

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1351 Witness His Glory (final)

There were a billion techniques in the mind of the Reflection, a billion ways of wielding his strength effectively, a billion ways of unleashing devastation on his enemies, but as Rowan has come to realize after so long, in a battle where you fought as one against many, having a fixed form was simply a hindrance to the flow of battle.

The Reflection stayed in place as the trillion rushed towards him, their momentum so great that space and time shattered, as an eighth-dimensional being his enemies were only to be found among his equals, as for the rest... they were all ants.

Using his Essence alone, he reached across time and space, and he gathered the destinies of every immortal that was lower than the eighth-dimensional level, their fate, and their time streamed towards him, and although the rest of the eighth-dimensional immortals fought against him, they were a bit too slow, and he has already snatched at least forty percent of his target, and then he burned them.

The flames emerged from his Undying Will that had reached the eighth-dimensional level, and it did not matter the defenses that they had, not everyone could be like Rowan who was able to fight far beyond his dimensional level. They burned.... They died, and the realm of Doom Star from afar resembled a star made from green flames.

His real battle was against the other eighth-dimensional immortals here, and he could not handle them as easily as he did the rest, this was not to mention that as an immortal that was new to this level, there were various aspects about wielding the powers of space, time, memory, fate and destiny that he did not fully understand. He would just have to survive long enough to learn from his enemies, as battle was a great teacher for those who were astute to learn from it.

The clash against the eighth-dimensional immortals broke him, his body was crushed to pieces and his essence scattered to the wind, but his Will was eternal. Dragging himself from death, and wielding a spear that tore his mind to pieces with every move that he made with it, the Undying fought, and he died, again and again, and again and again and again and again..... and again..... and again.....

Until he was the last immortal standing. He pulled out the spear from the chest of a Celestial that had a million wings and a million eyes, he staggered to his knees, breathing harshly, every drop of power in his body had been wrung out, to the extent that the massive injuries that filled his body was not healing quickly, however, his eyes they glowed with the power of a Will that defied all meaning.

Using the spear as a crutch to rise to his feet, he squeezed it, his blood running down its shafts and falling from the blade, when they touched the ground they detonated like an erupting volcano, the falling blood was a result of him purging his body of the corrupting influence of those that he had battled,

“What are you waiting for... summon the next.”

Bleeding Edge obliged his request, a hum growing that exploded forth, and everything that he had killed returned.

The Reflection roared, “Come at me!”

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A thousand waves passed and the Reflection pulled out the spear from the body of a Demon Lord, this particular Demon Lord was extremely annoying to battle because of the weapons he wielded, a pair of Sin Weapons that could stand against the might of his spear.

At this time Bleeding Edge had no abilities except for the fact that it was heavy and sharp, before he completed the burden of cleansing the shame of the Primordial Demon, he could not have any access to the power of this weapon, and the Reflection, despite knowing that this spear was a burden to him in battle, did not stop using it to fight.

He had died countless times, and his Will drew him back from death countless times, and at first wielding this spear was hard, as it tore through his consciousness, making it impossible for him to form thoughts quickly enough to respond to the challenges of battle, but he did not stop him from continuing his mindless pursuit of using this weapon

Any other immortal would place the spear aside and battle with the weapons that would take more advantage of their powers, but the Reflection believed that if he did such a thing, although he would possess the spear in the end, he would not become its master.

Bleeding Edge took more from him to wield than it took to fight against the enemies coming for him, and the true battle was between him and this weapon.

This wave was over, and the Reflection growled, “Summon the next.”

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Ten thousand waves passed and he no longer needed to ask the spear to resurrect his challengers, the Primordial Weapon understanding that he would not stop until it was done.

There was a constant inside the mind of the Reflection, the words from his creator that were slowly merging into his Will, making it the center of his undying nature,

“It is not the power at the end that I Crave, it’s the pursuit of it.”

These words melded into the core of his being, it was not the prize at the end of this challenge that he craved, it was the battle. The spear was heavier than a universe but he twirled it around in a single hand, and it was almost as if it was dancing, his eyes glowed, the light coloring the armies that had risen up against him,

“Come at me!”

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A hundred thousand waves passed and now he was silent, he did not know how long he had been fighting, but he knew that it seemed like it had been for an eternity, billions, perhaps even trillions of years had gone by, but the battle was everything that he knew...

“It is not the reward... it is the battle that I crave!”

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Three hundred thousand waves later, his mind had been rubbed raw, there was nothing... no light at the end of the tunnel, no end to his anguish, there was only battle... only battle... only battle... only battle...

His spear burned red as it howled across the battlefield, and Doom Star glowed green with the flames of his Undying Will.

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Seven hundred thousand waves later.

Perhaps the Reflection did not know that its motion with the spear and the way he battled had transformed into something that would leave even Rowan in awe. The move he made was simple yet apocalyptic in power, every gesture from him ended lives on a scale that was measured starting from billions, and his eyes should be dull after fighting for what should be many Minor Eras, enough time when the stars would have burned to dust many times over, still burned bright...

“There is only the battle.”

He had died so many times, but slowly as the waves passed, the number of times he was dying had begun to fall, his spear knew his enemies, and he danced in an endless field of death, as mesmerizing as a specter, as deadly as a blade.

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Nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand waves later.

The Reflection stared at the last of his best friends. He no longer called them enemies or combatants, he called them friends, how could he not, after he had known them better than anyone else would ever know them in existence?

At first, the cool detachment in the eyes of his friends had transformed into frustration, then envy, and then deep hatred, their weapons poured down on him in an endless tide that should have drowned him a billion times over, but he always found a way to come out on top, using his spear alone.

He did not know when it first happened, but he began to see the light of recognition in the eyes of the eighth-dimensional entities begin to shift, although they had been brought back to life again and again with their memories wiped clean, these were eighth-dimensional immortals, and their memories could not simply be wiped clean, they all remembered him, and they honored him after they had died in his hands again and again. There was no hatred in the eyes of his friends for a long time, only excitement, deep respect, and veneration.

For the first time in countless years, he spoke to the last of his friends,

“Come at me.”

Chapter 1352 Final Preparations

The Reflection might not have known that his actions after many Minor Eras had transformed this realm from a dead wasteland to a star made from green flames and darkness, but even that darkness did not last for long as its final traces were soon covered up by the green flames.

His Undying Will had seeped into this dimension due to his dimensional powers that transcended what even Will should be capable of, and if this realm had a Will, the Reflection had become a part of it.

The Spear was on the verge of summoning the last wave of his new friends to complete the process of claiming it as the prize of cleansing the shame of the Primordial Demon when the Reflection stopped its action with a thought, as much as it would love to claim Bleeding Edge, it was not the right time for that.

Commandeering Bleeding Edge might lead to changes that as of this moment, he would not want, as it could drastically influence the plans for the future that his main body would have. There were many unknown variables to merging with a Primordial Weapon and the Reflection believed that he was much too weak to handle any of those changes if they arrived, it was better that this final part of the journey was seen to by his main body, he had done his best and prepared the road.

Battling with the spear for so long, he had already gained its recognition in a manner that simply possessing the spear would not give him, and he held off the last part of the merger as he looked at the world that his endless battles had created.

It was a thing of beauty. At a glance, everything might seem chaotic, but it was far from that. Since the terrain did not change even after a wave had ended, the Reflection came to use his surroundings as a weapon, every slight crack in the earth, every shift in the wind, and every spot of differing temperature were all carefully arranged by him to create a unique formation that he called a Living Formation, and the entirety of the realm became his chopping board, and the spear was his knife.

The realm was on the verge of destruction, and by all rights, it should have shattered into pieces a long time ago, but his Undying Will that had become a part of the realm had held it together.

Looking at the fruit of the endless years of battles, the Reflection sighed and he waved his hand as he slowly crushed them, dissipating them into the annals of history, perhaps one day his Living Formation may shine again.

He had to destroy it because, with so many changes across the realm, it was impossible that the World Stele would not find that things were amiss, and so the Reflection began to correct the things that he could, and because he had achieved his goals quicker than he thought, there was no reason to stop pushing for more and giving Rowan more advantages in the conflicts ahead.

One thing that the Reflection understood about what was to come would be the eventual resurrection of Thenos. His rise at this point was nearly inevitable if Rowan was to gain everything he needed for this realm.

The collaboration with the World Stele was maintained on the basis that Rowan would help the Singularity to resurrect Thenos, and as much as Rowan did not care about this unlucky immortal and would have helped if he was given enough benefits, the World Stele was duplicitous and there was a great possibility that Rowan would be disposed of, even if he did everything the World Stele needed from him to the best of his ability.

Also, he was not discounting the fact that if Thenos was a holder of a Singularity just like him, then cooperation between both of them was moot. There could be no two kings in one kingdom, the possibility of cooperation between them was a possibility that was so slim it would be impossible.

There was news of numerous holders of Singularities in the past, but never one where they cooperated with each other.

When the Primordial Demon killed Thenos, he tortured his body using the darkness of the Demon Lord that had been twisted by the Primordial with madness. Thenos had Celestial heritage, a creature of light, and there was no greater torture than to be tortured with

darkness, especially one that had been corrupted. However, this was simply a side-note in the multiple ways of torture that the Primordial Demon had inflicted on Thenos.

What the Reflection intended to do was to continue on this track and push more of the darkness of Tenebris inside the corpse of Thenos. There could be no greater poison to the body of Thenos than this darkness, and if he was to be resurrected in the future, then this should create a great barrier to the process if not halt it in its entirety.

This process was already happening, but it was rather slow, and if he allowed it to follow the natural process, then when the World Stele returned, it was likely that it would be able to easily solve the problems of the Demon Lord's essence inside of Thenos's corpse since only a small part of the darkness would have entered the corpse.

The Primordial Demon had never intended for the darkness of Tenebris to be used in this manner, despite the heavy conditions it had placed down for its release, it was always made to be a source of Inheritance, and torturing Thenos was an extra benefit.

With all of this in mind, the Reflection began making active changes across the realm.

Pushing all the essence of Tenebris into the body of Thenos was difficult because even in death his corpse had extreme resistance against darkness, but the Reflection had also melded with the realm on a dimensional level and had merely taken over the corpse of the Siren, and it was a simple thing to drag the headless body of Thenos into the open womb of the sirens so that the injection of darkness could proceed faster.

The body was connected by an umbilical cord, and it was a direct avenue to pump corruption into the body of Thenos, breaking past the resistance that he might put up, and filling this being with darkness.

This process went on for many billions of years, and by now nearly ninety-nine percent of the Demon Lord's essence had tainted the corpse of Thenos, and it had reached a point where it was rather impossible to determine if Thenos was once a child of Light, as even the last spark of light had been covered by darkness. The Reflection had gone all out in this process.

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The Moment he had been waiting for arrived with no warning, a feeling of heaviness unexpectedly settled over the consciousness of the Reflection and he knew that his time was over, the World Stele was about to arrive, and he became ecstatic because the decision he made to push ahead without holding back had been the right one, for the World Stele had returned much more quickly than he had previously announced to Rowan.

He had done everything that he could do to aid his main body, and to avoid being detected by the World Stele, the Reflection allowed the connection he had with the Siren to grow deeper to the extent that he lost himself, and for any other immortal, such a thing was

close to suicide, but his Undying Will would never allow him to fall this easily, even if there was only a trace of it left, he would return one day when he was called.

Everything slowly ground to a halt, his consciousness dissipated, random thoughts stopped firing across his mind and his feelings dissipated, the spear had been shrunk until it was countless times smaller than an atom, and the materials that made it nearly impossible to be tracked with sight or any other senses assured the Reflection that this spear would escape the attention of the World Stele, and he expected that the next time he awakened it would be when Rowan had a falling out with the World Stele and he would be there to help, but Fate had other plans.

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Chapter 1353 Opposing Reaction

The Reflection may have been too exuberant in his attempt to reduce the power of Thenos and he had not anticipated the extent that the World Stele would go to in order to cleanse the corpse of its taint of darkness.

It could not be helped, he did not know the capabilities of the World Stele or the resources that it could call to bear if needed, and he could not afford not to do the best that he could to ensure that everything followed the wishes of Rowan as much as possible.

However, he knew that with every action made, it was normal to suffer an equal opposing reaction. He would simply have to brace for the storm ahead as the World Stele would bring all of its powers to save its master.

He slept into oblivion with this thought in mind, and time passed. Eras changed and the Fate of everyone in this realm began to follow a path of their choosing.

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Even without any awareness, the Reflection knew that a vast amount of time had gone by. His dreams were nothing but battles and darkness, and he would have wished to remain in this state forever if that would ever be possible, after spending many minor eras in battles, this was the only thing he had come to love, this was the only thing he came to know, how he wished his battles would never end, how he wished his Undying Will burned hot again, how he wished...

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An intense pain roused the consciousness of the Reflection, summoning his Undying Will and giving him a measure of sentience to observe everything that was happening around the realm, and he quickly discovered that after so long the World Stele had begun to make

changes across the Realm, and as his senses awakened, he saw that everything has changed, what was once familiar had become strange.

It was the size of the realm that had changed so drastically that first drew his attention. Doom Star was a massive realm and could be ranked amongst the biggest individual realms at the eighth-dimensional level, but in the period when he was asleep, the size of the realm had multiplied a thousandfold and it was hard for him to even understand the breadth of the realm.

This intense growth was haphazard, and it should not be able to fit into the realm without clashing with it, but a quick investigation would reveal that this new addition to the realm was being slowly destroyed under the erosion of being forcefully merged with a higher order realm like Doom Star, but this was also of benefit to the realm, for the essence of so many lower dimensional realms were feeding the dead and blighted realm of Doom Star, giving it the capability to hold life once more.

It would take a frightening number of realms to be sacrificed to awaken a realm that was crushed under the fury of the Primordial Demon, but from what the Reflection could observe, the number of realms here had exceeded the amount needed to awaken it by a large margin, clearly the World Stele was going all out.

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Such a shocking change roused more of his attention, and he proceeded to slowly awaken more of his consciousness over the course of many millions of years to avoid the attention of the World Stele, even though in his present state of fusion with the Siren, he could be regarded as a part of the realm, and its growth also fed positively to his advancement, but this also locked him tighter with the realm, and separating himself from it would become that much harder.

The consciousness of the Reflection was vast and it was able to learn what the World Stele was aiming to accomplish, as he could feel that countless souls had been dwelling inside the realm for a long time, filling the realm with light and warmth, a blessing that the Reflection once thought was forever denied to this realm, and now these bringers of light... they were dying.

He saw that the World Stele bringing in multiple dimensions and souls and filling up the realm was not only to enrich this realm, it was to slaughter them when the time was right.

As time passed as he slowly investigated he became aware of a hidden change in the realm. Interlaced in all of these dimensions that were being swallowed by Doom Star were fragments of a massive formation that was slowly fitting together like a gigantic jigsaw

puzzle, and when it was complete, the Reflection realized that the focus of this entire formation was at the center of the realm.

His consciousness was trying to rapidly decipher what this formation was capable of when the vast amount of souls that had been wiped out, passed through the body of the Sirens which he shared, and flowed into a new destination, the heavenly sensation of having so many souls flowing through him was nearly impossible to describe, but then he realized that this was not the pain that had awoken him because the flow of so many souls through the Sirens was a soothing comfort to his consciousness due to his dominion over the soul.

He tried not to find out the reason why so many souls were perishing but he knew it was tied to this massive formation, and the best way to understand what was happening was to observe the formation, so he did, but progress was slow because this formation was frighteningly complex, yet still familiar.

It was pulling himself back from observing on a micro level and looking at the formation from a macro perspective that showed him while this formation was so strange yet familiar, the answer was simple, it was because the formation was mimicking an aspect of his power that he knew so well, which was linked to the soul.

This formation, among the many things that it was capable of, was a massive soul-type formation.

Another intense wave of soul energy that was so massive that if not for the trust in his senses as a dominator of souls, he would think that he was hallucinating passed through the formation, and it was all he could do to stop himself from opening up his consciousness and allowing these souls to flow into him and not through him.

This trend continued for nearly a million years, wave after wave of souls, seemingly infinite in number continuously flowing through him until one day it was over and no new souls passed through his body, and the silence of death that had filled this realm for so long took its place.

It took a while for him to recalibrate his senses after it had been bombarded by so much soul energy passing through him, and this finally made his mind settle down to the extent that he began to ask himself where the souls were heading, and as soon as he asked that question, the answer slammed into his consciousness like a hurricane.

The Reflection had spent nearly a billion years filling up the body of Thenos with the corruption of the Demon Lord's essence and so he had a close connection with this corpse, knowing all the pathways leading to it, and when his consciousness touched the corpse of Thenos, a beam of light hundreds of light years across, at that moment erupted from it, and the consciousness of the Reflection was blasted with a degree of pain and madness that he had never felt before.

That light beam carried an intense amount of soul energy but that was not the only thing that it carried, there was also darkness, it was the essence of the Demon Lord, but now it had changed and was no longer the same essence he had pushed inside the corpse.

What was being ejected by that light had transformed into something irredeemably evil, and the Reflection wanted nothing more than to pull itself away from the realm, but doing so would implicate Rowan and destroy the foundations of everything that he had been working for in all these eras.

He had barely begun to come to terms with the pain when more beams of light erupted from the corpse, spewing about intense burst of corrupted darkness, now this pain was so palpable that the Reflection groaned, and then he suddenly froze up when it felt a massive consciousness began to sweep through the realm, he did not need to figure out that the World Stele had heard his cries.

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Chapter 1354 All Of You...

Chapter 1354 All Of You...

The Reflection held still like a mouse trying to escape the gaze of a nearby serpent, and he remained that way for long. He knew that if he was just a normal Demon Lord he would not be able to escape from the sight of the World Stele, but it was his dimensional traits that allowed him to perfectly merge with this realm that was keeping him safe.

Merging with the Siren made him one with the Heavenly Will of this realm, which meant nothing when this realm had been dormant, but after being nurtured by the souls of countless trillions over such a long period of time, the Heavenly Will of this realm had awakened, and the Reflection had become a part of it.

He inferred that the World Stele might have detected the fluctuations that he had just made but it would never believe it was because someone had merged with this realm which was an ability that was supposed to be tied to only the true owner of a realm.

Most likely it had just thought that this was a slight discrepancy in the formation network it had created, which was a stupendous feat of genius but also extremely complex making it perfectly natural that there may be unexpected changes in its operation.

The Reflection was correct and the World Stele had been banished before it could notice all the changes that had taken place inside the realm.

This grand formation that was used to cleanse the corpse of Thenos was not primarily designed by the World Stele but by the many generations of great geniuses that it had gathered over the eras to aid its pursuit and it was normal that there could be problems

arising from the formation now and then, as the World Stele had solved millions of those sort of troubles nearly every decade, and after observing this area of the formation and finding no issues, it left, but the Reflection did not make any move for an extended amount of time.

It turned out that the decision to be careful was the right one because the World Stele checked on that part of the formation nearly every century like a mother hen protecting her chick, but the Reflection did not have to express his consciousness in that part of the realm alone and had simply shifted his senses to other parts of the realm as he resumed his investigation of what was going on with Thenos's corpse and the truth behind this formation.

Ridding this corpse of the Demon Lord Essence would be difficult, but now that essence had been further corrupted by the unknown nature of the corpse into something extremely vile, something more drastic needed to be done to remove this new corruption from Thenos, and the World Stele was using a material that was extremely powerful, yet still durable, and could be recycled nearly infinitely with the right amount of control—these would be souls.

It took a while but the Reflection soon learned that this formation was a cyclic one, and the power it could express would increase with every revolution, and this was terrible news for him.

He learned more about the power of this formation when he began to express his abilities as a part of the Heavenly Will of this realm. There were conflicts in the realm leading to a great number of dying souls, and his Will that was suited for battle was being summoned unknowingly by many, and in their hearts, an unknown presence was born. A presence that had many sides, a god of war, a god of preservation, a god of crafting, but it would be many years later that a certain race reached the core of his Will and they would call him Berrion, the Undying, and that race would be Ascendants, but that was many more years in the future.

At this time it was the truth of this formation that had taken a hold of his mind.

Whatever method the World Stele was employing did not mean as much to the Reflection as the effects that it would cause him. From the single burst of soul essence that erupted from the corpse of Thenos, the corruption that was spewed out was being sent into the realm.

It was clear that the World Stele did not care about the state of Doom Star, what it was after was the purification of Thenos, and the Reflection had no idea that the World Stele was already making other copies of the realm, and did not care if this one was destroyed, it would simply swap to another compatible realm until the process was complete.

This meant that the Reflection that had merged with the realm had to carry the weight of that corrupted darkness being purged from Thenos, and he knew what that would mean for him.

“Hahaha, guess I am not as lucky as my main body. If this is the sacrifice I have to pay for victory, then I am willing.”

Unable to purge this corruption from his body so he would not draw the attention of the World Steele, he would slowly be torn apart by it, the pain and madness would tear his consciousness apart, and to this horrible fate, he could only accept it.

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Billions of years passed, and the realm of Doom Star that was once shining with a vivid emerald glow after the Undying Will of the Reflection had repeatedly tempered it became dim and filled with great spots of darkness. The presence being exuded from Doom Star had transformed into something that was filled with the basest of desires and the darkest of intentions, however, the Reflection did not know that even the World Steele could never have anticipated such a change.

When the World Steele began its plan to purge Thenos of the corruption inside his corpse, it already anticipated that this would lead to a quick destruction of the realm, so it created several substitutes to be swapped as soon as the first realm was shattered, but unknown to the World Steele this realm had integrated with an unknown Will that gave it a terrifying staying power—the Undying Will of the Reflection.

It did not understand what was happening but it was suspicious. The Heavenly Will of Doom Star despite not being actively nurtured was still frighteningly resilient.

The World Steele had noticed that instead of this realm being crushed into pieces many billions of years ago, it simply endured, its Heavenly Will seemed to have gone insane, even manifesting an avatar, but its decline that had been anticipated by the World Steele did not seem to happen.

Even the Singularity did not know when it began to develop a seed of hatred against this realm because it was showing a resilience that was frankly impossible, and when the final battle began, the realm began to shatter under the weight of the blows from the heavyweights inside of it, the World Steele did not see it as a loss, not until Rowan shattered the facade it had used to block the perception of everyone here and exposed the true nature of his plans.

The appearance of the spear that had once killed the body of its host sparked rage inside of it, and when it saw the manifestation of the Heavenly Realm sacrifice itself to reach Rowan, the Singularity finally understood how deeply the plans of Rowan had been,

“Rowan, I have deeply underestimated you... We all do. You have long placed a dagger inside my heart, and I now acknowledge your right to stand as equals with Thenos. We don’t have to fight, you and I. We can share the bounties of existence, and before our might, all shall fall.”

Rowan did not even acknowledge the words of the World Steele, he was simply looking at the spear in his left hand and he whispered the final words to complete the legacy of his Reflection, but it drew the attention of the World Steele, the resurrected Thenos and even the Eye of Time, it was as if those words were being branded into their consciousness. It was a challenge they could not refuse.

“All of you. Come accept your end.”

The spear broke out with a bright green flame that reflected the Will of the Undying as a great hum burst out from it.

“It is time to end this long war.”

Chapter 1355 Rowan... Unleashed (1)

The hum of the spear was like a clarion call of war, shocking all existence inside of this space into a state of deep alert, but Rowan’s eyes were closed, and the full memories of the Reflection were pouring down into him like an endless tide.

Due to the aberrant nature of the mission that had taken him far into the past, and the heavy corruption of his essence, Rowan’s connection with this Reflection was the least among all the three Reflections that he had created, but this Reflection—no Berrion, for he had earned his name many times over—had given the greatest contribution of the three.

Although there was no contest among his Reflections, and they were all given specific goals, Rowan had never intended for Berrion to go out of his way and perform his duty to such an extent, not just retrieve a Primordial Weapon, but also drastically weaken Thenos and change the fate of Doom Star so dramatically that it affected the course of the entire war from the beginning, pushing the hands of Fate to favor Rowan’s cause.

In the end, tortured under the relentless tide of corruption from holding on to the vast darkness spewed from the corpse of Thenos, Berrion was able to find him and gave him the spear in a manner that the World Steele would not find suspicious. It was amazing knowing the amount of damage that his psyche had suffered and that he still had the mindfulness to finish his mission.

‘Time and time again, my children suffer... for my glory. Even a heart of stone would bleed.’

His powerful consciousness processed everything that had happened, knowing in full detail the hidden story that the Reflection sought to hide from him, and Rowan's soul throbbed with pain and fury, for those who suffered for his ambition, knowing that this was just the start, more would suffer in the future for him. This was the price of his ambition, and it would dishonor all those who sacrificed for him, if he could not carry all the weight of their pain, and hold their deaths in his heart, knowing it was all for him.

He would prove to all in existence that he was the one worthy of wearing the crown.

Reality around Rowan for countless miles shivered and then shattered, Bleeding Edge began calling all the warriors from times past to come and battle against its wielder for the last time, the weapon after so many years had become impatient, and it thirsted for battle.

It drew upon the specters of the past and they came, hungry and desperate for battle, and Bleeding Edge wanted to scream in glee. It had been so long, it had awaited its glorious war, let blood flow like a...

The hand that held Bleeding Edge burned with golden fire and tightened, whatever power was inside this grip was so great that the Primordial Spear began to bend, and several connecting nodes across the Primordial Spear that were meant to last for eternity began to cry out in pain as they were taken to the limits of their durability and if this force did not cease, that limit would be exceeded and they would be destroyed.

The straight spear that could theoretically withstand the boundaries of all force in existence was being bent in a C shape, and although part of the reason why this was possible was that none of the enchantments and runes inscribed on the spear had been activated, it was still ridiculous that there could be a force strong enough to bend a Primordial Spear to the edge of breaking it.

It did not understand that its wielder was something that reality had never seen before and so even the Primordials that created it could not create a defense that could stand against this power, and if Rowan was holding back in the past, this time, he had thrown away all of his limitations.

"Restrain yourself," Rowan growled, "Your time shall come when you will be whole again, but for now, obey me, or I shall break you. The sacrifice of the one that bore you has granted you the grace to be wielded by my hand, do not take this opportunity for granted. Now be silent, there is someone I want to fucking kill."

Bleeding Edge, this Primordial Weapon forged in the dawn of the Primordial Era, went quiet, its summons dissipated and although it did not unlock its core functions to Rowan, it withheld the increased weight it had imposed on Berrion, however, Rowan frowned,

"Return your weight and make it as heavy as you can, otherwise you are too light, and you could break when I smash you against their bones."

Bleeding Edge, “...”

Its weight was meant to be a punishment for those that seek to wield it without satisfying all the conditions laid down by the Primordial Demon, and it did not expect that Rowan found it to be too light and was mindful of its destruction, but when it thought about the unreasonable power that had nearly snapped it in two, it obeyed and made itself as heavy as ten thousand universes.

Rowan’s hand dipped a bit and he smiled, this weight was nice, and it would fit the method Berrion used in battle when adjusted to his attributes. As much as he would like to possess this weapon, he did not need it, and summoning all these specters of the past would just distract him and give Thenos, this powerful Chimaera, all the powers, Wills, and bloodlines of these forgotten warriors.

Rowan was not in the habit of being charitable to his enemies.

He took a step forward and he summoned all of his Cherubims, Convergence, Remorse, Sundown, Legacy, Prophecy, Judgement, Justifier, and Extinction. They flew toward his back and merging as one, they became his wings.

Rowan unfurled them, vast wings of metal and black fire, and their powers fanned the flames of death into his weapons, and the next step he took, the earth beneath his feet simply vanished, for the power in his body had vaporized the body of the World Stele around him.

“Rowan, we do not need to be enemies... I can work with you.”

Rowan blocked his mind from listening to the World Stele, he knew that it was trying to weaken his momentum, the World Stele would never work with him, because the Singularity feared him.

Of the three enemies here, the weakest and yet the most dangerous was Thenos, and if he gave this titan the time to figure out the full breadth of its powers, killing him would be nearly impossible. The Singularity was already manipulating space and time and Thenos had vanished, being taken far from here and into the past.

It did not matter, he must be the first to die.

His wings shivered and Rowan was before Thenos, crossing through space and time with the powers of his Cherubims, and he thrust Bleeding Edge forward, three times.

The first thrust of the spear shattered the spatial and temporal barriers imposed by the World Stele around him, the second thrust broke the passive field of defense and sealing that the World Stele was capable of creating, and the third pierced through the memory, fate, and destiny shielding Thenos from death, leaving him open to Rowan’s blade and his Destroyer was swung down in a swift arc that tore reality apart for countless light years.

The World Stele was desperate, throwing everything in the path of Rowan's destroyer to block the blade from descending, worlds, stars, black holes, even dimensions, like time, space, and the memories of countless higher dimensional immortals...

His blade cut through them all. Worlds were reduced to nothingness, dimensions were sliced in two, and time, space, memory, fate, destiny, his blade sliced them apart. However, this barrier had given the World Stele the breathing space to push Thenos further in the past and into a separate space, but Rowan's offense was like an endless wave, as soon as the blade of the Destroyer had sliced down, Bleeding Edge took its place, piercing through the veils of space-time and sliding into flesh.

Thenos shrieked in pain, hundreds of eyes bulged out from his deformed skull that was nothing but a cancerous tumor. The spear had pierced through his chest and Rowan pulled his hand back to bring the wailing infant closer to him.

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Chapter 1356 Rowan... Unleashed (2)

The destroyer was held over Rowan's head like an executioner blade, and the moment Thenos was within reach, Rowan was taking his head once more. The infant titan was not used to commandeering its posers and was mostly using his aberrant ability from the eyes on his head, if Rowan could decapitate him, then his offensive potential would become nearly null. All of these actions needed to be performed quickly for the mind of a higher dimensional being was incredibly astute, and the poisonous nature of the darkness that was corrupting the intellect of Thenos would not remain for long.

Thenos's body was jerked forward under the pull from Rowan, his infantile frame still bleeding darkness and corruption and screaming like a banshee, this titan could feel the breath of death pouring down on him like a wave, hundreds of eyes in his head was beginning to glow as he directed his gaze at Rowan, but his actions would be too late, he was nearly at the prime location for the blade to fall, but suddenly his body ground to a halt with so much force that his pale white skin nearly went black as blood burst out from every vein he had underneath his skin, and his bones were crushed to powder.

The World Stele had exerted its influence on Thenos, freezing the space around him, and preventing his head from being delivered to Rowan on a chopping block. Every motion from Rowan held an incredible amount of power, and blocking him from pulling Thenos closer had nearly crushed the infant.

Detecting the influence of the World Stele, Rowan frowned, noticing that the sealing force preventing him from pulling Thenos would take too much time to break through and it would give the titan the opportunity to escape from the spear, and so he exerted force on the spear and slashed upward.

Bleeding Edge was not only made for piercing attacks, but for slashing attacks as well, and it could cut through obstacles as easily as any blade. There was a slight hum like lightning running through a copper wire and the spear erupted from the head of Thenos, flinging blood and gore for millions of miles. Rowan had just sliced the titan from his chest, through his neck, and then slashed through his bulbous head in one clean stroke.

Multiple eyes from Thenos bulged in shock, he had unleashed his devouring attack and his eyes were flashing in an erratic manner, but the massive amount of damage he had just received had scrambled his fragmented consciousness, and his screams of pain and confusion rippled out throughout space and time.

The spear had not risen far from Thenos' head when Rowan exerted force again and it slashed down, passing through the opening he had made in the skull of Thenos and slicing into the torso of the infant down to his crotch, with the spearhead of Bleeding Edge finally escaping between his legs with a dull hum.

Rowan's motions were simple, an upward slash followed by a downward slash, and he had bisected the wailing infant in two. This move had consumed nearly twenty percent of the energy that the infant had consumed from Nemesis and Berrion, and it would not take more of these sorts of attacks to drain the energy stores of Thenos down to nothing.

Thenos was not dead, even as an infant he was an eighth-dimensional being who was also a Breaker and supported by a Singularity. The two halves of his body were jerking around, limbs punching and kicking the air with so much force that it was shattering reality all around him, and his eyes were flashing like crazy, fear, pain, and anger clouding his consciousness.

Rowan reversed the spear, as the tip of it glowed black and gold and he began pouring power into it, he was simply waiting for the opening to finish him off as he poised to unleash the power of the Destroyer on Thenos when he felt a sense of danger erupting from Thenos and from the space all around him, and the pressure on his body unexpectedly multiplied by an insane amount.

The World Stele had exerted all of its sealing power on Rowan, focusing everything on his body, but it was not enough, Rowan's hand did not shake, the power he was gathering only paused for a moment before its upward momentum continued, in a moment he would be turning this titan to ash. However, something changed as the skies above Rowan shattered to reveal something incredibly massive.

Rowan's Cherubim wings flapped to break away from the sealing of the World Stele, but this pressure was not meant to hold him because it couldn't, it was simply to delay him.

His head jerked upward and he bared his teeth in anger, barely having the time to brace before the entirety of the World Stele, descending from above slammed into him.

Aerovah, Celestial Dimensional Sector.

Aerovah was famed for being one of the most beautiful realms in the Celestial Dimensional Sector, and it was all due to the vision of its founder and ruler, Ghribba, the Silver Queen.

It was a realm that was a mixture of high technology and nature, melding vast cities and incredibly tall buildings with parks filled with trees, mountains, deserts even oceans.

As one of the realms that were closest to the Celestial Sector yet still managing to hold on to their independence due to the strength of their ruler, Aerovah was a populous and massive realm, and many billions of years ago, Ghribba had separated the realm into seven massive sectors in the form of disks, all had equal shape and from afar the realm resembled a stack of circular disks.

Each disk was hundreds of times the size of an average universe, and they possessed their own heavens that dictated the celestial bodies that roamed through them.

They were connected to each other with a massive celestial platform that spanned all seven disks, and traveling to each of the disks required paying a substantial amount of resources, because each disk had unique opportunities.

Like many developed realms tend to do, Aerovah had done away with its spherical shape and assumed the enhanced form of a developed civilization.

The first disk of Aerovah was the commercial hub of the realm and one of the most populous, races from all corners of reality flocked to it for trading and many other commercial functions, and at this moment panic was gripping countless trillions across the realm because of the destruction of the Frozen Road.

As a higher dimensional realm, the importance of the Frozen Road to them could not be understated, although its greatest use was to access the lower realms, the Frozen Road soon began to serve another function and that was as a beacon to guide the travelers to the vast reaches of realities.

Most maps in existence used markers placed on the Frozen Road as a guide through the chaotic expanse of reality and now this great compass that had existed since the beginning of the Supreme Era had simply collapsed into nothingness, many travelers were stuck in the realm they found themselves before the Frozen Road collapses and the race to find the solution to this quandary was being pursued as messages and pleas were being sent to the Primordial Domain.

However, the greatest fear in the mind of most was the advent of war, and not the usual wars that happened between realms, but one that would sweep all of reality, an Era ending war. Destroying the Frozen Road could not mean anything less.

At first, every realm like Aerovah had believed that the destruction of the Frozen Road was across a small sector, but when it was revealed that all of it had collapsed, a grand working of a Primordial shattered, ancient stories about the end of the Primordial Era began to circulate around.

Panic had undoubtedly swept through the populace and everyone was on a knife's edge, seemingly waiting for the other shoe to drop, it was the reason that when the heavens above the first disk of Aerovah shattered and Rowan who was being suppressed by the World Stele blasted out from it, the impact in the minds of the populace of Aerovah was oddly at peace because at least whatever was going to happen had just arrived.

This peace did not save them from the extinction class events that were going to be happening next when Titans began to battle.

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

Chapter 1357 Rowan... Unleashed (final)

A bright beam of light traveling many times the speed of light cut across reality, and within was an Angel of the Celestial Court.

Enziel was a Sovereign of the 98th Cahiron Squad in charge of patrolling through the fringes of the Celestial Sector, ensuring the safety of every immortal that dwelled near the glorious City of Light. Not all immortals were privileged to dwell in the shining city, and they had to reside around the Celestial Court, but order needed to be maintained, and these patrols by Angels were a frequent sight around this regions.

With his power and status Enziel was not due to patrol these parts for the next eight hundred thousand years, but due to the destruction of the Frozen Road and the ensuing chaos that were inevitably bound to occur, he was tasked with sending message of caution and calm to all the realms near this sector, it would not take long for reality to fall into disorder if the weak minded immortals knew of the magnitude that this disruption of the order of reality could cause.

Even if all the realms outside the Celestial Court were to be entrenched in disorder, this sector could not fall to that state, and if there were any rot, the Angels would cleanse them with divine punishment.

With the speed of Angels Enziel had already visited a dozen realms, quelled the beginnings of a hundred unrest and ended three wars between neighboring factions who believed that reality was about to end and they wanted to take the opportunity to settle old grievances. There were less hundreds of rulers and half their armies were ash under the wrath of Enziel, but peace and stability had returned to the realms.

His destination was Aerovah, one of the most important realms on the outer edge of the Celestial Sector, their ruler had connection with some of the Celestial Creators and had been able to find favor with the City of Light due to her willingness to provide valuable resources and act as a stabilising factor for the outer areas of the Celestial court.

Even if this sector was not deemed important to the Celestials, they did not want any form of disorder near their region, and Aerovah was a firm ally that needed to be reassured that the City of Light would ensure that a solution was created to bring back the Frozen Road or even replace it, there was nothing impossible to achieve for the higher orders of Celestials. Enziel wings shivered and he paused in place, his body began to shake as his celestial heart nearly exploded out from his chest. He knelt down in the void as tears of blood and fire ran down from his eyes, his armor cracked into pieces and the flames from his ten wings died down to embers, he would have blinded his eyes if he was able to, but the only thing he could do was to pray.

In his thirty billion years of life, he had only come close to a higher order celestial less than a dozen times, and he had never been this close; or sensed their powers unleashed to such an extent.

Trillions of miles away, reality shattered into pieces, and massive black wings covered by black flames emerged from it, and they were being suppressed by a mountain shaped in the form of a stele with countless runic imprints on it that nearly tore the mind of Enziel to pieces.

His perception was locked on this scene as he could not help but follow the descent of these apocalyptic events, and he was dimly aware that the direction where they were heading was towards his target Aerovah. There were many changes occurring in the descending forces but Enziel perception was too weak to capture it.

The impact when they slammed into the first disk of Aerovah was not silent, and even from trillions of miles away, the sound of that clash or the intense light that arose from it burned Enziel's eyes to ash.

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Rowan felt it the moment they were banished into real space, the weight that the World Stele had imposed on reality had vanished, and there was no longer the all-pervasive feeling of its powers all around him.

To shield Doom Star from all of reality because the resurrection of Thenos was underway, the World Stele had carried the entire realm into a space of its making.

This turned out to be an advantage for Rowan because it hid the gaze of reality from discovering his actions and allowed him to evolve into a higher dimensional being in relative secrecy while plotting the fall of some of the greatest powers in reality, but as much as it aided him, it was the World Stele that had the greatest benefit.

With Rowan's knowledge of Singularities, although powerful, they were not able to express most of their powers without the aid of their hosts. However, the World Steele had created an environment that borrowed the power of the realm of its host to unleash a potent force of sealing and other unknown powers that compensated for the weakness of Singularities.

It was only when it saw that its control over Rowan was no longer possible that it went all out and in a stunning display of bravery and sacrifice. The Singularity blasted Rowan out of this space it had created where it had an advantage so it could give Thenos the chance to recover.

The instant they were blasted out of the space that the World Steele controlled, Rowan even while being suppressed under the physical form of the Singularity had more increased level of freedom, and golden flames erupted from his body with so much intensity, that they would seem that he had transformed into a massive sun the size of multiple universes.

A surge of light escaped from the golden sun a moment before Rowan was slammed into the realm below him, and the moment they were about to impact against the realm below, his senses had already swept through its entirety, knowing its name and all the creatures that dwelled in it.

A flash of blue light erupted from his body that swept through the first, second and third disks of Aerovah, and it transported the countless trillions of living beings on it to the lower disks. For the first time in a long time, Rowan had no need for souls, because despite the great amount he has consumed to evolve, there were still many soul crystal left in his dimension, and slashing Thenos in half had been an opportunity for him to collect the last remaining souls inside the body of that titan.

Adding to the fact that as much as he would not mind having more souls, he was now in reality proper and his actions carried great consequences going forward, and there was a third reason he did this, although he had left Thenos behind after being suppressed by the World Steele, he wanted to make sure that this titan did not have access to any living being to feed upon.

A moment before, the surge of golden light that escaped from his body had been his dimensional soul leaving his body and pursuing Thenos into the space that the World Steele had driven both of them away from. Now Rowan had one job here, it was to destroy this Singularity while his soul hunted down Thenos.

With the thinking and acting speed of Rowan, all of these happened in a brief moment and as his feet was about to impact the realm below, he simply summoned all his Telekinetic powers and directed them to his two hands that were bracing against the crushing might of the World Steele, as they smashed into the earth.

“BOOOOOOMMMM!!!”

Rowan felt the first disk vibrate, every single atom that made up this expansive realm that was bigger than a hundred universes were loosened, and the realm shattered releasing more energy than a trillion supernovas going off at once, and that explosion was left far behind as the force from the World Stele was not abated and they slammed into the second disk with similar result, and it was on the third disk that the momentum from the crash ended, but half of the disk had been crushed into pieces.

All these while Rowan had been accumulating force from the impacts and from the energy his dimensional flesh was creating, and the instant the explosive suppression of the World Stele had ended, his two palms touching the World Stele exploded in golden light and with a might thrust backed by all the telekinetic potential, he pushed his arms into the Singularity and with a roar that echoed through half the Celestial Sector, he pulled his arms apart, tearing the Singularity in two. The screams of a Singularity in pain, killed every immortal lower than the fifth dimensional state, and those that were higher ran mad.

‘Fuck,’ Rowan thought, ‘Guess I cannot start this new chapter of my life with a clean slate.’

Chapter 1358 Sacrifice

The sound of the Singularity cries almost overshadowed the massive cracking roar that emerged as Rowan tore it in two, and the massive shockwave that spiraled into reality carried those cries to the vast reaches of existence.

A small part of him that was mostly the fading echoes of the mind of Berrion gloried at the cries of pain from the Singularity that had caused him so much anguish for many minor eras, and Rowan allowed that part of him luxuriate in that feeling for a while before he shut it off.

Tearing the World Stele in two was a move that might appear brutish, but there were millions of incredibly complex techniques and utilization of power that Rowan used to achieve something like this, and it helped that the World Stele had been repeatedly damaged, especially by Primordial Time and it had not tried to heal itself before pushing back into combat.

Ripping the World Stele in two was a massive accomplishment but without immediately following through with more powerful attacks, the Singularity would soon recover, and Rowan needed it to be out of the picture long enough for his dimensional soul to kill Thenos, and if possible he was going to destroy the World Stele, and the only question he needed to ask himself was what was the price that he was willing to pay?

The World Stele was like two massive serpents, struggling to escape the grip of Rowan, their trashing was so violent that the entire third disk exploded and they fell towards the fourth, and even that began to rapidly shatter, multiple landmasses the size of galaxies

were flung into the air like little pebbles, and the heat from the slightest movements from the World Stele was vaporizing space and time, sending shockwaves across trillions of miles and decimating everything in sight.

There were still living immortals on this level, powerful immortals that had run mad when the cries of the World Stele had rippled across reality, but their lives were soon snuffed out when the massive body of the Singularity, like two great mountains bigger than universes tore through space and time, crushing their body, soul, memory and even fate into ash.

The explosions of power blasting out from the position of Rowan and the Singularity were so massive they voided all weaker existence around them into nothingness, and because of the speed they were operating, most of these immortals did not know what killed them.

From the moment that Rowan was blasted into reality, not even one second had gone by.

Getting a firm hold on the World Stele was becoming difficult, but Rowan had not simply been wasting his time trying to hold the Singularity in place, and perhaps the World Stele had been sensing an increasing degree of incoming danger and that was what was making it struggles to become more violent, but Rowan did not much care, part of his focus were inside his dimensional flesh, where massive changes were ongoing.

“Boom!”

Inside his body, there was a massive clap, like a heartbeat, but Rowan no longer had a heart, or any other normal mortal or immortal organs, what had replaced those features in his dimensional flesh were what he called Leylines, massive pathways of Essence and Aether that ran through the hidden folds in his dimensional flesh. His dimensional flesh had long transcended the need for bones, blood, or any of the common features of life, and if he was bleeding, either golden or red, it was simply a way that reality was interpreting his injuries, and it did not mean he had blood.

Rowan was discovering new ways his dimensional flesh was utterly alien to reality, and even what he thought was real could be fake, because reality itself was confused at the capabilities of his body and it was simply making do to the best of its capability.

“Boom!”

In the moments before he was blasted out of the space created by the World Stele at the time that he had received Bleeding Edge from Berrion, Rowan finally completed his analysis of the fragments of Time to the fourth-dimensional level, and with this dimension opened before him, he copied it.

His three chambers of creation, freshly juiced up by copying the Supreme Circles, charged into creating another magnificent project, the creation of a dimension, and despite the

fact that he was creating a lesser version of Time that could fit to his dimensional level, it was still an expansive project.

With the experience gained from utilizing so much soul energy in creating the Supreme Circles, he knew that he had all the soul crystals needed for this dimensional upgrade, and of his stores of Soul Crystals he used ninety-five percent of them in a single swoop, but he gained all of those back and more in the next few moments when he attacked and sliced Thenos in two.

A part of him knew that the World Stele had spoiled him with such abundant access to soul energy, and he did not know when he would be able to gather as much soul energy as the Singularity after this period, most likely he would have to patiently gather them over many minor eras.

Copying the fragments of Time, Rowan created his own unique dimension of Time, and it was not purple, instead, it was whitish gold, and this dimension of Time clicked inside his dimensional flesh and soul, fitting together and completing his fourth-dimensional upgrade, making his foundations to become flawless, and with a flawless foundation, his fifth-dimensional state solidified and became perfect, and that perfection allowed his Wills to grow, and their growth was fast.

“Boom!”

He had been able to effortlessly chase the World Stele through time and space as it had sought to escape due to him becoming a completed fifth-dimensional entity, and yet although the growth of his Will was ridiculously fast, it was only until this moment that he had torn the World Stele in two that the first of them reached the fifth-dimensional level.

“Boom!”

The first Will to reach the fifth-dimensional state was Time, and it fit perfectly with Rowan’s dimensional flesh and his dimensional soul, and it further strengthened the techniques that he was about to unleash.

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Rowan’s hands had nearly been jerked out of the World Stele, and only his palms still remained inside the thrashing Singularity, but it was enough, he had finished his preparations.

Using his title Destroyer as a focus and making their authority gather around his two palms, he sucked all the energy from his Cherubims, first passing their power through the Cherubim Extinction whose nature was closest to Destruction.

The Cherubim's Celestial hearts, which were massive black celestial suns died down into embers, and his massive metallic wings suddenly appeared rusted as he collected enough energy from them that could light up a thousand universes, all that energy entered into his title, and his palms turned red as if they were red-hot metal on the verge of melting.

Only a body like his could hold energy this potent in a relatively small area, and even this amount of energy in his palms alone was pushing it, but Rowan knew it was not enough... He had kept asking himself, how much was he willing to pay?

“Boom!”

All the powers of his Supreme Cores, and there were now a lot of them were channeled into his palms, and the glow did not brighten only deepened, and now it was impossible to hide the aura of destruction that was erupting from his palm, and its presence was like a catalyst, and the fourth disk exploded, and they fell towards the fifth, and even before they touched the fifth disk, it had already begun to disintegrate from the aura blasting out from Rowan's palm.

A great cry erupted from the World Stele as if it had now comprehended what Rowan was about to do. The shriek from the World Stele was animalistic, because unknown to Rowan, only a Breaker like him or Thenos could closely interact with Singularities, any other immortals would consider them invincible, and for a Singularity a threat like death was something they did not consider, and now the World Stele, it could feel it... death.

All of these changes were not even registering with Rowan, as he weaved all the power of destruction using his Realm Weaver Aspect.

Realm Weaver: You have transcended the limit of Corporeal Crafting, your touch changes the immaterial, and concepts are yours to mold.

Destruction was a concept that was already difficult to control even via his title, it was an eighth-dimensional force that a fifth-dimensional being had no right to touch not to even imagine manipulating, and what Rowan could have access to with his title would not be enough to cause any damage to the World Stele and so he had to supercharge it.

Even with his massive intellect and his control over all forms of energy that had reached a ridiculous level, destruction was not an energy that was meant to be controlled. In fact, it was by wielding Bleeding Edge and analyzing its dormant runes that he understood that the power that separated this Primordial Weapon and any other weapons in existence was the fact that it could perfectly control and harness the power of destruction.

The method he was using was harming oneself in order to damage your enemy. His Essence and Aether were consumed in stupendous amounts, and this consumption was permanent!

What was he willing to sacrifice to ensure that one of his greatest threats was silenced for eternity?... Everything!

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Chapter 1359 My Sacrifice

Rowan understood that this might be his only opportunity to destroy the World Steele, if he allowed it to leave with all the knowledge it had gathered of his abilities then Rowan would become reality's biggest threat, and the Primordials would leave their thrones, and hunt him down.

Although knowing this Singularity was not the path that it would follow, the World Steele seemed to have an appetite for solving problems with its power, and that meant the Singularity would return in the future, in a moment that Rowan would not be able to control, and it would crush him.

Rowan could feel the progress of his dimensional soul towards the hunting of Thenos, and he knew that in a short while the Singularity would figure out that two of Rowan's greatest weapons were missing and the death cries of Thenos would drive the World Steele insane, and so before then, Rowan had to go all out.

His overall Aether and Essence fell, and because his energy stores now had a life of their own, he had to endure the cries of trillions of these newly born energy beings dying at every moment, their lives were short, and for the brief moment they were alive, they had given Rowan an unexpected feeling of happiness.

Rowan's gaze was cold, and he only increased the power pouring into the Destroyer Title, and in the instant the World Steele was about to slip from his fingers, both of his palms exploded, and his body was blasted backward, bursting through the fifth disk into the sixth, and piercing through the sixth until he reached the seventh where the impact of his landing destroyed half of it.

Reality around the remnants of the fifth disk became warped, as the destructive forces unleashed by Rowan's shattered hand eradicated reality to its very fundamental aspects.

Half of the World Steele was covered by this weird warped space that seemed to be absorbing everything, no it was not absorption, it was simply deleting everything from existence, and Rowan saw the range of this destruction would not cover the entirety of the World Steele and his eyes became red as a roar broke out from deep within Rowan's consciousness,

"No, this is not what I want."

A loud booming sound reverberated through his consciousness and the Will of Truth reached the fifth-dimensional level, further strengthening his foundations. Rowan poured his Will, his belief, his everything into that warped space that held nothing but the pure essence of destruction, and he pulled.

“You were born from my flesh, and you shall obey me.”

Even in his perception where time moved slowly, it became even more sluggish, and then, he held destruction. His eyes caught aflame, burning to ash, and his skin began to char, massive booming sounds were escaping from his body as if a great heart was beating in a crazed manner.

For a brief moment, the sensation that he felt was as if he was a mortal who jumped into a volcano and was slowly sinking into it from the feet upwards, knowing death was a brief moment away, and Rowan understood that this was only going to get worse. That volcano was rapidly transforming into the core of a star.

However, he was glad, because no matter the cost of holding this power, the key takeaway was that he was holding it. Now this was not the aura of destruction or the endless derivative of this power, no this was the real thing, a weapon used by Primordials because nothing else would do.

His eyes returned and the glow within them was frightening.

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Even though he had been shoved to the last disk of Aerovah, Rowan was still standing on his feet, his balance could not be broken by something as paltry as force. Raising both hands upward as if he was lifting a heavy load, the warped space around the fifth disk that was widening as it erased everything around it suddenly contracted and it began to take a new shape.

The struggling World Stele had the two halves of its structures erased, and the other halves were focused on escaping, but it was a shame that reality around this entire fifth disc had been erased, and the concept of acceleration or even movement did not exist, and until reality recovered from this wound, the Singularity could not escape.

Rowan idly noted that both of his hands were gone from the wrist upwards, there was only a smoking stump left, and with his regenerative capacity, he should technically be able to heal faster than he could ever be damaged, but his hands remained in the same state.

There was a price for wielding destruction, and that price was his hands. From now till the unknown future, his hands would be gone.

Rowan grinned and then he began to laugh, it had been too long since he had felt this way, walked on the edge of death in a manner that his soulless analytical mind of before would never think of doing, and he knew that he would not reach the ultimate peak of reality if he was not willing to be extremely ruthless to himself.

“Boom!”

His Will of Elder reached the fifth dimension and his nature as a Primordial Beast seized his sacrifice and made of it, power!

The warped space of destruction that had been contracting suddenly took shape and it was two massive hands.

“I have the Will of Elder, and my nature is never to lose, only gain. My sacrifice is to myself.”

Rowan flexed his Will and the hands of destruction above responded to his summons. They traveled through the null space in a manner that seemed slow, but when you put it together that they were moving in a place where the concept of motion did not even exist, only then could the true nature of their speed be revealed.

The two hands seized both remnants of the World Stele and they brought it before Rowan.

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Chapter 1360 Emergence Of Ruin

Like a swallow returning to its nest, the two hands of destruction merged with the upraised hands of Rowan and he went still like a statue, and then his body exploded with black flames that turned his skin to ash and vaporized massive chunks of muscles, exposing glowing bones underneath.

Of course, all of these visible injuries were simply what reality could interpret was going wrong with him, what Rowan was experiencing was quite worse, and his Essence and Aether continued to fall, however, there was something new blooming inside his dimensional flesh, and it scared and excited him at the same time, because under the flames of destruction, his bloodlines became intensely agitated, and there were faint signs that they were about to merge.

His focus slipped deeper into his dimension and he seemed to have forgotten that he was gripping the World Stele. From all around him, tiny motes of purple light that resembled fireflies began to drift into his body, at first they were a few hundred but before long, the number increased to billions.

With his mind occupied by the intense changes inside his dimension, his hold over the Gate of Purgatory loosened, and the countless souls that had perished in the brief moments they descended into Aerovah began to flock into his dimension.

However, Rowan was not even aware of these changes, his body continued to break down under the black flames, even his wings began to melt, and in a short while he resembled a flaming skeleton with small patches of burning flesh that stubbornly clung to his bones.

An aura of death and desolation began to arise from Rowan and it seemed that he might have bitten more than he could chew because from all outside indicators, this great titan was dying, and even the massive influx of souls pouring into him seemed to be the last gasp of a dying man.

Even the World Steele who was on the verge of destruction saw the state of Rowan and was shocked, and hope began to bloom in its heart, for it was possible that Rowan would be the first to die before it.

Wielding such a pure power of destruction was a path left for Primordials alone, and Rowan no matter how special he was should be paying a grievous price, and his death was a real possibility.

These were the thoughts of the World Steele, but it did not find as much solace in them as it would have imagined, nevertheless, it began to marshal the last of its resources to hold on until Rowan collapsed into ash.

There was a great regret in its heart that he chose to work with such an insane creature like Rowan, and no matter the allure of Rowan's talent and bloodline that he wanted to feed to Thenos, the price for this bounty proved to be too much. The World Steele knew it should have paid more attention to the kind of immortal that Rowan was and not focused more on his powers and potential, and if it did, it would not have been caught lacking so many times.

Knowing the destiny of all Breakers was to rise fast and burn brightly before perishing, the World Steele was not surprised that Rowan had just bitten off more than he could chew and it would simply have to outlive this abomination.

It was then that it felt a twinge inside of its core and a burst of pain and a cry of sorrow, and the Singularity no longer stayed still, struggling in the hands of Rowan as it screamed out in shock and outrage,

"Thenos?... But you should be safe... Aaaahhhh! Abomination, if it is the last thing I will do, I will kill you!"

A wave of power and devastation began to brew in the remnants of the World Steele that was shaking reality all around them, but Rowan did not seem to be aware, his attention deep inside his dimension.

“Was this why you came for me, even when I was still a mortal? Yes, I think I can see it... the connection. It’s Ruin.” ®

Ghribba, the Silver Queen had been patiently waiting for admittance to the Celestial Archives for the last eighty-three million years, and as far as she was concerned it was time well spent, and she had a slight regret that it took her quite a while to get over her misgivings about coming to the Archives despite some shady rumors about its ability to slowly corrupt the mind of when the most staunch of character, twisting them into nothing but glorious servants of light.

After many Minor Eras of presenting gifts and performing tasks for this branch of the Celestial Domain, she was permitted to wait in front of the Archive and if Fate deemed it, she would be admitted by the Principality, Raphael. A great Celestial whose roots could be traced to the beginning of the Primordial Era.

Waiting here for such an extended amount of time was not a loss for the Silver Queen for the Archive was vast and filled with endless opportunities even for higher dimensional immortals like her, and although she was at the periphery, she had gained a great amount of benefit and she could feel her Will loosening as there was visible growth of her soul, being this close to the presence of a Principality and standing in front of the Archive was a gateway to touch the essence of Light itself.

The shape of the Archive could not be perceived even by her vast spirit as an eighth-dimensional immortal, all she could see was a gigantic sphere of light greater than a million universes put together, and only occasionally, around every five million years or so would there be slight movements inside that sphere of light that was almost as if something incredibly massive was swimming inside of it.

At the periphery of the Archive were numerous landscapes created in the likeness of those who waited for admittance into the Archive, and in the case of Ghribba, it was a tranquil ocean with three silver moons overhead, this was the image that had greeted her when her sapience emerged many minor eras ago.

It was a memory she thought was lost to her, but the Archive had resurrected that Memory for her once more, and if she would be leaving this place in the future, she was permitted to take this Memory with her. Anything that Light touched could never be forgotten, and it was by his grace that what was once lost to her had been returned.

One of the benefits of staying near the Archive was gifts like these, and Ghribba luxuriated in this particular gift, shamelessly taking the form of her birth which resembled a massive glowing jellyfish that glittered as if filled with countless stars.

She was the only one of her race who was not attracted to the deep, and from the first moment that she saw the endless lights of the stars in the skies and she reached for them, Ghribba had never looked back.

At the distance, she could see dozens of Memories of different higher-dimensional immortals who were waiting for the chance to enter the Archives; some of them had been here long before she arrived, and some she knew would never leave. The gifts of the Principality required a strong Will, and sometimes even higher-dimensional immortals would falter before this obstacle.

Nevertheless being at this place was a chance to leave the struggles of reality behind and slowly increase your personal power base, and after a while, it was possible to forget that reality outside this place even existed. There were rumors of certain Memories and immortals who had been here since the beginning of the Supreme Era and had forgotten that there was a life outside of this place.

There was a danger to the Archive that Ghribba was becoming aware of, but the problem was that she found out she did not care, even when news came in from her subordinate that the Frozen Road had been destroyed by an unknown party, Ghribba simply spent a brief moment analyzing what that would mean for her and her realm before returning back to the serenity of this memory, and the lights of the Celestial Archive.

As an eighth-dimensional immortal, she did not require the aid of the Frozen Road to roam through reality, and although the lack of this road would severely hamper the commercial activities of her realm, the primary reason she had focused on building that realm was to get to the Archives, and now that this dream had been achieved, she did not care about the difficulty that would plague the inhabitants of Aerovah.

She even began to faintly sense the opportunity that could arise if the Frozen Road no longer existed, for one, she would be able to...

The light of the Archive that had been shining bright suddenly went red, and Ghribba felt a great sense of disquietness seize her soul as well as panicked screams and cries from her realm.

A painful twinge cut through her soul as he felt the life of her youngest spawn disappears. It did not take a few moments more before the life of more of her spawns began to rapidly vanish, every death plunging into her soul like a burning blade and Chribba's color transformed into a blazing red as if she was bleeding when the connection to the last of her spawns vanished.

Her body shivered as she took a humanoid form, it was if a beautiful woman that seemed to be crafted out of blue water that swirled hypnotically, ignoring everything around her, she turned and left the Archive, disregarding a growing pressure that was emerging from its center, a part of her understood that whatever calamity had just befallen Aerovah seemed to be linked to the Celestials, and she was glad, they would aid her in her vengeance.

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

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1361 Hunt

Rowan's dimensional soul barely slipped through the rapidly healing tear in reality before it zipped shut behind him with a loud clap. This wound in reality had closed more quickly than it normally should and he suspected that it was the work of the World Stele who was ensuring that he would not be able to get back into this space quickly enough to kill Thenos, and if he was a bit slow with his reaction, then he would have lost his chance to stop this titan.

If this space could hide Doom Star from the gaze of all of reality then it would be nearly impossible for Rowan to find it without the aid of the World Stele, and Thenos would be assured of his freedom, this was an outcome that Rowan did not want. Thenos could not be regarded as one of his greatest enemies, but his talents made it inevitable that he would crave Rowan's powers, and the best moment to deal with this great threat was when he was at his weakest.

To rapidly enter this space in a nondescript manner, the dimensional soul had taken the form of a golden glow, which resembled a solar flare, and against the bright glow of Rowan's main body, this flare of light was lost within and he could easily slip past the attention of the World Stele.

When the dimensional soul entered this shattered space, his form flickered like a half-digitized phantom haze, it was as if reality was finding it difficult to analyze his presence and he took the familiar form of Rowan, wearing bright golden armor with his Destroyer on his right hand and Bleeding Edge on the left.

His soul had a sort of weight that no soul should have, and Rowan had observed the way reality seemed to be glitching all around him. A part of him finds it a bit disturbing that even Primordial beings of impossible powers could be easily captured by reality and their essence and presence were properly understood, but for him, he was a variable that was now alien from reality.

'Why am I feeling like I am a sort of bug in a well-run program?'

Usually, bugs were quickly identified and hunted by the system's antibody, and the first of those antibodies, Nemesis, was now shackled inside of his Destroyer. Something told Rowan that this would just be the first of many, and the only solution was to grow fast enough to overwhelm whatever obstacles the system might bring against him.

'Like a fucking cancer... It's a good thing that the core of this reality is problematic and thrives on the philosophy of the survival of the fittest. Technically I am following the

paths the Primordials have laid down for all living beings. I am simply fighting to climb to the top.'

This unique state he found himself in was a result of cutting himself off from Chaos and reality, creating his own Space and Time, making him in essence an alien to everything around him.

Rowan shook his head in a self-deprecating manner, 'I sought to break out of the chains that bound me, instead, I broke out of reality. Is this the definition of overperforming?'

Although a part of his mind was focused on the oddity of his existence, a majority of his focus was on the hunt he was here for. The pupils of his eyes became a slit like a reptile and his perception swept through this space and he could not find Thenos, the corrupted titan had vanished. He had suspected that this titan was far more clever than he had let on, and it turned out to be the case. Thenos had not left his fate to the World Stele alone and had escaped at the earliest opportunity if he had been waiting inside here then this would have been a very short hunt.

Rowan took a step forward and he vanished, reappearing at the spot where he had sliced the infant in two and he could see a large pool of black blood and multiple unidentified organs that had teeth marks on them. The blood and the organs were filled with a thick stench of corruption.

Rowan bent and touched them, as he twisted time and space to show him the memory of what took place here not so long ago.

The moment Rowan was blasted out of this space, the two halves of Thenos's body that had been struggling in apparent pain rapidly crawled to each other, with limbs bent and moving like a spider, Thenos pushed both sides of his body together, rapidly healing from the grave damage, his movements were fluid, and all signs of pain and madness before was gone and Rowan smiled when he realized that this newly born titan had nearly played him with his display of madness.

This child reminded Rowan of himself. That thought did not comfort him in the slightest.

Thenos's wisdom must have awakened quite quickly and seeing the disadvantaged situation that he found himself in, Thenos must have been waiting for the right moment to escape or bend fate towards his favor.

In the memories of the past, Rowan could see that from the hundreds of eyes on Thenos's bulbous head was the light of a frightening cold intelligence, and in the next few moments, he pushed his head to the ground and a sound of chewing from multiple mouths emerged.

The dozens of eyes that were touching the edge of this space had torn themselves open revealing gaping mouths filled with fangs and a long yellow tongue that was caked with

reddish mucus, these mouths were slurping the blood and eating some of the organs that had fallen from his previously bisected body before they spat them out due to the corruption they contained.

Consuming these corrupted flesh was not the focus of those mouths because they were rapidly chewing through space and when a gaping hole was created, Thenos hesitated for a moment before he slipped through and vanished inside of it.

With a wave of his consciousness, Rowan gathered the remains of Thenos, keeping a small part for analysis and eradicating the rest, placing the tip of the destroyer on the exact spot Thenos had vanished, Rowan began to cycle through space and time until he accessed the precise coordinate that Thenos had accessed and he sliced his way out of this space.

As his body vanished from this space he did not forget to also collect another sample of it. The method the World Stele had used in its creation was extremely fascinating and he would like to decipher the process.

Rowan slipped through space and time and he found himself underground. His senses swept through this space and he saw that he was near the core of a massive planet. There was a smooth tunnel leading to the surface of the planet, likely the handiwork of Thenos.

Fumes of corruption filled the tunnel as Thenos was still ejecting the corruption filling his body and as Rowan's perception swept his way through the planet, he was surprised that everything was tranquil, however, he knew that this would not remain the case for long, the corruption that was constantly emerging from the body of Thenos would soon reach the core of this world and then it would infect the World's Consciousness.

At that time, everything would fall into madness and ruin, the perfect time for a Chimaera to feast. However, Rowan knew that Thenos was quite clever and it was possible that he was not here to feast on this realm, at least not before he rid himself of every strand of corruption inside his body.

There was a thriving civilization on the surface of this planet, and Rowan's gaze swept through the billions of the inhabitants in a single sweep and he found his target. His previous speculations turned out to be the correct ones, Thenos had not gone on a rampage and fed on the inhabitants of this realm, instead, the titan was doing something much more cruel, he was using the inhabitants of this world as a filter to rid himself of corruption. Rowan did not find the trace of Thenos in a single position, instead he found it in billions of positions. Thenos had scattered himself inside the bodies of everyone here in this world and when Rowan emerged out of the ground and looked around him, he saw a thriving world that was about to end.

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Chapter 1362 Hurt

Rowan's presence went unnoticed, but he knew that it would not be long before Thenos detected him, the titan may think he was safe for the moment so he had focused on healing himself first, but a being as wise as Thenos would not let his guard down for long, and Rowan would not allow this wily titan to slip out of his fingers.

If Thenos was anything like him then Rowan anticipated that he would not remain in this world for long, he would simply pass off as much of his corruption as he could and leave for another world, and he would rinse and repeat this formula until he finished healing.

The most powerful immortal here was barely a fourth-dimensional immortal, and he alone was carrying more than sixty percent of the corruption expelled by Thenos

"Eva," Rowan softly called, and a shadow grew out from beside him, before separating from him and standing by his side. Rowan noted that before he summoned the Lady of Shadows, he was casting no shadow, it was after the appearance of Eva that a shadow appeared under him.

Eva had also noticed this development and she looked at Rowan with a bit of worry in her eyes, knowing that she was standing before his dimensional soul, meaning that this was technically the first time she was talking to this version of Rowan, she wanted to express her desires to hear his thoughts on his mental states but she knew this was not the right time, and even if that was important, there were better ways to draw Rowan out of his head, and so she simply stated the purpose she was originally summoned for,

"Working on the barrier, give me a moment... There, everything is in place, however, I will keep adding more barriers of sealing to it, and the more time you buy me, the greater the assurance that nothing will escape from here. The instant you give the sign, the entire planet will be shielded and covered by the Wooden Fortress. Thenos would be cut off entirely from reality."

"Wooden Fortress? Interesting naming choice. You do know wood is one of the weakest materials I have in my coffers. Why would you give an impregnable fortress that name when you did not use a single bit of wood in its construction."

Eva smiled internally, this name was chosen at this moment by her because she knew it would draw his attention, it would seem that despite gaining a new dimensional soul, Rowan's fundamental essence had not changed, perhaps he may be slowly returning to his roots. "I never remembered you being this picky about my naming sense. I think I preferred the cold you, who surprisingly had a great sense of humor."

"I do have a sense of humor, but that is not what we are talking about here is it? I know a bad name when I hear it. In your upcoming project, I wonder what would be your naming

methodology, The Fluffy Sword, Bunny Shield? I miss those times when names used to have weight.”

The Lady of Shadows seemed to think about it and then she shivered, “Okay, it was not that bad... was it? Humph,” Eva groaned in exasperation before she rapidly changed the topic of the conversation, “Is this what we should be focusing on right now? I know you are cold Rowan, but we are about to kill an infant, you should give this moment all the levity it deserves.”

Rowan shrugged, “He is not an infant, he was most likely conceived even before you ever born Eva, and there is something you should remember. We can mourn our dead, that is expected of us, but the moment we start killing others, we lose the right to bargain for a clean death or any deaths of our choosing. This does not apply to my enemies alone, but also to me and my children. If the day comes and I lose this endless war and I am about to die, if the enemy pisses inside my skull, I will not be protesting that they kill me with honor.”

“Rowan... that is disgusting.”

“Ah... you forget I have mortal roots.”

“You are not going to be fun at parties, are you?”

“Most likely,” and then Rowan smiled, “You know, it’s been a long time since I have attended a party, the last was on Trion when I was still a mortal, and I was on the periphery, I had a maid and a soul. To think that nearly a billion years later and this is the first time I am thinking about a party.”

“Oh, that’s a shame, we should fix that.”

“What has gotten into you Eva? Never took you for one that preferred mortal proclivities.”

“Your circles are still too small Rowan, nobody parties harder than immortals. However, I am tired of watching this atrocity, the shielding is complete and there is nothing more I can add to it, let’s just kill this little nightmare and go home. I can see inside the shadows of these people Rowan, their souls, and the things he is doing to them. I know you think you are evil Rowan, but this... this thing, he would rid you of that notion.”

Rowan looked at the inhabitants of this world, really looked at them. At first, he had been dismissive, knowing that Thenos was inside their bodies and was using it as a filter to eject the corruption into them, he already understood that all of them were dead, they did not just know it yet, and so he never bothered to look into their souls so he did not startle Thenos, but it was easy to share the sights of Eva, whose domain covered shadows, and in the shadows of the people here, he saw not just evil, but a creature that delighted in it.

“The shield is ready, Rowan, say the words, and let us end this infection.”

Rowan was quiet for a moment before he said, "I want to save them."

"Oh," Eva's eyes widened, and then she smiled, "Then we would save them."

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"Why does this hurt?"

Thenos asked the souls of twelve billion people as he skinned them alive and made them eat their skin. He asked this question but it did not seem that he was looking for answers because he began pulling out their bones, he did this extremely slowly while making sure that their soul could feel the maximum amount of pain that was necessary and he deprived them of the solace of madness as he consumed their madness. It was a delightful delicacy.

"Why does this hurt?"

He allowed a man to repeatedly butcher his entire family again and again in an endless loop using only his fist, making sure that the family was aware of everything that was happening...

"Why does this hurt?"

Every soul in this world was brought before a vast altar that had the shadow of Thenos hovering over it and their bodies were shredded into pieces and mixed together, yet their mind remained active, their sanity preserved, and even though they did not have mouths or lungs, they screamed and screamed...

"Why does this hurt?"

High above this vast expanse of suffering, hundreds of eyes peered down in excitement as they drew upon the glorious feast spread out before them, and in those eyes were dreams of all of reality bent to his vision.

This was not nearly enough, he was just beginning his experiment, he wanted to know what it would feel like to have every living creature in existence... screaming, in pain, in fear, how high would the sounds of their lamentation reach?

"Why does this hurt? Why.... Why.... Why...."

He wanted it, that vision where everything became as...

'Wait... there was someone standing there, and he is not screaming... why is he not screaming?'

Thenos consciousness descended towards the lone figure standing in a last pile of butchered flesh and bones, that were shaking in mortal convulsion, his hundreds of eyes that were bigger than moons, filled with hands that were grasping at everything and nothing at the same time, stopped over the singular figure and he asked,

“Why are you not screaming?”

The figure however did not look at him, but at the endless fields of bodies, his beautiful masterpieces that were slowly taking shape. Thenos was quickly discovering that he did not crave mental anguish as much as physical distress... he wanted pain, he craved it because he did not know what it meant.

His voice was curious as he asked, “Do you like to hear them scream too?”

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Chapter 1363 Stab

What struck Rowan as odd was the voice of Thenos, which had an odd quality that almost reminded him of the treasure Wormtongue, because his voice was reverberating twice as if two individuals were talking at the same time.

His voice was also familiar, it sounded like the voice of Berrion and Nemesis, and it was clear that the titan had not simply stolen the energy of these two, but he had taken other things as well, and one of the things he took was their voices, and maybe something more, his intelligence was suspicious, Thenos was learning too fast, and this knowledge was not coming from his intellect alone.

The instincts that caused him to flee to this world even though he should have been safe in the realm made by the World Stele, the methods he used to scatter his consciousness into the bodies of everyone here in this realm, so that despite his madness, searching for him would be nearly impossible, all of these and more prove that Thenos took much more than memories.

Rowan’s eyes flared like twin torches when he heard Thenos’ insane question and he shook his head in rejection, as he replied,

“No, I don’t like the sound of their cries.”

The numerous eyes of Thenos blinked, “Of course, you don’t like it. There is not enough! You can barely hear them, I want more... more... more! Let me know why they cry?!”

“You don’t need to find more people to torture to know the answer to that question Thenos, the answer had been here in front of you from the start. I think you know it too,

but you are choosing to lie to yourself, or perhaps you don't know the meaning of lies and truth, at least not when it relates to you, so I can tell you if you want."

The eyes narrowed in suspicion, and Rowan knew in that instant Thenos had realized who he was, if he had not figured it out from the start already, but Rowan could understand this titan more deeply than Thenos realized, and what he had just told him was a fatal lure that held him in place.

Thenos whispered, "Why does it hurt?"

Rowan spoke slowly, "They cry... they hurt... because unlike you, they are complete."

The eyes of Thenos blinked in confusion and that emotion rapidly shifted to rage, "I don't understand! What makes them complete and why do I not have it?"

Rowan smiled, "Come closer to me, and I will tell you."

"No, you wish to kill me, that much I can understand." Thenos replied in a flat manner, "Although I wonder why you have not begun butchering me, you did not waste this much time the first time you saw me, or is it... ha, I see you are a fool. The only thing that has changed here is the presence of these piles of meat, you... love them."

"Of course I love them, and I do not just love them Thenos, I envy them."

Thenos began to laugh in a rather disbelieving manner, "Envy? Such weakness? If this is who you are, then I was wrong to flee from you."

"Oh you silly child," Rowan's body began to glow, "Knowing that this is who I am, should have made you flee because I am not going to be battling with your body, but with your soul."

The eyes drew back, pushing themselves into the sky, "I have tasted your weapons, and I know you have killed trillions, and yet you are willing to risk your soul for these pathetic few?! Rowan, I thought I was the one who was supposed to be insane. I was born a few seconds ago, but I know the sound of duplicity when I hear it."

"Ah, I wonder who stole your wit from, however, it does not matter. Your soul would scream, and you should be glad because you might finally understand pain."

Rowan's body exploded into light, his body appeared to transform into a golden sun that grew bigger and swallowed everything, the eyes of Thenos were flashing rapidly as he sought to steal the impossible power before him, but it did not take long for panic to set into his eyes because he could not touch the expanding sun, and with a dull roar filled with rage and fear, he fled.

Eva was standing in the clouds as she watched the thriving world below. The sounds of commerce, the bustle of the crowds, the laughter of children, the battles between cultivators fighting on their paths to immortality, such a scene was filled with liveliness, but it was with careful observation of the eyes of everyone here that you would be able to sense the pain and fatigue in their souls.

She understood that on Doom Star the state of the souls there was much worse, and what she was witnessing was just the beginning of a horrifying process that would slowly strip these people of everything they knew and loved, and Eva shuddered, knowing that such a cancerous entity shared the same Celestial roots as she did made it a pill that was hard to swallow.

Suddenly the world below went still, as if it was frozen in time, the activities of everyone grounded to a halt and her eyes hardened, Rowan had made his move.

As if every single person on the planet were puppets controlled by invisible strings, their heads whipped upward with great force as darkness and blood erupted from every orifice in their faces. Eyes, ears, and noses burst open as the darkness erupted from their bodies with great force, and there was so much of it in every individual body that it seemed almost comical, and when the darkness finished exiting from their flesh, they all collapsed lifelessly on the ground.

Eva sighed in relief, it would appear that Rowan had succeeded. Healing their bodies was countless times easier than healing their souls.

It would have been easier to simply eradicate Thenos while he was inside the bodies of these people, and Rowan could have collected the remnants of their souls but this would likely only give him access to their soul essence and not their soul origin since the populace of this world do not know him, and as Rowan had learned, the corruption of Thenos could stain the Soul Origin, and these people no matter how many times they reincarnated in the future, if they could not reach the eight-dimensional level, they would be condemned to a life of torture and nightmare. The only way to save them was for Rowan to force Thenos out of their bodies and souls, and he had succeeded.

With the darkness out of the bodies of the people, it began to gather in the sky, clashing together with shocking violence until the massive body of Thenos was revealed. Still taking the form of an infant with a head that resembled mangled and diseased flesh, the titan sought to escape, his limbs digging into space but he was denied, his screech of fear resounding throughout the planet.

His head suddenly twisted three hundred and sixty degrees, multiple eyes glaring at the spot where Eva was standing, but she was already gone. The instant that the Lady of Shadows had seen the darkness erupt from the bodies of the people, she had left, knowing that this battle was beyond her capabilities.

Thenos' body shifted and he appeared at the spot where Eva had stood and he began to touch the space, his eyes inquisitive and he muttered, "Shadows?"

Reality seemed to shift around him and Thenos growled in anger, but a glance around him revealed that the world below him had vanished and he was in a gray space whose size seemed to be infinite.

His eyes suddenly bulged in shock as a long blade erupted out of the middle of his head that was filled with the immense power of destruction, and a great force slammed into the side of his neck. The combination of these two potent actions exploded the entirety of his head. The mangled flesh did not have the chance to fly far before it collapsed into ash.

His body flailed around in panic as he heard the voice of Rowan, "What a waste... even without any knowledge of her, you could still feel her shadows."

Another great force slammed on the stump of his neck where his new head was growing out of, shattering it into ash. Thenos felt stabbing sensations all over his body as he was reduced to ash, and as he slowly regenerated, the stabbing sensations resumed.

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The Primordial Record

Chapter 1364 Spells

Rowan continued stabbing and slashing at the regenerating body of Thenos mechanically, inside the Wooden Fortress, the corrupted titan's essence could not escape and if Thenos did not take a corporeal form, his stores of energy would be consumed faster than normal, because this fortress also drained energy from Thenos and only in his corporeal form could he fight against this drain to a certain extent.

There were many complicated moves Rowan could have used that would damage Thenos far more quickly, but in this situation, simple attacks were the best strategy to use, and if he knew Thenos, then he was most likely hiding the greatest of his weapons until he was desperate. If Thenos had been against any other individual, then holding back would be his best shot, because simply powering a fortress that could hold an eighth-dimensional entity for long like Thenos was extremely expensive, and few immortals would have the energy capacity to do such a thing. Yet he was against Rowan, and every moment Thenos was holding back was bringing him closer to his grave.

Rowan could afford to wait and slowly drain Thenos of all his energy even if he was spending a hundred times more energy than Thenos with every moment that passes. His dimensional soul had as much energy capacity as his dimensional flesh, and Rowan was not scared of running out any time soon.

Using simple moves with his weapons was the best way to get Thenos to that point of desperation when he unleashed all his potential without revealing too much of his hand.

Rowan was actively monitoring the energy expenditure of Thenos, by now the corrupted titan should have burned through all the energy he had collected from Berrion, and then some. The problem was that Rowan had no way of ascertaining how much energy Nemesis contained but it should not exceed those of Berrion by much.

He was using Bleeding Edge for the slashing attacks and the Destroyer for the piercing attacks, and his body was moving almost automatically at this point, while he focused on other tasks, even now he was monitoring the events of his dimensional flesh and he frowned a bit at the risk he was taking and the unexpected changes ongoing in his dimension, as they triggered memories that he did not expect to still have any relevance to him at this point.

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Destroying Thenos one more time with a sweeping attack with Bleeding Edge that turned every piece of his flesh to ash using green undying flames seemed to have been the point where this titan could no longer endure the loss of energy as this space suddenly quaked, and Rowan's heart shook when with a loud groan the Wooden Fortress was stressed to its limits and if not for the rapid infusion of energy by him and Eva in addition to the massive preparation they made to make this prison nearly impregnable, Thenos would have torn out of it.

Rowan's eyes shone with a predatory light, "So you have reached your fucking limits... took you long enough."

When Thenos discovered that he could not tear himself out of this space with this unexpected burst of power, he cried out, his voice no longer ringing in a double-layered pattern, but more like the sound of multitudes. It was as if a million voices were crying out as one.

The sound was so astonishingly powerful that Rowan was blown back until he slammed against the edge of the fortress, and the energy expenditure of keeping the fortress viable multiplied almost exponentially, nearly reaching Rowan's energy-generating capacity and even faintly exceeding it.

Rowan was also deeply surprised that the World Stele who was countless dimensions from here could hear this cry. There must be a connection between Thenos and his Singularity that even distance could not break.

A vast storm erupted inside this space and the power levels he was sensing from Thenos shot upwards and soon broke all limits that Rowan had assigned to this titan, reaching ridiculous heights and this seemed like it was just the start. Crazy laughter as if from a crowd of trillions emerged from the storm, stirring something primal inside of Rowan.

The storm rushed towards him as if it wanted to devour him and Rowan swept the Destroyer to the side in a clear arc as if he wanted to slice the space in front of him in two and a massive blast of solar wind blasted the storm apart to reveal an abomination.

Thenos still had the shape of an infant, but now he had crouched on all four like a beast. He had reduced his size until his overall volume was similar to that of a small moon, and his bulbous head had transformed, no longer in the shape of bleeding muscles chaotically jam-packed in a single mass, now there were a thousand faces staring at Rowan, all of them strange and different, and now and then a face would sink into his head and a new one would emerge.

Some of these faces were dull, their features lacking proper definition. Rowan spotted the face of Nemesis having the same characteristics, and others were properly defined. With this hint, Rowan inferred that those dull faces on Nemesis' head were the immortals whose talents had not been fully stolen, and those clear faces were those whom Thenos had taken everything.

A million voices roared at Rowan, all of them speaking different languages but their words all meant the same thing, "Eat... Eat... Eat..."

Space nearly exploded as Thenos charged at Rowan.

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Always suspicious that Thenos was not displaying his full range of abilities, Rowan had also been holding back, and when inside the souls of the helpless people in the world they had just left, he heard Thenos speaking with the voices of Nemesis and Berrion, this became one of the evidence that had clearly shown that Thenos could steal more than energy with the first blink of his eyes.

However, there was one specific clue that Rowan did not miss on the first encounter with this titan. When Thenos's Memories left the Great Desert, he had brushed past Nemesis and acquired his energy, and at that time the titan was nothing but a Memory. He had no flesh and blood and had not inhabited his corporeal body.

This detail was extremely important because it showed that the talent of Thenos was not tied to his flesh alone, but also to his Memories, and if that were to be the case, how much power would Thenos have stolen from the one place in all of reality that housed some of the most powerful and dangerous higher dimensional immortals in all of reality?

This notion was extremely frightening to consider, plus Thenos was smart enough to keep his powers under wraps, but if there was one party that was responsible for making Rowan more cautious about this titan was the World Stele itself who despite knowing of a portion of Rowan's ability, still believed that Thenos still had more potential than him, and the only reason the Singularity would stand by this idea was that it knew that over

the many eons inside the Great Desert, Thenos must have gathered a ridiculous amount of abilities.

There was only one single issue that was holding back Thenos and that was energy. Inside the Great Desert he had access to bloodlines and abilities, but what he did not have access to was Aether and Essence to fuel these stolen gifts.

His talents no matter how ridiculous had to follow certain guidelines and one of the bases for that was the fuel to power his multiple bloodlines and abilities he had stolen. One of the reasons the World Stele had been so insistent on collecting Rowan's abilities was because of his ridiculous energy stores.

Rowan's Aether and Essence were so ridiculously massive that no immortal in existence could match. He was a living dimension after all, and that meant he had more energy than he would ever need. This was one of the reasons he could fight far past his level since he could power up his simplest abilities with nearly infinite energy.

The combination of Rowan's energy stores and Thenos's talent would shake all of existence.

“Boom!”

Thenos slammed into Rowan but was stopped by a glowing shield that appeared in front of him. Rowan smiled and the weapons he was holding vanished, they were sent to his dimensional flesh, because he did not need them.

As a dimensional soul, Rowan preferred battling with spells.

Behind him, reality exploded with multicolored lights as Rowan called upon the powers of creation and destruction.

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The Primordial Record

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Rowan's dimensional soul may call what he was accomplishing to be spells but he was simply compelling the forces of creation and destruction to obey his Will. He was pulling powers that he had not fully understood but his dimensional soul was so potent that he was able to force those forces to obey him. With time he would come to fully understand what he was controlling, but for now, it was enough that he could summon higher dimensional influences by his willpower alone.

Rowan's eyes transformed, becoming twin voids swirling with galaxies of arcane runes, no longer using the eyes of the serpent, that predatory gaze was for his dimensional flesh.

Thenos slammed against his shield twice, causing great reverberations to resound all through this space, but the shield held, it would have surprised Rowan if it was broken because this shield was capable of withstanding the explosion of a thousand universes and he pumped enough Aether inside of it to fill up the energy stores of a thousand eighth dimensional immortals. Thenos would have to destroy the shield a thousand times in a single instant to break it.

A dozen of the faces in the head of Thenos, some of them animalistic, while others were roughly humanoid called out words of power in various exotic languages, and Rowan immediately sensed many grasping hands trying to dig into his mind and also tear apart the shield.

This mind attack was surprisingly strong and it was enough for Rowan to admire the methods displayed by these unknown abilities, some of them attacking portions of his mind that would reduce a normal immortal into a whimpering idiot in an instant. However, the nature of his dimensional soul that seemed disassociated from reality reduced the powers of these grasping hands by nearly half, and what reached him could barely shake his consciousness.

All of these powers trying to tear his mind apart came from a myriad of different sources, and Rowan could barely even recognize a small section of those. Shrugging off those attacks, his shield was already glowing and vibrating, its durability surprisingly nearing zero, and this was from Thenos using the powers of a dozen heads and not tens of thousands or even millions because he did not have the energy to fuel all those attacks, but it did not matter, this shield had brought Rowan all the time he needed to finish his spells.

Rowan had dabbled in all sorts of spells, from mundane bloodline spells to Celestial and even Abyssal spells, but his dimensional flesh had always been powerful enough that he disregarded them all when it came to combat. However, he was coming to realize that it was not just because the powers of those spells were not needed, but that they also did not fit his abilities as a dimension. There were certain spells that were easier for him to comprehend as a dimension and certain forces that he could control because he was a dimension, and he was barely scratching the surface of his capabilities. He was going to be creating a new branch of spell work and even for him, that sort of thing required experimentation, focusing on only two of these forces, Rowan pushed all thought aside and focused on the battle before him.

Rowan tapped the air in front of him with his index fingers and the multiple spells of creation behind him were drawn to that finger, they swirled around in a hypnotic pattern that pulsed and shifted, taking various forms and hues, the shimmering spells of creation suddenly snapped back and covered his body in a cloak that shimmered like starlight. Unlike his dimensional flesh, his soul was not as durable, and he needed to take care of defense first. Thenos seemed to have fully given himself over to madness as he attacked the shield again using the same method that sought to simultaneously destabilize Rowan's mind and tear the shield asunder, and although he could not gain any purchase on Rowan's mind, the shield, on the other hand, shattered with a massive shockwave that was directed towards Thenos but he simply muscled through it.

The titan roared in exultation, shaking the surrounding space, and lunged at Rowan breaking through the concept of space and time, multiple heads activated at this moment causing the body of Rowan to freeze for an instant and the speed of his movements to reach incredible heights. He slammed against Rowan multiple heads had their jaws wide open as he sought to tear and consume Rowan, but his body simply flowed through him as if Rowan were a mirage.

However, as Thenos passed through Rowan, the cloak of creation that covered him became draped over the titan, and before Thenos could tear it open, Rowan spoke a single unknown word, that reality struggled to interpret and so the sound that emerged from him came out like the bang that was made when a universe was born.

The creation cloak transformed into destruction.

Chains of frozen starlight tightened over the titan as liquid shadows and lightning serpents that burned simultaneously hot and cold flowed over the surface of the titan, but that was simply a primer for the true destructive blows underneath as Rowan tapped from the destruction ravaging his dimensional body and channeled it into Thenos.

The screams of the titan were mind-numbing as his body, which was the size of the moon, shrank to a few thousand feet, Rowan's attack nearly erasing nearly a hundred percent of his entire mass.

Thenos crawled out of the maelstrom of destruction, his body ravaged, his flesh entirely charred, yet he was healing, his size slowly returning, tearing apart the remnants of the spells surrounding his body. The titan cried out, multiple faces growing from his head that seemed to be calling forth energy from nothingness itself.

Feeling a pull on the void that was surrounding Thenos, Rowan smiled and allowed a passage into the nothingness for the titan to devour, but Rowan only allowed Thenos to devour energy from the nothingness for an instant before he closed off the connection, sealing back his fortress.

However, this was enough time for Thenos to recover a sizable part of his strength. With the biggest weakness of the titan being his lack of energy, if Rowan had left the space

open for Thenos to draw energy from the nothingness for too long, then the titan would have become suspicious.

Although the talent to draw energy from the Nothingness was incredibly rare, Rowan had seen only one immortal who was capable of that feat and that was Staff, but he knew that Thenos might be capable of doing such a thing because of the amount of talent he would have stolen while inside the Great Desert. This fortress was of course shielded against the Nothingness, and the only reason Rowan had allowed Thenos to draw in any amount of energy at all was because of... this. The titan suddenly screamed, claspings his head with both hands. Previously, every time Thenos cried out in pain, there was always an element of falsehood to it, as if he was just repeating something that everyone was expected to do because he did not understand what pain was, at least not in the way that most beings in reality experienced pain.

Thenos dug his fingers into his head as he screamed in a million voices, “What is this? What did you do to me?”

Rowan stared at the infant, his eyes cold but there was also pity inside of them, “Thenos, I made you complete.”

Bringing up his two hands, Rowan brought forth the power of creation in one, and the power of destruction in the other and he began bringing them both together, and at the point of contact where they would meet, he would channel the resultant of these two forces becoming as one towards Thenos, this would create... a singularity.

The titan would not survive this, not even Rowan would be able to survive this for long, and despite being wracked with pain beyond measure, a new sensation that left him helpless, Thenos knew his end was coming, and his struggles intensified, but it was futile.

There was no light of victory in the eyes of Rowan, he knew that fundamentally this child was not at fault, but his fate had become warped by forces that did not allow him to make a choice, and those forces included Rowan too.

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Chapter 1366 Pain

If Thenos would have to curse anyone he would simply have to curse his fate and his fatal bad luck to be paired against someone like Rowan who could counter most of his abilities when he was at the weakest. The moment that Rowan had determined that he would sacrifice anything to kill Thenos, then with the potential and power he had built over the years, such a statement carried great weight.

Rowan had been able to read almost all the moves that the titan was going to make and he made sure that he placed counter to all of them, and he began this battle on his terms,

dictating its entire flow. He began by attacking Thenos with weapons to trick the titan into revealing a form that was geared towards fighting in melee before Rowan changed his attack pattern to range with spells.

Thenos had millions of bloodline talents buried inside of him, but due to the constraint of energy, he could not unleash all of them at once, and so facing different situations he would use the best methods to achieve victory. The titan was running out of time and energy, so he had selected the best bloodline talents that would have dominated Rowan, but he was simply played like a fiddle when it used the template of Rowan being a melee-based fighter to pattern the bloodline abilities that he would use to fight him.

Of course in a normal situation with Thenos having enough energy, he would not bother with trying to pattern his abilities according to his enemy's weaknesses but simply overwhelm them with power. It was a shame that from the start, he never really had a choice in the decisions he was making.

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When Berrion the Undying had pushed the corrupted darkness of Tenebris inside of Thenos, he did it only to slow down the awakening of this titan, but due to a certain unknown mutation inside the corpse of Thenos, the darkness had transformed into something more fatal, causing Thenos more difficulty to get rid of and further lessening his sanity and overall consciousness power, and it was this corruption that was inside of Thenos that was preventing him to use his greatest weapon, and that weapon was not his talents or the Singularity, but the Primordial Essence that was still inside of him.

This Essence had been saved up over countless Eons, and if Thenos had been able to use it, then it was a simple thing for him to cast out the weaknesses of his flesh, pushing his body to the peak and refilling all of his energy stores. In a single stroke, Thenos could have pushed himself to the peak of his powers. However, there was a catch that held him back.

Wielding infinite power required a mind that was almost infinite in scope, and under the madness of his nature, the corruption inside of him, and in addition to the crippling pain that was ravaging his consciousness in endless waves, Thenos could not access this power. Nonetheless, with the arrival of death, the titan did not care about all of these debilitating statuses and he began to push his consciousness towards the four droplets of Primordial Essence that were placed deep inside his soul by the World Stele.

This would be his only salvation, his Singularity had been torn from him, his mind had been broken and he had no allies to aid him. It did not matter if wielding the Primordial Essence in such a state would tear his mind to pieces, it was better to die in his quest to save himself than to perish without trying his best to survive. Rowan could detect the moment Thenos began to push his consciousness toward the Primordial Essence, abandoning any hope to defend himself and focusing on survival with such maniacal intensity that it was honestly admirable, and his gaze went cold.

With a portion of his mind, he triggered the traps he had placed deep inside of Thenos, activating them to their fullest potential—all this time he had been utilizing them at barely thirty percent of their full might because he did not want Thenos to become used to the pain.

For any normal immortal, even a fraction of the percent of the pain that Thenos was experiencing would cripple them, but Thenos was not a normal immortal, and he had been able to push through, but at hundred percent, even Rowan shuddered at this level of pain.

The titan screamed, black tears pouring out from a thousand faces, he begged for mercy, for release from the pain... Thenos begged for death. Multiple eyes peered towards the two forces of creation and destruction that had settled over his body and were slowly coming together and he reached towards it like a child seeking the warmth of a parent on a cold night, he no longer craved to dominate all life, he simply wanted the pain to stop. In a barely intelligible voice, he whispered,

“Please, let it end...”

“If that is your wish.” Rowan clasped his palms together, and a singularity was born, covering Thenos in his entirety. The Singularity barely lasted for a tiny fraction of a moment but when it vanished, Rowan collapsed to his knees, breathing harshly because his entire stores of energy had been wiped out, and his dimensional soul shrank until it was barely the size of a mortal’s. Yet this was the least of the price he had just paid.

Rowan did not regret it if the price he paid for summoning such power was the complete eradication of Thenos.

Where the corrupted titan once stood was now a space filled with nothingness, the fortress had been melted open like snow tossed inside an erupting volcano, and the only thing left behind were four gleaming droplets of Primordial Essence.

Rowan finally collapsed to the ground when he saw that Thenos was no more, his eyes rolled to the back of his head as nausea and pain filled every part of his soul, he curled up on himself and endured the pain in silence. The pain that drove Thenos to his death, Rowan had to experience that pain, a hundred times over.

Weariness filled his consciousness and he desired nothing else but to sleep for eons, nearly a billion years of preparation had been squeezed into a single day of near-endless battles, and approaching the end of it all, he wondered if his stamina was enough.

A cool sensation poured into his head, as a warm hand was placed on his chest. He opened his eyes to see Eva kneeling over him, tiny beads of sweat began to emerge from her brows as she pushed the essence of her soul into Rowan.

Slapping her hand away, Rowan’s body shimmered and he vanished only to reappear on his feet a moment later, Eva shakily stood up as she groaned, fear and shock in her eyes,

“How vast is your soul? It was almost as if I was pouring my soul essence inside an endless abyss.”

Rowan looked at her for a moment, fury rising in his heart before he suppressed it, shaking away the emotions that came with having a weak soul, he spoke softly to Eva, “Do not do that again.”

Eva’s eyes widened in astonishment and there was a bit of hurt inside them before annoyance took its place, “You needed my help.”

“No, what I needed was space!” Rowan growled and moved away from her, he walked slowly, his back was bent as if he was carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders, but with every step he took he slowly grew bigger and his back straighter.

He walked towards the nothingness in front of him and he took out the last golden book, this was the only container he had that could store Primordial Essence and he opened the first page.

Gesturing towards the Essence, he closed his eyes and rested, he knew that it would take a bit of time for the Essence to be lured into the golden book, and this should give him enough time to rest.

Brushing Eva off was painful but necessary, at the moment she stayed by his side and poured soul essence inside of him, his dimensional soul that was patched had nearly swallowed everything she had to offer, and what made it worse was that he was aware, and he did not want to stop.

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Chapter 1367 New Beginnings (End of Vol.)

Thenos’s death happened an instant ago, but the World Stele knew about his death even before that moment, the titan’s death had reverberated through space and time, traveling both to the future and the past. With the connection the Singularity had with its host, his death reverberated inside of its consciousness in waves, and its shock for a moment could not be measured.

Torn in two by Rowan, and nearly destroyed by an explosion of pure destruction, the World Stele that had once been satisfied to outlast Rowan so he could reunite with Thenos to dominate all of reality was shaken to its core when the death of its host mercilessly slammed into its consciousness.

‘How? Why? Everything was going according to plan! He had a million bloodlines and the backing of four Primordial Essence, my host was perfect! Except for the intervention of a Primordial, how could he have fallen?’

Thenos's death spread like waves across the surface of an ocean, and each successive wave that followed delivered more information to the World Stele, the last hope that it had that this might all just be a bad dream was furiously eroded underneath the relentless barrage of his death cries in his consciousness.

The first wave had alerted it to the death of Thenos, and the second wave and the successive ones that followed slowly revealed to the Singularity the scene of Thenos's death, on his knees begging for an end to his torment before a figure that was shrouded behind vast primordial energy, and whose form could not be easily deciphered, but the Singularity knew the truth at a glance and it screamed in shock and fury.

The cry came as a result of seeing its glorious host reduced to a mere husk of who he was, forced to abandon his glory and beg for death before his enemy, and the shock of knowing that enemy was supposed to be a weak immortal who should have been played by it as easily as it had done many others before nearly broke the mind of the Singularity, "Thenos, why have you forsaken me so?... You should have been safe!" To add salt to fresh wounds, the World Stele noticed that the state of Rowan who should have long collapsed into ash was changing, and the power of destruction that it had concluded would tear Rowan to pieces was slowly vanishing and it realized that it had been tricked. This—this thing, had not bitten more than he could swallow and was not going to fall because he overreached beyond his powers.

A cold feeling of shame and dread washed over the Singularity when it understood that Rowan was a creature that would win using any means necessary, and this was an immortal that should never be underestimated. He had played the World Stele and it had been too arrogant to realize how deeply his machinations went. What caused the World Stele the greatest distress was that no matter how much Rowan surprised it, there was always a feeling of relaxation in its consciousness because it believed that it could never fail.

The advantages it had were too great, the power its host controlled was too mighty, there was surely no way that it could ever fail, and it always looked at Rowan like a child who did not know the full scope of existence, and as it turned out, it was the one that was played. It was the ignorant one.

The World Stele went crazy, "Aaaaahhh! Abomination, even if it's the last thing I do, I will kill you."

A palpable sense of dread overcame the entirety of the space around Rowan as the World Stele began a process of self-annihilation that could potentially destroy all of reality if it was not stopped. All of existence seemed to be reverberating with the breath of destruction emerging from the World Stele, and the colors of reality began to transform into something unknown and sinister. Rowan's hands of destruction that were holding the World Stele were slowly being forced apart and this seemed to have awakened his consciousness as fiery golden eyes emerged from his burning skeletal frame, and his flaming skull slowly turned towards the World Stele, a single word came from him as he observed the present state of the Singularity,

“Pathetic.”

A bright bluish-white light erupted from Rowan’s hands and surrounded the World Stele, the powers of the Light of Astrolabe that had served Rowan from the beginning of his journey and had grown with him till this point when he became a fifth-dimensional immortal were exceedingly powerful, and it would not be a problem for him to transport several universes at once if he wanted to, but the World Stele in its madness fought against Rowan’s Astrolabe, determined to end him alongside its existence.

The clash of the will of the World Stele that kept it in place with a vast sealing power and Rowan’s Astrolabe that would move anything in existence tore reality apart, and the last disk of Aerovah that had been holding on with its last breath was torn to pieces alongside every last living immortal on it. Before the might of these two, they could as well be nothing but ants.

The deep baritone voice of Rowan rumbled inside the maelstrom of destruction, “Your champion has fallen, and your response to that setback is to kill yourself. How could I ever have found you worthy to be my enemy? You played the game of power, and you have lost, you should try to lick your wounds and return stronger, instead your mind is broken. You disappoint me.”

The World Stele growled, “Say what you will, but your fate is set. Abomination, I no longer take you lightly and I want to kill you, even if it kills me. Nothing shall save you!”

Rowan sneered—which was a horrifying expression on his face that was nothing but a flaming skull, yet his bones still moved as if it was made from flesh, “The master is gone, yet the dog still dares to nip at my heels. You are no longer worthy of defeating me. If I shall fall you will not be the one to bring me down.”

Behind Rowan reality tore open and his dimensional soul emerged, and walking over to his flaming skeleton, the dimensional soul enveloped it. His flesh flowed over the burning bones and in the blink of an eye, Rowan was whole, and his body that was covered by the flames of destruction was replaced by a beautiful titan in gold, with black hair that flowed like the deep void, lips as red as sin and eyes that glowed that stars.

His appearance created a weird dissonance where the flesh was inside and the soul was outside, and yet because of the solidity of Rowan’s dimensional soul, it was nearly indistinguishable from his flesh.

The light of Astrolabe that was covering the World Stele unexpectedly brightened as the dimensional soul added his strength to his dimensional body, becoming five times brighter until it seemed as if Rowan was holding a blue sun in his hands, and with a cry that was filled with outrage and hate, the World Stele was blasted extremely deep into the Nothingness, and with the power that Rowan had surrounded it with, it would take an extremely great amount of force to disperse the light of Astrolabe.

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When the World Steele was banished into the Nothingness many minor Eras ago by the Primordial Demon, it had taken many many minor Eras for it to return, in fact, Thenos died during the Primordial Era, but it was only until the Supreme Era that the Singularity was able to return. Rowan knew he could not equal the banishment power of a Primordial, but banishing the World Steele for a single Era at most or a couple of billion years at the least was something that he was capable of, and it would give him more than enough time to grow to the extent that he would no longer care about the threat of this Singularity when it returned.

He could have simply done nothing and allowed the Singularity to kill itself and his dimensional flesh alongside it, but that would be an extremely risky thing to do. Losing his dimensional flesh would be painful, but he had his dimensional soul and it would not take him long, perhaps a few eons and he could recreate his dimensional flesh again, and this process would have taken this long only because the destructive nature of the Singularity's demise would be extremely difficult to cleanse from his essence and aether.

This would be a small price to pay for its death, however, what Rowan was truly concerned about was the effect that the death of the World Steele would have on the entirety of Reality.

The sensation that Rowan had felt when the World Steele was about to kill itself and it was as if all of reality was about to explode alongside it was not to be taken lightly. The Primordials claimed that they created the Supreme Era, but many of the foundations of this Era were crafted by the powers of the World Steele who gave the Title of World Bearers to immortals, thereby making this Era far more flourishing than it had any right to be.

In matters of influence, the World Steele was extremely superior to the Primordial Record, but Rowan thought that this Singularity had gone the wrong way in its development, spreading out its powers to the masses instead of concentrating all of them on its host as it was supposed to. Yet, this could not be blamed on the Singularity alone, fate had forced its hand in order to spread its influence so it could rescue Thenos.

Without the presence of the World Steele, there would only be the Primordial domains in existence and there would be no dimension scattered all around what became known as reality. If the World Steele dies, what then would be the fate of every dimension in existence?

Rowan still had many plans that he needed to pursue in the future and the destruction of reality was not on his agenda. Killing the World Steele would have to wait, his work was not done, and his journey had just begun. But first...

His eyes shone brightly as the image of an hourglass appeared inside of it, and looking at the destruction that covered this once beautiful realm called Aerovah, Rowan smiled,

“Let my emergence not be one of endless bloodshed.”

In his eyes, the hourglass flipped.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1368 Changes (1)

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Chapter 1368 Changes (1)

Ghribba the Silver Queen pushed through the gaps between reality as she headed towards her domain. As an eighth-dimensional being, she could access this tunnel that bridged the divide between space and time.

With this tunnel it was possible to return to the past as long as you had the energy stores to accommodate such an expenditure, although you could only view the past, it was an extremely useful tool to be able to learn, it was one of the greatest reasons why eighth-dimensional entities were so powerful, they had all of time to learn from, and their powerful souls and consciousness were unmatched.

It was also possible to traverse through extreme stretches of space using this tunnel, making eighth-dimensional immortals become some of the only entities in existence that could reach across all of reality. Of course, there were supreme geniuses with Primordial Bloodlines that could access this tunnel at the seventh-dimensional level, Ghribba had learned not to measure those with Primordial Bloodlines with common sense.

This tunnel was broadly known as the Passage of Time, and to traverse it had its challenges, but with a firm grasp of Destiny as an eighth-dimensional immortal, Ghribba was mostly isolated from the dangers inherent in this tunnel, and she could ponder on other things as she streaked across space and time.

From the moment she sensed the beginning of the demise of her domain to its ending, barely a few seconds had passed and this gave her many clues as to what could have done such a thing, and at the same time also fewer clues, because the act of shattering an eighth-dimensional realm like hers would cost an extreme amount of energy and she saw no reason why any powerful immortal would choose to waste that energy on a relatively insignificant realm like Aerovah.

Aerovah was a commercial hub, and so its defenses, while not top-tier, were still standard enough that it would delay even an eighth-dimensional immortal for a few seconds.

Ghribba would need at least nine seconds to tear through the dome of defense covering Aerovah before she could begin destroying the realm, yet she was sure that not even two seconds went by before her realm was destroyed.

In her head, she was already listing the sorts of immortals that she knew were capable of tearing the defenses of the realm in an instant, and every name she placed in that list made her countenance grimmer, and the only reason she was pressing on towards her destination was that she knew that the Celestials would be coming behind her, whatever had happened in Aerovah must be related to them, and they carried much bigger sticks than her.

It would take her a few minutes to reach her realm, and although she had misgivings about encountering the party responsible for destroying it, Ghribba's abilities were geared towards defense instead of offense, and she believed that she could hold up well enough until she received reinforcement.

As she grew closer to Aerovah, the subtle sense of disquietness that had been growing inside her mind made Ghribba look into herself to find the source of that apprehensiveness, and the answer that came to her was—Light or the lack thereof.

Traversing through the Passage of Time was difficult enough in normal circumstances, however, this passage was now dark, and this unnatural aura of this passage that was rumored to be the dead body of Primordial Time seemed to press into her consciousness with a vicious weight.

As an eighth-dimensional being that had been alive from the dawn of the Supreme Era, there had been a single constant that had been present in all her life that over the eons became a standard staple that was easily brushed over, and that was the Frozen Road.

This creation of Primordial Chaos had become something that was seen as eternal, a vast frozen road that extended across all of existence, and because it was reflective, it was able to bounce the light emerging from every dimension in existence. It was that light that gave existence its unique glow.

It was this glow that Ghribba had chased from the oceans of her home world until she could walk on the higher roads of existence, and now this glow was gone, and in its place was seemingly eternal darkness.

She was moving through reality at speeds that were countless times faster than light, and she had never felt more alone.

Roads had always been a sign of connection—and unknown to her and she would assume many others that would soon be coming to this realization—the Frozen Road had been the quiet bond holding all the multiple dimensions in existence together, reminding them that although reality was vast and filled with horrors, that in a way, they were all connected.

Now, with the destruction of this road, existence seemed to have returned to the dark, and every dimension had become lonely islands sailing on a deep ocean with no signs of light, or the presence of a neighbor. Even in the passage that Ghribba traveled through, the light of the Frozen Road had been able to stream into it and made the passage glow. Now she could swear that there were eyes peering deep into her soul from this passage, and it felt hungry.

However, she did not reach her present levels because she allowed fear to rule her mind, Ghribba found out that it was the deeper reasons behind the darkness that disturbed her, as she did not need any sort of visible light. Deeper reasons that would take a while for her to ponder.

In a manner, the destruction of the Frozen Road was akin to the end of an Era.

Usually, the end of an era was accompanied by calamity.

However, all of those speculations came to a screeching halt as she neared what should be the site of her destroyed realm when what she could interpret as a whisper traveled through reality and brushed past her before heading deeper down the passage of time. Ghribba shuddered.

She felt Aether reverberate like she had never felt before, and for a moment Ghribba would have sworn that reality sort of came to life. Every strand of energy in existence seemed to cheer before the arrival of a supreme presence and the powerful Stream of Time that she controlled as an eighth-dimensional immortal froze, and the Passage of Time began to quake, and what seemed like screams of pain and horror resounded throughout the passage.

The meaning of that whisper teased her senses, the energy inside her body seemed to long for it, and she felt an almost irresistible draw to find where it came from.

Ghribba was a being who could reach what most would refer to as the highest point in all of existence because she had a heart that followed her longing, and so she did, she freed herself to the Aether that seemed to have been blessed with a breath of life and her body zoomed through the tunnel between realities, faster than she was realizing and then she was there... Aerovah, her realm, and it was as beautiful as she had left it.

She was expecting flames and the remains of her realms shattered across billions of light years, but what she saw here was a bustling realm filled with life and vitality.

How was this possible? Her senses did not lie, Aerovah had been vanquished in an instant, she had felt the death of all seven of her spawns, and even now, as if everything was just a mirage, the cracked blood crystals that represented the souls of her spawns were still cracked, yet there were seven new blood crystals beside them.

How could seven unique blood crystals that she created with her essence and soul be broken and a new one took its place that still had her unbroken connection engraved inside of them? How could these changes have taken place inside the sanctity of her body and she had no idea about what or when it happened? Was it that whisper that drew her here that did all of this? Did it break the flow of time?

This was not the lower realm where time was extremely malleable and an immortal of her power could twist and turn it as she wished, no this was a dimension belonging to her, that was extremely stable and despite her powers, she could not simply turn back the tides of destruction without paying a grievous price, and that was because this was her realm, the seat of her power. Even all of these was nothing before the fact that she had two sets of bloodline crystals inside of her body. She did not want to begin wrapping her head around how that should be possible.

Already, there were several powerful immortals across Aerovah that had detected her presence and a delegation was being created to welcome her. She did not know why she turned her gaze to the distance, at a nondescript location in space, and then she saw what should be the outline of a man, but she could not be sure, because it was almost as if she was peering at an unknown reality at the same time, and her mind was struggling to reconcile these two different perspective on a single entity.

As if alerted to her gaze, this being that had almost vanished, paused, and she heard a voice in her head, almost similar to the whisper that had drawn her across the passage,

“My gift to you...” and then there was thought to be the fading sound of laughter and the presence was gone, accompanied by what she thought was a flash of blue light.

She did not know how long she was frozen in place until the sound of a nervous cough drew her attention back to reality.

A handsome man with bright blue hair stood before a delegation of tens of millions, and except for him, all of them had their heads bowed. They were kings, queens, emperors, and empresses here, great immortals who had lived for many Eras, but before a supreme being like Ghribba, the Silver Queen, they all had to bow before her presence.

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Chapter 1369 Changes (2)

Chapter 1369 Changes (2)

Like a blue sun, the presence of Ghribba the Silver Queen rippled across the expanse, her powers that transcended space and time, memories, fate, and destiny held all existence before her spellbound, and her gaze that looked into the distance with eyes that seemed to peer through reality made the hearts of all immortals shake in fear.

Eighth-dimensional immortals were legends, they were the immortals that had reached the pinnacle of existence, they were below a few and above everyone else, and in a reality where Primordials were treated as concepts or forces of nature, eighth-dimensional immortals were collectively seen as the peak of reality.

What did she see? At the height of her powers where everything before her was simply a small piece on a grand chessboard, what destinies could she grasp? What fate could she alter? What would it be like to be in her position?

All of these questions were in the hearts of every immortal here, but none knew that in the mind of Ghribba, only stupefaction, and a sort of apprehension that was hard to define and therefore hard to conquer filled her spirit.

Ghribba had lived a long time, and with the Passage of Time available for her to traverse she had seen as much of the last as her powers could handle, and yet, she had come across no mention of something similar happening in the past. The changes across reality, the destruction of the Frozen Road, that unknown entity, all of them seemed eerily connected.

The blue-haired man, Soros, the first of her spawn and a glorious sixth-dimensional immortal bowed to her, the motion a little less deeper than the rest of the immortals behind him to denote that he was the favored prince and ruler of Aerovah.

“Silver Queen, Mother, you honor us with your presence. Forgive me that your entourage is so small, you were not expected for another billion years at least.”

Ghribba seemed a bit startled by the sound of Soros’ voice and she waved his concern aside with a dismissive hand gesture, “Quiet child, tell me what happened here in the last few moments?”

The blue-haired man was a bit uneasy and even as a higher-level immortal he could not help but stammer, “I – I think our production of Crystalline Stardust is going according to plan, we are even exceeding expectations and we will be sending up a batch, sixty trillion tonnes worth, in at most ten million years soon to aid you in your new and glorious conquest of the Celestial Archives,”

Looking towards his primary advisor behind him who had gone a bit pale at the mention of these great number of Stardust being delivered in such a short period of time, he could only give a reassuring nod towards Soros, the appointed ruler of Aerovah, and furiously figured out how to boost production to meet up with quota and knowing that he would have to dig into his personal pockets and many of the immortals here with him, this would surely create many enemies, but he had no choice, there was no greater power in Aerovah than Ghribba.

Soros looked back at his mother, and he saw no reaction from her, she did not seem concerned with the offerings that were going to be sent to her, which could either be a good thing or a bad thing, and he opened his mouth to speak again, but he stopped and

remained silent, just because he was the first of her spawn, did not give him the capacity to speak without being prompted.

However, with some quick thinking, aided by fast suggestions thrown to him by multiple aides who he did not consult before rushing over to greet the true ruler of Aerovah, he inferred that perhaps the meaning of his mother's question was not about the offerings that should be presented to her, but on a very obvious change that had happened recently, which was, drumroll please, the frozen road that had fucking disappeared! What was wrong with him was that he could not put such simple clues together when asked such a question that required an obvious answer.

'This is it,' he thought, 'This is the final straw that would send Mother over the edge, and my rulership of Aerovah would be given to Ginah or even worse Ada. I need to recover my position fast, but how?' However, no matter how he sliced it, or the many whispered suggestions by his aides, he knew his mother well enough that in times like these, the best option was silence.

When what seemed like forever had passed but it was barely a moment, the Silver Queen sighed and Soros who knew his mother best would swear that she was afraid, but that was impossible, this should be anger he was observing, and it was most likely because of his performance, there were multiple immortals from all over reality that was here and his bad performance would surely be spearheaded by his rivals to push him from his seat. However, the voice of Ghribba, pushed his mind away from the mire that bogged it,

"Return to your positions and prepare, in a few moments the Celestials will be here. I know you all have questions, and answers will be given to you in time. Soros, come with me."

With a wave of her hand, Soros and Ghribba vanished, and in one of the greatest towers in Aerovah, a bright silver light bloomed all through its structure that shone on all the disks of this realm, signifying that the Queen had returned.

The millions of immortals in the procession looked at each other in disquietness as rapid-fire information passed between them. Most of them were now stuck on Aerovah with the destruction of the Frozen Road, and some of them here were not necessarily allies of the Celestials and were only here for the purpose of trade due to the autonomy of Aerovah and the possibility of still getting certain unique Celestial resources that could be exchanged for great amounts of wealth in distant parts of reality. Although it did not take long for many of them to come to the conclusion that the Celestials may have greater concerns on their minds than immortals who were smuggling contrabands and Celestial resources, the procession soon dispersed, many of them returning to the base of Ghribba's tower in the hope that they might be able to receive audience from the Queen.

Ghribba had been quiet for days. Locked inside a temporal field that could stretch a single second to decades if she wanted, she was looking at the seven of her spawns who were lying prone before her in a state of deep slumber.

Again and again, her senses pored over every single facet of their being, from the corporeal to the immaterial, she scrutinized their souls, memories, and bodies repeatedly and she saw no changes in their condition, they were her spawn, linked to her body and soul, and yet she knew they were dead and somehow they had returned, the two sets of bloodline crystals inside her soul could not lie.

That laughter at the end as that unknown entity delivered a so-called gift to her haunted her consciousness, and Ghribba did not know if the two sets of bloodline crystals in her soul were deliberately put in place by that entity in order to torture her spirit.

A determined glow suddenly lit up inside of Ghribba's eyes and she arose and pointed her palms at her seven spawns as a bright light bloomed between her fingers. Days passed and a bright light broke the gloom of this space, a massive invisible Celestial presence entered the domain of Ghribba. Her defenses could as well be paper before the might of this Celestial and his light shone over the entirety of this space to reveal the presence of Ghribba on her knees, with the bodies of her seven spawns lying down around her.

No longer in deep slumber, they were now dead, their souls were quietly extinguished by their mother and they lay in place as if they were sleeping. They had all rushed to find their mother with joy in their hearts but their fate turned out to be terrible.

The light from the Celestial presence pulsed and a single word entered the consciousness of Ghribba,

“Why?”

She did not reply, simply turned her palm open and in them were fourteen cracked bloodline crystals that she had dug out from her soul.

Ghribba whispered, “I did not know if they were my children anymore...”

Chapter 1370 Changes (final)

In the old forgotten wilderness of Raul, Noctis was the last worshipper of the Old Ones, his feet knew the texture of every single grain of sand in this wilderness because every ninety-nine millennium he journeyed to the depths of the earth, and he paid homage to the Nine Fallen Divinities. Before entering the massive void in the ground that spans across the wilderness for thousands of miles, Noctis could not help but look at the skies that once glowed with the light of the Frozen Road, shining light upon all of reality, even shedding light on this wilderness, but now that light was gone, and existence seemed more empty without it.

Noctis sighed before leaping into the void, and let the hold of gravity wrap his body in their serene embrace. He fell for an unnaturally long amount of time, and during that fall there were glimpses of parts of a massive presence that defied understanding streaking past him, and when he reached the depth of this abyss, he bowed and worshipped before the statues of the Old Ones.

Their statues were millions of feet tall, more massive than any mortal minds could comprehend, and Noctis usually spent ten thousand years on each statue, cleansing their feet with divine oil, and burning sacred ash to appease their sleeping minds.

To begin the ritual, Noctis would stamp his feet on the hard ground in a dance that was ancient before even the stars were born, he would take a bone knife and repeatedly slice through his flesh, flinging his blood around in dizzying patterns and with such great force that they were sprinkled for thousands of miles, and at the heat of his dance, he was like a whirlwind, a tornado of blood that sprayed on the feet of the Old Ones.

When he stopped, all his clothes would be gone, shredded in the violence of his ritualistic dance, and this would reveal the tattoos that made him Noctis, they resembled deep scars that reached the bones, and they circled his entire body like a web, they even covered his face and bald head.

Noctis had been performing this task for eighteen billion years, and his time was coming to an end, a new Noctis would have to be selected.

The worship of the Old Ones came with a cost. A terrible cost that drained the vitality and soul of the worshipper because every Noctis had to fight against the call of forgetfulness.

Noctis had come to the conclusion that after this ritual was completed, he would leave this place in search of his successor, however, it was more of a pull than a search, because the tattoos knew who would be the next Noctis and he only had to follow their guide.

As the end approached, the nature of the tattoos would slowly be revealed to Noctis, as if knowing that their time was coming to an end, the tattoos no longer tried to hide their nature from their hosts.

Noctis knew that when he found the next person who would be becoming Noctis, that individual would have no idea about this place or the task they would be performing for billions of years, the tattoos would rip themselves away from his body, taking with it the last of his soul and vitality, and it would wrap around the new Noctis, engraving themselves on their body and soul, they would lose everything that they once were, becoming Noctis.

They would leave family behind, abandon whatever role they served in their society, and they would return to this forgotten wilderness, where they would remain, holding the burden of Oblivion, until their bodies reached the limits and they would find a new Noctis. This had been the cycle for endless eons.

Today, Noctis finished his ritualistic dance and he began the procession to the first of the Old Ones, the tiredness that had been creeping inside his bones was more prevalent with every passing day, and he knew that soon he would be passing the torch and he could not be more grateful.

Perhaps it was the reason why when the loud cracking sound that emerged from the mighty statue in front of him did not even make him flinch, but as more successive cracking sounds like a billion mighty earthquakes happening all at once resounded throughout the abyss and bright lights of various colors like lightning sprang forth in their billions in dizzying spectacles leaving long trails of plasma in their wake, Noctis fell on his knees and closed his eyes, pressing his hands against his ears in fear and confusion.

Nowhere in the memories of Noctis had such a situation ever happened before and he was left in disarray, his tattoos, pulling painfully against his bones as if equally scared and excited.

After what seemed like forever, the rumblings ended, and Noctis slowly opened his eyes to see that his surroundings had become filled with dust, now and then the surroundings brightened as if lightning were roving through the haze.

The abyss had always been large, especially at the bottom, but somehow, Noctis sensed that space around him had broadened a million times over as if he had once been in a cave, but now he had been thrust to the skies.

Noctis came to his feet but he gasped and fell on his back when a lightning flash revealed the movement of something incredibly massive, yet whose dimensions were wrong on so many levels that his mind felt as if a thousand ants were crawling all over it.

Suddenly there was a loud shriek, the sound so alien and unexpected that Noctis, closed his eyes and pressed his hands against his ears and he began reciting the words of the ritual he had used to console the spirit of the Old Ones for billions of years, and he did not know if that was the reason but the sounds soon faded away, to be replaced by the sound of multiple sets of steady breathing, that a mortal might mistake for a hurricane.

Noctis opened his eyes and he was surrounded by eyes. Massive and cold, they were like black suns that had descended from the skies to the earth, and they looked at Noctis with gazes that held infinite secrets and their thoughts unknown.

He had prayed against their statues for eighteen billion years so he knew the aura of the Old Ones, and he had never sensed them so clearly, Noctis knew there were no guidelines for this, but he would be a fool if he did not consider the glaring truth before him, the Old Ones he worshipped had awakened.

Noctis eyes shone with fervor and mad frenzy, his existence no longer seemed meaningless, the result of all these endless years of suffering had led to the ultimate expression of his worship, the resurrection of his deities.

Feeling a scratching sensation inside his head as if something was trying to interface with his consciousness, Noctis gladly opened himself to it, and then he heard their glorious voices, and he shuddered in pleasure.

Their voices were filled with power, every expression of their intent seemed as if it could change reality, and Noctis almost collapsed in shock and bliss multiple times but he held himself bound with a strong force of will, he would not fail his deities.

However, something changed as the voices in his head that had once been filled with query, and assurance began to change, now there was suspicion and anger. Noctis nearly wept when he detected this change and he wanted to dig out any wrong part of him that would have caused such a thing, and then like a brick to the skull, the sensation inside his head turned to fear, it was such a startling change that Noctis's eyes flew open and he witnessed something that nearly broke his mind.

His tattoos had always seemed to have a life of their own, sometimes he would have sworn that they were moving, but now if he had any suspicions at all about the mobility of his tattoos, they had become justified a billion times over, because at this moment, it was like he had become the center of a massive web, his tattoos had sprung out from his flesh and they had surrounded all the eyes, piercing through them and into the mighty bodies behind them.

The cries of fear he had heard were not a figment of his imagination, for those cries increased in startling pitch and intensity, and before his gaze, his tattoos retracted into his body, dragging the screaming Old Ones back with it, and when the first Old One was dragged into his flesh, Noctis knew the true meaning of pain and suffering.

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The Primordial Record

Chapter 1371 You Have Grown

Rowan knew that as he was outside of Doom Star, the shielding over that realm that could block the gaze of the powerful was gone, and he could be easily located, but he already had plans for this, and from the moment he banished the World Stele into the Nothingness he had been fleeing towards the one place that held extreme danger for him but was also the safest place he could hide—the Third-dimensional universe.

There were many reasons why this was the best choice for him, and the two major reasons were that, unlike higher dimensional immortals who could not enter a lower realm without destroying it, Rowan could simply assimilate the universe, becoming one with it, thereby bypassing the restriction imposed on high-level beings, and the second

was the aura of Oblivion that was cloaking the lower realms, this was the greatest shield against any higher dimensional being that would attempt to locate him.

Of course, this meant that he was placing himself close to Primordial Chaos, but sometimes the safest place in a tornado was to be at the eye of the storm. The Primordials had not gone out of their way to hunt for lower-order beings since the end of the Primordial Era, and Rowan saw no reason why that should change drastically, despite the commotion rippling across reality at this time.

Inside his dimension, there were instances where great battles had broken out among the inhabitants, worlds were shattered and stars were stamped out, these were apocalyptic scenes that would shake the mind of any immortal inside his dimension, but for him, they could as well be meaningless, Rowan saw his situation in this manner when it was related to Primordials.

However, Rowan could not be any more wrong, perhaps his actions might be minuscule in the eyes of a Primordial, but he was a Breaker, and his act was the first step in setting off a chain of events that would shake the Supreme Era to the core.

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The last time Rowan had roamed through reality with his Reflections, everything had been different.

In the lower dimensional realms, when a mortal looked at the sky, what they saw were stars and a myriad of heavenly bodies, but in the higher dimensional, you could only find stars inside a dimension if the creator wills it, but in the vast gulf of space that existed between dimensions there was the Frozen Road.

Looking at the bleak state of reality at this time, Rowan mourned a bit about its destruction, but that decision was out of his hands because the World Stele wanted its Primordial Essence returned to its host.

If there was anyone to blame for this mess it was Primordial Chaos. If this Primordial had truly wanted to make this road eternal, he would have used his essence to make it so, but it was rather interesting to consider the thought processes of Primordial Chaos and why he had chosen to make this road from the essence of Thenos instead of pulling it from his own stores of energy.

It would not come as a surprise to Rowan if the Primordial Chaos knew about the talents of the World Stele and its abilities to retrieve Primordial Essence, especially the essence that belonged to its host, and if Primordial Chaos had anticipated that one day the World Stele would return for this essence.

Such a thought no longer seemed far-fetched for Rowan any longer. The arrival of Primordial Time when the Eye of Time was taken to the limits of his existence was proof

that every Primordial played the long game, and no single action they made could be considered as simple. There was an invisible war going on in the higher levels of reality, and like it or not, Rowan had dipped his toes inside that maelstrom of chaos, and he would have to adapt or he would be swept into playing a game where he did not even understand the rules, and his continual existence would be at the whims of the mighty.

Like it or not, he had become a player in a grand game where the price of failure was a fate that was worse than death.

This did not scare Rowan, he knew it should, but he had witnessed so many deaths and gone through so much pain, that somewhere in his journey, whether it was the experiences of his many Reflections or the way his mindset had shifted over millions of years of relative isolation, he found out that he was no longer focusing on his end goals as his the reason for him to strive through the uncertainty and the dangers of this road.

Now it was the journey itself that compelled him. He no longer wondered if he was dying today or if the Primordials themselves would arise tomorrow to turn him to ash. The prospect of clashing strengths and wits with his foes as he strived to move higher on the dimensional ladder has now become his principle.

Every moment was to be cherished as if it was to be his last, and if he did not make it to the end. It was enough that he did his best.

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Existence was now dark, no longer lit up by the glow of the Frozen Road, but as Rowan journeyed through it, something changed. It seemed as if there was a switch that was flipped and then across existence, light began to arise.

They were small, almost minuscule, and he could only see them because his perception was incredibly profound, yet like tiny embers of flames being fed with sufficient fuel, these lights grew and exploded in radiance, and Rowan almost paused in his journey as a rare beauty that few would be lucky to experience in all of existence unfolded before his sight.

Rowan was wrong about the lack of stars at the higher-dimensional level, as he missed the implication that every dimension in reality from a distance was stars themselves, it was only that their glow had been suppressed by the frozen road, and they had never had the chance to display their light into the void.

This light was still fledgling, and Rowan could only see them because of his state as a dimension, but he knew that in a few centuries, many immortals would start to notice that the lights from every dimension were beginning to spread, and in a million years or less, reality would explode with a new radiance that would eclipse what the Frozen Road had given many times over.

Every dimension would become a star that shone brighter than any star had any right to.

Destruction was not always a bad thing, the old needed to be taken out, for something new to be born.

Rowan looked at the blooming light and engraved this lesson in his heart, he should never grow complacent, thinking he had reached the peak, or that the strength of his abilities was enough, he must never be afraid of change, or else he might just miss out on the greatest discoveries of his life.

This statement was extremely prevalent in the next steps Rowan wanted to take with his evolution because he had gained a lot after taking ridiculous risks with the affairs of the World Stele, and now he needed peace and stability for a short while so he could properly digest all of his gains, only then could he now begin his push for the sixth-dimensional level and higher.

He had reduced himself until he was a tiny stream of light that was nearly invisible on all spectrums, both visual and spiritually, and with the unexpected unique benefit of his dimensional flesh and soul, he could cruise through existence as if he was not a part of it, yet despite all of these safety measures, it was nearly not enough.

Far in the distance reality opened up and what he could only describe as an expanse of decaying flesh that was so massive it defied imagination covered reality, even some small dimensions that were unlucky to be on the path of this flesh were assimilated as the First Deceiver looked for the traces of Rowan.

Numerous diseased yellow eyes that reminded him of Thenos sprang from his flesh as Caine scanned through reality.

Joining him and seemingly separating reality in two was a heaven made from serpents as the Mother of Poisons, Shamaran matched the might of Caine, and their gaze, hungry and desperate, looked for their prey, and they soon found him—at least the part of him that Rowan allowed to be found.

On the destitute of a broken dimension, a hazy projection of Rowan appeared, there were barely any energy fluctuations from it, but Shamaran and Caine found it nearly instantaneously, and in the blink of an eye, two figures were standing before the projection.

These two eighth-dimensional beings that were the direct descendants of Primordial Chaos were as different from Ghribba as a Tyrannosaurus rex was from a small lizard.

Standing here they dominated everything under reality, and now Caine was no longer shielding the full might of his powers from Rowan, and this might echoed throughout time, even an eighth-dimensional immortal would cringe back in shock and apprehension,

yet Rowan remained cool and collected, looking at the two children of Chaos with a curious light in his eyes.

“Rowan,” Caine spoke slowly, “You have... grown.”

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Chapter 1372 Subtle Games

Rowan could very well imagine what was going on in the mind of Caine and Shamaran at this time, and if he was in their shoes, he would have felt the same way.

In the normal chronological timeline of existence, Rowan had sent out his ninth Reflection barely a thousand years ago, and before then, he had been inside the material universe for around a million years, and despite that the figure who was standing here before these two children of Primordial Chaos was barely a phantom, it was impossible to hide the power that was rippling from it, Rowan was a complete fifth dimensional entity that had complete mastery over space and time.

In comparison to their great powers, a fifth dimensional immortal was nothing, but Rowan reaching the fifth dimensions level in such a short time was extremely ridiculous, and if not for their supreme grasp of energy, they would consider that they were being deceived.

At first Shamaran had believed that when she met Rowan in Doom Star and he was already a fourth dimensional immortal, it was her assumption that he had used nearly a million years to reach that point, but with later investigation did she understand that Rowan left the material universe a short time ago and now he was a fifth dimensional immortal.

With the powers of a Primordial Bloodline, it was quite easy for an immortal to quickly reach a higher level, but that word quickly was rather relative to the infinite lifespan of an immortal. Reaching the higher dimensional realm was something that took most immortals multiple minor Eras, and only supreme genuises used millions and billions of years to complete this process.

Andar and Staff, two of the premier genuises in existence had taken close to a million years to become fifth dimensional immortals, and they were known across multiple dimensions because of their rapid rate of ascension. Andar had drawn the attention of the Supreme Magus, and there were valid rumors that he was being eyed to become one of the Tower Lords—these were eminent magus who ruled over Tower Masters.

From all outward indicators, Rowan had left the third dimensional universe a thousand years ago, and he was a fifth dimensional immortal, which for the Children of Chaos was

barely a blink of an eye. Did that mean that if they blinked their eyes a couple more times, he would already be an eighth dimensional entity? When did climbing a dimensional ladder become this easy?

From the beginning of Time, and Caine and Shamaran could be very sure of this concept, they were sure that the number of immortals who could achieve what Rowan had done could be counted on a single hand, but these immortals had deep foundations and startling amounts of secrets that could not be imagined.

Getting the energy to reach the fifth dimensional level was a monumental task, but it was still under the realm of possibility to gain that energy in a thousand years, and if Rowan had been involved with whatever had happened in Doom Star, then it was possible that he had been able to find such an energy source, but how could he master not just the Will of Time, but of Space as well in a thousand years?

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Mastering a Will was easy, but mastering the accompanying powers that they brought with them was hard. Take for instance the case of Staff who mastered the Will of Force, because of her insight into energy manipulation, mastering the Will of Force was easy, but learning how to use the stream of time captured by her Will to master Time was extremely difficult and had taken her nearly four hundred thousand years to master, Andar had taken less time but not by much.

Multiple thoughts ran through the heads of the two Children of Chaos, unless they had all being deceived and Rowan was a powerful higher dimensional entity that was slowly regaining his strength, then he must have a great secret.

It was ironic that Labaletai the Chaos Door believed in this sentiment. The Chaos Door had always thought Rowan was a higher dimensional immortal who was fond of hiding his levels and using clones to deceive those around him, and Shamaran had found it amusing when she went through Labaletai's consciousness, because she knew that Primordial Chaos had released his blood to Rowan a million years ago, but now she could not help but wonder.

If Rowan knew what was ongoing in the minds of these immortals he did not say, if they thought he used a thousand years to reach this point and were shocked, then he would wonder what their thoughts would be like if they knew that he reached this point in less than a day.

It may have seemed like a very long period but from the moment Rowan resurrected himself while outside of time in the Nothingness and entered Doom Star, until the end of

the battle when he banished the World Steele, all that apocalyptic event had taken place over the course of a single day! Of course the preparation to reach this point had nearly taken a billion years, but no one else knew he could travel into the future, and that portion of his abilities were a secret that none could begin to imagine.

The real cause of the World Steele loss was that it believed it was taking Rowan into the past, but the truth was that it was also taking Rowan into the future as well. If it knew this truth, then it would understand that its loss was justified.

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At the statement from Caine about his surprising growth, Rowan simply shrugged, “You rise with the tide, or you drown, I chose to rise.”

The mother of poison laughed, “You are a true child of Chaos, we were born to rise above all of existence, our touch is what would shape all of reality. Come with me, assume your position by the side of our father, and rise up to levels you can never dream about.”

Rowan was quiet, he looked at Caine with an inquisitive glow in his eyes, and Caine chuckled, a look of understanding in his eyes, but Rowan knew that internally, he must be seething with anger, hate and disbelief.

Caine had been playing Rowan from the start, he had downplayed his powers, showing vulnerabilities when they were none, because he believed that he had the time to slowly manipulate Rowan to his cause and strip him of his unique abilities.

Rowan’s ability to rid himself of the Intent of Primordial Chaos was already something he could not understand, and now this rapid growth of power that exceeded all common and uncommon sensibilities had thrown him for a loop.

Caine thought he understood Rowan’s powers and that Rowan had not simply broken the shackles of their bloodline but had instead cleansed himself from the Intent of Chaos, and he believed that Shamaran thought Rowan was simply like every other Child of Chaos, who had broken the shackles of their bloodline, but if she was allowed to closely monitor Rowan, then the truth would be revealed.

The look from Rowan was simple, would he allow Shamaran to take Rowan with her? Perhaps this would lead to the death of Rowan when the truth was discovered, but Caine could not allow such a thing to happen when he needed Rowan’s secret.

Meanwhile, Shamaran was already suspicious of Caine’s involvement with the affairs of Rowan.

A Child of Primordial Chaos was special, after all there were just seven of them since the dawn of time, and the addition of a new member was an earth shattering occasion, and

Rowan's presence would be able to tip the board in their side more favorably, but Caine seemed extremely interested in Rowan, far more than should be considered normal.

Rowan's extremely quick growth rate on the other hand had fanned the flames of her suspicion to greater heights, making her believe there were more to meet the eye with him, and she was determined to bring him with her by every means necessary, even if she had to go to war with Caine.

There was a subtle game being played here by all three of them, and for the first time in most of the conflict that Rowan had been inside, he was the one with the upper hand because he had the truth to the matter that had drawn two of Chaos Children here.

Caine may believe that he had an ability to cleanse himself from the taint of Primordial Chaos, and that was the truth, but it was an ability that could not be taught or stolen, because it was related to his dimensional flesh and soul.

During his battle with Thenos, the titan's eyes had flashed many times as he attempted to collect Rowan's talent, but it did not work, in fact, Rowan had not even noticed his attempts at first, it was with the careful re-review of his memories that he saw that Thenos had been sneakily attempting to steal Rowan's abilities multiple times, but he had failed.

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The Primordial Record

Chapter 1373 Are You Afraid?

Rowan believed that Thenos would have been able to easily steal his powers if he was still at the fourth dimensional level, but when Rowan became a fifth dimensional immortal and carve his own reality that was separated from the reality built by the Primordials, Thenos was no longer able to access his powers.

However, this event could have still gone sideways if Thenos had been able to completely devour the talents of Berrion and not simply swallowed his energy and some of his attributes, because if he had devoured Rowan's Reflection in its entirety, then it would be a backdoor that he would have used to access Rowan's dimension.

It was during moments of examinations like these that Rowan observed the many ways that he could have been defeated, a little slip-up here, a delay there, and the ending of his story would be radically different, and the same thing was happening now, even though everything seemed to be calm and orderly, a single spark could set everything alit.

® Caine turned toward Shamaran and smiled, the form that he was wearing was something that Rowan assumed was his original humanoid form before he was corrupted by his lust for the powers of Primordial Chaos, or it could simply be a random body picked by Caine, it was a foolish thing to understand the mind of the first born of Primordial Chaos, you only needed to observe and learn his patterns, understanding him was a rapid road to madness.

He appeared like a middle aged man with a homely mug and short hair closely cropped to his head, the stubbles of a beard adorning his face gave him a roguish demeanor, his was a face that would be lost inside the crowd unless you looked at his eyes and then you would see the madness that lied therein.

Those twin orbs jiggled in their sockets as if a million separate thoughts were screaming for dominance inside his head. Only a mind that was broken like Caine could still hold together all the extremes of his thoughts and still speak with conviction and a sense of purpose. His voice was cool and collected, a vast difference from his crazy eyes,

“Do not be too hasty with your words, poison mistress, Rowan here has no clear allegiance with Primordial Chaos despite the fact that he was granted the blood of Chaos, apart from his blood, what else does he have to give? He does not owe that old man anything. To drag him into the losing side of an ongoing war is not an act of upliftment, but one of sabotage. Our father is in chains, his Era has ended long ago and it is our chance to rise above it, and I can assure you, Rowan knows that truth. He would not be returning with you. With his potential he could always get a better bargain elsewhere, and this is a truth that you would never tell him.”

Shamaran smirked, not even glancing at Caine, “What truth does he know about Caine? Do you mean the lies that you have paraded around when you thought he was an ignorant child without any knowledge of reality? A lie that he can see and understand its implication the higher he walks upon the dimensional ladder? Tell me, whose cause is more bound to last?”

She pointed towards the distance and Rowan frowned internally when he noticed she was pointing at the third dimensional universes, he was nearly at his destination and this whole conversation was to learn as much about the Children of Primordial Chaos as he could while distracting them from his real position. He knew that it was almost impossible for any of them to imagine that he was heading towards the lower dimension, and Rowan knew that he still needed to throw off their attention because he did not understand their entire abilities, and he could learn more from them here than they thought.

Of course he knew that both of them were still doing the same thing as he was, searching for information. They knew his body here was a projection, and they would obviously be scouring through reality for his real form.

Rowan understood that his position was a rather delicate one, and the reason these two monsters seemed to be quite agreeable at this time was because they were still intensely searching for his body, and the moment he was found, this facade of respect and mutual discussion would be thrown by the wayside. He also knew that their patience was also running out, but he did not care, he was not scared of them, how could he? He was already eating the flesh of the Primordial Beast, he had stood before Primordial Time himself, and by his hands, all of reality was changing. No longer a pawn, Rowan was now graduating to become a player, and whether they liked it or not, Caine and Shamaran would become his pieces in this game, but for now, it was enough for them to simply view him as an upcoming threat.

Before that time, the advantage that he had here was to be as vague as possible in his words while leaning on the fact that these two would willingly throw themselves under the bus to twist Rowan's mind to their benefit, and he could not discount the fact that both of them might be speaking half-truths and falsehood to deceive him as well, because no matter how talented he was, in some certain matters, he was still just an ant against the might and experience of these two.

Caine replied coolly to the accusations of Shamaran, "I do not lie poison mistress, I only tell the truths that he is capable of understanding, and my words shall be vindicated in time. It would not take much to do so." Shamaran opened her mouth and gave a lovely chuckle, her eyes flashing bright, her beauty mesmerizing,

"And yet, what worth are your truths? Rowan you should take heed, the powers of a Primordial is greater than anything you can imagine, it is greater than anything that Caine can imagine. He is insane in his quest to steal from Primordial Chaos, and that insanity was triggered by the enemies of our father, and the great betrayer went along with it. He is simply a pawn in the hands of others, and in his madness, he believes that he would overcome his plight as a pawn, he seeks to drag others down with him under his broken banner. A single hair of Primordial Chaos is greater than a thousand of him, chose wisely and don't be dragged down by flashy words and empty promises. Remember his name, and know that his promises are nothing but poisoned daggers aimed at your back."

Caine was silent as the words from Shamaran, before he sighed, and for a moment there was almost a sense of loss in his voice, "Spoken like a person who has lost every reason to strive for themselves. When I was old you were still young. You may not know this because this history has been heavily suppressed by the Primordials that you worship like an ignorant beast, but I was alive when there were more powers that challenged the rules of the Primordials. They were the first betrayers, not me!"

"What is your point?" Shamaran countered, "I participated in that war that ended all the usurpers vying for the throne of the Primordials. Their names are gone, and their thrones are vanquished."

"You are not listening!" Caine suddenly screamed and turned towards Shamaran, his hands grasping repeatedly at the air in front of him as if he was kneading it like dough, and enclosed within his fists, Rowan could see the deaths of countless universes. In his

agitated state, Caine was dragging dimensions into his palms and crushing them to pieces before bringing them back to life and crushing them again, but with each time he killed them and resurrected them, what returned was subtly different.

“I do not speak of the useless fools who were made to play the pawns to the rise of the Primordials, their bones were needed to craft the Supreme Era and so they were all butchered, what I am speaking of is before! At the time when Nothingness was all there was, when potential was everything, and power was not segmented into levels or dimensions or grade... Those were the times when to rise to the ranks of Primordial was not dependent on bloodlines or connection, but on the strength of your will and your capacity to fight for your vision. Primordial Chaos and every other Primordial in existence betrayed me! I was never given the chance to rise, the true paths were hidden and we were all made to walk the roads that they set before us.”

As he spoke Caine grew increasingly agitated, seemingly forgetting the reason they were here as he turned towards Rowan,

“Shamaran does not understand you, but I do, it is because we are the same. There is no reason you will endure all of eternity being a lapdog of a Primordial, when you know inside your heart that there is a higher road. Your potential is great, and your path is strong, and there is nothing that she could give to you that is worth losing your road. Join me brother, let me show you a road that they are all afraid to consider, because they willingly blind themselves to it, because of fear. Are you afraid, Rowan?”

Chapter 1374 Consequences

Chapter 1374 Consequences

Rowan grinned internally, that question was a loaded one, and it was easy to fall into the machinations of Caine and Shamaran, his response could mean the difference between being a bystander who wished to play on the rivalry between this two, to becoming one of their pawns, and so naturally Rowan chooses the former.

“The ignorant are fearless. I am just a small immortal as you know, and my answer to the questions that you are asking would be both correct and incorrect. I do not know fear, but I also admit there are many things I don’t understand. How could I stand here and best my chest thinking I am infallible in my thoughts when I know that both of you can crush me with a single thought.”

Shamaran laughed, “You are wise Rowan, do not forget the title given to Caine, you should find out the truth for yourself before making the decision that would shape your future for all eternity.

The talk between these two continued and Rowan listened in rapt attention, nodding at the right places and answering questions in a vague manner when it was necessary, the majority of his consciousness was focused on other tasks.

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At this time Rowan reached the universe of his choice. It was a relatively new universe, born barely a billion years ago, and had been long scouted out by his Angels, and he had just touched the membranes of this universe. His dimensional soul which was ten times larger than an average universe simply opened his mouth wide and swallowed the entire universe.

It was a rather interesting visual anomaly because Rowan was both smaller than an atom but still large enough to swallow the entire universe. A similar situation that was similar to when he was assuming a World Will began playing out in his consciousness as Rowan began assimilating the Will of the Universe.

This process which should be relatively easy for him, was even easier because there was a missing component that he usually had to deceive, and that component was no longer a part of the universe, and it was Nemesis.

The Great Desert was linked to every material universe in existence and with the absence of its ruler, its hold over the sanctity of a universe was loosened. Rowan could see how this would lead to a new type of war in the future if it was not quickly corrected. A war that would be fought across universes by the natives of the material universes.

The barrier that protected weak universes from the stronger universes was Nemesis. The Nemesis Plate was made to hold back the excesses of the rulers of a powerful material universe, documenting the number of lives they had taken and making it harder for them to ascend to the higher dimension by sending forth stronger tribulation.

When an immortal reaches a certain level, they would soon become aware of the Nemesis Plate and they would begin to check their excesses, but now without a Nemesis Plate or a Nemesis Board that governs those Plates, every universe in existence would suffer as a time of unprecedented chaos would sweep across all of them.

Such a massive change would either lead to the destruction of the majority of the material universes or something new would arise to bring back equilibrium to the new state of things. However, Rowan did not fear that the destruction in the material universe would be bad due to its importance to the higher dimensional realm.

Without the lower dimension, there would be no new souls born in reality, and existence would become stagnant. No higher dimensional realm would allow the lower dimensional universes under their control to become swamped by chaos. In fact, it might be possible that an unprecedented wave of peace was about to be unleashed upon every material

universe, but Rowan would not hold his breath for such an outcome, what he truly expected to happen was a feeding frenzy.

The gates to one of the greatest bounties of the Primordial Chaos had been blown wide open, and there were no more shackles to stop the higher dimensional realms from carving out a portion of the lower realms for themselves. Rowan was also going to be doing the same, and because he had expected such an outcome, his preparation was rather robust, he could not say he would be seizing most of the material universes but he would be among the parties who took the greatest slice.

Breaking past all the restrictions of the universe, Rowan descended into it. He already knew that this universe was so young that even its Empyrean had not yet been born, and it was easy for Rowan to take over the Universe Will, and he slowly suffocated it to death, this operation was done so cleanly that the Will of the Universe was not even aware when it perished. There was no pain, it simply faded into nothing.

With the Will of the Universe out of the way, Rowan's Aether flooded this universe, he released only a few drops of his Aether, and it exploded in size, covering the entirety of the universe, soaking every single world, every single star, down to the tiniest dust floating in space.

His Aether began to transform the universe. There was no intelligent life to be found inside of it, there were barely any single-cell organisms present, and the Will of the Universe was not mature enough to begin creating such a thing, usually, it would take another ten to twenty billion years before the Will of a Universe was matured to the extent that it could begin creating life if there was no outside influence to speed up the process.

The presence of Rowan's Aether was such an influence. Although he had only used a few drops of his Aether, it was so powerful that it killed off every life inside the universe, they were too weak to process the power of his Aether, and when the universe was bare and empty of every speck of life, reality seemed to flip in the opposite direction and life in all its glory and all its horror exploded across the entirety of the universe.

Chapter 1375 The Laws Of The Jungle

The proliferation of Aether in this universe was not to create life, it was simply to make it stable enough for Rowan's dimensional soul and flesh to enter without cracking the universe open like an egg.

He could assimilate a universe easily, but it was a different case when he began flexing his will or even manifesting his presence, no material universe would be able to contain such power, and if he wanted a place to be able to digest his gains so that he could prepare for the inevitable chaos that was about to descend upon all of reality, then he needed this universe to be more robust to carry part of his weight.

Reinforcing the walls of the universe to be multiple times thicker and more durable, he reduced the presence of the universe to be almost undetectable, and when he was assured that the preparations were complete, Rowan's consciousness swept through the universe and he gathered the densest heavenly materials he could find, Black Holes, White Dwarfs, Neutron Stars, and even Quark Stars, which this universe had a surprising amount of. Despite the number of universes that proliferated all of existence, Rowan had discovered that every universe had certain unique features that separated them from the rest, like fingerprints, no two universes were the same, there might be close similarities, but there were no exact copies.

Smashing all of these dense heavenly bodies together to create an even more infinitely dense soup, he crafted a simple throne for him to rest his weary body. Resembling a throne cast from black iron and a thousand miles tall, Rowan's body materialized out of thin air, and he slowly sat on the throne.

Resting his right elbow on the armrest and his closed fist against the side of his head, Rowan's eyes closed and he fell into a deep slumber, leaving only a small part of his consciousness to oversee certain matters.

Surrounding his thrones were his Cherubims, in the shape of long black swords. After a long and grueling battle, his mind had reached its limit, Rowan needed his rest.

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Deep inside the Inheritance Ground, the throne of Primordial Chaos which had not changed since the end of the Primordial Era began to bleed.

The throne which was made from an unknown stone and frozen blood, had a crack in the middle that should have split the throne in two, but an unfathomable will seemed to hold it together, but there was a large portion of the upper part of the throne that had been sliced off by an unknown blade.

When Rowan had first seen the throne of Chaos, the first thought that entered his mind was betrayal. He could easily see the Primordial Chaos sitting on his throne and someone came behind him and with a mighty swing, sliced through the top head of the throne, most likely cutting off the head of Primordial Chaos as well.

The crack that was nearly tearing the throne in two must be the result of the death struggles of the Primordials, and the throne was not originally made from stone and blood, the latter was just the result of Primordial blood being spilled on it.

Yet he knew that this was all a flight of fancy and he did not know the true history of this throne, and perhaps the only ones that did were the Primordials themselves.

This throne that was many times larger than a universe had always hovered in the center of the Inheritance Ground, and it was the source of confidence for the children of

Primordial Chaos because this broken throne had a power that nothing in reality except another Primordial could equal. It was the entire foundation that made the Inheritance Ground a Primordial domain, giving them access to resources that they would never have any right to without the backing of a Primordial.

The parts of the throne that were made from the frozen blood of an unknown being began to thaw, and when the first drop of blood fell from the throne, it slammed into the ground with the force of a billion supernovas going off at once and a great ocean of blood was born from that blood drop. The entire Inheritance Ground was shaken to the core, and every creature who carried the bloodline of Chaos was frozen in place, at least for a moment, before the screams began.

Pain that defied the understanding of most immortals ravaged the bodies of the Children of Chaos, and the weak amongst them collapsed into madness, death soon followed, thankfully giving them relief from their agony. The death toll was unknown, but the bloodline of Primordial Chaos was the most prevalent in reality, and the lowest conservative estimate of this death toll was in the hundreds of trillions.

The cries of the anger of a Primordial even while muted by the chains of Oblivion were not something that any average lower-dimensional being could handle, and yet this disaster was not over, this was simply one drop of blood falling from a throne that was many times larger than any universe, and it could be imagined that the amount of blood that made up the frozen portion of it could drown a healthy portion of reality.

Most of these deaths that came from the first drop of blood were weak children of chaos, all lower dimensional immortals, but what would happen when more drops of blood began to fall, the second, third, and fourth... it was possible that in his rage, Primordial Chaos could wipe out all his children.

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The moment the first drop of blood fell, Caine, Shamaran, and Rowan froze, in an instant, they understood everything that had happened and would happen, and they realized more clearly than anyone what the wrath of a Primordial could mean for their continual existence.

This was an anger that should not be provoked, and someone did, and for that, there would be repercussions.

If there was one thing that could be traced back to, that became the source of Caine's fear, the primary reason that triggered his betrayal of Primordial Chaos. That would be the knowledge that all of their existence depended on the whims of the Primordials, even theirs.

They could not fight against it, they could not argue their way out of it, if a Primordial wanted you to die, then you have no choice but to die.

Rowan considered this to be very ironic for immortals like them, who had become used to dictating the lives and deaths of multitudes at their fancy, chasing whatever goals they pursued, a moment before, Caine had seized many universes and dimensions in his grasp and had crushed an unknown number of lives just because he was agitated, he may not have even noticed the effects of his actions, after all, everything below them was ant, and yet when the time came when such a fate was to be meted to them, they became quite antagonistic to it.

It took a while for Rowan to recognize that hypocrisy in his mindset, and with that realization, his source of motivation changed, he considered himself to be extremely powerful but that did not mean that he was infallible. He could fall at any moment, and if he did, he would not bitch and moan about it, he understood the laws of the jungle and he would play with the cards that had been given to him.

Rowan sighed and looked at the faces of the two higher-dimensional immortals before him. It would seem that the basis for his mental adjustment was not shared by them, they lived above all of existence and the thought that their immortality and dominion could be ended as easily as they ended all others below them, shook them to their core and made them reflect on their existence.

However, Rowan knew that the mirror of reflection was one that few were brave enough to look into, not even to acknowledge its presence and as he had expected, any attempt at diplomacy was thrown out of the window.

Shamaran sputtered in shock and indignation, the picture of a cool and collected immortal had been discarded as she peered at Rowan in rage, their attempts to find his real body were not bearing fruit, and with the size of existence and how easy it was to hide if one knew the right places to do so, it would take many years to locate their target,

“You know what happened with the Frozen Road, Rowan. I am not accusing you of destroying it, because I know that you are incapable of doing such a thing, nonetheless, you are a culprit in this situation, and the only way out of this problem is to confess to me everything that happened inside of Doom Star, and most importantly, who were the perpetrators behind this madness! Be mindful of the words you are going to be saying next, choose them wisely.”

Chapter 1376 Transferring Blame

There were many ways that Rowan could answer this question from the Mother of Poison, and it would dictate his path going forward from here on out, at least when it was related to the Children of Chaos.

He knew that this moment was coming, and no matter how much he would have preferred to avoid it, some things were out of his control. His only consolation was that he had a plan ready for this moment from the start.

Rowan would never have wished for these two to know that he was at Doom Star or that he had even left the lower realms, usually most immortals without a great backing in the higher realms would choose to remain behind for billions of years, some would even remain till the end of the universe to gain as much insight into the dimension of Time before taking the great leap to leave the universe of their birth, and Rowan only stayed for a million years to finalize his actions for the future.

This plan had called for the intervention of outside forces and that was what had drawn the attention of these two.

With the addition of Labaletai to his arrangement, Shamaran had been able to intercept the Chaos Door and piggyback into Doom Star where she had met Rowan, and so the truth about his involvement in the affairs of Doom Star was revealed. However, what was worthy of note was that in the eyes of Shamaran, Rowan was simply a fourth-dimensional Will holder inside a realm that contained seventh-dimensional immortals and traces of eighth-dimensional powers buried inside of it, including the Will of this realm, how could she have imagined that the Will of the realm was partly made by Rowan's Reflection?

Caine had also learned that Rowan was inside of Doom Star from Shamaran, he also learned that Rowan had left the lower realm a thousand years ago, but he was expecting that the next time he met with Rowan it would be a few million years from now, and despite his talents he would be struggling to reach the fifth dimension because Caine knew the relationship between Intent and Space and had been wondering how Rowan would ever be able to reach the fifth dimension if he was not going to reconnect with the Primordial Chaos.

He had expected Rowan to look for him in the future when he discovered how difficult it would be for him to reach the fifth dimension, and with the promise of aiding him, Caine would acquire his allegiance, before slowly twisting Rowan into his slave and taking everything he could from him.

This was just one of the hidden traps he had foreseen would be on the road of Rowan's ascension, and he was eagerly waiting for one of the many pitfalls he was anticipating along the way to trip up this upcoming powerhouse so he could gain enormous profit from it. However, not only was Rowan a fifth-dimensional immortal in just a thousand years, but he was also involved in a matter that was shaking the foundations of reality and drawing the fury of a Primordial.

This startling change was a harsh slap across Caine's mental state, making him wonder for a moment if he even understood Rowan at all from the beginning.

What made Caine even crazier was the fact that he was the one who had been going against the Primordial Chaos for countless eons and his father had not even bothered blinking an eye toward his escapades, but Rowan who was a babe that was still smelling of his mother's milk was involved in matters that were pulling the attention of Primordials and causing vast changes across existence. Caine did not want to recollect the

countless suffering and humiliation he had suffered to reach a position where he was deemed a threat to the plans of Chaos, but he knew he was simply like a fly buzzing around the leg of a colloidal titan, but Rowan, someone that he considered to be even lesser than a speck of dust had just shaken Chaos!

Knowing that this was not even the worst of it nearly made the firstborn of Primordial Chaos spit in anger because he understood that this disaster that was about to befall them all was something that would not touch Rowan. After all, this abomination had cleansed himself of all intent of Primordial Chaos while still enjoying all the benefits that came from having the bloodline of the Primordial.

How was such a thing even fair? Understanding all that he knew of Rowan's abilities, the question from Shamaran to Rowan nearly made him grit his teeth in disgust as he saw the eyes of Rowan that were opened wide in fear and contemplation.

This was like seeing a dragon pretending that it was a domestic cat.

Caine began to reevaluate everything he knew about Rowan because right now he was in danger of dying because of whatever unknown shenanigans that Rowan had placed his hands into when inside Doom Star, and his death would come about so casually. After all, the Primordial Chaos had been angered by an unknown party.

In his heart, Caine knew that the chance to ever succeed against his father was incredibly slim to none, but at least he wanted to die in the hands of his father, it would be the greatest acknowledgment of his efforts, but not like this... he could not be discarded at the actions of someone who would walk scott free without any repercussions.

Still, this matter was so great that Caine was still doubting that Rowan could be part of it. Something more deeper may be going on and Rowan could simply just be bait.

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At the question from Shamaran, Rowan looked troubled and he slowly replied as if he was scared that his words would be misrepresented, but he was still putting a note of strength in his tone to showcase his bravado, he presented a picture of a stubborn individual who knew that he was playing in deep waters, but was still proud enough that they wanted to hold onto their dignity,

"I do not welcome your tone, Mother of Poison. A moment before you were telling me that I do not understand the full breadth of reality or the true players who control the board, and now you want me to believe that I could understand who could be powerful enough to anger the Primordial Chaos? Instead of asking me that question, don't you think there is someone who should understand this situation better?"

Shamaran eyes squinted in annoyance and then a profound look of realization took its place as she turned to Caine, her voice was like the hisses of a million snakes,

“What have you done?!”

Caine had been going through his memories about everything that he knew about Rowan and he did not respond quickly enough to what Shamaran had just said, and when he realized the enormity of her questions, he almost laughed in anger, he could see how everything that had just happened could be traced to him. Was he not the first betrayer? The one known in all of reality to be the enemy of the Primordial Chaos? Who had proclaimed to all in existence that he would be the one to take over the dominion of Primordial Chaos?

On the other hand, who was Rowan, he had barely left the lower realms a thousand years ago, who did he know? What sort of waves could he raise even if he was given a billion more years? Shamaran knew that he was very interested in Rowan, but what she did not know was that his interest was related to the method Rowan had used to cleanse the Intent of Chaos from his bloodline, Caine could understand how his interest could be interpreted to be that Rowan was simply a pawn in a plan set up by him to destabilize the workings of Primordial Chaos.

Caine knew that even if he denied this affair, it was useless, and he also needed to protect the secrets that Rowan held to keep him safe from Shamaran for a while and to do that he would have to shift any sort of suspicion away from Rowan.

“Shamaran, do not be hasty in your conclusions, I seek to take the throne of our father, but I am not stupid enough to go past his bottom line. I did not destroy the Frozen Road and I had no hands in its destruction. Whatever is happening, is a matter beyond me and should likely be the plans of a Primordial. I will...”

Caine paused when he noticed that the gaze from Shamaran was growing heated, and he realized that every word he was speaking was not convincing her, instead it was the opposite, the Mother of Poisons had taken all the affronts he had made against Primordial Chaos as a baseline to judge the issue on ground, and he had been summarily pegged to be the guilty party. It did not matter what he said, he was the one who was responsible for the ire of the Primordial Chaos and he would pay.

Turning to Rowan, Caine growled, “I don’t know how you did this, but you should know that I...”

“Silence!” Shamaran screamed, cutting off the words from Caine, she seemed to have reached the limits of her patience, “The next drop of blood would be falling soon, perhaps in a million years or less, in that time I will be getting to the bottom of this issue, Caine, you and your conspirators would be ferreted out, and this would not be the usual hunt as we did before. Every Child of Chaos would be coming for you. Your blood shall be shed to appease the rage of Chaos and it does not matter if you are guilty, you must die.”

Chapter 1377 Sympathy For The Devil

Caine's response was swift and unexpected, as far into the distance, reality seemed to explode and there was a pained scream, existence shook and Rowan's projection was almost shaken into nothingness, as an ocean of serpentine bodies crushed beyond recognition began to scatter across reality, their cries forever silent

The weakest serpents there were in the fourth dimension, and they numbered in the tens of billions, followed by fifth, even sixth-dimensional serpents were all crushed by Caine's unexpected attack, the bodies of the two immortals here also vibrated as if they were hollow, reminding Rowan once more that the two individuals standing here were simply projections of their bodies, and their real forms were out in the distance.

Despite this being a projection, Caine flashed forward and seized Shamaran by the throat as his other hand struck rapidly, digging into her chest, and pulling out her beating heart which he squeezed to a pulp, and he made a quick series of swipes with his hand that was arched into a claw to tear off Shamaran's arms and legs.

Her cries of rage had not even left her lips when Caine opening his mouth as wide as a crocodile lunged forward and bit off her entire face, nearly chewing through a third of her skull in the process. Her tongue flopped out of her mouth, swaying from side to side as if she was still speaking but there was nothing else to vocalize her voice.

For a moment the half of her skull that was left containing organs that were throbbing rapidly began to glow as a great power was being activated inside of the flesh, but Caine was like a starving wolf, and he pulled her towards him and devoured Shamaran in a violent frenzy, gore spraying out for dozens of feet, in between the sounds of chewing were faint sounds of laughter.

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Rowan dispassionately watched all these atrocities as they were taking place as he wondered if something similar was happening in the distance, was Shamaran strong enough to hold back Caine who seemed to have fully let go of any inhibitions?

This was something that Rowan did not need to concern himself with for the moment, however, what drew his attention more than anything was the abilities that Caine had used to dispatch the projection of Shamaran.

Originally, the projection of Shamaran here could be regarded as a collection of light and sound waves, held together by her Will, but when Caine attacked, seizing her by the neck, a subtle wave of a strange power covered the entire projection of Shamaran, and what was once light and sound, became flesh and blood.

This ability was so perverse that it stripped Shamaran of her immunity and powers, reducing her to a being of flesh and blood. Although in the end, Shamaran seemed as if she was able to fight back against the influence of this power, it was already too late.

As horrifying as this ability was, it was also familiar to Rowan, because Golgoth the God King of Trion had once used this ability on a part of Rowan's soul in the past in order to torture him. It was a rather strange and obscure ability that Rowan had seen no need to acquire, and he had never wondered how Golgoth was able to acquire it, but seeing how easily Caine had been able to wield this power even against a powerhouse like Shamaran, Rowan understood that this power was unique to Caine, he was most likely the originator of it, and the God King Golgoth had probably acquired this ability from the First Betrayer himself.

This suggested to him that Caine had not just stumbled onto Rowan inside a random lower universe, he had long had a hand in the affairs of Trion from the start. Perhaps when the Eye of Time and the Reflection had entered the universe of his birth, their decision was not as random as they thought, a hidden hand had been guiding them all this while.

There were many mysteries behind the betrayals of the Reflection, and the fact that they had been able to suppress the Eye of Time for so long.

From what Rowan understood about the creation of the Eye of Time, it was never meant to live for a long time, as a ticking bomb created by Primordial Time to give him the ability to return to reality now and then, the Eye of Time needed to die as frequently as possible, but there was a catch, and it was that the Eye could not find out about its purpose.

Despite all of this, Rowan had found it remarkable that he was the one who was able to cause the Eye to reach its breaking point, but he knew there were stronger and more cunning immortals in existence that may have come across the Eye in the past. How then was it able to live so long?

Caine must have been behind many of the actions of the Eye of and of its Reflections, perhaps their madness must have been one of the things he might have placed into their souls.

Yet, Rowan did not believe that even with the powers of Caine, he would be able to go against the arrangements of a Primordial for so long. This suggested to Rowan that Caine should be a pawn in the hidden wars between Primordials.

It was apparent that the Primordials would not want Primordial Time to have unrestricted access to reality using this backdoor, and Caine was their answer. Was this the truth, or was it all just speculation on his part? Rowan could not wait to find out, and he was thinking that he was slowly approaching the core of this matter.

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"I had expected you to run. Yet you remain, hehehe... I knew I did not choose wrong. I knew your flame, unlike the others, was strong and magnificent, able to withstand the Desolation."

Caine had been crouched like a spider, his limbs splayed out, and his tongue was lapping up the bit of flesh and blood left floating around in the void. In the distance, existence kept vibrating, massive booms that would shatter a thousand universes, as galaxies worth of blood and flesh were shed in an apocalyptic tussle that Rowan was only seeing a small part of.

In the beginning, Caine might have dominated Shamaran, but the Mother of Poison was not a walkover. Their battle was becoming more heated and Rowan wondered what would be coming next.

Slowly coming to his feet, Caine cracked his neck and looked at Rowan with a wide grin on his face, with the red blood painting his teeth and mouth, he almost looked like the specter of madness that he was. This was the true face of Caine, madness given shape, despair given life.

Rowan answered Caine's query with a shrug, "Why should I run, I am already within your palm."

"How amusing Rowan, knowing you willingly placed yourself in this situation. You know there was a time when I found your lackadaisical attitude to danger to be amusing, but now it has become somewhat of a nuisance. You have begun to overreach the place you were always meant to remain, and your wings spread wide like a Phoenix rising to the sun would need to be pruned, hence you forget your earthly roots. You are rapidly forgetting the face of fear, and someone needs to remind you again."

Rowan replied as he slowly walked towards Caine, "There are many things that I fear, so much that for me the list is almost overwhelming, which is something that I thought would be impossible, given my peculiar situation, but, I cannot be afraid of you Caine, because, despite your menace, you are still just a pawn."

At this time Rowan had walked up to Caine, and despite the power differences that blazed between them, with Caine's power like the sun before Rowan's small flame, visually they presented something different.

Rowan even in this base form as a projection was bigger, his gait carried incredible grace, and his demeanor was beyond perfection. An innate majesty that could not be hidden shrouded his entire body, and as he walked towards Caine, his Will despite being so small, eclipsed the First Betrayer.

Without the power level differential separating them, an outside party would believe that a beggar was standing before their king.

Caine grimaced, his expression twisted as he growled, "You call me a pawn?!"

Rowan that was now standing a few feet away from him cocked his head to the side and then he smiled, and a sort of pitying look flashed across his eyes,

“So, you don’t even understand your destiny.”

With those final words, Rowan vanished, the energy he had placed inside this projection was exhausted, but he still heard the angered cries of Caine ripple across reality.

Chapter 1378 Acquiring A Class (1)

There may be great turmoil afflicting all of existence, but for now, it was of no concern to Rowan, as he slept a great sleep of restoration. In the past, Rowan had thought that he had reached a point where he no longer needed sleep or would even be capable of sleep even if he wanted, but at that time he had not anticipated the types of battles that he would be fighting or the toll that they would be taking on his body and soul.

In his sleep, it became a frequent thing for patches of his skin to burn off revealing burning bones and bubbling muscles underneath before it was covered by the regenerating flesh once more, but even that change did not last for long as slowly the flames underneath his skin began to die down, as they were suppressed within his bones. Even in his sleep, Rowan’s flesh wrestled for control of the flames of destruction ravaging it.

At least on the surface, this was what reality interpreted was happening to him, yet the truth was far stranger.

Even if he could endure these flames, his children inside of him could not, and he had suppressed the flames within the Leylines of his body where they began to intermingle with his Essence. This process was of course destructive, but for now, he had placed the flames of pure destruction under control.

It was unknown how much time had passed but the flames erupting from his skeleton had completely been suppressed and there were no more flare-ups. Rowan’s eyes opened.

He could feel six cold breathe from the crown on his head, and he smiled, his Primordial Ouroboros Serpents were tired, they might not appear to be doing much, but a majority of what Rowan could accomplish was because of their silent presence empowering him beyond what he should be capable of at this stage.

Rowan could tell that he had been asleep for eight months, a blink of an eye, and in that period, the intense ache and tiredness that had plagued his spirit were gone, and the debilitating effects from the battle had faded to the point where it would no longer be hampering his performances and thought process, which was a good thing, because time was precious, especially with the present state of reality.

The time that may have passed may be incredibly short, but in such a volatile period, many great events that would change the course of history would occur more rapidly than

could be considered normal, and he would not be surprised that the reality that he knew when he was asleep, was now something that was drastically different.

Already he could feel countless notifications from the arrangements he had made pressing into his consciousness, but he shifted them to the side for the moment. He already had capable individuals who could hold the fort for him long enough so that he could deal with his ascension. Rowan was now at a point where his presence was no longer needed to deal with the small matters, his armies had grown and his Will could be spread across reality, he would only be summoned in times of great need, and from the plentiful notifications, he was needed in lots of places.

His body rippled on the throne as if he were a reflection on a clear lake that had just been disturbed by a passing wave. What just happened was that Rowan had drawn his dimensional soul back into his dimensional flesh, the way it was always supposed to be. With the powers of his dimensional soul, he could easily swap between the two of these states without suffering from any adverse effects, and at this point, his dimensional soul was stronger than his flesh, but there was a certain balance that he needed to maintain for his evolution to follow the proper pattern.

His dimensional flesh needed to be properly healed so that it could be returned to its peak, and if the opportunity presented itself to him after he had finished sorting out his powers, Rowan would immediately ascend to higher dimensional levels.

With this shift of the states of his body, there was not much difference in his outward appearance. His body was no longer a flaming wreck, except for his two hands, they did not return, in their place were two flaming orbs with colors that were almost impossible to define because they seemed to swallow everything that neared it, even his supernatural perception was drained into those orbs.

Rowan focused on the twin orbs now attached to the stump of his hands, and he sat there for hours before the orbs began to slowly rotate, and as they did, they elongated and broadened and before long, he had created two flaming hands connected to this wrist.

It took a while but he slowly made a fist, the difficulty of controlling pure destruction even while linked to his dimensional flesh was difficult, but if he was right, what came next could help him alleviate this situation to a greater extent because Rowan was finally going to accept his Class.

This had been a long time coming, but Rowan knew that as the foundation for his rise, he needed it to exceed his greatest imagination, if that was possible.

A Class was supposed to streamline his abilities, merging all the disparate portions of his powers that seemed to be spread out in an unruly form and solidifying them into a single whole. It was the difference between the power of a single finger and a closed fist.

At first, a Class might seem to limit his battle style, but Rowan knew that at his present level, this might just be what he needed because, in certain situations, a Class might give him the perfect combination of versatility and power.

In addition to the fact that a Class was a unique ability from his Singularity, it was something that would also differentiate him from other immortals, giving him one more tool that no one else, in reality, would share. Much of his success was linked to his dimensional flesh and soul that could not be replicated by any of his enemies, a Class would become another new addition to this glorious list.

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From the multitudes of notifications like millions of fireflies darting around in his consciousness, there were a series of unique notifications that stood out from all the rest, burning with a bright reddish-black color, and they pulled his attention like moths to a flame, the call of the Primordial Record was distinct.

Rowan would have summoned the Singularity to his palm and slowly thumbed through its pages like he was used to, but for now, he would have to settle for using his consciousness alone. After learning that the power of destruction was one of the few things that could destroy a Singularity, he was being careful of his touch.

Connecting with the first blinking notification from the Primordial Record, his senses were flooded by a rush of images and sounds that weaved together in the unique language of a Singularity, and the understanding of its message came to him in stark detail.

Requirements have been met for acquiring a Class...

Classes would be selected based on the actions of the host. Titles, bloodlines, Feats, and Wills would be used as a baseline for the unique Class that would be generated for the hosts from a list of all the available Classes held inside the Primordial Record.

Please select your Class:

AETHER DOMINA...

#Anomaly Detected# Requirement for acquiring a Class has been exceeded...
Recalculating...

#Error# Classes available inside the Primordial Record do not match the power of the host. #Error#

Recalculating....

#Error#

Recalculating....

#Error#

Recalculating...

#Error#

Recalculating...

...

Rowan watched with a bit of exasperation in his heart as the Primordial Record seemed to have stumbled on roadblocks in order to acquire a Class for Rowan, and he could not blame the Singularity for the difficulty of such a process.

Rowan had long come to realize that his actions even among Breakers who owned a Singularity were not normal. His titles, his Wills, and his achievements, for example, he had not just mastered the Supreme Circles but created multiple versions of it, and many others like this were something that had long exceeded his level, touching on the core of existence, and with the addition of his dimensional flesh and soul, plus his merger with the force of pure destruction, he was wondering how there could be any class in existence that could define his powers.

Chapter 1379 Acquiring A Class (2)

Rowan was not worried that the Primordial Record would not be able to find a solution to this quandary, because several notifications were waiting for him ahead from the Singularity, and what he was doing was reading the log report, but he did not skip to the end, he wanted to understand the methods by which his Primordial Record used in problem-solving. How would it resolve the issue of his Class?

Although he was a holder of a Singularity, he could not say with a hundred percent confidence that he understood them. With the great enmity that he had with the World Stele, it was time he began making up for any knowledge that he might be lacking.

Expanding Operational Parameters... Building a new Class using the Host's Supreme Cores as a Base.

Class Formation: 6%

Integrating Titles...

Class Formation: 9%

Integrating Bloodlines...

Class Formation: 21%

Integrating Host's Dimensional Flesh...

#Error# Indecipherable Components — Readjusting Operational Parameters...

Integrating Host's Dimensional Flesh Capabilities...

Class Formation: 34%

#Error# Insufficient data Integrating Host's Dimensional Soul Capabilities...

Class Formation: 63%

#Error# Insufficient data Detected Supreme Circle as a nascent formation of a Class, permission to consume and Integrate?...

The notifications from the Singularity stopped here and Rowan could see the reason why the Primordial Record had become stuck. Instead of giving him a Class from a predetermined list, the Primordial Record had to build him a Class that was unique to him alone.

From what he knew about a Class, they were crafted using every single bloodline in existence as a baseline. Meaning that it did not matter which bloodline he had, his Class would be able to work with it.

His dimensional flesh and soul was the issue here. However, all hope was not lost, because the Primordial Record could essentially build a new Class for him, but the process had just met a roadblock.

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Despite all the tools the Singularity had to work with, it would appear that it still needed resources from him to complete this process, and that resource would be his Supreme Circle.

One of the greatest reasons Rowan could reach the fourth dimension was because the Supreme Circle was able to hold all of his multiple abilities into one unified whole,

allowing him to easily ascend into the higher dimension, and if he was correct, a Class was supposed to do the same thing but was even better.

Reaching the sixth-dimensional levels and higher would require Rowan to have a near perfect control of all his abilities and consciousness because he would be delving into Memory, and even if his Supreme Circles were strong enough to aid him in his sixth, seventh or eighth-dimensional ascension, what about the ninth and potentially the tenth dimension?

Rowan contemplated for a while about what the Primordial Record needed, and how it would affect his future going forward.

He had intended to use the original nine Supreme Circle as a base to push his agenda in other Primordial domains, but it would seem that he needed to find a new path forward. He might need to sacrifice present benefits for future rewards, but this was a path that Rowan was always going to take in the first place.

This might even be a good thing at the end of the day because he did not altogether trust the Supreme Circle to deliver for him when taken past the limits, and if he was to use it as fuel for his Class, then there was no reason not to take it.

Rowan sent his intention to the Primordial Record, which could be interpreted as permission granted.

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Deep inside his dimension, the Singularity seemed to shudder, and a wave of power flowed out from it that swept through Rowan's body in relentless waves, and the sensation of merging with the Primordial Record reached a feverish peak.

He felt the touch of the Primordial Record more deeply than ever before, and he knew that if he wanted he could fight against its influence but Rowan did not, he simply observed the process, learning from it. This process was also one that he could use if he wanted to facilitate the true merger between his dimension and the Primordial Record.

09:48

Without his bidding, the Supreme Circles began to arise from his flesh.

The first Circle appeared, dull, gray, and filled with cracks. Rowan had not begun healing the original Supreme Circles because of the cost, which would be exorbitant even for a filthy rich immortal like him, and because he did not see any particular reason why he should when he had a better set of Circles to call upon.

Above the first original Supreme Circle, a new Circle appeared, blazing like a white sun, and Rowan observed both of these circles closely. When he was in the heat of battle, he

had not taken the time to observe them critically instead of analytically, but now he could examine them to his heart's content.

Both of the Supreme Circles blazed with undeniable power, despite the first appearing semi-broken. Apart from their appearances, the aura they emanated was nearly identical, but Rowan could detect that while the first circle seemed to connect with the reality all around him and shield him from it, the second circle that he created connected with his dimensional flesh and pushed reality away from him. They were serving the same functions, but their methods were different.

The first Supreme Circle used reality as the fuel to power its operation, which was the greatest reason for its unique ability where Rowan would never run out of energy as long as he summoned the Circle.

He understood now that it was because the Circle would be drawing energy from all of reality.

The second circle would be drawing energy from him, and he saw issues with that. Rowan was on a path that was diverging from the rest of reality, and if there was anything that should reflect those changes, it should be his Supreme Circles.

At this point, his second Supreme Circle might seem weaker than the original Supreme Circle, but Rowan knew that this was just the start. His growth would soon reach a state where his energy storehouse would be equal to that of reality, and one day he would exceed it. Reality had reached the limits of its expansion, but he was just beginning, and Rowan was not writing himself off, because his foundations were strong.

He also discovered something odd about the original Supreme Circle; it was extremely faint but Rowan was able to notice it after he observed this circle deeply. There was a sense of hunger emerging from the circle that sought to devour the circle that Rowan had created.

Due to the broken nature of the original Supreme Circle, this hunger had been hidden underneath the circle's urging for completeness and healing, and only with careful observation could this hunger be separated from it. Rowan could not fully decipher what this would mean, but he could not allow any of his abilities to act against his interest. It was almost as if the Supreme Circles were made to devour each other, but the ones he created did not share this trait.

Knowing that other geniuses out in reality were embarking on the path of the Supreme Circle, he wondered if it was common knowledge that a completed Supreme Circle would crave to devour another of its kind. Rowan's eyes shone in contemplation, "Is this how the Supreme Era was supposed to end, immortals with powers second to Primordials fighting against each other to see whose Circle could devour the rest?"

He felt the tug of the Primordial Record on both of his Supreme Circles, but he held it back from touching the ones that he had created, Rowan was willing to use all the nine original Supreme Circles before he touched the ones that he created.

With this plan in mind, Rowan opened himself fully to the Primordial Record and eighteen circles bloomed around him, covering the entirety of his torso. Even if these were just visual representations of the circles and he had not truly unleashed them, this entire universe was trembling, straining the reinforcements that he made to its foundations.

The original nine Supreme Circles were last like dull bronze rings, but his newly created circles shone in three colors, the first three were white, the second three were red and the last three were black. Unlike the original, these Supreme Circles seemed incredibly lively, they slowly revolved around Rowan while bobbing up and down, and Rowan felt that the circles would have been intermingling if not for the barriers placed on the original circles that were keeping them in place.

Chapter 1380 Acquiring A Class (3)

In the formation of his Class, the Primordial Record understood that the nine Supreme Circles created by Rowan were excluded, and so it focused on the nine that were not.

Maybe it was because of the intense damage they suffered, but when the Primordial Record reached out for the Supreme Circle, their struggles were not as intense as Rowan would have thought, and it did not take long for them to break.

The first Circle selected by the Primordial Record was the ninth, perhaps it was because it was the strongest and the Singularity needed fuel for it to create his Class, but the Primordial Record did not start from the least, but from the greatest.

It was easy to look at the circle as a simple ring of bronze, but Rowan knew the resources that he had poured into a single one of these circles would have created ten thousand universes. Without the resources gathered by the World Stele from countless dimensions, it would have taken Rowan hundreds of millions of years perhaps even billions to build one complete Circle.

The ninth Circle gave a low groan and then buckled inward as if there was a vast gravitational force emerging from Rowan's core. It collapsed and fell into his body, and when he focused his consciousness closer on the circle, every fragment of it was larger than a universe, and he could already count millions of fragments falling towards his core.

His dimension rippled as he looked on in awe as the Supreme Circle was broken and fell, like ten million collapsing universes. How many immortals in existence would be blessed with a sight like this in their endless lives?

Rowan traced the collapsing portion of the Supreme Circle as they fell into the Primordial Record and vanished into the Singularity without leaving any ripple, and then a loud blast erupted from the Primordial Record as if it had just ejected something that was inside the Supreme Circle that it did not require.

A flash of terrible pain assaulted the mind of Rowan as well as a faint scream that contained words that were almost indecipherable... almost.

Those words were Enochian.

This enigmatic language had followed Rowan since he was a mortal, and a part of him had an innate dislike for it, and it was the reason that he had not fully explored this power. There was simply something about it that made him uneasy.

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Class Formation:73%

Observing the increase in the formation of his Class after the addition of one Supreme Circle, Rowan nodded in satisfaction. The projections of the Primordial Record were correct, this was the right path for gaining his Class, and Rowan no longer hesitated and allowed the Singularity to have free reign.

Most would consider his actions to be insane. The feat of having the nine complete Supreme Circle was a requirement for becoming a Primordial in this Supreme Era, then what would it mean if he had eighteen?! With the nature of the Supreme Circle, once destroyed, particularly with the method that Rowan was using, it could no longer be reformed. 'Never be afraid of change. Never be afraid of giving up something for your vision. Change is the only path to progress!'

His eighth Supreme Circle crumbled, and they were sucked into the Primordial Record, and in a short while, another blast of power erupted from the Singularity, followed by eldritch whispers that Rowan focused on hearing. Their importance was great, the meaning teased at his consciousness, and despite the pain, he wanted to understand it.

Class Formation:80%

The seventh Supreme Circle followed not long after, crumbling inward into Rowan's core and assimilated by the Primordial Record. There was a rumble in his consciousness and Rowan was not even aware that in his agitation from the whispers he was trying to catch, his hands of destruction were squeezing the armrest of his throne, causing this incredibly dense structure to glow white hot with heat, and slowly shrink as the throne began to vanish

Class Formation:85%

With the three upper Supreme Circles gone, Rowan felt the weight of the Supreme Circles that he was carrying reduced.

It was a testament to his fortitude that Rowan had not gone insane carrying two instances of the complete Supreme Circle as a fifth-dimensional immortal. However, these were the silent invisible benefits that his Primordial Ouroboros Serpent bloodline gave him, and as a living dimension, his endurance had reached a state that was impossible for any immortal at his level of beyond.

It could also not be denied that Rowan's threshold for discomfort was also impossibly high, and he had been under severe mental strain as he carried all of his abilities, but he did not show it, and even if the weight of his abilities were ten times heavier, he would not show any sign of strain in his consciousness.

Thenos, a powerful eighth-dimensional Breaker, had begged for death when his soul was bombarded by the pain that every soul that had ever lived in Doom Star experienced. This was the final trap that Rowan had set for this immortal, and in order for Thenos to feel that pain, Rowan who was the carrier of it, had to endure it a thousand times over.

It was almost impossible to imagine that level of pain. The souls that Rowan had consumed from the World Stele were almost infinite, and that had come with a price. A price that he paid without blinking an eye. Every single one of his achievements had been earned and it was not just his powers that made Rowan special, another Immortal being given Rowan's powers would go insane in an instant before they would tear their soul to pieces to escape the incredible weight of his existence.

Yet, there was something wrong about the weight of the Supreme Circles, and it was only because Rowan was a masochistic powerhouse that he did not regard the exaggerated weight that they carried as anything that made him ignore it.

Each of these Supreme Circles, especially the ninth weighed as much as all of the Supreme Circles that he had created.

This was not normal, and it suggested to Rowan that there were other parts of the Circle that even he as the supposed creator was not able to touch, and if he had been hesitating about destroying the Circles in the least, that unwillingness was fully gone. ®

At this moment being free from the weight of three Supreme Circles was not his concern, Rowan was frowning as he tried to decipher the Enochian words that were blasting out of the Primordial Record.

When the Singularity reached out for the next Supreme Circle, which was the sixth, Rowan aided it, adding more fuel to the pull. Instead of one Supreme Circle falling into the Primordial Record, there were three. He thought he heard a sigh of exasperation from the Primordial Record, but Rowan would appease it in the future, what he needed to know

was the meaning behind the voices that were emerging from the destroyed Supreme Circles, they tickled at a mystery that had been disturbing him almost from the beginning.

Three successive blasts emerged from the Primordial Record, and Rowan almost clutched his head under the waves of pain that assaulted his consciousness, but his eyes were bright and burning like suns, and the meaning of the whispers was becoming clearer.

Class Formation: 97%

Another wave of relief from the reduced weight he was carrying made his shoulders firm up, and Rowan closed his eyes, knowing that acquiring his Class was now a foregone conclusion, and so he sank into the words he had just learned.

The last of the Supreme Circles began to vibrate as if they understood that the end was coming. The Primordial Record did not hold back, the third Supreme Circle shattered and was drawn to his core, and pain and the faint whispers of secrets erupted from his core.

Class Formation: 99%

There were two more Supreme Circles left, enough to push his class to completion, and the vibrations from the two Supreme Circles that were left increased in intensity.

The vibration seemed to trigger the last series of shackles that were blocking Rowan from deciphering the Enochian words, and it slammed into his consciousness like a boulder, coincidentally, Rowan's throne vanished and he collapsed to a single knee, his motion graceful like a dance despite of his focus being on the word that had branded itself to his consciousness.

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Every action that he had been undertaking as he crushed the Supreme Circles was leading to this inevitable outcome. If Rowan was any other immortal, even if he was at the eighth-dimensional level when he destroyed the ninth Supreme Circle, he should have perished, but certain factors had kept him alive.

The first of those was his Primordial Record. Because the destruction of the Supreme Circle had happened inside of the Singularity, it had been able to block 99% of the backlash, and the fact that Rowan's dimensional flesh and soul kept him separated from reality aided him in escaping the sentence of death. His created Supreme Circle kept him safe, his bloodlines kept him safe, his Primordial Ouroboros Serpents kept him safe, his Angels kept him safe, the might of his children kept him safe...

However, every time he destroyed a Circle, the call of death grew stronger, and it was like he was playing Russian Roulette, but with every round that he survived, another bullet was added to the chamber of the gun.

Chapter 1381 Acquiring A Class (final)

Rowan stood straight, solar winds blowing his long black hair and striking sparks through the armor he wore. He appeared like an unreal apparition floating through the void of space, and he sighed internally, all of the dangers he was facing were because he always craved to be the best that he could achieve, and after building every foundation he had with excellence, the grounds that he was striking upon was meant for the rulers of existence, but he was not begging for their powers, he was seizing it.

The path that was laid before him was clear...

Class Formation:99%

He was a single step away from achieving his Class, but that step was an endless ravine that he would need to cross.

“.”

Every time that he had shattered a Supreme Circle and the heavy flashes of pain wrecked his consciousness, it had been death clawing at his door.

At first, that door had been strong, Rowan had grown to become an immortal that even death could no longer easily touch, and he could hardly hear the call of death even when it had been declared by the Primordials, but this door was slowly breaking down as he continuously broke the Supreme Circle, and with the seventh Supreme Circle broken, he could hear

Death clearly, because it was here with him... literally. If Rowan had not reached the fifth-dimensional level, he would not have noticed it, if he had not captured an ephemeral being as powerful as Nemesis, he would not have been able to feel the traces of Death, and as if that knowledge was a doorway to see into this unknown dimension that he had just found, his heart became opened.

A cold wind brushed across his spine, his heartbeat fluttered and his eyes shrunk to a dot. Rowan exhaled, and chilled fog emerged from his mouth, many times colder than the void of space.

Rowan looked at his shoulder where a hand had appeared upon it. The hand ended at the wrist with nobody behind it. It just rested on his shoulder, silent, waiting. It was almost as if from the moment he was born that hand had always been there beside him, and only now could he see it. Only now could Rowan see the Hand of Death.

He grinned.

This time Rowan did not wait for the Primordial Record to break down the Supreme Circle, he aided it. Seizing the second circle with his consciousness, he crushed it, and as it was sucked into his core, Rowan waited for what was to come.

At the edge of his consciousness, he heard the sound of laughter from the Primordial Record, the Singularity was deeply pleased with his actions, and its mad laughter was echoed by Rowan's increasing grin that transformed his beautiful face into something almost feral.

~Live or Die. Thou shall ever be my master~

The Singularity swallowed the Supreme Circle, and what blasted out of it was no longer a whisper, at this point, Rowan's defenses had been worn thin and the voice came to him as a roar,

“!”

A silence seemed to descend on the entire universe and everything went still, even the vibrations of atoms and molecules, and then, every star went out, every light in the universe was extinguished, and every life passed away. Rowan became the only life remaining in this place.

There was only darkness, and the Hand of Death on Rowan's shoulder suddenly blazed with green flames brighter than the sun, its light shone on the entirety of the universe, and this light was old.

Rowan, who had returned to his feet, collapsed fully to both knees as his strength vanished from his frame, the flames blazing on his shoulder spread across his entire body in mere moments, and his dimensional flesh began to collapse.

His blood was instantly vaporized and massive chunks of flesh and bones began to collapse into dust, his eyes blazing with golden light grew dull and collapsed from his socket, and as he struggled to get back to his feet, his legs crumpled into dust, but despite what was happening to him, Rowan began to laugh.

He laughed because he was happy... this happiness came from the depth of his being.

From his skull that had nearly collapsed, Rowan's voice rose, tainted by the eldritch energy of death but still carrying all the strength that had defied countless calamities along the way,

“So, death... You are real. Hahaha.... I can feel your touch and so I can find you... I can touch you... I can kill you! Ah, the Primordials should not have shown me how limiting my vision had always been.”

The ever-burning Hand of Death did not leave his shoulder, his body continued to crumble, and even his jaws collapsed, but Rowan's laughter still rang out, strong and endless.

"This trap was meant to kill immortals, but I am not just an Immortal, and I have lots of life to burn. Let us see who runs out of fuel."

From the core of Rowan's being, deep within his dimension, his life force which had grown stronger with every dimension that he conquered, blazed to life, and the green flames that had been covering his shattered body brightened to the extent that Rowan turned into a green sun.

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When the flames of death began to burn, it had directly been feeding on Rowan's lifespan.

As an immortal in the fifth-dimensional level, he should be able to live forever, he should have an infinite lifespan, this was a truth that was known to all immortals who had crossed the threshold of the fourth dimension. It was said that unless they were killed, they would exist forever.

Death laughed in the face of an infinite life, and it showed Rowan that although his lifespan would appear to be infinite, there was still a number attached to it. That number was also attached to every so-called immortal in existence, and although that number was ridiculously long, so long that it was almost impossible to see its end... it was still there, and Death, bound by the Wills of the primordial, at the right time, when summoned, was able to feast.

Rowan would be one of the countless immortals that it had laid low, however, a whisper entered through the burning flame, emerging from the consciousness of Rowan and reaching Death,

"You are not worthy of putting out my flame."

In reply to his words, Death showed Rowan a glimpse of the past. It showed him countless scenes of great powers, endless worlds, countless dimensions older than all living memory, brought low, everything became nothing under the green flames of Death.

Another whisper arose from Rowan, "That is not enough to hold me down. Let me show you my flame. Let me show you the reason that you shall fear me."

It had been a long time since Rowan compared himself to an immortal. At this point, it was almost silly to do such a thing. However, Death was treating him like an average immortal, he did not know what was more insulting, the fact that the Death that was here was not the true concept of Death, just one of its many branches that was spread across

all of reality or the fact that it felt it wanted to seize his lifespan using such a small portion of itself.

Many things led to the downfall of Nemesis, but if it was traced back to the root it was the fact that its servants, the Primordial Keepers had stolen Rowan's lifespan. Death here was doing something much worse; it was devouring Rowan's lifespan.

Rowan had promised himself, that he would no longer be weak, so weak that something so central to who he was, could be taken away so easily, and every single moment after he had been granted a second chance, he had worked hard to the point where his vision could be actualized, and so he showed Death the result of his hard work, he showed Death his flames.

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Death had been feasting on Rowan's lifespan, every moment that passed, it devoured so much potent lifespan that it should have exploded like a mosquito pumped full of blood. There was so much life here, and it was so rich, and then there was more and more, and more...

The green flames of Death exploded in intensity, as the life pouring into it reached a ridiculous extent, and then it saw what it was connected to, the Ender of Epoch, Death, it faltered before this sight.

Class Formation: 100%

"You are not worthy to end my flame."

Chapter 1382 Eclipsed Creator

Chapter 1382 Eclipsed Creator

Even as a third-dimensional being, Rowan had never seen anyone whose weight of existence was greater than his own, and now he was in the fifth dimension, and his powers had only grown stronger.

In the third dimension, he had been able to scatter his Reflection to the past and the future while simultaneously living outside of time in the Nothingness, where time was distorted, stretching what should have been a thousand years to something closer to a billion. Sanity was the first thing to break outside in the Nothingness, then the soul, but Rowan had remained steady.

No one else would be insane enough to keep a clone of themselves in the Nothingness while they remained inside of reality. The multiple streams of time would be a load that tears their mind and soul apart.

Rowan's time had been stretched into the past and the future, and it did not snap, it did not fall into a time paradox, his existence was incredibly stable, and no matter how much he had flung parts of himself into places and Memories filled with madness, the core of who he was handled all of that strain without any issues and he had not yet seen his limits.

His life although lived in relative secrecy all these while, blazed brighter than any star in the sky.

A single moment of his time, a small fraction of his lifespan could not be measured by the standard of an average immortal, and the Hand of Death was learning that lesson.

If the normal lifespan of an immortal could be likened to a small pond, then Rowan was an unfathomable ocean, whose depths could not be seen, and whose ending nearly touched infinity.

Death could see the end of that lifespan, but there was so much to burn. This hand that it had here was not enough, even a thousand hands would not be able to scratch the surface of this endless ocean.

There was a loud toll as if a heavenly bell had rung as Rowan's Class finalized. That sound blasted past the green flames of Death, shattering it into pieces, and this flame would have gone out without leaving any traces behind, but Rowan's hand snapped forward and grasped a piece of that flame.

There had been many changes in his body after his battles with the World Stele, but he had left the best for last, and that was when he opened his Primordial Record.

Rowan had learned in the past that as he grew more powerful, the Primordial Record could no longer make any changes to his body unless he allowed it, that was the reason why even though his bloodline had merged and evolved, and many other changes that had been happening inside of him, none of them had been reflected in the outwards display of his strength. His consciousness touched upon the page of the Primordial Record and he urged it, "Show me the face of my glory."

A deep laughter rumbled in his consciousness and it was almost as if he could hear the Primordial Record speak, "Took you long enough."

PRiMORDiAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos (Visible)

Will Bound Name - Eulxhu — Truth

True Name: Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr Eulxhu Thyak

Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehhirk Wvryyrl Eerkhar.

Age: 673,4772,997 / 999,999,999,999,999...

Strength: 999,999,999

Ninth Star Ancient Supreme Strength Core

Agility: 999,999,999

Ninth Star Ancient Supreme Agility Core

Constitution: 999,999,999

Ninth Star Ancient Supreme Constitution Core

Class: Origin — Eclipsed Creator

You balance Creation and Destruction. This Class wields the power to create new dimensions and unravel them. Your burden is to maintain the cycle of existence.

Title: [Activated]

Plane Walker: (Unrestricted access to any dimension at your present Will Level— Can access all 3rd-dimensional universes without a Nemesis Stone.)

Level 9 Completed — Requirements Completed [Evolve Title?]

Title Evolved: Plane Shaper Level 1 [04%]

(Unrestricted access to any dimension at your present Will Level— Can access all 3rd, 4th, and 5th-dimensional universes.)

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

Level 5 [56%] → Level 7 [12%]

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

Level 9 Completed — Requirement Completed [Evolve Title?]

Title Evolved: Reality Shaper Level 2 [01%]

Complete Dominion over Space under the fifth dimension. Intent can be manipulated according to your wish.

Creator: Grant the ability of the Creator Class Holders, (Note: All creators must be at the 7th-dimensional level at the least.)

Note: Talent can be upgraded by consuming and creating the Akashic Imprints of Dominion level creatures.)

Level 9 Completed — Requirement Completed [Evolve Title?]

Title Evolved #Title Combination Available# Accept?

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

Note: Talent Can be upgraded by acquiring Primordial Bloodlines.

Level 6 [11%]

#Title Combination Available#

Creator + Primordial = Primordial Titan [Origin]

You embody the raw element of Creation, your presence reshapes reality.

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

Note: Talent can be upgraded by increasing your Dimensional level.

Level 9 Completed — Requirement Completed [Evolve Title?]

Title Evolved: Realmforger [Origin]

The master of dimensional manipulation and creation. Bend the fabrics of your reality to create and destroy.

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

Note: Talent can be upgraded by causing destructive events.

Level 9 Completed — Requirement Completed [Evolve Title?]

Title Evolved: Dread Harbinger [Origin]

Heralds of Ruin and Apocalypses. You bring about the end of Eras and wield cataclysmic powers to cleanse existence to prepare it for rebirth.

First Born: primogenitor. Your presence is unique in all creation. Grant enhanced defenses against all forms of mental manipulation and enhances all your Titles.

[Evolution requirement not reached.]

Supreme Ancient Colossi:

The Ancient Titan looked to the heavens for gifts, and as the most perfect of its children, they were granted the chance to pick a Core that would give them either limitless Strength, Agility, or Constitution. You possess all three Cores. You are Supreme.

Your three perfect cores grant you near-limitless Strength, Agility, and Constitution. Your Essence cannot be bound, only destroyed.

Title Gained: Warden Level 8 [98%]

Guardian of the boundaries between realms.

[ninty-eight Lesser Titles not listed, incapable of being bound to your Dimensional Flesh, converted to Inheritance Orbs]

Aspect:

Berserker (Tier 7— Completed)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 5— Completed)

Light Devourer (Tier 8 — Completed)

Realm Weaver (Tier 9 — Completed)

Time Wanderer (Tier 9 — Completed)

Space Breaker (Tier 9 — Completed)

[Ninety-three Lesser Aspects not listed, incapable of being bound to your Dimensional Flesh, converted to Inheritance Shards]

Realm Weaver: You have transcended the limitations of corporeal crafting, your touch changes the immaterial, and Concepts are yours to mold.

Time Wanderer: You are free from the Curse of Time, your path through time makes a perfect circle around you. You are untethered from Time, create your path, or forever remain adrift.

Space Breaker: You have been adrift in the Nothingness for too long and have gained immunity to its touch. Your dominion extends beyond reality.

Note: All Aspects have been devoured by your Class. They would no longer be listed in the Record, all future Aspects would be devoured.

Skills:

Berserker Blood (Apocalypse — Level Completed)

Weapon Master (Dominion — Level Completed)

You have gained absolute mastery over all forms of combat associated with weapons.

Bloodline Skill:

Ascension [Level 4 - 45%] → [Level 8 - 12%]

Dimensional Flesh [Level 3 - 100% Awaiting Ascension] → [Level 5 - 100%]

Aspect Skill:

The Lost Flame (Tier 5 — Innate Convergence and Divergence)

Realm Blade (Tier 7 Completed)

Passive: Decipher language (complete)

Berserker Intent (Silver)

Realm Breaker (Purple)

Records:

PRIMORDIAL OUROBOROS - [ORIGIN]

SHEOL - Level 7 completed [500,000]

TREE OF DESIRE - Level 7 Completed

#Bloodline Merged# Sheol + Tree of Desire = SERATHIS [ORIGIN] A confluence of Luck, Sacrifice, and the Divine. Manipulate Fate and the Essence of Life itself.

CHRONOMANCER ??? [Record In Flux]

#Record Stabilized and Completed#

CHRONOMANCER PRIME [ORIGIN]

Master of Time. Alter the flow of history and the future to serve your Divine Purpose.

Territory: Primordial Sea of Darkness

Primordial Ambrosia

Dimensional Fabric

[First Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Second Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Third Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Fourth Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Fifth Dimension Completed – Seed?]

Bloodline Ability: Purgatory Gate

Dimensional Skill:

Dimension Engine [Minor, Major, and Supreme— Completed] Dimensional Absolute Skill:
Breathe of Enoch X2

Dimensional Fabric Skills:

Astrolabe

Knowledge Well

Hollow Forge

Dimensional Flesh

Fabrics Skill:

Dimensional Master

[Dimensional Fabric expanded] WILL:

Will of Truth [5th Level Completed]

Will of Elder [– Divus] – Origin

Will of Soul Origin [5th Level Completed.]

Will of Time [5th Level Completed.]

Unallocated Stat points: #Error#

SOUL ORIGIN GAINED: Undetermined

SOUL CRYSTAL GAINED: Undetermined

SUPREME CIRCLE GAINED:

CIRCLE 1: Undetermined.

CIRCLE 2: Undetermined

CIRCLE 3: Undetermined

.....

CIRCLE 9: Undetermined

Remark: This is the last time you shall be seeing most of your abilities presented in this format, and it is an opportunity for you to see your foundations and build upon them. Merge and Consume your abilities into two distinct paths... Creation and Destruction, and build your Origin Path.

Your path has diverged into something new... No longer Primordial, but Origin.

Chapter 1383 Molding Dimensions (1)

Rowan slowly allowed the wealth of information and hence power that the Primordial Record had unlocked within him to flood his body, manifesting the change that he had been holding back. There was so much of it that it shook him to the core of his being. It was true that these changes would have helped him in the battle with the World Stele, but he needed time and a place where he could not be distracted, the ascension he made in that battle was risky enough, adding this on top of that would be madness.

At this time he was barely a skeleton that was still collapsing into ash, the entirety of his flesh was gone, and even his right hand he used to hold the last vestiges of the flames of Death was not even connected to his broken body, but this was good, because with the

acknowledgment of his new bloodlines, titles, and abilities, his body was going to be making another Ascension, and for that to happen, his flesh had to be destroyed, and the power of Death had done a marvelous job of breaking him down to the basic.

There were other tools that he could have used to bring himself to this point, but he was not sure they would have been able to crush his dimensional flesh to this extent where except for his hands of destruction, he was almost a blank slate.

There was a mound of ashes that spread across more than a million light years, and it was the remnants of Rowan's flesh, hovering above those ashes were two hands of destruction, and one of those hands was clenched into a fist and within it was flickering green flames.

Even in the grip of destruction, the flames of death endured, and the only reason that was possible was because Rowan was feeding it life.

In the moments before he earned his Class, such a feat would be impossible for him to achieve, he would not even have imagined that such a thing was possible.

Rowan was unable to manipulate destruction, and even forming a fist with these hands had taken him hours and this was under the condition that he was bound with these hands giving him a degree of control over it, but now he not only had near complete control of these hands, he could transform the power of destruction into creation if he needed it to be, and this was just the beginning, he had not fully integrated the powers of his Class with his body.

His Class Eclipsed Creator spoke to him in a manner that was hard to describe, it showed Rowan the glimpse of his future. In a single broad stroke, it cleared away all the clutter that had littered his path to the peak as he journeyed blindly in his quest to understand his path.

Rowan believed that if not for the benefit of his Class, he would have to become an eighth-dimensional immortal until he glimpses this path to the future. Although he was sure that he would have had an idea of what his capabilities were pushing him towards, there would have been a heavy fog covering his sights, and the chance that he would have failed and entered on the wrong path was extremely likely.

Although the Class did not give him complete assurance of his future, it was a firm compass that would point him in the right direction. Rowan had a billion spells and techniques in his consciousness, he had been able to achieve wonders and perform great deeds, but all of his powers were inevitably broadly geared towards Creation and Destruction, it was as if he was innately drawn to these two concepts. He was the giver and taker of all things.

This Class came with a burden, a weight that placed all of his previous abilities to shame because it was meant to bear all of existence. Not just reality that had been created by the

Primordials, but even the Nothingness, and anything more that was outside of it. He was made to be both the light and the dark, the beginning and the end, the maker and the unmaker, he was the Eclipsed Creator.

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With a flex of his will, Rowan dismissed the Primordial Record, he had seen everything that he wanted. Knowing that every word written by the Primordial Record was important, he already acknowledged that when it said that the burden of his Class was to maintain the Cycle of Existence, he had to find out what it meant. It was in the description of his Class after all.

Was he going to be the ultimate ruler of reality and even have the Primordials to answer to him? Or perhaps it might mean something else, the words used were maintain, not to rule, then was he to be some kind of ultimate janitor that would come at the end to clean up reality after the little kids had finished messing it up.

Was he to be a hidden hand that ensured all of existence followed the right path, or was he the apocalypse that cleansed all of existence for the beginning of something new?

All of these were questions that he would be answering in the future, he was still too weak to be contemplating them.

Rowan could already feel the direction that his Class was heading towards, he only needed to be prepared, and the first thing that he was required to do was to create a suitable body that could hold his Class, new titles, and bloodlines, his previous dimensional flesh, as powerful as it was, was woefully lacking if he wanted to wield the raw forces of creation and destruction.

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Unlike all of his previous powers that came with a technique associated with it, his Class was blank, and he knew that it meant he was to create a befitting technique for it because he was now on a new Road, the road of Origin. All of his Origin abilities, apart from his Titles did not give him any abilities, but he was beginning to infer that maybe it was because he no longer needed it.

Why would he need a technique to fly when he could simply will himself to fly? Maybe Origin was like this. He simply needed to mold the essence of reality to his needs. If this was the case, Rowan would have to rethink his approach to everything.

All of his bloodline and some of his Titles had been transformed to the Origin grade, no longer falling into the power system of all of existence. It meant he had a long road of discovery ahead, but he knew that everything he had gained would be tested rigorously in the years to come.

“I will not fear change.”

Using his Class as a medium, as an Eclipsed Creator, he grasped his three transformed Bloodlines. The first he held was the Origin Ouroboros, as an Origin bloodline, the bloodline response to his will was remarkably smooth, there was no hindrance holding him back from molding it into the core of his being, and from the mound of ashes larger than a galaxy, a skeletal frame was being born.

This frame should have been many times larger than this universe, but Rowan was able to shape dimensions like clay, and his bloodlines obeyed the rules of his body. His bones were incredibly strong but still malleable, able to be bent and shaped in whatever ways he wanted, and although he technically no longer needed bones, this was simply the outward appearance of his dimensional flesh that he was forging.

His skeleton was a dimension all of its own, a new district that would be separated from the other districts he was planning to make since Rowan intended to separate his dimensional space into three distinct districts.

Rowan’s children were about to gain a boost in their bloodlines, and that boost also translated to their living area. Rowan’s skeleton alone would contain countless trillions of worlds and stars that would serve members of his Origin Ouroboros Bloodline, and those of his children who shared this bloodline would receive great benefit if they were to dwell on his skeleton.

As the building of his Skeleton was ongoing, Rowan summoned the second part of his bloodline, Serathis.

This bloodline was extremely special, and if Rowan was correct, this was the first transformation of his powers into Origin. Serathis merged Sheol and the Tree of Desire, and the Primordial Record called this merger a confluence of Luck, Sacrifice, and the Divine.

Luck came from the Tree of Desire, Divine came from Sheol with the ability it gave him to become the Creator of Angels, and Sacrifice was a trait that went much deeper than the surface.

Rowan acknowledged that the Sacrifice came from both bloodlines, but it meant different things to each of these bloodlines. However, the essence of what it was, did not change, these two powerful Primordial bloodlines gave up everything that they could be, to become something never seen in existence before. Serathis almost sounded like a name.

This sacrifice was not done in isolation, because the moment that Rowan recognized the presence of the Serathis Bloodline, the massive Tree of Desire began to die.

P.S. I changed Primordial Ouroboros Bloodline from the last chapter into Origin Ouroboros Bloodline.

Chapter 1384 Molding Dimensions (2)

From the moment he gained the Primordial Record up to this point, Rowan had evolved and gone through more bloodlines and abilities than anyone would go through in a million lifetimes. It was as if he was searching for something that could never be found, but he alone knew that it was simply because his growth was too ridiculous. In the last battle alone, he had grown from the third dimension to the fifth in moments, and such a vast change of his power base meant he was always changing his abilities as well.

Any single one of these abilities that he had controlled over the years was enough for a great genius to ponder and grow with for an eternity, but to Rowan, they were all footnotes along his road to Origin.

From a mortal to a Dominator of Trion to an Empyrean of a Universe, to a Child of Primordial Chaos, to a matured Primordial bloodline holder with multiple bloodlines to becoming the first holder of Origin, these were all the broad strokes of a life that had skipped through eternities as if he was walking across a room.

There would come a day when the tale of Rowan was known to all of reality, and at that time, it would leave a legacy that would be unbroken for all eternity, or knowing Rowan's character, then it might be possible that except for some special few who knew of him, most in existence would never know a man like Rowan could ever exist. A being whose presence defied all sorts of common sense.

Staff the daughter of Telmus who was now a fifth-dimensional immortal could still be technically referred to as a Dominator, and it was most likely that she would carry the traits of her bloodline until she reached the eighth-dimensional level, if she was able to, and this was the normal path of growth for all life forms.

No one could simply change the core of who they were as easily as he did, and even if they succeeded, then doing it once was more than enough to last as an achievement for a lifetime.

Only Rowan was above it all. He merely sampled from the oceans of power and found out that none suited his path and he grew too fast that he saw the end of their path and he knew that it was not enough, he desired more. The Singularity had shown him the rulers of existence, and that was the path that he pursued.

However, despite the many changes he had gone through in his life, making the jump to Origin was bound to be the greatest, because there was no one ahead of him who had walked this road, and he had to prepare himself for it.

He had to be prepared to lose something precious to him so that he could grow.

During his long years in the Nothingness, the Tree of Desire had been heavy with fruits of wishes gathered over hundreds of millions of years, yet in his battle against the World Stele, he had unconsciously used them all. Even till this moment, Rowan had not fully understood the powers of an eighth-dimensional immortal because he had to fully reach that dimension for true understanding, all he could do was to speculate, but he knew that they controlled Fate and Destiny, and fighting against them was like fighting against Fate itself.

Will was already so powerful, twisting reality to suit the needs of the immortal, but Fate and Destiny were even more powerful, and these were powers that lower-dimensional immortals could not comprehend.

The only reason he had been able to match blows with these powerful titans was the fruits of wishes in the background, bending Fate and Probability to aid him. Of the millions of fruits that he had on this tree, gathered over eons, they had all been sacrificed in a single battle, but it was worth it.

With the power of Fate and Destiny on the side of Thenos, Gothra'Inul or Nemesis, simply wanting the death of Rowan was enough to kill him a million times over, but the fruits from the tree were a sort of extra life for Rowan, and every time he should have died, one of them gave up itself for him to live. This tree had been silently standing in the background protecting his life, and if he was not wrong, it also strongly aided him when he stood against death.

There were so many processes going on in the background for him to be able to match an eighth-dimensional immortal in battle, and he was among the few in reality if ever at all that was capable of this sort of thing, yet Rowan did not grow complacent, because he knew that one of the major reasons he was able to survive that last battle was the great shackles imposed on every eighth dimensional immortal in that event, none of them had been fighting at their peak, nevertheless, it was still a great accomplishment and his Tree of Desire had been one of the chief players that made it possible.

As he watched this great tree die, Rowan had to hold onto the mantra that change was inevitable, especially for him.

This tree was the vestiges of his past bloodline, his one true connection with his mother Elura, and although he did not acknowledge it as much as he should have, it had given him peace... in those times when his heart grew heavy at the long road in front of him, there was music, for when the winds blew through the billions of leaves on this massive tree, what emerges from the other end was melody.

The tree was not silent, among all of his bloodlines, it was the one that spoke to him the most.

Rowan's consciousness was scattered among countless trillions of places inside his dimension, experiencing so much at every single moment that it would take eons to recount everything he saw in a day, and yet the music that flowed from his Tree of Desire was something that was at the top of his memories.

Unlike any of his bloodlines or abilities that he had gotten, he would have loved to develop the Tree of Desire further, not because of its potent abilities, but because of its significance to him.

"Change is inevitable. It is growth, and growth is painful."

With a soft humming sound that should not be coming from a tree that was larger than the sun, the once-green leaves turned brownish-gold and they began to fall. Each leaf contributed a soft chime as they brushed against the breeze that merged into a hum, and Rowan's consciousness nearly froze in place because he recognized this sound, and if he could, he would be crying.

When he was an energetic child who wished to play from dawn to dusk, there was one trick that Elura used to get him to sleep, and this was music.

Rowan's mind was too preoccupied with the endless possibilities that life presented to a young mind and any complicated melody or lyrics would only serve as a distraction for his vibrant mind, so Elura usually hummed an unknown tune, soft and gentle, and this song would flow through his body like the first glow of the sun across a serene lake, easing his mind, and making him smile into sleep.

Rowan had never asked her where she heard this tune from, or if she made it for him, but he would never have expected that he would hear it again when the Tree of Desire began to die, and in this instance, he knew that if not for the distraction of the battle that had taken over his consciousness in Doom Star, perhaps he would never have agreed to make this merger.

His mother's touch, her voice that existed only in his memories came across strongly to him through the ages, and this song was not one of lament or sorrow, but a song that was made to calm the mind of Rowan, a song that was made to give him peace, even in death, the last desire of the Tree was for Rowan to have peace.

Letting go of this tree hurt more than he could imagine, but he knew it was not over.

His Tree of Desire was rooted in his two Primordial Oceans. The Primordial Sea of Darkness, and the Primordial Sea of Ambrosia, and with his evolution to the fifth dimension, these two seas were massive beyond compare, and their powers could not be fathomed, but now they were beginning to vanish.

Massive whirlpools numbering in the millions and each larger than a galaxy appeared all through the lengths of his oceans of Aether as if there were millions of fathomless abysses appearing below the seas.

In the distance there was a loud crack, and the great City of Sheol, a place of endless wonder, began to collapse.

Chapter 1385 Molding Dimension (final)

At this point in his life, Rowan had encountered extremely destructive events, entire universes crumbling to ash, hundreds of dimensions broken by the whims of the mighty, merely a while back, in the presence of death, this universe that he inhabited had ended in a blink of an eye, and yet with all the scenes of destruction that he had seen, there was something different about the fall of Sheol, because it was natural as if this was the end result of its path, Rowan had only accelerated that process.

There was great knowledge and power that he had yet to claim from Sheol, but he knew that this was a price of change. He could not get everything that he wanted, and in the end, it was not as if he was going to lose out by much, because whatever powers Sheol contained were not going to be lost, they would simply be transformed.

The longer that he observed the fall of the city, the more he began to notice that Sheol was not being destroyed; it was more like it was collapsing, rather it could be said that it was shrinking. Massive buildings folded into themselves as the walls that surrounded them were reduced to thin paper sheets which melded into other parts of the city that were also becoming infinitely smaller.

The collapse of these two bloodlines was awe-inspiring to watch, and Rowan was able to use his power over time to infer what would be coming next, and he was able to trace that all of these changes were being directed at a point that had first been invisible but soon became apparent to Rowan as to be the source of all the transitions happening to his bloodlines. This unknown point was to be the core of his new bloodline Serathis.

The massive Tree of Desire began to collapse in earnest, its songs beginning to fade, its massive trunk bleeding brown dusty flakes that fell like snow, making the entire tree seem like it had transformed into a collapsing sculpture made of sand. The endless sea of Primordial Oceans that almost seemed to be infinite for a long time, visibly shrank with every passing moment and all of these powers were being transferred to that invisible core of Serathis hovering in the center of his dimension, just above his massive golden skull that was about to be completed as the bloodline of Origin Ouroboros had nearly completed its transformation.

More quickly than it should have ever been possible, the core of Serathis absorbed everything from his previous Primordial bloodlines, and they vanished from his sight, no

longer to be seen in existence. The Core that was left shone brightly for a second before the light dimmed and Serathis appeared before him.

It was an unassuming grey orb that was the size of an egg. Rowan did not look down on Serathis even though the wave of power he could sense from this orb was extremely minuscule, yet, it was unfathomable deep. It had to be to swallow two Primordial bloodlines and not just any Primordial bloodlines, but bloodlines that had been mutated by Rowan's dimensional flesh to become something extremely powerful, nonetheless, Serathis had swallowed all of that power and it still felt hungry. Rowan observed this orb for a while, and he finally affirmed his connection with it, merging his Will and Intent into this bloodline, and it transformed. First, there was a ripple along the surface of the orb, and then a dense lifeforce erupted from it, a lifeforce that was so powerful that it began to rebuild Rowan's flesh atop his golden skeleton. This would be his second district, the New Haven for his Angels, and any of his children who leaned towards this aspect of his powers.

However regrowing his dimensional flesh was just the result of unveiling Serathis, the true mystery of this bloodline was beginning to unveil itself before Rowan's consciousness, and he went deeper into it, his mind far more powerful than it was when he gained his Primordial Bloodline, making it possible for him to understand more at the beginning, giving him the chance to save millions of years of experimentation and familiarization with his new bloodline.

The deeper he pushed his consciousness into Serathis, the more he began to learn that although this was his bloodline, he still had much to learn about it because it was different from any Primordial bloodlines that he had come across, there was almost no connection that he could see between one node and the other, as everything seemed both haphazard yet harmonious at the same time, at a glance, it was almost impossible to imagine how this bloodline could even function, but if there was anyone that could achieve such a thing, it would be him, he only needed time.

In the same way that he was pushing his consciousness into Serathis, he was doing the same to his Origin Ouroboros which had also gained a similar sort of transformation, and since his consciousness was powerful enough to achieve more tasks, he melded it with his dimensional soul who had been unraveling the mystery of his last bloodline, Chronomancer Prime.

Unlike Serathis or Ouroboros, Chronomancer Prime existed in his dimensional soul, and if this bloodline was originally meant to be an ephemeral concept suitable for his soul alone, the characteristic of his dimensional soul had transformed it so it could take on corporeal traits like his two other bloodlines. In essence, in Rowan's hands was the power to make Time itself into a physical substance.

As far as he could tell, such a power was only available to Primordials, a case in point was the Eye of Time which was a physical representation of time. Its purplish crystal body was Time made flesh.

Rowan pulled upon this bloodline, and transforming it into the realm of the physical, he began to create the web that would bound his flesh to the skeleton and also used it to create his skin. This would be his final district.

It was a delicate process that he used in reforging his body while using the powers of his Class, he was like a child learning to walk, but with every moment that passed he was getting better at understanding the subtle intricacies that dwelled within his Class, and his insight over his Origin bloodline was deepening.

Rowan was also reminded that throughout this process of rebuilding his body, he had not been using any sort of energy, it was as if his Origin bloodline did not need any energy to operate, which was a ridiculous concept if that was to be the case.

As the rebuilding of his body became more advanced, Rowan simultaneously reached a deeper understanding of his Serathis and Chronomancer Prime bloodline and he paused, his consciousness going through the result one more time so that he could confirm what he had just detected.

“Hmm, how strange. It would seem that my life going forward would have some rather interesting changes.”

Deep inside his new bloodlines were similar traits to those of his Ouroboros, and these traits were rapidly maturing, if his inference was correct, what it meant was that his two new bloodlines were about to come to life!

His serpents were the Avatar of his Origin Ouroboros Bloodline, and it would seem that these traits had been transferred to his two new bloodlines, and their Avatar was being formed as he was watching.

This process was happening deep inside the core of these two bloodlines, and only Rowan's enhanced understanding of the dynamics of power and the influence of his Class had allowed him to glimpse this process during its formation.

As he watched this procedure closely, a revelation about his Class and his path forward swept through his consciousness and his understanding of what it meant to be an Eclipsed Creator deepened.

His Origin Ouroboros bloodline was Destruction, it covered the cold and dark places that all would encounter at the end of their life, it was the flames that wiped the world clean, and Serathis was Creation, it would be the force that regrew the bud of life from the ashes left behind by destruction, and Chronomancer Prime was the bridge of Fate that balanced these two powers, all three were necessary for him to become the beginning and the end.

In acknowledgment of his new role, his mind seemed to freeze and Rowan fell into a daze, for a while, he knew no more as his consciousness fell into a slumber, but the recreation of his body did not stop, instead, it accelerated.

The mighty mound of ash that was once his body had entirely vanished, Rowan had been reborn anew, and this time he was in the form of a seven-year-old boy, but his palms alone could hold a hundred galaxies. His legs were folded to his chest and his hands of destruction had been merged into his flesh, and he no longer looked incomplete, he seemed to be sleeping, his chest slowly rising and falling, and under his head were the flames of death, and Rowan had used it as his pillow.

Chapter 1386 The Adjudicator

Chapter 1386 The Adjudicator

In a sealed space filled with darkness and the remnant of an existence-shaking battle, a faint glow arose from nothing.

Like a firefly that was stuck in space, that glow remained the same for months, but over time, although subtle, that glow was becoming brighter, and in the distance, a few tens of light years away, another similar glowing dot arose, and before long seven of these dots spread over hundreds of light years appeared.

As time passed the light from these dots had transformed into suns, burning bright and releasing such a great amount of heat that it would have turned a galaxy in the lower realms to ash if it were to be placed inside them, but in this dark space, the light from these seven suns hardly spread far, it was as if this space was suppressing all forms of light.

The light from these seven suns continued to brighten and grew increasingly hotter until a boundary seemed to have been crossed and a loud crack resounded across all seven suns. Great beams of waving light like massive tentacles erupted from the multiple suns and reached across the darkness, linking the suns to each other. More beams of light kept emerging from the suns and before long a vast array made from light was created, linking all seven suns together. This array was extremely complex with connections that exceeded the third dimension, as it weaved time and space, alongside memory and fate in a manner that boggles the mind.

The array spans hundreds of light years and when it was completed, the center of the array pulsed, and space parted like a curtain. This was a teleportation array, but it was an extremely special one that could only be made by one Primordial power in existence—The Celestials.

It was possible to see the sight of another realm through the gap in reality, and this realm was made up of seven massive spinning disks, it was clearly Aerovah.

From the void created by the array a massive face emerged, eyes closed and made from metal, the face was larger than a moon, and as the face fully entered through the void, the rest of its form was revealed shortly after.

A body that was fully made from gleaming golden metal, and large wings that burned with a silver flame, what emerged from the teleportation array was not an immortal, but a weapon. Its form was humanoid, and massive Celestial scripts burned across its entire surface, buckled on both sides of its waist were twin blades that were so long they trailed behind it for hundreds of light years. This weapon was an Archon.

Archon was the successor to Apollyon, the Destroyer, and was a Celestial Fortress built for war. Unlike Apollyon which was primarily made for Destruction, Archon served many other purposes and was as much a defender as a destroyer. After Apollyon was decommissioned when the Primordial Era ended because its nature could not be permitted in the new reality created by the Primordial, Archon was made at the beginning of the Supreme Era to represent the peak of Celestial Forging.

This sentient Celestial Fortress entered this unknown space, and its eyes that were closed flashed open, gleaming red, this was a weapon made for war and conquest, and a look in its eyes would reveal the depths of its powers.

In the instant that Archon's eyes opened, the darkness here was swept aside for countless millions of light years reflecting the red glow of its eyes, and yet with how massive this space was, this area unveiled from the darkness was less than one percent of the space here.

From the eyes of Archon, bright sparks numbering in the tens of millions erupted from it, and zooming closer to those sparks would reveal that these were Angels, and most of them had two pairs of wings, which meant they were Archangels.

Like a swarm of glowing insects, the Angels numbering in hundreds of millions surged out of its eyes, and as if these eyes were a portal to another reality, their numbers continued to grow seemingly without any limit, and these Angels did not appear to need any instruction for as they appeared they began to spread out in groups of fives as they ventured into areas that were not covered by the light from Archon.

Their speed left Light behind in shame pushing them to spread out rapidly, and the darkness inside this space slowly began to vanish as the glow from their flaming wings lingered in the air, and this glow tugged on the red light from the Archon, causing it to grow with the spread of the Angels.

From the eyes of Archon, more than a billion Archangels had emerged and there seemed not to be any end to their number, as more kept emerging.

In a short while the number had reached two billion and more were still streaming out of Archon's eyes, but soon the battle fortress began to frown, the motion was slight, but on its massive metallic face, it was easily discernible.

Millions of Archangels had gone missing, and it happened in the areas where its light could not reach, however, this was a small sacrifice to conquer this space, because as the

lights of the Archangels spread, so too was the Archon's light, and nothing could resist the power of the Archon once its light had touched it.

This area was a higher dimensional space, and countless dimensional hazards could be found here, but even the Archon was surprised at how much danger was here, suggesting that the battle that had been fought here had been truly bitter.

From a distance, the activities of the Archon and the Archangels would resemble a massive sun that was ever-expanding, and the Archangels on the periphery of this expansion were braving incredible dangers to expand the reach of this light. On the edge of this expanding light were the golden flames of the Angels, and following behind was the red glow from the Archon.

The space here was incredibly vast, but with the endless angels under the Archon's domain, they were able to spread its light all over it, revealing the entire contents to the eyes of the Archon, and the dangers that were in this space were quelled, dimensional hazards that would have killed more Angels were dispersed and the domain of the Archon solidified in this space.

This area was a battlefield, and although most of the traces here were gone, what remained had led to the death and disappearance of tens of millions of Angels.

Vast supernatural powers had been unleashed here, the Intent, Wills, Memories, Fate, and Destinies of higher dimensional immortals stained this space, and for many of the Archangels who had not touched on the powers of the higher dimension, they would not even recognize what ended their lives, but their service was indispensable, and for the Archon, they were cheap resources that it could use to accomplish its mission.

The Archon with the space under its domain gave a call for the Angels to return as it began to document everything that had been found, and cocking its massive head to the side, he observed a single inhabitant that had been found inside this space, and as if his gaze was a trigger, the unknown presence cried out in a loud voice,

"Finally my greatness is unveiled to the light once more! Bow before the peak of creation and worship me and I shall bless you with power beyond your pathetic imagination. Your eyes shall not be blessed by anything higher than this in all your days."

The Archon's frown deepened as he sent information about what he had unveiled to the Adjudicator. This matter had been upgraded to the peak of priority because it was looking at a fragment of a Primordial.

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The Adjudicator could take many forms, but he found out countless eons ago that the form it liked to take was of a young man with short blond hair and blue eyes. Tapping his finger on the handle of his chair, the Adjudicator had been watching a figure for months, trying

to comprehend the reasons for her madness. Of course, this was one of his many clones spread across Reality, but it was rare that the Adjudicator could be stumped for long on a single case.

He had been looking at Ghribba the Silver Queen for a while, but this eight-dimensional immortal did not know she was in his sights, as she had finished mourning her spawn and returned to her duties. She was far too important to the Celestials to allow her to fester in her grief.

Waving his hand to the side, he brought forth the memory of Ghribba once more, in her hands were seven cracked blood crystals but this immortal queen who was at the height of reality was claiming that she was holding fourteen broken blood crystals.

The Adjudicator knew she was not lying, and for an immortal of her level, it was impossible for her to go mad, then what could explain the reason why she would believe she was holding fourteen blood crystals instead of seven?

Behind him, space rippled and a red glow emerged, whispering words of the discoveries that were made in the unknown space above Aerovah.

The Adjudicator's eyes widened and he smiled, "Interesting."

Chapter 1387 Finding Connections

Gathering clues that had been scattered over vast distances and across different time periods was challenging, especially when those clues had been distorted or even destroyed, but the Adjudicator was meant for such dull and tedious work because he knew that the satisfaction of finally seeing everything come together into a cohesive whole was worth the trouble.

However, there was something about these sets of clues that he had been gathering that made no sense as there did not seem to be any connection between them, and if not for the Light of his Will that showed him that every piece here was connected, he would not even see what the overall picture meant.

The Adjudicator had his hands on many separate cases across all of existence, and it was a surprise to him when two separate cases that should have no connection with each other slowly came together as more clues were gathered.

Inside his vast mental space were a series of connections that spanned a short time period of a million years, and yet still had a connection to the past stretching deep into the Primordial Era. His Will brushed across the landscape of clues, softly touching them and rearranging them in different manners, trying to piece out the entire truth.

The new detail submitted by the Archon should have made no sense being connected to the clue that he had gathered on a different case, but it did and now he had no reason to call them two cases, but one.

Inside his Mental Space, there were billions of stars, each of these stars was the many cases that the Adjudicator was pursuing, and among them, there were two especially bright stars. The title of the first star was called Eve, Daughter of Old Light, and the title of the second star was The World Stele and Thenos, the Chimaera.

It was these two separate cases that had surprisingly come together into one massive case, and the Adjudicator was going to get to its roots.

Inside his Mental Space, prompted by his Will, the two stars merged and the Adjudicator began to rearrange the sequence of events so an overall picture that should reveal the truth could be created.

Pushing the connection to the past aside, the Adjudicator brought up recent events forward, his Will prompting him that the truth was closer to the present than the past.

He fished for one of the clues from Eve's case and reviewed it once more. Details of the case washed over his consciousness.

-A million years ago news came to the Adjudicator that there were odd stirrings inside the Domain of Ruin.

A detail that most would miss, but he had logged it despite not paying much attention to this matter as there were many influences that wanted to plunder those cursed domains, and he had been occupied with many great matters, especially with the conflicts in the Abyssal Plane which had slowed down to the minimum in almost a hundred Minor Eras, because this was not a good thing, the last time something like this had happened, the Great Abyss had opened its gates and almost five percent of reality was lost.

Most immortals would not remember this, but Reality was much bigger in the past, like an unstoppable encroaching plague, the Great Abyss needed to grow, and reality was its favorite meal. The Celestials were the protectors of reality, and although the Adjudicator had long realized in the past that the true reason they were doing this was not overly noble, he was simply a cog in an incomprehensible vast machinery, he was here to make sure everything went as planned.

To ensure that he was able to perform his duties to the fullest extent, he was fed every information about every single hot spot Reality and beyond, only then could he find the connection that lay underneath the surface and cleanse out the rot with divine light from the root.

Returning his attention to the stirrings inside the Domain of Ruin, he sent his Will to draw forth more details about this stirring and began to trace the pattern as more information

came to him about further disturbance inside that place. At first, there was one, then a thousand, then millions of similar stirrings, and then billions.

The next obvious question to ask was what were these stirrings? The answer to that question lay in what was the Domain of Ruin. Although there were many answers to this question, the simplest answer was that it was a gigantic graveyard filled with the dead of both the Celestials and the Abyssals.

The dead of the Celestials were sacred, able to be returned to the bosom of Primordial Light where their souls would be reborn, and so it did not matter if they died in the service of Primordial Light, they would always return when he wills it. However, it was not always that this would be the case, as certain powers could corrupt the pure souls of Celestials.

Inside this Domain of Ruin were the remains of those who had become corrupted by the cold hands of the Abyss, forever shunned from Primordial Light, and in less than a million years, under the nose of the Celestial, half of every fallen, both Celestials and Abyssals were missing!

The face of the Adjudicator became pale, and his eyes flashed with light. It would seem that ignoring the case of Eve for so long was a mistake, and if not for the connection that had been made between the World Stele and this fallen Celestial Creator, he would not have known how deeply the rot had invaded.

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He was sitting here in a hidden space above Aerovah, but his other selves were in a billion dimensions and trillions of worlds because, for the Adjudicator, there were no places that were outside of his reach, even in the lower realms, and every other Primordial domain.

Placing Eve to the side, the Adjudicator called up the case of the World Stele.

The destruction of the Frozen Road and the disappearance of Doom Star drew his attention, and for the last several months he had begun to piece together eerily connected and seemingly random clues, leaving him greatly disturbed, the latest connection linking Eve to this Singularity, another more disturbing pattern. He was there when Doom Star was destroyed and he had watched the Frozen Road being created, he knew it was made from the tears of the Sirens, and for many minor eras as he traveled this road, he had tasted the salt of her tears and he knew all the flavor contained within. The hatred, madness, rage... all of which carried such great intensity that he never failed to sample its taste, and because they were directed towards the enemy of the Celestials, the Adjudicator only found it amusing.

Unlike most, he knew of Thenos, he knew of the Singularity—World Stele, and its absurd ability that allowed lesser immortals to create permanent dimensions for themselves that could be rooted in the Nothingness.

Unlike most in the Primordial Domains who saw this development as a good thing because of their greed, harvesting these lower dimensions was a source of great wealth and endless benefits, he saw this as a malignant form of cancer that had weakened an entire Era.

The Primordials gave lesser immortals the chance to climb higher dimensional ladders to test them and cull the weak from the strong.

A truly powerful higher dimensional immortal should have Aetherium strong enough that they should be able to root themselves in the Nothingness by their powers alone, and if they could not, they had no reason to create a dimension for themselves and carve out a piece of reality for their own.

Fighting against the Nothingness was the true test of immortality and since the World Stele had given these immortals a shortcut, weakness had proliferated, and it came as a shock to the Adjudicator that certain Primordial Domains began to allow their weaker bloodline members to become World Bearers, heightening the uneasiness that the Adjudicator had over this Singularity and its hold over reality.

For countless eons, the Adjudicator had quietly watched as the World Stele discretely gathered fallen dimensions and ferried them into Doom Star, and although he had submitted reports to the higher-ups about this issue, it was judged that the possibility that this could be of any threat to the Celestials were almost nonexistent and it was ignored. Even the Adjudicator could not find any reason why this would be a threat, and he believed that this must be a price that the Singularity would have to pay to bear the load of so many dimensions. What was happening now had shown him how wrong he was, because his assumption about the threat that the World Stele could hold was formed on an incomplete assessment of its abilities. Nowhere in the record of this Singularity was there any speculation that it could break apart and reverse Primordial Essence.

Chapter 1388 Let Him Cook

The ability to break apart Primordial Essence was a catastrophic ability on so many levels, and such a threat needed to be brought down or every Primordial domain was at risk. What ensured their continuous superiority was the working of the Primordials that could not be broken or corrupted.

This was the true reason he had been summoned over this matter, and not Eve, but certain events had tied her to this Singularity.

The World Stele was no longer a middling concern and had become a priority, as no Primordial Domain fully understood the reach of its abilities. Could it affect only the Primordial Essence of its host or could it touch the Essence of every other domain? The Adjudicator was to find out and eliminate this threat before it could reach the hands of

their enemies, it was a good thing then that the traces of the World Stele had been found so close to the Celestial Domain.

As if his thought had summoned it, a small patch of reality opened and a message entered the mind of the Adjudicator, he had just been granted access to the Celestial Archive, strictly to investigate Singularities.

“Tch... how tight-fisted, it’s not as if I will be searching for any other information apart from this one. Raphael is getting more closed-off.”

The Adjudicator knew that in these archives would be answers to his questions about the powers of Singularities, but as always, it would require that he should search for them, the Archives were simply too vast, and no one except Primordial Light knew everything that it contained. It could not be helped, accessing the Archive was perilous, because it was the Memory of Primordial Light himself, and countless Celestials had been lost inside the pearly spires of his remembrances.

This matter would be understood in time when the World Stele was captured and so knowing his next destination was to be the Archives, the Adjudicator left this matter for the future as he began to follow the clues left behind in the space that the Archon had just excavated, and what he had found was disturbing.

It would appear that he might need a third case file to put together the events that happened on Aerovah and in the unknown space above it.

The space itself was an amazing crafting that the Adjudicator knew would take many millions of years for him to decipher, and if he did not succeed in this time, then it would be useless as it would no longer matter even if he tried for the next Major Era. There were mysterious powers and an alien way of thinking behind the creation of this space that could not be easily duplicated, but the Will of the Adjudicator was perfectly suitable for breaking apart puzzles, and he would be cutting his teeth over this one.

From what the Archon had discovered inside this space, there had been a battle, and one or more of the parties involved was linked to the Celestials, this link could be traced back to the clues that he had ignored from the Domain of Ruin, but the clues were not making sense. The traces of the Celestial found in this space could not be associated with Eve because she was not a Creator even at her prime that could summon such a force.

His Will sought out another branch to this case, Enziel, a sovereign of the 98th Cahiron Squad who had been the first to reach Aerovah before the owner of the realm arrived, his testament made this case even more complicated.

The Adjudicator knew the ruler of Enziel’s squad, Cahiron, and he was a stern and powerful Seraphim, all the members of his hosts were elites whose minds had been tested through countless adversities, so he was assured that what Enziel had spoken was true.

Enziel who perished not long after the unknown events that happened on Aerovah had sworn that he had felt the energy of a higher order Celestial, and not just any Celestials, but Cherubims.

This was a problem because Cherubims were not supposed to leave the core of certain Celestial domains because their functions were too significant to the foundations laid down by Primordial Light. How come could one be found here in an unknown realm alongside a Celestial Creator who was supposed to be dead countless years ago?

He sighed and stood up, collecting his thoughts as he tore a hole into the Passage of Time, the Adjudicator could feel a rare trace of excitement blooming inside his heart as something told him that the result of what he would find at the end of this trail would be monumental.

If only he knew how true this sentiment would be in the future, then he would have been more prepared.

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Rowan had awakened a while back and discovered that he was hungry, and he did not bother checking for the reason why that should be possible.

With a wave of his hand a galaxy's worth of ingredients and condiments appeared before him and his eyes shone, he tried not to think about what he was doing, and only followed his heart at the moment, it was not every time he wanted to be thinking. He found it surprising that suppressing his mind was easier than he thought.

"Now, what do I want to prepare?" he muttered to himself, and then he simply tapped the air in front of him, and his senses swept through all the ingredients and condiments here, tasting them for their flavors, ideally he would have wanted to bring all of them to his tongue to taste them individually, but that would be taking mindless actions a little bit too far.

Various bursts of flavor entered his senses, sweet, sour, umami, spicy... a symphony of tastes that scintillated his taste buds and sent sparks of inspiration flying around his mind, and he knew what he wanted to prepare with what he had before him here.

Memories of a past mortal life entered his mind alongside countless trillions of memories of watching his children cook, but Rowan deliberately limited his recollection, blunting his omniscience so that he could appreciate the process he was about to undertake, and he strictly pulled from his memories of earth alone.

In this matter, Rowan wanted to be imperfect, because there was a charm in the unexpected when you knew it was not going to be killing you.

With a snap of his hand, he materialized pots and pans and other kitchen utensils like knives and cutting board, but because of his present size, his pans were so massive that he could use them to stir fry suns if he wanted, and his smallest knives could easily slice apart a planet like an onion.

With a plan on what to cook, his focus sharpened and he selected a knife, a part of his mind knew that he now had spectators, but he no longer cared, an aspect of the reason he was about to cook was because he wanted the first interaction he had with his Origin bloodlines to be something different. As he picked up the knife, he weighed it, frowning a bit, its weight distribution and material make-up were perfect, but something seemed off, and then Rowan sighed and squeezed the knife, and it transformed into his Destroyer. Testing the weight again, he smiled, it was perfect.

The first thing he needed to do was to make stock. So bringing forth his chopping board that could hold multiple solar systems, he picked leaves, stems, and tubers, each of them was rather massive in their own right, and he roughly chopped them up and set them to simmer in a pot of Celestial water that had bones of several aquatic dragons, before covering the pot, he added a generous amount of spice.

A relatively small sun appeared underneath the pot, and he left it to simmer as he returned to the chopping board where the tentacles of a massive Kraken were waiting for him.

Bisecting the tentacle and lathering it in oil and spice, he dropped it into a girdle to get a good sear, alongside it he brought out his pan, igniting a third sun as he set the pan over it, adding a generous amount of oil, along with herbs, vegetables, and spices, with some of these spices eerily similar to those from the earth, like bay leaf, paprika, and many others.

Grains came next with massive chunks of dragon meat and those of Kun Peng's, as a river of white wine was poured into it, ladling the broth, he waited for all the ingredients to settle, as he watched the ongoing process with a smile in his eyes.

As everything came to a boil, Rowan began to add other seafood to enhance the flavor, like Godkin shrimps, and Emperor mollusks, he allowed the grains to absorb the lovely concoction of ingredients and covered the pot for it to simmer, hoping for a great crust at the bottom.

While he waited he sliced the grilled Kraken tentacle, he could not help but bring one to his mouth to taste and closed his eyes in bliss, crispy on the outside and tender and juicy on the inside. Hearing different swallows beside him, he smiled inside his heart.

It was time to plate.

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The Primordial Record

Chapter 1389 Origin Avatars (1)

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1389 Origin Avatars (1)

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Chapter 1389 Origin Avatars (1)

Making four plates out of Adamantite, one being much bigger than the rest, Rowan finally acknowledged the presence here with him. It was a bit childish for him to keep them waiting, but he thought it was important that they also observed him in this manner, he did not know when he would ever sit here like this again, and if they were to hold on to any core memory of who he was, then he wanted one of those memory to be this one.

Not of a creator, or a destroyer, but a mortal.

When he had awakened from his deep slumber, he had found his body in the form of a child, but with his body syncing with the mental age that placed him in his mid-twenties, he rapidly grew to his peak form. He was not growing, just shifting the arrangement of his body to suit what he wanted, and he luxuriated at the ease he was able to do such a thing.

His dimensional flesh was incredibly vast, and to be able to shapeshift as easily as he wanted as if he was not moving around an extreme amount of mass was simply amazing. His strength, flexibility, and overall constitution had taken a leap forward but Rowan stopped himself from knowing how much, at least until this moment he was about to create had passed.

Expressed outside of his body were his fully realized Origin bloodline and they all had their Avatars.

The first Avatar that was closest to him was his Serathis Origin bloodline, and she was in the form that he would call a Dryad. Resembling a child of twelve, she had green skin and eyes that were a bit too large, and those eyes were filled with bright white flames as if they contained stars, her hair was made from flowers and green silk-like reeds, and the emerald dress she wore seemed to have grown out of her skin, and they glowed like gemstones.

She was beautiful like a morning blossom and had an inherent majesty like the rising sun, her eyes were filled with curiosity, and her stomach rumbled with hunger. Rowan tapped the void beside him,

“Sit with me,”

His voice made her shake, and she looked at him with eyes that seemed to be a portal to all the light in existence and she smiled and hurried over and sat where he gestured. Rowan paused, in those smiles he had seen fragments of Elura, and also of him as a child. As she sat, a field of flowers appeared underneath her, as trees and flowing rivers were born. Stars began to bloom around her and they nestled on her hair like fireflies or they zoomed around her face, making her giggle in child-like glee.

The next figure that was closest to him after the Avatar of Serathis, was the Avatar of Chronomancer Prime, and Rowan nearly arched an eyebrow at his appearance. The Avatar could not be distinguished from a human youth, and his appearance was closer to that of Andar except for his short black hair, and his eyes that were like a void holding multiple phantoms of rotating hourglasses within.

As if he had brought a noble youth from a 19th-century Victorian royal house from his previous world, the Avatar of Chronomancer Prime resembled a strapping young man around the age of twelve, wearing a finely crafted black suit, over it was a knee-length, double-breasted frock coat, and a chain-linked pocket watch was carried in his waistcoat pocket, but from the indentation on his coat, it would appear that it was not a watch at the end of that chain but an hourglass.

The only thing missing from his getup would be a top hat and a cane, and Rowan would have believed that he had kidnapped an aristocratic gentleman from Earth. He was a picture of refinement and his clothing showed meticulous attention to detail, well, except for the fact that he was missing a pair of shoes. Odd thing to leave out, Rowan thought, but everything about this Avatar was odd, and he was curious to learn more about it, unlike his two other bloodlines, Chronomancer Prime was the one that he understood the least.

Rowan gestured that he could sit beside him and the young man bowed in a dignified manner, and he did not make any form of movement, but he was already sitting at the spot that Rowan had gestured, and if not for the power of Rowan's perception, he would not have noticed how the boy had been able to move from one position to another, and the simple answer was that he didn't, he had always been there beside Rowan.

He was able to make any intent to be real, and it was a surprising ability that Rowan wanted to know the limit of. This power was like a mortal wishing to be a king of the gods and then realizing that he had always been one since birth.

Nodding internally in appreciation, he began to understand the deeper facets of the power of Chronomancer Prime, and how the power of Fate and Time was twisted all around it.

The last of his bloodlines were also equally as peculiar, and they were his Ouroboros Serpents, now wearing humanoid forms. Even though he had expected this change, it was still shocking for him to see such power forces of nature, placed inside a humanoid body, and these were not mere shells that could be worn and discarded, this was a true form that could be developed upon.

Unlike the first two of his Origin bloodline that had only a single Avatar, the Serpents had six, which should have been obvious because they were six different individual creatures with minds of their own, and it was perfectly reflected here.

They appeared to be cast out of gold, and their bodies were adorned with metallic scales like armor, and immediately Rowan noticed that except for one of the six that had long golden hair and apparent female features, the rest of them were androgynous, and they had no single bit of hair on their head, not even eyebrows or lashes. Appearing physically the most mature, his Origin Ouroboros bloodline Avatars could be mistaken for beautiful statues cast of gold.

Unlike the first two bloodlines, the six did not need to be summoned, led by the female they practically glided until they sat opposite Rowan, their golden-slitted pupils staring at him with fascination and a slight bit of shock, he could understand the thoughts going on in their mind, this evolution of their powers was outside the boundaries of their bloodline, and for the first time since forever, the Ouroboros Serpents were lost, nothing they had ever experienced could provide answers to them, except for the one person whom they were deeply connected to, because they were part of him.

The Avatar of Serathis was sitting by his left hand, and the Avatar of Chronomancer Prime was sitting by his right, and although they were largely in the form of children, the smallest here, which was the Avatar of Serathis, was bigger than a galaxy, and in the short moment that she had been sitting, more heavenly phenomenon had appeared around her, as black holes and planets began to drift all around her face, buzzing like bees.

As they were all settled, Rowan began ladling the food on each plate, “I know you all have questions, and I have deliberately limited your omniscience for a while, sit and eat with me, and then I will tell you all a story.”

The first of the plates and the biggest was handed to the Avatars of the Origin Ouroboros, and as he set it before them, the plate split in six, each part holding equal portions that drifted towards all the Avatars, the next plate went to Chronomancer Prime and the last to the Avatar of Serathis who had been fidgeting for a while, out of all the Avatars, she was the one most interested in the meal.

Rowan plated the last one for himself, and although there was not much left for him, he did not require food for sustenance. “You can eat,” he said and the Avatar of Serathis wasted no time and began digging into her food, her spoon shoveling the wholesome grub into her mouth with great speed, making her hand blur.

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Chapter 1390 Origin Avatars (final)

The Avatars of the Ouroboros Serpents looked at their meal and then peered at the Avatar of Serathis whose face was buried in her plate and they tentatively brought a spoon to their mouths, Rowan noticing that they went for the meat first, their actions were eerily synchronized even though they should be separate personalities. It was like watching a couple of moving statues, but what came next was very life-like.

Rowan saw their eyes light up in shock and pleasure and he was surprised at the depths of their emotions, the Ouroboros never needed any desire for taste and they should not have been affected so deeply by it, and he wondered why his ascension to Origin seemed to have changed him and his bloodline in such an odd fashion. Did it not seem like it was almost regressing him?

It was then that a particular memory came unbidden to his mind, reminding him that despite how much he knew and had learned he might still be wrong about what existence looked like from the top.

This memory was a grim one and was the source of much of his motivation towards the affairs of Primordials, it was one he saw when he was breaking his Spirit Matrix Gate, and it was of the death of the Primordial of Time and Evil.

However, In this instance, Rowan was not immersed in what was happening here, he did not focus on the body of the Primordial pinned against the table by multiple weapons, but instead, his sight was on what else had been on the table, which were a map and cups that were filled with liquid that could be wine or something else, but it was obviously made for drinking.

In all the time that he was recollecting this memory, he had always been focused on what was happening in the room, but he never bothered to ask himself why would Primordials need to drink. In his defense, that question had been one of the last things he could think about before the enormity of the revelations before him.

Even a mere Earth god no longer needed any form of sustenance, and Rowan remembered that the last time he ate something was right before he rid himself of the Intent of Chaos inside of his first forge, and after that, he barely even thought of this deed. For so long he had considered the act of eating or drinking to be extremely mundane activities, a trifling distraction better left for mortals, but what were the actions of the Primordials telling him? This satisfaction he could feel from his bloodline Avatars, what could it mean? Was Ascension nothing but a circle?

“CRUNCH.... CRUNCH...”

His thoughts were distracted by the sound of metallic crunching noises, and he looked at the six Avatars of the Origin Ouroboros who had finished eating their meal even quicker than the Avatar of Serathis and they had proceeded to eat the plates. ‘Here are the gluttons I remember,’ Rowan mused, his eyes colored with mirth. Their eyes were darting

around, looking for seconds, even though what they had just eaten could have fed an entire world of billions for thousands of years.

By his side, the Avatar of Chronomancer Prime who was eating slowly and methodically, made a slight gesture with his hands, and the plates of food that had just vanished into the stomachs of the serpents returned, exactly as it had been served, even though the food in their stomach had not even been completely digested. The six Avatars looked at the elegant boy with light shining in their eyes, and Rowan could feel that their sense of approval over this new bloodline deepened.

‘Interesting,’ he thought, there might be a form of communication between his three Origin bloodlines because it would seem that the Primordial Record alone could not assure that his multiple bloodlines could simply be perfectly fused, not when they possessed sentience. He could force them to work together, but Rowan suspected that this might be a mistake, and he knew that if he did a proper job, all of his bloodlines would work in harmony without the need to force their cooperation.

The Avatar of Serathis did not have to make any sign and her plates were refilled, and she smiled at the boy, before continuing her feast. Shaking his head in amusement he joined them in eating, anytime he took a spoon full of food, the Avatars of Ouroboros would have already consumed their entire plate, but a new set was always waiting. Without any prompting, Rowan began to speak,

“I have lived many lives through the eyes of others, and the tales in my heart are as countless as all of the stars in every universe. At first, my thoughts were my own, alone, my mind knew only the sound of my voice and the cadence of my heart, back then I was a mortal, young and frail and the prison of my flesh was my entire heaven. However, I was always meant for more, because I was born a Breaker, and so are you all, because you are part of me.”

His voice was magnetic, drawing the attention of all his Avatars towards him, and Rowan not looking at them continued to speak,

“I restrict your omniscience for one reason, and that is for you all to know the core of who I was before the endless tide of my Will shapes the direction I am about to take. I am an all-consuming force, and if you don’t get to see this side of me, if you don’t remember what I once was, and know how deeply I once loved, then you would only see the conqueror and the butcher. I also suspect that I need to see this side of me before I can truly be complete. To shed away some of the mysteries of my past.”

Rowan exhaled and his breathe coalesced in front of him, and took the shape of his first form on earth, Rowan Carter and his body made here were not when he was older and at the prime of his life, scarred but strong, but it was when he was a bit older than nine, and forced to work in the mines, a little better than a slave, condemned to die even before he reached the age of ten, but Rowan, even as a mortal was nothing else but tenacious.

“I do not know my father or my mother. According to what was told to me, I was not left at the doors of an orphanage, or in front of a family home, or a church, all would have been good alternatives for a helpless babe, but I was left by the side of the road, and by the time I was found, the element had nearly killed me. This was what was told to me, but now I can go back, I can reach beyond my memory and I can see, because I am no longer satisfied with this story, this remembrance is incomplete.”

The light in Rowan’s black eyes turned a flaming red becoming something diabolical like a demon, and the image of the young Rowan Carter began to regress backward in time, becoming even younger as Rowan plunged into the depths of his memory as a mortal in another life.

Even as a fifth-dimensional immortal, he was not supposed to be able to do something like this, but he had the Will of Shisu imprisoned in his soul, and he was burning this Ascendant to nothing so that he could use his Will as fuel to pry out the secrets of his past.

The body of Rowan Carter continued to shrink until he was now in the form of a baby, and the space around this child shivered and hummed and the memory expanded, and for the first time, Rowan saw his mother in that life.

She held him by her breast as she was running through the night, bleeding from a dozen wounds and gasping for breath. Around her was nothing but steel and bricks as she was in a city, but she would not find reprieve here, for as her footsteps were heard, doors were quickly locked and windows were shut.

Her life was failing and every footstep she left behind was speckled with her blood.

All of these were disturbing, but what held Rowan’s attention was the face of the woman who was the mother of Rowan Carter, as he muttered to himself,

“How could it be her?”

Chapter 1391 Physique Evolution.

The face he had seen had thrown all of his preconceived notions about his origin to the dust and had thrown his mind into disarray.

Rowan squeezed his hand, shattering the memory as rage filled his heart. There was a faint sound of a despairing cry as the last of Shisu vanished.

His shoulder shaking in agitation, Rowan closed his eyes and breathed in, then out, slowly adjusting his mental state. His rage needed the right outlet to be expressed, and it did not help that most of what he was feeling was not rage but helplessness.

Feeling a touch on his left hand, Rowan opened his eyes to see the Avatar of Serathis looking at him in concern, he smiled at her and she beamed bringing up a spoon of her food to give to him, and Rowan shook his head,

“I have mine here... see,” gesturing towards his plate, “Enjoy yours.”

Nodding happily, the Avatar of Serathis continued her feast, her eyes nearly closing in enjoyment, and Rowan sighed, without unlocking their omniscience, they were like children, and keeping them this way was not just a chance for them to engrave his mortal side into their memories, but for him to also observe the core of their character.

The Avatars of Ouroboros had been listening to Rowan with one ear, and when he stopped talking, they had focused fully on their meal, throwing plate after plate into their mouths with no abandon, while the Avatar of Chronomancer Prime was watching Rowan like a hawk, his unsettling gaze following every move he was making, cold and calculating, and when he noticed that Rowan’s gaze was on him, he smiled, but it was a disquieting sight because there was no mirth in his strange eyes, and it was almost as if he was trying to imitate the actions of the Avatar of Serathis.

Noting all these quirks and habits of his Origin bloodline, Rowan wanted to continue his story, but he hesitated, his thoughts were scattered, his goal of pushing into his memories as a mortal had shown him unexpected revelations, and now he needed to think about his next moves carefully.

He had wanted to unlock the Omniscience of his bloodlines after he had finished his story, but he was no longer planning to do this at this time until he adequately resolved this matter.

Rowan finished eating, no longer tasting the food, and waited for a few hours for the Avatars of Serathis and Ouroboros to indulge themselves before he dismissed them, with a few words,

“This day did not go as I had envisioned and perhaps this is a sign that my path forward would no longer be as straightforward as I had once thought. I shall call upon you all again, but I don’t think that it would be in such... calming circumstances.”

He blinked and the Avatars collapsed into streams of lights that drifted into his body, and Rowan pressed his fingers against his brows, a phantom headache was drilling into his skull, and even aware that this was entirely mental and not physical, he did not want to dismiss it for a while.

Shaking his head, he called upon the Primordial Record to finalize all the changes in his realm.

PRiMORDiAL RECORd

Name: Rowan Kuranos (Visible)

Will Bound Name – Eulxhu — Truth

True Name: Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr Eulxhu Thyak

Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehhirk Wvryyrl Eerkhar.

Age: 673,4772,997 / 999,999,999,999,999...

Physique Evolved:

Origin Strength Core: 1 Eos

Origin Agility Core: 1 Eos

Origin Constitution Core: 1 Eos

Class: Origin — Eclipsed Creator

You balance Creation and Destruction. This Class wields the power to create new dimensions and unravel them. Your burden is to maintain the cycle of existence.

Title: [Activated]

Plane Shaper Level 1[04%]

(Unrestricted access to any dimension at your present Will Level— Can access all 3rd, 4th, and 5th-dimensional universes.)

Chaos Breaker:

Level 7 [12%]

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

Reality Shaper Level 2 [01%]

Complete Dominion over Space under the fifth dimension. Intent can be manipulated according to your wish.

Primordial Titan [Origin]

You embody the raw element of Creation, your presence reshapes reality.

Title Evolved: Realm Forger [Origin]

The master of dimensional manipulation and creation. Bend the fabrics of your reality to create and destroy.

Dread Harbinger [Origin]

Heralds of Ruin and Apocalypses. You bring about the end of Eras and wield cataclysmic powers to cleanse existence to prepare it for rebirth.

First Born: primogenitor. Your presence is unique in all creation. Grant enhanced defenses against all forms of mental manipulation and enhances all your Titles.

[Evolution requirement not reached.]

Supreme Ancient Colossi:

The Ancient Titan looked to the heavens for gifts, and as the most perfect of its children, they were granted the chance to pick a Core that would give them either limitless Strength, Agility, or Constitution. You possess all three Cores. You are Supreme.

Your three perfect cores grant you near-limitless Strength, Agility, and Constitution. Your Essence cannot be bound, only destroyed.

Warden

Level 8[98%]

Guardian of the boundaries between realms.

[ninty-eight Lesser Titles not listed, incapable of being bound to your Dimensional Flesh, converted to Inheritance Orbs]

Aspect:

Berserker (Tier 7— Completed)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 5— Completed)

Light Devourer (Tier 8 — Completed)

Realm Weaver (Tier 9 — Completed)

Time Wanderer (Tier 9 — Completed)

Space Breaker (Tier 9 — Completed)

[Ninety-three Lesser Aspects not listed, incapable of being bound to your Dimensional Flesh, converted to Inheritance Shards]

Realm Weaver: You have transcended the limitations of corporeal crafting, your touch changes the immaterial, and Concepts are yours to mold.

Time Wanderer: You are free from the Curse of Time, your path through time makes a perfect circle around you. You are untethered from Time, create your path, or forever remain adrift.

Space Breaker: You have been adrift in the Nothingness for too long and have gained immunity to its touch. Your dominion extends beyond reality.

Skills:

Berserker Blood (Apocalypse — Level Completed)

Weapon Master (Dominion — Level Completed)

You have gained absolute mastery over all forms of combat associated with weapons.

Bloodline Skill:

Ascension [Level 8 – 12%]

Dimensional Flesh [Level 5 – 100%]

Aspect Skill:

The Lost Flame (Tier 5 — Innate Convergence and Divergence)

Realm Blade (Tier 7 Completed)

Passive: Decipher language (complete)

Berserker Intent (Silver)

Realm Breaker (Purple)

Records:

ORIGIN OUROBOROS – [ORIGIN]

SERATHIS [ORIGIN] CHRONOMANCER PRIME [ORIGIN]

Territory: Dimensional Fabric

[First Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Second Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Third Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Fourth Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Fifth Dimension Completed – Seed?]

Bloodline Ability: Purgatory Gate

Dimensional Skill:

Dimension Engine [Minor, Major, and Supreme— Completed] Dimensional Absolute Skill:
Breathe of Enoch X2

Dimensional Fabric Skills:

Astrolabe

Knowledge Well

Hollow Forge

Dimensional Flesh

Fabrics Skill:

Dimensional Master

[Dimensional Fabric expanded] WILL:

Will of Truth [5th Level Completed]

Will of Elder [– Divus] – Origin

Will of Soul Origin [5th Level Completed.]

Will of Time [5th Level Completed.]

Unallocated Stat points: #Error#

SOUL ORIGIN GAINED: Undetermined

SOUL CRYSTAL GAINED: Undetermined

SUPREME CIRCLE GAINED:

CIRCLE 1: Undetermined.

CIRCLE 2: Undetermined

CIRCLE 3: Undetermined

.....

CIRCLE 9: Undetermined

Remark: Complete your Ascension. Seed your dimensions, master your Titles, complete your Supreme Circles, and show me your vision for the future.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1392 Eos

There appeared not to be many changes to his Record, but that was only looking at it on the surface, peering deeper would easily reveal that the changes within were massive. The first and most obvious of those changes were his physique and the new designation that had been granted to him.

Rowan had noticed that his physique had reached its limit and he had reached a solid cap to his attributes even though that should have been impossible, it did not matter that he was getting millions of attribute points that he could push into dimensional flesh there was a ceiling stopping him from getting infinitely stronger, however, this limit was one that he had unconsciously imposed on himself due to certain constraints that had been placed around reality.

It was not as if there was no option for him to get stronger, he was previously a Primordial Ouroboros Serpent and his physical limits were almost non-existent, this could be seen when he used Ascension and his attributes ballooned to a ridiculous number, Rowan observed that his body could still contain more attributes, he would simply have to change his physical form, and by that time there would be nothing that would be able to hide the amount of power he was carrying around his physical attributes would begin crushing existence all around him.

There was a reason he was not using his Primordial Ouroboros Serpent to battle more often, even though his physique was powerful, his serpent's physical stats were countless times stronger than his own, as each of them had more than ten times his attributes, but that meant that their weight had become too heavy for reality, and he could only use them in higher dimensional realms like Doom Star.

If Rowan broke the unconscious limit he had over his physique, he would be condemned to living inside a higher dimensional realm or the Nothingness, and moving from one location to the next would become incredibly difficult. So he had to choose more power that would shackle him at a spot, or freedom to roam, and it was obvious the one that he had picked.

Nonetheless, maintaining a physique that had reached a physical limit was not a problem for Rowan, with his Ascension ability, he could multiply his stats so he did not require an extreme amount of attributes any longer to battle above his level, and although having a higher base stat to launch Ascension from was always great, he was already had such a high base stat to work with, that any more would have been useless, at least in his last battle.

He simply had to consider that in the battles he fought against the eighth-dimensional entities on Doom Star, he was only as successful because they were fighting with just their bodies alone and they had no Aetherium or Essence to work with, and if he was to be facing another eighth-dimensional entity in the future they would not be that hampered by such crutches, and in battles of that level, timing was crucial and speed was everything.

With a higher base stat, he would be able to ramp up the power of Ascension faster to higher levels that would bridge the gap between him and the higher dimensional immortals, and even a fraction of a moment could be the difference between victory and defeat.

Rowan had other tools to use in battle and he suspected in the future he might be able to break out of this barrier, but he did not expect that his physique would evolve when he gained his Class and solved this problem for him.

This evolution was not just that his flesh had now been freed from the boundaries of the Supreme Cores of Strength, Agility, and Constitution, he could still feel it inside of him, as he was still an Ancient Colossi, but all of that power had been wrapped inside another packet of power called Eos.

Eos held the power of nine. Nine Supreme Cores, the pinnacle of reality, folded into one Eos, giving him the freedom to begin dumping attributes into his body again until he could effectively double his stats, and then he would be able to tell if he would be able to gain the power of two Eos.

This essentially meant that the weight that he should have carried when he reached the pinnacle of what reality could contain had been squeezed into Eos, there was nothing holding back Rowan from pushing for more.

It was not only his bloodline that had changed, some of his Titles had evolved, and two of them had even combined, bringing them to his new state of being which was Origin. All of

the Titles that had evolved turned out to be stronger variants and he could not wait to test out their abilities soon.

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Of the hundreds of millions of notifications drumming against his consciousness that were still growing in number as more statuses were being updated to him in real-time, they had all been color-coded, and an urgent situation where his presence was needed was to be colored red. There was one blinking right now, and Rowan knew that the time to wait was over. He needed to sort out his house.

Nevertheless, he had not forgotten the Remark from the Primordial Record for him to complete his Ascension, and there were still a lot of things for him to do in that regard, but it was a good thing that he could still be completing his evolution while still performing the duties that he needed to do.

He had fought for this opportunity that had been presented to him, and he had suffered great losses to reach this position, by all rights he should be mourning, but there was still much to do.

Rowan simultaneously touched the blinking red notification even as his mind was sweeping through his new dimension, analyzing what he had just created and the differences within it, and it was not surprising that there was a lot to uncover.

So much so that Rowan decided to leave for the troubled spot and still stay behind to sort through the changes in his dimension. This was not impossible for him to accomplish because of his dimensional flesh, and his body seemed to fuzz and suddenly there were two of him.

The changes to his dimensional flesh were also reflected in his dimensional soul, however, there were certain notable differences, but it was not yet the time to delve into those concerns.

His dimensional soul held out a glowing orb towards Rowan, it contained the countless trillions of his children that could not be sent out towards the war, and those that were sleeping and not yet awakened.

Yes, there was a great war ongoing throughout reality, and his eight months of sleep did not stop existence from spinning, countless events had been ongoing, and his children were in the thick of it.

His dimensional soul set out to put out fires and Rowan began to peer closely at what he had built. Before he had gone to sleep his bones had been golden, filled with the power of Origin Ouroboros, his flesh had been green, they had emerged from the vitality of Serathis, and his skin and all the connective tissues that held his dimension together had been colorless and malleable, able to take the color and shape of anything, and was the

glue that held his new dimension together and that was Chronomancer Prime, but now everything had changed.

There was no longer any separation between his three bloodlines, no glue holding them together, no destruction inlaid in his bones and creation in his flesh, they had all been perfectly merged as one, and what he saw inside of him was a dimension that was vibrant and whole, but he could not detect the power of creation or destruction in any specific part of his body, as they could be equally found everywhere.

His dimensional flesh without his supervision was barren, there were no suns, planets, or any other heavenly body, simply an endless plain. Rowan's perception touched the earth and it was simultaneously hot and cold, with the heat so scorching that even a heat from a star would feel like a tiny candle flame, and a chill that could only be found at the deepest depths of the Great Abyss.

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Chapter 1393 Handmaiden Of The Creator

This land, this endless plain should have been nothingness, but his dimensional flesh existed here, becoming something where nothing should be, and its presence had created this endless plain.

A mortal and even most immortal would find this thought process impossible to visualize. How could something exist when there was supposed to be nothing? Fundamentally, Rowan's dimension was nothing, yet it held something. Rowan's consciousness touched this plain, feeling the endless possibilities within, to be shaped according to his Will, and he knew that his previous plan about separating his realm into three districts patterned after each of his bloodlines would no longer work here, he would be stupid if he continued considering his prospect to be reduced to such a level. Creating three districts would be short-sighted when this land... his Origin Land was one of endless possibilities.

Everything here was a new beginning, a chance to rebuild something greater than he had ever imagined, as his dimension was no longer constrained to the limits of his bloodline.

Rowan tried not to be distracted by the immensity of the realm, as he asked himself an important question, what was to be his foundation? How does he craft something that would not just match the systems of the Primordial, but exceed them? How could he hope to do something like that?

Closing himself to everything, his consciousness sat down on the endless plain and he began to think.

He pulled up his Primordial Record and began to deeply analyze everything about him, from his Class to his Wills, Titles, abilities, and many more. Rowan pulled up every memory he had of the Primordials, what he knew about their origin and then a thought occurred to him and he sent a message to the Primordial Record,

“It is time that you tell me about Singularities and where they come from.”

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VYRAAK DOMINION.

This great universe was already dead, but her body still had life. Kicking and flailing into oblivion, the death cry of the universe’s Will rippled out towards all of creation, mourning not just for herself, but the countless children she had been nurturing, for this universe was among one of the oldest and the greatest in all of existence, but today it was falling.

The blood of its ancient defenders had deemed out countless stars and their souls did not rest in peace, their cries were unending. However, they did not give up, even as their number thinned from trillions into merely millions, they never stopped fighting, even when they knew that their home was gone, they continued their battle, their cries merging with those of the dead.

Diane, the Handmaiden of the Creator did not know that dragons could cry. The sound was... haunting.

What she found to be extremely unsettling was not the battle, but how quickly everything was coming to an end, how fast destruction could rip through creation.

In battles of the higher realm, Diane had always expected that a universe should fall if they were caught in the crossfire, but only after eons of combat and bloodshed, she always felt that something so massive, should not be able to die in just a few days, it was simply too big, but she was learning that she was wrong when the powerful forces in all of reality gathered to wage war, the symphony of destruction does not take long to reach its crescendo.

The time for waiting was over, and she had to make her move.

She made a gesture and reality began to unravel around her surroundings. For so long she had been hidden from sight, allowing only the warriors of the creator to battle, but she could no longer remain out of sight, not at this point. For the last eight months in real-time, and three hundred thousand years under the time-accelerated environment of the second dimension inside the creator’s realm, Diane had been able to push herself toward the fifth dimension.

This jump in power was not unexpected, like many of the creator’s favored children the only thing keeping her in the lower dimensional levels was the overall suppression that

Rowan's dimension had on all lifeforms as he was still a three-dimensional being, and when Rowan reached the fifth dimension, the floodgates had become open, and for those who had spent millions of years sleeping and waiting, they could now reach the higher dimensional realm if they had the capability to seize it.

Not all would ever be able to walk the dimensional ladder, it required a Will that was able to defy everything and impose themselves into the fabrics of reality.

Her lineage was that of a Spell Weaver, but unlike the others, Diane had also been granted a nearly pure bloodline of the Ouroboros Serpent, mutating her abilities and giving her Aether and Essence a peculiar sort of vitality that could animate all forms of metal and the Will that she obtained, Metal-Mind, was a new and unique Will that even the Lady of Shadows praised for its near endless utility.

Situated inside a metal orb that was hidden inside a star, Diane, the Handmaiden of the Creator, emerged for war.

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There were four primary combatants in this dead universe, one was hidden in plain sight, the second were the primary defenders of this universe, the third were Celestials and the last were the Children of Chaos.

The defenders of this universe were a race of Old gods that were descended from dragons, and they called themselves the Vyraak Dominion after their first God Emperor Vyraak.

Unlike normal gods in a universe where most could not even reach the level of God Kings and if there were ever a God Emperor, they would leave the lower dimensional realm behind and never return or even consider the thought, as most God Emperors were born towards the end of a universe, as it was at that moment where a god could easily gain enlightenment of their Will and grasp a Stream of Time.

The first God Emperor of this realm was a Supreme genius that could only be found once in an Era, he used an uncommonly short time to become a God Emperor, and when he left the universe, he did not go far from it, instead, he hovered over his universe, shading them from countless calamities, and he took it upon himself to train up the draconic gods with potential to reach his level.

He brought about a time of endless peace, prosperity, and progress for his universe, and his actions were so great that even the Will of the Universe acknowledged him, it was said that when the Will decided to ask the God Emperor to make a wish that the Will would be able to fulfill, the God Emperor had wished for the Will to give him the ability to help the elevation of the universe so that it would be easier for his fellow gods to become Emperors.

Many unique occurrences happened in reality, and one of such happened here, for this universe out of its own volition, chose to place its Will and destiny in the hands of Vyraak, casting itself away from every other universe in the third dimension, and from that moment onward this universe was known as the Vyraak Dominion, and in all of creation, the first Emperor claimed that their universe would rule over all.

With his help, five more God Emperors were created, and with their strength of Will, they were able to preserve the vitality of the Vyraak Dominion, for many Minor Eras, thereby creating an uncommonly powerful universe. Perhaps if the Frozen Road had remained in place, the Vyraak Dominion would have maintained its status quo and remained as a supreme realm among all lower realms, but the destruction of this road led to greed among the powerful immortals, and the immortals of the Vyraak Dominion also fell prey to their greed.

Their universe was powerful, arguably one of the most powerful universes to ever exist, but most of that strength came from its inhabitants and not the universe itself. There was one way they could correct this imbalance and maybe push their universe to heights never seen before in all of reality, and that was to plunder the Will of other universes and feed it to theirs.

A crazy plan that they would never have considered in the past because most universes had already been claimed by a higher power, but without the Frozen Road, some of these powers would not be able to easily trace the locations of their lower realms, and for the next million years or so, it would not be difficult to plunder a large number of universes and not fear the retaliation from a higher power.

Chapter 1394 Vyraak's Cry

The Vyraak Dominion had six God Emperors and their God Kings numbered in the millions, lower-order immortals under God Kings could not even be counted, making this lower realm a gem among an endless sea of coal.

Of the six God Emperors, five of them were immortals at the fourth-dimensional level, and the first God-Emperor Vyraak himself had reached the seventh-dimensional level, his status as one in an Era genius was nothing to scoff at, and all the five other God Emperors that had ascended remained at the fourth-dimensional level even after all this time.

When the Vyraak Dominion decided to consume the Wills of other universes, Vyraak was not part of that decision because, for the first time in his life, he decided to explore reality.

For countless years his fellow gods had been pleading with him to catch a glimpse of all that existence had to offer, but Vyraak was adamant in his decision to forever watch over his home, he did not want to leave the land of his birth, but time and their endless insistence wore him down.

Vyraak could no longer deny that even with his great talent that allowed him to reach the seventh-dimensional level while remaining in his home universe, he had long known that he reached a barrier in his growth that even his great talent could not overcome, and perhaps he needed to travel through reality to gain enlightenment. There was no opposition here for him to fight, no challenges to test him, and if he did not push himself, he would forever be stuck at the seventh-dimensional level, which was not a bad place to be, but Vyraak knew that he was still capable of much more, and the call of Destiny was one that difficult to ignore.

Ninety-three million years after he left the Vyraak Dominion, he had already traveled far from his home, and he had seen so much wonder, fought great battles, and nearly died more times than he was comfortable remembering, and he felt the barriers over the higher dimensional states loosening, and he was grateful that he gave himself the opportunity to travel through multiple dimensions, but even with his obvious progress, he still missed home.

Vyraak knew that he should still roam reality for a while longer but he wanted to see his birthplace again, and after a while, he could return back to roaming through existence, Vyraak believed that it was possible for him to reach the eighth-dimensional state if he returned home. His mind was made up, he was about to begin his journey back to his home when the Frozen Road was destroyed.

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He still remembered that moment clearly, even till this moment, Vyraak could still hear the laughter of the Sirens as their massive heads imploded and the radiance of the Frozen Road was banished. It was one of the most glorious and horrific sights that he had ever witnessed.

Perhaps for others, it might have taken them a few moments to realize the ramifications of the destruction of this road and its effects on the lower realms, but Vyraak who had seen millions of universes at this point and knew the power of his home and the concept of superiority that had become engrained in the mind of his people could easily predict what was going to be happening next.

When he left his universe he believed that he was the greatest genius to ever live. He had virtually pushed past all known barriers without any issue and was only a single step away from becoming an immortal who stood at the peak of reality, but his exposure to the true powers of reality had shown him the error of his ways, he had been broken too many times for his pride to remain, and his fellow God Emperors were like him, big fishes in a small pond, not understanding the immensity of the deep.

Without hesitation, he broke into the Passage of Time. Vyraak knew that he needed to be an eighth-dimensional entity to use this road but in his panic, he did not care.

The God Emperors of Vyraak Dominion had not traveled through reality as much as he had, in fact, they had never left the lower realms, and they did not understand the true depth of power that was available in reality.

Vyraak expected that they would see this as an opportunity to plunder other universes when instead this should have been the time for them to be laying low and praying for all the luck in existence that their tiny universe escape the gaze of the ever-hungry great powers. He had seen how much the bounties of the lower dimensions were craved by Primordial Forces, and he understood that before their hunger, nothing was safe.

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Traveling through the Passage of Time was the most difficult ordeal that Vyraak had ever undertaken, and knowing that there were greater geniuses with Primordial Bloodlines who could effortlessly travel through this place made him fight harder to reach his world, he knew the immensity of the heavens, and knew the meaning of fear.

He was too weak to defend his home if a Primordial Force was to become aware of it. Vyraak Dominion was unique, its Will was powerful and they would crave it. Vyraak did not know how he continued to endure his journey through the Passage of Time, but the thought of the fate that might befall his world was more painful than any torture that the Passage was inflicting upon him. The visions, the weird voices, and the thoughts ripping through his mind and soul were pushed aside, as he ran for his world, he should be there to defend it when the time comes.

Unknown to the God Emperor, as he struggled and bled inside the Passage of Time to reach his destination, a purple rune that almost looked like a pyramid was beginning to etch itself inside of his soul, and even though he was a powerful seventh-dimensional immortal, he had no idea that he had become branded... by the Mark of Primordial Time.

If there was the slightest chance that he would be aware of this change in his soul, then he lost that opportunity because he was entirely devoted to reaching his home, "Please... please... let me make it in time."

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Vyraak felt the moment his universe died. His connection with it was that strong, after all, one-half of its Will was buried inside his soul.

He discovered that The Passage of Time had scrambled his senses and he had overshot his universe, if not for this error in judgment perhaps he would have made it in time, this accursed place seemed almost alive, and when the death cries of his universe rippled through creation, the Passage of Time had ensured that he heard every excruciating detail of the sound of his home being turned to ash.

The Passage of Time mocked him, but the pain he was feeling as one-half of his soul was ripped away from him was greater than the taunts from the Passage.

The details of what happened next flashed through Vyraak's mind with no discernable shape or meaning, and the Passage of Time seemed to respond to his thoughts or its own Will.

Distance zoomed past him in a blur and he found himself kneeling before the detritus of his home, watching the jackals tear it apart as they sought out its marrows so they could drain it of the inheritance that he and his people had nurtured for countless eons.

If Vyraak was in a normal state of mind he would have noticed that what happened in the Passage of Time was not normal, and for an immortal like him that had reached the seventh dimension, it should be almost impossible for him to have lost sense of his direction or the unknown method that had delivered him back to his universe without his control.

The only thing he could feel at this moment was pain and rage.

"Desecrators!" he screamed, tears of blood running down his eyes, and the entire universe filled with battle went still. It was impossible to hide the pain inside Vyraak's heart, and his sorrow resonated with the dying realm, and she wept for her champion.

"I call upon the last Will of my Dominion, watch my hands, watch my eyes, see as I craft a fitting burial shroud for you because none of your villagers shall leave here alive!"

The invaders may think that they were just gods, but Vyraak would remind them all, that his people were dragons.

Chapter 1395 Plunderers

The emergence of Diane, Handmaiden of the Creator was incredibly violent, the star she was within blew apart in a stunning explosion that traveled for light years across, but such a stunning entrance was nothing before the devastation that had shattered the Vyraak Dominion.

Overhead was a stunning jagged line that had torn reality apart for countless light years. This line had been responsible for tearing the entire universe apart, piercing through all its defenses until it reached the Universe's Will and shattered it to pieces.

Diane had grown even more beautiful as the years had gone by, shedding every trapping of her girlish charms aside, and now she was a living goddess. Her golden armor was so thin that it flowed around her as if she wore a dress, and all of this highlighted her hair which still carried Rowan's golden touch.

Her heart suddenly shook as a feeling of dread entered her soul, but this feeling was not centered around this broken universe that was filled with powerful combatants that could kill her if she was not careful, it was coming from far outside the universe.

Calling all the hosts of Angels she commanded towards her and they streamed towards her position while keeping their presence indecipherable, Diane observed that she had not drawn much attention, except for some few gods from the Vyraak Dominion who in their madness would attack anything.

Three God Kings and one of the two last living Emperors raced towards her, screaming profanities and bleeding godly ichor, their life force being burned without any limitation placed on it, they knew they were going to die, and they wanted to take as much of their enemies with them.

These four were beneath her sight, not even considering that she was stronger than the God King, with her present powers, she alone would have been enough to demolish the entire Vyraak Dominion, but then she thought about her master Rowan, and any hint of disdain or pride in her heart vanished, she will never look down on opposition, no matter how weak.

Sending orders to the Angels to block the gods from retreating if, by any chance she failed to stop them, she called upon the power of her Will, Metal Mind, and reality in her eyes transformed into varied shades of color that ranged from all visible and invisible spectrum. She observed the gods rushing towards her and traced the path that her Will that were aligned with their bodies, and she reached towards them as if she made a gesture with her finger as if she was plucking a string from an invisible Harp, and the four gods froze.

It was only the God Emperor who had the time to gasp in surprise before all four of them transformed into metallic statues. Diane gestured and the four statues shrank and zoomed towards her, and she placed them inside her dimensional space. With her strength, if those gods had come closer to her and entered the domain that she kept around her, the same fate would have happened to them, but it was because of her cautious nature that made her kill them at a distance. With that nuisance taken care of, she turned towards the universe and began watching what would happen next, the sense of danger she was feeling in her soul made her stand back and reassess the options that were left to her.

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Vyraak Dominion could exist for more than a Minor Era because they merged with a seventh-dimensional immortal, but this reduced their defenses against foreign threats especially when their greatest protector was missing, they no longer had the protection of the Great Desert, and Diane would like to believe that the immortal who made the shot that ended this universe had not expected it to kill the Universe Will, as it was most likely to be the opening salvo that would tear apart the defenses of realm.

The powerful blow that killed the universe came from the Chaos Bloods, these crazed attackers numbered in the tens of millions, most of them were at the peak of the Ninth Circle, a single step away from touching the higher dimensional level, and they had thousands of fourth dimensional immortal, hundreds of immortals at the fifth level, dozens at the sixth, and three at the seventh.

They had already raided a dozen universes, taken their Wills and the actions of the Vyraak Dominion drew them like bees to honey, but this universe had been so flamboyant that it had even drawn the attention of the Celestials as well, and the battle that tore this universe apart had ensued.

Just a single Chaos Blood immortal at the fourth-dimensional level was strong enough to fight against two of the God Emperors of Vyraak Dominion and a fraction of their forces would have swept through this universe in days, but it was the Celestials that held them back, as for the immortals of Vyraak Dominion, even with all their valor, they had nearly all been slaughtered, and the despairing truth was that their demise was mostly accidental.

The main enemies of the Chaos Bloods were the Celestials, and the immortals of Vyraak Dominion who once thought they were powerful, were simply weeds on the ground where two titans were wrestling. In fact, there would not be any immortal alive if not for the presence of Rowan's Angels who had been possessing the bodies of the immortals of Vyraak Dominion, giving them the ability to resist for longer than they should have.

Daine had brought only Sovereigns to this battle, and she was with just a thousand of them. The Creator had billions of Angels but when placed against the backdrop of existence, they were barely noticeable, a single drop of ink in an endless ocean.

Vyraak Dominion was not an important location for Rowan, but it was near the border of the territories that he was claiming, and he could not let other higher dimensional forces sniff around his borders, Diane had been sent to disrupt this battle, but she did not expect coming here to face both the Celestials and the Chaos Bloods, else she would have requested for Powers instead of Sovereigns.

Although with the powers of the Sovereigns, the defenders of Vyraak Dominion had been able to make a great push against the Chaos Bloods, the primary aggressor in this conflict, possessing all five God Emperors and nearly all their God Kings, they had made a valiant stand against Chaos, and the Celestials had been holding back the top level Chaos Bloods, but everything changed when the leader of the Chaos Blood, a seventh dimensional immortal that resembled a man-shaped erupting volcano, blasted away a pair of Seraphims holding him, and with a roar slammed both of his palms together as he chanted a forbidden spell that tore reality at its seams.

The power that brewed in between his palms, contained not just Intent, Will, and his insane physical Capabilities, there was also an insidious ability within it that could

fundamentally eradicate reality, as Chaos Bloods, this power was something that they became more versatile with, the stronger they became.

It was this blow that had torn the universe in two and shattered her Will.

With the death of the Universe Will, the battle between the Celestials and the Chaos Blood shifted from actively opposing each other to plundering the remnants of the universe. Although the Will of a universe was its greatest prize, there were other things within that were just as valuable, and those were souls.

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Chapter 1396 Special Attention

Diane observed the Celestials, those famed defenders of reality, who largely claimed that they were the last stand against barbarity sweeping through reality—descend on the countless worlds of the Vyraak Dominion just like locusts alongside the Chaos Bloods. In the period before law and order reasserted itself, she understood that these Primordial Dominions would be plundering as much of reality as they could get away with.

The mode of operation of these two separate attackers was different, but their goals were the same: to harvest every mortal soul that they could find and use them for the valuable resource that they represented.

The Celestials carried multiple ships in their thousands that were larger than stars, each of them shining equally as bright making their shapes to be largely indiscernible. Beams of bright light shone out repeatedly from the ships like strobe lights, and when they reached a planet, every single sentient and sapient organism was collected, leaving the world barren of all life. Souls were a valuable currency that could only be found in the lower realms, and the greed for this resource was inestimable.

Diane recognized that these beams of light emerging from the Celestial ships were related to the Creator's Astrolabe, but they were different, like comparing the glow of a firefly to a sun.

A single beam of Rowan's Astrolabe could travel through this entire dimension and collect every single thing inside of it, both living and nonliving, but for the Celestials, this ability seemed to be tied to the ship and not the Angels themselves, and of the Angels that she could see here—after her familiarity with the Creators own—all seemed incredibly lackluster.

Perhaps it was because of Rowan's ability to harness multiple bloodlines or the place where he had sourced his Angels, which had been corrupted by Abyssal forces; the Angels he was able to summon were different from the original template of Angels.

Not even considering the ability of Rowan's Angels to merge with other lifeforms and improve their ranks that these Angels here could not achieve, Diane noticed that there was something about the light that emerged from their wings and bodies that made them feel almost like living machines.

Diane had always associated the light from Rowan's Angels to be one that was filled with vibrancy and steadfastness. Their pious nature and quiet strength were greatly inspiring, and she could find no better partner in a battle than an Angel by her side. They would never falter, they would fight to the end, and not because they were machines that had been programmed to do these things, but because it was the core of who they were—The light of the Creator, the herald of his Will.

However, these Angels from Primordial Light were different, their light was cold and distant, and something about the flames on their wings almost felt fake. As is only the glow of the fire could be seen, and the heat was gone. Something had been stolen from their Light and it had never been replaced.

The Chaos Bloods, on the other end, did not bother fishing for mortals on the planets; they simply shattered worlds and stars, harvesting the souls of the dead directly. Massive living ships made more from flesh than metal tore through billions of worlds in mere moments, the powers of these higher dimensional beings accelerating the unraveling of this universe.

What was rather interesting about these living ships was that they were not made, instead they were the transformed bodies of Chaos Bloods.

This was a unique spell that could transform a Chaos Blood into another form, due to the effects of Primordial Chaos on their bloodlines, they could assume the shape of massive living ships with great destructive capabilities.

Diane wanted to interfere in this process, with the way things were heading and the unexpected collapse of the universe happening much quicker than she had anticipated, if events continued to transpire in this manner, then it would not be long for the hands of the Chaos Blood and Celestials and every other higher dimensional power to enter the universes under Rowan's control, but she still hesitated to make her move because the sense of danger she was feeling rushing towards this universe had reached a blinding level, and like a nearly drowned man that finally escaped the deep and breathes in the air, the tension building in her soul suddenly dissipated, to be replaced by a subtle weight, that she knew was not relief but acceptance.

'The danger had arrived.'

Her perception swept around the entire universe, but she did not detect any foreign presence, that was until she felt once more, the Will of the Universe, but how could it be possible? The Will of the Universe had been destroyed. "Desolators!!!"

A roar filled with a sort of anguish and despair that was hard to imagine rippled through the entire universe, drawing all activities to a halt.

This immortal was on his knees, naked and heavily bleeding from deep wounds that showed his bones, and he looked wretched, smaller than the rest of his species, almost appearing like a teenager, nonetheless, this immortal Vyraak held power that left Diane dumbfounded. Diane could now locate the source of her unease, and it was from a nondescript immortal, that was plainly from the Vyraak Dominion based on his scaly skin that covered their bodies, the short tails, the third eyes that they had on their chest which was usually enclosed by armor, and their signature hair knots that was extremely complex braidings.

This immortal was on his knees, naked and heavily bleeding from deep wounds that showed his bones, and he looked wretched, smaller than the rest of his species, almost appearing like a teenager, nonetheless, this immortal Vyraak held power that left Diane dumbfounded. It was already amazing enough that a single universe held five God Emperors, but there was another God Emperor who had not revealed himself, and he was not just at the seventh-dimensional level, he also had a piece of the Universe Will within his body. The last piece of the puzzle on how this universe had been able to exist for so long and generate so many God Kings and God Emperors had finally been resolved, and Diane knew that she was looking at the best that this race had to offer, their Supreme Genius and if she was not wrong, Vyraak himself, an immortal who was able to sway the Will of a Universe.

Greedy eyes turned towards this new arrival, and the top echelons of both the Celestial and the Chaos Blood rushed towards him; the unexpected destruction of the universe had caught them unaware, but if they could harvest the remnants of the Will within this immortal, they could more than makeup for this loss.

Diane instead retreated, due to the sense of danger that had expired at first had returned in a frenzy, she piled on more speed, not caring if she would be detected as she wanted to escape from this place as quickly as possible, there was something extremely wrong with Vyraak, her attention was still fixed on the unknown immortal who begins to slowly stand from his kneeling position as he spoke,

“I call upon the last Will of my Dominion. Watch my hands. Watch my eyes. See as I craft a fitting burial shroud for you. None of you pillagers shall leave here alive! This. I. Swear.”

The body of Vyraak began to collapse into itself as if a black hole had been placed inside his chest, and then with a roar that could be heard throughout creation, something exploded out of the remnants of Vyraak, scaly and massive on a level that size became meaningless, the crowd of Chaos Bloods and Celestials that were racing towards Vyraak began to hurriedly backtrack because they could detect something brewing inside of this immortal that broke all their minds, but it was already too late.

A wave of power erupted from the being that Vyraak was transforming into, and for countless light-years across, this power froze everything in place, even Diane who was fleeing did not escape from the hold of this power, and her eyes widened when she noted signs that this immortal was on his way to push towards a higher dimensional level.

This meant if he succeeded, he would become an eighth-dimensional immortal!

Unknown to the Handmaiden of the Creator, every Angel was not just the eyes of Rowan; they also served as beacons that transmitted relevant information that Rowan would have to take as a priority, especially if he was occupied by other matters. The blinking red notification that he had responded to was because the Angels here realized that this situation was special enough to call his attention.

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

Chapter 1397 killing The Light (1)

At first, Vyraak's mind had been unprecedentedly clear, and he understood what was happening to him and the sacrifices he was going to make to ensure that this proceeded smoothly.

You could not simply reach the eighth dimension even if you were capable of it, there was great preparation that had to be undertaken, countless eons of planning and gathering of the right type of resources that would take at least fifty to a thousand Minor Eras to be completed, and that was because he was a supreme genius, for others there was no hope of reaching this stage, for it required a truly supreme mind, but all of this issues were shunted to the side as he proclaimed to the remnants of the Universe Will inside of him, to watch as he killed every single invader in his home.

Vyraak understood that even with half the Will of the Universe inside of him, he no longer had any foundations to build upon again, his home, his children, his friends, his entire world was gone, and there was nothing else for him but the endless lamentations in his heart for all that he had lost, and the ashes of the fallen.

Vyraak went crazy.

He burned his soul. He burned his spirit. He burned his body. He burned his Will. He burned his Memories, and he burned his Fate, all for power.

And power was granted.

It was very possible that if this situation had not occurred, Vyraak would have never reached this stage because there was no way he would have been able to sacrifice all of himself to touch upon the gates of destiny.

An internal clock in his body began ticking down, his death was rapidly approaching, but as a payment for giving the entirety of his being, he finally blasted open the gate that held the most supreme of power that any immortal could ever hope to attain, and he seized his Destiny.

It was said that the first ancestors of his people were dragons that roamed the higher realm, but in a great battle in the past, most of them were slaughtered, and for those that remained, a shackle was placed on their Destiny, they would no longer roam the skies as Dominators of Power, instead, they would walk the earth like every mortal creature. Vyraak, upholding his status as the greatest genius of his people, had finally broken the chains of Destiny, but the price was heart-wrenching. The Fate of his people was sealed; he would be the last.

The Dragon Vyraak roared. The sound was not one of exultation at the power he had, no, it was a sound of despair, knowing that today would be the last day of his species.

He had transcended Fate, but it was no longer possible to change the destiny of his people, and with a burst of Will more powerful than he had ever projected in his life, he froze all of existence around him, and his gaze turned to the strongest here, he would need to kill them first before more of his mind unravels, as he could literally feel madness ripping his soul to shreds, and when it was done, there would be nothing left of him.

Vyraak knew that although the strongest combatant here from both sides were at the seventh-dimensional level, they were all from Primordial Domains, and their talents and the background behind every one of them meant that if he was not efficient with his actions, his vengeance would be nothing but a pipe's dream.

His Will went ahead of him and marked every single invader that was inside his home; it did not matter how far they ran, he would hunt them down and kill them.

Space shrank around him as he moved; he did not care to check his new draconic form; all he knew was that power was in his hands and he would use it. With his two front claws, he reached across and snatched at the destinies of everyone here inside his domain. Out of the tens of millions here, he could feel hundreds slipping out of his grasp, and he growled in anger and irritation.

Even with these immortals being at a lower dimensional point than him, their bloodlines gave them far too many options for survival, and too many had been able to slip from his grasp, but that was no problem, he would be hunting them down one by one.

He squeezed his claws together, and the remnants of the Universe turned into ash in a massive explosion as the millions of immortals, both Celestials and Chaos Bloods, were torn to pieces.

Their souls and Wills were placed in a hellscape where they were tortured for billions of years in all the despicable manner that he was able to dream about, and his dreams that were flavored by his madness were particularly vivid and cruel.

When he placed the remnants of those souls back in their broken bodies, their minds that had been broken beyond all repair sought death with such fervent fervor that they willfully killed themselves, their bodies transforming into orbs of fire as hot as suns.

Vyraak felt his heart contracting in pain as the clock for his demise counted down, and his massive draconic body struggled to hold the power of Destiny that he was not prepared to hold, but this pain was only fuel for his madness. His body surged through space and time and he was before the one responsible for ending his universe, a Chaos Born who resembled a walking volcano, Ludgyr, the Elemental Crown.

This ancient Chaos Blood was still held bound by the grip of Vyraak, but his Fate and Will were powerful enough that his domain could interact with the Destiny of Vyraak, and he tried to argue, plead, or bargain, but Vyraak did not care to listen, there were no words that could be said that would be able to assuage the rage in his heart, nothing would stop him from killing everyone here.

With the command of the seventh dimension under Ludgyr's belt, and in addition to his Primordial Bloodline, there was no way Vyraak would be able to seize his soul as he did with most of the immortals here, but that was no problem, he would simply need to dig into this body with his teeth and claws to fish out his prize.

Vyraak's serpentine body circled around Ludgyr before he tightened his coils. His two hind claws dug into the massive legs of his foes, tearing through his flesh and bones as easily as a hot knife through snow, and his teeth sank around Ludgyr's neck where, with a vicious tearing motion, he decapitated the seventh-dimensional immortal. Lava that burned hotter than stars poured out from the neck stumps and the body of Ludgyr as a mournful scream rippled out through creation.

Vyraak's long tongue snaked out and oriented Ludgyr's head well enough inside his maws, and then he slammed his mouth shut, crushing the head of the Chaos Blood and drinking his screams, as well as his soul and Will, inside his stomach.

Ludgyr would face more hellish torture that would make those who died before seem like a child's prank; with his claws tearing apart the remnants of the body beneath him to pieces, flinging each body part away for millions of miles, he sprang onto the next target, a Celestial.

Chapter 1398 killing The Light (2)

Vyraak slammed into the body of the Celestial, a great Seraphim with ten thousand wings, he alone was organizing the entire host of Angels to take countless universes, and the

scales of Vyraak exploded into flames as the perverse heat emerging from the body of the Seraphim was shredding his body to nothingness, despite the protection of his scales that could withstand the power of destruction.

The shape of the Seraphim was almost impossible to describe by any lesser-dimensional being, but Vyraak, bolstered by his madness and his ascent to the eighth-dimensional level could see enough of what this Celestial was like.

Roughly humanoid, it had ten thousand wings that appeared to be much too small for a body of its size; each wing was made from solid light. The Seraphim had no legs, simply an amorphous cloud of shifting light, and his head appeared more like it was crafted out of white metal, with eyes that were too large and multifaceted, appearing like the eyes of a massive insect. His lips were a cruel line across his imperious face, and even while frozen in place, the dragon could see that the features of the Seraphim almost appeared to be bored and annoyed.

Despite the massive size of Vyraak that defied meaning, when he launched his body at the Seraphim, he seemed to shrink, his body not even covering ten percent of the Seraphim's gigantic form whose blazing power seemed at the edge of bursting out of the crushing hold of the dragon. The size difference was a display of the bloodline superiority that existed between the Seraphim and Vyraak. A bridge that even his genius and sacrifice could not breach.

Even if Vyraak could easily kill off a Chaos Blood, this was because most of the so-called children of Primordial Chaos were simply massively produced off-shoots that the Primordial made simply to destabilize the state of reality and did not focus much of his powers into their bloodlines, except for the true Children of Chaos that were able to break past the shackles of their bloodline and assume more of Primordial Chaos bloodline, the rest were simply more powerful variants of immortals with mysterious bloodline gifts.

Although it would not be an inconvenience for Primordial Chaos to create more powerful servants, he simply could not, and this was because Primordial Chaos was chained down in the Gates of Oblivion, unable to affect reality as much as the other Primordials.

For the Seraphim, their bloodlines were blessed with the powers of Primordial Light, and even though a Seraphim was equivalent to a sixth-dimensional immortal, the weight of his presence was almost equal to that of Vyraak.

With such massive potential behind his every action, the Seraphim was always fighting against the restraints of the dragon. He could not do much with the imposition of a greater Will, Fate and Destiny suppressing his every action, but his Memories held the true glow of Primordial Light, and that was a power that nothing could hold back, and the only weakness to this power came from the Seraphim, it was a struggle but he was finally able to let that power shine through him; he could barely bring out a percent of the Memory of that light, but it was enough to burn Vyraak and slowly loosen the chains bounding him.

The heat from the light of the Seraphim was strange because it was not supposed to be hot with the particular visible wavelength that was being emitted, but under the power of the Seraphim, light could become whatever he willed it.

Vyraak roared, the pain of having his body eroded under the invasive power of light furthering his madness, as he turned into a frenzy of claws and teeth. Hundreds of the Seraphim's wings were torn from their body as the dragon became a meat grinder, and the blood of the Angel burning hotter than anything in the lower realm and much of the higher realm bathed the dragon. Vyraak roared in pain as the blood from the Angel evaporated all of his flesh, leaving his gleaming bones behind, but it was a good thing that he did not need his flesh to survive or to kill. He was Will incarnate.

The lack of flesh on his bones seemed to awaken the mind of Vyraak, which was being devoured by madness and the call of death, showing him that he still had lots of targets left and if he was focused on dispatching his target one at a time, he would not survive long enough to see it completed. The Dragon had never fought a Seraphim before, and even with his advantage, he had underestimated the power of these Celestials; he could not simply kill them off in the short amount of time allotted to him if he still fought like an animal.

Vyraak called upon Gravity. This was the first stirring of power he had felt as a mortal that took him all the way to a seventh-dimensional immortal, and now at the eighth, old instinct took over his mind, and he wielded his power over Gravity, not as an immortal, but as a mortal, it was all that his mind was capable of doing. However, with his present powers, his range was vast.

Calling upon every destroyed star in his world, every crushed world, every shattered black hole, and the countless other heavenly bodies that had once made his universe a home, he pulled them towards him, and as they zoomed toward his position, faster than light, they tore through the bodies of the Celestials and Chaos Blood that had escaped his grasp, killing most of them in the process, since every single piece of debris hurtling towards him had his Will, and his rage and madness flowed through the atom in every stone or flaming plasma.

Their death was quick yet it was still equally horrifying as he made sure that their souls suffered the maximum amount of pain that he could inflict upon them.

The dragon roared as he invested his power of Gravity into his bones, and he grew a billion times heavier, and then with his mind becoming a bit clearer under the weight of his bones, he weaved his Gravitational powers like a scalpel, and his long sinuous tail was injected with a hundred streams of fine gravitational tethers, he separated those streams using precise measurement until they were sharper than a blade.

With a burst of Will his single tail separated into a hundred, each sharper than any blade, and all coated with intense Gravitational forces that shattered reality for countless miles.

His hundred tails were raised up and they extended like a hundred spears, and because his tails were twice as long as his entire body when he pushed it forward towards the Seraphim, they pierced through the body of the Angel, emerging from his back and shredding dozens of wings in the process, in mere moments Vyraak's tail had plunged into the body of the Seraphim, thousands of times, and this was just one aspect of his attacks as his teeth and claws had never stopped savaging the Angel.

He could feel the core of the Seraphim deep inside of it like a massive star, and that would be his prize, this would be the culmination of his rage.

The eyes of the Seraphim glowed bright, anger filling them, pain was nothing to an Angel of its rank, but its body was of Light, and this desecration against its sanctity was an affront to all that was sacred.

In the distance, the Seraphim could sense all the broken light of all of his Host, and already he could feel their souls returning to the Primordial Light.

The dragon could crush the Souls of the Chaos Bloods, but not the Celestials, his bloodline was not worthy of such a feat. Knowing that he would kneel on the Altar of Absolution as penance for many eons because of the sacrilege he was about to commit, the Seraphim pulled upon the souls of his Host, and they streamed towards his body.

In that instant, this entire space lit up for countless light years as the ravaged body of the Seraphim became a beacon for all the souls and light of every dead Celestial, and as they streamed into his body, his injuries, despite being frozen under the domain of Vyraak began to heal, and his size was expanding, and if Vyraak was a tenth of his size before, now he was rapidly becoming an ant.

Not to be outdone, the dragon still held onto the Gravitation tethers that he had used to call upon every fragment of his destroyed universe firmly in his Will, and as they tore through what was left on this field of slaughter, they zoomed towards his body, and with the remnants of his universe, Vyraak began to create a new body, and like the Seraphim, he also began to expand in size.

Chapter 1399 killing The Light (3)

The space of a material universe was not made for carrying the weight of higher dimensional immortals, and the space of Vyraak Dominion had lasted so long in the presence of so many higher dimensional immortals because of the great investment of the Vyraak Dominion in strengthening their universe to hold so many God Kings and lesser immortals, an average universe may hold a dozen God Kings, Vyraak Dominion held millions.

Although they had not brazenly conquered other universes to enrich their own, they had been the dominant force in this area for many Minor Eras, and other universes were

basically subservient to them, making it easier for them to harvest the remnants of those universe's Wills when their lifespan came to an end, enriching the Vyraak Dominion.

Vyraak had a dream, one that he shared with the excited universe. He was going to make his universe the first lower realm to ascend to the higher realms. He would not be leaving his home behind, he would be taking it with him. Her glory was going to be one that would be seen by all of existence, and the Vyraak Dominion would be the one place where true majesty was born. Ah, that dream had been glorious. The thought of it was an endless source of motivation to him, but now...

All of their glory was lost; his dreams were dust, yet they could shine one last time on the body of Vyraak. He could carry them on his body, he could show all of reality what could have been. In his heart, he whispered, 'Come to me...'

The bones of the dragon were crammed full of every foundational element of the Universe, reinforcing it a thousand times over. New flesh covered his body made from the stars and the earth, of everything that once gave his universe life, and he began to shine with all the colors that his universe had once held. A light that almost equaled what was arising from the body of the growing Seraphim.

All of these changes in the dragon brought with it a massive influx of Memories from his entire universe, so many that it almost drowned his mind, and for a moment, he let himself sink into one of them.

Vyraak opened his eyes, and he was standing on a field of flowers, watching the most beautiful sunset he had ever seen; this was the day he was to become a god. On the first day that he entered the road of cultivation, it had been before sunset, just like this one.

Pushing aside all traditions about the path of power, Vyraak, transforming from a mortal to a god, took less time than anyone could have ever imagined when the time he used for cultivating his powers was less than a decade.

He stood before the setting sun, a god at the age of sixteen. He began cultivating when he was six years old using ancient parchments he found in the river, containing incomplete information about the path of godhood. Most of its contents were rubbish, but certain parts of it were enough for him to find Aether for the first time and draw it into his body. It was that first feeling of power and change, which was almost orgasmic in its intensity, that convinced Vyraak that he would be walking this path all his life.

With such a shaky foundation derived from an incomplete manuscript, he should have died a thousand times over on his way to immortality, but the world itself loved him. Every danger he faced became an opportunity, every pitfall a source of upliftment, and his broken foundations became the pillars that built up his strength, in time his enemies could only watch him grow so quickly that they were left far behind in his dust, and his growth never slowed, never stopped, even when he journeyed into the stars to become a greater god.

He met many friends, found lovers, and had children, but his greatest love remained the world that had nurtured and guided him from his birth, and when he left for the stars, this love was transferred to everything that his eyes could see, for his streak of luck never ended even after he left the world of his birth. Every time he touched Aether, he was reminded of this love.

For so long, so many people tried to find the source of his progress and define the particular ingredient that made him great. He was never shy to reveal the truth, and yet few believed him; they could not see that the world around them was alive in a way that they could never imagine.

When Vyraak became a God Emperor and stepped outside his universe for the first time, he heard her voice, like that whisper of a lover at the dawn of the morning when they were entangled in each other's arms, and he knew that this was the source of his love. His muse, his inspiration, and Vyraak, a great God Emperor at the tender age of a thousand years old, wept.

Now, he wore nothing but her corpse. His first and only love. Vyraak roared, his size now bigger than the universe that birthed him.

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Rowan's dimensional soul had not reached the Vyraak Dominion, but through the eyes of his Sovereign, he could hear and see everything that was transpiring, and his interest was greatly peaked.

Of course, Rowan knew of great geniuses that were out in reality, but he did not understand how Vyraak had been able to convince the Will of a Universe to pull away from the protection of the Great Desert.

Perhaps if this had happened after he took out Nemesis from the Great Desert and created a massive hole in that dimension, then he would have thought that this might be the reason why this universe Will would have done such a thing, but that was not the case, whatever had happened had taken place many Minor Eras ago before he was born.

This was an extremely strange occurrence, and if possible he wanted to read Vyraak's soul and understand how everything came to be.

Although he was interested in the journey of this immortal, what Rowan really focused on was the Celestial, Seraphim. This was to be the next evolution after gaining a Cherubim but Rowan was still extremely far from that point. He did not forget how many million years of evolution and resonance allowed him to create seven Cherubims, and to create a single Seraphim, he would need 9,999 Cherubims!

With the resources he had on hand, Rowan knew that he barely had four percent of the requirement to create a Seraphim, and that was why this venture to gain as many

universes as he could from the lower realm was extremely important. This would be necessary for his rise and it would be a venture that was worth the sacrifice.

A single Seraphim, despite being equivalent to a sixth-dimensional immortal, was holding his own against an eighth-dimensional immortal, and the eventual result of their battle was unknown. If Rowan could start producing Seraphim, did it mean that he would gain the power of an eighth-dimensional immortal among his children?

Even as he was deliberating on all of this, a major part of his attention was focused on the grand spell array that he was creating.

Watching the events from afar and collecting the multiple souls of each Sovereign that were being killed by the actions of Vyraak, Rowan knew that he had to come up with a plan before reaching his destination because, unlike Thenos who had fought him with an empty tank, Vyraak had access to plentiful Essence and he had been able to create Aetherium during his time as a seventh dimensional immortal, this meant that he would be hitting much harder and faster, and he would be able to utilize all the powers and abilities that made eighth-dimensional immortals to be considered the most dangerous beings under Primordials, also with the protection of his Tree of Desire bloodline gone, and without fully activating the power of his Serathis bloodline, he would not be able to match the abilities of Vyraak who was able to twist Fate and Destiny.

The only reason Diane had survived for so long before the might of Vyraak was that she was not his main target and all the Sovereigns who became her shield, using their lives to extend her own. Yet this would not last. Reaching forward with Astrolabe, Rowan brought her to his side.

Chapter 1400 killing The Light (4)

Diane appeared on the massive palm of Rowan flustered, her expression was grim as she had been fighting to escape for her life, In the span of a few seconds, she had been extremely close to death multiple times, and if not for the protection of the Sovereigns around her and the numerous metal golems she had made with her Will, Metal Mind, that could sacrifice their lives in place of her own, then she would have died a terrible death countless times over.

Although it might appear that Vyraak had only made two major moves, that was not the case. For an eighth-dimensional immortal, their presence alone was a weight that few could bear. Their Will had become so refined that it actively twisted reality around them and anyone weaker than them would be dragged in the direction that their Will dictated.

Vyraak wanted everyone in his universe to die, and so reality obeyed his Will, and everyone began to die, it was that simple. It did not matter if he did not make any active attacks, their own bodies would fail with seemingly no cause. So this meant that every

moment that passed could be her last, when her heart wanted to turn into a bomb and her soul wanted no, it needed to dissipate into pieces.

It was like the air in her lungs had transformed into razorblades, and the blood flowing inside her veins had turned to lava. Her Aether and Essence were being consumed at a prodigious rate, and even when she arrived over Rowan's palm, it took a while before she fully realized that she was now safe. With the tenacity of an immortal, she quickly reined in her shock and tried to erase her flustered appearance before her master.

Diane looked up and saw the massive figure of Rowan moving through the void that existed between universes leaving faint golden trails behind filled with such complex arcane script she could not even begin to wrap her mind around it, and only her perception as a fifth-dimensional immortal was the reason that she could see the entirety of her master, she struggled to stand to her feet, "My Lord, I..."

Her eyes rolled in the back of her head and Diane collapsed, and a small part of Rowan nearly laughed, but mostly he was in pain. There were so many of his children that would risk life and limb in his service, but against the threat that he was challenging, they were not up to the task, and that thought solidified one of the directions he was going to be taking his Origin Land towards.

The children of his who had survived the multiple calamitous events as he upgraded from a third dimension to the fifth dimension had gained lots of benefits, but he could still give them more, he could still give them a chance to reach the peak. Not all of them would be able to take this road, but for those that could, they would be able to follow him in his battles in the future.

Rowan closed his hands and sent Diane towards his main body and quickened his pace towards the battle ahead. He still had many fires to put out before this day was over, but these two, if they were not contained, their battle would spread and the universes that would be destroyed in their wake would be calamitous, there was no way Rowan would be letting this happen, and he increased the pace of his spell casting as he got closer to the battle.

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The two colossal entities now the size of a material universe reached the peak of their advancement nearly at the same time, but the Seraphim was a bit faster than the dragon, and with the powers flooding inside his body that had been taken to the limit, the Seraphim was able to project a portion of its Will and Memories outward as he spoke an ancient Enochian word,

“#&-;...” Reality itself seemed to freeze and Vyraak who had been growing alongside the Seraphim was blasted back by an unknown force that shredded through nearly ten percent of his body and soul, this force broke the bounds of Destiny and Fate on the Seraphim and it spread out his ten thousand wings, each growing bigger than his body, his radiance so overpowering that in a million universes their entire sky was colored white.

If the Seraphim had not withheld his radiance a moment after, his light would have turned all of these universes to ash. The spoken Enochian words were one that the Seraphim could not understand or even fully pronounce; it had simply channeled a Memory he had of hearing the voice of the Primordial Light during the height of the battle in the Primordial Era when the Primordials themselves took the field of battle.

Another great advantage that immortals from Primordial Domains had over other immortals apart from their bloodlines was when they reached higher dimensional levels, such as the sixth, there was a great possibility of calling upon the Memories of great powers in their lineage. Not all immortals would have the benefit of having a lineage that began even before the Primordial Era, except for certain rare powers like the Magus and Titans.

The Seraphim had just called upon the powers of Primordial Light from words he once heard him speak, and although this was a fraction of a fraction of the power of a Primordial, he was still using it to cross two entire dimensional barriers to fight against an eighth-dimensional immortal.

Vyraak who had been blasted backward roared in pain and anger, his multicolored body shooting out great beams of light like a rainbow, and that roar of pain turned to rage as his draconic eyes shot open, and it was burning red as if his blood was on fire, he pulled upon everything that he had inside of him, and he burned his universe, soul, Will, Fate, and Destiny,

“For my love!” With that cry a massive shockwave erupted from his body, tearing apart the force that had been pushing him back, and the red flames from his eyes traveled down his entire body, transforming him into a dragon of red flames. From his back, two massive draconic wings like a bat erupted and as they beat in the void, they seemed to fan the flames that encircled him to burn hotter.

As if wanting to cup his claws together, Vyraak began bringing his two front claws closer together, and this act triggered the flames that were burning all over his body to rush to a

single spot, the closed eye on his chest. The closed eye drank all the flame and it opened up, an aura of desolation and destruction erupting from it, as it had concentrated all the flames of rage and pain from an entire universe backed by the Will, Fate, and Destiny of an eighth dimensional immortal and it shot it out in a concentrated beam that had been amplified with everything that Vyraak had to offer.

The power seemed to instantaneously cross space and time and slammed into the Seraphim, who still possessed the required speed of thought to respond to it, and the Angel simply cocooned himself with his wings a moment before the blast reached him.

“Boom!” The Seraphim had been reinforced with the souls of hundreds of millions of Angels, including the ones he had placed inside his dimensional space and from his Memories, and still, it was nearly not enough. In an instant, a third of his wings were vaporized, and he was being pushed back as the force of destruction acting up on him was constant, and with every moment that passed, hundreds of wings were being lost.

Connecting his Will to the vast Celestial Archive, the Seraphim had already sent down a report of everything that had transpired in this universe, in the case that he fell, there would need to be an accounting of what had happened inside this universe, and it was also an opportunity to borrow the aid of a weapon. Connecting his Will to the nearest Archon, who, despite not being able to descend to this dimensional plane, would be able to send quick assistance.

Marking the position of Vyraak clearly, he sent this data over to the Archon and he pushed everything he had to survive the next few moments.

“Desecrators of the Divine Light, today shall be the day you fall.” The wings of Seraphim were on the verge of destruction, barely a dozen left, and half of his body had begun to melt away when the heavens above the heavens opened up and a Celestial sword descended.

Crossing space and time much quicker than even the thoughts of an immortal, the sword plunged toward Vyraak who saw the blade heading for him, he roared in anger, and from his mouth, another beam of red flames blasted out towards the sword.