos.

Instead of smooth white skin and a child's face, Thenos's head was a massive pulsating tumor, it was like looking at a ball of naked and bloody muscles, that expanded and retracted, and from the micro tremors rippling across the surface of the tumor, it was as if Thenos was in constant pain.

From the pulsating tumor that was his head, massive rips began to arise, bleeding foul blood as hundreds of eyes emerged from it, and Thenos began to struggle to stand on his feet, and once more he had begun to laugh. Rowan's consciousness finally reached the Undying and a single strand of Berrion's hair shook when he touched him, bringing him out of his pit of despair, "Father, I have failed you."

Rowan was silent for a while, before he replied, "No, you have not."

The eyes of the Undying opened wide, and a hint of understanding seemed to rise within him when his green eyes that had been filled with life went dull and something broke out of his forehead with so much force that the top half of the Undying exploded.

What killed the Undying zipped across reality, tearing through the barriers bounding everything and slammed into Rowan's forehead with so much force that his body, despite being under the hold of the World Stele was bent backward.

Golden blood began to pour out of Rowan's forehead like a waterfall, but he was uncaring of that, instead, he began to laugh, it started small, but it soon grew into a peal of full-blown manic laughter, and for a while, it was impossible to tell the difference between the laughter of Thenos and those of Rowan.

Rowan easily brought his left hand up to his head, the barriers that the World Steele was constantly maintaining over him were no longer holding him. Digging his fingers into his head he pulled out... a spear.

At this time, the spear was like a toothpick, but as he straightened, it expanded until it was as large as his Destroyer. Twisting the spear, he slammed the point into the ground, making the entire body of the World Steele quiver in pain as massive cracks radiated from his position.

Cracking his neck, Rowan groaned in pleasure as he was finally free of the oppressive restraints, and he addressed the World Steele,

“After all this time you do not understand me at all. Do you think I will show you all my cards? I made nine books, true, and I showed you those books, also true, but I never said that every book I made was in the shape of one.”

Chapter 1343 Witness His Glory (4)

No matter the reality that he found himself in, Rowan had come to acknowledge one important fact; Knowledge was power, however, the application of that knowledge was even more important.

Like the ancient Greek philosopher Archimedes in his old life who said: Give me a lever long enough, and a fulcrum on which to place it, and I shall move the world.

In that previous reality, this was a fanciful hypothesis, but not here.

Rowan had entered Doom Star at his weakest, yet he had displayed a great show of strength, and it was not just to influence the thought processes of the Eye of Time, but it was also against the World Steele, because he knew that he did not just have one great enemy, but three!

All three were entities that could equal powers that were at the eighth dimension at the least, while he was simply a third-dimensional being, although he had stopped using his levels to ascertain his strength, it was still very relevant. Rowan's knowledge was very important, but without a proper way to apply it, he would not be able to compete at this level.

The Eye of Time, Nemesis, and the World Steele were the three great mountains in his path that he could not simply bulldoze over, he had to play with these three powerful dimensional beings in a manner that none would understand what was truly happening, because they could stop him quite easily if they understood what he was doing.

His plans had been going relatively straightforward, but that was because he had spent countless years refining it, transforming the complex into simple and yet retaining all the effectiveness that was needed for him to succeed.

Every single word, every single move, they had to have a purpose, and yet he had to maintain a picture of chaos in this entire affair so that no one here would realize that they were following the scripts that he had written.

The greatest challenge he would face would be deceiving the World Stele because he would have to reveal some of his cards in order to mislead the Singularity.

He exiled himself outside of time in the Nothingness for so long and tampered with forces that he should have no reason to play with, all to present the right balance towards the World Stele.

Rowan might be young, but he had lived a life where despite his great powers, it was easy for him to lose everything.

From the first time he had opened his eyes inside the Nexus in Trion and knew that he was an ant with someone watching over him who could see his every action and could toy with his fate at their leisure, Rowan's consciousness became ingrained with a firm understanding that he must always hide his intentions, and mislead those that were stronger than him, wherever it was possible.

This was the reason he was not a memory back on Trion, he played the part of a naive prince long enough to grow his fangs, and when he had enough advantages, he attacked. His methods may have grown more refined over the years, but Rowan had never changed his fundamental nature of pursuing conflict.

Theatricalities and deception.

To achieve something like this, Rowan had to go through great pains, disregarding benefits and sacrificing a lot of personal relationships to ensure everything he did, especially when it was against enemies more powerful than him could not be easily seen through. ®

Keeping his cards close to the chest was extremely important, especially when dealing with a nearly omniscient being like the Singularity, and in any other situation, Rowan would be unable to hide his intentions clearly, but for his single advantage, the unknown status of his dimensional flesh.

The Primordial Record was a Singularity that could be regarded as omnipotent in the fields of bloodline, able to achieve and facilitate miracles that were considered all but impossible, but even this powerful tool could not understand the full nature of his dimensional flesh, even when it was fused with it.

With his understanding of the reach of a Singularity, he knew that he finally had the one thing that no one else, in reality, could contest with him, and he needed to take all the advantages he could while it was still possible.

Although the brief appearance of who he strongly suspected to be Time was extremely troubling, it had further cemented the unknown nature of his dimensional flesh as his greatest advantage.

Rowan did not know how long having his dimensional flesh would help against his enemies before they began finding ways to counter it, but that would never be a problem for him if he could maximize every advantage it gave him while minimizing their understanding of his powers in every way possible.

It was the greatest reason why he always pursued subterfuge, in order to disguise the limits of his powers.

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When Rowan had sent his Reflections to the World Stele so that they could be anchored to Doom Star and create a channel to the Sirens in order to draw out the Primordial Essence that they contained, in the perception of the World Stele all of the eight Reflections he had sent over appeared almost instantaneously, and whatever gap in time frame was negligible to it, besides to the World Stele it would not matter because even at this moment it was already wary of Rowan's talent, and it had taken great measures to protect its plans but obviously it was not enough.

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Doom Star was an eighth-dimensional realm, and so its structure was incredibly stable, including its past, making it practically impossible for it to be altered without paying a significant price, a price that anyone else would consider impossible, and except for a Primordial who was willing to spend their Primordial Essence to alter the past of a dimension, no one else could return to the past and make extreme changes.

In the lower realms, higher dimensional immortals could reverse time and make changes, but even that had a limit, as even eighth-dimensional immortals would find it hard to reach millions of years into the past of a lower dimensional realm and make meaningful changes, of course, if they wanted they could view what had happened billions of years in the past, but changing it was a completely different concept.

Singularities on the other hand saw rules such as these as non-existent or extremely malleable.

With the Primordial Record, Rowan could house multiple Primordial-level bloodlines in one body, and the World Stele was able to easily access the past of its host and make sweeping changes. Of course, such changes also had limits and specific rules that needed

to be followed, in the case of Rowan, he could not simply have all the Primordial Bloodlines in existence if he wanted to have them, he must have a sort of connection with those bloodlines for the Primordial Record to be able to create a link between him and those powerful bloodlines.

There were certain limitations to the power of the World Stele and how much of the past it was able to manipulate, but the fact that it could do so much without paying much of a price was still astonishing, and Rowan a foreign entity, had also been brought back into the past of the realm with relative ease.

However, every single excursion of the Reflections to Rowan was not just a journey to the past of Doom Star, but they were a journey to the future as well, and if the first six Reflections could not take advantage of this process, the last three were able to.

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Rowan understood that the World Stele would never honor their bargain and neither would he, and it was a non-spoken truth that both acknowledged. The loser would simply be the one who did not play the cards that they had in the right manner, and so when his Reflections were taken to the past by the Word Stele, the first six Reflections had been his scout, and the last three were the primary executors of his will.

Although Rowan's Reflections had arrived at different times, the World Stele had waited until all eighth Reflections were in hand before it had instantly spread them across time, placing the sixth, seventh, and eighth Reflection in a single timeline in order to reduce whatever influence Rowan would gain.

What it could not understand was that taking the first six Reflections into the past was different from taking the last two, because Rowan's dimensional flesh could cross the threshold of space and time because intrinsically they were not made from flesh but of Space. That meant it could stretch far past the fabrics of space-time when a stable tunnel into the past was presented to it.

So while the seventh should have been sent to Doom Star four hundred million years ago, it had instead followed the path of the first Reflection and entered Doom Star one billion years ago, and for the eighth Reflection, Rowan had gone crazy, he had gone much farther, as far as his dimensional flesh could hold, so far back that when it arrived, there was no life on Doom Star!

Chapter 1344 Witness His Glory (5)

Rowan had not gathered information about the past of Doom Star solely from the souls of the dead alone. He knew that the World Stele might be aware of his talent for soul-devouring; it had seen him manipulate events with the Primordial Keepers in order to implicate the Eye of Time. Rowan had exposed all of this important information

deliberately, and his reason for doing so was to avoid revealing the fact that he had already been on Doom Star before the World Stele had returned to the realm.

If Rowan could only read the memories of the souls that were in this realm, then he would be stuck with only what they knew and what the World Stele would choose to tell him. As Rowan clearly understood, history was deceptive enough in its retelling, and adding the interests of another party would skew the narrative in their favor ten times out of ten.

He needed the full truth about Doom Star, and the only way to learn it was to see it with his own eyes.

After Thenos was killed and the World Stele was banished outside of Reality, there was a massive period of time when nothing living existed in this realm. What remained here was the body of Thenos, which was rapidly being infiltrated by darkness—at least, this was what the World Stele had told him. It turned out that this was the truth, but it was not all of it. The World Stele had left out part of the story.

Even Rowan was unaware that his Reflection could travel so far into the past that it almost overwhelmed the connection he had with the Reflection, leaving only a tiny thread. However, one attribute that he had placed in all his Reflections was independence, because he believed that, in the end, they would always seek the betterment of the main body, since fundamentally they were all extensions of his will.

This Reflection found himself in a world of darkness and ruin. It was a scene of endless devastation that extended far beyond the horizon, the ruin of a battlefield that could hold a million universes.

Thenos might not have been born yet, but the Sirens, his mothers, were powerful, and they had crushed the numerous armies sent toward them.

It was in these fields of battle that Rowan roamed. As he headed toward the center, there was something on the horizon that hung in the air like a black sun, but it was too far away for him to see it clearly. In his journey through the battlefield, he came across countless armies of Primordials, butchered and left in ruin.

At this time, the Sirens could not perfectly control the powers of the World Stele, but it was enough to flatten any opposition—literally.

This long-forgotten battlefield told a story.

One of the powers of the World Stele seemed to be the force of sealing. It could seal everything: life, death, souls, even Wills. From the traces of the battle, the Reflection could almost see vast armies of angels and hordes of demons, as well as other exotic creatures. There were armies made from metal, more machine than flesh, and so many countless variants that surpassed anything else he had ever witnessed. Every force of the Primordials had been sent to this world, and they all fell.

Among their number were extremely powerful figures, some of them even reaching the eighth dimension. Yet, with a wave of the hand of the Sirens, a powerful force arose from both the heavens and the earth, and these vast armies were crushed. The shockwaves of this devastating move spread out through reality, rippling across the Primordial expanse until it called forth the attention of the Primordials themselves.

The Reflection not only found traces of the armies of Primordials but also of other parties as well.

The slaughter of the armies of Primordials drew allies to the emerging Eternal Realm of Thenos. As it was with holders of Singularities, they were the pivot on which the confrontation rested. They believed that Thenos was going to be their savior, and they flocked to his banner, willing to give everything to buy the chance for this titan to be born.

Of course, they all failed. Their corpses, stacked higher than the greatest mountains, were a testament to this.

The Reflection traveled for countless miles, noticing that the remnants he came across were becoming more powerful. The breath of some of the remnants here, even after they had been dead for countless years, could severely injure him. However, despite how careful he was, he was still injured as he crossed Doom Star, and those injuries left marks that were extremely difficult to heal.

Making his way slowly through the battlefield, this Reflection spent millions of years traversing through it until he reached the center and found the remnants of the final war.

In the future, when the World Stele had found Thenos, it had seen the body of the Sirens splayed on the ground, her stomach cut open, and the remains of the infant in the womb peeking through. But the truth was that the state of the body of the Sirens was much worse.

The Reflection had found her massive corpse, and it had been crucified on a spear that had rooted itself in the sky. Thenos's body was not inside the womb; instead, it was on the ground with his placenta cord trailing from the open stomach of the Sirens. From the position his body was lying in, it seemed that the child had been trying to escape after the Sirens had been beheaded and their stomach slashed open, but he did not go far before he was beheaded. It was most likely that he did not even have the chance to cry out.

Frozen at this sight, the Reflection could hardly take his eyes away from this dead titan. Everything about it was extremely surreal, and even with the breadth of Rowan's experience, it was still an awe-inspiring sight to see something so great and yet so horrifying.

He realized it was the size of everything. The Reflection had never felt so small.

This sight shook him to the extent that it took a while before he noticed a presence pressing against his mind with cruel intensity. When he did, it seemed to have acknowledged its existence, and the Reflection's head exploded, followed by his body. Even those body parts soon collapsed into ash.

It was unknown how long it took for the Reflection to rise again, but the powers of Rowan's dimensional flesh, although diluted, were still able to drag it from the realm of death until he arose once more from his ashes.

What nearly killed him, he realized, was the spear. It was alive in a manner that was hard to pin down, and Rowan, who had seen many weapons and was on the way to forging greater ones, knew that this weapon was one fit for a Primordial.

He had died when he allowed his mind to collect every trace of information carried by the weapon, but he did not regret it, because he was able to learn how Doom Star came to an end.

Chapter 1345 Witness His Glory (6)

The past was like a mirror into the future, and those who did not learn from the mistakes of their past were undoubtedly bound to repeat them.

The reality around the Reflection appeared to twist and shiver, and he was able to catch a glimpse of the ultimate battle that led to the fall of Thenos, and it was not difficult for him to piece together what had happened at the end. Although this brought more questions than answers, it was something that he knew would be incredibly valuable to his main body in the journey ahead.

The battles ongoing in this Eternal Realm were incredibly cruel and amazingly one-sided, this was usually not the normal flow of events in these times, the Primordials were on the rise and their forces were becoming increasingly more powerful and versatile.

Nonetheless in this battle, a massive amount of Primordial forces being slaughtered at the hands of the Sirens naturally drew the attention of the Primordials, but the Sirens were not seen as a grave threat, not against some of the powers the Primordials were still getting outside and inside of existence, and so despite how powerful the momentum that the Sirens were building up, they did not take them seriously, however, what would happen next would prove that this decision was a costly mistake.

Instead of settling this matter by themselves once and for all, the Primordials sent one of their Generals, a Demon Lord to stamp out this flame of defiance building inside this Eternal Realm, and the name of this Demon Lord was Tenebris. Pulled from the battles at the frontlines Tenebris was supposed to eradicate the growing nuisance, but something else took place.

Accompanied by a horde of demons, with Numerous, Demon Princes and Kings, Tenebris entered Doom Star and was to clash against the Sirens, in his hands was a spear personally forged by the Primordial Demon himself. A Demon Lord was barely worthy to wield such a weapon but to eradicate the Sirens, he was granted it. Instead of killing the Sirens, the Demon Lord made a strange proposal.

Tenebris gave the Sirens a chance to submit to their fate, they were to kill themselves and all their followers, and if they did, they would be allowed to be reincarnated in time, their Soul Origin kept safe because the power of a Primordial Weapon was such that even the Soul Origin of eighth-dimensional immortals would be crushed to pieces. This was a fate that was rarely given, especially for troublemakers at the level of the Sirens, who were a genuine threat to the realms of the Primordials.

This was an uncalled-for mercy, especially from a Demon Lord, and it was unknown why he had made such a statement, but in the end, it did not matter. Whether it was because of their endless wins, the cheering allies behind them, or the power of the Singularity that they grasped, they refused the grace of the Demon Lord and they attacked, and Tenebris grudgingly engaged them in battle.

By all right, Tenebris should have been the one to win this battle, the Sirens were powerful, yes, and controlling the power of a Singularity, even in a limited manner was a game-changer, in addition to this, no matter their injuries, or the energy that they spent in battle, there was always a surge of power emerging from their engorged stomach that seemed inexhaustible.

However, Tenebris was a Demon Lord born near the beginning of creation, and he had fought for countless minor Eras against countless great foes, he was not just a champion of a single Great Abyss Level, but three, proving that he was a supreme warrior worthy of wielding a Primordial Weapon.

Ruling three levels of the Great Abyss allowed him to draw power and Will at a rate that only a few top-level Demon Lords could match, and all of this barely gave him access to wield one of the most powerful weapons in existence.

Yet it still seemed as if he was holding back, instead of using the spear as a weapon of death, he was mostly warding off the blows of the Sirens, and the battle that should have lasted for a brief period of time with victory firmly in the hands of the Primordial forces was stretched for hundreds of thousands of years.

The Reflection that was keenly observing this battle felt that Tenebris was not only fighting against the Sirens, but the spear itself, clearly he was going against its will and that of the Primordial Demon, but he did not stop his actions.

Fighting for such a long time had an effect, because In the time frame of immortals, this was a long period to be spent in a fight, but it was enough for the news of this battle to begin spreading across creation.

The news that an Eternal Realm that held a Singularity was singlehandedly holding back the highest echelons of feet Primordial forces, and this was despite the fact that the Eternal Realm was not complete, and the ruler of the realm had not yet been born.

This news was like a surge of adrenaline to the heart of the weary resistance whose base of power was being crushed far more rapidly than they could be replaced, and the more powerful among their numbers falling every day. They needed something to change or the momentum of the Primordials would become unstoppable.

For a brief moment in time, all eyes in existence seemed to rest upon the Eternal Realm of Thenos, and they saw the conspicuous miracle taking place there. It was unknown if Tenebris knew the result of his actions on the rest of reality, but he never stopped trying to convince the Sirens to stand down and accept the fact that resistance was futile. Another thousand years passed in this battle that seemed to know no end, and the feverish expectation of the eyes watching this spectacle reached a peak when there were signs that Thenos was about to be born.

By accident or design, the battles of the Sirens had spread far more than they should, and it carried a significance that an astute observer would notice was getting a bit out of hand.

No matter how powerful Thenos turned out to be, he was still a single individual, even if he was a Breaker with a Singularity in hand, it made no difference before the seemingly invincible might of the Primordials, or was this realm special?

It was unknown if there could be a truth behind the speculation about the specialness of this realm, because on the eve of Thenos' birth, when it would seem that his coming was all but guaranteed, the Primordial Demon descended on this Eternal Realm.

Except for the most powerful in existence, not much was known about Primordials, but the few who knew of them understood that the Primordial with the fiercest personality whose bloodthirstiness could not be measured was the Primordial Demon. In the battle against Tenebris, the Sirens had pushed their powers to the limit, and at this time, an ocean of sparkling water that shone with the light of creation was beginning to pour down the legs of the Sirens, the skies were changing and a thousand great suns arose that was shining with great light, heralding the birth of Thenos, all across reality, mysterious phenomena began to arise, and the heart of all was shaken.

With a loud ripping sound that could be heard all across creation, something burst into the realm, tearing all of the thousand rising suns in two.

The suns began to fall into the realm, more quickly than was normal, and before the combatants or anyone here could understand what was happening, a hand had seized Tenebris by the neck, and another pulled out his spine, and using it like a whip, sliced off all the heads of the Sirens.

Their heads still had life and were screaming in shock, and all of this was intentional, as the hand seized the spear from the slack grip of Tenebris, and it waved it once in a single sweep.

That sweep ended the life of everyone here except Tenebris and the Sirens. Even as that was ongoing, the same two hands pushed into the stomach of the Siren and tore it in two, pulled out the sleeping Thenos, and slammed it into the ground.

This violent act awoke the child, but before he could scream, the spear was waved once in a clean slicing motion that beheaded the child.

Everything ended in less than a moment.

Chapter 1346 Witness His Glory (7)

The vision ended here and such a sudden break in the flow of information from the past was jarring no matter how much the Reflection tried to search for traces of the past, this was all it could decipher, those few oppressive moments when the Primordial Demon had arrived and crushed everything under his endless might.

One of the reasons why he could no longer collect more information was simply because the Reflection was too weak, and the Reflection believed this to be the truth because no matter how he tried to remember what the Primordial Demon did at the end, everything he could recollect was just two black hands, perhaps if his main body was here then he would be able to glean more, but what he had seen was more than enough.

Knowledge had its own weight and knowing more about the Primordial Demon might not necessarily be a good thing at his level.

He did not see what happened next but from the remnants of the battlefield, he could infer what transpired with a certain degree of accuracy that was acceptable.

The headless body of Thenos was filled with the power of darkness and much of this realm was also filled with this power, and because he saw the vision of the past, the Reflection recognized that this power came from the Demon Lord Tenebris. This more than anything displayed the true power of this Demon Lord, but why had he chosen to hold back against the Sirens was a matter that was troubling on the surface, and if one dug deeper into this matter, more cracks begin to surface, but to avoid being sidetracked on a matter that was nearly impossible for him to discover the truth about, the Reflection placed this aside.

The Reflection knew that not only Thenos was punished and murdered on that day, but Tenebris was also made an example of, and his punishment was not lesser than the Sirens. The traces were faint, but this Demon Lord was still alive, but everything about

him had become corrupted, he was made into a cancer for the sole purpose of torturing the corpse of Thenos for all eternity.

This realm was screaming in pain, and if not for the innate resilience of Rowan's unique mind to madness and other mental maladies, this Reflection would have long gone insane.

There was much to learn here, and the Reflection pondered over it for many years and finally, he settled on a plan. It was simple yet insane, but the best plans usually were.

This Primordial Weapon, even if it was the only benefit it could gain for his main body, he needed to have it.

Not only because it was an extremely powerful weapon that would aid his main body in the future, but he knew that in the not-so-distant future, the World Stele that had been banished would find its way back to this realm, and if it had access to this weapon, then Rowan would have another great barrier that he would have to find a way to conquer, and despite all the miracles that his main body was capable of, at some point, Rowan's limits would be broken. The World Stele could never have this spear.

For whatever reason the Primordial Demon had not taken back the weapon he had given to Tenebris, and he had simply crucified the Sirens with it and then left, and if nothing changed in this fallen realm, this would be how everything would remain until the end of existence. Maybe for a Primordial Demon, this weapon no longer had any meaning, after cleansing reality of every threat that they faced, who else was there to fight? Even if this weapon was no longer needed by a Primordial, it did not mean he should allow it to fall into the wrong hands, especially against an enemy that he would undoubtedly be fighting against in the future.

At any other time claiming a Primordial Weapon when he was nothing but a Reflection would be an insane proposition. He was a third-dimensional immortal, and the barest minimum requirement to wield a weapon of this nature was to be an eighth-dimensional immortal, and that was not even considering the fact that from the memory traces, he could see from that battle, not just any eighth-dimensional immortal could touch this weapon, then how would he be able to do it?

The Reflection might be a stripped-down version of Rowan, but even a single hair of a titan like him was greater than a mighty oak, and his mind and constitution could not be compared to a normal immortal.

Some of the greatest geniuses in reality would spend millions even billions on their path, and yet in a single glance, Rowan could master that path. Reality was cruel, but it was still balanced. A genius could spend all their lives battling to become a god, and when they did, they would be satisfied thinking they had reached the height of their existence, in many third-dimensional universes, that was the case, but Rowan could become a god in a single second if he wanted, but he would have to deal with the true forces that controlled reality.

Sometimes it was hard to know who had the better end of the deal.

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Despite all of the advantages that the Reflection had, it took him centuries before he understood the path he needed to take in order to seize this spear, and that path would be fusion.

From what he could infer, to control this weapon, he would need to take over the connections that it had with the forces around it. He did not know why the Primordial Demon left this spear with the connection with Tenebris still on it, but he still saw the connection with the Demon Lord remained. Was it possible that perhaps the Demon Lord had earned this weapon and despite his betrayal to the cause of the Primordials, there were certain rules that they were not willing to break?

As much as Rowan's dimensional flesh mimicked the perspective of flesh, it was not, but it had all the benefits of a fleshy body, and so the Reflection tackled this problem from both sides, as a dimension, and as a fleshy body.

The first part of it as a fleshy body would be to assimilate the darkness of the Demon Lord here and become a Demon of a sort.

Rowan had spent time in the Great Abyss, and he knew the corrupting influence of its powers that were entrenched in the body of every demon. An influence that did not care about the race, everything could become a Demon.

If not for the fury of the Primordial Demon that had left this world in silence, countless Demons would have found a way to enter this realm in order to consume the Essence of the Demon Lord here.

With the darkness infecting everything inside this realm, consuming the powers of the Demon Lord was not easy, this was a task that only the most powerful of Demon Kings would have the pedigree to even dream of attempting because becoming a Demon Lord was not just having the correct energy stores, it was also about merging with a Great Level of the Abyss.

The Reflection did not need to merge with an Abyssal level, since he only required the surface level of power in order to imitate the energy of Tenebris, however, he knew that this would not be enough to claim this spear and so this naturally led to the second aspect he would be utilizing, with was the path of the Dimension.

In the same manner that the Reflection would be used to merge with the energy of the Tenebris, it was also the same manner he would be attempting to merge with the Sirens. This essentially meant he was merging himself into this realm since Sirens and Thenos could simply be seen as another facet of the realm.

He would have preferred merging directly with Thenos, but he was still a very weak three-dimensional being, and in time as he consumed both the essence of Tenebris and the Sirens, then it was no problem for him to reach the level where he could one day consume Thenos, and if he did, this Eternal Realm would essentially become his body, and in a single stroke, this Reflection would become many more times more powerful than his main body. However, even his most optimistic projection of when he could complete such a feat was so far in the future that he knew that the World Stele would have long returned. Nonetheless, he was not attempting to consume Thenos but to collect this spear, and he should have enough time to do so.

Opening himself to the corruption of the darkness, the Reflection began his journey through the depths of the Abyss and beyond.

Eons passed in this process, and slowly but surely, he became a Demon, however, this had a price. The Primordial Demon was a merciless being, and the punishment he had imposed on this realm, descended on the Reflection.

Chapter 1347 Witness His Glory (8)

Assimilating the Essence of a Demon Lord was not easy, especially one that was as broken and tortured as Tenebris, in fact, it should have been impossible, but Rowan and hence his Reflection were a weird and unique beast because he believed that there was nothing in existence that he could not see through or master, his foundations were simply too potent, and every evolution he went through made his potential to surge to heights that were almost impossible to be measured.

Although his ability to master everything was true in many cases, there was always a limit, but his attitude and willpower had made that limit extremely malleable. He could push past what should be possible even with his perverse talent because he simply refused to believe that he was not capable enough not to achieve what he had set his mind towards.

His existence bent reality to his will far more than any immortal at his level or higher should be able to, and this was reflected here more than anything, in less than a century, the Reflection had been able to purge all the Essence that made it a part of Rowan into a bloodline orb he kept around his waist, and leaving his body as a blank canvas, he began integrating the essence of a Demon Lord into his body.

He had not simply been purging his essence during this time but he had been deliberating and perfecting the process he would be using to make the changes in his body. Unlike the normal essence of a demon, a Demon Lord's essence was considered complete, it could not be diluted in a lesser manner to aid digestion, and so the Reflection simply had to take it one step at a time and collect the tiniest portion of the demonic essence that he could and assimilate with.

If the Essence of a Demon Lord was like a city filled with countless skyscrapers, what the Reflection was looking for was not to devour this city brick by brick because you could not dilute the essence, instead, he needed to find the smallest skyscraper in the city and devour that one first.

With his unearthly perception, the Reflection took the smallest portion of the darkness here and began to separate it, looking for the smallest portion of it that he could consume, and if finding this tiny essence was like climbing a mountain that touched the heavens, then tens of thousands of years went by to make a single inch of progress, but the patience and persistence of the Reflection could not be imagined, when millions of years would go by, and it would seem as if not a single hint of progress had been made.

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In this realm where there was nothing left but darkness, broken bodies, and madness, time had no meaning, and even for the Reflection, it did not know if billions of years had gone by or if it was just a century, but it did not matter, for hovering in front of him was the smallest distillation of Tenebris Essence, and without hesitation he merged it to his flesh.

His success was a close thing because, unlike Rowan who could gain more lifespan by consuming worlds, this Reflection had nearly spent all of his lifespan in order to find the key to this assimilation, and if a few million years had passed, then he would have collapsed to dust.

When Rowan created these Reflections he had nearly three billion years of lifespan, and that lifespan was reflected in his Reflections in a limited manner as this Reflection could only live for about one and a half billion years. Reaching this first step was a watershed and since he already familiarised himself with the process of breaking down the Essence of this particular Demon Lord, doing it again would now be almost effortless since he could pick out precisely what he wanted from the ocean of Demonic Essence around him.

There was hope to recover back lifespan once he became a Demon because by his estimation he barely had a few tens of millions of years left. An extremely long time for a mortal, but against the forces he had to deal with coupled with the complexity involved in any interaction of their powers, it was simply a drop in the bucket.

The Reflection had passed the first hurdle, now he needed to pursue the next, however, what happened next, even though it was shocking, was also partially expected. ®

Despite purging all of his essence to become a Demon, this Reflection was still a piece of Rowan's dimensional flesh, and when that merger happened with the essence, the transformation was drastic.

The body of the Reflection collapsed into a black egg and remained on the ground for millions of years, burning the few years of its lifespan until it was exhausted. Time

eventually weathered this egg into dust revealing the Demon within, and it was a small black fox with a green fluffy tail.

This demon was weak, and it could barely be classified as a Demon Spawn, however, this grading of weak was because of Rowan's inflated attributes and his twisted idea of what strong and weak meant. It was true that the first evolution of the Reflection was to become a Demon Spawn, the lowest level of every demonic force, but it could effortlessly rip a Minor god to pieces. It would be later in the future that Rowan would acknowledge that he had created the first Heavenly Demon.

A demonic creature that was born a royalty. A Demon Spawn could barely live past a few centuries, and only those with special bloodlines could live to the threshold of a thousand years or more, but there were extremely few bloodlines with Demon Spawn of this level, yet the lifespan of this Reflection was a million years, after all, no Demon Spawn in existence had ever been created with the complete Essence of a Demon Lord.

Enduring millions of years of evolution and transformation was not the only benefit that was gained by the Reflection, he was able to touch the surface of the Sirens with his dimensional senses, and this could be considered great progress when he could hardly sweep his senses towards this location before he was turned to ash by the power of the spear.

With the first step successful, the Demon Spawn swallowed another tiny portion of Tenebris essence, encasing himself inside a black egg for his evolution. A million years passed, and he emerged a Demon Warrior, nothing much changed about his appearance but his size. Standing barely a dozen feet tall as a Demon Spawn, now he was almost fifty feet tall, his black fur and green tail rippling with unseen winds, but only he knew that this wind was simply from the screams of Tenebris.

The cries of the Demon Lord began to enter into his consciousness when he became a Demon Warrior, at this time it was barely a whisper, but it was a damning potent of what was to come, however, if this would cause him to hesitate never crossed his mind, and satisfied that this body of his could collect more demonic essence, he did not swallow a single portion, but instead directly swallowed a hundred!

With his exceptional control of all forms of energy, the only thing holding back the advancement of the Reflection was his relatively weak constitution, but as a Heavenly Demon Warrior, he was more powerful than an average Demon Warrior by an order of magnitude, it would be foolish to walk as slowly on the paths of power as everyone else.

The evolution this time was extremely violent, even the black egg that formed around the Demon Warrior was hazy, as if the energy inside the egg was so volatile it could not be still long enough for a shell to be created, and that was not far from the truth, as the Reflection had to hold this surging power with his willpower, adding another new aspect to this battle that was terrifying.

When this violent process concluded itself after nearly eleven million years, what stepped out of it was a gigantic fox, hundreds of feet tall, with three large green tails, and from the breath of power emerging from its body, the Reflection had skipped the rank of Demon Captain, Demon General, and proceeded straight to become a Demon's Duke.

Chapter 1348 Witness His Glory (9)

‘The journey to the peak of existence was a road that was without end, why else do Primordials still strive? There is always something... Something more on the horizon, and the pursuit of power is an endless journey, that is what I crave.’

Unlike the other Reflections who had no knowledge about their main body, the eighth Reflection knew about him, and at the moment of his creation, he had glimpsed a bit of his creator's spirit, and he had held on to them.

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The Reflection becoming a Demon Duke was also not the only good news as he was also able to enter deeper into the Sirens, passing the layer of the skin and entering the muscles.

This was significant, displaying that his merger with the realm was becoming deeper, his dimensional senses were merging with the realm with incredible ease, and it was only a matter of time before he fully possessed the Sirens.

The Reflection suddenly went still before he brought up his front paws and held his head in a very animated display of anguish, that in the body of a large fox was almost comical, the screams of Tenebris had increased in intensity, and of the many jumbles of words they were pushing into his consciousness, one of them was more prevalent,

“Why?! Why?! Why?! Why?! Why?!.....”

These words that were once whispers slammed into his mind with the force of an exploding sun, and the Demon fox could only whimper in anguish. To assimilate the power of a Demon quickly enough, he had to separate a lot of qualities that made him more resilient to mental corruption, knowing the risk he still went ahead because he had sacrificed more time than he thought in order to find a method to assimilate a Demon Lord's Essence, and he could not trust that the World Steele would enter this realm long before the time that it had previously stated that it did.

According to the World Steele, it found this realm several billions of trillions of years in the future, which was essentially many Minor Eras from now, and the Reflection should be calmly proceeding with his plans, but the Reflection didn't trust those words, as it was very easy for the World Steele to disguise its tampering of Doom Star.

He did not want to be caught pants down in the act of merging with the realm, so he was pushing ahead with no safety guardrails, and although he would have still faced this same challenge if he proceeded more slowly, he would have been better prepared to handle them, but now he had no option but to manage his condition.

His constitution as a Heavenly Demon gave him a bit of a buffer, but his mind was rapidly being torn to pieces, the only thoughts he could hear were the screams of the Demon Lord, and he could not even give attention to his reasoning anymore under the strain of bearing these songs of lamentation.

“Why?! Why?! Why?! Why?!.....”

The Reflection stayed like this for years, at first he thought he would adapt to the madness, but no matter how he trained his mental resilience to push ahead, the madness inevitably followed, there was no salvation for him, only madness, and his mind was collapsing inside of it, more and more of himself fading with every passing moment.

“If that is the case...”

Green eyes opened, filled with madness and malevolence, streams of darkness bled out of the eyes like tears, and the Reflection took his paws and seized a thousand portions of Tenebris Essence. The decision to go all out or die in the process was decided upon when he realized he could not outrun this madness, not in his present state at least, and he did not hesitate to push ahead with what remained of his sanity as he could still make reasonable decisions, any later and he would be entirely lost, however, even in his crazed outburst, despite the madness pressing down on every corner of his mind, he made sure that what he selected was still the smallest portions of Tenebris Essence. This single line may just be the difference between victory and defeat.

Swallowing the Essence a pained howl resounded in a world that had been condemned to eternal silence, as the body of the Demon General began to break down. His bones collapsed, his flesh was vaporized and his haunting howls remained in the air longer than they should have.

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There were many great divides across the hierarchy of demons, and one of them was the jump between a Demon Duke and a Demon Prince. A Duke might rule over several provinces in the Great Abyss, but a Prince was Royalty, and it did not matter which level of the Abyss they chose to wander in, they would be treated with utmost fear and veneration.

Among the few demons who had the strength to roam through the Great Abyss and conquer other realms for its growth, every Demon Prince was favored by the Primordial Demon.

The body of the Reflection was no longer in a corporeal form, now a massive ball of heaving darkness and black lightning, several demented howls emerged from it that shook the earth, and there were multiple times when this ball of darkness nearly collapsed, but a will that defied the ages erupted and held it in place.

This will no longer have any presence of mind, every conscious thought has been banished from it, and only sheer stubbornness and an attitude that believed that it could never break held it in place.

It was unknown how long this transformation took place, but in that endless fog of madness, the mind of the Reflection began to emerge from it, at first small bursts of sensations, and then brief thoughts that soon came together and he knew who he was and his goals.

‘Not the power... it is the pursuit that I crave.’

Two massive green eyes shone from the cloud of darkness that was now hundreds of miles in circumference and reaching nearly ten miles into the sky, the ascension to a Demon Prince was on its way to completion but the light in those eyes was stubborn, and instead of completing this promotion, he instead drew upon more Essence of Tenebris, and this time he did not take a thousand, but hundreds of thousands, and among their number were fully realized essence of Tenebris that numbered in the hundreds.

The reason he decided to follow such a dangerous road was two-fold. The first was that the Reflection was in a strange state where his demon promotion was not fully set, and its evolution need not be brought to completion.

Instead of going through the motion of anticipating the next round of torture that was going to erupt when he proceeded to devour more of the Tenebris Essence, he would rather continue forging himself inside this crucible of pain and madness to reach the highest levels possible.

In other words, he was not going to stop until he reached the pinnacle.

And then there was the spark that had been born inside of him.

He did not understand what it was at first, but somewhere inside that endless madness where he could no longer hear his thoughts and forgot who he was, the core of his being that had decided that it would never give up despite the challenges he would face began to gather.

Like metal being repeatedly tempered, that mindless part of himself that did not need conscious thought to operate, that part of his spirit that was the essence of who he was, pure and unfiltered, drawn out by pain and madness beyond comprehension began to take shape.

Even without the Primordial Record, the Reflection knew what that spark was, and it was Will. A Will all of his own, born from an unyielding spirit.

A Will that was integral to who he was in a manner that could only be discovered by taking himself to a limit where he had no option but to push on, he could not scheme or fight his way out of this malady, he only needed to endure and press on, until something emerge from that crucible, he would either break or rise.

It was the reason he drew upon more of the essence of the Demon Lord, not just to fuel his evolution, but to temper the embers of his Will.

Chapter 1349 Witness His Glory (10)

The cloud of darkness and black lightning exploded in size as the vast amount of essence poured into the belly of the Demon Fox creating a chain reaction that sparked a massive explosion in the strength of the Demon Lord's essence.

Howling in pain and misery, the Demon Fox seemed to have gone insane, and it dragged in another great mouthful of Essence, ten times greater than what he had just collected, and the realm seemed to go still before a loud crack resounded across the heavens of this dead realm, and a massive earthquake rippled across the entirety of the realm, overturning the still battlefield and burying a mountain of bodies under the earth.

Crushed under the weight of this supreme power, the embers of this growing Will inside the Reflection were scattered into pieces, and the mind of the Reflection was snuffed out.

The Reflection had not anticipated that even if the Essence of a Demon Lord was still available for harvest because his Will had been crushed by a Primordial, it still carried all the arrogance that came from a being that was under no one but a Primordial. Tenebris may not be aware, but the violation of his Essence triggered a mighty rebuttal force that shook the realm.

Demon Lords also had their hierarchy of power, and although Tenebris was nowhere near the top, he was by no means a walkover, to wield a Primordial Weapon meant he was an elite among Demon Lords, and accepting his Essence meant accepting his Will, and even if this Will had been broken by madness, they were still inviolable.

However, the danger that the Reflection was facing would be nothing compared to what it would face if he dared to accept this Will.

Doing this would simply make him a clone of Tenebris, and that was not a good thing because the Demon Lord was still cursed by the Primordial Demon. If the Reflection followed this path, he would simply have a brief moment of awareness before he was assimilated by Tenebris and he would spend eternity screaming inside this dead realm, forgetting his purpose or who he was.

However, at this point, it did not seem to matter if he refused this choice because everything of him had been crushed, everything but the spark of his Will... it was Undying.

From the brief moment that this Reflection had looked into the heart of his creator and he saw his motivation, it became a source of strength that became the center of his existence, and even Rowan was unaware of what this line of thought that he had felt the Reflection collecting from his mind on the day that he created him would go so far to germinate such a seed of a powerful Eight Dimensional Will that should have the potential to reach the ninth-dimensional level.

Madness and the unbridled desire to assimilate the Demon Fox poured into the ever-expanding cloud of darkness that was now thousands of miles in circumference and was beginning to shake the dead tranquility that had been a staple of this realm for so long and, by all metrics, the essence of the Demon Lord had already finished assimilating the Demon Fox, there was no way he could resist, not after carelessly swallowing so much of this essence, but there was this spark of a stubborn Will that refused to die.

It was like a small flame thrown in the center of the ocean while a storm raged around it. By all right, this flame should have been snuffed out in an instant, but it still prevailed, clinging to life with a tenacity that was incredibly fascinating to observe.

This undying Will sparked something inside this chaotic cloud of darkness, forcing the essence of the Demon Lord to continue integrating with the Demon Fox. It was a Will that did not know when to quit.

It held all the struggling essence inside this expanding cloud of darkness, refusing to let it fall, giving the Reflection everything that he needed to fight.

He had no idea who he was, but he fought.

He had no memories, but he fought.

He did not even know he was fighting or what fighting meant, but he still fought.

The madness of a Demon Lord did not dissipate this Will but instead ground it down into a pure resolve that pushed out every sort of impurity in the Will, making its essence shine forth, and this Will brought back feelings inside the heart of the Reflection and then thought bloomed emotions, and consciousness was created from that thought.

The consciousness began recreating the body of the Demon Fox, crushing the essence of the Demon Lord and making it serve his purpose. His body grew strong, and the feeling of strength that rippled through him felt so potent he knew that if he wanted he could crush this realm.

Two massive green eyes shone forth from the swirling darkness and they roared at the skies, as five massive green tails churned the heavens and created a storm that began to spread, what he spoke next came from his Essence, Spirit, and Will, "I AM UNDYING!!!"

At this moment the Reflection was a Demon King, and not just any sort of Demon King, a Heavenly Demon King whose unique essence was built from the foundation of a Demon Lord. Standing hundreds of miles tall and surrounded by an unending layer of darkness that was being bent towards his Will, the Reflection roared, pushing away the insidious screams of the Demon Lord, and began to charge towards the Sirens, his gait cutting across the miles in a flash.

As a new Demon King, the mighty Essence inside his body not only pushed against the influence of Tenebris but also fed his Undying Will, pushing it from a spark to a blaze, until it became deeply intertwined with everything that he was, and the Reflection reached the peak of the Third Dimension in the blink of an eye, the unique trait of Rowan's growing Will that began from the first dimension was also shared by him.

The Undying Will should have its limit at the eighth-dimensional level, however, since it was a growing Will, there was a possibility that it could reach the ninth-dimensional level, this was an incredibly slim possibility, but only the option of something like this even happening was so monumental it would have shaken all of creation if it was known.

Reaching a few miles from the Sirens, the mighty Heavenly Demon Fox leaped into the sky, jaws stretched wide as if he was about to savage the corpse of the crucified Siren.

The body of the Siren jerked, and her mighty arms that had been spreadeagled began to fall toward the spear that pinned her to the sky.

The plan of the Reflection was to tackle this situation using a two-pronged approach. The first was to become a Demon using the Essence of Tenebris, and the second approach was to use his dimensional abilities to infiltrate the body of the Sirens. He had made progress on both fronts and now it was time to unite his efforts.

The arms of the Sirens descended onto the spear, and as her palms came closer to touching it, they were covered by a reddish flame that burned the hand to the bone, and before long this flame was threatening to spread all through the body of the Siren and turn her and Thenos to ash when the Heavenly Demon Fox closed its jaws over the spear.

A bright light flashed, and for a moment it was possible to see the connection that existed between the Siren, the Primordial Weapon, and the Heavenly Demon Fox, and then there was a mighty explosion like a thousand supernovas going off at once.

Connecting with his other half, the Undying Will of the Reflection finally had the chance to bloom as he had access to the streams of time inside the dead realm. There was only a single stream of time, but it was enough to boost his Will to the fourth dimension, and the fact that he possessed an eighth-dimensional being inside their realm was enough to give

him the knowledge of Space to reach the fifth dimension, he was in a memory of the past, and this was the primer that blew him into the sixth dimension, as the only living being on the realm who held the two principal forces in his grip, it gave him all of the Fate to become a seventh-dimensional being, and claiming the destiny of Doom Star made him step foot on the eighth dimension.

The explosion died down and a humanoid form with seven waving tails could be seen in the haze holding a spear.

Chapter 1350 Witness His Glory (11)

The form that the Reflection took was not just a representation of his demonic heritage, which gave him the body of a fox demon, but also this realm, and melding both made him a complete Heavenly Demon.

Standing millions of miles tall, with seven green tails so massive they could effortlessly hold hundreds of suns, his charming appearance that was similar to those of Rowan made this ethereal being much more compelling. His hand tightened on the spear, and it released a shockwave that spread through the realm, his eyes were closed as the elevation of his Will and his realm were so drastic that it shook the Reflection to the core.

The entire purpose for merging with the Essence of the Demon Lord and possessing the body of the Siren was for him to seize this spear, not to shoot forward in rank so explosively that it was almost unimaginable.

Then a single word flashed through the mind of the Reflection— Inheritance.

Tenebris might have been punished by the Primordial Demon, but it did not mean that his achievements all his life were rendered useless, instead it had been left behind and it was most likely been kept for any of his descendants that were worthy to carry it.

Like in most places, in reality, bloodlines were extremely important, and the Great Abyss was no different. The destiny of a Demon Spawn was fixed at birth, and only by going out of their way to perform meritorious deeds of great peril could they break the shackles of their bloodline, and assume the mantle of a higher one.

Of course, this comes with great danger, there was no free lunch in this world and the Primordial Demon had set a great trap here, if any of Tenebris's bloodline, even if they were a Demon King had tried to assimilate the power of their ancestor, they would not only have to battle against the supreme essence of a Demon Lord, but they would also have to withstand the madness imposed on his powers.

There were extremely few individuals with the mental capacity that Rowan had. This resilience was born from extremely strange and powerful encounters that most would

never come across in their entire life, even if they had to reincarnate and keep all of their memories a thousand times over.

His consciousness had been purified from having multiple primordial bloodlines, his fantastical encounters when he entered the high-level visions granted by the Primordial Record had expanded the breath of his comprehension, his multiple extremely powerful Wills, and his character that had been forged by countless battles, both mentally and physically had made his consciousness to be regarded as pristine and unable to be corrupted, yet, despite all of this, if not for the awakening of such a powerful Will of Undying, the Reflection would have been lost, and it was extremely hard to imagine for the Reflection how many Demon Kings and perhaps even Demon Lords would have perished in order to claim this great bounty left here by the Primordial Demon.

However, if the Reflection knew what was to come, it would realize how truly merciless the Primordial Demon was. It was not just enough to make the Essence of Tenebris to be almost impossible to be claimed, there was still one more trap left.

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The spear in the hands of the Reflection suddenly glowed red hot as if it had been heated in a forge and a great voice that sounded as if all of existence was speaking resounded through his consciousness,

“ th of , so th to of , on my a a , th . ”

Falling to one knee and bleeding from every orifice in his face, the Reflection spat out blood and waited for the impact of having the voice of the Primordial Demon blasted into his mind, and he knelt there for a million years.

It could not be helped, holding this spear... no, holding Bleeding Edge, he had an extremely direct link to the Primordial Demon, one that was unfiltered by the Primordial Record or the myriad of abilities that his limited dimensional flesh possessed. During the Primordial Era when this battle was fought, this was the last word spoken by the Primordial Demon, and it carried the full weight of his supreme Will.

Assuming the powers of Tenebris and holding the spear had not given him the right to possess it, instead, the Primordial Demon had told him to slaughter those who spat on his dominion a thousand times a thousand times. What did that mean?

As if in response to these thoughts, Bleeding Edge began to hum, and the Reflection held it up in curiosity, truly looking at this spear.

At a glance it did not appear fantastical, he had seen many spears that gleaned with power and were made from the most mythical of objects, but this one simply looked like a long spear whose shaft could easily be seen as made from wood, metal, or even crystal, the way the light danced across the body of the spear made pinning a form to its shaft nearly

impossible, the Reflection knew that in battle, it would be extremely hard for an opponent to trace the path of the spear, as any form of observation simply slid off it. There was no Ferrule that connected the shaft to the Spearhead, as their body simply bled into each other and it could be easily imagined that the Spearhead as simply grown out of the shaft, and it possessed the same property that made pinning the material from which it was made off to be impossible.

The Spearhead was leaf-shaped yet it was still extremely pointed, so it could easily slash as well as pierce, and no matter how much the Reflection tried to pull more information about the makeup of this weapon he could not, and so he simply observed as the hum from it grew increasingly louder. With a resounding clap that was extremely sudden, the humming sound that had reached a feverish peak broke out of the spear, a massive shockwave arising from it that swept throughout the realm, and then there was silence.

A silence that was soon broken by the realm beginning to shake, before it graduated into an earthquake of immense proportion. Doom Star was a realm that could fit in thousands of universes, and an earthquake that could shake the entire realm to this extent had a magnitude that was insane to consider.

This earthquake was simply a prelude to what was to come, as the realm began to bleed and the dead rose from their eternal rest.

Every combatant that had died on Doom Star, both on the side of the Primordials and the side of the Sirens arose, and their gaze, numbering in the hundreds of trillions all were directed towards the Reflection.

Their gaze was not filled with hatred, which would have been a good thing, because an emotional enemy was half blind, but instead, there was a cool resolve that pressed against the Reflection from all sides, they desired nothing more than to kill him.

The spear in his hand suddenly grew heavy, becoming a hundred times its previous weight, and this weight was not just expressed physically but mentally and spiritually. He had been handicapped.

The edge of the mouth of the Reflection curled, his emotion impossible to be read, he could as well be smiling as well as frowning, "Oh, so this is what you meant. A thousand times a thousand times."

On the surface, this battle was supposed to be against him fighting all of the opponents who had been on this battlefield and saw the shame of the Primordial Demon, and they included numerous eighth-dimensional entities, and at a glance, he was already counting twelve of them.

This was a tall order, that would kill ninety-nine out of a hundred, but as if this was not enough, he needed to not just win this battle, but he would have to do it again and again a million times!

The Reflection looked at the heavens, he did not know when the World Stele would be arriving, and so he was not just fighting against the machinations of the Primordial Demon, but against time.

He raised the spear with both hands above his head before slamming its end on the ground, shaking the realm, his Undying Will beginning to blaze, covering him in green flames,

“All of you...” he growled, “Come at me!”