

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1401 killing The Light (5)

The clash between the flames spewed from Vyraak and the descending Celestial sword was anticlimactic in the grand scheme of things.

It was unknown whether the beam of red flames from the mouth of the dragon was weaker than what came from the eye on his chest or if the Celestial sword was stronger than an eighth-dimensional immortal going all out, but the sword sliced through flame barely slowing down, and if not for Vyraak intuition that allowed him to move his body in an oddly serpentine fashion, he would have been sliced in two instead of losing his right claw from the shoulder.

That hand tumbled down into the void accompanied by the chilling howl of pain from the dragon, before it transformed into stone and then ash, and even that ash soon vanished.

The slash from the Celestial sword threw off Vyraak's aim and the beam of red flames from the eyes on his chest veered away from the Seraphim, piercing into the distance and leaving a long line of destruction across reality that lasted far longer than it should before winking out. Far in the distance, past what most immortal eyes could see, a hundred universes exploded; they were simply unlucky bystanders who were touched by the flames of Vyraak.

Turning in rage, the dragon looked for the blade that had almost ended his life but, seeing nothing, charged towards the broken body of the Seraphim in the distance, who was not far from death after being bombarded by the red flames of Vyraak. Going on all fours as another limb had already sprouted from his shoulders, Vyraak's body tore through space and time, although his overall size was half of what he previously had, he was still at the height of his power since he was burning everything he had for strength, until the moment he died, he would never weaken, Vyraak launched himself towards the Seraphim like a bolt of light.

The Seraphim, who had almost been reduced to a puddle of steaming Celestial metal and gleaming bones, seeing the incoming dragon, growled, "The ignorant know no fear." Withdrawing his consciousness inside himself he gave up himself to the power of the Archon,

"My light is a passage."

From the remnants of the Seraphim's body, two massive ethereal eyes emerged, and they were the eyes of the Archon who had crossed a vast distance across space and time to reach here, it was a reflection of the eyes of the Archon, but this was a Primordial Weapon, and even a reflection of its might was enough to shatter all of reality.

The Eyes of the Archon assessed the threat that was Vyraak, and it flashed multiple times as the power of Astrolabe was used in a manner that was almost close to that of Rowan; in that instance, a million Powers emerged out of thin air. These Angels who appeared almost animalistic, were famed for their strength that was almost impossible to measure. Although a Power was not a higher dimensional entity, thinking of them only in that aspect was a true underestimation of their abilities, like Rowan whose physique could crush most higher dimensional immortals with the amount of attributes he had in each of his stats, a Power's physique was also something that most higher dimensional immortals would never obtain.

They threw their gleaming bodies of gold at the incoming dragon. A million Powers against a deranged eighth-dimensional dragon was a scene that had been barely seen since the end of the Primordial Era, but war had descended upon reality, and everything was changing.

Faster than the blink of an eye, they slammed into each other. Vyraak hardly slowed down, his body was like a bar of hot metal phasing through snow, his claws, teeth, and tails, all one hundred of them, sliced, smothered, crushed, and ripped everything in front of him, backed by his almost perfect control over gravity, all of his actions carried the weight of ten thousand universes.

He had torn through half of their number when his momentum began to slow down. Although he was powerful, the bodies of each Power were potent enough that he was spending a considerable amount of energy to cleave his way through, and a little bit of his momentum was bleeding away with each attack he made, and yet it was not enough to stop this dragon, he simply channeled more of himself, his body shrinking but his strength soared until with a burst of unbelievable strength that sent out ripples throughout space and time and most likely destroyed other universes closer to this place, he destroyed all the Powers with a single move.

The distance between Vyraak and his target was just a single bound away and he leaped towards the glowing eyes in the distance, madness filling his heart, he roared,

“Die!” The Archon spoke as a massive wave of energy that resembled white mist erupted from its cold gaze, “Insect,”

Vyraak plunged into the mist, and there was silence for a moment before massive booms and flashes of energy spread all across reality for countless light years and echoed alongside it were the roars of the dragon.

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Rowan was gritting his teeth in annoyance. Deceiving two great dimensional entities was taxing, even if they were locked in bitter combat. It was testing him in a manner that he had not imagined before, but this was a challenge that he felt he was capable of conquering with the right tools in place.

In order to do this, Rowan realized that the greatest hazard of this battle was the energy that these entities would give out, and its effect on the lower realms that dotted this region of space. Their battles should never have been fought anywhere near the lower realms, and even in the higher realms, such battles were not encouraged.

It turned out that his assumption was correct, the clash between these two powerhouses had already led to the destruction of hundreds of universes... or so it might seem.

Aiding the massive spell array that Rowan was creating was his Source Level Treasure—Wormtongue. Although primarily made to have its greatest effects when used through the medium of speech, Wormtongue was versatile enough to be used as both an auditory and visual agent which could be twisted to show reality the way the owner of the treasure intended. A vision that was so great it could deceive the senses of an eighth-dimensional immortal.

Rowan had already encircled this entire battlefield with Wormtongue, and when Vyraak had sent out a beam of destructive red flames that had destroyed a hundred universes, well those universes were not destroyed, Rowan had made Wormtongue show the scene of the destruction that simulated what would have happened, and as he was doing that, he was scooping up all those universes for himself, ensuring he left the right amount of debris that was tainted with the flavor of Vyraak's destructive energy.

Being an Eclipsed Creator, he could control the forces of destruction more finely than Vyraak, and it was simply a matter of redistributing energy, although it nearly left him spent.

Handling the energy of destruction was easy, but bending the Will, Fate, and Destiny of an eighth-dimensional immortal was almost impossible, and Rowan had nearly failed in this venture; it was a good thing then that he had a Primordial Weapon that he used to bend this power to his Will.

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Bleeding Edge, the Primordial Weapon claimed by Berrion the Undying had not been fully unlocked, there was still a final seal left which would be broken when Rowan summoned the last waves of enemies that were killed by the Primordial Demon on Doom Star, but Rowan had already suppressed the Spirit of this weapon for a while and he could use some of its innate abilities without unlocking its final seal.

Rowan still has reservations about fully unlocking a Primordial Weapon and if possible he would be granting this weapon to someone else, an ally or if possible he could use it to create a trap for his enemies, if there was any possibility for him claiming this weapon, then he would require more knowledge about Primordial Weapon and how they were crafted. He could not risk any unknown factor this early in his new life; a more durable foundation would need to be built before he began dabbling into the issue of this

Primordial Weapon; for now, it would have to serve its need in whatever limited fashion he could harness from it.

This Primordial Weapon could easily pierce through Will, Fate, and Destiny, shattering them in a single thrust, and it was with this method that Rowan had been able to manipulate the destruction inflicted by Vyraak while taking care of the annoying aspects of the abilities that came alongside it. It also helped that the mental state of the dragon was fully focused on killing what was in front of him and was not bothering with the remnants of the power he was flinging out into reality.

“How careless,” Rowan muttered to himself as he continued his work, at least it worked out to his advantage. It had stopped surprising him how few immortals could not fully control their thoughts when they were brought to the limit, but perhaps it was just him that was extremely abnormal, also it could not be helped that the evolution of his bloodline in the past made him a freaking robot, but who was checking all those little bumps? Not him.

Without the barrier imposed by the Great Desert, Rowan could easily scoop entire universes into his coffers, Will and all. The destruction inflicted by these conflicts between two higher-dimensional entities was all the excuse he needed. No one would be able to find his hand in the wars plaguing reality, and for the moment, he wanted this to be the case.

He had barely finished processing the first hundred universes when shockwaves from the battle erupted that would shatter approximately four hundred more universes.

Rowan sighed and went to work, it was a good thing that he could feed Wormtongue with Soul energy, because without completing his Origin Land, his body was not producing any energy, Aether or otherwise, he suspected that if he completed the process of creating his Origin Land then he would no longer have access to Aether or Aetherium, but something else, and so before then he would have to make do with using soul energy as a substitute and what remained of his energy stores.

However, the rate at which his Soul energy was being drained was alarming. His Source Level Treasure—Wormtongue was durable enough and could recover from damages imposed by eighth-dimensional immortals, but the catch was that there must be sufficient energy to power this process. Although for Rowan, this issue was not even placed into much consideration, no matter how much soul essence he was sacrificing, he was gaining the potential to collect so much more in the future.

Already the battle between the Celestial and Vyraak had shattered more than a thousand universes, all of which became ripe pickings for Rowan, and no matter how much he was running ragged, he was making enormous gains, not just in the universes he had snatched, but learning more about destruction from the dragon wielding it. His application of Will, Fate, and Destiny was also eye-opening, and Rowan’s perfect memory engraved every single detail of this battle.

Barely recreating the scene of another ten-destroyed universe, Rowan paused to take in a breath.

To preserve his soul energy, he was using the barest remnants of Aether that he had left inside his dimensional soul. His dimensional flesh may lack Aether and Essence after they had all been consumed in the transformation, but the energy stores left inside his dimensional soul were left largely untouched; he could not just regenerate anymore after they were used off.

The first thing Rowan had done was to kill off the multiple consciousnesses in his energy stores. The trait of his Aether gaining a limited type of sentence was interesting, but it was distracting, he would investigate this matter later, but for now, hearing their enthusiastic voices as he used them up was becoming a bit annoying.

With his expenditure, he was burning trillions of units of Aether at every moment, and hearing trillions of voices shouting his praise as he virtually murdered them was no longer noteworthy.

Although his stores of Aether were impressive, enough to rival perhaps multiple trillions of immortals at the fifth-dimensional level, the difference in quality when going against forces of the higher dimension was so great that he was using so much of it for every little action, and even his near infinite stores began to run out.

The other issue was also coming from his dimensional flesh who had reached the point where he was comfortable in creating the Origin Land, and he was beginning to pull consciousness power from every source that he could find, and with the dimensional soul having a greater amount of consciousness power than the flesh, he was being placed under a significant amount of strain.

“Just another day at the office.” Rowan chuckled, his deep baritone voice resounding in his consciousness. He did not see the difficulty he was facing as a bad thing. Instead, he was grateful that he was still here to be able to face this sort of challenge, despite all that he had witnessed.

A shocking reverberation erupted from the mist that had been shrouding this battle for a while now, Rowan did not want to peer deeply inside it for more details so that his presence could not be detected. He knew that this mist was most likely created by the Celestial for two reasons, the first was to lock in as much damage as he could in order to reduce the amount of destruction that would have ravaged the lower realms, and the second was to create a battlefield where more of its powers could be expressed without crushing all of reality around them which would ultimately lead to his banishment to the higher realms since there was no more foundation to hold his weight.

Rowan did not know who would win this battle but if he had to place a bet, it would be the Celestials, although Vyraak was powerful, a genius who had been able to accomplish something truly wonderful with the universe of his birth, he was far too young and

inexperienced, and he lacked essential aspects that would lead him to victory, for instance were weapons. Although he had obtained great power by burning everything for it—This was something that Rowan could easily decipher from watching the events that had transpired so far—Vyraak had no way to properly take advantage of all that power. He was literally burning himself alive to use the flames to hurt his enemies.

If he had even a Proto-Source level treasure, he might be able to change the state of the battlefield, not as he was now.

The Celestials, on the other hand, were using far fewer resources to break an esteemed eight-dimensional immortal, and Rowan knew that for them, this was not a battle; it was simply an execution, and they should be very experienced in this process.

If anything, this battle was a learning experience for Rowan because his intuition and everything around him were pointing out that his confrontation with the Celestials was inevitably drawing nearer, and watching them work was a valuable experience.

With that massive reverberation that erupted from the mist, it was finally torn open and Rowan could see the result of the battle that had taken place. As he had expected, Vyraak was in very bad shape. He had lost most of his mass and was now the size of a small star, with massive gashes that filled his body, his two wings that had been torn out of his body and lying in the distance, and he was no longer healing. That could be because of the multiple spears in their thousands that were plunged deep into his body, especially his head where he had almost a thousand spears that had almost transformed his head into a pincushion.

These spears had nailed his mouth shut so he could not roar, and the eyes on his chest had also been sealed with this spear. A normal weapon should not have such a detrimental effect on the dragon but Rowan could feel even from this distance the powerful vampiric nature of the spears dotting the body of the dragon.

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Confirming his thought about this being an execution, he was not surprised at the result of this battle. Vyraak was always going to lose, no matter his bravery or rage, the result was always inevitable.

One thing he was learning about the battles in the higher realms was that the currency for conflict was energy, and the one who possessed the most of it, won nine out of ten times. At the lower levels, the intricacies of spells and techniques were extremely important, but if an enemy could endlessly regenerate any injury no matter how fatal, then the only way to win was to diminish the energy stores that powered their vitality, making a lot of battles in the higher realm to be one of endurance and not necessarily technique.

Every battle had to be balanced against the energy expenditure that was to be used for it, this ensured that higher dimensional immortals were far more careful about engaging in battle if they would not gain any profit from it, although Rowan was not susceptible to this constraint in the past, that was when he was fighting against relatively weaker enemies, and now he was starting to feel the strain current state of his energy stores that could not be regenerated as before.

With the battle between the Celestial and Vyraak, the Celestials had been able to take this concept of energy expenditure to the next level, and they were not just fighting Vyraak, they were stealing away the foundation he needed to be able to battle with these vampiric spears that stole his Aether and Essence, as for Vyraak, without the proper weapons and defenses to stop them, the dragon was doomed.

Depriving your enemy of the energy they would need to power their abilities was crucial, yet it was not something that could be easily achieved, since a higher dimensional immortal could engrain their Will inside of every iota of Aether and Essence in their bodies, but for a Primordial force like the Celestials, it was not that difficult to break this rule as they had many methods to achieve this outcome.

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The Spirit of Vyraak rages on, and the dragon, this close to death, becomes even more methodical in his action as if he knows that he is in his final moments and needs to make sure he leaves his mark—Eradicating every single invader of his home.

Gravity wrapped around him like a cloak, and he did not bother to pull out the spears sticking out from his body, as doing that would not work; they would simply start drawing more power from him so they could remain stuck inside of him; he did the opposite, he pushed.

This move was unexpected, in the heat of the moment not many would think about such a move, however, this maneuver succeeded, and it gave him a chance to expel more than half the spears in his body, as the spears were pulled into his body with so much force that thousands of them were blasted out of his body, although, as a result of this grisly act, the rest of the spears were now lodged deeper in his body and were draining much more of his energy; however, this gave him the leverage to be able to move.

With barely thirty of his tails left, the dragon used them as his source of locomotion. His limbs were far too wrecked to push him forward, and they became instead a window to expel the rage and pain he still had in his heart. His body transformed into a sort of spider-dragon hybrid when his tails began to act as his legs.

Bright yellow orbs were blasted from all four of his previous limbs that shot towards the eyes of the Archon, numbering in the millions, each of these yellow orbs was a supermassive black hole that had been shrunk, and ordinarily, they would be dangerous

enough, but their true power was in the Will, Fate and Destiny that he had wrapped within every single part of these blackholes.

Vyraak was not able to pull his mind which had been wrenched deeply into madness to perform at this level of offense as before, but the remnants of the Universe Will that had always been kept safe inside of him no longer chose to stand aside and began burning itself to give Vyraak, one last chance to destroy his enemies. This act caused him so much pain and filled him with strength, giving Vyraak the last energy he needed to push forward.

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The eyes of the Archon appeared a bit weakened, but its imperious gaze had not changed in the slightest; its eyes flashed, and billions of Seraphim appeared alongside millions of Powers, and they collided against this new offensive wave unleashed by the dragon.

Knowing this was the last struggle of a dying enemy, the Archon would use as few resources as possible to clean up this mess. The destruction wrought by this battle had far exceeded what it should have been, and Muriel, the Seraphim in charge of this expedition would have to be judged and punished for this massive failure.

The next series of clashes that happened between the Dragon and the Celestial had no big flashes of power; it was almost muted, but the danger had increased nearly exponentially.

Violent balls of dense black holes accompanied by the fury of the Dragon shattered entire hosts of Angels, both Seraphims and Powers; the blackholes weaved through the field of battle, surrounding the charging dragon and serving as both his sword and shield.

Vyraak's opposition was silent. The Powers were the Tank used to suppress and slow down the charge of the dragon, their powerful bodies needing dozens of black holes to shred and compress their mass before they could be killed, and their attacks blasted huge chunks of flesh from the dragon when it connected. The Seraphims were lobbing potent spells that destabilized the swirling black holes and further slowed down the dragon with gigantic spell formations that acted like chains.

In this silent yet incredibly violent clash, the voice of the Archon resounded through space and time,

“Your desecration of the holy has come to an end, cursed dragon.”

The reason why the Archon had been intent on slowing down the dragon was revealed when a wispy form emerged from between its eyes as if it walked out of the mind of the Destroyer.

It was roughly humanoid, but because it seemed to be made only from light, it gave the form a hazy shape as if it were simply a figment of fantasy. Rowan, who had been

watching the battle intently at this point, nearly froze when he saw this new figure, realization dawned on him that he was not just looking at an Angel, but a Creator of Angels!

Rowan had gained the status of a Celestial Creator when he became an Avatar of Eve, and at that time, he was then made aware of a special class of immortals called Celestial Creators, which were immortals that were bestowed with the power to create Celestial Hosts by the Primordial Light.

From the moment he entered reality, he had never come across these esteemed Celestial Creators before, but if all of them were like Eva, then he fully comprehended how dangerous they would be. Most of the plans he made would not be successful if he did not have the Lady of Shadows by his side, and to finally see someone like her was something that called his attention as nothing else could.

The Celestial Creator walked slowly towards the charging dragon, and the Angels that had been harassing Vyraak all retreated, opening a passage for the dragon to charge ahead. They all bowed their heads as if they were not worthy of looking at the Creator, and at this gesture, Rowan frowned.

He understood the adorations that Angels had for their creators, but they were in the midst of battle, and many of these Angels that retreated to bow towards this Celestial Creator had left themselves open, and Vyraak was killing them, and they did not try to defend themselves.

It was as if before this Creator they were not worthy of making any move without his permission. This showed a degree of disregard towards these Celestials children that made Rowan heart grow cold, and rage began to bloom behind his eyes.

The Creator did not change his stance or his easy walking motion, he was simply gliding forward, and when he was closer to the dragon, a massive halberd made from light appeared on his right hand, and another one his left, then he simply vanished.

A moment later, he reappeared behind Vyraak, and the dragon charge suddenly paused, before with a low groan of disbelief, Vyraak body parted in two from his head to his tails.

Chapter 1404 Killing The Light (8)

The Celestial Creator did not even look at the dying dragon behind him, with a wave of his hands, both of his weapons vanished and he walked forward for a bit, each of his steps crossing billions of miles before he stopped and began looking at the devastation wrought on the universes around him, seemingly trying to piece together everything that had transpired, because if he was indeed the Creator of these Angels then he was partially responsible for the destruction of thousands of universes.

Even now, Rowan could not sense any presence from this Celestial Creator that he was familiar with; he seemed almost not real, and if not for his knowledge of Eva and him being a Celestial Creator, he would not have been able to understand who he was looking at. Nevertheless, that was not the primary concern. Rowan could feel something like an itch spreading throughout the length of Wormtongue, and he knew that it was the perception of this Creator touching the Source Level Treasure.

He had planned to retrieve this treasure a moment back, but Vyraak had been felled so fast that he was caught unaware. If he tried to retrieve Wormtongue at this time, there might be a slight ripple across reality that would surely clue this Celestial that someone else was here with them, but he might need to risk it so that he could leave this place, even if he was found out, he did not think they could match his speed if he was pursued.

If he managed to take out Wormtongue without alerting the Celestial, then Rowan felt that he had done a good enough job to deceive anyone who wanted to sift through the debris of the shattered universes he had left behind, but his confidence in this was tied to how quickly that investigation was made.

Whatever arrangement he made would soon be unraveled after time had passed and so if the Creator was going to be investigating his surroundings, that was a good thing for him, but he would need to take out Wormtongue first. He would just have to believe in his capability to precisely control every single facet of possibilities in order to block any chance of being detected while removing the treasure.

Rowan barely glanced at the dying dragon, who cut in two and was still struggling to bring himself together as the life rapidly fled his body, but the blade of the Celestial Creator was potent; he was most likely an eighth-dimensional immortal and one that was much older and much more powerful than Vyraak. Rowan's preparation to retrieve Wormtongue had been completed in his consciousness and he was about to begin the retrieval process, even though he was confident in his arrangement, there was still a great chance that the Celestial Creator might be able to see through it, and understand that there had been a third party here who was fishing in troubled waters.

However, Rowan barely sensed a strange sensation from the dying Vyraak and he frowned as he thought it was intensely familiar. It was a sensation that filled him with dread and disgust at the same time and yet what was incredibly frustrating to him was that despite his perfect memory that should be able to trace any sort of intuition back to its roots, he could not piece together what he was sensing from the dying dragon.

It teased at his senses, and even when he pushed his consciousness into overdrive, slowing down time around him where a single moment almost became a thousand years, he could not still piece together what made this sensation familiar to him.

As he was deliberating, he noticed that the peculiar sensation was diminishing, and in a moment, it would be lost as soon as the dragon perished. Rowan had a feeling that if he allowed this unknown thing to die, he might regret it, and he groaned internally as he

decided to make a move. No longer retrieving Wormtongue, he began channeling the power of the Spell Formation that he had hidden underneath.

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Although his body continued to struggle, Vyraak knew that was dying, and he could not stop it.

This knowledge oddly brought him relief because he felt the weight of expectation dropping from his shoulders. It was a cowardly way out, but he found out that he could not bring himself to care anymore.

Death was not so bad, he thought, it would be like going to sleep after a very hard day of work, and the only difference is that you don't get to wake up... I don't want to wake up. I have nothing left to wake up for.

The acceptance of his fate seemed to free his mind from madness, and even as one part of his consciousness was admiring the blow that had killed him, the clean motion of the strike and how that unknown immortal had phased through his body and soul without touching any aspect of his power, he just cleanly sliced apart everything that made him who he was.

His Will, Fate, and Destiny could as well be cheap foil before the power of that blow. Even though this attack had killed him, it was still so beautiful that Vyraak wished that he could see it again, even if it was one more time, and the dragon lamented his weakness, which made him only capable of withstanding a single strike. Was it possible that he would ever be able to do such a thing?

Wrapped in the beauty of that strike, the other part of his mind began reviewing everything that had happened to him and what ultimately led him to this point, alongside the discrepancies in his memories and how he had been able to reach his home after being lost inside the Passage of Time.

Reaching the eighth-dimensional level was also extremely strange when he had barely caught a glimpse of that level; something else had pushed him to the point where he could touch this power, and his sharp mind traced that oddity to its source, and Vyraak wished that he never did.

He sensed it at this moment, a hunger, a perversion that had entrenched itself deep inside his soul and was feeding on it, and although Vyraak could see only a small part of this corruption, he nearly went insane when he perceived it, and his desire to die became that much greater. How could something like that be inside of him?

Something had entered inside of him when he was traveling through the Passage of Time, and that thing was wrong. His mind seemed to be stretched to the limit, and then it snapped back, and a hint of normality washed over his consciousness once more. Vyraak

knew that he was dead, and his consciousness power that was left was simply too weak to contemplate what was inside of him, so he promptly forgot it.

Vyraak thought that it was strange that so many strange revelations were shown to him at the moment of his demise, and so when he felt a new and strange power enter his consciousness, he did not react much to it. Nothing much could phase him at this point, any other unknown forces would simply have to communicate with his corpse, then he heard the voice,

“As much as your soul longs for rest Vyraak, I still have need of you, but I do not take and not give in return. Dragon, Death cannot have you... not yet.”

Vyraak felt his perception abruptly shift, shooting outside his body until he swore he could see the entire universes that were clustered in the Great Darkness, and without the light from the Frozen Road he began to understand why this massive fourth-dimensional space was referred to as such, and then a golden sun bloomed overhead that shone with so much light that the everlasting darkness over this area was shattered and the dragon could truly see all that the universes in existence. After hearing the voice of his universe, Vyraak thought there was nothing that could match that experience until he saw all of the lower realms spread out before him, highlighted by the glow from a... What was emitting this glow? He forced his perception to turn around to see what was powerful enough to create a power that would overshadow a Primordial Domain and then he saw a massive hourglass.

His mind could barely understand what he was witnessing when a blade that seemed to be forged out of shards of moonlight descended from the hourglass and pierced his consciousness and pain became everything that he knew, but that voice still lingered,

“As I crafted my first Source Treasure, in the two hundredth million years of my toils in the Nothingness, I made my thirty-first failure. I gave them no names, since I will not wield them. This is my gift to you. Now, rise Vyraak, in my presence, Death is not your portion.”

Chapter 1405 Killing The Light (final)

The Celestial Creator who had been observing reality all these while seemed not to be satisfied with his investigation, he must have detected a discrepancy and was about to move closer to the edge of this broken universe when he paused and turned around, and more quickly than the consciousness could follow he raised his hand and caught the edge of a blade on his wrist.

“Boom!” A shockwave that spread across millions of light years erupted from his position as the blade was stopped by the hand of the Celestial Creator, but then a penetrating whining sound erupted from the blade like the teeth of a saw blade running across the edge of a glass and the blade cut through the wrist of the Celestial Creator and if not for a

quick shuffle backward that he did, the point of the blade would have sliced through his neck.

Another quick series of dodge to the side and downwards and the Celestial Creator escaped close shaves with the blade that thrust and sliced towards him hundreds of times in the blink of an eye leaving deep wounds in reality that were filled with an unknown silverfish light that prevented space from healing, however, his movements were not as fast as the blade made tiny scratches were left on his body, and as he had not recovered from his last maneuvers the blade that was poised over his head slammed down quicker than light.

Death approached him, and an unexpected roar erupted from the Celestial Creator, a blast of pure light shot out from his body like an erupting supernova, and it slammed against the descending blade, blasting it into the distance. This move seemed to take a lot out of him as he staggered backward for a moment as if drunk.

The bright light from the disruptive force from the Celestial Creator was potent enough to reveal the source of the unexpected attack, and it was a glowing whitish blade that resembled the light from the moon reflecting off pale bones, which was not a strange appearance because its creator had crafted it using his body. The hilt of the blade was encircled by a long, thin tail that led to the body of Vyraak, which was still sliced in two and, from all outward appearance, was dead.

With a loud whip-cracking sound, the blade was retracted by the tail, and when it reached the body of the dragon, a slim yet scaly hand with long claws burst out of the flesh covered with gore and held the hilt of the weapon, and a body emerged from the carcass of the dragon. It was Vyraak.

No longer wearing the massive shape of a dragon he had returned back to his previous humanoid form, but now his body had evolved further, becoming a merger between his humanoid form and a dragon.

With two pairs of hands and seven long tails like those of a scorpion, the red eye on Vyraak's chest was open and blazing bright. Two massive bat-like wings were attached to his back like a cape, and two great horns that circled around his head emerged from his scalp, he almost looked like a Demon, but the shining sword he held gave him a majesty that suppressed any wildness he had in his demeanor, making him resemble a demonic knight. An aura of pure desolation that was still held under a tight leash erupted from his body, and overhead, a silver moon arose that slowly turned red as if an entire ocean's worth of blood was being spread across its surface.

Vyraak brought the blade to his eyes looking at it in amazement, as he whispered,

"Death called to me, but you were there in the darkness, and holding onto you I heard a voice in my heart, let us kill the light. My Red Moonlight Blade."

Vyraak pointed the weapon at the Celestial Creator, “and it shall be so.” ®

The unknown Celestial Creator was looking at the stump of his hand, and even though Rowan could not read his expression, he was sure that part of what he would be feeling must be disbelief.

Like a growing rot, there were bright silvery veins that had grown over the stump extending up the hand of the Celestial Creator and he seemed to be watching this process with a hint of fascination, not even looking at Vyraak.

Vyraak did not give his enemy the chance to recover, although he had been healed from death itself, and was even stronger than before, that taint inside his soul, he could feel that it was growing and whatever it was, it felt worse than death, and it was slowly claiming him, but if this was the price he would need to pay for his revenge, then he was willing to pay it.

He did not understand the full abilities of the blade he had in his hand, all he knew was that it could collect all the power he could throw at it, and the feeling of danger that was emerging from it would keep growing. This danger reminded Vyraak of the feeling he had the moment he died. The Red Moonlight Blade was Death personified.

Vyraak felt that given enough time to feed this blade, it would become so powerful that it would be able to kill anything in one strike. So he was not holding back and was pushing as much power as he could into the blade as he sensed a growing consciousness that was inside the weapon slowly bonding with him.

Charging towards the Celestial Creator who still seemed engrossed in peering at his stump, Vyraak brought the blade down with all the Will of extinction he had in his heart.

Vyraak’s sharp draconic fangs were bared in expectation, and when he thought his blade was going to sheer through the dazed Celestial Creator from his head down to the crotch, his enemy materialized the halberd that previously killed him and seemed to effortlessly block the blow, and again there was that loud whining sound, and the halberd began to crack, Vyraak grinned and pressed against his enemy with more force but the Celestial Creator simply angled his weapon to the side, breaking Vyraak’s stance and moving so quick that his mind could not catch up to it, he stabbed Vyraak a hundred times, however, the pain that Vyraak expected did not appear.

As if it had a life of its own, the blade moved Vyraak’s arm, perfectly blocking and countering the attacks from the Celestial Creator; Vyraak had no time to be shocked when he saw an opening; he took it.

Pushing his seven tails forward, and although the Celestial Creator, despite being pressed by the blade, was able to cut off three of the tails, the remaining wrapped around his waist and chest, and Vyraak pulled him closer while furiously hacking downwards with his blade.

Two points of light that resembled eyes blazed on the face of the Celestial Creator as a palpable sense of rage erupted from his body, the same explosion of power that had pushed back the blade erupted from him again but it was cut halfway as the Red Moonlight blade tore through the disruptive force and bit into the shoulder of the Celestial Creator, continuing down until it stopped near his waist.

Vyraak roared in exaltation as he opened his mouth wide to bite into the head of the Celestial Creator but still fighting despite his grievous wound, he pushed the stump of his hand into Vyraak's mouth as another wave of disruptive power arose from him again.

The half-dragon roared and bit through the stump in his mouth, and twisting the blade to the side, he slashed, cutting the Celestial Creator in two; bringing his hand back, he thrust the blade forward and impaled the head of the Celestial Celestial.

Bright light erupted from the body impaled on the blade, and as if hungry for energy, the blade began to feast on the light. Something seemed to break inside the broken body of the Celestial Creator as an angered roar erupted from him before a stupendous eruption of power that would rival the force of a million exploding universes erupted from his body.

For a while, there was nothing but light and heat, and when that vanished, only Vyraak remained, holding the Red Moonlight blade in one hand and, on the other, the dissipating head of the Celestial Creator.

"I have killed the Light."

Chapter 1406 Scratching The Itch

Rowan was not that invested in the battle, he could already infer who was going to win it. The Celestial Creator may be powerful, but it was obvious to him that he was not here with his true body, and this was just a projection. No matter how powerful he was, things had changed with Vyraak that he could no longer equal what this dragon had become.

The weapon he had given Vyraak was a Proto-Source Level Treasure and was as close to a Source Level Treasure as Rowan could ever make it.

This blade was amongst the most potent killing treasures he had ever created, which, for Rowan, was saying something. In addition to all of that, there was the fact that he had imbued the weapon with his Weapon Master's trait in its blooming consciousness, making whoever wielded the blade have the possibility of matching Rowan's martial prowess in the field of weapons.

In the hands of Vyraak, an eighth-dimensional immortal, this Proto-Source Level Treasure that he had chosen to call Red Moonlight Blade would showcase its powers to the fullest measure.

As a benefit of holding such a weapon, Vyraak's evolution had been supercharged, and he was no longer wearing the flesh of a Dragon, he could now be considered a true Dragon God. This was the obvious path to a being who had mastered his Destiny, but without a fitting guide that could channel all his powers in a singular direction, Vyraak was left a bumbling titan with no path forward. This weapon showed him a path, elevating him to something that would have taken an extreme amount of time and enlightenment to become.

Finding the perfect weapon to suit the needs of Vyraak was not a particularly hard task for Rowan after all the experiences he had in crafting his Supreme Circle, learning about every technique made in the Supreme Era, and being the father of countless children inside his dimension.

However, Rowan gave all of these presents, including rescuing Vyraak from death, in order to see that presence that had nearly faded inside the body of the dying dragon, and he was rewarded for his actions because he could sense that the presence was growing, which was a step forward in deciphering its secrets.

It was a frustrating thing to feel a great sense of familiarity but not be able to trace where that feeling originated from. Rowan had interfered in the life of this immortal and may have drawn a target on his back from an unknown Celestial Creator for a reason and he had a plan to tease out the answers from the depths of Vyraak's mind even if it meant bringing him back from death again and again.

At his level of power, Rowan understood that there were very few things that could shield his mind from discovering the truth inside the body of Vyraak, and the most obvious were issues that were related to Primordials, specifically Oblivion. A power that Primordial Chaos had been stealing to cover his tracks all throughout reality.

However, he knew that while he was in the lower realms, coupled with the shielding effects he believed his first and second dimensions had over his consciousness, Oblivion could not mask his senses. If this was the work of Primordial Chaos, it was not related to Oblivion.

That left other Primordial's powers, and Rowan was not as familiar with them as he would have liked, but he was still rapidly processing all the encounters he had in his life, making deductions and steadily pushing towards the truths while observing the power inside of Vyraak.

There must be a reason his intuition was screaming at him that what was inside this immortal was very important to him.

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From the souls of the inhabitants of this universe that he had gathered, he learned of the history of Vyraak, his great capabilities as a god, and the many accomplishments that he

had made, however, when Vyraak left his home to traverse the universe he had been at the seventh-dimensional level, and even with his genius, taking the next step to the greatest level under Primordial was something that should take him an extremely long amount of time, countless trillions of years in the future, and an even extreme amount of resources.

Rowan had also looked through Vyraak's journey through the eyes of others, and he had also judged that even though the possibility for Vyraak to become an eighth-dimensional immortal was present, the odds of it happening was extremely low, primarily because of the cost, it was already amazing that Vyraak could become a seventh dimensional immortal, but that was because all the resources in his universe and many others had been channeled primarily to him, for him to become an eighth dimensional immortal, he would need resources from countless dimensions, and all had to be at least at the sixth-dimensional level.

Even amongst the Primordial Domain, creating an eighth-dimensional immortal was extremely hard to accomplish, requiring extreme amounts of sacrifices and compromise.

Somehow, Vyraak had been able to become an eighth-dimensional immortal, even if the price he paid was to live for a short time when he burned everything of himself and the Will of the universe.

It was a touching story, but the problem here was that it was not enough. His sacrifice was too small. Even if Vyraak had a million more universe Wills to burn or a Fate that was a million times stronger, he should not be able to bridge the gap between the seventh and the eighth-dimensional state so easily.

If the gap between the third and the fourth dimension was a vast chasm, then the gap that existed between the seventh and the eighth dimension was the endless gulf that existed between universes. There was no possibility for this to happen to Vyraak, and yet it did, and Rowan believed that the answer to that question lay in the unknown sensation that was teasing his senses.

Even whilst this feeling was growing more apparent as time went by, there was still not much connection being made, and he felt as if there was a veil covering his senses from making the last bit of connection, but Rowan had a plan to break this lock. It was the Red Moonlight Blade.

Made from his flesh during the crafting of his first Source Level Treasure, Wormtongue. It was a treasure that was an extension of Rowan's sheer ability to manipulate the powers of the higher dimension.

A treasure such as this blade had the ability to bind with its wielder so closely that it would essentially become another limb for Vyraak. With this deeper connection with the immortal, Rowan would have a clear path into his consciousness in order to tackle this unknown factor from the inside. Instead of investigating with just his senses, he would be

borrowing Vyraak's; as the Dragon God sent more of his Will, Fate, and Destiny into the weapon, Rowan was able to glean more information about him, as Vyraak slowly became an open book to him.

This process did not take long to bear fruit as Rowan quickly detected that the source of abnormality he was detecting inside the Dragon God was coming from his soul, automatically, this reduced the number of suspects that had had to two; the Primordial of Time and Evil, mostly known as Primordial Time and the relatively unknown Primordial Soul, the supposed sister of Primordial Time, and of those two entities, he did not know which was worse.

The fight between Vyraak and the Celestial Creator reached a feverish peak, and Rowan silently removed Wormtongue around the battlefield, and moments later, it happened. A bright flash, an explosion that would have leveled many universes if not for the brunt of it being absorbed by the Red Moonlight Blade, and Vyraak, stood victorious while roaring to the heavens, there was no one left to challenge him as the final explosion killed off all the Angels here, even till the moment of their death, never stopped kneeling. They did not even try to defend themselves.

Even as the Dragon God luxuriated in his victory, the final veil shielding Rowan's senses from what was inside the body of Vyraak was broken, and immediately he pulled back his mind, wrapped himself with Astrolabe; and Rowan vanished.

Touching what was inside Vyraak's soul had drawn him to a place that he had entered once. The Bloodline Source of the Primordial of Time and Evil.

Inside Doom Star when he gained the bloodline of Time, he had been brought to this bloodline source and he had not only seen a vision of the past where the Primordials had been killing a Primordial Beast, the Torch Dragon, but he had also seen that the state of the bloodline source of Time and Evil had withered.

What he saw now was alarming. The bloodline source of Primordial Time appeared to be recovering!

He had never expected that touching the abnormality inside the soul of Vyraak would bring him to the bloodline source of the Primordial of Time and Evil, even though it had finally answered his question and solved the issue of the familiarity he was sensing from the dragon. Nonetheless, this matter has solved one of Rowan's greatest questions that he never thought would be answered so quickly: what did the Primordial of Time do in those few moments that he appeared during the battle inside of Doom Star?

Rowan and the World Stele, plus whoever was on the battlefield, was not even considered by the Primordial. He had appeared and left just as quickly, and by Rowan's estimation, the Primordial had remained in reality for the barest fraction of a moment.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1407 You Are Kin

Rowan could accomplish many things at that stretch of time, much less the Primordial of Time himself, and among the many things this Primordial might have done in the brief moment of his appearance, Rowan had just discovered one of them; he was trying to revitalize his Bloodline Source. The purpose of this was unknown, but if Primordial Time was allowed to succeed in his return, Reality as it was known would be over.

‘Is this what it means? To be an Eclipsed Creator. There must be a reason why I am always in the right places to stop events that could unravel reality. Ah, Destiny, perhaps I am seeing what this dimension is all about.’

Although all of his actions were altruistic, Rowan could not deny that he had been able to put down some dangerous monsters in his lifetime. From the Reflections of the Eye of Time to preventing the birth of Thenos. Everything he had done was for his personal gain, but in doing so, he had taken down a great number of dangers, and the implications of his actions would ripple across existence and eternity. He had just never acknowledged it.

Without his presence in the universe, the Reflections of the Eye of Time, who had gained souls, would be able to decipher the secrets of the Primordial Record, and the machinations of the Third Prince and perhaps Caine would be allowed to sweep through reality. Thenos and the World Stele would have been an existence ending threat in a short time, and Rowan believed that given a little more time and space to grow, only the Primordials would have been able to stop Thenos.

Now it would seem that his Fate or Destiny was pulling him towards the orbit of the Primordials, as he believed that he was one of the few that had peered more deeply behind the curtains of reality.

With his discovery of the Bloodline Source of Time, Rowan had been determined to gain access to it and exploit it for all the benefits that it contained, and he had not yet made the conclusion that its revitalization might turn out to either be a great blessing or a curse. However, it could not be denied how important this Bloodline Source of Time would be to him.

Among his multitude of hidden powers, what might not be very apparent was the effect of the various Bloodline Sources that he had acquired after consuming the universe when he became a third-dimensional entity.

A Bloodline Source was pure knowledge, it could be seen as an important tool for any universe to be able to develop the living beings that it contained, and without it, no universe would be able to create supernatural entities.

From understanding the right DNA needed to make the hair on the head of a human to the organs that could produce flames inside a dragon to the bloodline talent that each species was born with, every Universe contained a multitude of Bloodline Sources, and Rowan had inherited all of them when he assimilated his universe. If he continued to assimilate all the universes he had just acquired then he would be able to gain more Bloodline Sources.

All the knowledge he had gained from assimilating a Bloodline Source was extremely important. When Rowan conquered the Supreme Circle, one of the foundations that he needed to achieve this feat was the knowledge he had gained from all the Bloodline Sources under his control. If he could gain such a massive benefit from the Bloodline Sources of a universe, how much more could he gain from those of Primordial Time?

The previous Eye of Time had been led by the nose because of its desire to claim the Bloodline Source of Time, which made it susceptible to Rowan's manipulation. Rowan was also greatly interested in this power, but the only problem he had was that after gaining the bloodline of Time, he had been unable to reach the Bloodline Source again, although he believed that in time he might figure out how to do it, he was not very enthusiastic about the prospect.

With the aid of the Eye of Time, he might have been able to find a way towards this unknown dimension, but Rowan would be foolish to even contemplate working with the crazed Eye of Time, and even the new variant was no better.

Nonetheless, he had seen a doorway open for him, and Vyraak would be his ticket to this place. Primordial Time was playing the long game, but Rowan had just hitched a ride under his banner.

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The Dragon God Vyraak rested on his knees, left alone in the void, his eyes closed and his head bowed. His vengeance was complete, and he waited for death to claim him.

His four hands wrapped around the Red Moonlight Blade and the head of the Celestial hanging on his belt whose face was contorted with fury. Vyraak appeared calm, but he occasionally grimaced as the feeling of violation in his soul continued to grow.

Just as Rowan inferred, Vyraak had not reached the point where he should be able to touch the eighth-dimensional level, and now that his mind was clear, he acknowledged this strange occurrence.

Something else had been responsible for making him reach this point, and the Dragon God understood the meaning of equivalent exchange; in the final moments of his life, he had drawn the attention of powerful entities, and even with his power, he was simply just a pawn.

He did not look down on this gift that was given to him, even though it had thorns. Without this power, everyone who destroyed his universe would have walked away scott-free, and his dead body would most likely be one of their prizes, instead, he was the victor. A single immortal had pushed back the incursion of two Primordial forces, a tale like this would shake reality.

He did not just kill them all; he also gained the most powerful weapon he had ever come across, a weapon that was binding to his soul with every passing moment, but this was a new addition to his soul; something else was there before it.

There was another uncanny growth inside his soul, like a cancerous tumor, and it was getting stronger. Although this growth appeared to be small, it also seemed impossibly deep, and from the depths of that tumor came whispers of madness and knowledge into an unknown reality that was slowly breaking the mind of Vyraak.

What was inside of him was too powerful and too alien, and there was no way he would be able to last under its influence. Vyraak knew this, and so he calmly waited. If this was the cost that he needed to pay, then his soul could be damned.

This presence detecting no resistance in the soul of Vyraak began to grow with blistering speed and as its influence reached a blinding level, when Vyraak felt that his Will was about to be consumed in its entirety, a feeling of warmth radiated from his blade and swept through his soul and Vyraak almost groaned aloud in pleasure as the weight of this presence seemed to be alleviated.

There were faint sounds of screaming, shrill beyond belief and filled with such rage it was almost impossible to fathom, but these sounds slowly muted over time.

Vyraak could feel the presence of that unknown tumor had not disappeared, only suppressed, but it would not be for long, it was slowly clawing its way back.

Opening his eyes he looked at his weapon with surprise and amazement. The weapon appeared as if part of its luster had dimmed, and Vyraak gave a wry chuckle,

“So the cost of your help is not cheap. You did not have to do that, you could have allowed me to fall. For that, you have my undying thanks.”

Slowly coming to his feet, he rested his blade on his shoulder and looked towards the higher realms, “I will feed you with the Blood of Chaos and Angels, and in return, you shall protect my soul. Do we have a deal, Red Moonlight Blade?”

The weapon hummed and this time Vyraak laughed aloud,

“Good. I do not know your creator or what he intends for me, but you are now mine, Red Moonlight Blade, and together, we shall crush everything, including your Creator, if he

chooses to stand against us. You are nothing but a failure in his eyes, but to me, you are kin.”

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Chapter 1408 Savage Awakening

He felt heat and he smelled something sweet, and Rowan felt as if he had just woken up from a long dream.

A dream that seemed to have no end.

He could hear the sound of laughter, it sounded like a child, no multiple children, both male and female, and a tantalizing aroma of what should be a delectable food, and warmth surrounding his body, and he did not want to open his eyes, he simply wanted to preserve this moment as it was.

The laughter of the children rang out again, like the lovely chimes of a silver bell, and he became curious, some things were meant to be explored, and so he opened his eyes and saw that he was surrounded by children.

They were grinning, their pearly white teeth flashing in the gloom, but there was something about their smile that was a bit off-putting. Maybe it was because he had just woken up from a long sleep, maybe that was the reason why their eyes seemed to be dead, as their laughter, as lovely as it sound, did not reach it.

He was lying flat on his back, and they had surrounded him; they sat closely together, two of them even sitting on his lower body and also on his two hands; they whispered among themselves and giggled, their laughter almost making him smile. He could not seem to help it; there was something about that sound that triggered unknown memories inside of him, which made him want to smile alongside them.

There were eight of them, and for a moment he did not recognize who they were, the knowledge was at the tip of his tongue and he was about to acknowledge them when the feeling of warmth on his body intensified, and a new smell entered his nose, beside the aroma of food he could smell something like rusted iron, and this smell triggered his caution because he knew that this was the smell of blood.

Like a series of puzzle pieces fitting into place, as soon as he realized what he had smelled was blood, he began to see it everywhere. The children sitting on his body and around him were bathed in red. Their hair was caked to their bodies, and except for their eyes and teeth that still showed some white, everything about them was red. How could he have ever found their smile to be entrancing?

His eyes quickly searched through their bodies, but he could see no sign of injury. He could not be sure unless he checked more closely, and he decided to stand while gently nudging them aside, they seemed to be having fun, and he did not want to be the one who spoiled the party, yet he needed to check them for injuries, this was too much blood, but he discovered that he could not. He could not stand, not even his fingers could move.

Something strange was happening, but his mind seemed like it was still in a dream, and his thoughts could not be effectively guided toward action. Yet it was still odd that he could not move his limbs; Rowan had faint memories of being powerful enough to hold a universe in the palm of his hand; why could he not simply lift a couple of children off of his body?

Another wave of warmth washed over him, and he began to struggle to stand, pushing his titanic willpower against his flesh, forcing it to move, in his struggles, he made a new discovery; he could not make a sound, not even to tell the children that he wanted to check up on them and see where all the blood was coming from.

His struggles caused him to raise his head a few inches so he could peer down on his body, and for a moment, there was a dissonance in his thoughts between what he was witnessing and what he knew was real. This was because what he was seeing was equally strange and shocking.

From his throat down to his stomach, someone seemed to have taken a knife and sliced him open, and his skin was stretched to the side, revealing bones and internal organs. His ribcage had been cracked open to reveal his beating heart. He also discovered that the reason he could not move any of his limbs was because they had been sliced off at the joints, his arms were no longer connected at the shoulders and his legs were no longer connected at the hips, however, for Rowan, such a sight was no cause for concern; he could not feel any pain, and even if he did, this level of injury would be too minor to phase him.

What was surprising to him was the aroma emerging from his flesh; it was delectable, equaling the grand feast he had made not too long ago, and as he wondered how that could be possible, the children pushed hands into his open wound, and they began to eat. As they did, new organs were rapidly regenerating to replace what was lost.

Another lock seemed to be broken, and the smell of the feast became replaced by a harsh metallic odor, and the laughter of the children became nothing but moans of gluttony and greed as they ate his everlasting flesh.

Rowan's eyes squinted in thought as he stopped struggling and placed his head down; once he saw where the blood and the smell had come from, and he could now hear the sound of chewing, the haze over his mind began to slowly fade, and more conscious thought could be made.

'What is this? Where Am I? Am I still in a dream?'

Barely above the sound of the children's hearty feast, Rowan heard a tapping sound, he did not need to move his head, only his eyes to the side and he saw a window covered by glass, pressed against it was a face that held a wide grin and was tapping on the glass with a long black finger,

'Let me in.' the face whispered, 'I too want to feast. LET. ME. IN.'

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Rowan opened his eyes to a dead universe.

A faint memory brushed across his consciousness, but he could not remember what it was, he reached for it, but it faded away. Placing this oddity aside for later investigation, he focused on his body; if the suppressed rumbling from his body was any indicator, he should have succeeded in the creation of the first portion of his Origin Land.

He had discovered that to truly excavate the potential of his Origin Land, he needed to be much stronger than the fifth-dimensional level. However, he was able to carve out a bit and begin this process.

The rumbling in his body was like a suppressed volcano that continued building up pressure until it seemed there was nothing to stop its explosion, but there was a thin sheet of Will that still held everything in place. Before finalizing the process, he needed to make sure that everything followed his vision.

Even though he was not actively looking inside his dimensional space, Rowan could still perceive massive vistas a thousand times larger than any fifth-dimensional space was supposed to be, and yet this was simply a tiny fraction of his Origin Land, it was all he could excavate from it, and of this small portion of land that he could claim, he made a utopia.

In the center of this utopia he created was a grand city. It represented his history and his noble bloodlines, all the way from the Palace of Ice to the City of Sheol.

It combined all the aesthetics that he had admired from all the transformation that the City of Sheol had made in a manner that was not chaotic but incredibly orderly; it helped that the city was so vast that even a galaxy would be lost if thrown into a random street. This was a city meant to hold the population of multiple universes.

Rowan called this a city because he could see the entirety of it, but anyone else would call it a supermassive dimension that was almost the size of Doom Star, an eighth-dimensional Eternal Realm. This city contained stars, worlds, all manner of heavenly bodies that the mind could think of, and a mortal or even a god; while inside the city, would think they were in a supermassive universe, but this was still a city in the end, and it was only when viewed from a great height that transcended the dimensions of space and time would its true shape be revealed.

Surrounding the city were nine great mountain ranges and nine great oceans, but at this time the oceans were empty, and the mountain ranges were hollow. Even though the city was massive, the mountain ranges dwarfed the city on an order of magnitude, and the oceans equaled the size of the mountains.

These mountains were meant to hold his new Essence, and the Oceans were to hold his new Aether.

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Chapter 1409 The Tyranny of The White Dragon

Rowan was poised to activate his Origin Land, he simply needed to link his Class to his Bloodlines in order to give them Omniscience and Omnipotence over this portion of his dimension, and he could finalize his ascent to an Eclipsed Creator.

His bloodline had to work in tandem with his Class to fully control his Origin powers. Now that he was no longer using a Primordial Bloodline, he was essentially the first of his kind, and there was no higher power beside him.

Rowan felt like he was both the mortal and the god. He was praying to himself to grant his wishes, but this was still an oversimplification of what he was about to do.

To finish the process of activating his Origin Land, he only had to give a mental nudge, and it would be completed, but when he brought up his Will, Rowan hesitated.

This hesitation was surprising, and it made him pause his actions and re-evaluate his consciousness.

He never hesitates when his mind has been set on a course of action, and it was not long before he determined that the only reason he was hesitating was the brief flash of memory that he had when he opened his eyes a while ago. A memory that he could not recall, and went by so fleetingly that any other immortal would have missed it, but Rowan was here because he never left anything to chance.

His memories were more than perfect, and if he had something that he could not grasp, it meant it had exceeded the limits of his powers. The accident with Vyraak and his dimensional soul that revealed the hidden machinations of Primordial Time was an example of this.

Rowan sighed and stopped the final push to create his Origin Land; after all this time, he had learned to trust his instincts; something was wrong, and he had an idea of how he

needed to solve it. He simply needed to become a sixth-dimensional immortal and conquer the dimension of Memory/Mind.

‘I became a fifth-dimensional immortal in almost an instant; how much longer would it take me to get to the sixth?’

Rowan tried to cheer himself. With the power of Memory/Mind, he believed that it would be almost impossible for the truths to be hidden from his sight. However, taking this step meant he was crippling himself and halting his complete transformation.

What he had decided on was incredibly risky. Without finalizing his Origin Land, the growth of his overall power was grounded to a halt, and apart from the rapidly diminishing amount of Aether and Essence inside his dimensional soul, Rowan would not be able to regenerate any form of energy on his own.

However, this was worth the risk, and he would not have made this decision lightly if he did not have a way to work around this hindrance. At his level, he could not afford to make a decision as important as finalizing his base of power without understanding everything that he could about the creation of a power such as this one.

Rowan had once believed that he should be able to create his Origin Land with the foundations that he had, but as it turned out, it was not enough. His instincts, these forgotten memories, all were showing him hints that he was not ready to create a foundation that could rival those of the Primordials. He needed more information, and he needed more power. If not in the sixth dimension, then he would conquer Fate and Destiny. Nothing would stop him.

He needed to understand more of the past and the mysteries that had led the Primordials to their current level.

Rowan gave a mental command to the Cherubims beside him,

“Call my children home. It is time I show myself to all of existence.”

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Realm Of Drakul.

Land masses the size of a planet were shattered by the clash of countless immortals on a battlefield that stretched across the entire planet. Flashes of energy and other extra-dimensional forces filled the surrounding space as reality buckled and heaved against a tide of destruction that reaped the lives of many like grass.

The cries of the dying and the dead and the roar of the combatants were constant and had been growing in intensity as the years passed. Conquering an entire realm was not an easy task, but it was one that this Child of Rowan was eager to accomplish.

War had been unceasing in this dimension for a million years, as an invader from an unknown realm gained access to it, and wished to claim the throne of Drakul in order to gain the power to control this dimension.

These invaders were dragons, or at least that was what their appearance suggested, however, their leader was indeed a dragon. He was Vraegar, and he had proclaimed himself to be the firstborn of the Creator.

Although Drakul was not a beautiful dimension, war had ravaged its surface and it was a shadow of what it once was. Its inhabitants were stubborn and had grown fat on the power inherently contained inside this dimensional remnant, and they resisted the invasion of the Dragon.

Its creator was a powerful immortal with a weird extra-dimensional bloodline that made him an entity who feasted and controlled the power of blood and essence. At the height of his powers, he called himself a Vampire God. Drakul, the God of Vampires.

A being who could refer to themselves as a god of an entire class of bloodlines was usually at the eighth dimension. Like many eighth-dimensional entities who had once lived in the Primordial Era, most had not survived the great purge, and Drakul the Vampire God had perished in that battle, with the remnants of his dimension ruled by his descendants and offshoots of his bloodline.

For a long time, they had imposed their might on the multiple dimensions around them, conquering many and amassing a great amount of wealth that was built on the suffering of countless species, and they might have continued like this forever, but Vraegar came from the throne of Drakul and war followed him.

The realm of Drakul was a place without sunlight. Instead, there was a massive black moon the size of a universe overhead that bled unceasingly, and this blood fell on the remnants of the realm, watering the vitality of those that resided below and preserving the realm through the ages.

This blood poured on the combatants in the fields below as the Children of the Ouroboros led by the Dragon Vraegar laid siege to the realm of Drakul, and after a million years of war, they were at the edge of conquest.

Fighting on the black moon was Vraegar himself; although he was at the fifth-dimensional level, he alone battles a seventh-dimensional immortal alongside four sixth-dimensional immortals and eleven fifth-dimensional immortals.

All of these powers had to be arrayed against the dragon to slow him down, but Vraegar could not be held back. After a million years of battle, his blood was slowly heating up, and he had forgotten the reason why he began this fight in the first place; what he found more interesting was the battle itself.

It was unknown if the inhabitants of Drakul would curse at this dragon if they knew that he was not fully focused on destroying their resistance, he was just burning time until his father returned and called upon him to unleash his flames on all creation.

At this moment Vraegar was the size of the black moon over Drakul suddenly froze as a thought entered his mind. The immortals who had been resisting the dragon did not let this opportunity go to waste as they drew upon a healthy chunk of the power contained inside the black moon creating a black arrow that shot towards the great white dragon.

This arrow slammed into Vraegar with so much force that the shockwave that erupted from the clash nearly destroyed a third of the dimension. The dragon was blasted into the distance accompanied by his roar of pain and fury.

Vraegar collapsed to the ground millions of light years away, and his white eyes turned red with rage. Bringing himself to his feet, the dragon looked at the scorch mark on the scales around his chest and growled, and his gaze zoomed across the distance to the flustered immortals on the black moon who, despite giving their best shot, had only managed to push the dragon back without his suffering and injuries.

A rumble that the sound of a billion thunderstorms began to arise in the chest of Vraegar, slowly painting the scales around his chest red, and this color began to slowly head up his throat. He spread his wings wide and their massive size covered the realm of Drakul in its shade.

The dimensions around him began to burn and collapse into their basic components. Even without spewing out his flames, the heat that was escaping outside his body would have destroyed universes.

The sound of his flames traveling from his chest up his throat to his mouth was something that would haunt the minds of the survivors till the day they died.

For the first time in a million years, Vraegar spoke to the immortals he had been waving war with,

“All your thrones shall fall. Your civilization, erased!”

Flames as red as blood erupted from his maws.

Chapter 1410 The Fear of The Lady of Shadows

Eva, the Lady of Shadows, was the last to leave the Great Desert. Sending Andar and Nivi alongside their charge away from this place alongside a contingent of Angels, she settled upon the great task that Rowan had set her out to accomplish. It required a consummate

knowledge of the utilization of Astrolabe and of all his children and subordinates, none could match Eva in this aspect.

Without the presence of Nemesis, this dimension that had held the Memories of countless powerful immortals from the dawn of the Primordial Era had gone into disarray, and the massive crater that Rowan made in order to reach its foundations had remained for far longer than even Eva anticipated until something changed.

Above the Great Desert, a rain of blood, souls, memories, and Wills began to fall into the massive crater, and this became the fuel that was needed to close this gap. Unknown to Eva, at precisely the time these changes began to happen, Primordial Chaos had released a drop of his blood that killed countless Chaos Bloods all over reality, the number of deaths was impossible to determine, and unless someone had an overall vision of the state of Reality, that number might never be known.

It was with this sacrifice that Primordial Chaos used to heal this dimension, and even Eva could see that this healing was just on the surface, there was much that needed to be done to complete this process because there were certain tenacious Memories still escaping the hold of the Great Desert.

Which was the entire reason the Lady of Shadows had remained here for so long. She had been tasked by Rowan to document every single Memory of powerful immortals that had escaped the Great Desert and place a sort of traceless tag on each of these Memories.

The reason for this was not stated but understanding the sort of Creator that she followed and his abilities, she knew that the only reason Rowan would want to do something like this was not because he felt guilty about releasing so many powerful individuals back into reality who had been dead since the end of the Primordial Era, no it was because needed to hunt.

Preventing Nemesis from returning to the Great Desert was not just to satisfy the vengeance of Rowan; it was also to leave the gap open in the Great Desert long enough for many of these reality-breaking entities to escape.

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Eva did not know the cost in souls that it took for Rowan to reach the fifth dimension in an instant, but she knew that it would be a ridiculous number, and as it was, she did not believe that Reality as a whole could withstand the appetite of Rowan's future growth, such a thing would be frankly impossible. She was inside the heart of Rowan taken when he was a third-dimensional immortal—even though that cheeky man would always say he was technically a mortal—and even with all the energy she had expended to get to this point, she realized she had not even used half of what was contained within his heart.

To put that into context, she had used enough energy to fuel a hundred eighth-dimensional immortals, and there was still half of it left over. What, then, would it take

for an immortal like Rowan to reach a higher dimensional level? Eva suspected that it was only because Soul energy was so potent that a unit of it could equal a vast amount when converted to other forms of energy that Rowan had been able to reach this point.

If he was to hunt for souls in the outside reality, disregarding the risk, then the only places that could satisfy his need would be Primordial Domains, but for now, they were beyond his powers, and he needed a second-best alternative.

Every eighth-dimensional immortal was the product of countless resources and sheer genius, all imbued into a single vessel. In the Primordial Era, such resources were bountiful, but the Supreme Era had less of them. An immortal like Rowan should have only existed in the Primordial Era, and if he needed to grow in this Supreme Era, he could either find a way to return to the past, or he would bring the past down to the present.

With the events that had happened here, Rowan had chosen the latter.

As she had long realized about the immortal that she now served, Rowan's actions always had a deeper meaning behind them, and the more time that she spent with him, the greater the impact of his actions became impressed in her thoughts. It always amazes her how someone who was still so relatively young could possess such a grand vision for his future. With everything on his plate that he had to deal with, it would be a normal thing for him to simply be bogged down in the present, however, Rowan was still considering his future even as he dealt with the threats of the present.

Her relationship with Rowan had been growing and evolving from the moment he summoned her from the hands of death, from indifference to curiosity, and then respect. Yet as time passed, that respect became flavored with a bit of fear because she could no longer anticipate his actions, his plans were becoming too deep, and he was transforming into an entity that Eva was slowly failing to comprehend.

Fear was the natural reaction when you looked into an abyss, and the Lady of Shadows simply knew that as long as she followed his plans, sooner or later, she would come to see his true vision displayed to the entirety of reality. So this was what she did, following her orders to the letter, as she was no longer a teacher, but now a student.

Eva had made sure that she monitored and stored the Memory Signature of every entity that escaped from the Great Desert before it was sealed by Primordial Chaos, with this information in hand, Rowan could create a great campaign to hunt them down while they were still relatively weak, their souls were to be his fuel for growth.

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Despite how powerful an eighth-dimensional immortal was. Returning to reality would mean they were at their lowest points. After all, they were nothing but Memories, powerful memories nonetheless, but still limited in what they could do.

They would need to nurture their bodies and souls before they could regain their Essence and Aether. The only advantage they would have during this early period would be their Wills, but Eva was sure that Rowan would have a plan for that.

The time frame for an eighth-dimensional immortal to reach the heights of their powers was measured in the millions of years, sometimes even billions, if the right resources could not be found.

This extended amount of time for their recuperation would give Rowan the only window he needed to complete his hunt.

Harvesting the soul from a single eighth-dimensional immortal would be equal to killing all the inhabitants of a hundred thousand universes, and there were also other tangible benefits, such as their Wills, Memories and abilities that could be harvested and studied to increase Rowan's power base.

Her master was on a clock, and he needed to gain power very quickly. Even though he planned to harvest a lot of universes, these were all long-term strategies as Rowan would not be killing any life in those universes; he would simply be the final destination for the dead.

Over time it was expected that he would be able to gain far more soul energy from his dimension and the universes he had gathered, but for Rowan to gain enough fuel to push his ascension to higher dimensional states in less than a million years, then every single immortal Memories that escaped from the Great Desert were extremely necessary.

Eva was also very appreciative of Rowan's quick growth because she would be able to develop faster if he grew stronger.

In the third dimension, it was because of how insanely strong Rowan's powers were that she was able to push towards the fifth dimension, and now with him being at the fifth-dimensional level, she should be able to push towards the seventh.

However, the big leap to her abilities would be if Rowan becomes a sixth-dimensional immortal; at that time, Eva would be able to finally reach the eighth-dimensional level and assume her mantle as a Celestial Creator once more.

Rowan had assumed her bloodlines at the beginning before he evolved into something else and so he did not obtain all the benefits of controlling the Palace of Ice.

If she could become a Celestial Creator once more, her Palace of Ice, which had been hidden since the beginning of the Primordial Era, would return to her once more, and her Host of Angels that had once darkened the Gate of the Light and shaken the foundations of the Great Abyss with their numbers would be resurrected. Her presence once more would resound over all of reality.

Her Will vibrated as a dark presence appeared before her,

“Greetings, Fallen Creator, your master summons you home.”

Chapter 1411 The Sorrow Of Andar And Nivi (1)

Andar had created a platform from a swirling ball of earth, and in it lay Staff who was still passed out after tearing the Great Desert dimension in two. He did not go past what was expected of him, but Staff had been filled with rage when she struck out against the desert. Her emotions, as he had learned over the years, were fiery, and her temper ran as hot as her warmth.

Clustered around the platforms were tongues of fire in their hundreds, these were the Angels tasked with following them, but Andar believed they were here more for Staff than him, her friendship with them was a well-known secret even if she believed that it was a private affair, Staff had never learned not to wear her heart on her sleeves.

He could still hear the dreadful crash as a dimension that had existed since the end of the Primordial Era, holding great horrors that most minds could never fathom was broken by the might of this sleeping woman who had her staff close to her like a body pillow. Her talents were damned impressive, and Andar sometimes wondered between them who was stronger, they sparred now and then, but he never allowed it to go too far.

Maybe one of these days he would go to the limits with her, but something was holding him back; he needed to settle the affair that had been on his mind for more than a million years before he could allow himself to fully exercise the fullness of his might and luxuriate in his talent.

Both of them had sorrows in their hearts and weight in their soul, and every day was a journey to relieve them of that load.

Sleeping beside Staff was the miniaturized form of the white dragon, Vraegar, this was formed by a body spell created by the dragon to watch over them, especially his favorite Nivi. He almost appeared to be cute, with his pearly white scales and his tiny red claws that clutched the air in his sleep as a light snore escaped from his opened mouth filled with tiny sharp fangs.

Vraegar had a weird sense of possession that all great dragons seemed to have, and Andar had it on good authority that the dragon had left thousands of these clones to those that he favored. Knowing Vraegar, Andar could not help but think this was also a form of politicking; the dragon's lust for power was only bounded by the implacable might of his father, and so he had to work within the confines of what Rowan had given him.

However, with the rate by which Rowan develops, it is quite possible that no matter how much the dragon tries, he will never reach the confines of Rowan's ever-expanding power, and the more he seizes, the more there is to take. After Andar had witnessed the might of Rowan's Aether, he understood the gap that existed between his Creator and everyone else. The dragon was fated to struggle all his life, and at the height of his power,, he would realize that everything he had was considered nothing before the might of his father.

Andar shivered. He knew that Rowan's ultimate target was the Primordials; could it be that perhaps this was what Rowan felt when he thought about these mysterious, all-powerful entities? Did Rowan think that with all his powers he was nothing before a Primordial? He simply let those thoughts die, there were some things that he was not yet qualified to understand.

Vraegar was among the few of Rowan's children who did not enter into hibernation to wait for the elevation of his dimension. Instead, he had set out into reality, knowing the risk involved as Rowan would not be there to save his soul if he died, all so he could fight for his advancement. It would have been an easy thing to sleep away the years and wake up in a more glorious era, but the dragon pursued power and would not be still for so long when there was so much out there to discover.

Andar had a thought as he glanced at the sleeping form of Vraegar who was muttering in his sleep and scratching his scaly stomach with a claw, 'perhaps this clone of his that the dragon had spread to all of them in the guise of protecting them was not meant to protect them, instead, it was to protect Vraegar if he died during his journey.'

This would be just like the dragon, always hedging his bets, and if anyone was foolish enough to believe he was nothing but a brute, then their eventual suffering in the hands of Vraegar was their fault.

The dragon groaned in his sleep, and Staff, even while unconscious, patted him on the head, and pushing his head closer to her hand, the dragon settled deeper in his sleep.

He smiled at this sight as he glanced at Staff, he did not believe how close to her he had become. It was a companionship born from sharing life experiences, and all the ups and downs that such a thing entails. They had fought, laughed, lived, and grown together, and at this point in his life, no one was closer to him than her.

After close to a million years of life, some memories faded in the background while others were still painted in vivid shades, and he knew he would keep these memories till the day that he died.

Even in all these years, certain memories had never left him. Touching the green brooch by his chest, Andar smiled; a million years had passed, and he had never forgotten her, Nivi. Because she died a mortal, and her soul not being under Rowan's domain it was

impossible to determine when her Soul Origin would send back her soul essence into the streams of reincarnation.

The knowledge of how the soul works, reincarnation, Soul Origin, and other ethereal subjects like these were extremely rare, Andar had scoured through the libraries of countless Magus and he hardly learned anything from them, and if not for his relationship with Rowan, he would not even understand so many things that he did now.

He had a faint hope that he would be able to find the vast cache of Soul Origin orbs that had been gathered by the Primordial Keepers inside the Great Desert, but it was not there. Wherever the Keepers had stowed, the Soul Origin was still unknown, and Andar made it a priority for him to find it. With the Soul Origin of Nivi, Rowan would be able to bring back her soul.

Andar closed his eyes and let his frustration flow through him before opening them. If the Great Desert did not contain Soul Origin, he would simply have to continue searching. With Rowan awake, he knew that his Creator would inevitably point him in the right direction.

Inside the green brooch that he kept close to his heart was the sleeping body of Nivi; her vitality had been maintained with his own, and even after a million years, she had not changed. She still appeared to be asleep. Andar had brought her up to a Level 9 Mage, but without her soul, he could not make her an Archmage.

“One day you shall see the light again. I promise.”

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It was funny how, in the past, a year almost seemed like forever; so many new things were changing in such a short period that it almost seemed unreal.

The group created by Nivi and him, the Limit Breakers, had been his family for many millennia, their talents took them far, but as the gulf that existed between Andar’s talent and the rest of them widened, even if he wanted them to be close to him, they could no longer withstand his presence.

His quickness of thoughts and the sheer might surrounding every aspect of his being would eradicate them in body and soul, even his mentors of the Black Tower, friends he kept for millennia also had to be left behind, and except for the presence of Staff and Vraegar, he would have walked his journey through the dimensions alone.

Something he had come to realize as he grew stronger was how just the quickness of his thoughts and actions would leave 99.9% of everyone he knew and loved behind. A single second for him could be extended to a period of weeks if he wanted to, and except for Staff who had matched his growth through the years, Andar had come to realize that he would have inevitably left Nivi behind a long time ago.

She was a genius, but with the bloodline of Rowan and his Supreme Meditation Art, he was already a fifth-dimensional immortal in just a million years. It would be amazing if Nivi would become a fourth-dimensional immortal in a billion years. Where would he be in a billion years? Soon, even if he desired it, Nivi would have to go on her own path and find a way to reach her potential, and their journey together would come to an end.

This thought gave him a measure of peace, but he knew that he could not take the next step forward if he did not try to return her soul back to her body, he needed to make sure that he did his best to resurrect his first love, else he would never be able to move on.

“It’s kinda disgusting how much you finger that thing. I know you miss her, but you should, you know... do that in private.”

Andar sighed for the umpteenth time in a short while, “You are awake.”

“And so am I,” Vraegar roared.

Chapter 1412 The Sorrow Of Andar And Staff (final)

Staff sat up from the moving platform stretching her hands as if she had woken up from a long sleep which was not far from the truth, Andar observed that she was trying not to glance at the Angels around her, pushing Vraegar aside who were trying to climb her shoulder like a little bird she turned towards Andar after she had observed the surroundings and saw that they were being moved by Andar,

“I don’t recognize this space,” her Will brushing against Andar’s own, “where are we heading?”

“Oh, even I don’t know the name of this space, I gained access to it a few thousand years ago but I don’t use it much often and I have never bothered to give it a name; it is a space that is just below the Tunnel of Time, accessible to those who touch the upper domain of speed like I can. To answer your second question, we are heading towards Booze Palace. I thought after everything, that might just be the place that we need.”

Staff scrunched her brows in confusion before her eyes lit up, as she smiled,

“It’s been a while since we returned. I have missed it. I wanted to go on ahead with the resurrection of my father, but is this really the right time?”

Andar shrugged, “We were there just seven thousand years ago, Staff, I thought you... we need to relax after what happened, and the incoming trial and resurrection of your father even though it might not seem like it at the moment, I am sure it would be very dangerous, your history extends beyond Trion and the Dominators, and your lineage is not

simple, do not expect what comes next to be easy, and before then, we should find ourselves for a bit.”

“Yeah, that...” Staff looked away, her gaze a bit forlorn before she brightened once more, “You know, if there were any place that my father would like to see again, it would be Booze Palace.”

“Hey, Booze Palace was created by him, right? I heard of that place, but I never had a chance to go, with the universe ending and all that.” Vraegar, who had been following the conversation between Andar and Staff, interjected, his cute red eyes bright with curiosity as he tried and failed to suppress a yawn.

Staff nodded in affirmation, “Yes, he always loved his drinks, a little bit too much according to my mum, but he could never find the exact ones that he loved, there were always flaws, or they did not just exist, and so he made Booze Palace to be known across several galaxies, and he gathered the best drinks that were available under the stars and for those that he could not find, he made. He would get this idea in his head about an exotic taste, and he would visit numerous worlds just to gather the right ingredients to bring to life that taste he had inside his head; he shared that with anyone who came to visit. You should have seen the joy in his eyes when they applauded his creation. My father was a simple man, but in his simplicity was profound contentment.”

“Damn, I wished I could have visited.” Vraegar growled, “to see him like that.”

Staff chuckled, “I don’t think you have missed much. At least I don’t think so. The present Booze Palace is now known across several dimensions. Circe and Archimedes have done a great job in expanding the tavern that my father started on a whim to become something that is known not just in a single universe, but in the higher realms. Their creations are also marvelous and I am sure my father would appreciate the care they placed into his tavern. I am glad that this part of him has remained for so long.”

Andar seeing the laughter on the faces of Staff felt a similar urge to laugh, her energy was that infectious, and he nudged her with a brush of his Spirit,

“I have always thought of your father as an unstoppable warrior, someone that even Rowan respects his might, and you know how impossible it is to draw out something like that from him. I don’t know, just can’t see him as an owner of a tavern, serving drinks, brewing them... guess there is much I don’t know about these might figure.”

“Oh, trust me, he was not much different on the battlefield and in the tavern; he simply has this effortless grace around him in every situation. Whether in combat or as a bartender, he just... was.” Staff shook her head in remembrance, “That made him scary Andar, because you could never predict his next moves. One minute, he is laughing, and the next, he is killing, and he switches between these two extremes so effortlessly, I have come to understand that for him, there is no difference. Every moment for him is a fucking battle.”

Andar was silent for a while as he contemplated the words of Staff and then he looked ahead, “We would soon be reaching our destination. We can relax there for a few decades, perhaps a century or two, and help Circe and Archimedes with the tavern, I know you worked there with your father, it would be a good thing to refamiliarize yourself with the process again, and then we can return to Rowan and begin the resurrection of your father. What do you think?”

“That’s a good pl–”

Reality ahead tore open and a powerful Celestial presence emerged that seemed to be made out of darkness and was effortlessly keeping up with the traveling platform, the tongues of flames that surrounded the platform bent in the middle as they acknowledged the presence of a superior force in their midst,

“Child of the Creator,” the Celestial presence addressed Andar, “Friend of the Creator,” nodding toward Staff, “I am Sundown, a Cherubim of the Creator and you are both summoned to his presence.”

There was silence on the platform for a moment as the trio came to terms with this new addition to Rowan’s Angelic Hosts. The last time they were with him, his greatest Angels were Powers, and now what was here with them was an order of magnitude more powerful, however, they were able to rapidly recover from their shock as they were now used to Rowan’s strangeness and Staff stepped forward, anger in her tone,

“Hey,” Staff growled, “After the stunt we pulled off, we deserve a few thousand years of recuperation. The reason I followed your master for so long was the promise of the return of my father. I am too close to achieving that I will not be dragged into another reality-breaking journey again... at least, not yet.”

The Cherubim smoothly bowed his head a bit, “I apologize, friend of the Creator, but I assure you, your time will not be wasted, and I will deliver you to your destination after this meeting more quickly than you would have arrived following him,” the Cherubims gestured with a hand made of darkness towards Andar.

Andar nodded towards Staff, “He’s right. We are close to Booze Palace but it would take us a day before we reach. With the speed of this Angel, we can be there in ten minutes; we lose nothing returning to Rowan. I am sure that every time he gives out his summons, the reasons are extremely important, and we would not regret going.”

“That was what I was worried about,” Staff muttered as she backed off, knowing that there was no more reason to argue this matter.

“Eh, before we leave,” Vraegar scratches his head, ” Can you guys go to the location of my main body? I have gone much farther than I anticipated, and I can’t return quickly without my subordinates. Things in the realm I am currently in have changed.”

Andar frowned, "What has changed? For the last million years, you have been regaling us with the stories of your great progress and the battles you have been relishing. Why are you now so eager to leave?"

"Well, this thing is kinda your fault. I was toying with these fools for all these years and I was at the edge of seizing the core of an eighth dimension remnant, but apparently, the Memory of Drakul has just returned, and now I am fighting for my life."

Chapter 1413 Hunger

At his request for help, Staff held her stomach and began to laugh, "Hehehe, your unchecked greed, white dragon, shall be the end of you... hahaha, why would you be hunting on the remnants of an eighth-dimensional immortal? You left the lower realm barely a million years ago and your sight immediately went to the peak of existence. I don't know if I should admire your guts or laugh at you for your stupidity."

Vraegar sniffed in annoyance, "I would have you know that this hunt has been extremely profitable for me. I entered the realm of Drakul, a fourth-dimensional dragon, and now I am at the peak of the fifth. If I have the chance to digest my gains, I will be at the sixth-dimensional level; which of you here could then compare to me? This realm is extremely close to my nature as a Nosferatu, and I do not regret a single moment I spent on it. Besides, I don't want you to come get me. I don't think I would be able to survive, but my subordinates need a way out. I did not bring them to that realm to die. It may take a bit more time, but I will regain all that I have lost."

Staff snorted, "Did not know you were such a sour puss, Vraegar; as long as you are not dead, there is no way we would stand by and watch you die if you are at the verge of the sixth-dimensional level, then we cannot risk you falling now, we need all the power that we can hold at this moment. Drakul is left with just his Memories, even if we cannot kill him, we should be able to take you out of that place. Hold on big guy, we are on our way."

"Then you better hurry. I don't think I can live for long and this bastard seemed to be lusting after my body!"

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A moment before Drakul arrived, Vraegar had been on the verge of victory. His flames had tore a path through the dimension of Drakul heading towards the peak of the dimension where the most powerful immortals had been defending against his onslaught for a million years.

Their attacks when he was distracted by the summons from his father had been extremely annoying, and he had unknowingly revealed his hand, and he saw no reason he should maintain the charade that he had been playing for nearly a million years.

Throughout these long years of battle, Vraegar had acted as merely a dragon that possessed great speed and strength with ridiculous durability that was able to shrug off most of the damages sent against him, but the immortals here did not know the power of his Nosferatu bloodline and his Will and they had been deceived by his actions and instead of fleeing, they had continued battling him all, thinking that he would fall from exhaustion... the fools.

Vraegar's Will was the Will of Hunger. It was an extremely rare Will because creatures who had the potential to awaken this Will usually never lived long enough to reach the fourth-dimensional level; their appetites consumed their minds and souls, but his Nosferatu Bloodline and the strength of his body as a child of Rowan had enabled his forbidden existence to reach the immortal level, and it was at this level that the perverse nature of his bloodline began to reveal themselves, and the monster that could devour all of existence began to show its teeth.

Paired with his Nosferatu Bloodline, his Will of Hunger had been quietly stealing the wealth, attributes, lifespan, luck, essence, spirit, and soul of the immortals he was battling were gradually reducing all these while, and to a lesser extent, even their Wills and Fates were being stolen. As Vraegar grew increasingly powerful in the future, then there would be nothing that he would not be able to steal.

As his presence spread all over the realm with his gradual increase in power, Vraegar had also been leeching all of these benefits from the entire realm, and even though he had been channeling nearly eighty percent of everything he was stealing to his body to strengthen it for his eventual ascension pushing Vraegar in a short while to achieve a Supreme Core of Constitution and a Supreme Core of Strength, Vraegar had been able to reach the peak of the fifth dimension from the fourth with relative ease, and in a short while, he knew he would soon be achieving a Supreme Core of Agility.

Vraegar was also not greedy with the enormous bounty he had been draining from this realm and had been channeling a healthy amount of power to his subordinates fighting this war with him, and in the span of a million years, there were more than thirty fourth dimensional immortal that were born among their number!

Despite the power of their bloodlines that assured every child of Rowan to reach the peak of the false immortal realm. To touch Will and, therefore, walk the higher dimensions was incredibly difficult, and yet with Vraegar's Will, he had been able to essentially build a bridge to carry numerous immortals over this barrier. His proclamation of being a Dragon God was no longer false, in some ways, Vraegar had become someone that even Rowan had to acknowledge.

If not for the dragon's insistence that they keep their powers under wraps, the Children of the Ouroboros here with him would have swept through the entire foundations of this realm. If there had been any doubt in following the dragon in the past, all of that had been swept aside. He was truly the first son of the Creator, the great white dragon that would sweep across the realm to prepare for his coming.

Vraegar needed to slowly digest his meal; reaching the higher dimension was not an easy thing, and it was all he could do to fight and elevate his dimensional level at the same time. It was a good thing that he had been stealing talents from all these immortals and bolstering his own, his consciousness power was now many times greater than what he had at the start of this battle, and it would only continue growing.

Vraegar could not deny the results of this campaign; the foundation of this realm had been stolen from the hands of the defenders, and what was especially amusing to the dragon was that they were not aware of his nefarious touch.

There were certain newly born higher dimensional immortals among his subordinates that could deceive the mental state of others; they specially selected their Wills to aid their master in his conquest, and their presence had made Vraegar's conquest a foregone conclusion.

It was the reason when his flames reached the immortals he had been fighting; the entire fourth and fifth-dimensional immortals there were simply deleted from existence.

The sixth-dimensional immortals did not last for a few seconds before they disappeared, and except for the seventh, who had a dome of Will and Fate that was slowly being eroded, his enemies were finished.

Underneath the heat of his flames was the truly destructive nature of his Will that leeched everything from his enemies, and the immortals that were deleted did not die from the heat; they were consumed in body and soul.

The last living immortal was screaming. Underneath the flames of the dragon did he understand the despicable nature of the foe that he was facing. The flames were stealing everything from him, even his thoughts, as he discovered that his mind had been going around in circles all these while instead of being focused as every time he wanted to muster an offensive, the thoughts of it were stolen from his mind.

He did not die in peace.

Strengthening his physique showed its value at this moment because it took all of his concentration to keep all the power he had taken from this immortal inside his massive heart for it to be stored for later consumption.

With this power, Vraegar was assured of reaching the sixth-dimensional level, and that would mean, among all the children of his father, he would be the strongest.

As much as he would love to finish devouring the core of this realm, his father has summoned him, so he would need to leave, but he would return to this realm in the future to finish his meal.

A voice that sent chills down his spine spoke beside his ear,

“What kind of dragon are you?”

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Chapter 1414 Memory Of An Old One

Vraegar response to that unexpected question was with fire. He had lived long enough to know when one was being considered as prey, and the being here was only sating their curiosity right before they drove the blade into his skull.

Red flames exploded from his mouth with so much intensity it was as if a star had exploded. The flames covered his entire body with a massive whooshing sound that pushed the space around him backward for miles as the impossible heat from his fires sent reality quaking, and even as he sent clear orders for his subordinates to retreat towards the edge of the dimension and close off all of their perceptive abilities, he began launching a spell taught to him by the Lady of Shadows on his insistence, called Heavenly Eye, after he decided to roam reality outside his father’s dimension.

This spell was supposed to be strictly available for Celestials alone, and not just any minor Celestials but higher order Celestials like Seraphim. However, Vraegar had been able to learn it to the shock of Eva, and the dragon had preened for many millennia when he recalled shock in the eyes of Eva, and even now, the memory still made him proud, reinforcing his belief in the power of his omnipotent blood.

His eyes blazed white as if two suns had been ignited within and he could finally see a shadow standing in the midst of his red flames. It was humanoid, seemingly the size of a human and simultaneously the size of a universe, and even though what he could see was barely a fraction of the Memory of this immortal, the greatest feeling he was receiving from this sight was of a vast ocean of old, cold blood, so voluminous it could quench every star in creation.

“Interesting... You can see me, dragon. This makes you better than all the wretched spawn that has emerged from my remnant. I have been asleep for too long and my Dominion has weakened to nothing. Worship me as your master, or grant me your body. This Era has changed from the one I know, but with you, I can rise. You can be my slave or my tool.”

The language spoken by this Old One was extremely strange, archaic, and possessing far more power than it should have, but it was a good thing that this was the language mostly used by Rowan, and Vraegar was already used to its power and weight. Whatever fear that rose in his heart was suppressed when he knew that the root of his bloodline was older and far more terrible.

The words from the Old One carried authority that almost compelled Vraegar to reply and if not for the effects of Heavenly Eyes and the knowledge that the Lady of Shadows had

bequeathed him, Vraegar would have responded to that shadow and doomed himself. Even looking at the Old One would have been acknowledging his presence.

The Memory of an eighth-dimensional Old One gained power when it was acknowledged, and Heavenly Eyes shielded the dragon from the effects of this Memory because it made the heavens themselves his eyes, and so it was not Vraegar that was acknowledging the presence of the Old One, it was the heavens of this dimension, and if he made the mistake of responding to him, then Vraegar's mind would no longer be his own, as a Memory of an Old One could wipe out his soul in a single breathe.

In their higher realm of existence, their greatest weapon against those who were lower than them was the sheer complexity of their existence and the weight that it carried. Simply by placing themselves in the area, their Will would make that area their own.

Not falling for this trap, the dragon roared, and the unceasing red flames jetting out of his mouth brightened until it was almost white, Vraegar placed his claw into it, but he was not burned, instead, he drew out a blade made from his flames, and he swung it down on the heart of the dimension, which was the bleeding black moon.

Reality parted and a long wave of dense energy that flared with the color of a dying sun streaked toward the moon faster than light, Vraegar reeled back from this move, he had used all of the energy he had harvested from the seventh-dimensional immortal, and also nearly half of all of his energy stores for that single slash. He inferred that attacking this quickly was the only chance he would get to make a worthwhile attack against this Old One.

The falling blood from the black moon froze in place before unexpectedly reassembling itself into a giant web that covered the entire moon. More of the blood kept stitching into place to create more webs faster than it should have been possible as if time was being delayed for this action to be completed, but the slash from Vraegar was too quick, and it slammed into the black moon.

He had concentrated all of his power into tearing into the moon, his entire Will and Intent focused on the single task of cutting it in two and destroying its entire structure, yet a fraction of the energy of that slash escaped from it due to rebounding against the solidity of that move, creating a light that was so bright that it could be seen for billions of light years and the resultant shockwave shattered the remnants of this dimension to pieces. At the edge of his consciousness, Vraegar could feel many consciousnesses of his subordinates being wiped out by the light and shockwave from that blast despite the fact that they had more than forty experienced fourth-dimensional immortals shielding them.

The shockwave seemed unrelenting as Vraegar was being pushed back as a storm of ash, flames, and blood blasted past him. Although he had unleashed all this power, a majority of the energy he had utilized was not from him, and he did not have a full understanding of what he had accomplished, but he still smiled because he could hear the screams of rage from that Old One despite all the cacophony that erupted from his slash.

Even when he felt great pain on his side as a force sent him blasting through enormous chunks of land that were the remnants of this dimension, he still smiled when he saw his handiwork through the Heavenly Eyes.

Twenty percent of the black moon had been destroyed, leaving a deep crater in the enormous moon that revealed bleeding flesh and rotten bones. The black moon was the heart of this Old One that had slowly gone rotten over the endless years that his Memory had languished in the Great Desert.

The dragon would have laughed if he was able to. Here he was a fifth-dimensional immortal, yet he had struck a blow that harmed an Old One.

Vraegar did not need to check to see that the pain he had felt a while back was a result of the Old One, which he had judged was most likely Drakul himself. That pain was a result of a blow that had torn out his left wings and claw, but since he was still holding on to his blade of flames using his right claw, he still had the means to defend himself, and with the message from his clone that he was expecting reinforcement, Vraegar needed to survive for a few moments more, giving him hope.

“For these despicable acts against my Throne, dragon, I shall impale your soul and spirit upon a spike of pain till the end of this Era. Your flesh shall serve as my footstool and your bones shall be the foundation of my new world. Your Will shall scream forever, and the tale of your folly shall be known to all who walk upon my realm for eternity.”

Vraegar tried not to listen to the rage of Drakul; if he did, the powerful Memory of this Old One could begin twisting his words into reality, and the dragon’s Fate would be as he had spoken. Vraegar had one last major move in his tank before he was all out of energy, there was nothing else for him to steal except he began draining his subordinate, and the Memory of the Old One was far too powerful and strange for him to be able to gain a single handhold. His only option was to defend and survive long enough until he received help.

‘I can do it... I can survive. At least long enough for those who followed me to be rescued.’

He failed to follow the next series of blows, Vraegar only felt the pain several moments after he had been struck, as massive mounds of flesh were stripped from his body and his bones underneath fractured, as he was tossed from one corner of the broken remnant dimension to another. The dragon roared in pain and swiped his blade of flames to catch his opponent, but it was useless, this Memory of Drakul did not seem tangible, yet it could hurt the dragon.

Vraegar no longer thought he could survive what was to come. He had been nearly flayed to the bone, and all his energy was placed into keeping the embers of his vitality burning.

“Why do you not speak, dragon? Do you believe that your silence would preserve the last of your soul from my hands?”

A long black tongue emerged from the darkness and it began to lap the blood of Vraegar that had spilled across trillions of miles,

“Your blood... is foul. Too much power contained within it, and not enough Will to make it tangible. You are nothing but a fattened pig that should have been properly prepared for slaughter. Your owner has given you too much freedom!”

Vraegar growled internally but refused to be baited by the Memory of Drakul.

Chapter 1415 Old Secrets (1)

Chapter 1415 Old Secrets (1)

For the next several moments, Vraegar was brought to the edge of death. Massive booms rang out as his bones that had reached the first Supreme Core in durability were taken to their limit and no single spot was left untouched, the dragon feared that a single massive breeze would cause him to collapse as his stores of energy had vanished a while back, clearly, Drakul was just toying with him at this point.

Under this intense torture, Vraegar’s mind could not bear but return to the moment that his father had granted him the Nosferatu bloodline, at that time Vraegar had stolen Rowan’s essence for his advancement, and with the awakening of his father, the expected rebuke he received had not been that he stole from him, just that his vision was too simple, and what he used with what he stole had been far too rudimentary. His father had been disappointed that despite all of his gifts, he had still failed to use his talents to their greatest effect.

‘Am I going to fail you again, Father? Can I not hold for long enough for help to arrive? Will I ever be worthy of your name...’

Even though his clone had not stayed for long inside Doom Star, he had seen the magnitude of the enemy that his father had been facing. Great Old Ones would make Drakul here appear as harmless as a kitten, and there had been multiple of them, yet the ease at which he had gone into that battle while still at the third-dimensional level was frankly unfair and frightening.

‘I cannot be like you, Father; no one else can, but I will not bring shame to your blood. With all my gifts, how can I fail here? This Old thing would not break me!’

Vraegar sank deeper into his consciousness, no longer trying to anticipate the blows that were coming for him, he instead began to use the last of his resources to firm his bones and preserve his essence for as long as possible. He would endure until the sun turned to the dust if needed.

The dragon did not know how long he lasted under the assault of Drakul, but the voice of the Old One dragged him away from the shelter of his mind,

“Mongrel, you refuse to speak. Good, it means I can enjoy your torture for long. Let me see how your lessers fare against my rage, perhaps seeing their souls burn would bring out your voice... hahaha.”

Vraegar’s rage nearly exploded as he could sense the Memory of Drakul leaving him for what was left of his subordinate. He had taken fifteen million of them with him for this expedition, and after the long years of battle, he had lost only seventy thousand, a number that both pained him and still made him proud because they had been punching high above their weight class all this while. He had intended to make them his personal guards, bringing them to conquer all corners of reality, how could he allow them to fall here?

The altercation with Drakul had not even gone on for a single minute, yet the shockwave from this battle had claimed more than two million lives, and the rest were struggling, and if not for the presence of the forty higher dimensional immortals in his army, they would all be dead. This cost was already too much for him to bear.

Vraegar roared; the sound emerging from his bones was horrifying as he no longer had a vocal cord or any flesh to speak of; but his bones still cried out in anger and despair, he had decided to throw caution to the wind; he still had other avenues to resurrect, and he would not stand and watch as his army were tortured and slaughtered.

Faster than it should have been possible, the Memory of Drakul neared the Children of Ouroboros, and he reached for them with limbs of blood, but a pale silver shield appeared out of thin air and blocked his hands,

“Interesting... who dar—”

A massive force slammed into the Memory blasting it backward for thousands of miles, and reality rippled apart at the spot where Drakul once occupied revealing two figures walking through, Andar and Staff, whose hands were outstretched, she had been the one to push back the Memory of Drakul, turning towards the skeletal form of Vraegar she grinned,

“What’s up, big boy? You are looking a bit rough around the edges.” “No kidding,” Vraegar growled and, picking himself up with his Will, shot towards the two, hoping they had a plan for survival or it was not only him that would be dying here.

The Memory of Drakul that had been pushed back did not seem annoyed, he simply observed what was happening, his inquisitive gaze was like a knife scraping through their soul,

“This is getting more fascinating by the second. That force, it is unusual, possessing more Will than it should ever have the right to hold. I sense the bloodline of the Abyss on you

child, yet it had been Obscured, almost transformed, nothing should be able to transform the darkness like that. Which Demon Lord is your sire? I would pay my respect when I bring your dying soul to them.” Vraegar was not stopped by Drakul who seemed to be entirely focused on Staff and he soon arrived beside his friends, Staff was observing the Memory of Drakul, her eyes shimmering with an unknown glow, most likely a spell she used to observe the Old One, like Vraegar, none of them here could acknowledge the presence of an Old One without it tearing apart their mind. Inside the Great Desert, their souls had been protected by the formation, but out here without it, they needed other options to survive.

She tapped Vraegar by the snout as he had shrunk down to a few meters to conserve his dwindling energy,

“He is a talker, isn’t he? No wonder you were able to survive for this long.” “You have no idea,” Vraegar growled, “but we should be running, or else we are all dead.” “I am afraid running is no longer an option,” Andar pointed out as he gestured towards the space around them, “he has sealed the entirety of this space, and the only way we leave is if he dies.” “Child, you are also interesting; I sense the Aura of the thief of fire. He lives still? How fascinating this age must be. It is as if the Primes themselves are dead, and the runts are left to play in a neutered Era.”

“What is the plan?” Vraegar whispered, “In case you are all forgetting, I am all out of energy, and my Heavenly Eyes will soon be dissipated. I have been feeding it with my essence all along, but I don’t know how much more I can bear. You don’t want that thing possessing my body while you are still here.”

“Here have this,” Andar tossed several glowing droplets of golden essence towards Vraegar who swallowed it without even checking and his skeletal face still managed to show astonishment,

“Is that...”

“Yes, it’s drops of his essence that I, em, took when I was in his heart, it should be enough to hold you for a while.”

“Hold me?! Hahahaha, no I can do so much more with this!”

“Oh, why is that?” Andar asked with curiosity coloring his tone,

“It’s ’cause it’s fucking rich! You have no idea how much weight is inside these droplets, if you did, you wouldn’t have given me so much of it. It equals all the total essence in my body and then some.”

The flesh over Vraegar’s body returned and he roared with pleasure as the intense agony he had been undergoing for a while now was alleviated. Instead, he felt so close to the threshold of the sixth dimension that he could almost taste it.

“Your secrets... I must have them.”

The Memory of Drakul suddenly zoomed towards them, as the space around for endless miles reddened with his Will to claim them all,

Vraegar screamed, his voice moving into a pitch higher, “What is the plan!”

Andar looked at the dragon and grinned, a wicked glimmer in his eyes, knowing that the panicking voice from Vraegar would be used as ammunition when he needed to tease the dragon. He hurriedly snapped his fingers and their surroundings immediately transformed to a comfy sitting room with a blazing fireplace at the end.

Looking around in shock, Vraegar asked, “What happened, where are we?” Smiling, Andar gestured around him, “You are in my Magus Tower,”

Chapter 1416 Old Secrets (2)

Chapter 1416 Old Secrets (2)

Vraegar frowned, the expression on his draconic face was frightening, “Andar, I know your Tower would be something spectacular, but I don’t think it should be able to hold back the Memory of an Old One. You don’t need to lose more than you already have just to save me; I know how expensive a Magus Tower is; I won’t be able to repay you for millennia.”

“You are right on both fronts. My Tower is indeed spectacular, and it cannot hold back this Old One, not for long anyway, but it was never meant to. Before entering that Realm, I figured out that the Old One would be able to easily lock down space to prevent us from leaving, so I placed my Tower outside the realm while bringing part of it with me inside. In essence, I created a funnel through the blockade, and we can bypass the space lock without contesting the Old One in might. Do not worry about the cost of repairs; if we survive, I am sure that our father will reward me with greater bounties for saving your scaly hide.”

Andar swiped his hands and the walls around them rippled to show the scene of the outside world. The moment the Tower had swallowed them, it had slipped outside the dimension of Drakul, and they were moving through the unnamed Dimension of Speed that Andar had discovered, heading towards Rowan.

The passage they traveled in was not wide, they were surrounded by green wispy light that extended for as far as their senses could perceive, and although they could not see the entirety of the Tower they were traveling in, there was no sight of Drakul.

“Did we lose him? Is it possible that he cannot enter this place?” Staff looked around, her eyes darting all over, before looking towards Andar, who had the greatest sensory ability

among them while inside his tower, he was busy with a complex series of runes that materialized in midair around him and did not answer her questions for a while until Staff bumped him again and he replied distractedly,

“Um, no, we did not lose him, you cannot see him outside because he is already inside the Tower with us. Nivi and I are keeping him busy, but it’s only a matter of time until he reaches us... at least, that’s what he thinks.”

“Playing with a Memory of an Old One is foolish Andar. If he is here,” Vraegar said, “then we need to run, the defenses you have cannot hold him.”

Andar smirked, a light began to glow in his silver eyes, “Relax, I know my defenses would not be able to keep him out, but for him to find us would not be that easy. The greatest advantage of a Mage, when they reach the fifth-dimensional level is their Magus Tower. An average Mage can hold maybe three fifth-dimensional spaces in their Tower, most would only be able to hold one, a great genius can hold seven fifth-dimensional spaces in their Tower, a supreme genius, someone that has been only seen in the Magus Supreme World only three times, can hold nine fifth-dimensional spaces in their Tower... I have six hundred.”

“What the...” Vraegar looked at Andar speechless, his eyes nearly bulging out from his skull, and the Magus grinned at the stupefied dragon, “After spending all that time with your father, I thought you understood the meaning of having a solid foundation. You are about to jump into the sixth dimension so quickly when there is still so much power to excavate with the great bloodline flowing inside our bodies. You surprised me Vraegar, after knowing someone as great as our father, how could great or supreme be enough? You have remained in a single dimension from the fourth, fighting against a single variant of immortals, and your sight has been dimmed by their mediocrity. Vraegar we are the children of Rowan! You should know what this means.”

Staff rolled her eyes at his words, she had hidden her astonishment better than Vraegar, there was a time when she thought she and Andar were equal, but with this single reveal he had thrown all of that out of the window, and she knew she needed to step up or she would be left behind, yet she did not want to give him the satisfaction of seeing her surprise,

“There is a word called over-preparing, and I don’t think it does you justice. Six hundred-fifth dimensional realms in your Tower?! That is insane even for you, how would you ever reach the sixth carrying all that weight? You will be the strongest fifth-dimensional immortal, but you will never reach the sixth.”

“I used to think that would be the case,” Andar smiled. “And then I saw the heart of my father, and I knew that I was still thinking too small. After seeing what is capable of, you dare to call me the strongest fifth-dimensional immortal?” Vraegar tried and failed multiple times to talk, and then he went to the side and sulked; he had wanted to push toward the sixth dimension after they escaped from the hands of Drakul, but once more,

he had realized how much he had underestimated what he should be capable of. How many times would he have to fail for this trap of arrogance before he learned? Technically, he should have an equal potential with Andar; how could the difference between them be so vast?

Staff seemed to have come to a realization,

“Wait with six hundred dimensions inside your Tower, which is a number that I don’t want to even think about, that should just be enough weight to suppress this Memory of the Old One, is it not?”

Andar nodded, “Yeah, but I can’t kill him, and to properly suppress him, I must bring him to the lowest level, but he is being careful in his movements and he is not heading toward where I need him,” turning to Vraegar, Andar’s eyes lit up, “We need a bait to draw him lower. Hey, you up for another ride?”

Chapter 1417 Old Secrets (final)

Chapter 1417 Old Secrets (final)

“Crash.... Boom!”

Vraegar screamed in pain as his body was hurtled into the distance by an enraged Drakul who had smacked the dragon across a dozen dimensions. The pain inundating the dragon cut across his flesh, soul and Will, reaching levels where he wished for death to escape from the pain.

‘Ahhh... I hate this bastard!’ The dragon screamed pitifully in his head, fearing to even scream out his hatred and pain. If not for his robust soul and constitution, Vraegar would have gone insane.

The dragon was in a pitiable state; grave injuries decorated his body in grisly patterns, and as he slammed into the earth of this new dimension, Vraegar looked at his chest where he had just been struck, and he noticed that the injuries he received were far lesser than normal, even the pain was in no way reduced, it was a great indicator that the plan was working.

“Fuck... why did I ever allow myself to be the damned bait? This is so humiliating.” Vraegar gritted his teeth and roared at the Memory of Drakul before pushing deeper into the dimension. A blip in his consciousness informed him he was barely a few thousand miles from his destination as he managed to lure Drakul to the lowest dimension inside Andar’s Magus Tower.

He did not know how much longer he could endure the blows of the Memory who was now striking to kill, but with the might of this Old One being continuously suppressed the

deeper they went, he could barely remain alive, and only the knowledge that he was near the end of his destination was keeping him sane.

However as Vraegar was set to move towards the final junction where the suppression of the dimension would reach the highest point, he observed that the Memory of Drakul had stopped chasing him and seemed to be bowing his head in contemplation, and the heart of the dragon skipped a beat, it was very important that the Memory followed him to this place or he would soon be able to decipher the workings of this Tower, Vraegar could not allow that to happen, for if he did, then their sacrifice would be for nothing and Drakul would crush them all like ants.

Vraegar's mind whirled around, a thousand thoughts filling the space of his skull in ever-passing moments as he struggled to follow through with a plan that would lead to their plan working, but he could only see a single path that could lead the Memory to the trap even though it might seem stupid in hindsight. Due to a matter of pride, Vraegar had decided he would not let Drakul hear his voice, but to draw him to where he wanted, Vraegar would have to let go of his pride, for this plan to work at all, then he would need to communicate when he felt that he had gathered his thoughts properly and cursed himself for his stupidity again at accepting the plans of Andar, he turned towards the Memory of Drakul that had not been moving,

"Hey, Drakul," Vraegar bared his teeth, "I'm not impressed."

The dragon lashed his tail in the air and turned around, walking leisurely into the distance while feigning a yawn.

"How dare—" Suppressing his rapidly beating heart, the dragon rudely interrupted the Memory of the Old One, "You should be silent, Drakul. You are not worthy to kill a lesser immortal like me and my brood, and I pity you, your shame should know no bounds. Your prey is before you, and yet you hesitate."

Vraegar swallowed his panic when he saw that Drakul had not made a move to crush his skull, continuing with his madness,

"Of course, there is a trap; you would be foolish to think otherwise, how else can lesser immortals fight against a greater power like you? Yet, the question is, even with all our plans, do you fear three lesser immortals at your stage? Would you stand by as we make a fool of you or assert your dominance? In a billion possible scenarios, who is in more danger, you or us? Even if you win in the end, Drakul, you have still lost because we made you fear! You do not deserve your power." With those words, Vraegar began to confidently walk towards the distance, telling himself he was not going to glance back.

The Memory of Drakul was silent; over time, his appearance was becoming increasingly defined. He no longer appeared as if he was made from shadows and the figment of a nightmare; instead, Drakul was slowly taking the form of a man with pale skin that

seemed to have never seen the light of the sun and long black hair that appeared to be shunned from the darkness.

His appearance was gaunt as if he was starving and was a few moments away from collapsing, but the easy way he carried himself through the air suggested great power that could not be hidden.

His eyes were deeply set into his skull, making it almost seem like there were two spots of darkness on his face, but for the piercing red light that emerged from within, that was almost like a window to a dimension made from nothing but boiling blood, he would have appeared blind.

Drakul looked around him, his awareness of his surroundings being blurred by his lack of flesh and soul, and even his Will that was returning extremely slowly, yet his perception was still extremely powerful, greater than these lesser immortals could ever imagine.

He was aware that this dragon was leading him to a spot of convergence where all the weight of these multiple dimensions was concentrated. It was not a particularly clever plan and he had long seen through this trap, and despite what this foolish dragon was thinking, he was willing to reach this spot of convergence because he wanted to possess it, this was the only reason the dragon was alive, it was to show him the shortest route to this place.

This ancient vampire was transfixed by the capabilities of the Magus Tower of Andar. For a single fifth-dimensional immortal to be able to gather so many dimensions into a single structure was incredible.

What Drakul wanted were not these fifth dimensions, they were useless to him, he could easily gather a million of these if he ventured out into reality,, but a structure that could hold all of these dimensions was extremely suitable to rebuild his dimension from scratch, a foundation like this could not be searched for, only discovered by luck because nothing like this was supposed to even exist.

He remembered that what he had used to build his dimension at this level would not even be able to hold thirty dimensions, and that had been one of the greatest foundations of his rise if he could collect this structure, he could not even imagine what sort of dimension he could recreate and the potential that they would have.

Perhaps it might be possible that he would reach the rank of Prime. It almost seemed like an impossible dream, but Drakul could have never imagined that there might have been a fifth-dimensional structure that could be able to hold so many dimensions and still remain so stable, and he thought that there was a possibility that it could still hold more!

There were rumors during the Primordial Era that the reason the Primes could rise was because they had secrets and abilities that would seem insane to an average immortal. After all, they broke all concepts of common sense. He would have never imagined

something like this, so who could say the potential that this structure would have under his able hands.

Drakul looked at the trap ahead, his thoughts whirling. There were many ways that these immortals could have used this structure against him, but they chose to use it as a suppressive trap that would hold him under the weight of this place.

The obvious goading of the dragon was to draw him into this trap of suppression, and if Drakul followed, then this would give these pesky immortals the chance to escape. He had been investigating this trap for a while now, and there was no tampering with any higher dimensional immortal, which was his only concern. Drakul had to decide if he would allow these nuisances to escape his hands for a short while as he attempted to claim this unknown structure.

Once more, he checked for the tampering of any higher dimensional immortal; even if he felt the influence of an immortal at the sixth dimension, he would hesitate further because, with their power over the dimension of Memory/Mind, they could disrupt his fragile Memory Matrix.

Drakul grinned at the dragon, and he took a step forward, crossing a great stretch of space and time, and he watched the panicking creature scramble towards the obvious trap, he would bite, but if these lesser immortals think they would escape from him they had no idea the power available to an Old One, how fast could ants run?

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Staff glanced at Andar whose fingers were flying across the multiple holograms floating in front of him and lightly punched him on his shoulder, “You did not have to make the dragon go out there, did you? Your trap was the bait.” Andar did not look up from the controls but he smiled, “Vraegar needs to learn that power is not everything. He should have been able to learn that his presence as a bait was foolish on so many levels.”

Staff frowned, “I believe it was because he trusted you that he went forward without any hesitation.”

“Yes, and he needs to be punished for that sort of stupidity. He learns better when the lessons are taught in pain. Vraegar has as much potential as me, and if he was doing everything right, I believed we would have been able to fight this Memory, instead of fleeing to our father for help.”

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1418 Traditions

The Primordial Record

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Chapter 1418 Traditions

Rowan sat with Eva, watching his children lure an eighth-dimensional Old One toward his home, and he did not know if he should laugh or cry. With the resources at their disposal, this was the clear course of action, yet it did not mean that he had to like it. He was at a delicate point at the moment where he had not activated his Origin Land and he could not gain any new form of energy.

His dimensional soul, who possessed the last of his Aether and Essence, was out and about putting out fires and had to be carefully rationing the last of his energy reserves, and using it to battle an Old One was out of the question, even if it was only a Memory. Rowan could match Gothra'Inul and the others because he had an impossible amount of Essence and Aether, and no matter how much he splurged, using an impossible amount of energy in every action he was taking, he was regenerating them just as quickly, he obviously could not do the same thing here.

Rowan could not reject his children, they were coming to him for help, and he would be a bad father if he ignored their plight.

He sighed, "Guess I have to move heaven early because of these rascals. Tsk... I need to be more hands-on with their training, they cannot remain this weak for long. Oh well, I had thought that I would be doing this experiment later but I guess I have to move it forward." Rowan looked towards his side, "Eva, do not interfere in what is to come." The Lady of Shadows rolled her eyes, she had been observing Rowan all these while with a frown on her face as if she was engrossed in figuring out what had changed about him, and she replied a bit flippantly,

"Do not look at me; I am not as perverse as you are; how do you expect me to fight an eighth-dimensional entity without at least a million years of preparation? I need advanced rune scripts, soldiers, formations, the right time and place, weapons... No, this one is all for you, and if you call for me for help, I will pretend as if I did not hear you. I am very eager to see what the future holds for me, and I am not dying soon; I need answers!"

Rowan ignored her, knowing the reason for her annoyance, she was expressing her discontent with him because he was not telling her enough. Not like before, and it was not as if this act from Rowan was entirely deliberate. Eva was very important to him due to her insight into the affairs of Primordials, especially Primordial Light, but Rowan was no longer in the Primordial System, and his personal issues were his own to solve, and without understanding more about the true origin of power that governed all of existence, he was not about to blurt out his concerns with anyone, even if that person was trusted.

However, Rowan figured out that she would soon understand the reason why he was playing all his cards to the chest in the coming future, Eva was far too smart to allow an emotion like anger or irritation to hold her back from performing her duties, and that was to be his helper when and where he needed her.

Dismissing this thought from his mind, Rowan's focus changed in an instant, becoming cold and focused like the edge of a blade as he contemplated on the matter of murdering an Old One.

Looking through his dimension, Rowan saw a particular rock, it was not very large, about six feet in length and four feet across, it was black with a hint of red on it, as if old blood had been shed on it that had dried and fused into the rock, and at first sight, nothing was striking about this rock, its appearance was extremely ordinary among the countless wonders inside of Rowan's dimension, and the rock possesses no special powers that could be discerned, but for Rowan, this rock was extremely significant to him because this was the rock he had sat upon while waiting to kill his first god, Dao Ma.

This reptilian god was the first immortal that he had killed and it was the foundation of his confidence in killing what should be impossible to kill. Rowan had barely exceeded the Rift State and was a little Empyrean, his evolution being extremely insignificant to his present abilities, and yet he had fought a god, a being that had lived for many lifetimes longer than him, of course, that was before he knew his true history.

This stone originally had no significance to him, tossed aside after his battle began with the god. However, it had survived the calamitous battle between him and Dao Ma that shattered the earth for thousands of miles, and it also survived the end of the universe, and also the multiple apocalyptic events that followed. The rock was not particularly tough or had any ability to heal; it was just able to weather countless calamities by chance alone.

Rowan had looked across his dimension, and he saw this stone that had survived countless calamities where greater heavenly materials had succumbed to dust, and he could not help but chuckle a bit. Life was so unpredictable, and the power of Fate can be fickle. There was a great lesson to be learned from this ordinary rock, but this was not the time to sink his mind into that. 'Kill first, enlightenment later.'

Bringing out the stone, Rowan observed it for a while before he sat upon it again, it was still as uncomfortable as he remembered.

His body shrinking to adjust to the size of the stone or the stone expanding to adjust to the size of Rowan, Eva, who was standing as a bystander could not tell which of these two had happened because the nature of space around Rowan was extremely strange, and it was driving her crazy, like an itch that was just at that position where nothing could reach.

Eva did not know that what she was observing was a result of Rowan's constant effort to repair reality around his body.

The glitching phenomenon that was happening around his body had worsened. Reality itself could not fathom Rowan's existence and it could not understand how to relate to any operation he made with his body. Rowan was now a foreign entity whose makeup was unknown to everything around him.

Gravity, heat, light, sound, and other exoteric forces like Fate, Destiny, and even Death could not fully understand what to do when they were around Rowan.

If everything was made of Zeros, then Rowan alone was made of Ones. Integration was impossible.

In order to make his existence accepted by Reality, Rowan had to begin running a constant simulation of what Reality was supposed to do when he was around it and applying it to the surrounding space around him. Basically, he was constantly deceiving the system as he wore the facade of being a Zero so it could understand him.

If light hit his skin, certain wavelength should be absorbed and others reflected, if he spoke, the Aether in space should be able to carry the sound of his voice, if he touched something hot, he should feel the heat and his skin should be able to absorb a part of that heat... this and many other countless activities that even immortals could not even imagine was happening around them at every given moment were being analyzed and process to maintain the facade of normality around him, but Eva had been able to detect that there was still something weird going on around Rowan's body but she did not understand the reason for it.

Rowan knew that he had not perfected the duplicity of reality yet, and it was because it would cost far too much energy to maintain, and this was energy he did not have, he was simply maintaining this facade by sheer act of Will, forcing reality to follow his Intent.

He was also testing one of the many methods he would finally decide upon when he left the lower realms for the higher ones, so he would have the best that could stand under the scrutiny of higher dimensional immortals. Rowan was not worried about perfection at this time, he simply wanted to find the best and then move on from there, but first, there was a battle to fight, and it was quickly heading towards him.

Sitting down on this unknown stone, Rowan's mind returned to when he killed Dao Ma. He had used the first of the Sun Weapons—Envy, and now he had two more Sin Weapons—Pride and Wrath. It felt almost fitting that he had killed the first god sitting on this stone while waiting with Envy in his hand.

He should continue the tradition.

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Chapter 1419 New Weapon

Chapter 1419 New Weapon

In comparison to the weapons Rowan could now create, the Sin Weapons did not seem to be that spectacular, their abilities while not easy to duplicate were not all that powerful in the grand scheme of things and he should be able to obtain better abilities using any of his spells, but there was something about these weapons that called to the brutal nature that he had within him.

Regaining his soul had brought Rowan back to the times when he was a mortal and he could feel his heart nearly beating out of his chest from fear, anger, resolve, and other myriad emotions, both negative and positive, and he knew that in those emotions there was power. A sort of power that he had disregarded for long but was slowly being resurrected inside of him. After spending what seemed like an eternity as a machine with a goal that could only be achieved at the pinnacle of his existence, now he was simply enjoying living every day as he saw fit.

The anticipation of a battle against a strong foe was exciting again, and instead of just plotting every single move that would be made in advance, he was anticipating making those moves and seeing what surprises were in store for him. The previous him hated surprises, and now he was more open to finding them in unexpected places and situations.

However, Rowan was still pragmatic, he was going to be fighting a Memory of an Old One, and from his experience with Shisu, the Ascendant of Pain. The Sin Weapons that were patterned after negative emotions seemed to have a greater suppression effect on Memories, unlike normal weapons.

These weapons fed on emotions, and using it against a Memory would rapidly degrade the integrity of that Memory, making it easier for Rowan to go for the final killing blow. He had planned to begin hunting the eighth-dimensional immortals he had freed when he reached the sixth or even the seventh dimension, but the present situation had forced his hand, and he would have to begin his campaign in the next few moments that were rapidly approaching.

Envy and Pride materialized in his right palm, they took the singular form of a gigantic axe, whose shaft resembled the handle of a guitar, a faint astral wind blew across him at this time, and yet strings of Pride played an echo of the last song he had made at his final battle while inside the universe. This was the last time he had used these weapons, and in their own way, they were showing him that they had not forgotten that battle, and every moment they had been wielded by him was a gift.

These two Sin Weapons had been fused in the past, and their powers had merged and evolved. Rowan observed the weapon closely as if looking for any defect; he was a Weapon Master, and even the most minute of irregularities would have been detected by

him... these Weapons passed with flying color, which was strange when they were still not worthy to be ranked among higher dimensional weapons. However, they were rapidly growing to that level.

At this point, Rowan would rate them to be at the peak of Apocalypse Grade Weapons. He was sure that this merger with the latest Sin Weapon he had acquired might push them further, making them in the realm of Dominion Grade Weapons, a step below Proto-Source level weapons.

On his left ring finger, a massive reddish-gold ring appeared- Wrath, the face of the ring was of a snarling beast that resembled a lion. This Sin Weapon that he obtained from Shisu had been used in his last battle by his final Reflection, but when he began challenging Old Ones, Singularities, and Fragments of Primordials, Wrath became a weapon that had less use for him in a battle of this scale, if he has used it, then a single slash from the halberd of time used by Gothra'Inul would have destroyed this weapon in its entirety, leaving the chance for its resurrection to be slim, if not impossible.

It did not help that he would have been using a single Sin Weapon in that battle when he had long noticed that these weapons were made to work together and were never intended for them to be used separately, and this truth was displayed when the appearance of Wrath in his left hand triggered a resonance between all three weapons and Rowan was surrounded by a tri-colored halo as the three Sin Weapons flew out of his grasp and they began combining.

This process was extremely magical requiring no input from him, but the benefits with every new Sin Weapon he acquired were tangible.

However, Rowan acknowledged that this combination process was also something that was never meant to happen. Originally, the Sin Weapons were supposed to consume the other and strengthen their base power, each weapon being antagonistic to the other because they were being wielded by different individuals. At least this was what every other user except for Rowan had been able to achieve with these weapons. They could not combine them, only feed them to the particular Sin Weapon they possessed.

He had not forced this combination at the start, it was simply a decision made by Envy and Pride when they discovered that if either of them consumed each other, the power that they would have after this process was completed would be lesser than if they combined. If that had happened, Rowan would have never used these weapons in his final battle in the universe.

If it was any other immortal that held these two weapons, neither would have taken the step to pursue a combination because such a thing would be a waste because no single immortal would be able to excavate all the potential of these weapons and for as long as they could remember, they had always been shrinking their powers to fit the capabilities of their wielders.

In the case of Rowan, they faced a different dilemma, they were too weak to enter his eyes.

How could these proud weapons be willing to be so easily cast aside, so they both chose to combine and this process was about to repeat itself with the addition of Wrath.

They were not consuming this Sin Weapon, instead, they were combining with it.

With his growing understanding of the root of these weapons, he inferred that they must have been much more powerful in the past, but every time they were destroyed, they would return in the future but with far less power than they originally had. If he followed that stream of thought it meant that there must be an immortal who possessed a Sin Weapon of unimaginable power, and if he continued this process of merging instead of consumption, he might enter the radar of this immortal in the future. That would certainly be... interesting.

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The combination happened extremely quickly and Rowan could glean most of the processes of this merger, and it was quite fascinating. He made sure that he remembered all the steps that were taken by the weapons during this process because it was a window into their history. Rowan was a forger of weapons, and even with his expertise, he still acknowledged that these weapons were extremely special and that there was still much to learn from them.

Unlike Bleeding Edge, which was a complete Primordial Weapon, the Sin Weapons had been scattered, broken down repeatedly in the past to lesser versions of themselves, and now they needed to be placed together before their entire might could be revealed and satisfy the interest of Rowan, he could not find a better tool for learning higher forging methods than with these weapons.

He could understand this process with relative ease for a weapon that he suspected might be at the Primordial Rank at its peak. ®

The simplest method for Rowan to describe what was happening during the merger of the three Sin Weapons was intense dialogue. Envy and Pride had reached a delicate balance, each serving the other and boosting their overall performance to greater heights. The inclusion of Wrath into their dynamic would throw the carefully crafted balance into disarray, and it was being grilled rigorously by the two weapons as a new state of balance was being created, and the three Sin Weapons began to grow closer physically and spiritually.

Their intense dialogue created sparks in the air, and it was not long before Rowan realized that the sparks were something extremely remarkable; he was seeing the birth of Will in a manner that he had never observed before.

At this point, he had observed many immortals reaching the state of Will, but they were always the singular effort of an individual, and Rowan had no idea that a common Will could be born due to the combination of uncommon elements.

Envy, Pride, and Wrath were three separate sentient weapons, whose mannerisms and characteristics were extremely far apart, and Rowan believed that if not for his supreme strength that made him capable of forcing these weapons to cooperate, then it would have been impossible for them to merge, and now, he was witnessing a birth of an unknown Will by bringing another extreme factor into this merger.

This discovery at this stage stunned him due to its implications, as there were many avenues that this discovery might have just opened to him and he needed to urgently go back to the drawing board and begin figuring out what he needed to do with this new information.

Even as he was contemplating this new discovery, the merger was finalized, and a new weapon holding a new Will was born, which automatically pushed the combined Sin Weapons past the Dominion Level that he had first inferred to be a Proto-Source level weapon!

There was a dull rumble that shook the surrounding space for countless miles until they impacted the edge of this dead universe that Rowan was residing, and they would have continued spreading out for an unknown distance but a great suppressive force arose that dragged back all the potential into the merged weapons that were now floating in front of Rowan.

Chapter 1420 Cloudy And His Unwanted Passenger (1)

Taking the form of a long chain that had serrated teeth throughout its length, Rowan marveled at this tool of butchery. Rowan grasped the chains with both hands, feeling the prickling of the sharp metallic teeth against his skin; this was a weapon that would shred through the hands and soul of any lesser immortal that sought to wield it; Rowan loved it.

The chains split in two at the middle and each part wrapped around his hands up to his shoulders before they transformed into a tattoo, and it barely took a thought to resummon them again, and he easily linked the chain back together. Rowan observed that he could easily use the chain as a single long weapon with both hands, or he could separate them and use his two hands to wield them.

He could feel the immense weight of the chain, almost as if each link were as heavy as a galaxy, and he knew that if he poured power into these chains they would keep growing heavier until they would crush everything in existence. Its length was only determined by

Rowan's Will, and if his Will was strong enough, he could wrap all of existence with this chain.

Done with inspecting the material side of things, Rowan began to focus on the immaterial, the brand new Will born from the merger of three Sin Weapons. At first, he thought that the merger was a failure because the Will appeared extremely chaotic in his senses.

It did not even have a name, and it seemed that it was about to be shattered into nothingness at any random moment because something so haphazard could not last for long, but Rowan was intricately familiar with destruction, it had been woven into every fiber of his new body, and he could tell that although the Will of this weapon still had great room for growth, there was nothing wrong with the Will, it was simply the only way a lesser weapon could express a force that was as potent as Destruction, even though it was not the complete state of Destruction, this Will was firmly on the path of heading towards that power.

Rowan, not even thinking about his next actions, brought the chain to his mouth, and he tasted it; he closed his eyes as he savored the flavor of the Will it contained.

The Will of the Sin Weapon was a complex amalgamation of desire and unknown longing that felt extremely toxic on his senses and he was mostly immune to it because he was the owner of the weapons, anyone caught under the links of this chain would not only endure its weight, and the sharp teeth that would saw through anything, but this diabolical Will would drain them of all form of vitality and reason until they were nothing of who they once were.

This weapon would be a perfect fit for Vraegar, but Rowan did not think that the consciousness of his son was strong enough to wield it. The chains would sap the dragon of its Will and he would be nothing but a puppet. Perhaps in the future, if Vraegar survives and thrives, he will be granted this weapon.

Rowan felt his dimensional soul far in the distance shiver; this weapon was extremely linked to the forces of destruction, and as an Eclipsed Creator, he could feel how much deeper this combination of Sin Weapons had dragged them towards that aspect.

His touch began to nurture this weapon, using his higher control of Destruction to further cement the Will of this weapon into it, and every link in the chain hummed in pleasure, as the most minute of imperfections were erased from it, and the Sin Weapon was slowly evolving under his touch.

Rowan was lost in his craft and he was still admiring the new form of the Sin Weapons when reality ahead shattered and something massive came through, accompanied by a rather sorrowful cry that was like a song. Rowan looked up as a great whale that was bigger than a galaxy burst into the dead universe, its massive body crossing through space and time with its sorrowful song ringing ahead as if he was announcing his pitiful state to

Rowan, which he was, the Cloud Whale had long seen Rowan as a benefactor, after all, he was the Magus Tower of Andar Erikson.

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A million years ago, Andar had been given a Cloud Whale by his master, Jonathan Melbrooks, and during his time as an apprentice, he merged this Cloud Whale to his body using Scripts, and this Cloud Whale became a symbiotic partner with Andar, each gaining various benefits from this merger.

Although still referred to as a Cloud Whale, he had long evolved past that level into an unknown entity, but his name or moniker had never been changed.

Andar had called this Cloud Whale that he had decided to bring with him everywhere Cloudy. It was not a very imaginative name, but the Cloud Whale seemed to like it.

For a while in their synoptic relationship, it was as if the Cloud Whale had been the one to receive the greatest benefit without giving much in return because Andar hardly used it in battle and he was meant to be a mount meant for traversal through space, but would Andar's Light Devourer bloodline that was focused on speed, the Cloud Whale was left behind in that department, his use, however, became notable when Andar sought to build his Magus Tower.

The base of a Magus Tower could technically be constructed from any material. However, it would be foolish for any Archmage to construct the center of their entire dominion using materials that could not withstand the rigorous standards for a Magus Tower.

Usually, the search for the material required to build and upgrade a Magus Tower was an affair that would take the entire lifetime of most Magus, keeping them stuck at the level of an Archmage forever, unable to walk upon the higher dimensions, for a Magus Tower was the road a Mage uses to traverse the higher dimensional realms. Their Soul, Will, and every eventual higher dimensional ability that they would unlock were tied to their Tower.

Cloudy, who had been disregarded for a long time, became an obvious choice for Andar when he saw the physique of his Cloud Whale had evolved to a level that was almost defying comprehension. He was a perfect vessel for his Endless Vault Supreme Meditation Art, whose limits could only be defined by Andar's Will and the vessel that could hold its power.

Andar was able to push 600 fifth dimensional space into the Cloud Whale using his Endless Vault Meditation Art and there was still space for more growth. This also meant that unlike any immortal who had access to only one stream of time, Andar was second to Rowan as he now controlled over six hundred streams of time, making him by far one of the most powerful fifth-dimensional immortals in existence, and there was still space for his growth.

Usually, no Magus would want to build their Tower using a living being because any creature that was powerful enough to become the host of a Magus Tower was a higher dimensional being who had powerful Wills that could not be easily bent and there were great chances that even if those creatures were captured, they would not allow themselves to be used as the foundation for the rise of a Magus, because the Tower was parasitic and would drain them of their entire Will until they became mindless robots.

This also meant that the Magus's advancement would slow to a crawl as upgrading a living Tower that had been reduced to a shell of its previous glory was extremely difficult.

Cloudy relationship with Andar from the beginning was always one of symbiosis, even though Andar grew powerful too quickly to gain any tangible benefits from the Cloud Whale, there was never been any disagreement among their souls and when Andar noticed that his bloodline had evolved the Cloud Whale into a new extra-dimensional being whose physical presence was so solid that it had transcended the concept of space and time, he knew there could be no better option for his Tower.

Rowan had long been aware of his choice and he approved it, secretly he had been feeding this Cloud Whale a few drops of his essence anytime Andar came to visit his dimension, and it was a little secret that was kept between Cloudy and Rowan, and he had come to see this little whale as something of a pet.

Cloudy's cry made Rowan frown as he looked at the pitiful state of the Whale.

Trapping the Memory of an Old One came at a grave cost, and Cloudy had been the one to bear it.

The magnificent body of the Cloud Whale, which resembled a silver cloud made of starlight, was now dim and filled with massive bleeding wounds as if the Cloud Whale had been placed inside a blender filled with sharp teeth. However, such grievous injuries were the least of its problems. Overhead was a vast cloud of red that was slowly spreading all over the body of the Whale, and except for his clear eyes, Cloudy had nearly been corrupted by it.

Chapter 1421 Cloudy And His Unwanted Passenger (2)

The Cloud Whale drew to a stop right in front of Rowan, his large eyes looking at him in supplication and relief. Tremors flowed through his body as he struggled to keep the last of his mind in place, his mouth struggled to open to speak, but his flesh had been fused by the corruption that was eating it alive.

"Be still little one," Rowan said, and placed his hand on the snout of the Cloud Whale, he was less than eight feet tall at this point, but somehow his touch seemed to encompass the

entirety of the Cloud Whale, “You have done well, you have kept my son safe, now let’s get this old leech off you. I shall make a tasty dinner out of him to boost your body.” Closing his eyes, Cloudy went quiet; his trust in Rowan was absolute, and there were even signs of anticipation in the depths of his eyes. This Cloud Whale was a little gluttonous, and to taste the essence of the Old One who was destroying its flesh and corrupting its essence was a retribution that this gentle creature could get behind.

Taking a few steps back while eyeing the total dimension of the Cloud Whale, Rowan allowed the chains to drop from both his hands, pooling at his feet. Injecting his Will into the chains, they began to grow in length until the chains had extended far below him, their length disappearing into the blackness of the void.

The weight of the chains increased exponentially, and Rowan, despite all his powers, could not swing them due to the fact that he lacked any Essence of Aether; he was simply empty. Any lesser creature would have collapsed into hibernation to preserve their life, but he was far too durable to fall even when he lacked an iota of energy.

Although he had already decided to make the move that he was about to do next, he still hesitated for a bit, doing this would bring him out to all of reality like nothing had ever done before, but it would seem that the days of him living in the shadows would soon be over.

“Then, let it begin.

His mind was always connected to his dimensional soul, and with a plan already long in place, he simply gave the go-ahead, and a drop of Aether appeared inside of his body, sent there by his dimensional soul. This drop was half of the total Aether left inside his dimensional soul and within was also a healthy amount of his essence, and this single drop shone as bright as the sun. He needed this much to proceed with the plan.

It hung there in his Origin Land, above his great city, for a short while shedding its light on the magnificent creation that Rowan had forged. There was no hint of acceptance of this energy inside his city, confirming to Rowan once and for all that he could never use his Aether or Essence to bring life to his Origin Land.

Satisfied, Rowan shot this drop of Aether/Essence towards a dormant section of his Origin Land, outside the great city and the mountains that covered it, deep into the infinity of this land whose size defied meaning.

In a corner of this place, far from the eyes of anyone who would ever enter Rowan’s Origin Land, was a vast circle that rested on the ground, bronze and filled with cracks; the last Supreme Circle lay here dormant.

During the evolution of his body and the acquisition of his Class, the Supreme Circles he had made became the fuel for this change, but the Supreme Circles were extremely

powerful, and even though he had used eight of them, he still had one left and it was the first Supreme Circle.

Although it was the weakest of the Circle, that was only relative to the other Circles, and at first, Rowan had wanted to destroy the last of these Circles due to the trap laid inside of them by the Primordials that created them, but if he wanted his plan to work out in the future, this last remaining Circle was now vitally important.

There was a feature of the Supreme Circle that would aid Rowan in this tight spot where he had found himself where he could no longer regenerate Aether or Essence and that would be its ability to give the user an unlimited amount of energy once it was activated, but when it was deactivated, every last drop of energy in the user's body would be siphoned away.

No matter how overpowered this ability from the Supreme Circle was, to the previous him, this ability was next to useless because he already had too much energy and high regeneration capabilities, but now it was extremely important to him.

He needed this feature to be able to survive until he activated his Origin Land, and that meant everyone would know that he had conquered a Supreme Circle because Rowan would be heading towards the Primordial Domain to understand more about the past. It was long overdue.

The drop of Aether/Essence fell onto the Supreme Circle, slipping into one of the many cracks that decorated the nearly broken Circle, and because its size was extremely large, measuring around the circumference of an average universe, the single drop of Aether could not even be observed falling into it, but when that drop reached the core of the Circle, everything changed.

That single drop of Aether was like the spark of life in the body of a dead giant, and as it was absorbed, a dull hum arose from the Circle, followed by a shockwave that spread out for countless miles. The Circle began to vibrate and it slowly rose from the ground while releasing a series of golden shockwaves that spread for trillions of miles.

This shockwave were the waves of power being blasted out from the Supreme Circle and for an average immortal, a single wave would fill their bodies to burst, and no matter how much they used of this power there would be so much left over, but for Rowan, he needed billions of these waves to begin powering his dimensional flesh, and true to its power, the Supreme Circle kept releasing more of it as the cracks began to heal and it rose higher into the air.

All of that power erupting from the Supreme Circle was seized by a powerful Will and directed towards Rowan's physique, and he nearly groaned in pleasure as energy began to fill his body. It was so soothing that it exceeded all forms of pleasure he had experienced in a long while.

The teeth of the chains in his hand began to vibrate and separated from the chain, hanging an inch above it, before they began to travel up and down the length of the chain like a horrifying chainsaw, with the availability of power, more of the Sin Weapon's capabilities could be unearthed, and this was simply another form that this weapon could take.

A bronze circle began to slowly materialize around his body as more strength flowed throughout his body, but Rowan did not wait for it to be completed; by that time, Cloudy would be fully possessed, and getting rid of the Old One would become nearly impossible. More waves of power were being generated by the Circle, and his flesh was warming up; Rowan took a step forward; it was time to fight.

The chains had never stopped growing, and previously, they were loose, but now Rowan exerted strength in both of his hands, and they became taut, causing the entire chain to ring. With a roar, he swung both chains at Cloudy, and they struck toward the Cloud Whale, whose eyes were closed faster than anything of this size and length should move, and they wrapped around the Cloud Whale.

Pulling back on the chain, it tightened around the Cloud Whale and when it looked as if the Whale was about to be diced into a billion pieces by the revolving teeth on the chain, the Sin Weapon went immaterial, transforming into a chain made not from metal but ash. This was another transformation of the chain.

This chain made from ash penetrated the body of the Cloud Whale without tearing into it. Instead, they attacked themselves to the thick cloud of red corruption suffusing the entirety of his body, and Rowan, observing that they had grasped his target firmly, pulled.

Chapter 1422 Cloudy And The Unwanted Passenger (final)

What was clasped between the links of his chains was an Old One, even if it was only a Memory, but Rowan's strength and weapon could not be denied. His physique was already so powerful reality could not hold him, and only the unknown power of Eos that sealed all his strength into a vessel that could resist the fragility of reality allowed him to walk among immortals, what was the strength of a mere Memory against such a mighty.

He hurled on the chains, his Wills and those of the chains grasping the Memory of Drakul firmly, and then when he saw that his purchase was firm, he rocketed backward, pulling the screaming Old One out of the body of the Cloud Whale, who had been on the verge of taking over the body of the Cloud Whale.

Even though he was as delicate as possible, the body of the Cloud Whale was nearly shredded to pieces from forcefully tearing away Drakul from his conquest and Rowan quickly sent a burst of healing creation energy into the body of Cloudy.

With a gesture with his left hand, a pillar of blueish-white light slammed on the Memory of Drakul who had not yet recovered from the shock of being dragged out of his prey and he was blown by the power of Astrolabe into another dimension countless light years away from this place, Rowan glanced at the Cloud Whale to confirm that he was stable before the same light covered him and he vanished, reappearing a few miles from the snarling Memory.

This dimension had already been sealed by his dimensional soul and he was roaming outside of it, refortifying the seals to ensure that the Memory of Drakul was laid to rest without any unknown factor disturbing the battle, of course it meant that his dimensional body was trapped here with the Old One, but this was a bet that he was willing to take.

Rowan had observed this creature from the eyes of his children, and so what they saw was naturally far less than what he could see, which was a good thing because he suspected that if they saw the entirety of Drakul, then madness and death were a kind fate for them.

Many parts of this creature were decipherable to him, but he could not yet understand them; however, his make-up was still far simpler than a being like a Primordial Eye whose fragments had been taken apart by him. It was only a matter of time and resources, and he would understand what made Drakul tick, yet Rowan felt that he would be disappointed by that answer, this ancient Vampire was only valuable to him because of the wealth of soul energy and the memories that he would gain, his powers or abilities were almost next to worthless in his sight.

As he peered deeper into Drakul, he soon noticed that this Memory was breaking down, and this process was increasingly getting faster.

Tiny pieces of his Memory were falling away towards what Rowan would consider to be the core of Drakul's being, and his overall power was constantly dropping, but it did not mean that he was dying or was becoming less dangerous; in fact, it was the opposite: Drakul was becoming stronger because he was transforming his Memory into a Soul.

Rowan was watching the process by which an Old One reacquired their powers, and it would seem that before he dragged out the Memory of Drakul from the body of Cloudy, the Old One had been able to feast on the unique powers of the Cloud Whale, thereby accelerating his process of reawakening.

As much as watching this process was enlightening to Rowan, he still wanted to kill Drakul before he recovered more of his powers, and even though Drakul gaining a soul would make him susceptible to Rowan's dominion over souls, that would also mean the Will of Drakul would be awakened, and soon his flesh, he was not willing to fight an Old One on this terms, even if he would still be extremely weak, without essence or Aether to power his abilities.

It was tempting to fully watch this process, but Rowan could not risk it. The voice of Drakul drew him from his introspection,

“What are you?!...” The Memory of Drakul asked with avid curiosity, “Why is reality around you... incomplete?” The Old One seemed to have forgotten his irritation and anger from being drawn out of the body of the Cloud Whale as his gaze over Rowan’s blurry form grew fiery. Drakul could not sense much threat from Rowan, in fact, he could not sense anything at all, but there were signs around a higher dimensional entity that could not be hidden, and Rowan did not have it, however, this piqued his curiosity even more because he had sensed the power that dragged him out of the flesh of that Cloud Whale and it was nothing short of remarkable.

Drakul thought that Rowan should not be an immortal but a sentient weapon, it was a crazy leap in logic, but everything seemed to fit. A lower-dimensional immortal could not look upon the Memory of an Old One without being corrupted by them, and Drakul could sense no give in the mind of the soul of this person in front of him.

Despite what Drakul may be thinking, Rowan thought that it was strange that he was technically looking at a Memory of someone who was once alive yet still retained all of his senses, making it almost indistinguishable from a real person.

Looking at the space around him as was pointed out by the Old One, Rowan frowned and the blurriness surrounding him smoothed out before they vanished, and even Eva would not be able to find any flaws in his surroundings.

He had not been able to fully deceive reality around him because he lacked energy, but now with the energy of the Supreme Circle constantly filling his body with all the power that he wanted, it was a simple thing to complete the process, enhancing the power of his Will of Truth, which was the main backbone of this process.

Rowan spread his hands wide and spoke to the Old One, “Tell me, Drakul, do you see any imperfections around me?” The Old One suddenly stepped backward as if he had been punched in the face, the words of Rowan seemingly having much more weight than they should have,

“Imperfections? You can reshape the fundamental forces behind this reality around us? Are you a Prime Candidate? If that is the case I apologize for my indiscretion, and I will take my leave.”

Rowan appeared a bit amused, “No need for all of that theatrics Drakul, I’m not a Prime Candidate or whatever you call them, and no you will not be leaving here with your life, I just want to know if the reality around my body is perfect, but I guess if you will not tell me...”

The space around them suddenly quaked as massive chains in the billions poured down like rain on the startled Memory of Drakul, all carrying enough weight to crush a

thousand universes and filled with a destructive Will that could destabilize even the Memory of an Old One,

“... I will be taking my answers from your soul.”

A cry of anger and rage erupted from below the endless mass of chains that had surrounded the Memory of Drakul and were rotating widely, placing the Old One into a grinder that was straight from hell.

Rowan held out his left hand, and despite not yet activating his bloodlines, the power of creation filled it and a massive bow was created out of nothing, and in his right hand the power of destruction gathered and three great arrows were made, and he set them against the string of this bow and he slowly pulled backward.

Mighty rumbles emerged from within the spin ball of chains that shook the surrounding space, but Rowan’s experimentation with his power over space was not restricted to simply deceiving it, he had learned to strengthen it as well, and if Drakul thought he would be escaping by shattering space, then it was in for a nasty surprise.

However, the power of an Old One was unfathomable, he was rapidly losing his Memories but the strength of his soul was beginning to blaze like a red star as unknown words of power that were both archaic and intensely foul were spewed from his mouth and a large hole was blasted in the ball of spinning chains. Rowan’s first arrow tore space asunder as it pierced through this hole, slamming into the forehead of Drakul, the other two entered both of his eyes; the Memory did not have time to be surprised before the arrow imploded.

“Seal!” Rowan roared and the hole blasted by Drakul was closed up once more as the chain kept spinning, grinding the Old One to nothing.

Rowan raised his right hand once more and another three arrows made from destruction were materialized.

Chapter 1423 Going For The Kill

The rumble from within the ball of grinding chains began to slowly abate, as well as the cries of Drakul, the emanations from the Memories of Drakul which were now barely a flicker. From all outward indicators the Old One was dying, but Rowan could sense his soul growing stronger. Drakul must have understood that its Memories were greatly hindered by the Sin Weapon and it was about to quickly push towards becoming a Soul so he could have access to his Will as well as spells,

Rowan whispered, “No, you do not. This battle would be short.” Selecting the right ability to use was barely a thought as he opened up a channel from Serathis to the outside world; even though he had not activated this bloodline completely, it did not matter, the sun did

not need help to shine; only her presence was the bane of souls, as an Origin Bloodline of an Eclipsed Creator.

Serathis had swallowed the Primordial bloodlines of Sheol and the Tree of Desire, and the power she wielded was extremely frightening when the boost of the combination of both bloodlines was not accumulative but rather exponential. The power of his bloodlines was so great that Rowan was not even willing to activate them and complete his evolution until his understanding of the fundamentals of reality became more robust.

This was the first time he would be using any of his bloodlines in combat, and he was eager to draw data and what they were now capable of.

An enchanting greenish-gold light emerged from Rowan's chest and spread out over the ball of whirling chains, at first, it was as if nothing was happening, but inside the green light, thousands of balls of red fog began to arise that drifted towards Rowan, as they neared him, the red fog coalesced into shiny red crystals that were promptly absorbed by him.

Each of these crystals was equivalent to the entire soul energy of a fourth-dimensional immortal, and in just a few moments, Rowan had harvested tens of thousands of it.

He had barely begun to scrape the surface of this Old One's soul, and yet he had gained so many soul crystals. Their red color meant they were filled with more than just soul energy but they also contained a lot of what made Drakul who he was, including his Memories and Abilities.

If he had any hesitation at all about his plans to return all of these eighth-dimensional immortals of Reality, then they had been broken at this moment, because nothing else could ever give him this amount of souls, not even raiding a million universes, not to mention that the Memory of an Old One was different from a lower dimensional immortal as they were power made tangible, even if he did not need all these Abilities, it did not mean his children would not require it.

His Serathis Bloodline had displayed her greater power over souls, as she was able to drain the power of an eighth-dimensional immortal; Sheol would be incapable of doing this until he had killed that immortal. There was also no strain in this process, as they were processed and gathered inside his Origin Land extremely smoothly.

There did not seem to be any reaction from Drakul, and Rowan had drained millions of soul crystals at this point when he concluded that Serathis was even more diabolical than he had first given credit.

Serathis, with the power of luck and probability behind her, seemed to be able to shield the senses of those under her influence. It was not as if Drakul knew that he was losing his soul power and did not care, but the Old One had no idea that his soul was being rapidly drained. Of course, there must have been many other hidden processes behind the

method she was using to fool the senses of Drakul, but investigating them now might alert the Old One; Rowan would rather feast in peace.

However, this easy feasting did not continue for long because Drakul must have detected there was something wrong, it was hard to deceive an Old One for long, and Rowan was not using Serathis at full power, most likely leaving certain loopholes that would have been seen through by Drakul, but Rowan had already gained so much soul crystals that if not for the impossible amount he had collected during his time on Doom Star he would be grinning like a madman.

Also, he believed that he had drained so much Soul Power from Drakul that this Old One had become a shadow of what it once was. Serathis was indeed formidable. It was time to go for the kill.

“How dare you!” A surprising blast of power accompanied by a Will that sought to assimilate everything emerged from the ball of chains, the shockwave cracking the hardened space like glass and shattering the chains covering the Old One into red ash, Rowan crushed the bow in his left hand and it transformed into a massive shield that he set in front of him,

“Boom!”

The blast of Will slammed against the shield, and Rowan was pushed back a few miles; as his feet shattered the space underneath him, the three arrows in his right hand transformed into a spear that he began supercharging with the power of Destruction.

Cracking sounds emerged from the shield as under the blast of power from the Old One, it was being shattered to pieces. Setting the point of the spear against the center of the shield, Rowan waited for the moment when the shield was about to shatter, and he thrust the spear right into the massive blood-filled mouth of a ghoulish bat that had been mere feet away from devouring him.

Drakul had taken the shadow of his true form, that of a ghoulish bat that had fed on countless universes and dimensions to reach the level of an Old One. When blocking against the eruption of power from Drakul he had not detected this great bat sneaking towards him, however, an instinct as if he had lived through the situation a thousand times over flooded his mind and Rowan knew Drakul would be about to pounce on him, this was the pattern this Old One uses to hunt, and because of the Memories he had collected from Drakul’s soul, Rowan knew that pattern, nearly intimately.

Drakul shrieked; the spear of destruction did not care about the defenses he had; it pierced through the crown of his mouth, lodging deep into the skull, and Rowan twisted the spear while simultaneously commanding it to extend.

Gore burst out of Drakul’s skull, as the top part of his head alongside his right eye was eradicated by a wave of red; the screams of the bat were choked off when several circles

of chains appeared around his neck, the ends of it appeared on Rowan's hands. The remaining eye of Drakul widened, "No, don't... I can help—"

Rowan coldly pushed power into the chains, and the teeth disengaged from it and began to spin; Drakul could barely give a dispersing scream before his head was sliced off. His headless body reared back, his wings beating in panic as they attempted to escape but Rowan had already separated the chains in two and swung them at the wings of Drakul, where they encircled it at the joint, and the whirling and grinding sound of its teeth resounded once more as both wings of the Old One was sliced off.

The chains did not stop moving as Rowan swung them in a circular motion, tearing through the remaining limbs of the ghoulish bat, and before the body could fall, Rowan pushed his hand forward, extending the chain like a spear and it pierced through the chest of Drakul, and with a wrench he dragged out his beating heart.

In just a few moments, an Old One lay butchered at his feet.

The head of Drakul lying in a puddle of growing blood, growled,

"What do you think that would achieve? I will retur—" A great hammer conjured by the power of Creation silenced it, reducing the head to a pulp as Rowan smashed down the great hammer several times on the remnants of the skull with so much power that this entire dimension was shaking, straining the reinforcement being made by his dimensional soul to the breaking point.

What was worthy to note was that the effect of Serathis power had never ended, and she was still collecting the soul energy from Drakul, so even as Rowan watched, the shattered body of the ghoulish bat was shrinking under her light that only he could see.

Chapter 1424 The Flow Of Battle

Rowan observed the shrinking body of Drakul as tens of millions of soul crystals kept pouring into his body; he could tell with ninety-nine percent accuracy the thoughts ongoing inside the head of this Old One. This sensation was odd, it was the first time he was battling against a dangerous foe while still retaining so much control over the flow of battle. He could never have done the same thing with Sheol because his enemy would be already dead before he could read their memories, but with Serathis, he could read them like a book, and as time passed, the knowledge and power he had over them would continuously deepen.

With this power he had already judged that this battle was his to win, there might be some unexpected changes in the future, but Rowan had already determined his victory to be more than ninety percent, so he had the leeway to understand the power of Serathis more deeply as Drakul had changed from the status of an enemy to a lab-rat.

Rowan entered the mind of Drakul, embodying it, as the battle took a weird turn.

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All of these fleshy body parts that imitated the physical form of Drakul were simply a spell intended to shield the soul of this Old One. Originally, this ancient vampire would have been able to endlessly recreate this ghoulish bat form without limits, no matter how many were destroyed. The blood spent in creating them would return back to him, and a new one would be born; after all, blood was his soul, a unique trait that every eighth-dimensional immortal had, which was their soul embodying their elements. Although this power was something Rowan had already gained at the third dimension level when his soul became an aspect of Time.

Drakul would also be able to duplicate these ghoulish bats; in an instant,, he could create trillions of them, enough to ravage countless universes, feed on every living thing, and empower him with their blood, and anyone who battled these creatures would only be wasting their energy while Drakul could maintain this spell forever with little cost whilst still getting stronger. This was a spell that he was very proud of, as it had given him a stable position among the Old Ones who were able to decimate all of existence when they needed to.

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Rowan's senses were filled with the thoughts and emotions of Drakul, and he could almost taste them with his tongue. Odd, Serathis seemed to have associated taste with a lot of her powers, was it because the first thing he did was to feed her? Anyway, those did not matter; he should focus more on what was going to happen next; he was getting used to this process.

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Drakul would have been a great threat given enough time to regain his strength, but his Destiny had been obscured, and his Fate was no longer in his hands, he could feel the tides of destiny shifting away from him, and if he waited for long all would be lost, but such a disaster was not enough to bring him down, how else could he have become an Old One if this was all it took to kill him; he could still fight!

From the butchered and shrinking body of the bat, a large drop of blood that was almost black exploded out of it, riding a few miles upwards before bursting into a bloody haze that would have enshrouded the entire dimension, however, the moment the blood exploded, Rowan opened his mouth and inhaled, sucking the bloody fog into his mouth, thereby exposing the new form of Drakul who looked equally startled, frightened and angry.

This haze was not simple, made from his very soul, it could distort the perception of reality to a lesser extent. So it did not matter how high the perception of his enemies was

when the reality around them had changed, and when they were struggling to escape this dilemma, Drakul would have transformed into his favorite battle form, and he had barely begun this transformation before he was interrupted and his haze was lost.

The Old One had taken the shape of a Werebat, humanoid in appearance but his head was of a bat, and his hands had wings attached to it like a wyvern. The joints of his knees were bent backward and there was the beginning of an unknown armor filled with strange scriptings growing out of his body, but they had not yet been completed. This should be the Memory of his lost armor that he was slowly resurrecting.

If he gained access to that armor, his strength would multiply and Rowan would die. It was that simple. This armor was a Source-level weapon called Bloodmort that had been destroyed in the Primordial Era, but such weapons of that level could be recalled when their owner summoned their Memories from the past. Drakul was still too weak to be summoning this armor, but he had become desperate, and Interrupting the process caused a backlash as the back and the left hand of the Old One exploded, and he fell to his knees in anguish.

Rowan's chest visibly lit up as if a giant furnace had been placed within, and screams of pain that sounded like they came from a billion throats resounded from inside his chest, the light from his chest flickered as the screams increased, but it soon brightened before going out, ending the screams with a harsh finality, patting his chest, black smoke poured out from Rowan's nose and mouth as he spoke,

"Even roasted, you still taste foul, and I have eaten a lot of crazy food in my time."
Drakul's eyes widened, and he shrieked, his body exploding in size as he healed from the backlash from the failure of summoning Bloodmort.

A black sickle appeared on his hand made from black bones and he charged at Rowan, guided by rage and fear because he was under constant attack; he was dying, and yet he did not know from what, which for an Old One should be impossible. Serathis was still deceiving his senses, and when he thought he had figured out the reason why his strength was fading, another thought would take its place, and he would forget the conclusion that he had previously made.

Rowan could see all of this at a glance, he could read the frustration in every muscle of the Old One as Serathis stole everything from him, making Rowan the beginning and the end of this ancient immortal.

Rowan knew he was going to attack using this black sickle. He knew his patterns, and he decided to dance with this Old One in combat, deliberately lessening his ability to perceive the moves that were coming just so that he could understand the limit of his Weapon Master Title.

Using the chains of his Sin Weapon, he blocked several slashes from the sickle that appeared wild but were extremely cunning maneuvers that would have decapitated him in

an instant, he weaved and ducked past several strikes and his chains flicked out constantly like strikes of a serpent, tearing through the body of Drakul as he gouged out the flesh and crush bones, flinging blood and gore for hundreds of miles in a pattern that was almost like Scripting—which it was, Rowan was creating a formation out of the blood and bones of Drakul.

After damaging more than forty percent of his body, Drakul's body blurred backward, and when he reappeared, he was healed, A terrifying red light emerged from his eyes, and he growled a word of power that drained a healthy chunk of his soul that Rowan understood to be similar to Banish.

The power of the word lingered, forcing Drakul to remain frozen in a single position and filling this entire space with a weird power that brought chills to Rowan's spine and he almost laughed in glee. As much as he loved the thrill of battle, the power of his Serathis bloodline was trivializing his battle against an Old One.

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This spell was born from Drakul's understanding of opposing his Will of Endless Assimilation.

When it was unleashed it could banish entire dimensions. In battles that Drakul was about to lose, or he could not escape from, this was the spell he used to disperse the might of his enemies, throwing them into faraway dimensions without them being able to understand or resist long enough before the damage was already done.

Without the knowledge of Drakul's method, Rowan would have been caught unaware, and he would have most likely been banished.

His dimensional soul that was outside this dimension had been reinforcing its walls to resist shattering, and when the understanding of what Drakul was about to do even before he did it, changes were being actively made to combat it.

Inside the Dimension, Rowan braced against the dispersing influence of that word, setting himself firmly in this reality and then he realized that he did not have to. He possessed far too much weight to be easily taken out of the board by a weakened Old One, who was on the verge of dispersal under the light of Serathis.

At this time, Rowan had harvested more than a billion soul crystals, all of whom were equivalent to killing a billion fourth-dimensional immortals.

Drakul was finished.

Chapter 1425 A Great Experiment

Seven Cherubims encircled the shattered remnants of Drakul's dimension. Like black suns, they were not visible on any physical spectrum, but the weight of their existence caused space and time to warp. Rowan was so used to the presence of higher dimensional beings he had become numb to lesser levels of power, and so the presence of his Cherubims did not make him budge an eyebrow, but away from the shadows of Rowan's great wings, their glory blazed for all the realms to acknowledge.

Their great might suppressed this entire realm and the inhabitants that were left within. They were all in deep slumber under the power of the Cherubim, Requiem, and even the higher dimensional ones among them, which were at the fourth dimension as Vraegar had killed everyone higher.

The battle between Vraegar and the children of Drakul had ravaged this realm to its bleeding foundations, and when the Old One arrived, he had not been gentle with the realm either, in a glance, he had seen the children of his blood, he was not impressed, blinded by what he knew from the Primordial Era, Drakul was unimpressed by the power of his children and he had not held back when he unleashed his might upon Vraegar, killing more of his children than Vraegar and his armies combined.

Except for the black moon with a healthy chunk gouged out of it by Vraegar's devastating blow, the rest of the realm has been reduced to chunks no greater than pebbles.

The greatest casualties in this battle were the children of Drakul, the inhabitants of this realm. The cost in the number of lives lost were horrific.

The long war with the white dragon had killed more than twenty percent of the entire population, and at the end, when Vraegar went all out, and Drakul responded with greater force, the majority of the inhabitants perished, snuffed out by an uncaring father. In a realm that once held tens of billions, barely a hundred million remained.

This number might seem a lot but they were the result of many Minor Eras of breeding. They were not a prolific race, and each new birth would take hundreds of thousands of years, getting to this number despite the chaotic nature of reality was a great accomplishment.

It was a shame that the rest of them would have to die.

Like their Primogenitor, the inhabitants of this realm were vampires, creatures that fed on the blood and essence of others to preserve their lives and grow stronger. Inside their realm, their endless hunger could be sated by the unlimited amount of blood pouring down from the black moon above, but outside their realm they grew hungry and virulent, ending worlds as their quest for blood and essence was insatiable, it was what led Vraegar to this realm in the first place, their hunger was a great boost to the understanding of his Will, and he had been able to refine himself to the peak of the fifth dimension inside this realm.

Of course, their actions made inhabitants of this realm unwelcomed in most of reality, and so most of the vampires never left their home, contented to remain in their dimension where they could easily find sustenance, although like with every land where there was segregation of power and a clear divide between the weak and the strong, the powerful always suppressed the weakest, and even the never-ending rain of blood pouring from the moon were being gathered by those above, and the weak below were forced to serve and slave away for small amounts of resources to aid their growth and sate their hunger.

Before the arrival of Vraegar and his armies, their society was collapsing, which was an odd thing when there were unlimited resources for everyone until the end of time itself, but the greed of the heart knew no bounds and for creatures that were bound by hunger that would never fade, it was a miracle that they had lasted for so long, and grown to this size.

Yet, creation was difficult and destruction was easy, and their civilization that had existed for so long in the last ten million years was slowly collapsing as the greed of those on top had reached a point where those below could not take it any longer, and a revolt began that turned this realm upside down.

The arrival of the dragon gave them an avenue to band together to resist a great threat, and victory would have saved their society from collapse, also, the return of Drakul should have brought them to the peak of existence, how many dimensions could claim to have an Old One governing their affairs, but Fate was a fickle mistress, and the arrival of their Primogenitor, heralded their end.

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The Cherubim, Prophecy, opened his palm; there were tens of millions of vampires lying there as if asleep,.their state was the same as all the rest inside the dimension.

In the past few minutes, he had been gathering all the remnants of Drakul's bloodline that were outside the Old One's dimension. Although a majority of his bloodline remained here, there were always others who sought freedom outside the bounds of their home, and Prophecy tracked them all down.

With the power over the Will of Prophecy, he was able to gather all the bloodlines of the ancient vampire from all over reality, it was a good thing that they could not travel far, else it would have been a nuisance.

In the eyes of lower-dimensional beings, moving a dozen dimensions away from their home must seem like an impossible distance to cover, as they had used many hundreds of millions of years to migrate to these faraway dimensions to escape the tyranny of the older vampires' in power, but Prophecy had been able to gather them all in a matter of minutes.

Tossing the sleeping vampires towards the black moon, he nodded to the rest of his brothers and joined the light of his sun to theirs as the formation they had been building neared completion. Pushing a majority of his strength to the Cherubim, Extinction, he allowed his brother to channel their powers freely.

Eradicating the remnants of an eighth-dimensional Old One was not easy, and it would require a lot of power, but it was something that seven Cherubims should be able to do when they were being supported by hundreds of millions of lesser Angels in the background.

A great runic formation formed overhead taking the shape of a massive sword. The power that Extinction was channeling belonged to Rowan's Destroyer, Apollyon. Only the Cherubim, Extinction, was able to draw out as much power as he wanted from the Destroyer without dying from it, and as the shape of the Destroyer grew more potent overhead, the black flames from the bodies of the Cherubims blazed hotter.

The sword soon reached a ridiculous size, stretching more than a thousand light years in length, and the Cherubims decided amongst themselves that this would eradicate all the children of Drakul, even those that they might have missed; they allowed it to fall straight towards the hole made by Vraegar on the black moon.

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Watching this mighty Old One squirm and fight against his inevitable end as Serathis chewed through his soul should have been earth-shaking, but Rowan felt nothing, they were all monsters here, and during the battle, although he had an excellent chance of victory, a small inconsequential mistake and it would be him here dying.

After taking the lives of entire universes, no party here deserved pity, and death at any time should be expected. Still, it was quite a sight to see something that should never die... dies.

He could understand the confusion and fear in the heart of Drakul, and it was so similar to those of a mortal who knew they were about to perish, but could not understand how it was happening; this fear was so rich that Rowan could feel his dormant Ouroboros bloodline stirring.

A quake passed through the fabrics of reality, and Rowan turned a bit to the side and cocked his head as if he was listening to something, and Drakul's scream of pain soon followed.

"What?... How... you destroyed my heart!!"

Rowan shrugged, "If I want to kill you, then I will have to kill all Memories of you. Of course, I know that other Old Ones would also know of you, but you don't want to be called back by them now, do you? Accept your Fate, fade into nothingness, and perhaps in

an age where I am no longer alive, and any Old One still remembers your name, then you can return. Goodbye Drakul, you have been a great experiment.”

Chapter 1426 Not Worthy Of His Name

“I don’t understand, my light... it fades.”

The Old One died confused, even in the end, Serathis’ hold never left him, and he could not see nor comprehend the poison that was sapping him of his soul essence, draining him dry like he had done with countless dimensions in the past.

With his death, a cry rippled across all of reality, and Rowan knew that in many dimensions, they had just been notified that an Old One had perished. Before he had reached the fifth-dimensional level and his understanding of space had become extremely powerful, this profound ripple that happened would have been easily missed, and if he had not become an Eclipsed Creator, he would not have instinctively known that this cry of Drakul was heard by two other Old Ones, the last holders of his Memory.

If he wanted to truly ensure that Drakul was going to die, then he would have to kill these two Old Ones, and then to ensure they died he would have to kill everyone who knew them, and so on and so forth, otherwise, slowly and surely, all of the Old Ones would return. Rowan was finally acknowledging the reason for a prison like the Great Desert, killing Old Ones was nearly an impossible task.

Perhaps if he finally fully activated his Origin Land and the powers of his new Origin bloodlines then he would have a method to silence the Old One once and for all.

Despite all of this, Rowan knew that everything was changing, faster than what any immortals were used to, and Rowan was at the center of it all, and there was no other place he would rather be.

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At the spot where the Old One perished, something started to ripple out from reality; it was barely discernible and was already fading, but Rowan’s sight had caught it, and he stretched out his arm, his body blurring forward, and he seized it. Whatever it was struggled to escape from his grip, but Rowan only exerted more force until it gave. Opening his palm, he saw that it was a small piece of red armor that resembled a red metallic spider with dozens of legs that had been crushed by his grip; it was still waving them around and letting out tiny squeaks as if it were in pain.

“Bloodmort... Hmm, it seems that Drakul was far closer to success than I gave him credit for. Well, he no longer needs this armor, but I do, another bonus by the side to sweeten the pot is a good deal.”

Even if Drakul was awakened in the future, his powers would be weakened, and if he dared respond to the Call of another Old One, he might have to be their slave for who knows how long; how could the pride of an Old One allow them to become slaves? Gothra'Inul had chosen an unknown Fate under Rowan to become the slave of a fragment of a Primordial.

Satisfied with the ability of Serathis, Rowan left his dimensional soul to deal with the remnants of the battle inside here while he headed to see his children and appraise them of the next part of his plan.

The death of Drakul necessitates that he proceed more quickly; time is running out.

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Staff was pacing around, her white hair dancing under an invisible current, and she stopped and suddenly spoke aloud,

“Is it okay if we are sitting around like this? It’s not been more than a few moments; barely a minute has gone by; I think we should join him in battle; any assistance that we can make may just be what he needs to win. I can’t just sit here and let him fight all alone.” Staff was looking at the Lady of Shadows whose head was bowed in thought, looking up, Eva distractedly replied to the concerned woman, “Oh, he would be fine, he knows how to take care of these things by now. I am more curious about this meeting he is calling for and what it would mean for all of us going forward; I can no longer anticipate his plan. Don’t worry Staff, he will handle the Old One, and I bet in far less time than you think.” “Handle?!” Staff blurted out, outrage in her face, “This is an Old One; I know that Rowan has faced them in the past, but that was not so long ago; surely he would need time to recover; who knows how much resources he has already spent to win that last battle? I don’t think we should leave him alone at a time like this. Vraegar, Andar, what do you say?” The Dragon simply yawned and looked away, a haunting look in his eyes and Andar holding Cloudy in his hands who had shrunk down to be the size of a kitten so that he could pet him, shrugged, his eyes downcasted as he focused on healing any injuries that may be left behind inside the body of his companion, but he had long discovered that there was nothing, instead Cloudy who should have lost a tremendous amount of Essence was thriving, better than before, as if Rowan in an instant not only solved the issue of the Old One’s possession, he had strengthened the Cloud Whale further.

Andar patted the head of Cloudy while replying to Staff,

“As much as I hate to say it, I think we are out of our league, going after him would cause more harm than good, I know you think we may have a chance in a battle that he is fighting, seeing as he is on the same dimensional level like me and you, but that is far from the truth.”

Andar looked at the dissatisfaction in the eyes of Staff and he sighed, “I can tell you that in the instant he transported himself and that Old One to another dimension, he moved them so far away that it would take me three months to get there, and for you, it would take you at least a century. Tell me, Staff, even if I decide to help him, how can we get there in time? Even his most powerful Angels would take a few days to reach that place. How can we fight a battle that we cannot reach?”

Staff looked shaken, “But you... your dimensions... your speed is supposed to be unrivaled.”

“My speed is nothing before him,” Andar whispered to himself, “We are all nothing.” Vraegar by the side suddenly burst into laughter, “So you now understand how it feels, wonder boy; you have your fancy tower and your many worlds, but then you see that mountain in front of you...”

The voice of the dragon went low as if his thought had been taken far away, his fangs were bared, “You see that mountain and you think, this is something that would take the most of my life for me to reach for the top, it would be extremely difficult, the chance of me failing along the way would be monumental, but if I get to the top, then everything would be perfect, then I can stand beside him, to see what he sees, then you get to the mountain and the sight is vast, better than your imagination could ever have made it, but he is not there. You look to the heavens, and he is not there; you look outside the heavens, and he is not there. He has gone beyond your comprehension, there is nothing you can see, nothing you can do, no path ahead that can ever take you on his road, you cannot even admire his strength from afar, because you don’t understand that strength, you understand nothing, you know nothing, hahaha... how does it feel brother, to stand under the light of our father and know that we are not worthy of his name.”

Chapter 1427 Lightning Fast Quips

The voice of Eva suddenly broke through the gloom, “Your problem is that you stopped looking. You climbed the top of the mountain, you looked outside the heavens, and when you did not see him, you allowed despair to enter your heart, but you two are forgetting something very important. Although the path of your father may be extremely narrow and he climbed it extremely fast, he was once like you. He stood upon that mountain, he climbed to the heavens, and he soared outside the heavens. He took the steps that led him to the place, now the question you should be asking yourself is, do I have the heart to follow him to the height that he currently stands, even if it takes all of eternity, or do I see his strength and the resolve in my heart withers?”

Silence prevailed in this space for a while.

Above the dragon, the heavens opened up, and Rowan stepped through. Clad in nothing but black pants and jacket, he looked like an extremely beautiful young man simply coming back from a stroll, and with his hands in the pockets of his pants, this carefree image was only accentuated.

His hair was no longer black. Instead, it was greenish-gold, and so also were his eyes, and when Eva saw the color of his eyes and hair, she understood where Rowan would be leading them next, the Land of Miracles. The forgotten prince of the Elder was finally going home.

Rowan smiled at them, and even as higher dimensional immortals, they were almost stuck in place as they saw him, and only their strong Will prevented them from falling into a permanent daze, “You guys were heading to Booze Palace; let’s continue the meeting over there, shall we.” Rowan looked around, “This universe contains nothing but death; we should leave before it taints our aura.”

Staff stepped forward while looking at Rowan in amazement, ” Is it... is it over, just like that? Drakul, you killed him!” Rowan nodded, “He was just awakened from death and was still extremely weak, coupled with the fact that his information about this Era is long outdated and his pride was his greatest weapon, his defeat was inevitable; I had some experimentation to run during the battle; that was why I took so long. Come on, let’s go; I miss the taste of good wine, and I hear that Circe has perfected more of your father’s recipes.” With a wave of his hand, everyone here vanished, and when they reappeared they were above Booze Palace. The tavern that floated through eternity.

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Booze Palace was located on an asteroid floating through the void in the higher dimensional realms. At a glance, it did not appear to be anything special; that was because it was faithful to its roots, and its appearance was pulled straight from the lower realms with no visible changes.

Vraegar, looking down at this place, sniffed, “The sense of style of your father never fails to baffle me; which immortal builds a tavern out of a few pieces of wood and nails? I know many mortal dominions that would not be caught dead appearing in a place like this. It would have been a simple thing to create something more... grand.”

” It has its charms,” Eva smiled,

Vraegar looked away in disinterest, ” Yeah, a decrepit one, like the home of a murder hobo; it’s a place that only those with weird tastes would like; at least the drinks are great.”

“Hey, watch your tone; that’s my father’s pride and joy over there. Besides, he built it in a hurry, and Circe claims that this place has a charm that draws customers here.”

“And here I was thinking that you were your father’s pride and joy. Guess the man kept his priorities straight.” “Keep talking dragon, and I’m going to pull out your fangs slowly.” “Let’s head down,” Rowan said, breaking up the friendly spat, “We are beginning to draw attention.” They indeed drew attention, for their appearances were eye-catching, even amongst immortals.

From Rowan to Eva, Andar, and Staff, their appearances were sublime, each carrying a charm that went beyond the physical, and they almost seemed like they had magnets attached to their bodies and everyone else was metal fillings. Vraegar as a powerful white dragon was a rare sight, and what was most eye-catching about them all was that all five of them were fifth-dimensional immortals!

Even though they had become used to seeing higher dimensional immortals in their daily lives, in most of reality that was not the case.

Will Holders were an extremely special branch of immortals who had gained true freedom to roam all of existence for all eternity, and any dimension would be ecstatic if they gained a higher dimensional immortal. The majority of higher dimensional immortals would stop at the fourth-dimensional level, to see multiple immortals that had conquered both time and space in a single location was a rare sight, and most believed that they were looking at the members of Primordial Domains.

This tavern had become popular enough in the last few millennia that some of the scions of Primordial Domains usually came to the tavern for drinks.

Booze Palace was the size of an average two-story building that could be found in any mortal city, made from wood, with a fading signpost near its roof, it was planted firmly in the center of this asteroid and clustered around the building where hundreds of immortals from various races and dimensions who used this place not only as an avenue of relaxation but a way station to other parts of reality.

Various transactions were taking place here, and this place was becoming popular because safety was guaranteed and enforced; plus, there was no additional fee for conducting your business at Booze Palace; you simply had to purchase a drink as the fee for using any of the services here.

Whispers traveled through the crowd as they saw the new arrivals, and there were signs of respect made as any immortal who caught the eye of the five hurriedly bowed. Andar seemed to spot someone in the crowd but he looked away.

He had just seen a member of the Limit Breakers, which was not surprising because they had used this place as a meeting location several times in the past. He no longer tried to reconnect because it would be useless to do so at his level of power, and his attention might draw calamity to this lesser immortal. He would secretly check on him, but for now, it was better that no one here knew that this mage was connected to one of the five higher-dimensional immortals visiting this tavern.

The wooden doors automatically opened up as they neared it, and a pleasant smell of wine drifted out from the opened doorway, filled with so much packed Aether and Essence that everyone here visibly relaxed; of course, Rowan did not feel any difference, this level of energy was too low and he no longer functions with it in any way, but anyone who saw how he acted would not know that.

“Ah, it seems like I have just returned to Trion,” Staff sighed, “No matter how many bad memories I have of that place...”

“...it’s still a home that we all shared,” Rowan said, as he smiled, looking around the place. There were dozens of tables and chairs inside the tavern, with a staircase that led to the upper floors at the center. A black cat with wings was flitting past the tables delivering drinks and taking orders, while delivering wicked quips along the way.

“Hey, Archie,” one of the patrons whom the Lightning Kirin had just flashed past called out, “I said I wanted something strong.” “That’s why there is a mirror at the bottom of your cup hotshot; deal with yourself!” Archimedes called out without looking at the patron.

The Lightning Kirin suddenly screeched to a halt when she saw the five new arrivals in the tavern; she gave a double take before pointing towards the second floor with a bright white paw and then zoomed towards the back, most likely to inform Circe of their latest arrival, her little wings beating extremely fast as she vanished in a burst of lightning.

Rowan smiled at the specter left behind in the air after the cat disappeared, “I believe she meant we have a spot waiting for us upstairs, let’s go and relax for a while.”

Chapter 1428 The Wine Pouring Ceremony

It did not take long after they all settled into their various chairs surrounding a table, with Vraegar adjusting his bones to a more humanoid proportion to sit comfortably before the dragon asked Andar the burning question in his heart after the revelation by the mage,

“So, how did you do it, how did you acquire so many dimensions inside your Tower?”

Rowan also turned towards Andar, “ Yes, how did that idea ever occur to you to push for more dimension inside your tower? I am also curious where you could see so many fifth-dimensional spaces that you could swallow.”

Before Andar could answer the questions, a beautiful woman with bright blue hair and a black cat sitting on her shoulder arrived, she pushed her way through the invisible dome of silence and obfuscation that had covered this table, made by Eva without any outward indicator and she bowed towards Rowan, then towards the rest, her eyes shining with excitement at the return of all of them safe and sound.

Circe understood that Rowan had ventured towards a dangerous ordeal, one that there was no assurance that he would return alive, and seeing him here, stronger than ever and even thriving, was enough to push away the gloom that had encircled her heart for a million years.

“Rowan, your presence gladdens my soul. Lady of Shadows. Blessed children of the Creator. Welcome to the...”

Vracgar snorted, “Yadda, yadda, yadda, come sit with us, and don’t bring all those honorifics to the table. You are among family here, and we are getting tired of you not being able to let down your guard. Call me big brother, and I promise to take care of you; no one in the outside world would ever think of bullying you...”

Staff stood up and brought Circe over to their table while pointedly stepping on Vraegar’s tail, causing the dragon to huff in irritation. Circe smiled, and as she sat, she waved her hands, and a large wooden chalice appeared at the center of the table, and seven wooden cups.

Polished until the chalice almost appeared to be made from gold, there were extremely tiny arcane scripts all over it made from an unknown language that no one else but Rowan could understand. This simple chalice was a handcrafted work that would most likely have taken tens of thousands of years to make. Rowan could appreciate such dedication to a craft, knowing how hard this arcane scripting would have been to carve out for an immortal of Circe’s power.

The chalice was filled with a rich red wine that almost seemed alive because it was slowly swirling itself inside the chalice; it was as if a tornado was at its center. There was a thin film of energy over the rim of the chalice to prevent the Aura of this wine from leaking into the air, alerting everyone for thousands of light years and preserving the flavor and efficacy of the wine, Rowan’s eyes shone with appreciation when he saw this wine, recognizing that this had neared the peak of the craft, and the duo of Circe and Archimedes had created a brew fit for higher dimensional immortals.

Also inscribed on the wooden chalice was the true history of Trion before it was taken over by the Reflections of the Eye of Time. Circe used wood because it signified the domain of Elura, the Empyrean of Life, and inscribed on it were the names of his brothers and sisters, Truiplot, Hekaton, Metagei, Pyanop, Yuleti, Maimak, Anthesterion, and finally, his own, Romion.

Rowan went still when he saw the names inscribed in the chalice, he had never spoken of these names to anyone, and he knew that the only reason Circe knew them was that she was integral to his resurrection and his transformation to a living dimension, and she had gained an incredible amount of benefit from that process, and although she appeared to be the weakest immortal here, not even stepping into the higher dimensional realm when Archimedes was now a fourth dimensional immortal, the truth was that Circe was holding

herself back from ascending, because of the weight of Memory that Rowan had given her to keep safe.

There would be a time when he would be calling on her to return this weight to him, but for now, she was the keeper of his Memories, the Warden of the Vaults of Trion.

He smiled at her and he nodded, giving her permission to begin the wine-pouring ceremony. She deserved this moment, for she was among the few who labored in silence for his vision to bear fruit.

Gaining the acknowledgement of Rowan, Circe stood up and began making various arcane gestures with her hands and the energy shielding the top of the chalice spread to all the cups. In this manner when she poured the wine into the cups, no single strand of essence would leak out of it.

Her gestures were sublime, as she flowed from one pose to another in a move that made Vracgar to be speechless in adoration, and Eva looked upon her with appreciation. Circe began to speak,

“As your host, it would be my honor to present the crowning achievement of our craft. This wine is called Emithe; it is something that the owner of Booze Palace wanted to create but could never find the materials for it in the lower realms. He made a name for this wine, calling it Emithe, and I hope that today I was able to give his vision justice.”

She paused for a while and Staff by the side squeezed her hand, and after taking a deep breath, Circe continued speaking,

“I harvested the grapes from a Celestial orchard that we came across by chance, from what I could tell, this came directly from a Primordial Realm, for it is only in a place like that can such vast amounts of Essence be imbued into an orchard like this. There were only a few grapes left in the orchard, and from what Archimedes could determine, they had existed for many Minor Eras, lost in the vastness of the void. I crushed them all by hand, making sure every drop of Essence within was preserved to its fullest efficacy, that process took me centuries.”

She took the first cup and from the chalice she poured wine into it, setting it in front of Rowan she continued,

“To ferment this wine, I placed them in a fire-ice array, alongside a special blend of yeast that Telmus created, that for the life of me, I cannot replicate and I’m running short... under this array, this wine has gained a rich potency that is unbelievable, I had to reinforce the array a total of forty-seven thousand times over the course of hundreds of thousands of years, as more of the richness of the wine was pulled out with this process,”

As she was speaking she poured the rich red wine into more of the cups,

“After six hundred thousand years of fermentation, I began the separation process, which I did by hand to preserve the essence within. Archimedes crafted a perfect spell for this process which I utilized, and I removed every single impurity in this brew. It took me centuries, but the results were worth it.”

All the cups were filled at this time, but there was still a healthy amount of wine left in the chalice, it had barely dropped more than a single percent.

“The history behind this chalice is deep and it is not for me to reveal, that honor is left for the Creator, however, I can tell you that it was made from gathering all the Shards of Elura scattered all over our universe, and it is filled with an incredible source of life force the likes I have only felt from Rowan, and it is the perfect Aging process for this wine. Every time we gather in the future, I shall unseal the wine, and we shall taste the passing of the ages through it.”

With her wine-pouring ceremony completed, Circe went around the table, presenting a cup to each one here, and before she sat down, she gave Archimedes his own cup, who was lounging on her shoulders, drool nearly dripping from her mouth as she had waited to taste this wine for nearly a million years.

Rowan raised his cup to the air, he looked at the cup in appreciation for a while, and

he said,

“I call for a toast...”

Chapter 1429 A Toast To You All

Every eye turned to Rowan and he began to speak, his voice was steady, his eyes were reflecting the scars and the weariness of long battle, and also a stubborn tenderness that could not be suppressed, no matter how much time had passed, it was easy to forget how long Rowan was, and how much he had experienced in that short life. Standing here before then with a cup of wine in his hand, it was easy to forget that this man had just killed an Old One a moment before, and the entire shape of reality had just changed because he willed it, it could be argued that in this Supreme Era Rowan’s hand had been involved in some of the greatest changes, yet few knew of him.

However, when he began to speak, any doubt about the power he held was blown away by the majesty his voice commanded,

“It is a rare thing to stand in the midst of immortals and know that you are among friends, and though the ties that bind us as one extend beyond blood, such things do not measure the worth of the bond that we share. When I left the lower realms for the higher one, when I chose to reshape reality to suit my purpose, there was a reason that I was confident in my success, and it was because I knew that I had you, all of you, standing

with me. I wish you could see the light in your hearts the same way that I see it, and then you would understand that it can brighten the darkness in your path and break down the greatest barriers before you. That light is blinding. My friends, my children, I see you all, and you are loved, and I believe in all of you. With all my heart.”

Rowan looked at them all in the eyes, projecting his strength and faith in all of them, he could see the back of Vracgar strengthened, and the light in the eyes of Andar and Staff brightened, but he knew that it was not enough, for what was to come he must give them more reason to fight, or they would be lost. If he could, he would fight this war alone, but despite his powers, that was not possible, he needed help, and that meant putting the people he had come to care about in danger,

“The things that I ask of you to accomplish in my name is beyond impossible,” Rowan chuckled self-deprecatingly,

“A madman’s dream. I ask you to fight in battles against beings that are as old as time, to stand against the might of the Primordials themselves, and my sons, my friends, how you have shone, brighter than the stars, but now I see that even though your light can withstand everything, against the darkness before us, it is not enough... I have not given you all enough. You do not have the time, you do not have the tools to excavate the potential within all of you. I cannot ask you to stand against the Dominion of Primordials, and I do not give you all the tools you need for victory. But first, the toast... to you all, I am Eulxhu, I am Truth, and I say to you, that I will hold the Memory of you all in my heart. Drink up!”

The first drop of wine to hit the tongue of Eva brought with it an explosion of complexity that beguiled her senses, she was not even aware of the quiet moaning sounds that she made, every drop of the rich taste that followed told a story of the many years spent on its creation, and the incredible love and attention to detail that was almost fanatical.

In her mouth was the taste of the Celestial suns that had touched the grapes for many eras, and the many endless flavors that cascaded after it, rich, earthy, like wandering through a forest in bloom.

She could spend hours describing every subtle nuance in the taste, but that would not be enough to scratch the surface, and when the last drop slid down into her stomach, she closed her eyes and savored it. This was a taste that was worthy of many lifetimes of strife. This was crafting that could never be replicated, even if all the ingredients were there.

The finish lingered on her taste buds, and she remained in the special place this wine had brought her, staying with it for as long as she could, Eva was not surprised when the barriers over her Memories loosened and she knew that without Rowan reaching the sixth dimension, she might be able to push for higher levels, it would be hard, but this wine had brought her to a place she did not feel she could ever reach.

All the vast amounts of energy inside that wine was inconsequential to her, as she had never had any need for Aether or Essence, and as she luxuriated in that feeling, she opened her eyes to see how the others were taking it, and she found the bright greenish-gold energy eyes of Rowan staring at her, a shiver went through her spine. How was it possible that in one moment, he presented a figure that was filled with light and love, and the next, she another side of him, a ruthless predator and a destroyer.

However, she saw that the Aether and Essence in the cup of wine that he drank were being channeled towards Cloudy without leaving a drop for himself, not that he had ever needed it. She was distracting herself with random thoughts, but she could not help it,

“You can sense it, can’t you...” the voice of Rowan whispered in her mind, making her nearly jolt in her seat, “the touch of destruction in my veins. It is woven so tightly into the new creature that I’ve become, and even though I have hidden it from reality itself, you can still feel it, why is it so, Eva? Is there a part of my disguise that is imperfect?” The question took some time for her to answer because there were so many details in the sentence that Rowan had just said, and even as she pondered his words, it still brought up memories about her past that she had been slowly gaining back, and she replied to him in her head, she was no longer able to send her thought to him, but she was certain that he could hear her,

“When I died, my soul was erased and all Memories of me were sealed with my Angelic host inside the Palace of Ice. Yet even in death and the silence that it brings, I could still feel it, the endless tides of destruction in that place, a force that would not give me peace even in death. Before you ask me, it was a place that I don’t remember anything about or know what it was, but its weight was enough to impress itself on my dead mind. I can feel the breath of that place, and it scares me Rowan, and now I can feel that breath inside you. It’s not exact, but I don’t know how to describe the difference.”

There was silence in her head and then the voice of Rowan returned, “Your Memories, how much of it has returned?”

“Everything I know of the fifth dimension has returned, but anything higher than I may have come across while at that stage is blank; I need the power of the Memory Dimension to access my past.”

“Do you know who killed you, Eva, do you remember how you died?”

“That is a question that has bothered me from the moment I awakened. Who was that voice that called me, Daughter of Old Light? I died in a war, true, but why was I condemned to the darkness? The Fate of a Celestial Creator should not be that grim. Even in death, I did not know peace, and if not for you calling me out of that place, I would have languished in torment for all eternity. Now that darkness, that fear that you drew me away from, it is now here with you, you are becoming more like it.”

“Are you afraid of me, Eva?”

It took a while, but a silent voice that was barely above a whisper replied, “Yes, forgive me, Rowan, but I am afraid of you. I don’t want to, please Rowan, help me.”

Chapter 1430 A Strong Will

Chapter 1430 A Strong Will

After Eva, it was Staff who awoke next from the daze placed by Emithe, her body filled with bountiful energy, which for her was an odd sensation. Due to her talent, she did not like keeping energy inside of her body because it made all her actions to be extremely... volatile.

If she kept any form of energy in her body, without any direct supervision, they would become agitated, multiplying in intensity until they exploded out of her body with a force like an exploding supernova. At the fifth-dimensional level, every gesture she made, even if it was just blinking would release so much force, that it would eradicate everything around her for many light-years, and she had subconsciously learned to always divert all the energy in her flesh when not in use into her dimensional space, this was extremely necessary as she grew stronger.

The Staff that floated an inch behind her back always was her dimensional space, and over time, with the amount of energy she had diverted into it, this space had expanded to a ridiculous degree, and even though Andar might have trumped her in quantity, in terms of quality her dimensional space was much faster.

With the amount of energy now floating in her body, she could explode easily with a billion explosions that would kill everything around for billions of light years, and before she could hurriedly draw the power into her dimensional space, she noticed that they were incredibly stable. This massive amount of energy was just swimming through her body, suffusing every part of it, but there was no indicator for it to get out of control. How was this possible, was it a new form of energy that she had never come across before?

Staff created a small glowing light on the center of her palm, and she retracted it; there was no clash with her powers, and her abilities did not trigger. She did it repeatedly, creating more intricate structures out of this energy until at least she created a swarm of flying ants that buzzed around her hands before she snapped them out of existence,

“Uh, that’s new. Wonder what I can do with so much stable energy running through my flesh?”

Rowan’s voice entered her heart, “You could grow,”

With glowing eyes, Staff turned towards him, regarding this enigmatic man with a degree of concern that she would never show anyone else in existence, even her father,

“You are not in my head, or in my Will, or my soul for that matter, you are in my heart. I never knew that it had a voice. Teach me how you did it!”

“All in good time,” Rowan smiled, his voice still echoing in her heart, “but first, you need to grow, or that glorious energy would go to waste, and it would be a shame; I never knew your body would be capable of receiving the energy in this manner.”

“I heard you the first time about my need to grow, but I have no idea what you mean by that. I can become a giant anytime I want, don’t see any reason to, just a bigger target to hit; I like being the smaller one that packs the bigger punch, you know.”

“Yes, I know that; I have tasted your talents; it’s spectacular, one of a kind, I would even say, but for you, growing bigger would bring more benefits than drawbacks, and it does not mean that even though you are growing, it has to be reflected in the reality that others see. Have you not asked yourself, what is my true size? I know you must. have been curious; after all, you have been in my heart, and you had seen my body during the brief moment you were on Doom Star. So how big do you think I am?”

“I- I don’t know that actually, but I guess you must be pretty big; I know your mother was from a Primordial Domain, and you must have, um, inherited her size.”

“Ah, good guess, but you are thinking too small, but that is not the issue here, and that’s a simplistic way of looking at this issue when technically your roots also extend to a Primordial Domain, you should know that Minerva was not just a Dominator, but a Demon as well, and your father, well, that is a discussion for another time. What I want you to take away from my words is that my size is great, yet I can still fit in this small frame, and it is not because I have shrunk. Here, look at me; no, not the whole me; your soul would be torn apart; it cannot hold the immensity of my weight. No, look at the surface of me, at the top of a single hair on my skin.”

Staff looked at Rowan for a moment and reached out hesitantly with her hand toward his face, with him widening his eyes a bit in surprise, but he did not pull away. She licked her lips in nervousness,

“My senses of touch are exponentially greater and yet still much more nuanced than my sight could ever be. If I want to see you, truly see you, then I have to touch you.” “Then touch me, Staff; I am curious about this sense of yours; let me know how much you can see. You don’t have to hold back; if it’s too much, I promise to draw you back when you reach your limit; see it as payment for letting me observe how this perceptive ability of yours works.”

Staff’s eyes lit up as she took the challenge, and instead of one hand, she also brought up her second, and she touched Rowan on both sides of his face. She was slow, like a young girl touching the face of her first lover for the first time, and when she laid hands on his skin, she gasped as her white hair burst out of its binds, floating like clouds and her eyes lit up, shining as bright as the sun.

Whatever she was seeing must have been too much because she attempted to pull away but Rowan stopped her with his hands, making sure they were still pressed firmly against his skin, and despite how her powers raged attempting to pull away, exploding with so much force it would shatter a hundred universes, Rowan's hands did not budge and no single smidgen of energy escaped from his hold, his voice pierced through her panic and entered her heart,

"No, I can sense that this is not your true limit, and you can push for more. You have not touched even the surface of me, you have not learned the lesson I want you to see, yet you pull back. Remember who your father was and what he believed you were capable of achieving. Do not stop now, or else you have failed him, and you will have disappointed me."

His words were cruel, but Rowan considered them to be necessary. Oftentimes, immortals of great power subconsciously lower their maximum potential because they have never come across a challenge that pushes them to test their limits. From the start, Rowan had always been challenging those far above his level because he understood that he could gain nothing from going against those who were supposedly in the same realm as he was. This causes him to excavate his potential to the limits, breaking past unknown barriers and pushing his talents to ridiculous heights. If anyone here at this table was going to be fighting the same battle as he was, then they needed to learn how to push beyond their limits, it was the barest minimum applicable to be by his side.

Staff spoke out as if she was sleeping but her body was awake, "I can see it,"

"Yes, tell me what you see..."

"I see everything, yet. I see nothing... I see all of existence in the tip of the needle... I see life and I see death, and they are the same... they are the same!"

Her voice started as a whisper, but then it kept growing until it was a piercing scream, and then Rowan let go, and she collapsed to the ground, her body convulsing in agony.

"Take what you have learned with you, and know that reality is what we make of it. You can be as big as a galaxy, yet your Will would impose on everything that you are six feet tall. Tell me, Staff, with a body the size of a galaxy, how much energy would you be able to pull in at a time, how much could you multiply it when you unleash it? Are you now beginning to understand how truly scary your potential was?"

Even in the throes of agony, Staff could understand what Rowan was saying. Her talents, unlike most immortals, were closely linked to how a Dominator processes their powers, which were tied to their physical bodies.

Her body could hold a lot of energy, and she could multiply that energy, but she had seen her true potential when she assumed the massive formation that boosted her powers in

the Great Desert. That formation was similar to giving her a bigger body that could contain more energy, and with it, she was able to split apart a higher dimension.

This energy would have been useless to her, but she had seen Rowan, a fragment of his true self, and she knew that her Will, which she thought was strong enough, was nothing before him. He commanded reality on a mind-numbing level, and she had seen what she needed to do to become like him.

Chapter 1431 Boost In Potential

Vraegar and Andar awakened at nearly the same time, and they looked at each other with amazement in their eyes before their senses spread around the table. The experience of falling into a slumber after luxuriating in that heavenly taste was unique and one that did not think they could ever experience anywhere else but here. They noticed that Eva was by the opened window looking at the darkness, except for the streaks of purple that flowed around her, waves of unseen current that maintained a domain around her figure, she resembled a shadow. She seemed to sense their gaze and smiled at them before looking back into the darkness, there was something about her presence that seemed eerily lonely.

Then there was Staff who was curled up on the floor as if she was sleeping, but a halo of bright white light surrounded her figure and was pulsing with so much power that she should have been burning brighter than the sun, but a thin golden shield covered her up, isolating all the energy, making sure that she absorbed every one of them, beside her was Cloudy and Archimedes sleeping peacefully, there was something about the light being emitted from the body of Staff that made them draw closer to her even as they slept, and it was a good thing that the shield existed over her form, else they would both be ash.

There were also distinct pale glows emitting from their flesh that were being reabsorbed as they were breathing, and Andar could sense the energy from that wine inside that glow. He felt something in his hand and looked down to see the wooden cup he was holding crumble to ash.

Circe was mysteriously missing, and Andar suspected that she had not even fallen into slumber after she drank her wine, which was rather telling because she was still a lesser immortal and had not yet walked the higher dimensional path. Every time he saw her, her presence became increasingly enigmatic, and he did not know what to make of her. However, he knew that she was linked to Rowan, and the mysteries surrounding his father were endless, and he tried not to be surprised by any new one that he discovered.

Vraegar tapped Andar with his claws, looking confused, “Hey, did you notice any new changes in your body? They all seemed to have benefited, yet I think we just had a nap. Pleasant though it might be, certainly seems unfair if you think about it. What about us?” Andar had, in fact, been checking his body after seeing the state of Staff alongside Cloudy and Archimedes, but he could not see anything different about his constitution; he was the

same as he was before he took the wine, and this was the third time he had checked his body and soul and saw no difference.

Suddenly, he was aware of the presence of Rowan, who was standing by the far wall and scrawling words and diagrams on it using his finger, and at the same time, he was aware of his presence, and so was Vraegar. They both looked at each other before staring towards the wall at what Rowan was scribbling down.

The words should have been easy to decipher yet it was not, written in a language that they could understand, yet the two of them were unable to wrap their minds around what they were seeing, but they instinctively knew that Rowan was building something from nothing, and until he finished the last stroke, they would be unable to understand what he was placing down.

Settling down to follow his hands because there seemed to be a magical pattern to the motion of it, they were soon lost in reverie but the voice of Rowan dragged them out of it.

“The reason there are no changes in your bodies is because of your bloodline,” Rowan called out as he continued writing, “You two seemed to forget that although you have my blood, you do not follow my path, and you have barely begun to scrape the foundations of your potential. Emithe simply scraped some more of those hidden depths and presented them to you, but your consciousnesses are still too weak to notice them.”

Andar’s breathe caught in his throat as he thought about what Rowan might have meant, but it seemed like madness, almost impossible; what Rowan was referring to should be an expanding of potential, far greater than any ascension or evolution could bring, all from a single cup of wine?

“Yes, your thoughts are quite correct. There are no changes in your bodies, but your bloodline connection with mine has deepened, and because this connection with me is active and I have not blocked any of its path to you, what you are benefiting comes from the current state of my being which was vastly greater than when I first gave you my blood. If you want to, you can gain an extra path, even two, if you push for it. You are a Magus, but if you want to become a Dominator or fuse with another bloodline, even a Primordial bloodline, it is now possible. Even you too, Vraegar, if you wanted, you could become a Magus, share the same Meditation Art as Andar, and push your powers to new heights.”

Silence reigned for a while, only interrupted by the scratching sound of Rowan’s finger as he continued writing on the wall. He expected them to deliberate on the matter for a while, but Vraegar’s next words surprised him because even in the second possible path in reality, Vraegar had said the same thing; it was rare that this son of his was this focused.

Due to the effect of the Supreme Circle that he kept permanently around his body, he could see another possible variation of reality around him, but this was a secret that he did not need to tell anyone about. It was an interesting thing to watch the possible

response the others give, and the possible path that the future might bring. If he activated the nine Supreme Circles that he had created then he would be witnessing ten possibilities at once, a truly novel idea, but one that he shelved aside for now.

“Father, I could become a Magus, but this is not what you would want for us. I have learned that what others consider to be extraordinary, you see as mediocre. What should we do with this gift, because there should be a deeper purpose for granting us this boon.” At those words, Rowan smiled, “I told you all that your light shines bright, and I know you do not believe me yet because of the monsters you have faced and the levels that I have grown to occupy. I cannot allow you all to fight monsters without giving you the tools you need to succeed. I will tell you what I have in mind when the others awaken, and it won’t be long now. Rest for a few moments before we begin.”

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“There is a reason why I am this powerful, why from the moment of my birth I have always stood above the masses, and that reason is centered at the core of my being, but this is a talent I cannot share. You are either born with it or you are not. The last battle I fought on Doom Star was against a foe that was just like me. You might know of the name on Trion, but its roots extend deeper than that world, and the name of this talent I am is a Breaker! I do not have the full answer to what this talent signifies, but I intend to be finding it soon.”

Rowan began his plan by revealing secrets that he felt were integral to the true state of existence to those here with him, including Circe and Archimedes, the others might not know this, but Diane his handmaiden was also present, she had taken a cup of wine also, and except for Eva, none knew she was here. Also in this room were Lost and Tenma, also partaking of this wine, but they were kept separated, and each of the groups here was not aware of the presence of the other.

Rowan did this because he wanted to test out certain speculations he had in mind, and for that to be possible, then he needed this separation.

Chapter 1432 The Weight Of Truth

Words held power, some more than others, and the words that Rowan was about to speak here, held more power than any of the immortals here had any right to hear of at their stage, maybe even at the peak of their lives, it was a great possibility that they would have never heard half of what Rowan was about to tell them, however, they could not help him fight his battles, if they did not understand the sort of battle they were fighting. Yet, there needed to be a careful balance between what he told them and what he was never going to tell them because some information was too dangerous in the minds of those not suitable to carry it. An example would be that of the Primordial Beast, Divus. This was a being whose every memory had been struck out by the Primordials, and if he was to tell anyone here of her name, they would immediately be corrupted by her influence, and

through them, Divus the Primordial Beast would slowly awaken from her slumber and return to reality.

The awakening of a Primordial Memory in the mind of an immortal would be nothing short of catastrophic to the immortals, and not even Eva would be able to withstand the Weight of that Memory, only Rowan was able to hold all of that weight in his consciousness. There were certain loads, no matter how much he would have loved to share, that were bound to him for all eternity, because he was the only one who could carry them.

“As a Breaker, at the moment of our birth, something descends upon us, called a Singularity, and it grants every Breaker special abilities which enhance the potential they were born with. I can’t tell you the capabilities of my Singularity even if I wanted to, I can’t even tell you its name. Some truths are too dangerous to share, and knowing what they can do can destabilize your mind more than any poison could, you only need to know that if you ever come across a Breaker, before you have fully taken the mantle of your potential, you are to flee, do not engage with them, or you will lose.”

As Rowan continued speaking, they were all frozen in place, including Eva, as she finally began to understand what Rowan truly was, she was the only one here who partially understood the significance of a Breaker, because she was there at the beginning of the Primordial War, and she knew that those who led it were Breakers, and although she did not know much about them, she knew they were so powerful that in their hubris, they decided to challenge the Primordials and for a while, it almost seemed like they could have won.

‘Did I once know a Breaker in my past?’ she thought to herself, ‘Why does that word seem to trigger something inside of me that I don’t yet remember?’

If Rowan was aware of the internal dilemma in Eva’s mind, he did not show it, he simply continued to speak,

“With the abilities of a Breaker, there are few in existence that could ever hope to match us, and part of my plans before all of this was for you all to find ways to hunt down Breakers, and if possible transfer their unique gifts to those of you that are receptive to it, but according to classified sources, that would be impossible. It is simply not your Destiny.” Those “classified sources” were obviously the Primordial Record.

In the moments when he was about to banish the World Stele to the Nothingness after he had killed Thenos, he had asked the Primordial Record if it was possible to fuse with the World Stele, and the Primordial Record vehemently refused. This was not even considering the fact that Thenos as an Old One was not dead. Not really, because the Memory of him still resided in the mind of the World Stele, and although his resurrection would be countless times harder than any normal Old One due to his status as a Breaker, the nature of a Singularity was so potent that two of them could not exist in the same body, their powers would cancel each other out, and he could not transfer it to any of his

children either because a Singularity uses a source of energy called Destiny, a power that only those at the eighth-dimensional level could touch yet hardly understood, and only special individuals whose extremely potent destinies could be fused with.

It was not really about talent or bloodlines; with the powers of a Singularity, a talentless rock could be made the Emperor of Heaven in a day; what they craved was the destiny of certain individuals that were so potent it could reshape reality around them, even as mortals.

If things went according to his plans, when the World Stele returned in the future, alongside a resurrected Thenos, Rowan would not be a fifth-dimensional immortal fighting against an Old One, but he would be at least on the same level as an Old One, alongside powerful allies with him, and Rowan did not care if Thenos was a Breaker, no one was his equal at the same level.

“The path of the Breaker is not for any of you, that I now fully understand, and in my deliberations, a new path opened before me, one that I could never fully understand or gotten access to, but with time and my advancement, that path is beginning to open up, and that is the power of a Class, and after today, you will all be set on a path that would change the course of your destiny, if there is anyone that wants to back out, this is your chance.” Rowan waited for three minutes, and this amount of time for the perception of those here could as well be months. This decision was very important, and he needed to give them the time to process it. He never did things in half-measures, and if he was going to be doing anything, it would have to be monumental, as his actions would be considered madness to most immortals.

After the three minutes had expired, Rowan smiled and tapped the wall behind him, “I want you all to look at this chart; it is a formula I created to access the Map of Reality as I know it. I gained this map from the fragment of the Eye of Time, which is a part of the Primordial of Time.” Rowan could sense the tension ramping up in the air, and he paused for a while to allow those within to adjust to it.

Unlike his exposure to Primordials which he was exposed to even while he was a mortal, most here only heard of these figures in legends, they were all aware of Primordial Domains, and the impossibly powerful figures that created them, but there were not many concern in their hearts about any interaction with Primordials because those beings were so far away from them, they never really considered the possibility of that ever happening.

Primordials were seen as forces of nature rather than any sentient individual, and Rowan was forcing them all to acknowledge that Time, Space, and even the darkness around them were not just concepts, but they were alive, and they had a singular will.

However, what pushed them through this barrier in their heart was the figure in front of them, Rowan.

In their minds, he had almost taken the form of a Primordial. Distant, vast, incredibly powerful, and unknown... if he was by their side, and he believed in them, then they would believe in themselves that they had the right to be here, anything less would be an insult to the trust he had given them.

“I cannot fully transmit this map to you, because the weight of it is too great, but with this chart, you would be able to simplify portions of the map for you to understand. This is very important because while my Angels are consolidating the lower realms, this map would be the road I take to harness the flow of power I will be obtaining from the lower realms to the higher ones. We all know the greatest resources that lower realms have to offer our souls, and I intend to be the gateway by which much of the higher realms get access to it.”

Chapter 1433 Secret Army

Chapter 1433 Secret Army

It had been a year after the meeting at Booze Palace, and Rowan was now alone. He would have rested here for a few decades, but the war all over reality was heating up, and he had wasted enough time already, Old Man Seed and Elura must be waiting for his return, and he had delayed that inevitable process enough at this point.

This year spent had allowed him to finalize his ability to deceive reality, which would be greater than anyone could ever manage because he was not just an immortal but a living dimension, a reality unto himself, and he understood the fabrics of space better than any living immortal save for the Primordial Chaos.

Numerous notifications had been pinging him over the years from billions of locations scattered across the lower realms, and his dimensional soul had been running himself ragged putting out fires for the last year, only briefly returning to link up with the activated Supreme Circles so he could enjoy the benefits of unlimited energy before returning back to supervising the conquest of the lower dimension.

Everyone else in the Booze Palace had been given their mission, and the tasks they were expected to accomplish at a given time, and if everything went as planned, Rowan would begin to see the benefits of that meeting in a short while. He had spread out pieces of his plans all over reality, and now he was expected to be taking the next steps forward while they followed him.

He had left Booze Palace a while back, heading towards the Land of Miracles. Despite traveling at top speed, it should take him at least two more years to get to his destination, and that was because he was taking a circular pattern to avoid many dimensions and conflicts on his path. The Children of Chaos had gone insane, and the devastation they were unleashing on reality was unmatched in this Era. Rowan expected that soon, the other Primordial Domain would be arising to quell the Chaos. Rowan was also on the

lookout for Caine and Shamaran, but he was not extremely concerned with coming across them, because his act of deceiving reality, and his activated Supreme circle that actively repelled reality around him, made it almost impossible for him to be tracked by any means, in fact, only the power of the Supreme circle alone could make him untraceable, but combined with his mastery over space made Rowan assured that except for other special reasons that he could not account for, he would not come across Caine.

As he traveled, he continuously perfected the great city inside his Origin Land, and to honor its roots he still decided to call it Sheol; the overall shape of the city had taken after Sheol, so it felt fitting.

Rowan also began to push for the next levels of Angels, which were to be Seraphims. This would take an extremely long time to complete, but if he began the process, then it would not be long before it was done.

What would accelerate this process was the number of lower dimensional universes he would be able to control so that he would have a healthy amount of candidates for fusion with his Angels, making it possible for him to rapidly raise his lower order Angels higher in ranking with Resonance.

The ability for his Angels to fuse with other beings gave them the ability to endlessly evolve to higher ranking, giving him an advantage over any Celestial Creator who had no way to push their lower-order Angels to greater ranks.

His Angels were incredibly selective of the candidates for fusion, but he was sure that if he had millions of universes under him, there would no longer be an issue with finding the right personality to fuse with them. If everything went according to plan, instead of the hundreds of millions of years that it took for him to gain a Cherubim, then in ten to twenty thousand years, he should have his first. Seraphim, which was a ridiculously short amount of time to gain power as great as that, but even a Cherubim would fall short of his true agenda with his Angels that even the Lady of Shadows was not aware of.

“This should be the right time to awaken them. At this time, I need powerful elites who can move in the shadows where none of my children can!

Although he had bequeathed the path to great power to his children for them to assist him in the times to come, Rowan was someone whose backup plans had backup plans, and being built in secret, far from the eyes of Eva or anyone else was a special Host of Angels that he was developing in secret.

The task of going against the Primordial was so massive that it had exceeded the scope of what any of his children could comprehend, and so he had to make plans that they did not know about with powers they could not yet understand.

Gaining access to the Palace of Ice during his evolution granted him access to a place where he could summon seemingly endless waves of Angels of Chars. Even after he

evolved past the Palace of Ice, his connection to that place had not ceased, only strengthened. With Sheol, this connection had deepened to the extent that he began pulling more than he could comprehend at that time.

This was the place where Eva had resided in death, and she had been tortured in a manner that most mortal or immortal minds could comprehend, and now, she was sensing that aura from Rowan, the power that had not given her peace, even in death. After reassuring her that this was simply a result of his growing power that he had not properly harnessed, he promised that the next time they met, she would no longer sense this Aura from him.

Rowan did not tell her the real truth, he was aware of the reason she was afraid of him, and it was not because of the evolution of his ability, or his transformation to an Eclipsed Creator, but because the separate Host of Angels of Char he had been accumulating away from the eyes of everyone had reached a terrifying number, and Eva could sense a bit of that potential of devastation from him, and that was what scared her.

Normally the Angels of Char summoned from that unknown space were usually at the lowest caste, simply Angels, more rarely were Archangels, and it was through Resonance that he merged them to create the higher variants of Angels, but then there were instances where extremely special Angels of Char would be summoned. These Angels were far more powerful than any normal Angel and even in death, they had resisted the call of dissolution, keeping their form intact, it was only now that Rowan understood the reason for that, and it was because he was summoning the Memory of these Ancient Celestials that had been corrupted by the power of destruction.

Yes, the power that Eva feared, that had tortured her even in death, was Destruction, and the unusual and demonic angels he summoned were not simply shells waiting to be filled with his light but were Memories.

In the past, when he was barely broken past the level of a single dimension, existing more as a Line, one of the Angels that had been summoned was a Principality, and when this powerful Angel had seen the overall strength of Rowan, they decided to take over his bloodline and ferry him to another universe where he could be safe and grow in peace.

It should be noted that at that time, Rowan did not understand the implication of what a Principality really signified and the difficulty that it would take to summon even one of them or their position in the dimensional hierarchy. He had asked this Angel after he stopped their plot to take over his bloodline, how it could go against his wishes without any great backlash, and he had told him that as a Principality, he existed beyond Time and Space.

Rowan had no notion of the higher dimensional realms at this point, and the significance of summoning a Memory of a Celestial was lost on him, and that turned out to be a good thing, because if he had known that he was standing before a higher dimensional creature, he would have panicked and his decision to seal this Angel and get it off his

mind, which turned out to be the right move, would have become something else, and he would have allowed this Angel to lead him until he grew strong enough.

In his ignorance, Rowan had used the right method to combat the Memory of this Principality, if he had given this figure more time to know his mortal children like Andar or even his maid Diane or the billions who resided in his dimensional space, then sealing this Principality would be next to impossible.

Chapter 1434 My Lovely Grandson

Rowan had sealed that Principality away and several other Angels of Char who were also extremely powerful but did not seem to have as much freedom of thought as this Principality. He refused to know their name or give them any because that would only strengthen their Memory, but things were changing, and soon, they would need new names. Unlike his normal Angels of Char that he could easily bring under his banner, claiming the Memories of these Ancient Celestials were different.

Over the years, Rowan had been gathering special Angels like these, as an average of one or two special Angels would be spawned every fifty to a hundred million years, and as of this moment, he had twelve of them.

None were as powerful as the Principality, because he had been extremely lucky to have gained the Memory of an Angel of such high ranking, so high that if Rowan could completely awaken his soul and Celestial Heart, then he would be able to fight against beings like Caine and Shamaran.

From Angel to Archangel, Sovereign, Power, Cherubim, and then Seraphim, what came next would be a Principality, after which would be a Dominion and finally a Throne, a ranking that Rowan did not know if it would ever be possible for him to reach because of its strange requirements, but he guessed that creating a Throne would be something that he would be more knowledgeable about in the future as he grew stronger.

Despite the fact that a Principality was one rank higher than a Seraphim, using his current resources, it would take him trillions of years or more if he wanted to create one using Fusion and Resonance, and even after he gained all the resources of the lower realms, decreasing the time spent, it would still take him at least a few million years, and so the importance of having a Principality, even just a Memory was one that could not be easily overlooked.

Of the twelve of these special Angels of Char, eleven were Seraphims, and one was a Principality! However, what was surprising to him was that over the long years, he had not been able to summon a single Cherubim, instead he had gotten eleven Seraphims, and he wondered if it was because of the unique traits that they had, making it impossible for them to be corrupted by Abyssal energies or Destruction.

Every Angel in their various rankings had unique features that even those higher up in strengths could never have. From the inestimable strengths of Powers to the Spell Weaving abilities of Sovereigns to the black suns of Cherubims, none could be judged by their ranking alone.

Rowan did not know how many Celestial Creators could boast of such impressive diversity among their Host, but it should be extremely limited, and most importantly, no one else knew that he had such forces in the background; perhaps Eva might be suspicious, but she was smart enough not to dig into it too deeply. Part of the reason he revealed the presence of individuals like Breakers and the Singularity to his children was also to appease Eva, she was once his left hand, and she still was, but Rowan had grown to the extent that he needed multiple arms to function, and two would no longer cut it.

If Eva could not comprehend his present powers, it meant he had outgrown her, and if she insisted on knowing more than her ranking could comprehend, then the only path waiting for her would be destruction, Rowan was wise enough to steer her away from this path, but ultimately he could not control the minds of his children, no, he could, but he would not. The freedom to make choices of their own was essential, else he would have no one but slaves around him.

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Rowan's consciousness fell on the space in which he had kept these special Memories, and his Will descended like light from an unknown heaven and slammed into the land of their slumber like a falling meteor.

With his Origin Land being infinite in size, he could hide an infinite amount of secrets within, and no one else but him would know of all of it. This place where he kept these special Memories of fallen Celestials was one of those secrets.

His Will slammed into the earth, erupting with great light and it filled the bodies of the gigantic Angels of Char, each of them as large as a universe, except the Principality that resembled a ball of fog that could encompass multiple universes, multiple pale strands of lightning flashed inside the fog as if a massive sleeping mind was dreaming.

Anyone who saw these twelve Angels would think of them as demons. Some had vast leathery wings with cloven hooves and gigantic horns and claws, others were a weird mishmash of insects and weapons jammed together in a chaotic package that exuded nothing but death and pain. Yet these were all Seraphim, but due to the corruption of Destruction over their Memories and the influence of the Abyssal powers that killed them, they had become Fallen.

Their nature has warped, but it did in no way impact their strength. Instead, it had given them new tools that no Celestial power could possess, and with the influence of Rowan's powers, their advantages would only be heightened.

As his knowledge of the dimension of Memory deepened, he knew that in order to fully resurrect these Angels to their fullest potential, he did not have to find their Resonance companion, he just needed to strengthen their Memories, and the only way to do that would be to allow them to gain influence over reality. It was to allow their names to be whispered in several hallowed halls of power and for his many children, both mortal and immortal, to acknowledge their presence.

However, the corruption that plagued their Memories, stopping their advancement and completion was Destruction, and before he became an Eclipsed Creator, Rowan had intended to find a way of purging this corruption from their bodies, but with his present powers, purging them of Destruction would be taking away a useful tool, when Destruction was his to control and shape.

His light seeped into the Memories of these Angels and they began to stir. Lying on a seemingly endless field of ash that fell from their gigantic bodies like a storm.

This ash that fell from the bodies of every Angel of Char was a result of Destruction eating at them for all eternity. What might be on their bodies may just be a sliver of destruction, but it was more than enough to torture these Angels for all eternity, and for the first time since their death and corruption, the rain of ash from their bodies ceased, and the darkness that permeated their skin began to slowly sink into their bones, and new flesh was being made to replace those that had fallen.

Rowan observed that the process of controlling these strands of destruction on their bodies was working and began to prepare a series of Will-infused strikes that would be unleashed over decades to shape the power of Destruction in the bodies of these powerful Angels in the way he wanted it, and when he was done, they would become another one of his arms, strong and dependable, able to be wielded to the far reaches of creation to carry out his Will.

Deep in the eyes of these sleeping Angels, a red light like the embers of a volcano began to light up as Rowan Will began to show them the current state of reality and their tasks in the future, he taught them new strategies and methods to deal with the problems he had, and as they learned from him, he also learned from them. The awakening of their Memories was integral to his understanding of the Primordial War and his knowledge of the higher dimensions that would have been hidden from him so that he could finally understand what it meant to stand in the levels of a Primordial.

The heavens above their heads broke open once more and a green pillar of light slammed into their midst, shaking the earth for a while before it settled, and a massive spear was revealed. It was Bleeding Edge, the Primordial Weapon meant for the Demon Lord Tenebris, used in the cleansing of an Eternal Realm, and wielded by Primordial Demon himself, claimed by the Undying and now taken by Rowan, this weapon was to be one of the great test for the Angels to overcome before they left this land, after all, there was still one more trial left to unlock before this Primordial Weapon could be fully claimed, and the candidates to break open this weapon were to be these Angels, for it was to be their banner.

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Rowan's body pierced through space and time, reality around him blurry as if he was traveling through a tunnel of distorted light, and he suddenly halted in his tracks, reality reasserted itself and he found himself above a star, his eyes pierced through the star to find an old man with white hair and long white beards, whose eyes were entirely white making him seem like he was blind.

He looked up and waved at Rowan, "My lovely grandson." He said.

Chapter 1435 Deep Memory Connections

"Seed," Rowan smiled as he rocketed into the core of the star, he reappeared at the side of his grandfather who was on his feet, and he looked at the old immortal, a part of him wondering why he still thought of him as old when he knew that as immortals they did not age, for he suspected that Seed's aged appearance was due to preference not a reference of his great age, and he must be old, perhaps one of the oldest immortal he had come across. "I have always been curious; how old are you, and what are your true power levels? When I first met you, you told me you are a seventh-dimensional immortal, but now I can see that this is obviously not true; what about Elura? She is not at the fifth-dimensional level, isn't she? Both of you are Old Ones." Rowan blatantly stated.

Seed blinked, and then he laughed, "Why am I not surprised that is the first thing you would say to me? It is good that your time in that godforsaken place did not break you. Instead, you broke it; anything else from you would have shamed my blood. Yes, I believe you are on the right path, but there are some small misunderstandings you still have about me. You know what? Run your speculations by me, and I shall correct your mistakes, but first, sit with me and look at endless realms scattered in the darkness. It is stark, but there is a beauty here that can easily be missed, and when Chaos descends, all of this may be gone. War is coming, one that I'm sure that you took a healthy part in inciting, so look at all of this before it is gone."

Rowan paused as he considered the words of Seed, and then he nodded, and he sat beside the old man, a chair made from plasma, appearing beneath them, and from within the star, they watched all of the existence they could see, and for immortals of their power, they could see far.

"How did you find me?" Rowan asked after a while,

"Your Supreme Circle leaves a trace that I can detect. I know you took it off while inside Doom Star, but even its absence was enough of a void for me to follow. Its memory still echoes if you know how to look for those sorts of things, and I do."

“Oh,” Rowan said and went silent once more as he watched the stars. They remained in this manner for hours, perhaps even days, time was fluid, especially when it was meaningless to them, only events occurring counted.

An immortal could stay in a single place for a trillion years, but they would only count the time that passes when they make changes to their environment.

“You know, before the Frozen Road, there were far fewer dimensions, but they were so much brighter then. They needed to be, you see, else they would have been lost in the darkness, and it was a hobby of mine to just watch them swimming in the darkness, like tiny fishes in a grand black river. If you can believe it, every single one of them had distinct colors... every single one. It was amazing. A miracle.”

As Old Man Seed spoke, he began to point into the air and a mirage appeared around the reality that Rowan could see, and that reality began to transform into a scene that was set at the beginning of the Supreme Era,

“And then Primordial Chaos created his damned road. I was there, I believe I was standing right at that position, when it came blasting over the lower realms like a flood, crossing through time and space, and although it took billions of years for it to grow to encircle the entire great darkness, its light had killed the glow of every dimension the instant it was created, it was like seeing a miracle being replaced by mediocrity.” Seed pointed deep into reality, warping space and time so Rowan could see the precise place he had been standing,

“The war against the Breakers and the powers that stood against the Primes had reached a feverish peak; I had just killed a Breaker; that stubborn bastard nearly killed me, and even in death he left me a present,” waving his hand, he gestured to his appearance, “he made me old, and from that moment forth...hahaha, I was no longer Seed, but Old Man Seed, hahaha, of course then I could not see the humor in it, for I was quite beautiful and the ladies, they loved me, and I admit I loved them too, good thing I could have your mother before I was cursed with old age, else you would not have existed, or if you did, you might come out old, which come to think of it would be a funny sight, to see an old infant. Somehow I think you would make it work... you are creative.”

Rowan nearly rolled his eyes, “Now that we are getting so talkative, then it would be great to know if I have a grandmother, don’t you think? You said you loved the ladies, so surely one of them must have been the one to give you Elura.”

“Ah.... History, I should expect questions like this, you are on the verge of the sixth-dimensional level, and it is natural that you are becoming more curious about the past, that itch that you need to scratch gets worse with every moment that passes... but by that look of surprise in your eyes, and that funny position of your face, I can see that you are not aware of the changes that happened to those with deep memory connections like ours on the verge of the sixth-dimensional level.” Rowan’s eyes lit up; even if Seed had not fully explained what he meant by deep memory connections, he could already begin to

infer what he meant. Vraegar, Andar, and Staff were at the edge of the sixth-dimensional level, plus the many sixth-dimensional immortals he had come across, yet, none seemed to have this urge to understand more about their past like him.

This urge was so serious he could not even fully activate his bloodline until he understood the past; it was as if, without it, he would not be complete. Were there more to Primordial Bloodlines the closer they got to higher dimensions? Did he need to resolve an issue that bound him still to his Primordial roots before he could safely ascend to his new Origin bloodline?

“Oh, Rowan, this was me, was I not dashing?! If you return to the Land of Miracles, I fear many would think it’s me, the resemblance is quite uncanny.” Interrupted from his musing by Seed’s surprisingly loud question, Rowan looked to the place that Seed was pointing at. It was a vision into the past where he saw someone who resembled him but with much stronger features. He had long green hair, and his muscular body was covered with blood as if he had just waded out of a battlefield. His eyes were piercing, and he held two great blades that seemed to be made out of wood; there was something enchanting and extremely dangerous about this figure that drew your eyes.

Rowan frowned a bit at the distraction before he bent his head by the side, surprised at his emotions. He was getting a bit irritated at being interrupted during his musing, and he quickly checked that part of him; he was not yet omnipotent, and he could not disregard the powers of Seed here because if his suspicions were correct, then Seed might be far more than he appeared on the surface. Emotions were necessary, but he had to put a lid on it and should not grow arrogant. His Origin Bloodline may even play a part in these new feelings, and he must be careful.

Breathing in and out carefully, Rowan regulated his emotions and he slowly asked,

“The Breaker who made you old, what was their name, and did it affect your powers in any way, this state?”

Seed seemed to be watching the emotions flow beneath Rowan’s face in fascination before he laughed,

“There is no need to be like your mother, always focused on watching herself, making sure that all her plans are perfect, that is no way to live, especially when you have my blood. Ah, I guess our time for relaxation would not be much and there is still much for you to learn about our history and your place in it.”

Rowan sighed, “You have very creative ways of dodging answers Seed, or is there something you want from me before you speak... you are the one who says I should be direct; no more games, old man; I have gone through too much in the last few years to endure this idle chatter for long.”

Seed's eyes shone and he began to laugh, his voice booming so loudly that the star went out, placing them in darkness, a darkness that erupted into light as Seed willed the star to return,

"You naughty child, of course, I have questions; the purpose of entering Doom Star was to prime you into activating your Supreme Circle, which I can see that you have accomplished; most importantly, it was for you to see the challenges you have ahead in order to conquer that realm. You were supposed to achieve your Supreme Circle, return to the Land of Miracles where you would grow your powers and influence, and then return back to Doom Star to slowly take it apart over the course of billions of years, but in less than two thousand years you succeeded and you stand before me on the precipice of the Dimension of Memory! How the fuck did you think I'm not filled with questions?!"

Chapter 1436 The Right Question

At this admission from Seed, Rowan went quiet; sometimes, he was so focused on his goals that he disregarded what the outside world would consider extremely abnormal, even to someone like Seed, to be nothing but a footnote on his path.

To everyone in reality, Rowan left the lower realms barely a thousand years ago as a third-dimensional immortal, that in itself was a rare occurrence but not impossible for those with powerful bloodlines, yet in just a thousand years he was already a fifth-dimensional immortal on the threshold of the sixth, how did that make sense? Except for him and Eva, who understood more of his previous plans than anyone else, Rowan had not used a thousand years; he had simply used a day.

It would be an impossible situation to try to explain to others how he did something like this and it was a good thing that he had already made plans for situations like this when they arose, however, it would be foolish for him to easily speak out his "secrets" even if they were all to be lies, so Rowan simply smiled, mirroring what Seed had said to him earlier when he asked the old man about his age and true power levels,

"We all have secrets of our own Seed, and I'm sure you will be able to guess what I did to reach this level so quickly; you can run it by me, and if there are any mistakes in your judgment, I will correct them. You did place me in a peculiar realm, and such results should have been partly expected by you." Seed grinned, "Fine, I will bite, not because I cannot wait for you to tell me yourself, but because it's getting harder to hide your presence from your mother. I guess that also answers your question, Elura your mother and I, we are Old Ones. I had previously given you the truth to this, but you were far too weak and ignorant to understand me when I told you I was a teardrop from the Primordial. With your present dimensional level, perhaps you might begin to understand what a Primordial signifies, and how utterly powerful they are, they are the embodiments of concepts taken to the limits, and even a teardrop like me, is born at the peak of creation, having the control over Time, Space, Memory, Fate and Destiny at the moment of my birth."

Rowan looked at Seed with new eyes, partially understanding the reason why he had restricted his power levels before Rowan when they had first met him outside the lower realms because the knowledge of such powerful entities at the time of his weakness as a third-dimensional entity would have broken his pathway forward.

He had been given the chance to explore his powers without the burden of knowing that a near-omnipotent being was beside him, and Rowan had believed in himself enough that he schemed against Seed and Elura, pursuing his interest instead of being afraid that any minor moves he made that was not in the interest of these Old Ones would be denied.

At least, this was what anyone else would believe should have happened, but Rowan,, unlike anyone else, could glimpse the future, and he did not simply enter the higher realms without knowing what was in store for him. He had gathered enough information on most of the Primordial Domains, seen the powers of the higher realms, and when he left the universe with the last Reflection a thousand years ago, he knew far more than Seed would ever suspect. However, the Old Man did not know of this and still chose to limit himself and Elura so Rowan could find his path.

Rowan turning to face Seed fully, bowed toward him, “Thank you for giving me the chance to grow. You could have easily changed my Fate and Destiny with merely a thought, yet you allowed me to find my path, even if it meant going against your Will.” Seed paused, and then he smiled, not laughing wildly like before, he nodded, straightening his back, “You needed to find yourself. This was where I and Elura disagreed on the matter, she wished to channel your potential while I want you to unleash it while being pointed in the right direction, and I am thankful that you have proved me right a millionfold; even Elura would not be able to make you a fifth-dimensional immortal in a thousand years, and also accomplish the feats you have done. You took your Fate by your hands, and the staunchness of your beliefs has brought you to this point; it is only now that I fully understand what it means to be a Breaker... you guys are trouble, even the growing ones like you, or maybe among Breakers, you are an anomaly.”

Rowan did not even bother trying to feign shock. Old Man Seed would never have mentioned that his old appearance was due to battling a Breaker if this was not a clear hint to Rowan that he knew of his status. Every word spoken by this old man meant so much more than what could be interpreted on the surface, and only with time could Rowan completely decipher them. He craved the challenge, recently, everything was becoming a bit too simple.

“When did you become aware of my status as a Breaker?” He slowly asked the old man.

“Oh, right from the start.” Seeing the look of surprise on Rowan’s face, Seed struck him on the forehead with his finger,

“My dear boy, Elura sent a billion strains of her Will into the lower dimension, each carrying an extremely diluted amount of her bloodline essence, equal to that of an Empyrean, she was purely fishing without any real investment and never expected

anything great to come out of it, your birth was simply an experiment by an Old One who has countless schemes running through her head, yet, when you left the lower realms you had a pure bloodline of the Land of Miracle, enough for you to be called Royalty, equal to those of your mother and I, and you did not think that such a thing would be incredibly suspicious?”

Seed snorted as he looked away from Rowan, “Every Breaker is special, having unique abilities that are frankly disgusting when you think about it, and like you, there was only one explanation for the reason you can upgrade your bloodline from thrash to the peak of treasure, and that is because you are a Breaker, nothing else in existence can achieve what you did, whilst still remaining in the lower realms, I am old, not blind.”

Rowan taking note of these words, nodded sagely before asking,

“How does reality perceive Breakers? Are we seen as enemies to be hunted on sight, or is there another part to this that I am not seeing?” “Now that is a great question,” Seed rubbed his brows in thought, “Personally I have no issues with Breakers, and my sentiment is shared amongst many other immortals. Individually we understand what they represent, an extreme force in a system that does not follow laid down rules, and so you see where the problem arises. Your presence is not usually a threat to any individual but to the system in place that governs a Dominion because it is not possible to control a Breaker.”

Rowan frowned, “You are telling me that essentially any governing body of a dimension does not want Breakers in their system.”

“Can you blame them? As an individual, we immortals worship power, but for those who govern a domain, the presence of a Breaker means the end of order. Look around you, boy, and see what your actions in one form or another have caused. Although I set you as a sword against the might of Doom Star, hoping that you would pierce that bitch in the back, it was not supposed to happen this quickly, and yet look at the state of reality. You broke it in less than a thousand years. Can you see why the leaders of a Dominion would want your head? I don’t know how many Old Ones might be able to achieve what you have done in a thousand years.”

“So, your real plan was not just for me to complete the Supreme Circles, but to go against Doom Star.”

Seed shrugged, “I thought I said that countless times, and you should have long inferred it from my words. I have always hated the Frozen Road, and the plans of the Primordial Realms are not as mutually exclusive as most in reality would like to think. I saw an opportunity to wield a Breaker against a power that I wanted to, well, break, and you performed your role with outstanding flair.”

Rowan was silent for a while and then he asked, “What are my benefits for fulfilling this role for you and the Land of Miracle?”

Seed smiled beautifully, “That Rowan, is the right question to ask.”

Chapter 1437 Quick Changes

Seed seemed to be debating on how he was going to respond to Rowan before he simply stated, aware that Rowan was adaptive enough to understand the implications of his words without any unnecessary panic, his grandson had grown into a

powerhouse in his own right,

“Power has its cost, and for someone like you whose abilities are a destabilization agent to the current state of things, you would be eliminated, but you have proven that you can be channeled towards an objective that could suit the benefits of those at the top, and for that, you would be protected and given the resources to grow.” Seed sighed, “You are a smart person Rowan, and so you should understand, that a power like yours has to be seen as being under the control of an institution, else you would not be the enemy of one, but all, and trust me boy, that is not a position you want to find yourself. In the Primordial Era, Breakers were given much freedom, and they organized themselves in a force that was so strong it was seen as invincible, yet they all fell, their dominion crushed to dust.””

Rowan chuckled self-deprecatingly,” So, my reward is the right to exist as long as I’m your weapon and the servants of the Primordials.”

Without blinking Seed replied, “Yes, until you grow strong enough that you will be able to stand on your two feet without fearing retaliation from any other dominion, I would advise that you bow your noble head. There are far worse fates than to be a servant of the Prime, you can choose to become their enemy, but that is an option I will not advise.”

“Do I have any other choice?”

“No, you don’t. You should not see this as a bad thing Rowan, I know coming from the lower dimensions where you are the most powerful being around can make you lose sight of the true might of the Primordials, but you have never been to their domains, you do not know what they are capable of, and in their sight, you are less than dust, in the past, you might have been able to find other powerful Breakers to stand by your side, but not in this time, now the Will of the Primordials are everything. The smart choice would be to become an agent of the Land of Miracles, and all of this...” gesturing to the reality around him, Seed pointed out, “would be your merit.” “Damned if I do, damned if I don’t.”

“We all have owners, child, and if you want to be under a banner, then choose the biggest.”

Rowan considered that there was an implicit threat underneath everything that Seed was saying to him, he never had an option to refuse, and he was sure that if he did, the old

man would kill him, it was a good thing then that Rowan was here to serve, he was here to learn, and after he had gained the knowledge that he craved, the Primordial Domains would crumble beneath his feet.

Rowan was silent for a while before he asked, “You say the destruction of the Frozen Road is not just your wish but also of the Land of Miracle, why is that?”

Seed sighed, “You don’t ask the easy questions, do you? What you are asking about deals with the issues that are known mostly by Old Ones and special subsets of immortals, which you should fall under. Ah, this should not have been your burden to bear, you are still too young, but knowing you, the search for that answer would consume you until you do something truly stupid. If that is the case, let us return to the Land of Miracles, there are things that I cannot explain to you until you see a Primordial Domain for yourself”

“I have seen a Primordial Domain, Seed,”

“Not like this you have not.”

“Do you no longer wish to look at the dimensions?”

“I have had my fill, transformations are arriving, and perhaps it is time to no longer be stuck in the past, everything changes too quickly.”

ALGORTH, HOME BASE OF PRISM.

At one of the central areas that were free of the chaotic internal movements of the great castle that would cause anyone caught within to be lost forever, the seven heads of Prism gathered once more to follow up on the state of affairs as the current developments all over reality, were happening quite quickly, far more than any of them could have anticipated.

Their meetings were now conducted yearly instead of centuries or millennia that was the custom, and this was for good reasons, they were about to become entrenched in a war, one that they would be winning by all means necessary.

In the beginning, the destruction of the Frozen Road was expected to cause chaos all over reality, but they had been poised to take advantage of it. Green, one of the leaders of Prism had brought forth a crazy preposition a thousand years ago, that in the future they were to be given permission to begin taking over vast stretches of the lower realms.

Prism was always looking out for opportunities to extend their dominion over reality and pursuing a course where they would bring more lower realms under their control was always a welcomed option, but this was not seen as a viable strategy because of the presence of the Frozen Road that both aided and hindered every greater power in the higher realms.

This road connected every area of the Great Darkness, overseeing the entire lower realms, making it easy for the immortals of the higher realm to navigate across the Great Darkness, which was the fourth-dimensional space of Primordial Chaos. Prism could not just seize any lower realms of their choice because in the past all the great powers had already shared the lower realms amongst themselves, and any act of collecting their property would be seen as a call for war, and the holdings of Prism that was in the lower realms would be open for any higher power to seize at their leisure.

With this method, there was a careful balance amongst the higher realm on their treatment of the lower realms, and so when Green brought a proposal forward about taking over vast numbers of universes in the lower realms, Green was not afforded much resources to pursue that agenda until they had implied that the Frozen Road would be coming down in the future.

It was initially not seen as a viable reason to authorize this process because the Frozen Road was a Grand Working of Primordial Chaos and nothing short of the power of another Primordial could disrupt it. Prism served as an extended arm of their various Primordial Domain but none of them here could boast that they could invoke the powers of a Primordial in any of their affairs. The Frozen Road was expected to

last for eternity.

However, Green had leveraged their position as a member of the seven to be given the resources they required to engage in sweeping changes across the lower realms the instant that the Frozen Road was destroyed. Not seeing anything wrong in giving Green the resources needed after they pledged their seat if they failed, the leaders of Prism agreed to follow the plan of Green.

When the Frozen Road collapsed, they had all given Green extra resources to pursue their plan and they sat back to reap the benefits of this project but then an unexpected event occurred as the Chaos Bloods went crazy, and Old Ones not seen since the Primordial Era began to rise.

With the resources of Prism, it did not take long for them to understand that the madness of the Chaos Blood and the resurrection of the Memories of fallen Old Ones was linked.

Green, the proposal of the plan to control the lower realms stood up to begin the meeting and their first words caused the atmosphere to shift,

“The plan to take over the realms associated with the Titans has to be halted, recently several Old Ones numbering in the dozens have reappeared among their domains, and more are expected to rise in the coming years, the Titans are no longer a third-rate force, and their rise this last year alone is alarming. I suggest we slow down our plans and re-evaluate our positions in the state of things, for the Titans are not the only old forces to

rise from antiquity, please refer to the messages passed through your Will Chains, something extremely terrible is brewing in the Great Darkness.”

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Chapter 1438 Clash Of Ideas

Chapter 1438 Clash Of Ideas

The Seven Leaders of Prism, all in part a representation of the Primordial Domain, took the moniker of colors to represent the Primordials they were associated with. The seven colors were green, red, yellow, blue, orange, purple, and black.

Green represented Primordial Life and was tied to the Land of Miracles...

Red represented Primordial Chaos, and was tied to the Inheritance Ground...

Yellow represented Primordial Memory and was tied to the Great Labyrinth...

Blue represented Primordial Light and was tied to the Celestial Domain...

Orange represented Primordial Soul...

Purple represented Primordial Time...

Black represented Primordial Demon and was tied to the Great Abyss...

All seven Primordials, both known and unknown, were represented here, and the in-depth knowledge that Prism had of them would shock anyone aware of this organization. It was because although they were all parts of a Primordial Domain and claimed to represent them, Prism’s agenda was for their benefit, which was evidenced by the fact that two unknown Primordial powers were represented here, Time and Soul.

Green, about to continue with their report was interrupted by red, and despite the fact that the robes and mask of the Leaders of Prism made their voices and shapes nearly impossible to determine, giving them a robotic cadence and a shapeless haze, making each leader appear to be floating clouds of color, there was still something about Red’s voice that was deeply grating to the senses, it was like hearing a pile of cancerous tumor speaking,

“Green, I have read your report, extensively, but before you proceed forward with your proposal that would cost us even more resources than I think we can be able to part with despite your repeated failures, I want to understand why we are expected to step aside when we are the first to begin this process of claiming the lower realms? Have we not paid enough?”

A flash of lightning appeared around Green briefly before vanishing, “Red, your words make me believe that you did not read my report, and if you did, you are deliberately misinterpreting my message, I never asked for more resources, and this was despite the fact that I needed far more than Prism was willing to allocate and I have been pulling from my coffers to cover the cost, so the real question you need to ask yourself and tell all of us here is your attitude to this problem because the insurrection of the Chaos Bloods is related to you, or how long would you choose to deny the claim made by the Mother of Poison?”

A pulse of power erupted from Red, “Even though we are not allowed to bring our personal issues into Prism, and it is cause for expulsion, I will let that mistake slide; you are obviously under a great deal of stress; how is your son? I hear he is up and about, or is he dead? So much information is being lost in the chaotic nature of reality these days.”

A dangerous aura began to build around this space but Red acted as if he did not notice, as he continued questioning Green,

“I will like your contribution Green, on how I would go about changing the first massive changes made by a freaking Primordial since the beginning of the Supreme Era! Primordial Chaos killed quadrillions of Chaos Children to appease his rage, and a million years from now, he is going to kill more; we are looking at the extinction of the entire Chaos Blood, and you think I have a way to make changes to that?!”

Green responded coolly, the air of danger vanishing from around them as if the previous act of anger was nothing but a mirage, “If you have a method of stopping the decisions of a Primordial from affecting the Chaos Blood you would, but don’t you think I am also not able to stop this either, or do you think the madness of the Chaos Blood affects you alone? The crazed slaughter of the universes by the Chaos Blood is spreading, and for every universe we collect, they already burn a hundred; we are spending resources killing Chaos Blood rather than harvesting universes, and this would not do.”

Red fired back, “Are you asking for more resources to kill Chaos Bloods faster than you are already killing them?” “If that is what it takes, then yes, but you know that Chaos Bloods are now just a small part of the issue on the ground. Titans, Gods, Arkhron Insects Hives, Celestial Hosts, Extra-dimensional entities, resurrected Old Ones... and this is just what we can see on the surface, countless other troubles are brewing just below, and I am in charge of making Prism come out on top, tell me Red, do I need more resources or not?!” “Enough of this squabble,” Black called out, “If you think this is chaotic, then I have to tell you that with the presence of the Celestials proliferating on the lower realms to quell the wars breaking out and some new developments ongoing, the Gates of the Great Abyss are about to break open.”

“I thought you could delay that process for another ten thousand years, Black” the shaken voice of Purple responded to the news from Black, calling the attention of all of them to what Black had just said, even Green and Red became focused on Black,

“Well, things are changing far too quickly than expected in the reality above; why do you think what lies beneath is any different? Several Demon Lord Hives are under attack because of the return of multiple Demon Lords from death, there has been a resurgence of faded bloodlines, meaning so many Demonic powers are being produced in such great numbers that even the endless battles cannot cut them down quickly enough, the Abyss is bleeding but more and more flesh is being added to the pile. The bowels of hell are filled, and Demons will soon flood all of reality. I can hold this back a decade, no more; just this alone would lead to the death of half of my forces, and this is the most I can do, any more and I will be knocked down from my position, and Prism would have no controlling interest in the Great Abyss.”

Orange knocked the air beside them, the sound reverberating throughout this space, “Then this is our obvious choice, we need to give you more resources, if the Great Abyss breaks open then we will have nothing, cleansing reality of their taint would take millions of years and when it is over there would be nothing but ash.” Green shook their head in negation, “If we allocate resources to Black, then any headway we have in taking more of the lower realms would be hindered.”

“What use would there be for a lower realms when everything is ash,” Red shot back,

Yellow, who had been silent all this while, spoke up, “Then we do not try to claim them anymore, simply harvest them, we do as the Chaos Bloods, take as many souls as we can before everything comes crashing down. If the Abyss arises, then all of reality would fall, and it would take another minor era for the first new universes to be born and at least another twenty minor eras before life begins to proliferate in great enough numbers. We can no longer claim that we are on top of this situation any longer, reality broke faster than we could ever have known, and now it’s time to cut our losses and gain as much as we can before everything turns to ash.” There was silence for a while before Blue spoke up, “Then are we all in agreement? We are no longer seizing universes, we would be harvesting them for souls.”

A collective sound of agreement went around,

“If that is the case,” Blue continued, “Then I recommend placing more resources towards Black, any more years he buys for us would lead to more harvests. We should begin pushing towards deeper portions of the lower realms, in places that were deemed too far from our dominion since we are here to harvest, not nurture.”

“Agreed, this could be the best option on the ground. In the deeper portions of the Great Darkness, there are plentiful universes, and most of them fall under smaller powers; we can gain much success there.”

“Good, if we are all in agreement, let us move to the next part of the agenda, and one that I think is far more important for Prism...” Orange slowly spoke, “I hear that Noctis has returned.”

Chapter 1439 Fatal Attraction

Chapter 1439 Fatal Attraction

Please refer to the previous chapter for additional content, they were not uploaded due to an editing error. Thank you.

Maeve was flying through an ocean of emerald Aether, her green wings stirring a tremendous current that traveled for thousands of miles, and because she was in the air, millions of feet above the earth, her passage left a long trail through space and time that resembled the trail of an emerald supernova squeezed into a tube, violent yet still impossibly beautiful.

She had grown stronger here in the Land of Miracles even in such a short time and as she discovered after nearly a thousand years inside a Primordial Domain, the wonders within were endless, and Maeve felt that this statement was underestimating the things she had seen since she arrived at the Land of Miracles where every corner of it was filled with wonder, even though she was in a cage and could not appreciate a fraction of its splendor.

She could not reach the ground, only able to stay thirty-two million miles above it. If she descended a few thousand miles lower, then she would be crushed into a pile of red mist, and the same would happen to her if she went any higher. Maeve was essentially a prisoner in a space where she could not fly upwards to the heavens or descend lower to the earth, yet she had eternity in front of her and she could fly until her lifespan gave out, and she would not see its end.

Yet she had been aware when Elura brought her to this place, she had felt the massive distance being crossed by her and she knew that even if she flew for the rest of her life, she would not be able to cover a single percent of the distance that Elura had crossed in the span of a few moments, it was a time like these that the reminder of the great barrier that existed between the weak and the strong was especially stark.

As much as Maeve hated to be in this position where she was not at the side of her master, she knew it was important to be here to fulfill her mission as a vanguard, yet it still drew painful memories of the time she had spent away from him and the battles fought to return to his side, and although she had spent a million years by his side while inside the universe when he left, she had been placed beside Elura to wait for his return, and for the last thousand years, Maeve previously known as Anihuruhdda, Guardian of the Green, waited for her Lord and master.

She was returning to the home that she had built for all the subjects of her master who had now become a part of her kingdom. Maeve became a God Emperor while inside the universe with Rowan, becoming one of the first immortals under Rowan's banner to become a Will Holder, enhancing her powers over life to a ridiculous degree. Her Will of

Regrowth was an essential part of what made Rowan succeed in his venture into the outside reality, and she hoped to be of much better help when he returned.

Elura had brought her into her home, a realm that was sliced off the Land of Miracle, this great Primordial Domain, and where she placed Maeve had been the depths of this land, this had caused her to be effectively locked up because she could not go far from the place Elura had kept her without the great weight of this realm crushing her to pieces, and she was a Will Holder at the peak of the fourth-dimensional level, and this was not even considering the great distances that needed to be traversed.

Rowan had given her instructions to investigate the Land of Miracles in his absence, but. Elura had made it practically impossible for her to succeed after bringing her to the depths of this place, and the only thing that she could do was patrol around for hundreds of millions of miles to catch a glimpse of what she could of her surroundings, and from the small details that she could gather, the Land of Miracles was unlike anything she had ever seen or could ever imagine.

The area where she flew through had the lowest concentration of Aether, yet it was as dense as a liquid ocean and she was barely strong enough to fly through it due to the fact that Elura had placed her near the core of the Land of Miracles, and with this alone, Maeve understood that Elura was not a fifth dimensional immortal that she had made herself to be in front of Rowan, she was likely much more powerful, but even that information was not enough to bring to Rowan when he returned because knowing her Lord, he was already suspicious of Elura, but Maeve expected that his sojourn might take him millions of years to complete before he returned, and by that time she expected that she would know more about the Land of Miracles and prepare a place for him before his return.

However, that plan had been shot to pieces and she was hurrying back home because she could sense her master returning. It had not even been more than a thousand years and he was already on his way back, this could either be a good thing or a bad thing, although her Lord had great potential, a thousand years was not enough to bridge the gap that existed between his mother and him, and Maeve feared that the intentions of Elura were not noble, and Maeve knew that she was nowhere strong enough to resist her if Elura decided to go against her Lord.

If he was returning now, it meant that he was either being coerced or he felt he was ready to challenge the trials that awaited him in this land. Whatever it was, Maeve knew that she had to be prepared for it.

As she returned to the home she had created, a massive green planet three times the size of Trion, she hovered above it as she looked into the distance feeling the increasing weight of the presence of her Lord and she almost shivered in anticipation, something had changed about him.

From the moment Maeve became a god, her appearance had not changed, she still had two short green horns on her forehead but her long green hair that once reached her waist had been cut short so it barely fell below her neck, she had never been used to fighting with long hair, and her instincts as a mortal still prevailed over her actions during battles where she feared that a hair that was too long would cause them to become a hindrance.

Her great green angelic wings that shimmered with emerald bolts of lightning were brought closer to her back as she looked towards the distance, her senses could already tell that the hundreds of billions of Rowan subjects below had detected her presence and they were making arrangements to welcome her, she had long stopped trying to dissuade them from virtually worshipping her because they believed that without the presence of Rowan, she was the closest they could get to him and so they prayed to him, using her as a medium.

Reality rippled beside her and a female figure came through, Maeve easily identified her as Elura, and bowing at the waist, she greeted the mother of her Lord, and although her teeth itched at considering this figure to be the mother of Rowan, she could only endure her distaste inside her heart, making sure the picture she presented to Elura was one of subservience.

“You really don’t have to pretend that you like me. I can see that my Incarnation made you fiercely loyal to my child, and that means you are not my enemy but a treasured friend.”

Elura smiled at Maeve, her grace and beauty were so powerful that she nearly collapsed to the earth, and Maeve gritted her teeth, biting through her tongue, closing her eyes, she trembled, every single cell in her body urging her to kneel and worship this being in front of her, and her bones creaked as they wanted to bend but her Will held her in place, sweat of blood poured down her face but she did not make any sound, she would not give Elura the satisfaction.

Chapter 1440 Pathways and Destiny

Through her pain, Maeve struggled to open her eyes, finding that the power to resist the influence of Elura was growing easier the closer Rowan’s aura became. It was a reminder of the impossible strength that her Lord controlled so easily.

As much as she appreciated this help, she also did not want Rowan to reach this place that was so deep in the Land of Miracles because, without the right amount of power, he was simply stepping into a prison, and this was what she could never allow, Maeve screamed inside as her body and Will were crushed to the limits under the weight of Elura’s power.

Her eyes slowly turned towards Elura and she found the lady peering into the distance with a weird look in her gaze as if she was surprised. Maeve realized in her shame that

after Elura had spoken to her, she had been focused in the distance, on her Lord, she had failed him.

Maeve had been suffering from just the few words the lady had spoken to her, and it shamed her that her weakness was so prevalent. Maeve did not care that the gap between Elura's powers and her own was so wide it may require that an entire Major Era passes before there was a possibility that she could be her equal, but she did not care, not when her Lord might be in danger.

Maeve went insane, disregarding the weight of Elura's presence bearing on her as with her eyes, nose, and ears bleeding profusely from the strain, she struggled to speak, "Don't you dare... harm-"

Elura turned towards her, eyes widening in surprise as if she was not aware that the effects of her presence had nearly crushed Maeve to pieces.

"Oh, I forget the effects that I have on lesser immortals," she blinked and Maeve was restored, the pressure vanishing. "You should know that you don't fight against a storm if you are not strong enough. You follow the flow. Now let's welcome my son." Flames bloomed within the eyes of Maeve as she whispered, "yes, let us welcome the return of my lord."

Rowan's introduction to the Land of Miracles did not follow the same pattern that he did when he first arrived. Now the dimension they traveled through towards the Land of Miracles was through the Tunnel of Time and what Rowan could see of this Primordial Domain resembled a tree that was so massive that each leaves were the size of universes and its true size was incomprehensible even to his senses at this distance.

He mused internally that there were no more Frozen Road, and he did not take the path that he once used where he met the father and son, Mirthal Elnorin and Kymil Elnorin, Watchers of the Cyan Titan and fourth rank elders of the Grehn Pathway, they had watched over the portion of the Frozen Road that was linked to the Land of Miracles for many Minor Eras, his Reflection had planted a seed in the souls of these immortals and he wondered how it might have bloomed.

Rowan glanced at the location in space where he had once met them, and Seed was able to catch him doing so,

"You do not need to wonder if the pair of guardians are still there, they are and would always be, it is the fate of those of the Grehn Pathway to serve as the first defense against any enemy from the Frozen Road, and even if that road is gone, their duty does not end, they would still stand watch until there is nothing remaining."

Rowan frowned, "Are they expected to serve at that position for all eternity, even if that duty is now redundant?"

“Eternity?” Seed laughed, “You will come to know that even as things change they also stay the same. Their guardianship is necessary, it is the only way that their Pathway is given the strength to control the Cyan Titans and their watch is never in vain. They gain strength pursuing their path, and the same thing happens with you, although in a limited manner, but it is still there”

When Rowan created his Supreme Circle, he did it by learning every single technique required for an immortal to reach the level of Will, and he knew that Pathways and in essence, Dominators, were a unique variant of the road to immortality by the Eldar, and he understood that each unique variation of Pathways required specific conditions for them to grow, but he still found the topic fascinating and the explanation from Seed only fed that fixation.

“Seed, you were a tear of the Primordial Life, born an eighth dimensional entity, so I would assume that you had never had a need to use a Pathway for cultivation, and so it should have no influence over you and also me, however, from your words it seems that is not to be the case.”

“Hmm... this question would be easier to understand at the sixth dimensional level, but. I think I can elaborate a bit more for you. Tell me Rowan, what does a tear signify to a mortal and even an immortal?”

Rowan did not need to think long about the answer, “Emotions, either of sadness, sorrow, anguish or sometimes even happiness,”

“Good answer lad, and it is the right one, so it means that I was born from the emotions of Primordial Life, and whatever he felt when he gave birth to me, became an intrinsic part of who I am, and I can suppress it due to the control over my Will, Fate, and Destiny, All of this together suppresses the essence of my being to become an easy affair. A Pathway is simply a road that lead to the peak of existence and that simply mean that this is a road towards controlling your Destiny, and because I was born with a means to control my Destiny I never had a need of a Pathway, however, this is not the case for most of reality, so the majority follow the road of others that has control over their Destinies. If I wanted I could create a Pathway using my Destiny as a guide, do you see where I am leading with this?”

Rowan thought about it for a short while before nodding in understanding,

Seed smiled, “Tell me,”

“You can easily control the urges of your bloodline, with your control over your Destiny, you are no longer bound by what created you in the first place, and can chose to overrule whatever direction your pathway was set upon, but for those who wishes to follow you on this road, the ones who uses your Destiny as a guide, they do not have your Will, Fate or Destiny, and so they would have no recourse but to follow the urges of their Pathways

until they are strong enough to seize their Destiny with their two hands and break away from the bounds of their bloodline.”

“Hahaha, that is correct,” Seed booming laugh echoed through space and time as they got increasingly closer to the Land of Miracles, “I know that you are beginning to wonder how this ties to your mother and you.”

“That thought did cross my mind,” Rowan smiled, he could not help it, there was a certain ease when it came to talking with Seed that Rowan found charming,

“Would you believe it if I told you that your mother was born a mortal?”

Chapter 1441 Primordial Life

At that shocking admission from Seed about the roots of his mother, Elura, Rowan muttered, a deep look in his eyes, “I am not surprised.”

“Oh, you answered that question particularly quickly. Now why is that?” Seed arched his brows, “Have you perhaps triggered your Natal Memories? No, that’s not possible yet. Hmm, before I get sidetracked, let me finish my teaching. Your mother is an Old One, not that fifth-dimensional facade she showed you, and it is important for you to know that despite her being my child, she does not follow my path, but her own, and that is only possible if she were to be born a mortal. Just like you. If she was born an immortal as I had the option to make her, then she would follow my path, know that this pattern of giving birth to mortals amongst the Old Ones is virtually nonexistent and your mother and you are an anomaly, and it is because I have never valued the tradition of having countless minor figures following your path when they can carve their own for themselves.”

Rowan could imagine how Elura born a mortal in a land of a primordial would tackle the problems that would have arisen from such a state of being, the trials and challenges that she must have faced to grow from a mortal to an Old One must be heaven shaking, and whatever it was had made her into the immortal she had become, this woman was not given power, she took it for herself.

“Which Era was she born, Elura, was it in the Primordial Era or before, could it be in this Supreme Era?” Rowan asked with intense curiosity, he could not help but let this emotion bleed through into his voice, this detail may seem unimportant but it may be extremely crucial to him, even though he did not know the full reason yet why it might be so.

Seed shook his head, “That is something I cannot tell you because even I don’t know the precise date she was born. Her powers you see, they can be particularly tricky to figure out.”

Rowan was skeptical, “How could that be possible, are you not her father?”

“Hmm, I was not going to tell you this information so early, but I think you deserve to know this truth if you are to survive. You control the Tree of Desire do you not? A unique power that is equal to my bloodline and stands at the peak of the Land of Miracles, but do you know the power that your mother controls.... No need to rack your brains over the answer, for I tell it to you now, and you will be wise to keep it in your heart, fail to do so and the consequences would be yours to bear.”

Seed paused, far longer than Rowan thought was possible as he gathered his thought and when he began speaking, it was sudden,

“It is called the Tree of Imagination, and its powers are frankly ridiculous, do not let her know that I have told you about this, it is amongst the greatest of her secrets, but I believe if you ever want to walk out of your Mother’s shadow, then you need to understand that with her, nothing is at it seems.”

Rowan’s heart squeezed in his chest and for a moment he almost forgot to breathe, only his supreme Will pushed through the haze of panic that filled his soul, forcing him to focus on what he needed to do, and he asked Seed with a clear and calm tone, and even the old man could not detect the massive changes ongoing in the heart of Rowan, “Why do you help me Seed, Flura is a greater ally to you than me, I believe you don’t want to make an enemy of her.”

“Ah, but you have the potential to be equally as great as she is, perhaps even greater, and if I don’t give you the space to reach your full potential, your mother would not permit you from reaching it, or if you do, your path would no longer be yours, her appetites are ferocious and I fear that the things she craves are taboo... so many have forgotten what it was like when Primordials still roamed through reality, they have all forgotten, and their ambition grows like a wildfire.”

“Is there no way you can stop her from bending my path to suit her own?”

“I wish I could child, but with her powers, she is very much my equal in many aspects, and in addition to this, while I have spent my years mostly by my lonesome, your mother has been making deals and collecting allies, she can call upon a power that I can’t match. Bah, as much as I hate to admit it, the truth is that your mother has found ways to become stronger than me, and if I were to battle with her, I can no longer predict who would walk out of it, I will do my best, to aid you against her direct manipulations, but the rest would be on you. You are a Breaker, and despite all her powers, that is something that she cannot touch... maybe.”

Rowan did not hesitate in his response, his voice was strong, and his mind was already made up, “All I need is the opportunity to survive, old man, and walk my path to its completion, give me that and no one would stop me from reaching my full potential.”

Perhaps Seed sensed the great power behind Rowan’s words and despite not knowing all that his grandson had done to reach this point, he finally allowed himself to stripe himself

of all the bias in his heart as he looked at Rowan, seeing the conqueror that was before him, and how he stood before a powerful Old One like him and there was no single hint that he was being suppressed by his weight, and Seed laughed aloud, anticipation flooding his heart about all that was to come,

“You, my boy, will shake the foundations of this land, and I’m here for it, hahaha, I am here for all of it.”

“Welcome to the Land of Miracles!” Seed announced with a flair, his voice booming, as they both stood before a gigantic tree that stretched over all of existence, existing on a realm that transcended reality. A moment before there had been nothing in front of them, and suddenly it was... there. A weight slams into their bodies like a wall and Rowan nearly reeled back.

At this point, Rowan had seen marvelous sights, far greater than any immortal of his level could ever hope to see in a million lifetimes, but Seed had carried him to the very top of the Land of Miracles, and Rowan could see in this tree, the life force that gave all of existence meaning.

Seed spoke slowly, each word heavier than mountains, “This is the Tree of Primordial Life, the first tree in all of existence, this tree gave birth to the concept of life, this is the roots of your bloodline!”

As Rowan looked on the Tree of Life, he felt the bonds bounding his Serathis bloodline begin to loosen, as he watched the spectacle before him, his senses pulsed with recognition and inspiration as he looked fully on a Primordial existence and with his current sight as an Eclipsed Immortal, he could see so much, more than even Seed could have ever imagined.

The first detail that entered his consciousness was the roots of the Tree of Life, it anchored itself through the countless realities of Primordial Chaos, every fabric of space was its bearer and they strained to hold its weight.

Through the primordial Chaos its roots extended into the Great Abyss, and countless unknown dimensions that even Rowan could not decipher, and as it spread life, it also harvested something unknown from everything those roots pierced through, and Rowan knew that this was the price that was paid to give life to all of existence. His sight trailed past the roots towards the trunks, it was a highway for the flow of dimensional forces that staggered his mind, every single inch of this trunk was riddled with runes that were so ancient Rowan’s mind nearly froze as he attempted to decipher it, and he found to his astonishment that his talent had failed him, he did not understand what he was looking at,

“Be careful child, you look upon the sleeping form of Primordial Life himself, even though he is dormant, and all of his light has been suppressed deep into his heart, he is beyond your understanding.”

Rowan could barely hear Seed, his eyes and soul were bleeding, and the fact that what he was looking at was the body of a Primordial did not shake his concentration, he wanted to see more, because his bloodlines and Wills were practically screaming at him to see!

He looked at the branches, each was filled with countless leaves that were realities unto themselves, and he knew that even until the end of time, the inhabitants of the Land of Miracles would barely travel through more than one percent of the entire reality that the Land of Miracle contained, this was how unfathomable the might of a Primordial was, Rowan felt his mind shake.

If this Tree of Life was to be likened to his Origin Land, it meant that Primordial Life had awakened every single bit of it, he had cultivated it to the limits beyond all limits, and seeing nothing more to discover, Primordial Life went to sleep until their plan for this Supreme Era and the countless Era to come in the future was realized.

Rowan saw the truth of what a Primordial was, and he feared that he was not up to the task.

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Chapter 1442 Eldar Branch

Rowan licked his lips seemingly in a nervous manner, tremors passing through his spine, he was squeezing his hands so tightly that his fingernails had pierced through his flesh, eyes wide and breathing erratic, it was as if Rowan was having a mental breakdown, and that was not far from the truth, however, his thoughts would shock anyone who listens to them, and Seed was wrong about the thoughts in the head of his grandson, if he knew it was unknown what his next actions would have been, most likely it would be to kill Rowan there and then,

Seed chuckled, he had been afraid that his brave grandson might not have understood the enormity of what a Primordial was by his attitude toward an Old One like him, but it was a good thing that Rowan could be taught, and seeing a Primordial would surely destroy any arrogance he had in his heart,

“I know that seeing the form of a Primordial for the first time can be alarming, but take your time, and understand that no matter how mighty your talent, some things are just... greater. Think about it, my boy, can something so enormous ever be achieved by an immortal? We do not fully know what Primordials are, and it is most likely that we would never know what their nature is, and sometimes before the enormity of their existence, the only thing we can do, is acknowledge it and move on with our lives after we have the opportunity to see what the pinnacle of existence is like.”

“So, this is Primordial Life himself,” Rowan whispered, “He was not what I was expecting.” “This is what we can perceive of Primordial Life,” Seed corrected, a small part

of him that he barely acknowledged felt that there was something odd about Rowan's words but he chalked it up to nerves,

"What we know is that at the end of the Primordial Era, with all of their great enemies vanquished, including the Breakers, the Primordials all went to sleep, and their bodies became the domain that their children lived and flourished upon. The higher you ascend up the dimensional ladder, the more you will learn about the powers of a Primordial and the more of their nature you would be able to perceive, but as you can see, even if we spend all of eternity we would never succeed, we would never understand what a Primordial is, the distance between us and them is simply overwhelming." Rowan shuddered and he went still, a weird glow arising inside his eyes that soon vanished, "I understand, let us move ahead."

Seed stopped him with a hand on his wrist, "No need to be in a rush just yet, you need to understand the social and political dynamics of the Land of Miracles, but that is something I am sure you will come to learn very soon, I am too lazy to tell you about all the intricate functions of society, but what I need to tell you about is the top power structure in this place because ultimately that is where your focus needs to rest upon, your well-being is tied to their interest. If they are dissatisfied or feel threatened, it would be hard to bring them to your side." Rowan frowned internally but he nodded, he was in a Primordial Domain after all, and he needed to follow the rules of the Land, seeing his acknowledgment, Seed began speaking quickly,

"Although it is claimed in the Eldar race that we are a singular authority, after observing the power dynamics here for a long time, I have divided the overarching structure of the Land of Miracles into three great factions and each is mostly equal in responsibility, at least that is what is known on the surface, however, underneath there have been certain uncertainties stirring that would subvert everything that had been set in place since the beginning of the Supreme Era, I believe I have already given you enough hints about those undercurrent, but there is always more to be discovered and you should be wise and keep your eyes open,"

Seed sighed, seemingly in realization, it was as if he knew something was heading towards disaster, yet none else was listening to him and he could only accept what was coming,

"I divided these factions into a feudal, military, and religious authority, and one of these factions is on the rise, swallowing the other two, I am sure this information is not surprising to you, the leader of that faction is your mother, and no matter how much blood is shed or the suffering that would be imposed on reality by her actions, she is bent on having her way, creating a true royal body to rule the Land of Miracle, and with your birth, you have been placed in the center of it all, for you are her only son, and that means you are her heir, because if she succeed, you become one of the greatest authority in the Land of Miracle." Rowan rubbed his brows as if he had a headache, but his heart was rejoicing, "I guess that places a target firmly on my back,"

Seed regarded him and smirked, a bit of pity in his eyes,

“Like you wouldn’t believe boy, and you don’t only have to watch against the machinations of those around you who would love nothing but to use you for your power, or be used by you for their benefits, while still meandering through the internal structure of Elura’s camp and her requirements for you, while also dealing with your status as Breaker which would be known to the top echelons of the Land of Miracles, ah, my boy, you would be run ragged unless you understand the meaning of balance and find the silence in the midst of the storm.”

Rowan could not help but roll his eyes, “where would you be in all of this.”

Seed laughed, “Holding my wine and watching the show, I have given you enough help as it is, I could have thrown you into it without you understanding what you are about to enter, Let’s meet your mother, I am hiding your presence from all but the strongest immortals on the Land of Miracles, they are indeed curious about you and what happened that led to the destruction of the Frozen Road, be with your mother for a while, and soon you will be summoned to stand before them, and your fate would be decided,” He stopped talking and placed his hands on the shoulder of Rowan, and squeezed gently,

“Whatever decision they would make in there, I can assure you that I will not let them come for your life, and if that were ever to occur, I will ensure that you have a fighting chance. If you survive, you can earn more influence and leverage that achievement to push for more. Do not let down my trust in your capabilities.”

Rowan bowed, “Thank you Seed, that is all I needed to hear.”

Seed pointed towards a single branch that held an infinite amount of leaves, “That branch is called the Eldar branch, and it is where the majority of all inhabitants of the Land of Miracle reside, and so collectively we are known as the Eldar race. Isn’t it funny that an entire civilization made up of Primordial bloodline, can only live on a single branch on this tree when there are an infinite amount of branches in the Tree of Life?”

Not waiting for an answer, Seed continued speaking, “The majority of your dealings in this place would be in the Eldar branch, and I would be visiting it every now and then, when or if you become an Old One, you are permitted to claim a single branch for yourself, and that would be the basis of your power.”

Observing the Eldar branch, Rowan did not hide the amazement in his eyes; in a manner of speaking, this single branch was bigger than the entirety of existence. However, the dimension that it existed upon was separated from reality and yet was still a part of it. It would have been confusing for him but he had something similar, his Origin Land, but although he had this capability, it did not mean that he still understood how it works.

What he was looking at was a higher-dimensional application of power that should have gone beyond his understanding of space and time, and he could not wait to tear it open and see how everything worked, after all, that was the root of why he was here, to learn more about higher dimensional powers before he fully activated his Origin Land. He was

sitting on a lot of valuable resources that he barely understood and if he made a mistake, his instincts told him that there would be no do-overs.

“I doubt that your eyes could see it, but over in the distance is my branch, apart from me and the many pets and other odds and ends I have been gathering from all over reality, it is mostly empty since I don’t allow life that are weak to proliferate on my branch because my path would corrupt them to follow my Destiny, and I don’t like billions of mini-mes moving around. Over there is your mother’s branch, and it’s where we would be heading next.”

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Chapter 1443 Elura's Test

Elura’s branch on the Tree of Life, whether by accident or design was situated right above the Eldar branch, and similar to the Eldar branch below it was teeming with an infinite number of leaves each holding different realities, and Rowan wondered with the power of his mother’s bloodline and all the time in existence, what would she have managed to accomplish on an entire branch of the Tree of Life.

With the revelations from Seed about the powers of his mother, he could almost imagine what she could be capable of, and the possibility of such power in her hands was alarming.

Rowan could catch a glimpse of what she had been able to do with this power, and they were stunning, from the small glimpses he could catch, there were billions of cities stretched across multiple dimensions, each vast, yet inextricably connected, multiple massive industrial complexes the size of universes producing unknown products, endless fields filled with armies, conflicts, competition, life, death, everything was here and in such depths and detail that his mind could hardly wrap around everything he was seeing, and Rowan felt that Seed might have even understated the depths of Elura’s power because the prosperity of her branch on the Tree of Life was nearly equal to those of the entire Eldar branch, meaning that she was single-handedly as strong as nearly all the greater powers of the Land of Miracles, and according to Seed all major powers had a majority of their stake in the Eldar branch.

Was this the meaning of being a descendant of a tear from a Primordial? Rowan could begin to understand how his presence could shake the Land of Miracles even before he could display what he was capable of.

From what Rowan could infer, it would not be an easy venture to manage a branch on the Tree of Life, when each branch could be likened to the entirety of existence, even for an Old One such a task would likely drain so much resources from them and require so much time that Rowan knew that except they banded together to pool their resources into a single branch, most of them would not have any means to compete with Elura.

‘Tree of Imagination... Here I thought that my soul energy was a cheat code to endless resources, and here, what does she have to do to acquire power? Think really hard. I never thought there would come a day when I become envious of someone else’s ability.’

The hand of Seed on Rowan’s shoulder tightened and they descended towards Elura’s branch at the speed of an Old One which Rowan discovered was still several times faster than his greatest speed, and he did not even know if Seed was still holding back, however, he understood that during times of battle, there were many factors that could influence speed as he could simply make space so dense for his opponent that moving would be a battle all on its own.

Rowan was becoming aware that his perception of the powers of an Old One might be a bit distorted due to how his occurrence with them had gone so far, but he was sure that with what he was about to witness inside the Land of Miracles, it would be a good thing for him to begin to fear Old Ones again, however, that fear would not stop him from acting when the time arises, he only needed to be careful of his decisions going forward.

Meanwhile, it was fun to observe how Seed moved through space and time with a part of his consciousness, while the other parts furiously contemplated what he had to face ahead of him.

They had passed through countless dimensions on Elura’s Tree of Life, heading towards the core of the branch that was closest to the trunk, and even with the Speed of Seed, it took twelve hours before they began to near the core of this branch and the single greatest leaf on it.

Elura must have found a way to fuse multiple leaves, so she created a massive dimensional space that was ten times the size of any leaf here. In this massive dimension, there was only a single central structure, and it was a great statue made out of wood.

Rowan was almost reminded of the Statue of Liberty from his previous life when he saw the statue, but this one was extremely exaggerated in size; it was of a female, obviously Elura, whose size was so massive that it could be as well the single largest wooden structure and statue that Rowan had ever seen.

The two hands of the statue were raised up to her waist and hovering on the palms of the statue were two great worlds that glow like emerald gems, seemingly filled with an endless amount of life force, Rowan sight zoomed towards the world on the left palm which was the size of a supermassive universe where he could see Elura standing and waiting and beside her was Maeve, whose sight was focused towards his position because she could sense him but due to the distance between them she could not see him yet.

Rowan’s nose wrinkled, smelling the blood of Maeve, before he became an Eclipsed Creator such a thing would not have been possible, but after his multiple titles that had upgraded his destructive and predatory potential beyond all common sense, he could detect nearly all forms of conflicts and when it was related to Maeve, one of the first

warm hands he had known not only as Rowan, but also as Romion, this triggered his bloodlust and his origin bloodline kept in check by his Will nearly erupted out of his body, becoming fully complete, but his heart went cold when he knew that this was his mother's plan, she wanted him to lose control.

Restraining himself from completely activating his Origin bloodlines was already difficult enough as it was; if he added this blooming rage that had filled his senses, he could destabilize his plans.

When he had first met Elura, he had been filled with rage, albeit a bit controlled, but it did not stop him from furiously attacking her until she revealed her full might making him back down, at that time he had thought that he was a bit clever to avoid her wrath, but now he saw that his actions had been nothing but a joke in front of her. Elura had not been a fifth-dimensional immortal, but an Old One, and the only chance he had for survival at that point was because Seed was curious about his status as a Breaker and wished to use him as a weapon against other Primordial powers that even Old Ones would not be able to affect, he had simply been a tool in the hands of these two, and now nothing had changed, except he was stronger than any of them had anticipated and so Seed had volunteered more information about the state of affairs, giving him a so-called choice but also not forgetting to remind Rowan that he would kill him instantly if he was to go against his wishes.

Rowan had not truly understood the powers of reality, and he was paying for those mistakes; his present situation was borne out of his ignorance, and it was one he had no choice but to endure. However, no matter how much he lamented his position, he knew there was still an opportunity for him to rise.

Rowan sighed and Seed looked at him with curiosity, "Oh, you can detect what happened here a while ago, even though you cannot see through the Temporal field of this dimension, ah, I will give almost anything to know what goes on in that mind of yours at this instant, child." "I was simply thinking about something you said to me not too long ago," Rowan said, "you said the more things change, the more they remain the same, in the long run, nothing ever changes."

"Hmm, I'm sure I did not phrase it quite in that manner, but I see your point, your first true test is about to begin. The first time you saw her, you were almost rabid like an animal, not knowing the full depths of reality, and now after a thousand years and more dimensional levels under your belt, how much have you changed? What would you do Rowan, when your subject has been tortured by your mother?"

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Chapter 1444 The Weight Of Love

Asking the loaded question, Seed's voice was slow, almost languid like a cat so was toying with its prey, and although this question seemed almost meaningless to this Old One, there seemed to be something more behind his voice, however, it did not matter, Rowan would not be falling for the same trap twice, and he would rather focus on what was important to him than all of these unnecessary game of power.

Rowan looked at Seed and smiled, "Why should I be concerned about something that never happened, that would be like a mortal trying to catch the wind. My maid is a fourth-dimensional immortal standing beside a powerful Old One like Elura, which alone shows my mother's magnanimity and her desire to welcome me into her fold; why should I slap away a welcoming hand? If the price that she needed to pay to be here in the presence of great powers was to bleed, then I would be a fool to block her from gaining the opportunity to understand how reality truly works, for the weak are nothing before the strong."

"Oh, that's interesting," Seed muttered, "I always considered the fact that you being a Breaker would teach you a different perspective about reality, but your words are certainly, interesting"

Rowan felt a growing sense of dread but he did not understand where it was coming from, yet he knew that he needed to change the direction of whatever this conversation was heading, and he thought about what Seed had said for a moment. before he replied,

"No, they are not," Rowan countered, "it's wasteful and a bit insulting to consider my mental state to be this fragile when there is an attempt to use the bond between me and Maeve to trigger a reaction from me, I have grown in my time away from you both, and whatever test you or my mother want to set before me, you can do better than this, or soon I will be the one who is disappointed in you both. I don't require such a test, I would rather be taught about the higher dimensions, that is what is important to me."

Seed scratched his head as if he was a bit ashamed, and then he folded his arms and looked deeply at his grandson,

"Do not look down on this test, Rowan; it is far more important than you might think. Maybe not for others, but for special immortals like you, who were born as mortals and so have to make several decisions that would lead you to your destiny. At the lower levels of immortality, before you fully take on the Destiny of your bloodline, I consider that there are two types of immortals. The first is the one that is guided by their heart, and the second is guided by their head. As you grow stronger, you shall come across crossroads in your path, and each time you pick a specific choice, your Destiny becomes that much solidified; and when you have picked enough paths forward and made enough choices, then you are fixed on your path, and you can no longer change. I do not say which is better than the other, but I think by now you should understand the right path, however, even till this moment, I doubt you have fully made your decision."

Rowan frowned, "Then this test, it was to find out if I was the sort of immortal that is being guided by my heart or my head. However, this sort of thing is useless; I have seen through it at a glance; I know what I want to be, and something like this is not needed."

Seed stroked his jaws, "Yes, I know that you had seen through it at a glance, it means that this level of testing is useless to you, for someone so young, you possess a cunning that is far greater than your years. When I and your mother met you a thousand years ago on the Frozen Road, you were a cold block of ice, your heart was dead and your soul if you had one, was fucking empty, and yet you played the game well, you saw Elura and you felt rage, but that rage was strange for it was cold yet feigned itself to be hot. The test. I made to understand you had failed..."

There was something about Seed's voice that made a strange chill begin to crawl along Rowan's spine and he had no time to begin analyzing what was changing since Seed was still speaking,

"But. I am not one to easily give up and so I made another test for you, Elura resurrected what was left of the shade that she had cast into your tiny universe and was the one who birthed you, the woman you truly consider to be your mother, then I saw you cry, I saw your heart, yet it still felt empty, almost ephemeral, and I wanted to know more, because how can I make you worthy of the burden you are about to bear if you don't know yourself? You were an enigma wrapped in a mystery, and I knew if I wanted to know the truth and if my test was to be valid, I needed to push.... Because like your mother, you are worth the sacrifice, and I believe that you can shine even brighter than she ever could."

"Seed, please, don't." Rowan did not know why he said this, but there was a mounting feeling of rage and pain that was stirring his Origin Bloodline into a storm that was being held back by his titanic Will, but even that boundary was beginning to crack because in his horror he could almost see the path that Seed was about to use in his attempt to "educate" him.

It was not many times that he had been caught flat-footed, and everyone that had managed to deceive him in the past had been something that he had partly anticipated, even though he did not trust Seed, Rowan had been looking at the threat from him from another direction, which in his experience were usually from greed, fear, anger, and other negative sources when he revealed more of his talent, he had never considered in a twisted way that Seed may have been pushed by another sort of motivation, and this was love, but his love was something that was intensely toxic.

For him to accomplish what Seed deemed to be his full potential, this old man would break him.

Instincts born from an innumerable number of battles flooded his senses and Rowan's body blurred forward, but he had not even moved a millimeter before he was frozen in place, dense green runes burst out of his shoulders and wrist, holding him down and he

could not move his eyes, the same spot that Seed had touched him in the past seemingly without thought had turned out to be his shackles.

These green runes traveled all over his body seeking something and they found it, and without any delay, they pounced, and Rowan's existence became pain, and even in the depths of his anguish, he would have sworn that he saw tears pouring out of the eyes of Seed, and when the old man spoke next, his voice was shaking as if he was holding back intense emotions.

"How much do you restrain yourself Romion, ah, it's Rowan now, your Will is quite strange, the way it seems to impose some certain truth on reality, but I have given you the space to find yourself, but you are still holding back something, I can feel it, and it's dulling your light!"

Around Rowan, a single golden circle bloomed, it was his Supreme Circle, meant to keep him sacred and inviolable, the power of the Circle was about to erupt, but this was the target of the runes that held Rowan bound, they leaped unto the Supreme Circle and a fierce shockwave blasted from Rowan's body that was so powerful it would have shattered this entire world and even the arm of the statue holding it up, but Seed dismissively slapped it aside and he seized Rowan by the back of his neck like a child, making sure his vision was focused on what he wanted to show him,

"I am old Romion, one of the first Old Ones to ever walk across creation, and the things I have seen are beyond what your mind can yet comprehend, I have seen the light that had shone so bright that even after the endless years had passed they are still burned into my memories and they are blinding, I cannot forget them, and in you, I see the potential of that same light, but it is uncertain... leashed, there is something holding you back from your true potential, and if you could break reality when you are still flawed, if all of creation is trembling before your deeds, what can you achieve if you are perfected? How can I sit back and watch you restrain your glory? Never!"

Chapter 1445 Burn The Heavens And Hells

Seed nodded towards Elura, and she seemed to hesitate for a moment, and then her body blurred, and she was behind Maeve, one hand holding her neck, and the other... her beating heart, which was slowly wilting into ash in her grip, her moves were so fast that even Rowan did not see when she took out Maeve's heart, and he felt a similar phantom pain in his chest as if he was the one whose heart had been ripped away from him.

Maeve face was calm, she seemed to be almost frozen in place and that was because of Rowan's perception that had slowed down time until it was almost at a standstill, the only problem was that everyone here was also capable of perceiving the surroundings at such speed, and so he had to watch Maeve die slowly, when he was still unable to move, throughout his battle against the World Stele and Thenos, he had been in great danger, and at any moment he could perish, but he had never felt helpless, there had been a

certain dynamics during the battle that Rowan took comfort in, but he had suddenly been placed in a situation that he did not foresee and now he was stuck between a rock and a hard place, and it was all he could do to stop the rage from overflowing and crowding his judgment.

Rowan's eyes went red as successive shockwaves erupted from his golden Supreme Circle that were slowly turning the shade of green as the runes holding him bound began to erode the durability of his Supreme Circle, painting it a sickly shade of green and corrupting the stream of power that was heading toward his body.

He could see the power generated by the Supreme Circle erupting out of his body, entering the circle, and after a single revolution they would return to his body, this was the normal pattern that the Supreme Circle used to transfer power all over his body in a closed off loop that fed off the energy of reality to power Rowan abilities. From all his experimentation with the Supreme Circle, he had thought that this system, although powerful, was also flawed because it drew power from reality itself, and although Rowan had no way to tell by which this flaw would express itself, what was happening here was that Seed already knew of this flaw and had a way of exploiting it.

When the energy generated by the Supreme Circle left his body, the unknown green runes from Seed hijacked them and with that method, his Supreme Circle was infected, and as the energy returned back to him they carried a poisonous payload, they would deliver these runes that were just on the surface of his body, into his flesh and he would no longer have any way to hide his secret from Seed, but even that would be the least of his problem.

If Rowan had not duplicated the Supreme Circle and recreated them with such great precision that he understood everything about them then he would have never understood what was happening at this moment, as he could distinctly feel the corruption of Seed's runes piercing through every facet of his Supreme Circle with such great familiarity that he realized that Seed had lied to him.

There was only one way that Seed should be capable of doing what he had just done to his Supreme Circle and that was if he had mastered the Supreme Circle!

Rowan had placed the future of his plans on the foundations of this Circle, trusting that it would keep him inviolable from his enemies long enough to discover more about the power of his new bloodlines before activating them, but as it turned out he was wrong.

Perhaps this was a secret that this old man would never have guessed that Rowan or anyone else would ever come to discover but he had greatly underestimated who he was holding in his hand, but for Rowan, this startling revelation was not as important as what he needed to do next.

Rowan had a choice to make, and it was one that Seed had placed before him.

The runes bounding his body were something he could not escape from unless he triggered his Class and his Origin Bloodline, but that was a secret that no one else knew that he had; not even Eva knew of this power. However, it appears that his secrets are about to be revealed.

Rowan had no choice, time was rapidly running out as the runes that Seed used on him had nearly fully corrupted his Supreme Circle, and even with Seed's knowledge of the Supreme Circle, he did not know how it was possible that Seed was corrupting his Circle so easily, but he believed that this was an application of the powers of Destiny, one he had never seen any Old One use before because it most likely involved a great deal in attainment and talent that Rowan was discovering could create a massive separation, making an Old One be extremely weak on one side of the scale and for the other to be as terrifying as Seed.

If he allowed the corrupted power of the runes that had flooded his Supreme Circle to enter his body, then he would regain his freedom, and he would be able to save Maeve, as Rowan detected that the corruption Seed had placed on the Supreme Circle was one that only carried the power of compulsion, and as long as Rowan willed it, using this energy he would break out of the shackles imposed by Seed, but if he did not, he would have to watch her die.

Already the heart in Elura's left hand had turned to ash, and the body of Maeve was slowly beginning to shrivel, it was as if Elura was draining her of all her life force and Maeve was aging at an accelerated pace, her glorious wings collapsed, popping out of her body as her joints weakened as her bones turned to dust.

A weird sound escaped from Rowan's body, almost like an animal as the green energy from Seed inched closer to his body and Maeve rapidly headed toward death, "There it is... that hesitation to unleash who you are, where does it come from? Why do you not pick your road, I do not care if you follow your heart or you follow your head, you cannot dabble on two paths, for anyone else it would not matter, but you will not be able to face your Destiny without it, and the weight of Memory shall crush you! If you do not pick a path, then you will fail your Memory Tribulation, all of your potential would be wasted as you would be forever stuck in the fifth dimension."

Rowan could barely hear him; his eyes were all for Maeve, whose perception was slowly coming to terms that she was dying, and her fading gaze found Rowan, and even if it was with only her eyes, she told him.... No.

The life was leaving her eyes and suddenly, Rowan did not care anymore, his secrets and his apprehension could mean fuck all at this point, Seed and Elura were messing with the people that he loved and even if his actions would destabilize his entire plans, he was going to burn the Tree of Life to its roots!

Rowan's mind began to move at a feverish pace, and reality that already seemed to have grounded to a halt became even slower as he began to go through everything that he knew

about the Land of Miracles and his battle with Old Ones on the best method he could use to kill Seed and Elura.

He did not care if it was impossible, he was still going to kill them, and although he had never unleashed the power of his Class or his Origin Bloodline, it did not change the fact that his Class, the entirety of his being was made to keep reality in check, the prune out the corrupt and replace the old with the new, and that meant he had dominion even over Primordials, and though he was still weak, he would wager that he could still kill these two, even if it meant his death.

His Origin Bloodlines were brimming with power, Rowan could already see in his mind's eye what would occur when that first blast of power erupted from his body, it would turn the entire statue of Elura to ash, and then his Six Origin Ouroboros Serpent would burst out encircling Seed, Divus, the first would be waiting to strike, she had consumed a Primordial Beast already, an Old One was nothing, Chronomancer Prime would...

Then there was a whisper, like a gentle breeze blowing across the leaves in a forest, Rowan did not understand what he was hearing before he figured out that it was coming from his heart and realized that he was hearing the words of Maeve spoken in her heart, and although Rowan expected that she did not know he could hear this, she was indeed speaking to him,

'Elura, I have failed my lord again and I cannot protect him, I was born too early, and my hands are still weak to shield him from those who would wish to cause his harm, and although I do not understand what is happening here, I know that I am being used against your son, because of my weakness. Rowan, you are my purpose, my life was preserved across time to protect you, your mother gave me that charge, and if you place yourself in danger to save my life, you would be going against everything that I have fought and lived for. Please do not do this, I will be waiting with your true mother, preserve your life my lord, and pull them down from their thrones! Let them regret the day that they tested your reverse scale for you shall burn the heavens and

hells'

Chapter 1446 The Verge of Memory

Rowan's rapidly beating heart went still, it was almost as if it had stopped beating, reality around him seemed to fuzz before it settled and Seed frowned, his eyes piercing through space, looking for any outside interference and he could not find anything, and he stroked his jaw with a curious glint in his eyes, did he nearly break the final barrier in the heart of this stubborn grandson of his?

Inside Rowan's head was nothing but the voice of Maeve, he had repeated her words a million times over as if he was torturing his mind with the sound of her voice, he knew

that he had almost unleashed his Origin bloodline upon Seed and Elura, nearly damning the consequences, but at the last second he held himself back,

“They all think they know me.... They all think that I’m a Breaker, and of my kind, they have seen a thousand times before...”

His gaze held the figure of his dying maid, seeing her in her final moments and as she was when she was a Nymph with butterfly wings running by his side, her duty had been one that was difficult, but she had never shirked from it, never broke her promise to his mother, and in the end Maeve had gone beyond the gates of death to stand by his side, protecting him with her body until she was not able to do so anymore. It did not matter that he was flawed, all that mattered was her duty to her Lord, a duty that had transcended love.

Countless memories of her life streamed into his mind, more potent than any immortal’s mind could ever bear, and Rowan knew that at this instant, he had already known the path he was going to follow.

He allowed the green corruption of Seed’s taint on his Supreme Circle to engulf him, and it broke against his skin, in the end, Rowan did not allow the power to enter his body.

Seed’s voice entered his ears, he still sounded lazy as if he was even a bit bored, Rowan knew that it was because this old man had most likely begun focusing on what was next, and whatever the mental anguish he had inflicted on him, it did not matter until he had achieved what he set out to do,

“So, you have condemned her to death, Romion? Hmm, if your heart is this cold, why then do you still anguish? Do you not see that it is useless? Or do you believe because of your talent you can walk on two paths and you will not pay a price? I will show you what a disordered mind does to immortals of our bloodline power, but first, watch her die. It is the least that you can do, you set out not picking a path, and you shall suffer for your indecisiveness.”

And so he did. He watched Maeve slowly crumble into ash, engraving her figure in the depths of his heart, and in the end, she closed her eyes, and her remnants drifted out of Elura’s hand.

There was one single green feather that was left of her and it drifted into the distance, flying into the unknown. That feather seemed to be the final act of her defiance, as it flew towards the highest heavens despite the crushing might of an Old One.

Maeve was dead, and Rowan had watched her die. Despite the pain he felt, he hated himself because, for him, it was just one more scar on a heart that had become hardened by countless scars. Reality had always found new ways to break him, and when the pain of the flesh was not enough when the pain of his soul had become mundane, now they came for his heart, and unlike the previous two, it still hurt.

‘Soul... yes, her soul might still remain; Maeve was strong, and she could have held back a part of herself. Find it, claim it, even if this secret is revealed to them, for her it is worth it!

His body was sealed off from the world and if it wasn’t, he knew that it would be difficult to wrestle for the soul of Maeve from the hands of Elura, and soon even that did not matter because Rowan suddenly felt an empty spot open up in his soul, and he knew that even Maeve’s soul had not survived, Elura had been very thorough.

The final shoe dropped and the full weight of her loss filled his heart and he shuddered, no matter how much he thought he had become used to the pain of loss, every person he had met and loved still managed to leave a unique branding in his heart, and their loss always hit different, this was a pain he knew that he would never get used to.

Not knowing if there was anything left of her that could hear him, in his heart, he swore to her memories,

“You lived your life as a warrior, and you should have died like one, with a bloody blade in your hand and a smile on your lips. You deserved a better master than me Maeve, for I have sacrificed you to the altar of my glory, for my fucking power. In the end, I don’t know if my dreams are worth the countless slaughters that I have imposed upon reality, but what I do know is that you believe in me, and who am I to fail that faith? This realm shall burn, this damned tree shall burn, and the woman that killed you shall beg for your forgiveness before I use her head as your tombstone!

The green runes bounding Rowan loosened and he could now talk, even move his head a little, he turned toward Seed and he grinned, his eyes were red but his voice was

steady,

“You did not need to do that, she did not need to die. The lesson you want to teach me is useless because this is who I am; my head rules my decisions, but I will not let go of my heart... you did not need to do this old man,

Seed looked at him; his eyes were entirely white with no pupils and were eerie, “No, I needed to do more. You are stunning Romion; I can feel your pain rippling like an endless wave; there is so much pain in your heart that I wonder how you are still able to make rational decisions. This is such a great waste of your potential and I wonder how you were able to reach the fifth dimension with this mindset of yours while holding a bloodline as potent as mine.”

Rowan growled, “You really don’t want to know what I do to keep me sane.”

Seed shook his head, “Sanity is overrated, it is a tool for the weak. Did you think Elura was the only child that I had? She is not, but she was the only one that survived.” The hand at the back of Rowan’s neck tightened, “Let me show you the few that reached the

fifth dimension, how they died upon the threshold of memory and perhaps you would begin to understand what the weight of my bloodline signifies.”

Rowan felt his stomach lurch as if he had been pushed through a tunnel at speeds that were ridiculous even for him and reality changed as he saw himself before the shore of a green ocean.

His pupils shrank to a dot when he detected that every sand on this beach was a higher dimensional reality, ranging from the fourth dimension to the eighth, and no matter which side he looked, this beach seemed to extend for an eternity. “This is the sleeping Memory of Primordial Life,” the voice of Seed rumbled in his consciousness, “It is here that you must come before you can find your Memory dimension. For others, they may easily reach the sixth dimension, but not for us, as far as your connection to the Tree of Life is strong and I can feel it from you... so potent, you must return here, or did you not wonder of all the places you needed to go for answers? Your steps took you to the branches of the Tree of Life; this is the instincts of your bloodline.”

Reality rumbled and lightning flashed, and someone appeared in front of Rowan; it

was a man with long green hair and perfect features; confidence and power exuded from his body in waves, and Rowan could instantly discern the connection between this man, Elura, and himself, they were all descendants of Seed.

“I am not like any other Old One you may have come across, Rowan. I am a piece of a Primordial, and although that brings power, it also comes with its burden. You were born a mortal, and if you had remained that way, you could have died in peace, yet the higher you climb in the dimensional ladder, the closer your connection with your roots would become, and this would not affect you more than when you are at the verge of Memory,”

Chapter 1447 Misaligned Intentions.

“This is Arcturus, he had... great talent, and he was my firstborn, like you and Elura, he grew up a mortal, and even though the advantage of this would be the chance to develop a variation of my bloodline that is equally as powerful as mine, it leaves behind a great weakness that would need to be corrected, unless they choose to forever be stuck at the fifth dimension, to pass the sixth dimension, you would have to bear a portion of the Memory of Primordial Life, and a mind that is not focused on a singular path would drown under the weight of it all.”

Arcturus stood before the shores of the endless ocean of Memory, and the confidence in his stance faltered; he stood before the endless enormity of a Primordial, and he knew that he was nothing. He looked towards the heavens for a moment where it seemed that a storm was gathering, and then he stepped into the ocean, and he never returned.

Reality blurred, countless scenes seemed to go by and another man stood in front of Rowan, he was as distinguished as Archturus, maybe even more so, and he was not shy with the display of his powers that shook reality all around him,

“Ah, Selos, the memory of him is never far from me, he was quite special, and I believed that if there was anyone that would survive the weight of Primordial Life memories without picking a path, it would be him, but...”

Like Archturus before him, Selos saw the immensity of the tribulation before him, and he faltered, but unlike Archturus, he seemed to feed off of his despair, and his size began to expand until he grew so large that even Rowan could not see the full scope of his body, and Selos took a step forward and all of reality seemed to reverberate with that step, this was a true titan. He entered into the ocean of memory, and he never returned.

It was with this method that countless others entered the ocean, male, and female, their forms blurred as Seed kept showing him these memories faster and faster, hundreds of millions of individuals passing by in what should span a time frame of many multiple minor eras.

Seed had been looking for a child far in the past, perhaps going back to the dawn of the Primordial Era, and by all indications, he would always fail, he was simply too special and the methods he was using were quite unconventional, giving a Primordial bloodline to a mortal, and then she came along, Elura.

Rowan saw her now like he had never seen her before, her appearance had not changed, she was still ungodly beautiful, but not in a girlish manner, but of a mature woman, tall, proud, powerful and glorious, and even in her green and golden dress that made her appear like a queen, it could not hide the valiance in her stance. This was the first time Rowan was seeing Elura as a warrior. She had not lived a sheltered life in the least.

“Ah, Elura, True Daughter of Primordial Life, she who blooms and withers like the sun that rises and sets... Did you know that even if you chose a path, the chances that you will survive only increase, it is not an assurance you will survive, it only gives you a possibility of it, or did you think Elura was the first to pick a path before entering the Memory, she was not, but she was the only one that survived the process.”

Rowan saw Elura standing before the shore of this ocean, she stood there for what seemed like years, and unlike others that had gone before her, she did not simply step into the ocean, instead, she turned, and her gaze found Rowan and Seed, and for the briefest of moments there was no hint of recognition in her eyes but then Rowan saw it appear as if the Memory of the future had crossed the endless expanse of time and space and Elura knew who he was,

“My son,” she said, her voice sweeter than the gentle chime of a silver bell, and held such great strength like a universal storm, “the pain in your heart is heavy, and it will drown you when you enter this ocean. Do not think me cruel or you shall not survive if you carry

all of that pain with you. Either accept the pain and let it guide your path, or let it go; you cannot choose to carry both; such a path is not one for us. This is the price of your power, and if your hatred of me ensures your survival, then that is a great exchange!”

Reality blurred and Rowan was back in his body, still held bound by the shackles of Seed, and he looked forward to see Elura and Seed, standing side by side, their gaze turned towards him and Rowan shook his head internally, this must be the greatest case of misaligned intentions that he had ever seen.

All of this problem, the actions of Seed would be nothing if they could see the size of Rowan’s fucking dimensional soul, or the fact that his bloodline had exceeded that of even the Primordials, or at least was equal to them but no longer on the same spectrum.

He was only here because he understood that despite not being under the Primordial banner, there were still similarities between his power system and theirs, and the fact that he was still walking the dimensional ladder, a system that was created by the Primordials meant he was still tied to them. His instincts were telling him that he needed something before he took the next steps, else he would regret his decision to activate his Origin Bloodline, and that instinct had led him here, but now he was trapped under the weight of ignorance, and Maeve had paid the price for it.

Seed and Elura believed that he was a Breaker, a talented immortal who they needed to nurture so that he could be their greatest weapon, and in time, he would mature to become their equal.

What they did not understand was that he no longer placed Old Ones in his eyes, sure they were stronger than him, but their potential was set, they could never become Primordials, a billion Seed was not equal to a single Primordial, and Rowan aimed to battle multiple Primordials in the future, their concerns were nothing to him.

Did their ignorance warrant their actions? Maybe, but the truth was that they were so enclosed in the security of their power and their places in the world that they did not fear his wrath, else why would they test him like this.

If he was not wrong, Seed and Elura should be at the peak of what an Old One aspired to become, and in existence there must only be an extremely few number of Old Ones that were stronger than them, and they expected that Rowan would simply be their equal in the future and so whatever grievances he had against them could be easily resolved.

When I burn the Tree of Life, it must be before the gaze of Seed, he has a perfect memory, and he shall relieve this moment as long as I let him, but that is not the problem at this time, how can I convince them that I can be on both path without making them commit more grievous errors against me? Guess I would have to fake it, choose a single path to get out of this mess!

Seed, seemingly reading his mind, sighed, “I have done this millions of times, Romion; you cannot fake it.”

Rowan’s eyes widened in surprise and Seed chuckled,

“I know precisely what you are contemplating because I have seen it many times before. By now you are thinking that with that weird Will of yours, you can truly pretend that you have taken a path, and I admit, even though it pains me, that you will be right, I would be deceived by it, but there is something I did not show you about the Memory of Primordial Life, or at least I did not elaborate upon it, and if you were perceptive, you would have heard your mother telling you the secret.”

Seed paused as if he was tasting the words he was about to say next, “Your memories have weight, and they would become a burden to your soul the moment you enter that ocean, and if you don’t have a singular path that can slice through that burden like a blade, you will be drowned, never to return. Usually, for those who have not resolved their path, a storm appears over the ocean, and even if you lie to me now, then the storm would reveal the truth, but by that time, it would be too late. You would fail, and your endless potential would come to nothing”

Chapter 1448 Hidden Connections

Rowan bowed his head, his long green hair covering his face like a shroud and with the astral wind that whipped across his body making his hair dance and giving him a visage of a broken immortal, long lost from the embrace of light, and when he began to speak, he released a hint of the majesty that he had kept within him, he could not help it, his patience was beginning to run thin, and his voice enraptured both Seed and Elura,

“You have shown me Memories of the past, of your many children who ventured into the ocean of Memory, and they all fell, their weakness cutting them away from the higher dimensional path, but I think in your effort to create a perfect Old One after yourself, you missed something important, or perhaps you never had the ability to see it. Arcturus, your firstborn, I saw his face; he knew when he saw that green ocean that he would fail. The immensity of a mind as vast as a Primordial is something that none could ever comprehend, and yet he chose to enter, even while knowing he would fail, Rowan paused for a while as something like a chuckle escaped from him, he had seen this scene countless times across the years, but something like this never failed to draw his attention, the few with the courage to walk into the abyss with no fear, to flail against eternity.

“All of your children whom you only see their failures, I see their strength; you were never born a mortal Seed; you may think you understand what it is like, but I suspect that in your heart, you know you would never understand us. They walked into the ocean, Seed; you did not push them; they made their decision to die with their beliefs in the path

that they chose; let this be my choice. Do not take this from me, or you shall suffer such great pain in my hands that the highest heavens shall weep about your fate”

His words hung heavy in the air, and even though Rowan was hoping that Seed would make the right choice, he did not expect that things would go according to his Will.

This Old One was far too powerful and equally as stubborn; before he arrived, they both had already made a decision, and he knew that before they would allow him to venture into this Memory dimension, they would squeeze out every possibility that he would fold.

Even though, from all indications, this was the path they would be heading towards, he could not allow them to proceed with this plan because he knew what Seed was about to do next, and he feared such a thing might cause him pain that would shake him to the core.

Rowan had felt the soul of Maeve disappear, but her Core as a Dominator still remained, the massive world where she had kept all of his subjects as a prince of Trion and of the many mortals he had gathered along the way were all kept in her core which was in the form of a massive world that was not too far from here.

Even with the death of Maeve, her core was still extremely powerful and it would shelter these people for many Minor Eras, and if he allowed Seed to go according to his plans for him, this old man would slaughter everyone on that planet unless Rowan agreed to follow a specific path, and that was something he was not going to do.

He had lived a life where he allowed his heart to rule, and then he lost his soul, after that he lived a soulless life where his head ruled his actions, and with the miracle of his Will, he was able to regain his soul, a soul that was more powerful than any immortal had any right to obtain, and there was no way Rowan was going to diminish himself to satisfy the conditions of lesser immortals who could not imagine the sort of power he controlled.

Seed gestured and the massive world filled with tens of billions of people shrank until it rested above his palm, and he cocked his head to the side as if in curiosity, “You are restrained, and your heart rests in my palms; you are going through pains that would tear out the mind of a lesser immortal, and all this weight is enough to drown you, and yet you still want me to believe in you? Will it not be better if I do everything in my power for you to make a choice, so your singular path would give you a possibility of success? You can let your heart rule and let them all live, or you can protect your secret and let them die; those are the two choices before you. Oh, and I believe there is a last option; you chose to walk out of here and never surpass the fifth-dimensional level.”

Rowan’s eyes twitched, “I am a Breaker Seed; I don’t live by your rules, and the moment I leave this place, the entire Land of Miracle will rise and come for my head. Do not ignore my warnings, Seed. Elura, you know me, you were a mortal once, don’t follow him down this path.”

“Perhaps he is right,” Elura suddenly called out, “If he truly believes that he can follow his path, then maybe we should give him that opportunity. I have seen a bit of what he did as a mortal inside his universe, Seed; he can be... terrifying for someone so young”

“Perhaps...” Seed stroked his jaws, “If I am to be discarding such a glorious weapon like a Breaker with my Bloodline, then I would have to make sure that I did all I could do,”

Turning to Rowan, Seed chuckled, “I can see your confidence and that is admirable, but I am not convinced, I will give you the chance that you want, you have earned it, but I must be sure that I have exhausted all possibilities,”

Rowan did not expect that Seed would capitulate so quickly, and before he could respond, the old man looked at the world in his hand and he slowly spoke,

“Just understand this fact Romion, that the price of your stubbornness would be costly. This world, your people, they shall suffer, they shall call your name, and in their torment, they would all be made aware that you could save them only with a single word, and yet you don’t. Let me see your convictions when all your people, in this world curse your name; you their dying breaths. Elura, use the blade of that-that thing and weaken his flesh; he needs to feel true pain.”

Elura frowned, “Is that necessary? There are many things he can forgo, but desecrating his flesh in that manner would be...”

“Calamitous? Taking it too far? Your son is stubborn, Elura, and with his attitude, I thought you should have learned by now that half-measures would not work on him. Bring out that accursed thing. We are burning time, and the Eldarak would never accept a Breaker who is below the fifth-dimensional level with my bloodline. He would not command any respect or consideration, and even though he would hate me for this, everything is for his good.”

Rowan growled in anger, “My good? Why don’t I make that choice for my...”

“Silence, child,” Seed gestured, and metallic runes clamped shut over his mouth, “You will be screaming in a while, and you need all the energy for that.”

“If you insist,” Elura said and plunged her hand through the folds of space, and she brought out a massive drop of blood that burned like a red sun and Rowan nearly wretched in disgust as he recognized that this blood came from one of his hated foes, Caine.

The blood rippled, and faint laughter emerged from it that reeked of madness and decay, and if Rowan’s mouth was not bound, he would be screaming at Elura, asking her all where she had collected that blood or what her intentions with it were. This blood was alive in a way that suggested that it was not stolen or seized, instead it was given. Suddenly, so many things began to make sense; connections that he had not seen before were lining up; the fact that in all the universes that existed in the Great Darkness, Caine

had been able to find his universe and still have connections with Golgoth the God King in the same universe where Elura was in.

The blood in front of Elura shrank, transforming into a long sword, looking at Rowan she said, “Brace yourself, I can promise you, no matter the pain you thought you have experienced in the past, this is worse,”

Saying this, she plunged the blade into Rowan’s forehead until it burst out of his spine. Rowan’s eyes popped, and despite the clamps in his mouth, he screamed.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1449 Passing Out

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1449 Passing Out

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Chapter 1449 Passing Out

Rowan had a few moments before Elura drove a blade through his skull to make changes to his physique, or else he would not be able to hide the explosion of power that would erupt out of his body.

If he failed, he was not confident in his inactivated Origin bloodlines and Class to be able to fight against two powerful Old Ones like Seed and Elura whilst still being inside their center of power, a freaking Primordial Domain, which, as he had now learned was the bodies of the Primordials themselves.

Seed had not hidden his intentions about causing him great pain and when Rowan felt the power of Caine’s blood in the hands of Elura, he knew what was coming next, he had seen this power in operation twice, and the first time he observed it was when the God King Golgoth was transforming pieces of his consciousness to flesh, and the second was when Caine had used this power to transform the ethereal body of Shamaran, giving her flesh and blood so that he could consume her, however, what he had sensed both of those times was nothing before the pure power that was erupting from the drop of blood in Elura’s hand.

He did not have the advantage of enhanced time to figure out a plan because the perception of Seed and Elura may even surpass his own, and he had few moments to act before everything came crashing down. These past few moments had been a clusterfuck, Seed had blindsided him, but there had been enough time since then for him to begin to strategize.

Rowan had been running various simulations in his head on the many methods that could be used by Seed to coerce him into the path of his choosing, and amongst them, the worst had been the corruption of his flesh, and not because Rowan was afraid that such a thing would happen, rather it was the opposite.

His flesh could not be corrupted by any sort of energy when he was literally made out of the pure essence of creation and destruction, and the only reason these green runes were holding him bound was that he was allowing it, he had not yet deciphered the dense language that was used in its creation but he was slowly prying open its secrets. He did not fear that this power might touch his Origin Land or his bloodlines because they existed as part of his flesh but also separated, and it would require him to allow entrance into his Origin Land for anything or anyone to access it.

He was here with his original dimensional flesh, and if Elura was going to be using the power of Caine against him, it meant they wanted to weaken his corporeal body, in essence making him mortal, thereby breaking the defenses he had over his soul.

Rowan understood that the process immortals deal with grief or any other situation in their lives was different from a mortal, and this was not just because an immortal could live forever and attachment was something that would slowly become harder to form to those around them when everything even stone would fade away in their endless lives, it was also because the souls and bodies of immortals were different and intense emotions were muted, making it possible for them to kill billions of sentient species and hardly feel any remorse. Rowan had once explored that difference while he was still a mortal as he experimented on both the souls of gods and men.

A mortal, on the other hand, may end up a broken mess if they killed a single person, their minds and souls tortured with the weight of ending the lives of others.

By his direct actions and orders, Rowan, in his short immortal life, had killed countless trillions, and if he added all the souls he had been collecting from various sources all over the years, all of that made up a frightening weight that no mortal or immortal minds could bear.

Caine's power was to forcefully refine anything into mortal flesh, his dominion over the flesh was something that few could compete against, and logically Rowan who was at the fifth-dimensional level had no right to fight against the influence of an Old One like Caine, but his unique physique would betray how different he had become for everyone else.

There was only one thing he could do to prevent his cover from being blown, and without hesitation, Rowan followed up with the plan.

His Class had given him a new power Eos, with it Rowan had been able to suppress his physique that had reached the peak of the Supreme Core realms, and if he had pushed for higher, existence itself would begin to crumble around him, Rowan was sure there were other Old Ones that had higher physical stats than him, but they had a more dense form of

energy and Will that they used to suppress that power if they wanted to walk around in reality, else they would usually remain inside their dimensions because moving around would simply cost too much energy to keep reality safe.

Rowan was sure that one of the greatest reasons Primordials chose to sleep was that their existence was now so crushingly powerful that any of them that entered this Era without fully muting their powers would simply end all of existence.

Eos had been able to squeeze all of the physical capabilities of Rowan into a compact ball, leaving his flesh devoid of all that power, ready to be refilled once more to the peak of reality, and if he needed to summon his strength once more, he only needed to unleash the Eos which contained all his might.

Rowan had been planning to upgrade his physique to the peak once more and then use a second Eos to swallow it, and because he could easily gain attributes he planned to continue upgrading his stats and then storing them inside Eos until he reached the limits for the number of Eos he could store inside of him, and at that time, he wondered what his physical might would be if he decided to unleash all of his Eos, would it be able to crush all of existence if he moved a single finger?

If there was anything that would be able to preserve his secrets, it would have to be Eos; the Will of Truth was straining to keep reality around him mellowed, and it could not handle deceiving a power that Caine's.

Activating the power of his Class without the new form of energy that his Origin Land should have given him was difficult, but a part of his consciousness had been working on this problem and now he could activate a bit of his power rather quickly if necessity dictated.

Breaking open his second Eos, he felt tendrils of its power reach across his entire physique, trying to find attributes to store, and after it removed Rowan's base stats, which was a hundred thousand points for each of his attributes, it began to dig deeper, because Rowan willed it to consumed more, not just his attributes, but the foundations of his body.

Eos hesitated for a moment, and like a greedy shark smelling blood, it pounced on Rowan's dimensional flesh and began to consume and it was at this moment that Elura drove the blade into Rowan's body. Whatever pain that this blade was set to unleash, and it was truly painful, it was nothing before the pain that arose from Eos devouring his dimensional flesh, and Rowan screamed, because the power of Caine had latched unto his weakened flesh and it was enhancing the pain of being devoured by Eos.

His green hair turned red like blood, and so did his eyes. Rowan's body was frozen in position, but micro tremors pulsated all over his body, and his screams were so guttural that he broke his jaws against the bindings of Seed as his body strained for any outlet to release his pain.

For a moment Rowan was brought to a threshold of pain that he had never reached in his entire life, and when he thought it could not get worse, it did. The grief and all the negative emotions he had been holding inside all of these while, not only for the death of Maeve but so many others, crashed upon him like a relentless wave, and his mind fractured.

Blackness encroached over his vision, and the last thought in his head was one of surprise, ‘Am I passing out?... No, my Will, I need to maintain...’

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Chapter 1450 Shattered Mind

Chapter 1450 Shattered Mind

“Drip... Drip.... Drip.....”

The persistent sound of what seemed like dripping water drew Rowan from the embrace of unconsciousness back into a world of pain, and his body seized as every nerve endings in his body seemed to have been soaked in acid.

A series of intelligible moans escaped from his broken jaw, and he did not care that he was no longer bound by the runes from Seed as his body was no longer under his control. His sense of self was distant, only pain remained, anguish, loathing, despair, hate, fear, such great fear as the horrifying demise of countless souls flooded his mortal mind.

Everything was agony, yet his mind that was fractured was beginning to heal despite the horrifying blow that had been dealt to his sanity. The singular trait that he had earned from his Ouroboros bloodline had been further developed and magnified until it reached this state where Rowan knew that the only way to kill him, either in body or soul was to eradicate everything of him completely, or else he would always recover, it did not matter how grievous the injury was, he only needed time, however, healing this wound to his mind was different, because to the bloodlines, he was wasn’t broken, there was nothing to fix, his mind was simply in pieces, but a stubborn part of Rowan’s self would not ever contemplate trying to live with a broken mind.

But the weight was too much to bear, and the only reason he had not unleashed the power of Eos and his bloodline to escape from this torment was that he had sliced off the part of his mind that could access his abilities. Rowan did not know of Seed, and Elura knew the implications of what they had achieved because they had, at this moment in time, broken him, and if Rowan was clear-minded, he would not know whether he should applaud them or slowly kill them.

What Elura and Seed did not know about Rowan’s life was the fact that although he had killed a lot of people and the weight of their deaths would have been enough to bring him

down if he was given a mortal's body, Rowan had also harvested an insane amount of souls from reality, especially on Doom Star where the souls he had collected were so ridiculous it would have taken him many minor Eras to gather as much, and this was not taken under the consideration that majority of the souls on Doom Star had become corrupted after spending endless reincarnation in agony and despair.

The weight of all that grief falling on his mind that had no way to endlessly adapt without the backing of his bloodlines and talents had finally surpassed the limit that he could hold.

Rowan had been able to carry all of that weight because of the strength of his body and soul, now stripped of the majority of those powers, his powerful mind was broken. Even as a mortal, his mind was vast, and when it broke, it shattered into a trillion pieces, all of whom were especially powerful, and of whom were mad.

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Such a weight falling on the mind of a mortal mind was truly impossible to be comprehended, and even on the verge of his mind's destruction, Rowan did not feel any fear, in fact, a small part of his consciousness was curious, he had suffered great mental torment in the past, and none had been able to break his consciousness like this, and while Rowan was brought to the height of suffering that tore great mental cracks in his consciousness, a small part of him clinically observed that process, tasting it, absorbing all the way an immortal mind as powerful as his own could be broken, and now that his body was still beset by torment, that small part of his consciousness took over and began healing his mind.

The process was slow and intensely painful, it required Rowan to face the trauma of an untold number of souls, relieve their nightmares, and conquer them, and he no longer had any supernatural powers to aid him, everything had to be done like a mere mortal, and he failed many times, but slowly he began to heal the fractures, and his mental state that he felt had reached the peak of what any immortal was capable of, had transformed into something that Rowan would never have recognized before he entered this realm, and he had barely healed ten percent of his mind.

He was used to mind-numbing work, even though he was technically insane at the moment and working in the most unfavorable of conditions, he did not stop, a peculiar sort of stubbornness held him in place, his focus unmatched, his Will was unbroken, for even in the verge of death and eternal madness, he still had a purpose for living.

And Rowan could not deny that a massive part of his broken mind loved this challenge. Forgetting the great trials ahead and the goals he had to achieve, simply placing himself in an impossible situation and clawing out of it brought with it a satisfaction that few things in existence could replace for him.

As he pushed deeper into his healing journey, disregarding all the thoughts of madness, Rowan felt that he had reached a certain junction in his trials, and if he broke past this

level, he might have been able to gather enough of his mind to understand what was happening around him.

His consciousness dove into one of the largest fractures in his mind, eager to surpass this tribulation and experience what was becoming a familiar tearing push, and pulling sensation, he saw himself inside the body of a dying warrior, and Rowan simply knew that this trail would test him, far more than any that he had encountered.

“Drip.... Drip.... Drip.....”

The body he had inhabited opened his eyes, no, eye, the other had been gouged out by a blade that tore a neat line through half his face, nearly slicing off the nose of the warrior. There was pain emerging from nearly every part of this warrior, from broken bones to mangled flesh, and what made these trials very terrifying was that Rowan’s supernatural adaptability to pain was gone, and he had to deal with pain like a mortal man would do, further straining his sanity past the edge.

In these trials, he could not spend too much time inside them or he would be sucked into it and would forever be lost, and Rowan struggled to detach his mind from his body, understanding and cataloging the pain as quickly as he could manage so that he could function and understand how he would heal this portion of his mind.

It was slow and painful work, but he persevered; as much as the hurt and the madness plagued him, there was also something here that Rowan had not expected; the only thing that gave him the strength to push on, and that was hope and faith. He did not know where they came from, but every time he reached the bottom of his perseverance, every time he knew that he had lost, something pushed him forward, something gave him hope, and no matter how thin the thread of hope driving his spirit, it was enough to make him resolve to heal his mind and become whole again.

Drip.... Drip.... Drip.....”

A distracting sound pulled him from the consciousness of this warrior, and Rowan flexed his fingers and toes. He was missing a couple of digits from his hands, and also his legs; this would affect his balance and coordination, but a good shoe should go a long way in fixing it...

Drip.... Drip.... Drip.....”

His eyes became focused on his surroundings, and he saw that this persistent sound could be traced to a body hanging over the warrior he inhabited; this poor fellow had been shredded to pieces, and his blood was slowly falling on the body of the dying warrior like raindrops.

Drip.... Drip.... Drip.....”

Rowan noticed that the man hanging over him had been impaled by a spear, and when he turned his head to the side, he saw a seemingly endless field of spears and the bodies of countless men and animals hanging upon them.

Groaning a bit, he struggled to his feet and slowly walked up to the man whose blood had been dripping beside his ears; he took his shoes.